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THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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George Shrigley 1907

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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NOTES OF THE MONTH

METAPSYCHISM VERSUS PSYCHISM.

A BRIEF article in a contemporary magazine which I feel constrained, on account of the importance of the issues raised, to drag out of its obscurity, deals with the desirability of adding a word of quasi-Greek origin to the English scientific vocabulary. The article, which only runs to three pages, is entitled "*Metapsychism*," *or* "*Occultism*"; but it immediately appears that this is an entirely misleading heading, as the whole argument goes to show that the word which the learned writer desires to introduce is in no sense a substitute for the expression "Occultism," but merely for "Psychism," or "Psychical Research." The contention thus runs somewhat curiously on two parallel lines, one attempting to show that "Occultism" is a highly undesirable word from the scientific standpoint, and the other that, all things considered, "Metapsychism" is a word that, for convenience sake, should be universally employed to denote (I quote the Professor's own words) the "psychology of all supernormal facts." This science the writer admits in an apologetic vein "is still very confused and still very fragile; it is profoundly incomprehensible; it rests on fragile evidence: but we wish to give it a scientific character." Ergo, we will give it

a name which like itself is "profoundly incomprehensible"—"Metapsychism" to wit.

Since this word has got so far as to be put on the binding of a book, and to be alluded to in one or two articles outside the pages of the contemporary magazine that with praiseworthy zeal is attempting to foist it upon an indifferent world, it may be well to attempt to follow, as far as possible, the Professor's somewhat laboured efforts to explain to us what he thinks it ought to mean.

METAPHYSICAL AND METAPSYCHICAL.

"Aristotle (I quote once more) has given the name of metaphysical to the sciences which extend beyond the physical (*μέτα τὰ φύσικα*)." This is a curious misstatement. In the first place, *μέτα* has not and never had the meaning of "beyond," and what Aristotle actually did was to head his treatise on what we now term "Metaphysics," *μετα τὰ φύσικα*, i.e. "After Physics." What exactly the Greek Philosopher meant by this heading is a question that admits of more than one explanation. Possibly he thought that "Metaphysics," if I may be permitted the anachronism, might most suitably be treated "after Physics." Words have curious histories, and it is enough for us now to know what the word in question is universally accepted to denote. But when our Professor, after outraging the meaning of the Greek preposition, goes on to tell us that as the name "metaphysical" is used to denote the sciences which extend "beyond the physical" (*sic*), so "metapsychical will denote the science which extends beyond psychology," it is really time to be up in arms. Why, this would be "metapsychological" and not "metapsychical" at all! And in what sense does Professor Richet mean that these sciences "extend beyond psychology"? This expression may mean anything or nothing. I shrewdly suspect from the very confused line of argument adopted that he does not know himself what he intends by it. The fact is—as probably the Professor will admit if he will only try and think the matter out clearly—the word that he wants is one to express the sciences *that extend beyond the physical*,* not beyond the psychological. But unfortunately this word — *Metaphysical* —is already collared, and has been made to do duty in quite another sense. "There's the rub," as Shakespeare would say.

[* I adopt the Professor's translation of the Greek preposition in following his argument without, of course, admitting its accuracy.—Ed.]

The word "metapsychic," says the Professor in the tone of a proud parent, "is scientific." Is it? Is it indeed a word at all, in any proper sense of the term? Certainly it is only scientific in the sense that its inventor is a scientist. But so would any other word be which this learned gentleman might think fit to coin—however ridiculous or however absurd. But even if it were scientific—which it is not—I have already shown that it could not possibly convey the meaning Monsieur Richet desires to give it. In English we have "Psychical Research" and "Psychism." What next? Why "Metapsychism," of course. Is that something beyond Psychism? I confess that it is something quite beyond *me!*

IS "METAPSYCHICAL" SCIENTIFIC?

But I have not yet done with this estimable French scientist. He has got to submit to being quoted further. "The word *metapsychic*," he tells us, "has its faults." It has indeed. To name only two of them: it is not sense, and it is not English. But I am unfair in interrupting. "It has a scientific character (hm!), whereas the word occult has a flavour which is not agreeable, which suggests the horns of the alchemist and the pointed cap of the astrologer." "A flavour which suggests the horns of an alchemist!" Ah! Professor! you have me there! I admit it! I have never tasted the horns of an alchemist, so I cannot tell what their flavour may be. At the same time, when you say "disagreeable" I cannot help thinking that you are understating your case. Even in the form of soup—no, I would rather not try!

THE HORNS OF THE ALCHEMIST!

As regards the pointed cap of the astrologer, is this a sly hit at a learned ex-President of the Royal Society, or at the late Dr. Richard Garnett? Certainly I never saw the latter except in the orthodox top hat of social respectability. But perhaps Professor Richet was more fortunate.

But to continue quoting (for here the Professor becomes quite irresistible), "We want to have done with this *cortège* of magicians, mages (what's the difference by the way?), pontifexes, sorcerers, charlatans, all that horde of pretenders to whom the credulous abandon themselves; let us have done with this useless and pitiable baggage (try the cloakroom!) which prevents the majestic development of a *new science*." Hoity-toity! Professor! Who's stopping you? The italics are my own. A science is not *new* because a scientist has just woken up to the fact of its existence.

It certainly would not be easy to condense a greater number of blunders and absurdities into the narrow limit of three pages. But underneath all this farrago of nonsense—for it deserves no better name, even though written by a French scientist—runs the root error, destructive of the whole argument, that "Metapsychism," * if it could possibly bear the meaning which the Professor intends, would supply an adequate substitute for the word "Occultism," which with all its defects is at least English. Psychical Research is merely an island lying off the coasts of the vast continent of Occultism. To supersede "Occultism," a word is required which will cover the whole, and not merely a small part of the same ground. How vast that *whole* is Professor Richet has clearly not yet even begun to dream.

THE ROOT ERROR OF PROFESSOR RICHET.

The word *Occultism* has its drawbacks, mainly on account of association—the fault of Professor Richet's narrow-minded scientific predecessors. Associations can however be lived down. The objection that *Occultism* will soon cease to be *occult* is surely hardly "practical politics" at the present moment. As a matter of fact occultism deals with the secret causes that underlie phenomena—science with the phenomena which are their expression. Science deals with the surface and the visible, occultism with the sub-surface and the invisible. In a certain sense, therefore, Occultism will always remain *occult* as long as physical laws remain what they are at present.

Thus much may be said. At the same time, I do not think it would be wise to oppose the introduction of a new word into the language, if renewed impulse could be given thereby to the movement for applying accurate scientific methods to the various problems of Occult Research. But if a change is to be made, the word chosen must at least answer three tests: (*a*) It must cover the whole ground, and not one portion only; (*b*) It must not readily be confused with another word as "metapsychical" with "metaphysical," and (*c*) if it is to usher in a new era of scientific accuracy, it must not itself be a monument of slovenly and unscientific thinking. The first point raises the question

* [It is quite true indeed that the Professor affects to believe that the word has already been "universally adopted in Italy and England as well as in France and America." But the supreme absurdity of such a statement as far as the English-speaking world is concerned is apparently too obvious even for its author, for the whole point of the article is to induce people in this country to give it a trial.—ED.]

what the great natural Truth is which underlies all the diverse forms of Occult Research, and which is common to all alike. Without first solving this knotty problem the attempt to find a substitute for the word "Occultism" is obviously premature. It is to this question that I propose to apply myself in next month's issue.

BLAKE TRANSMOGRIFIED.

Though imitation is stated to be the sincerest form of flattery, the sort of imitation which the literary articles in the OCCULT REVIEW have met with in an unexpected quarter is not calculated to cause anything but a very lively feeling of regret that such a noteworthy writer on the deeper depths of mysticism as William Blake should have been so barbarously mutilated by his supposed admirers. Nor must we suppose that the original writer of the article, Monsieur François Benoit, a name of some note among Blake students, can feel any lively sense of gratitude to those who have served up his essay to the British Public in such a lamentable and grotesque guise.

Whatever our opinion may be of the merits or demerits of Blake's verse, it is scarcely fairly treated by being translated back into barbarous English prose from a French original, and quoted as if taken directly from Blake himself. But here are a few choice specimens of what the *Annals of Psychical Science* offers to its readers, evidently presuming on their total ignorance of the subject of the essay.

We are informed (January number, p. 14) that Blake sees close to him the "exquisite Felpham with his gentle feminine charm, and in his arms his shade and that of his wife."

Quotation marks are generally held to indicate original quotation from the writer referred to, but here is what Blake really wrote :—

> I stood in the streams
> Of heaven's bright beams,
> And saw Felpham sweet
> Beneath my bright feet,
> In soft female charms ;
> And in her fair arms
> My shadow I knew,
> And my wife's shadow too.

Evidently the translator was under the impression that Felpham —the name of the village where Blake was then living—was a man, as he alludes to "*his* gentle feminine charm."

Farther on we get the following :—

He continues gazing on the expanse of sea and sky until "the diamonds of light, the shining celestial men appear as a single man who envelops his body with his sparkling radiance. . . . Consumed with delight, on his breast, glorious as the sun . . . he rests like unto a little infant."

Would it be believed that the real quotation runs as follows :—

Till the jewels of light
Heavenly men beaming bright,
Appeared as one man,
Who complacent began
My limbs to enfold
In his beams of bright gold ;
* * *
Soft consumed in delight
In his bosom sunbright
I remained.

One knows not whether to laugh or to cry over the following : Poor Blake is made to say, "It is with stones of codes that prison walls are built ; and the houses of prostitutes are constructed with bricks of religion !" What he actually wrote was, "Prisons are built with stones of the Law, brothels with bricks of Religion."

Again, Blake wrote in a notable passage that "improvement makes straight roads, but the crooked roads without improvement are roads of genius." The Blake of the *Psychic Annals* is made to say that genius prefers "crooked and uncertain paths."

A paragraph on "The Clearness of Vision" deserves to be quoted in its untransmogrified form for the benefit of readers of the OCCULT REVIEW.

WHAT IS A SPIRIT ?

A spirit and a vision are not, as the modern philosophy supposes, a cloudy vapour, or a nothing ; they are organized and minutely articulated beyond all that the mortal and perishing nature can produce. He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments and in stronger and better light than his perishing mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all. The painter of this work asserts that all his imaginations appear to him infinitely more perfect and more minutely organized than anything seen by his mortal eye. Spirits are organized men.

I will leave it to those who are sufficiently curious, to discover, if they think fit, what sort of hash our translator has made of this fine passage.

These quotations might be indefinitely multiplied, but I trust that the few remarks I have made will be sufficient to render impossible the perpetration of another such enormity. It only remains to be said that the "portrait of Blake by himself" was not by Blake at all, but presumably by Tatham. It

was found among Tatham's papers, and was first published in Ellis and Yeats's book. The articles on the scientific investigation of spiritualistic phenomena which the *Annals* have published from time to time have been excellent of their kind, and deserving of republication in a more permanent form, and if these are to give place to such egregious stuff as I have felt it my duty to expose in these columns, its select circle of readers will certainly be losers.

A DREAM RECORD.

I have published from time to time in this Magazine dream records of various sorts and I am adding to their number by inserting in the current issue "The Kingship of the Sea," by Mr. Nevill Meakin. The dream in question was dreamed some five years ago, and was told to a friend at the time. Subsequently when recently the dream was written up in a literary form, it was read out to the same friend, who remarked that he had originally regarded it as an imaginary tale, but that the dreamer's recollection being so perfect in details convinced him that it had been really dreamt.

Mr. Meakin, while vouching for the authenticity writes :—

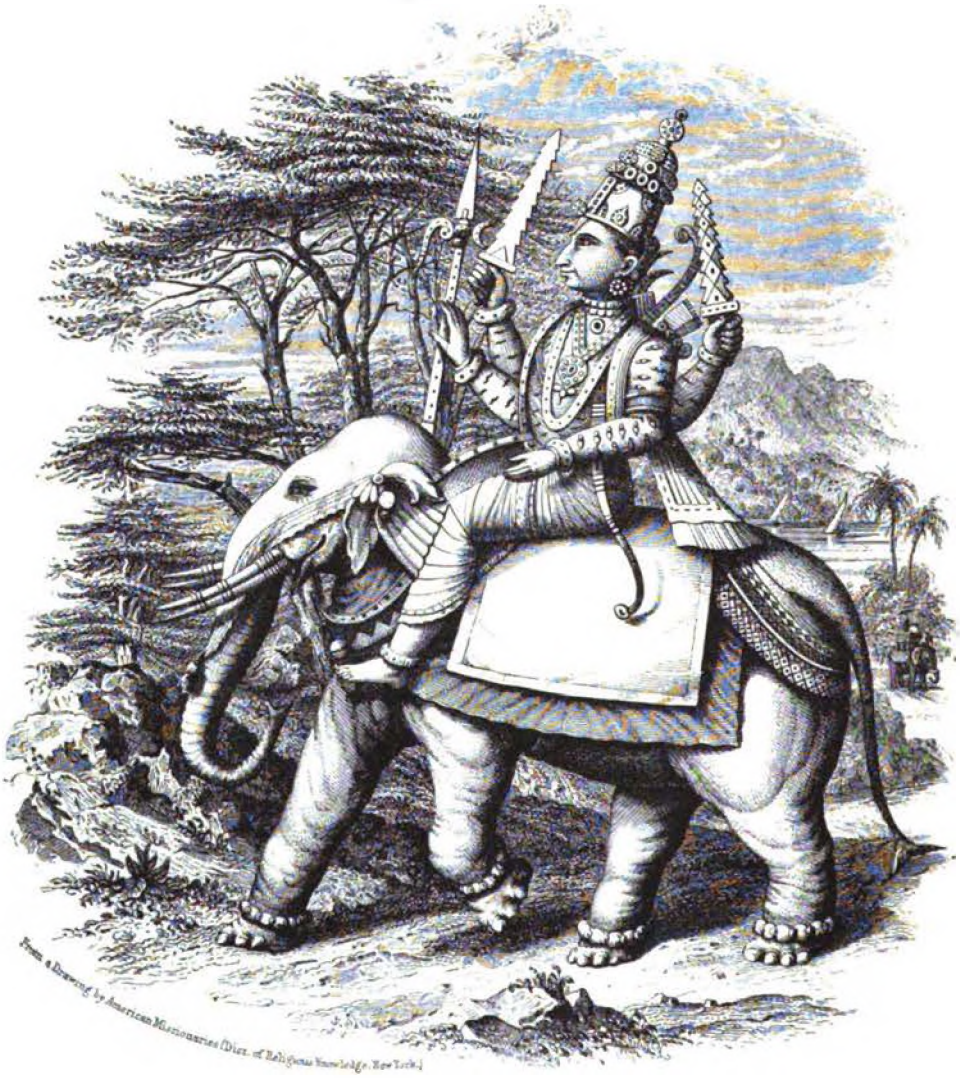
> While the vast majority of dreams are purely irrational, and leave no impression in the memory, a few are occasionally clear and vivid, so real, in fact, as to remain permanent possessions, like actual experiences in life.
>
> Speaking as an amateur, I have thought that in such rare dreams there is an index to the mental characteristics of the dreamer, if to nothing else. Any one who has in waking life the power to retain perfect visual images of what he has seen and noticed, has probably the same capacity with respect to his dreams. For my own part I may say that the fact of my being able to recall certain dreams in a series of distinct and detailed pictures, exactly as one recalls scenes and conversations seen and heard in a theatre, taught me to use the same power with regard to actual life, and thus helped to improve the memory.
>
> Whatever ulterior significance such dreams may have. it is not for me to discuss.

Two illustrations have been added by a young artist friend from the descriptions given him by the author.

OCCULT REVIEW VOLUMES.

Some inquiries have reached me with regard to volumes of the OCCULT REVIEW. There are six volumes in all to be obtained covering the three years January, 1905, to December, 1907, inclusive. They are bound in green and gold cloth artistically designed with gilt tops, and are obtainable direct from this office for 4*s*. 6*d*. post free, or outside the British Isles for 5*s*. Binding cases are also to be had at 1*s*. each post free for volumes 5 and 6.

GODS OF THE NATIONS. NO. I. INDRA



INDRA
The Hindu God of Light
Vaidic Period

INDRA, one of the most ancient of the Hindoo Deities, was the God of Light and was one of the Triad of the Vaidic period. Afterwards he becomes of less consequence. In the Rig-Veda he is represented as the offspring of Aditi, the mother of the Universe. In the Vedas he is a personification of the phenomena of the firmament, the God of clouds and storms. He is represented as young and handsome, wearing two golden earrings, and delighting in exhilarating draughts of the soma juice.

THE KINGSHIP OF THE SEA

A DREAM OF TEMPTATION AND OF A PAST

By NEVILL MEAKIN

OVERHEAD was a cloudless sky, as I swam lazily in a calm sea. There was no wind, no ripple marred the mirror of the waters, yet were they alive, not still, but only sleeping under the midday sun. The billows rose smooth, and fell like the bosom of a slumbering woman. So upon the breast of the great deep I floated, gently rocked, but I knew that the heart was hid from me, who was a mortal being, an alien, and a man.

As far as I could see, there was nothing but the vast expanse of water, spread out endlessly, and in its midst I was alone. I felt neither surprise nor dread, but only a great curiosity to learn the secret of the sea, for of all created things I had ever held most in love and awe was the power of water, that is as the power of woman.

For a long time it seemed that I thus remained, isolated, passively waiting for some unknown happening. Then, far below me I saw a glitter, as of a fish turning, whose scales flashed in the sun. This strange brightness darted up, to rise before me. Above the surface appeared a flat, two-handled gold cup, full of a green wine, like absinthe. A hand grasped the stem of the cup, to lift it to my lips.

I looked down and saw dimly the face of a woman, her eyes full of appeal. Putting out my hand I took the cup. In so doing I touched her fingers, and I shivered. For they were cold as those of a corpse and yet made mine thrill fiercely. So after a storm from the north are the breakers cold, but yet make him who dares them throb with a savage joy.

"Speak," I said, "tell me of the cup you offer, O woman of the sea."

Thrice I commanded her, and then she rose facing me. But the cup was between us, and it seemed to throw up a mist that hid her. Or perhaps she had brought darkness with her from that abyss. I know that her face was veiled from me, and only her eyes were revealed, like reflected stars. They were dark and soft, as a seal's, yet I thought they were not always thus.

Perchance they mirrored the moods of the many-changing seas, that like a woman hides under all changes the secret of her soul.

She answered me, and her voice was murmurous, like the echoes of rippling wavelets in a cave. "Drink of the cup, O man, if so be that you can drink without fear. Drink and your life shall be as the life of the great deep, if you will. Drink, and if you will, you shall hold the kingship of the sea."

I strove to read her face, but I could only see her eyes, and it seemed they changed as she spoke, till they were no more the eyes of a seal but of a cat, unwinking, crafty and cruel.

Mist or darkness enveloped all else. And I knew that she offered me no gift, but made a pact that might be hard to keep.

"Upon what condition is held the kingship of the sea?" I asked of her.

Her eyes were cold and her voice held the threat that sighs in the wind ere comes the tempest. "This is the pact. Renounce all pity for aught that has mortal life, male or female, old or young, guilty or guiltless. Pluck from your heart all ruth, be as the Angel of Death. So, and so only, shall you hold the kingship of the sea."

For a space I held the cup, and I pondered her pact. A yearning for the sea filled me, borne of her eyes perhaps, or from the vapour of the green wind. There was no land in sight, nor any ship, only the great waters, herself and me. Already I felt apart from men, utterly alone.

Visions of power and pride rose up before me, promise of life, all but immortal, strength, all but omnipotent. Made one with and lord of the deep, I shall have knowledge all but infinite, and become as a god. In exchange for such a kingdom what was pity for the life of men already doomed to death?

Whether she conjured up these dreams, or whether they sprang from the sea and my own heart, I do not know. But vague memories of magnificent splendours remain. And at last I saw again her eyes in the darkness before her face.

"I have nothing to renounce, no tie to men. I will take the kingship of the sea."

"Renounce now, all pity, all ruth, ere you drink. All pity, all ruth, even for a little child."

But, why I cannot tell, I would not say the words, though she pleaded. I laughed at her insistence, and I quaffed the green wine at one draught.

For an instant I was blotted out. The green wine rushed through me as a blast of snow borne down a vale by an ice-cold

wind. Utter blackness gripped me, extinction, death. Then I knew again that I was, but was in very essence changed.

Before I had been in the sea but not of it, a swimmer on the surface, not as the waves themselves. A man kisses the face of a woman, but has not gained to her very soul. But now I was in the water, and of it, united indivisible; my heart beat with the pulse of the ocean, its life flowed in my veins.

Moreover, I was no longer on the surface, but beneath it, sinking down, the woman by my side. Above through the green

"Her eyes dropped timidly and she plunged downwards"—*p. 70.*

water I beheld the sun, a pale uncertain orb of white. Shadows passed between me and it, like living clouds flitted hither and thither under a flat heaven. Huge fish perhaps, but all was indistinct. I stopped, feeling that I might be looking my last upon the day.

"Come," said the woman's voice softly; "why do you delay?"

She held out her hand to me, but I would not touch it. Still I could not see her clearly, and I felt a vague suspicion, not amounting to fear, but a warning to be on my guard. I won-

dered if she were a guide for good or evil, this woman of the sea. But I would hold my kingship till the end. She should take me to my dwelling, and I bade her show the road. Her eyes, unwavering before, dropped timidly, and she plunged downwards. I followed, turning my back upon the sun.

Swift was our descent, swift as thought and as effortless. But of all that passed on that voyage, I remember but one sight clearly, the vision of the woman darting before me, her joined hands holding the glistening cup as though it were a lamp to show the road, her long tresses trailing out like sea-wrack swayed by the tide, and her white body flashing like the crescent moon.

For the rest there remains but an inchoate recollection of shoals of scurrying fish, of peaks and chasms and forests of twining weeds wherein lurked staring-eyed squids, of plains of sand, sift and white ooze, in which crawled pale worms, fattened perchance on drowned men. Then a long plunge down a rocky gorge, with only the glimmer of the cup for guidance and the sheen of her body.

She had brought me to a cave in the abyss, and shot within. Then, standing erect, she cried, " Enter and mount the throne, O king."

Then I understood something of her pact, for surely such a place no mortal man could enter without dread, nor sit on such a throne. It was fashioned of human skeletons, raised on a mound of skulls, and above a high canopy of plaited bones. On either side two death's-heads grinned aloft, in their eyes luminous green gems. By their baleful light alone was that grim seat seen, all else was gloom beyond imagining.

At the threshold of this black hall I stood, and she by me. I knew that she desired me to feel fear, why I could not wholly understand. Perhaps she wished that I might need her hand to guide me, her help to give me strength, that she might hold me for ever at her thrall. Perhaps she wished to strangle me in a siren grasp, to destroy me and add my bones to the pile before the throne. I wondered whether it was in love or in hate that she had lured me hither, but I found no reply. Not yet had I seen her face, nor knew her heart, nor the soul of the great sea. But I knew that I must guard myself warily lest I perished.

Yet into the black cave I strode, towards the throne. Soft, slimy feelers drew across my limbs, coiled round my ankles, and shrank away again as I walked on heedless. They had the will, perchance, but no power to harm him who held still the kingship of the sea without fear. As I advanced I was sensible

that the cavern widened, making a hall before the throne. I knew this without seeing, for only the green eyes of the death's-heads over the canopy gave light that pierced not far.

I seated myself upon the throne, and she made obeisance. In the rays from the skulls her flesh shone greenish-white as

"She looked up as though she prayed for a boon."

she bowed low, and her hair fell over her as a veil. Through its misty blackness she looked up as though she prayed for a boon.

"What is your desire?" I asked of her.

She seemed to sigh, to tremble, to reproach me. I began to understand a little. Something warned me that not yet, not

till I had granted her desire was I wedded irrevocably to the deep. Fair she was, but I thought of her changing eyes, full of sombre passion. She woke in me a thing terrible, and I was not minded to put it to the proof.

Telling her to rise, I demanded to be shown the glory of my realm.

She brought me a crown and sceptre, which she offered me kneeling. The crown was of pure gold, and on it was graven the figure of an octopus, its eight limbs sprawling, their suckered lips lifted, making the points of the circlet. In the middle the devil-fish's head reared up, with hooded beak agape, and eyes glowing like those of the death's-head. The sceptre too was of strange fashion, the back-bone of a man with a snake of gold twining about it, whose fangs threatened to strike. Massive and heavy they surely were, but to me, strong with the ocean's life, they seemed but light baubles.

She made a sign that I should crown myself.

But it grew in weight as I raised it, and I fancied that the devil-fish became alive and writhed greedily, as though it would cling for aye to my tortured brows. And the golden serpent seemed to quiver, as though it too would wind about my hand that I might never lay it aside.

So I laid it athwart the arms of my throne, and set the crown upon my knees. "I am the king," I said; "I have no need of these."

It seemed that she uttered a cry. I could not see her form nor her face, for the masses of her hair. I wondered what was in her heart, and for a little I felt drawn to her; perchance by some secret evil in my own.

Again vague fancies came to me and went. Then rousing myself I commanded her to show me the people of the sea, my subjects.

She stood at my left hand, her black tresses flowing over her in tangled locks, half hair, half weed, like the dark ribbons upon rocks that the spring-time leaves bare. She lifted a coiled shell to her lips, blowing thrice a summons into the gloom. But I heard no sound from her trumpet.

"Behold, O king!"

The blackness was full of shapes, glowing self-luminous, till the gloom was part dispelled by their phosphorescent light. I saw the narrow entrance, on either side a huge sea-flower stretching countless tentacles that could engulf a man. These, I knew, had striven to stay my entering.

Within the cave rose dim and vast, a vaulted dome on pillars of black rock. Jelly-fish hovered above, pulsating lamps, trailing long filaments that glistened as they interwove. Madrepores and corals, sprouting on the uncouth columns, made faint points of light, showing the openings of labyrinthine grottoes and tunnels in which the waters of the abyss stood still, black and silent as despair.

For in this grisly palace of the deep I remember that there was no sound nor motion. The light of the sun had never reached it, the lady moon, queen of tide and current, could not draw these waters in her train, nor could the utmost rage of wind and storm break its icy peace. So must be, I have thought, the heart of a woman who has lost all, like her, perchance, who stood at my left hand. The rays from the baleful jewels in the death's-head, the glimmering amorphous jelly-fish that floated in the rock-bound vault, these alone gave radiance in this place of eternal gloom, being themselves like the pale memories of committed sins that haunt a damned soul.

Meantime approached in long succession monstrous forms in answer to her summons. Things that the eye of man had never seen, pallid grey in hue, blind, distorted, clammy, shapeless, writhed through the water, doing homage before me. Types they may have been of unnamed vices. Dragon-like beasts followed, scaled and finned, with crocodile jaws and horny eyes shielded by plates of bone. Murderous and menacing, yet they were less horrible than the beings without form that had come before. Such might be embodied thoughts of crime and violence, destructive, fierce, but still not wholly loathsome or corrupting. They glared savagely at me, and I knew each one longed to rend me, as those before had longed to swallow me in their slimy folds. One and all they hated me, who held the kingship over them.

The weight of their malice oppressed me, as they filed endlessly through the tunnel. The fantastic hemmed me in on all sides, looming up to the roof. Krakens, sea-serpents, maned and horned, giant cuttle-fish, all were present. I saw them but vaguely, rising up like a threatening wall that might topple and crush me.

"Enough, enough," I muttered. "Let them go!"

But the woman of the sea urged me to give them a command, to choose one at least to serve me.

Perchance the one I took for servant would have been my master, and the offer of power was a trick for my ruin. The

wall of fierce forms and things shapeless seemed to welter and close in upon me. "Away with them," I cried, summoning all my will.

It seemed that the wall swept from right to left. Then it vanished away, without a sound.

I sat on the throne all but exhausted, the crown on my knees, the sceptre athwart the arms of the seat, and she stood by me watching, waiting her hour.

Presently I demanded to see more.

Again she blew her silent call.

Shelled creatures, many-legged, like crabs and lobsters, with long bodies and jointed tails scuttled out of the grottoes, dragging coffers and jars, rusty with age and rotted by the sea. They tore them open with greedy claws, and piled their wealth before me, ingots of silver and gold stamped with symbols of forgotten tongues, spoils of Minoan Crete, Phoenicia and secret Egypt, of Athens and Imperial Rome. Vases of precious metals cunningly wrought, lost perchance when Corinth's plunder sank, pieces from Spanish galleons, statues, images and crucifixes studded with votive gems, piles of coin and jewels, drowned treasure of every age and clime was heaped before me till I wearied of the very sight of gold.

The mound rose and rose, the crab-like monsters crawling over it, staring at me with stalked eyes, fit types of a miser's greed. Again I feared to be crushed beneath the mass, my bones picked by its wardens.

"Enough, enough," I said. "Let them take away their hoard and go."

But she urged me to demand that they should bring me more.

I seemed to behold ships dragged down into the abyss, and torn open at my bidding. Was I to sell myself for this wealth? What profit was it here?

Again I summoned my will, and bade them begone. And as before they vanished, leaving me with the woman alone.

After a space I demanded to be shown more.

But what more was shown I cannot clearly recall. Perhaps I left the hall with her, and wandered through the deeps. I seem to half-recall the vision of a volcano bursting, red fire and steam, the war of elements in the abyss. I seem to have beheld phantoms of drowned men, and the loves of mermaids in gardens of sloth beneath coral islands. But all is vague, evasive, illusory.

Last I remember being again upon my throne, the woman by me, and again demanding more.

This time she blew no soundless summons, but stood herself before me. Sweeping slowly out her white arms, greenish in the light from the death's heads, she thrust apart the tangled thicket of her black tresses, baring her passionate beauty to my gaze.

For a moment I felt throb in me desire, like the thud of the rising tide. Then I looked into her eyes to know her fully. And I knew that I looked into the nethermost pit of hell.

To take her, woman, queen of the sea, witch or devil, whatever she was, I was loth, but loth also to let her go. She was the unforgivable sin, Medusa, fair and fatal, allurement and ruin everlasting. Yet in that death of the soul might be at once passion and peace, agony and calm, the calm of the irretrievable, of the tomb. I gazed on her, feeling a loosening of the limbs, of the very being within me, at once exultation and horror, and she smiled.

Then suddenly I looked up, though I could not see aught nor hear. But I knew that there was turmoil in my realm. "What happens?" I asked of her.

She veiled herself again sadly. "Above, a storm."

"I would see it."

"O king, a ship is to be wrecked."

"I would see it."

She made as though to bar my way. I was angered that she dared thwart me, the king of the sea.

"Remember the pact," she pleaded, "only so long as you show no pity to aught that has mortal life are you the king of the sea."

I paid her warning no heed, but rose up, laying aside crown and sceptre. She seemed to plead, to wish me to take them, but I did not listen. I would joy in the fury of the storm, and I cared nothing for the wreck.

Night reigned above, darkness and wild wind. But to me, rising from the abyss, it was day clear. The billows smote on the doomed ship, now but a helpless hulk, fast sinking by the head. Amid the water I rode light as foam, master of them, shooting hither and thither at my will. Ever, though unbidden, she kept by my side. And the might of the sea was my might, I exulted in the destruction wrought, as a man rejoices to put forth his strength in battle.

I heard the cries of those on the sinking ship, the captain's

orders from the bridge, but they were no more to me than the buzzing of frightened flies caught in a spider's web. I saw boats launched, swamped and sunk. The fierce billows swallowed all, and I swept through the drowning mob, as careless of their death-agony as though they were ants perishing in a stream on a summer's day. The ship, that alone was worthy of regard, whose iron sides had thought to defy my power. I would follow her last plunge and rend her as she sank into the red ooze below.

The woman of the sea watched all I did, and I thought she laughed in triumph. But perhaps it was only the howling of the storm.

Then on the stern I saw a mother and her child, a little girl. The mother tied her to a life-belt, and leapt with her from the bulwarks of the ship, whose decks burst with a roar, as, screws hissing in the air, she shot below, drawing down all that yet struggled on the angry deep.

Down sank the mother too, willingly to save her child, for the belt would not bear up the weight of both. I saw her sink, a last prayer in her eyes. I saw the child too, yet floating, the only human thing that lived, but doomed too, for the hasty fastenings were tearing asunder. She was so frail, so young, with her golden locks adrift. I swam towards her.

"Stay," shrieked the woman of the sea. "You know not what you do."

"I go to save the child."

"And forfeit the kingship of the sea. O king, will you lose that for a child? Have you forgot the pact?"

"I forget nothing" I answered her. "It was my will to be the king of the sea, now it is my will to save the child. King or no, I follow no pact, no law, save my own will."

I seized the drowning child. Even as I touched her I felt a shock, a wave broke on me, and nigh stunned me. For all my skill of swimming I was buffeted this way and that like a cork in an eddy. But still I held up the child.

Then I knew that I was no more of the sea, nor king, but only in it and a man who must fight it. I raised my head as I soared on the crest of a wave and I looked for the woman of the sea.

"Lost, lost, lost!" she wailed. Her hands clutched the air, and she vanished for ever into the abyss.

On a sudden day broke, calm fell, and I was left with the little child, that slept smiling, rocked in the cradle of the deep.

THE REAL CHRISTIANITY

By EDWARD MAITLAND

1. THERE are two presentations of Christianity which are in such direct and irreconcilable opposition to each other as to constitute two diverse and antagonistic religions. One of them is the system purely spiritual, founded in the nature of being, and representing the inner and divinely intended sense of the Bible insisted on in the Bible itself. Originally communicated by the Church celestial to the Church terrestrial, this religion was lost through the corruption of the latter—called in the Bible the Fall—and supplanted by its opposite, and after being continually reaffirmed by the prophets—its original recipients—was by Christ demonstrated in His own person at the cost of His life. Still failing to obtain recognition, its restoration was promised in numerous prophecies as to take place at the end of the age, at the coming of the kingdom of God with power and the downfall of its supplanter, the inspiring spirit of which would then be "bound for a thousand years."

2. Constituting a perfect doctrine of existence and rule of life, the system of the Church unfallen is such as to satisfy absolutely man's highest aspirations—intellectual, moral, and spiritual. According to it, God, who is the sole original Being, is all love and wisdom and power and goodness; and man is an individuated portion of God, consisting of the energy and substance which are God—for there is no other source for them—and is by nature and constitution essentially good, and only through his failure to recognize this fact is he otherwise. And in virtue of the divinity of his constituent principles, he is possessed of divine potentialities, the realization of which lies within his own power. The method of such realization consists in inward purification and unfoldment, the process whereof is called Regeneration, because by means of it man becomes constituted anew of the higher principles of his system to the exclusion of the lower. These higher principles are the Soul and Spirit, called also as in the Bible, Water and the Spirit, and personified as Virgin Maria and Holy Ghost. By the former is denoted the divine substance as the soul in man purified from materiality, and said, therefore, to be virgin as to matter. And by the latter is denoted the divine energy which resides in such a soul, and is called Holy Ghost, because as pure spirit it is God, and Holy Ghost is the name, in the spiritual science of the Church unfallen, for God operative in creation as distinguished from God in repose prior to manifestation. Of

these two as parents is generated the new spiritual selfhood called, as by St. Paul, the Christ Within ; and in and through Him the man is released from the limitations of his inferior elements, and realizes the divinity which is his birthright, being made by regeneration a Son of God, as set forth in that epitome of the spiritual history of the sons of God, called the *Credo*. Thus does man accomplish his due spiritual evolution the secret and method of the Christ in him consisting in inward purification and unfoldment. And he is called *a* Christ, who, attaining to regeneration while yet in the body, constitutes for men a demonstration of their own equal divine potentialities and the manner of the realization thereof. Being a vital protest, it is an interior process. Man cannot be saved by aught that is extraneous to himself. Such is the doctrine of the Church unfallen. But although divine and divinely revealed, the appeal of that Church on its behalf is not to authority, but to the understanding. For being made in the image of God, man is, by virtue of his constitution and nature, competent for the comprehension of all truth ; and only through defect of condition does he fail to be thus competent.

3. The other and opposed presentation represents man suffering from the defect of condition just named. It is the system, wholly idolatrous and resting in the letter, which, being constructed by priests under instigation declared in the Bible to be that of the powers of evil, was at once the cause and the consequence of the Church's fall. As shown in the Bible, it was persistently denounced by the prophets, whom, therefore, it slew, and was guilty of the murder of the Christ and of the perversion of His doctrine. And hence is it responsible—as declared in advance by Jesus Himself in the Apocalypse—for the failure of Christianity and for the world's present condition of alienation from religion by reason of the grievous defects, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, of its presentation of Christianity.

4. For, according to this presentation, instead of love and goodness, God is will only and caprice, absolutely selfish, and an inveterate lover of blood, and man is, both by derivation and by nature, altogether reprobate and incapable of good, and is doomed, even prior to his existence, to everlasting torment, from which no repentance or amendment can save him, but only a sacrifice of blood, and this not his own but another's, and that innocent blood. For so only can the God of this religion be propitiated towards him, and even this method is available for but a fraction of his race. The rest must suffer everlastingly. Instead, moreover, of rendering to God a reasonable service, as

by the cultivation of a pure and loving spirit in himself, man is compelled by his priests to the observance of a multitude of ordinances, ceremonial merely and formal, and to an acquiescence, mechanical merely and unintelligent, in dogmas which transcend and even contradict reason, neither ordinance nor dogma making appeal to his understanding or bearing any relation to his felt spiritual needs. But, on the contrary, his understanding is rigorously suppressed in favour of authority as the criterion of truth and arbiter of conduct, even his own clear intuitions of right and wrong, true and false, being set aside as delusive. So that, in place of a religion of love, and a truth which makes free, he has a religion of terror, and is in the most grievous bondage. And, in pursuance of this religion, he has been led to regard it as his duty to gratify yet further the bloodthirsty propensities of the being set before him as God, by devastating the earth with cruel wars and persecutions on behalf of his faith. Such is the religion of the Church fallen; the appeal on its behalf being to the letter of the Bible and to priestly tradition, both of which the Bible expressly repudiates, saying of the former, "the letter killeth: the spirit alone giveth life"; and of the latter, "ye have made the Word of God of none effect by your traditions": while the "Mystery," insisted on at the cost of the understanding, and by means of which the priests obtain their power, is denounced by Jesus in the Apocalypse, as "Babylon the great, mother of harlots and abominations of the earth."

5. Such are the two presentations of religion which are designated in the Bible by the names, respectively, of "Christ" and "Belial"; but of which, nevertheless, Christendom has been compelled by its priests to espouse the latter, calling it "Christ"; and this it has accordingly accepted and professed. Doing which it has rejected Christ and His doctrine of Regeneration for that of His crucifiers and their doctrine of Substitution, as formulated by Caiaphas and represented by Barabbas. And that the latter is called a robber is because by such presentation men are defrauded of the divine potentialities Christ claimed for them, as when He said, "My Father and your Father, My God and your God." Thus has Christendom made itself accessory after the fact to the crime of Calvary; and though professing to know and to believe in the Bible, it has accepted the religion of which the Bible, interpreted by its own rules, is from end to end the emphatic denunciation, and declined that of which the Bible is the equally emphatic affirmation.

6. As proved by the condition of Church and world, Chris-

tianity has failed, neither of them being regenerate, but both of them being wholly degenerate. But, as shown herein, Christianity has failed, not because it is false, but because it has been falsified; and that which has passed under the name is not the religion of Christ, but the negation and opposite and deadly foe of that religion, even the religion that crucified Him and ever has been crucifying Him in the persons of His doctrine and of those who sought to proclaim it.

It is on behalf of the real Christianity that this appeal is uttered. And it is in order that there may be no room for doubt as to what precisely this religion is, nor any excuse for ignorance, that the Hierarchy of the Church celestial—fulfilling its promises recorded in the Bible—has complemented and crowned the old Gospel of Manifestation by a New Gospel of Interpretation. And this it has done with such plenitude of truth and beauty, and with such simplicity withal, that the world has not beheld the like. For the Christ is lifted up therein in such guise that He shall perforce draw all men unto Him, and he who runs may read. Of the reality of this most stupendous of all the wonders of this age of wonders, and of the validity of the claim thus confidently advanced in its behalf, there is for those who, being cognizant of the facts, add to intellect intuition and to learning insight, and having thus the witness in themselves, are qualified to judge—no manner of doubt. But it is for them absolutely sure that the key of knowledge, withheld and forfeited and lost by the fallen Ecclesiasticisms—being withdrawn from their custody by the Church celestial—has in very deed been restored; that the seals are actually broken and the books opened, as it was declared they should be at this time: that the fig-tree—symbol from the beginning, of the soul and her intuition as the interpreter of divine things—is no more barren, but has blossomed and borne fruit, for the time of figs has come; that the vine—symbol ever of the Spirit—has yielded grapes anew, so that henceforth men may sit under the vine and the fig-tree and eat of the precious fruits of God, and, therein, of that only true bread of heaven, the food of the understanding. And the curse of Eve is removed; for the "woman" Intuition, mother ever of God in man, has recovered from her fall and crushed the serpent's head, and —become virgin as to materiality—has been exalted, "clothed with the sun" of full intelligence, and carried to the throne of God, whence she has delivered to the world the interpretation which alone can save it, because only by it is the revelation of the Christ complete. For, as manifestation is of the man, so is

interpretation of the woman; and "the man is not without the woman, nor the woman without the man, in the Lord" of the whole, unfolded, perfectly equilibrated Humanity of the Christ that is to be; yea, and that shall be, despite the wrath of the dragon and his angels, as evinced through their representatives of the doomed, because false, orthodoxies hitherto in possession.

7. And inasmuch as it is to man's restored understanding that the revelation which is to work such vast issues is made, and the kingdom of heaven is within man, the event is no other than that Second Coming, declared as to take place "in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory," when "that wicked one shall be revealed"—who so long has "sat in the temple of God as if he were God," to withhold men from their lawful divine heritage—"whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth and shall destroy by the brightness of His coming"; and who is no other than the inspiring evil principle of "that great city Babylon," the world's priest-constructed sacrificial system which hitherto has prevailed in Church, State, and Society; and of which Jesus says, "Come out of her, My people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

Says the seer of that wondrous forecast of the Church's history—the Apocalypse of St. John the Divine—speaking under inspiration of his ascended Master: "And I saw another angel flying in mid-heaven, having an eternal gospel to proclaim unto them that dwell on the earth, and unto every nation and tribe, and tongue and people; and he saith with a loud voice, 'Fear God, and give Him glory, for the hour of His judgment is come, and worship Him that made the heaven and the earth, and sea, and fountains of waters.'"

It is in the sure conviction that this prophecy has been fulfilled and the "eternal gospel" announced in it delivered, and that it is no other than the New Gospel of Interpretation herein named, that the movement represented by this appeal has been inaugurated and this appeal is uttered; the object being to aid in the proclamation thereof, and to call on all spiritually vitalized and percipient souls to join in the same; that so the company of the preachers may be great as the time is ripe and the need urgent, and the Word have free course and be glorified, to the unspeakable advantage of Church and world, now groaning for deliverance from the bondage of a religion and a science alike materialistic and idolatrous, and incapable of ministering to man's needs on any plane whatever of his manifold nature, and least of all on the spiritual.

THE MAGIC OF A SYMBOL

By FLORENCE FARR

THE Japanese, who keep only one beautiful object in each room, know the reward of limiting sense impressions and giving the imagination time to work with the impression it has received. This same reward arises from the use of symbols, for to the mind each impression is a possible symbol of unimagined magnificence. A line of verse, a piece of inlay, may easily sink so deep into the substance of thought that it can take root and grow, for that is the meaning of culture. So we give our impressions time to grow into trees, that ideas, like birds, may come and sit in their branches.

When the ancients used symbols as objects of meditation they knew this reward given to simple impressions ; and I have found that the use of symbols restores to the mind a forgotten power of concentration. They force us to think about a given thing for a considerable period of time and make it impossible to carry on two or three trains of thought at once. They help us to watch our minds at work. If we focus the attention on a symbol we can recall the whole train of imagination and ideas that arise from the symbolic root. In trying to still thought without the use of a symbol the task is still harder, for then irrelevant ideas arise and pass in fantastic pantomime before the eye of the mind, or the memory revolves on some familiar topic in fruitless iteration.

If we focus the attention consecutively on two different symbols we can compare our moods under the different stimuli, for the symbol will give a stimulus towards a mood if it is allowed time to do so. More than this, we can experiment, we can criticize and compare our feelings, when we fix our attention and call up any images without reference to ancient tradition. Or we can use the tradition and, as the ancients did, imagine or regard the symbol of a hawk's eye with the intention of bringing the mind in contact with the keen sight of the bird that can gaze at the sun without dismay.

Again, we might not only wish for sight but for actual power of imagining ourselves to take on characteristics alien to our nature. I am told a great majority of people cannot use their imagination

in thinking at all. They cannot sympathize or feel with other creatures or people of different temperaments from their own; they cannot act or pretend to feel what they do not feel; they cannot see what others are like enough even to make a caricature of them. Many people can never describe a person or an event in words, and very often they cannot even express their own thoughts. These people have vague feelings of attraction or repulsion, but no impression that they can express accurately. They are, like the elementary substance, capable of irritation, but not capable of ideas or the expression of ideas. This is partly because of the modern spirit, which demands repletion of every sense and overfeeding both of the mind and body. They do not understand art because they look at too many pictures, or religion because they go to church too often, or music because they attend too many concerts.

When we realize what this state of mind means we do all we can to try and acquire the power of transformation which is above all things necessary to us if our life is to be a human life and not the life of an animal. We must learn to feel with others and to understand them. The Egyptians called the Lord of this discipline of the mind, Kephera, the Transformer. His symbol is the sun at midnight and the scarab. By reducing the mind to the peacefulness of the darkest hour of the night, by sinking into a state in which we for a time forget the eternal "I am" we learn to understand the deeper strata of our "Being."

The wise student who wishes to attain the power and understanding of transformation approaches that realm where the absolute and the relative are seen to be co-existent aspects of the one Being; where the consciousness symbolized by the mathematical point, aware of its unity of substance with all other points, is realized as the ultimate state of all Being, apart from moods and tenses. At the same time all egoisms are perceived to be arrangements of this substance, or rather ideas created by the notion of separateness and form. The symbols of lines, surfaces, solids and spaces are modes or arrangements of these ultimate points. They symbolize consciousness extended in certain directions and drawn in from others.

The use of symbols as a means of focussing the mind and as a means of perceiving abstruse ideas is only touched upon now because all the mystics used them in these ways, as will be pointed out in detail later on.

Let us consider now what we have to take the place of symbols. For it is certain that very few of this generation have ever tried

to discipline their thoughts in any way. Sometimes a man here and there becomes aware of the folly of his revolving memory and his wild imaginations, and his only remedy is work. Incessant work silences the folly of thought ; but it silences the wisdom of thought also. Why does he not try the effect of wise and ordered thought, and study the structure of his mind ? Is it because of the terror that confronts him on the threshold of this adventure ? The terror of responsibility ?

Most of us will choose any alternative rather than sit still and think until we see clearly as the sun itself that we alone are responsible for what we are. The weight of that terror makes us fly to work, to pleasure, to anything that will crowd our minds with irrelevant things. A man will cover up his own sanctuary with a veil and worship any other god ; he will attend ceremonies ; he will adore before many altars, but he will not listen to the inner voice. Any other responsibility he will accept, fatherhood, the government of people, the command in battle, but not the responsibility for himself. Or he laughs at life, and reproaches God with his misfortunes. Like Omar he says :

> O thou who didst with pitfall and with gin
> Beset the path I was to wander in,
> For all the sin wherewith the face of man
> Is blackened—man's forgiveness give and take.

" Why was this life of misery ever contrived ? " we ask ; and those of us who have listened for the answer hear the reply quite clearly : " Because you yourself wearied of the unchangeable bliss of infinite Being, and voluntarily separated yourself in order that the spectacle of life might pass in a panorama before your eyes ; you were so enamoured of those phantasies that you have almost forgotten whence you came and the way of return is hard to find." When we have heard this answer, we see the reason of many things, and we no longer think life so worthy of reproach.

Then we search for the source of responsible cause, and we watch its first movements as relativity in time and space and growth. We seek for the stable point in Time and find it Now ; the stable point in Space and find it Here ; the stable point in growth and creation and we find it This. This Here and Now exist everywhere, at all times and under all conditions. The eternal paradox is hidden in these words, for they are ever different but ever present, and both these things together. In the midst of change they subsist as the roots of changing form. The roots of the World-Tree, growth and decay, past and future, form and name, can be concentrated into these three points of This, Here,

Now. After all, the World-Tree is a wonderful thing. Why should we not sit among the roots of it with the ancient sages and Death, the Lord of gods? For we are one with them, and it is because we have eaten of the Tree that we forget that we are ourselves That which gave it birth.

When we accept the responsibility wisdom will come, for it is given as a gift to the wise. When we arise from our illusions and watch deep in our own hearts the inveterate notions of Time and Space and Cause which are the necessities of our ways of thinking, we see them crouching in their lairs waiting to spring out on us or to steal gently and lead us down the long roads which have no ending, and we begin to understand the impostors we so long have harboured as our ideals. Progress is the name of the arch-illusionist, for it is the serpent which tempts us to look ever onward and beyond, instead of waking to the fullest realization here and now. The Utmost and the Highest are within us now if we will but look within and find the great secret of community of Being. But no, the mind refuses to believe it; it desires stimulus for action, it wants to have more, to do more, to be more. It delights in the ebb and flow of change and apparent progress.

Our meditations on real Being may be assisted by the use of mathematical symbols, such as cubes, tetrads, lines, circles, points. For as Leonardo da Vinci says: "Believe nothing till you can reduce it to a mathematical formulary." And mathematical symbols are a great comfort to the searcher after True Being.

But this is only a part of the work of symbols. If they can be a focus for the imagination, they can also be a focus for the will, and they are used by some who desire to awaken their latent powers in order to concentrate attention on the work to be accomplished.

That most mysterious of all moods, the mood of Faith, flourishes sometimes when it is, as it were, watered by the daily recollection of the imagination. And the imagination may be helped by the use of some moving symbol. The wise teacher sometimes uses symbols, just as the priest unveils the symbols of religion before his people that they may receive an influx of the enthusiasm that awakens the potent mood of faith. There are many other times when symbols such as a flag are of enormous value in conveying emotion to a regiment. A crowd is moved by a pageant and by the sight of some representation of dramatic goodness, badness, or heroism. A conjuror acts in the same way and uses symbols with which he is familiar to cast a glamour over the little group of

people he is about to delude. And I was told by a young chela that his master had taught him the means of counteracting the symbols used by the jugglers, so that he might not be deceived by the tricks they performed.

These are a few of the uses that have been made of symbols. But I want specially to talk of them as a help to the understanding of our own mystery, and in thinking of magic do not let us associate it with the foolishness of the present age, but rather go back to the real meaning of the word. Magic power only implies a power not limited by common experience, neither is the painting of great pictures nor the writing of great books limited by common experience. Both these things can be achieved only by two or three men in a generation. Magic power was a power given as a gift to those who had diligently set themselves to the work of understanding. "What is this phantom being I call myself?" What mystical Cup is the fountain of its being?

The human soul is very hard to find, very hard even to symbolize, so hard that most of us have given up the quest. It hides from us under fantastic disguises. It appears to one man as his passions, to another as his curiosity, to another as his conscience, to another as his faith. To a few it is known as the source of all these things; and they symbolize it as a fountain or cup.

The creative world of the Kabalah is symbolized by a cup. The crater, the bowl, the cauldron are all symbolic of plenitude and fecundity. The Quest of the Holy Grail has woven itself into English literature for hundreds of years. Persian mystics interpret the cup to mean the skull, the seat of the imagination; and the wine it contains is the inebriation of the spirit which is the fourth state of mystic meditation.

The Gnostics write of the cup of oblivion given to the souls of men before birth that they may forget their true state; they write also of the cup of wisdom given to the good in order that they may not forget.*

According to the Vedanta Philosophy the cup of ignorance (Avidya) is the source of man's separated life. It is the Karana Sharira (creative soul) of a human being, while the creative soul of a god is Mâyâ, the cup of wisdom (vidya or mâyâ). For the Divine Being is aware of the deceptive nature of form in the same way as a skilled juggler is aware that his hands are creating delusion deceptive to his own eyes. But the soul who creates a man enters into his creation, is deluded as it were by

* *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, Mead, p. 518.

his own handiwork, and in this way separates himself by pride from wisdom and enters into ignorance.

Hence there are two cups, the holy cup of sophia and the profane cup of folly, and on this point the Gnostics and Vedantists are agreed.

According to Hermes Trismegistus the cup or monad is the cup of unity. The initiate plunged his body into the cup of the mind. Baptism is this symbolic plunging of the whole nature into the mind-filled font. In the state of fulfilment called the Pleroma the mind and body are unified in a subtilized body and heaven and earth are mixed therein. The earliest words alluding to the sacramental feast of bread and wine are to be found on the walls of the Pyramid of Unas at Sakara, date about 3700 B.C. The children of the sun were Shu and Tefnut, the divine twin boy and girl. He was symbolized by the white wheaten bread and she by the drink made from the red barley. Her name means the height of the sky whence the Elixir of Life descended upon earth as from an inverted bowl at noon-time. His name meant the light of dawn, and he stands holding up his hands as the separator of light and darkness. As we shall see presently under another symbolic formula he is the Doer, she the Eye of Light or Seer, and these two together are the elements of the cross.

For the present, however, we must keep to our quest of the cup. The next place in which we find it is on some old playing cards called the tarot. These are divining cards and differ a good deal from modern playing cards. The four suits are wands, cups, swords and pentacles, taking the place of diamonds, hearts, spades and clubs. They had somewhat the same symbols among the ancient Irish, who called them the spear, the cauldron, the sword, and the stone. They symbolize fire, water, air and earth; also energy, love, intellect and the physical body. They have been associated with the Tetragrammaton of the Kabalists, and the worlds of archetype, creation, formation and matter. So that we come to the idea of Eve and creation symbolized by the cups or hearts of playing cards. It is only a year or two ago that the relationship between the suits of cups and hearts appeared in the vision of a seer who imagined his consciousness to enter into a symbolic chamber in the region of the heart and found therein a palace with porphyry pillars and lamps formed like serpents with jewelled lights in their heads and a man holding a cup in his right hand.

In a Vedantic book called the *Yoga Vasishta Laghu* the

states of the seeker are divided into seven degrees, and in the last but one the soul is compared to water in a vessel floating in the ocean but protected from the disturbance of storms and tides. The holy man in this degree has made a sanctuary for his soul, a closed place in which he may hold converse with his Being. In the final stage of meditation this vessel is broken, and the soul, which has found its true nature in the cup of holy peace, must remember the truth when it is cast without refuge into the ocean of changing life. In this symbolism the cup serves as a means to an end, for in the state of peaceful meditation the silence is full of ecstasy. It is the cup of the elixir which strengthens the tired soul on its pilgrimage. Like the mythical walled city of gold it is a refuge from the turmoil of change and corruption. But the supreme adventure must be attempted sooner or later, and the soul must resolve to remember always whether doing good or evil, whether seeing beauty or ugliness, that its immortality depends upon its unity with the master of illusion instead of with the slave of illusion. In other words its immortality depends upon its capacity for understanding its own immortal substance. Its substance is eternal, but is not always aware of its own Being, because it is too much aware of its own qualities.

I have already said that it is possible to discipline the mind by the use of symbols used as a focus for the imagination. Let us contemplate a method of this nature.

The devout student has chosen, let us say, the symbol of the Holy Grail. He finds among his treasures an ancient crystal cup and sets it in a shrine. Here when the world is at peace, perhaps in the early hours before dawn, he lights a lamp, burning some sweet smelling oil, and swings his thurible of incense slowly to and fro. The first degree of the work is to collect the wandering thoughts and fix the whole power of the intellect upon the symbol of his meditation; the second degree is attained when his body has become unwilling to stir; soon afterwards the sense of quietude pervades the whole mind and body. Later on, the mind reaches the fourth degree and becomes inebriated with the store of life gathered into it. It is as if the stilling of the flow of thought had turned the wine into a fire of burning spirit, filling the cup of sacrifice. The fifth degree is the absolute stilling of all thoughts and images, and the symbol is forgotten in the great expanses of formless exultation. The sixth is the degree of privation; terror and anguish attend the pilgrim as he is passing to the higher degrees of consciousness. Pride is the gate which shuts him out from these; pride in his own powers and attainments

and limitations. For the essence of individuality is pride; and the desire to keep distinguishing characteristics is pride. So the sixth degree is one of trembling and fear. It may take years and centuries to pass through this gate, but of a sudden it opens, and the flooding in of wider consciousness is known. This is the seventh degree. The cup is filled with the Elixir of Enlightenment, and he has seen the Holy Grail. The man who has reached this stage is henceforth an illuminated being and will gradually reap the fruits of illumination in his daily life.

After the seventh degree is reached a great veil must be passed before the real mysteries of the Trinity in Unity can be understood. But long before this the man has analysed the Trinity in his own heart, and he has learned to look upon his substance as an ocean and his mind as the waves that traverse it. The cup has taught him to understand that in the last degree each particle is similar to all particles, and the diversity of the waves is the relation of the particles one to the other. The sense of relation or germ of intellectual comparison is the Great Mother Understanding. Her symbol is the Dove, carrying messages to and fro, the messenger which governs intellectual movements and defines the relation between one part and another. The origin of intellect is a definition of relation between the parts of the whole. Directly duality became possible a trinity became inevitable. When the two perceive each other comparison and relation arise as a third.

The last three degrees of meditation are mingled with these unspeakably tenuous ideas of ultimate unity. In the eighth degree the soul merges into the divine triad, the root of intellect, and becomes unified with the contemplated symbol; it itself is the Grail or container of the Divine Understanding; this is called the degree of ecstasy. The ninth degree of rapture is called the Divine Espousals, because the soul perceives its own absolute nature; the cup disappears and the separated nature passes into the unified nature leaving the soul in the simple absolute state which can perceive no differences; this is the tenth degree. The cup and the fire of love which melted it alike disappear. The virgin soul purified of all taint is crowned. This coronation of the Virgin is called by some the Divine Marriage because henceforward the soul cannot forget the nature of its ultimate state.

On the return from a meditation in which these ten degrees have been passed the soul experiences first rapture, then ecstasy, before its return to ordinary consciousness. It then becomes aware of a widely extended consciousness in which all things

created and uncreated have a part. With anguish it sinks back into the individual state and passes through the degrees of peace, inebriation and quietude, and then once more aware of its body and the circumstances of its life meekly closes the shrine which contains the symbol of its blessedness and passes out into the world we live in.

In this example I have carefully compared the mystical theology of the Catholic Church and the Kabalistic degrees of the ten Sephiroth, and I think both these doctrines have been founded on the experiences of sane and accredited mystics. Scaramelli's book gives the process in far greater detail, and it has received the sanction of the Church of Rome.

There are other methods of using symbols to make impressions on our senses. For instance, the crucifix made with an oval centre and limbs like a Maltese cross but with one prolonged as

EGYPTIAN DAD.

NEDZ (LATER FORM).

NEDZ (EARLY FORM, 4000 B.C.).

in the modern crucifix, appears in the carving on the walls of the Pyramid at Sakara, dating nearly 4000 B.C. It is used as a determinative for the word Nedz which is translated into Greek Soter, or saviour. The later form of the hieroglyph is an upright pole with twisted cords forming the cross-beam. Egyptologists translate it "avenger," and it is applied to the son who avenges or saves his father from destruction. Horus is the great type of this work, and he saves his father Osiris from Set, his evil brother, who had put him to death and scattered his limbs throughout the land of Egypt. This crucifix was only used in the very early times in this relation, so that it is interesting that it should have emerged again three thousand years later as an emblem for the same redemptive idea in the symbology of the Christian Church.

The teachers of mankind who understood the value of association of ideas usually added the story of some popular myth to the symbol they intended to use, so that the sight of the symbol

awakened the memory of the myth, and a hieratic allegory was later on constructed round the same symbol and communicated as the secret meaning to the initiated. It is true that to enjoin secresy is one of the most effectual ways of impressing the memory, and the natural mind delights in analogy and will indulge in it as a fascinating pastime. It gives it a false sense of understanding the infinite ; but it is very often a limitation to the real growth of the imagination. A priesthood which sets itself to weave folk stories into the ritual of religion gains great skill in working out analogies and uses the emblems of ideas it has woven into a discreet and orderly pattern to awaken the emotions and rouse the sleeping powers of the adolescents and sensitives under the discipline of its colleges.

CALVARY OR LATIN CROSS AND CIRCLE. GREEK CROSS AND CIRCLE. THE EGYPTIAN AUNK.

The early cross was the symbol of the victorious Horus. He had fought with Set, the cruel brother of Osiris, the beautiful one. Set in some way represented activity and generation and Horus the sight of the seer. The result of the fight was that both gods were maimed, for it was no longer possible for Horus to see or for Set to generate. The blind Horus, however, was declared victorious and his sight restored. The Egyptians studied the art of self-control, and the first and most intimate enemy of self-control is the teeming mind which pours a stream of images before the vision. This must be sterilized by the seer resolutely closing his eyes to vision of any kind, and then Osiris rewards him by instructing him in the secret of his own liberation.

Another form of the cross called the Aunk, or symbol of Life, is found among the pottery marks of the first dynasty, and may date from the hypothetical age of Osiris himself, five or six thousand years before Christ.*

The oldest form of the Aunk is the head of a man with the

* *Royal Tombs of First Dynasty*, by Flinders Petrie.

arms outstretched ; but the hands are uplifted on either side of the face, in the attitude Moses assumed when he desired the children of Israel might overcome their enemies in battle. It is curious that these uplifted arms also represent the active part of the soul, or Ka, in the symbolic system of Egypt. The symbol of a head represents Horus—or Hru, as his name was spelt in Egypt—and the upright pillar was the Dad, or symbol of Osiris. It is called the backbone of Osiris and was associated with the practices of meditation on the minute central passage in the spinal cord.

We can analyse the symbol of life as a figure of a human being uniting the three elements represented by Horus, Osiris and Set. The head is Horus, the arms Set, and the body Osiris.

The body is the symbol of the idea of the Logos, or Name, the word Dad, and in the Pyramid texts we find it written out in full. It is identical with the word for " saying," " speech," or " Logos." Sometimes it is called the Tower of Flame or the blasting furnace-tower of Set-Hor. The Speech, or Osiris, united to the active generative power of Set and the insight of Horus, are the elements in the Egyptian cross or symbol of Life.

These three can be developed by training. Generation, becomes a power when it and its counterpart, imagination, are illuminated into the mystery of faith, for then there is a transubstantiation of the flesh. It rises in a great tidal wave and casts down all the closed gates and breaks the frame of the mind, so that the man becomes more than human. Thereafter no human law can measure his good and his evil, for it does not belong to the world of men. This wonderful and dangerous power of faith is one of the secrets that have always been guarded, but some of our geniuses have achieved it and some of our madmen have been shattered by it. Whence it comes or whither its goes cannot be told. Speech, in the same way, becomes a power when it is inspired and breathes beauty as an atmosphere to sense ; for the word Unnoufer, the title of Osiris, means " beautiful being " ; and he is the symbol of all beauty, and the Dionysian enthusiasm was the enthusiasm for the wine of Osiris, the spirit of beauty. Beauty is most active when she is enthroned in nature and awakens intuition and the love which covers a multitude of sins. Finally sight, as Horus, is the symbol of wisdom, the eternal watcher, and under the ancient symbols of the gods Set, Osiris and Horus we perceive the whole symbol of Life to contain the three ways of the great ones : imagination and the arts and works ; beauty and the qualities of perfection ; insight, wisdom and philosophy.

The cross and circle have been handed down to us in various relations. Let us imagine the circle to mean insight and wisdom, the upright pole the Beautiful Being and the cross-beam to mean creation. Then let us interpret the progress typified by the change from the circle surmounting the cross shaped like the letter T, to the circle in the centre of a calvary cross and finally to the Greek cross surrounded by a circle. In the first instance the head, as a circle, symbolizes the wheel of the mind circling among the senses; in the second instance the wheel of the mind is centred in the region of the heart and the ideal of beautiful Being has reached upward to the head; the cross-bar also springs from the heart. We see in this change, the ritual of a spiritual progress in which the frame of the mind is broken and intuition, insight and imaginative faith satisfy the desire for instruction by words and experience, by vision and by works of generation. Dionysos has visited a man when he has passed through the telestic rites and unified the moods of his soul. Afterwards when the symbol is changed to the equal-armed cross within the circle a man learns the unity of the worlds and the circle of wisdom surrounds the equal armed cross of beauty and imagination. In the centre of the earth which is the mystical omphalos, man has become united with nature and woven himself into the web of her various existences. He has found the symbol of the stone of the wise and realized its power in his own person.

In these changing crosses we must notice that the generative power of the imagination symbolized by the cross-bar passes from the place of the head to the heart and finally to the mystical omphalos; while the circle of wisdom passes from the head to the heart and finally outward till it surrounds the whole; and the beautiful Being alone remains unchanged in the midst. So Osiris, being perfect in himself, remains the same, suffering the migrations of the two divine combatants Set and Horus. And Set, who rose up against him and hid him from the world in the storms of generative excess, is reduced through faith and devotion, or the way of the heart, to Being, or the way of the midst, the point of balance. Horus, by interchange of wisdom and imagination, is for a time blinded by the combat, but afterwards gains the perfect victory and becomes the boundary of the fullness of divine life.

The hierophants of the ancient mysteries, as I said before, delighted in these analogies and in the cruder analogies of puns and accidental resemblances which often appear to us quite meaningless unless we are willing to take a symbol into our own hearts and meditate upon it until it grows into a tree of life.

DR. JOSEPH GLANVIL AND THE DEMON OF TEDWORTH

By BERNARD O'NEILL

BEFORE telling the story which is known by the above title, it may be interesting to say a little about the author, Joseph Glanvil, in whose works modern writers so different as Edgar Allan Poe and Matthew Arnold have found inspiration.

He was born at Plymouth in 1636, and was brought up as a strict Puritan. He resided at Oxford for three years, first at Exeter, then at Lincoln, and took his degree in 1655. At this University, the substitution of which for Cambridge, the home of the Cartesian philosophy, he afterwards lamented, he was oppressed by the prevailing atmosphere of Puritanism and Aristotelianism. After leaving Oxford he became chaplain to Rous, one of Cromwell's lords, and he was an enthusiastic admirer of Baxter, for whom he continued to retain an affection. When Charles II came to the throne he gave up the Nonconformity he had hitherto professed and took orders in the Church of England, and in 1661 he published his first book, *The Vanity of Dogmatising, or Confidence in Opinions*, called in the amended edition, *Scepsis Scientifica*. In taking orders he has been sneered at as a turncoat, but probably the change was the outcome of a gradual transformation of feelings and ideas, and he had waited until this favourable opportunity to declare himself. He obtained rapid preferment in the Church, and in 1664, about the time that he became Vicar of Frome in Somerset, he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society which had just been founded. In 1666 he became Rector of the Abbey Church in Bath, where he lived till his death. He was married twice, and had children by each wife. In 1672 he was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles II, and in 1678 he was made Prebendary of Worcester. He died of fever in 1680, and was buried in the Abbey Church in Bath, where an inscription records that he passed his life "*in studio et contemplatione verbi et operum Dei.*"

Joseph Glanvil was one of those rare spirits which make the minds of their friends and readers glow with their gay and wise way of saying things, mingled with a certain quaintness of fancy which gives an ever-fresh piquancy to discourse, a piquancy

like, but very different from, the spice of malice required by the wit. Mr. John Owen speaks of his "varied intellectual sensitiveness," and we have Anthony à Wood's happy description of his "quick, warm, spruce and gay fancy." His style repeatedly recalls Sir Thomas Browne. It has the same serenity and habit of crystallizing into wise aphorisms with a mystical tinge, but it is less mellow and less sombre, and does not give the same sense of spiritual depth as that of the author of *Urn Burial*. The rigid rules of Puritanism and the dogmatism of Aristotle were keenly felt by Glanvil, and expanding under the twofold influence of great writers like Boccaccio, Montaigne and Rabelais, and the newly-awakened impulse to the study of natural science, he became one of the champions of humanism and anti-dogmatism when he had once broken outwardly with Nonconformity, though it has been remarked that we can still trace the remains of his Puritanism in his prejudice about witches. His book, *The Vanity of Dogmatising*, too little known, is a treatise recommending cautious investigation in every region of human knowledge and the wisdom of suspending judgment rather than jumping to hasty and ill-founded conclusions. He argues forcibly against reliance on authority, and lays stress on knowledge at first hand. He says: "Authorities alone with me make no number unless evidence of reason stand before them." Throughout the book the hints and foreshadowings in reference both to the achievements of persons and to intellectual movements are remarkable; and he shows affinities, on the one hand, with Spinoza, Hume and the scientific speculations of the nineteenth century and, on the other hand, with psychical research. Full of enthusiasm for the new methods of Bacon and especially of Descartes, he exposed the verbal inanities and scientific inadequacy of Aristotle and the Schoolmen, and held them up to ridicule. In scientific matters Glanvil showed himself a pioneer, full of hope, grounded on experience. An anticipation of the telegraph may be seen in the following passage: "To confer at the distance of the Indies by sympathetic conveyances may be as usual to future times as to us in a literary correspondence." And it is full of interest to us that Glanvil was an enthusiastic member of the Royal Society in its early days.

The foundation of Matthew Arnold's *Scholar Gipsy* is a story in *The Vanity of Dogmatising*, and perhaps it is not too far-fetched to discern in the portrait so delicately drawn in this inimitable poem some likeness to the complexion of Glanvil's own mind, scientific according to the newest philosophy, yet

with a wayward leaning towards the mystic and the occult. We may illustrate the latter attitude by the following passage, quoted by Edgar Allan Poe as a prefix to *Ligeia*, one of his fantastically morbid short stories: "And the will therein lieth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigour? For God is but a great will pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will."

The following are instances of Glanvil's felicity of phrase: "How are the glories of the field spun, and by what pencil are they limned in their unaffected bravery?" "The useless froth swims on the surface; but the pearl lies covered with a mass of waters." "The sly shadow steals away upon the dial." "Every man is naturally a Narcissus." "There's no religion so irrational but can boast its martyrs." And he says that School Divinity has "platted the head of Evangelical truth, as the Jews did its author's, with a crown of thorns." Besides *Scepsis Scientifica*, a book called *Plus Ultra* and the collected *Essays*, Glanvil wrote *Sadducismus Triumphatus, or a Full and Plain Evidence concerning Witches and Apparitions*, and it is in this book that the story of the demon of Tedworth is told. The author had formed with Dr. Henry More a virtual association for psychical research, and in this case he seems to have happed upon some unaccountable phenomena, whether we consider his explanation to have been wide of the mark or not. The following words of Glanvil may fitly preface the tale:—

"Now those that judge by the narrowness of former principles and successes will smile at these paradoxical expectations; but questionless those great inventions that have in these later ages altered the face of all things, in their naked proposals and mere suppositions were to former times as ridiculous. To have talked of a new earth to be discovered had been a romance to antiquity; and to sail without sight of stars or shores by the guidance of a mineral, a story more absurd than the flight of Daedalus. That men should speak after their tongues were ashes, or communicate with each other in differing hemispheres, before the invention of letters, could not but have been thought a fiction. Antiquity would not have believed the almost incredible force of our cannons, and would as coldly have entertained the wonders of the telescope. In these we all condemn antique incredulity, and 'tis likely posterity will have as much cause to pity ours. But yet notwithstanding this straitness of shallow observers,

there are a set of enlarged souls that are more judiciously credulous."

During March, 1661, Mr. John Mompesson, of Tedworth in Wiltshire, confiscated the drum of a roving drummer whom he found in the neighbouring town of Ludgarshall drumming with a forged licence. The drum was left with the bailiff of the town and the drummer in charge of the constable, who was prevailed upon by the fellow's entreaties to let him go. In the following April the bailiff sent the drum to Mr. Mompesson's house, and upon this gentleman returning home from a journey soon afterwards, his wife told him that they had been frightened in the night by thieves, and Mr. Mompesson had not been home more than three nights when he heard the same noises that had disturbed his family, viz. a great knocking at the doors and on the outside of the house. Sometimes a thumping and drumming occurred in the room where the drum had been placed. After the various events, soon to be recounted, had happened, the drummer was tried at the assizes at Salisbury, and was committed to Gloucester gaol for stealing. While there a Wiltshire man visited him, and was asked by the drummer for any news from Wiltshire. On the man saying that there was none, the drummer replied, "No? Do you not hear of the drumming at a gentleman's house at Tedworth?" "That I do enough," replied the other; upon which the drummer continued, "I have plagued him" (or words to that effect), "and he shall never be quiet till he hath made me satisfaction for taking away my drum." The authorities were informed of this conversation, witnesses of the events at Mr. Mompesson's house gave evidence, and the drummer, after being tried as a witch at Salisbury, was condemned to be transported; but he managed in some way to escape and come back to England. And it was noted that during his detention Mr. Mompesson's house was quiet, but when he regained his liberty the disturbance began again. He had been a soldier under Cromwell, and talked a great deal of fine books he had of an old fellow who was looked upon as a wizard.

The following occurrences, extending over two years, were observed by Mr. Mompesson or by members of his household. A noise of drumming was heard inside and outside the house, there were scratching noises heard under the children's beds, bedsteads were beaten, chairs walked of themselves, shoes and a bedstaff were hurled about, and the children's hair and night-clothes were plucked. It was noted that when the noise was loudest, the dogs about the house remained motionless. There was

a noise as of money jingling, and a manservant had his bed-clothes plucked, but when he struck out with his sword, the plucking ceased. Blue and glimmering lights were seen, doors opened and shut at least ten times on one occasion, and there was a noise as of half a dozen people entering, one of whom made a rustling sound as if dressed in silk. Tunes were drummed, there were drums in answer to requests, a voice was heard crying, "A witch! A witch!" a noisome smell was noticed on one occasion, and a great rise of temperature in a fireless room in severe winter weather. After the discharge of a pistol into the chimney, several drops of blood were found on the hearth, a body with two red and glaring eyes was seen by a manservant, and a noise as of a purring cat was heard in the children's bed. Further, a long iron pike was put into Mr. Mompesson's bed, and a naked knife was put upright into his mother's bed, and, finally, a horse was found with one of its hind legs so tightly jammed in its mouth that it was with difficulty extracted by several men with the aid of a lever.

On the fifth of November, 1661, it kept a mighty noise, and a servant observing two boards in the children's room seeming to move, he bid it give him one of them; upon which the board came (nothing moving it that he saw) within a yard of him; the man added, "Nay, let me have it in my hand"; upon which it was shoved quite home to him again, and so up and down, to and fro, at least twenty times together, till Mr. Mompesson forbid his servant such familiarities. This was in the day-time, and seen by a whole room-full of people. At night the minister, one Mr. Cragg, and divers of the neighbours came to the house on a visit. The minister went to prayers with them, kneeling at the children's bedside, where it was then very troublesome and loud. During prayer time it withdrew into the cock-loft, but returned as soon as prayers were done, and then in sight of the company, the chairs walked about the room of themselves, the children's shoes were hurled over their heads, and every loose thing moved about the chamber. At the same time a bedstaff was thrown at the minister, which hit him on the leg, but so favourably, that a lock of wool could not fall more softly, and it was observed, that it stopped just where it lighted, without rolling or moving from the place.

We now pass on to the occurrences of which Glanvil was an eye-witness, and we give the account in his own words:—

About this time I went to the house, on purpose to inquire the truth of those passages, of which there was so loud a report. It had ceased from its drumming and ruder noises before I came thither, but most of the more remarkable circumstances before related, were confirmed to me there, by several of the neighbours together, who had been present at them. At this time it used to haunt the children, and that as soon as they were laid. They went to bed that night I was there, about eight of the clock,

when a maidservant, coming down from them, told us it was come. The neighbours that were there, and two ministers who had seen and heard divers times, went away, but Mr. Mompesson and I and a gentleman that came with me went up. I heard a strange scratching as I went up the stairs, and when we came into the room I perceived it was just behind the bolster of the children's bed, and seemed to be against the tick. It was as loud a scratching as one with long nails could make upon a bolster. There were two little modest girls in the bed, between seven and eight years old, as I guessed. I saw their hands out of the clothes, and they could not contribute to the noise that was behind their heads; they had been used to it, and had still somebody or other in the chamber with them, and therefore seemed not to be much affrighted. I, standing at the bed's head, thrust my hand behind the bolster, directing it to the place whence the noise seemed to come, whereupon the noise ceased there, and was heard in another part of the bed; but when I had taken out my hand it returned and was heard in the same place as before. I had been told that it would imitate noises, and made trial by scratching several times upon the sheet, as five and seven and ten, which it followed, and still stopped at my number. I searched under and behind the bed, turned up the clothes to the bed-cords, grasped the bolster, sounded the wall behind, and made all the search that possibly I could to find if there were any trick, contrivance, or common cause of it; the like did my friend, but we could discover nothing. So that I was then verily persuaded, and am so still, that the noise was made by some demon or spirit. After it had scratched about half an hour or more, it went into the midst of the bed under the children, and there seemed to pant like like a dog out of breath very loudly. I put my hand upon the place, and felt the bed bearing up against it, as if something within had thrust it up. I grasped the feathers, to feel if any living thing were in it. I looked under and everywhere about to see if there were any dog or cat, or any such creature in the room, and so we all did, but found nothing. The motion it caused by this panting was so strong that it shook the room and windows very sensibly. It continued thus more than half an hour, while my friend and I stayed in the room, and as long after, as we were told. During the panting, I chanced to see as it had been something (which I thought was a rat or mouse) moving in a linen bag, that hung up against another bed that was in the room; I stepped and caught it by the upper end with one hand, with which I held it, and drew it through the other, but found nothing at all in it. There was nobody near to shake the bag, or if there had, no one could have made such a motion, which seemed to be from within, as if a living creature had moved in it. This passage I mentioned not in the former editions, because it depended upon my single testimony, and might be subject to more evasions than the other I related; but having told it to divers learned and inquisitive men, who thought it not altogether inconsiderable, I have now added it here. It will be said by some that my friend and I were under some affright, and so fancied noises and sights that were not. This is the eternal evasion. But if it be possible to know how a man is affected, when in fear, and when unconcerned, I certainly know for mine own part that during the whole time of my being in the room, and in the house, I was under no more affrightment, than I am while I write this relation. And if I know that I am now awake, and that I see the objects that are before me, I know that I heard and saw the

particulars I have told. There is, I am sensible, no great matter for story in them, but there is so much as convinceth me that there was something extraordinary, and what we usually call preternatural in the business.

There were other passages at my being at Tedworth, which I published not, because they are not such plain and unexceptionable proofs. I shall now briefly mention them, *Valeant quantum valere possunt.* My friend and I lay in the chamber where the first and chief disturbance had been. We slept well all night, but early before day in the morning I was awakened (and I awakened my bedfellow) by a great knocking just without our chamber door. I asked who was there several times, but the knocking still continued without answer. At last I said, " In the name of God, who is it, and what would you have ? " To which a voice answered, " Nothing with you." We, thinking it had been some servant of the house, went to sleep again. But, speaking of it to Mr. Mompesson when we came down, he assured us that no one of the house lay that way, or had business thereabout, and that his servants were not up till he called them, which was after it was day ; which they confirmed, and protested that the noise was not made by them. Mr. Mompesson had told us before that it would be gone in the middle of the night, and come again divers times early in the morning, about four o'clock, and this, I suppose, was about that time.

Another passage was this, my man coming up to me in the morning, told me that one of my horses (that on which I rode) was all in a sweat, and looked as if he had been rid all night. My friend and I went down and found him so. I inquired how he had been used, and was assured that he had been well fed, and ordered as he used to be, and my servant was one that was wont to be very careful about my horses. The horse I had had a good time, and never knew but that he was very sound. But after I had rid him a mile or two, very gently over a plain down from Mr. Mompesson's house, he fell lame, and having made a hard shift to bring me home, died in two or three days, no one being able to imagine what he ailed. This I confess might be accident, or some unusual distemper, but all things being put together, it seems very probable that it was somewhat else.

The following comments of Glanvil are worthy of remark :—

Mr. Mompesson is a gentleman, of whose truth in this account I have not the least ground of suspicion, he being neither vain nor credulous, but a discreet, sagacious and manly person. Now the credit of matters of fact depends much upon the relators, who, if they cannot be deceived themselves, nor supposed any ways interested to impose upon others, ought to be credited. For upon these circumstances, all human faith is grounded, and matter of fact is not capable of any proof besides, but that of immediately sensible evidence. Now this gentleman cannot be thought ignorant, whether that he relates be true or no, the scene of all being his own house, himself a witness, and that not of a circumstance or two, but of an hundred, nor for once or twice only, but for the space of some years, during which he was a concerned and inquisitive observer. So that it cannot with any show of reason be supposed that any of his servants abused him, since in all that time he must needs have detected the deceit. And what interest could any of his family have had (if it had been possible

to have managed without discovery) to continue so long so troublesome and so injurious an imposture ? Nor can it with any whit of more probability be imagined that his own melancholy deluded him (since besides that he is no crazy nor imaginative person), that humour could not have been so lasting and pertinacious. Or if it were so in him, can we think he infected his whole family, and those multitudes of neighbours and others, who had so often been witnesses of those passages ? Such supposals are wild, and not like to tempt any but those whose wills are their reasons. So that upon the whole, the principal relator, Mr. Mompesson, himself knew, whether what he reports was true or not, whether those things acted in his house were contrived *cheats*, or extraordinary *realities*. And if so, what interest could he serve in carrying on or conniving at a juggling design and imposture ?

He suffered by it in his name, in his estate, in all his affairs, and in the general peace of his family. The unbelievers in the matter of spirits and witches took him for an impostor. Many others judged the permission of such an extraordinary evil to be the judgment of God upon him, for some notorious wickedness or impiety. Thus his name was continually exposed to censure, and his estate suffered, by the concourse of people from all parts to his house, by the diversion it gave him from his affairs, by the discouragement of servants, by reason of which he could hardly get any to live with him. To which if I add the continual hurry that his family was in, the affrights, vexations and tossings up and down of his children, and the watchings and disturbance of his whole house (in all which himself must needs be the most concerned), I say, if these things are considered, there will be little reason to think he could have any interest to put a cheat upon the world, in which he would most have injured and abused himself. Or if he should of all have designed and managed so incredible, so unprofitable a delusion, 'tis strange that he should have troubled himself so long in such a business, only to deceive, and to be talked of. And it is yet more so that none of those many inquisitive persons that came thither purposely to criticize and examine the truth of those matters could make any discoveries of the juggling, especially since many came prejudiced against the belief of such things in general, and others resolved beforehand against the belief of this, and all were permitted the utmost freedom of search and inquiry. And after things were weighed and examined, some that were before greatly prejudiced, went away fully convinced. To all which I add : That there are divers particulars in the story, in which no abuse or deceit could have been practised, as the motion of boards and chairs of themselves, the beating of a drum in the midst of a room, and in the air, when nothing was to be seen ; the great heat in a chamber that had no fire in excessive cold weather, the scratching and panting, the violent beating and shaking of the bedsteads, of which there was no perceivable cause or occasion—in these and such like instances, it is not to be conceived how tricks could have been put upon so many, so jealous, and so inquisitive persons as were witnesses of them.

'Tis true, that when the gentlemen the King sent were there, the house was quiet, and nothing seen nor heard that night, which was confidently and with triumph urged by many as a confutation of the story. But 'twas bad logic to conclude in matters of fact from a single negative, and such a one against numerous affirmatives, and to affirm that a thing was never done, because not at such a particular time, and that nobody ever saw

what this man or that did not. By the same way of reasoning I may infer that there were never any robberies done on Salisbury Plain, Hounslow Heath, or the noted places, because I have often travelled all those ways, and yet was never robbed; and the Spaniard inferred well that said, *There was no sun in England, because he had been six weeks here, and never saw it.* This is the common argument of those that deny the being of apparitions, they have travelled all hours of the night, and never saw anything worse than themselves (which may well be), and thence they conclude that all pretended apparitions are fancies or impostures. But why do not such arguers conclude, that there was never a cutpurse in London, because they have lived there many years without being met with by any of those practices? Certainly he that denies apparitions upon the confidence of this negative against the vast heap of positive assurances, is credulous in believing, there was ever any highwayman in the world, if he himself was never robbed. And the trials of assizes and attestations of those that have (if he will be just) ought to move his assent no more in this case than in that of witches and apparitions, which have the very same evidence.

* * * * *

I have thus related the sum of the story, and noted some circumstances that assure the truth of it. I confess the passages recited are not so dreadful, tragical and amazing, as there are some in story of this kind; yet are they never the less probable or true, for being not so prodigious and astonishing. And they are strange enough to prove themselves effects of some *invisible extraordinary agents*, and so demonstrate that there are *spirits*, who sometimes sensibly intermeddle in our affairs. And I think they do it with clearness of evidence. For these things were not done long ago, or at far distance, in an ignorant age, or among a barbarous people; they were not seen by two or three only of the melancholic and superstitious, and reported by those that made them serve the advantage and interest of a party. They were not the passages of a day or night, nor the vanishing glances of an apparition; but these transactions were near and late, public, frequent, and of divers years continuance, witnessed by multitudes of competent and unbiassed attestors, and acted in a searching incredulous age: arguments enough, one would think, to convince any modest and capable reason.

REVIEWS

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGION IN JAPAN. By George William Knox, D.D., LL.D., Professor of the History and Philosophy of Religion in Union Theological Seminary, New York, and sometime Professor of Philosophy and Ethics in the Imperial University, Tokyo. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1907.

THIS volume embodies a course of lectures given by Dr. Knox under the auspices of the American Committee for Lectures on the History of Religions. These annual courses are somewhat after the style of the Hibbert Lectures in England, and a similarly high level of excellence is reached. Among previous lecturers are Dr. T. W. Rhys-Davids and Canon T. K. Cheyne, who dealt with Buddhism and Israel respectively.

Japanese history begins somewhere about the third or fourth century of our era. At that date the people of what is now Japan were living in huts, collected in tiny hamlets; there were neither cities, nor temples, nor art. Religion seems to have been a matter of childlike awe or fear of natural forces—a sentiment which is the foundation of religious emotion—and these forces or phenomena of external nature would naturally evoke the myths which we find, vague and grotesque stories such as we have in our Norse mythology, though less coherent and mature.

Some time before the beginning of the sixth century, one tribe had almost made itself master of the land, and the Empire began. The religious myths were used as supports for loyalty to the Emperor, and "Shinto" was the result. Shinto was, and is, *religious patriotism*—devotion to country, focussing itself on the Emperor as concrete embodiment. In the seventh century, Japan was reached by Chinese enlightenment. Teachers of Confucianism and Buddhism arrived; the former brought ethics, the latter theology, and both were more or less assimilable with Shinto. The beginning of belief in personal survival of death, with ancestor worship (learnt from the Chinese), probably dates from this period. The eleventh and twelfth centuries were times of decadence; the long peace broke up, and five centuries of bitter strife followed. Conditions became feudal,

monasteries were used as citadels and fortresses, baron warred with baron, religious sects became fighting clans. Eventually, the Christians were extirpated, and religious peace was restored. At the present time, Buddhism may perhaps be called the religion of Japan, the Shin sect being specially progressive in incorporating the results of modern science and philosophy by sending its priests abroad to study; but it is a Buddhism which has been largely coloured by Shinto. What the future may have in store it is impossible to say, and prophecy is dangerous; but it is at least certain that religious thought in Japan will be influenced more than ever before by Western faiths and ideals. Perhaps this contact between East and West will bring benefit to both.

Recent events have brought us into close touch with Japan, and we are curious to know what we can about her. Dr. Knox's book supplies a want, and will be read with interest by all students of the subject.

J. Arthur Hill.

Aspects of Christian Mysticism. By the Rev. W. Major Scott, M.A. Crown 8vo, pp. xix. 171. 3*s*. 6*d*. net. London: John Murray. 1907.

Whosoever in these days speaks with intelligence and sympathy of the Christian mystics, whosoever puts into intelligible form some one or more of the principles which lie at the base of mysticism, as mysticism itself lies at the root and heart, or is more properly of the marrow, of Christianity—to him are due the thanks of those who know, for that which he speaks or writes. They are due—I must not perhaps say more especially and signally than to some others, but they are due and that assuredly—to the Rev. W. Major Scott for the twelve papers contained in this slender volume, by which he fulfils the claim made in his preface that they are statements, partly expository, of certain elements of mystical truth. The most recent work with which these studies may compare is that of Canon Inge, which I had occasion to notice in these pages some months ago. But the comparison is by way of the analogies amidst a few signal differences, for in respect of a considerable part the earlier book was a presentation of certain mystic aspects and the root-matter of certain mystic thought in poets like Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning. Now this mysticism, precious as it is, is rather *per accidentia* than *per essentia*. Mr. Major Scott is concerned only

with those who were dedicated, and that utterly, to the mystic life, with those whom that life had assumed into its great heights. He covers a wider field in a lesser space, and he includes one name at least that represents a side of mysticism with which Canon Inge does not seem in sympathy personally. I speak of the Carthusian Ruysbroeck, called in the old days the Admirable Doctor and *Doctor ecstaticus*. The papers begin with St. Paul and end with Peter Sterry, for a redirection to whom we owe something to the writer, because, except among a very few students, and then rather in the byways, the very name of this divine of the seventeenth century seems to have passed from recollection. Sterry belongs to the grim period which followed the great rebellion. As a preacher to the Council of State, it was his duty to discourse before Cromwell, and he is said by Mr. Scott to have been attached deeply to the Lord Protector. One would think that it was a melancholy period for the spiritual life, and Peter Sterry had the inhibitions of the period, which notwithstanding he put forth great if only occasional lights. In respect of these, and under reserve as to much that remains, his *Rise, Race and Royalty of the Kingdom of the Soul in Man* calls at this day for intelligent editing.

Of greater names than was this particular name Mr. Scott has a good deal to tell, and the range of his volume embraces as much as we could look for reasonably, including Eckhart, Tauler and Suso. With the perilous terminology of Eckhart he deals justly and moderately, and to the wonderful testimony of Suso he gives an expression by way of summary which is unpretending in its literal simplicity, and is also keen in its accuracy. We open many doors in our eagerness, and by a fatality, as it sometimes happens, we open that door which looks direct into the void. There is but one door for Suso, and it is that of Christ, by which only we can enter into the secrets of the Godhead. I do not know that there is any book of the deep mysteries which could be offered more profitably in the vesture of our own tongue to grave and dedicated students than Suso's Book of Eternal Wisdom. The highest tidings of eternal life are proclaimed therein, the term of rest in faith and in the inward meaning of that doctrine, so open and yet so secret, of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

A. E. WAITE.

THIS MYSTICAL LIFE OF OURS. By Ralph Waldo Trine. London: George Bell & Sons, 1907. Price 3s. 6d. *net*.

THIS is "a book of suggestive thoughts for each week throughout the year." They are selected from Mr. Trine's various works—*In Tune with the Infinite, What All the World's A-seeking, Character-Building, Thought Power*, etc.—and they make a very neat collection of fifty-two short chapters, well representative of Mr. Trine's general teaching. Any one who wishes to get, without much labour, an idea of what American New Thought stands for—by the way, it seems from the publisher's list to have changed its name to "High Thought"—cannot do better than read this volume; for Mr. Trine is undoubtedly one of the most able exponents of the doctrines in question.

It is difficult to select, but the following may be culled as typical flowers from Mr. Trine's rose garden:—

> When we fully realize the great fact of the oneness of all life—that all are partakers from this one Infinite Source, and so that the same life is the life in each individual, then prejudices go and hatreds cease. Love grows and reigns supreme. Then, wherever we go, whenever we come in contact with the fellow-man, we are able to recognize the God within (p. 78).
>
> God works through the instrumentality of human agency. Then forever away with that old, shrivelling, weakening, dying, and devilish idea that we are poor worms of the dust! (p. 48).
>
> If our hearts go out in love to all with whom we come in contact, we inspire love, and the same ennobling and warming influences of love always return to us from those in whom we inspire them. There is a deep scientific principle underlying the precept. If you would have all the world love you, you must first love all the world (p. 80).

The thought is never very deep, and much of it may be termed "diluted Emerson"; but it is always well expressed, always morally uplifting, always optimistic. Those who prefer the stronger, purer water of life will go to the fountain-head at Concord, Mass; but for those who have not heads for Emersonian concentrations, such books as the one under review are undoubtedly useful. It may be heartily recommended, the more so because it may lead the young reader on to the study of Emerson himself. And then—ah, then he is to be envied! The present reviewer wishes he could re-experience the thrill which possessed him on his first reading of such magnificent essays as *Self-Reliance* and *The Over-Soul*. They still move, but there is no glory like unto the first.

ANGUS MACGREGOR.

LA FORCE CURATRICE À LOURDES ET LA PSYCHOLOGIE DU MIRACLE. By Dr. H. Baraduc. Paris: Bloud et Cie, 4 Rue Madame. 1907.

DR. BARADUC has made two pilgrimages to Lourdes, not as patient seeking cure, but as savant seeking facts and explanations. He gives some of his results, with reproductions of photographs taken, in the pamphlet under review.

The pilgrimage months are May to October inclusive, and during this period the town is visited by 900,000 pilgrims each year. Many cures are regularly reported; but the evidence is not generally very satisfactory. The cases should be examined and described—as Dr. Baraduc remarks—by a competent physician, before, during, and after the cure; and we might add that the evidence would be all the better if the physician happened to be a non-Catholic. The few cases mentioned by Dr. Baraduc are not described in much detail, but one of them seems rather good—a case of long-standing double trachoma, patient certified by the physician-surgeon of the Quinze-Vingts (a Paris hospital for the blind) as unable to work. An instantaneous cure of the less advanced eye was effected by the application of a handkerchief soaked in the holy waters, and the sight became better than it had ever been before, even when she was *toute jeune*. The other eye (complete staphyloma) remained unbenefited. This was in August, 1906; it would be interesting to know if the cure has proved permanent.

Dr. Baraduc rejects the idea of "auto-suggestion," urging that cures are sometimes wrought in unbelievers. He believes that the prayers and thoughts of the fifty or sixty thousand pilgrims, all concentrated on one focus—of cure—do somehow pierce the lower "planetary vibrations," tapping a higher plane (*plan supérieur*) from which healing force is drawn. This force he believes that he has demonstrated photographically; the plates exposed in the grotto, bath, etc.—wrapped in light-excluding paper—show globules or ribbons, which Dr. Baraduc attributes to the "rain of force" from the higher plane. But the twelve plates taken are not sufficient to establish anything with certainty.

Dr. Baraduc seems in rather too great haste to abandon "suggestion," in favour of his pet theories of the "fluidic body" and the "superior planes." Suggestion is by no means excluded by the fact that a cured patient was an unbeliever; the planting-ground is in *subliminal* strata, and if these can be reached it

seems to matter little as to what the normal consciousness thinks or believes. But Lourdes certainly supplies a problem which ought to be scientifically attacked; and Dr. Baraduc's plea for a laboratory and full equipment on the spot is most commendable. The cases should be studied at first-hand by competent medical men. If the cures occur as alleged, the priests should welcome the proposal.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

OUT OF THE SILENCE. By James Rhoades. London: John Lane, at the Bodley Head.

THE purpose of this poem is to convey the world-old teaching, nowadays referred to and mistermed "The New Thought." It teaches that "by conscious union with the indwelling Principle of Life man may attain completeness here and now."

The poem consists of seventy-five quatrains, and is similar in structure to the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Its teaching, however, is directly opposed to that of the Sufi. The idea is that all knowledge is from within, that nothing essential attaches to the phenomenal universe, but that the Reality is that indwelling Spirit—the Deity incarnate—whose name is Thyself.

The heaven is here for which we wait,
  The life eternal now:
Who is this lord of time and fate?
  Thou, brother; sister, thou.

The power, the kingdom is thine own;
  Arise, O royal heart!
Press inward, past the doubting-zone,
  And prove the God thou art!

These lines are from the proem and give some idea of the plan and purpose of the enunciation. The poem itself has some fine, strong lines, and is throughout good verse and best philosophy.

In spirit it is in much closer touch with the metaphysical teaching and the general beliefs of our age than the Rubáiyát. A better presentment of the Vedanta teaching of India one could not wish for. Excepting the Dwadashas' loki of Sankaracharya, it may be regarded as the most concise statement of the Monist doctrine.

SCRUTATOR.

THE POWERS OF THE PERSONALITY. By A. Osborne Eaves and Geo. H. Bratley. 1908.

IMAGINATION THE MAGICIAN. By A. Osborne Eaves. 1907. Harrogate: The Talisman Publishing Co. Price 1s. each.

THE first of these booklets is "a practical guide to clairvoyance, clairaudience, telepathy, and other occult arts." Instructions are given for the development of the power of crystal-seeing, and the method, on the whole, is good. For psychometry, vegetarianism is advised, also abstinence from alcohol and tobacco, with frequent baths. Some may regard these as "counsels of perfection," but certainly their adoption would improve many people, whether the power of psychometrizing were attained or not.

The second pamphlet is on New Thought lines, and deals in popular fashion with the power of the will to create the conditions of life which we may desire. It contains much good advice for those who are apt to take a despondent view of things in general, and who consequently fail to reach their ends through lack of the push and energy which optimism produces.

ANGUS MACGREGOR.

THE TRIUMPH OF MAMMON. By John Davidson. Crown 8vo, pp. 176. London: Grant Richards. 1907.

I SHOULD be inclined to regard Mr. Davidson—supposing that I were Mammon for a period, or his vicegerent even—as, on the whole, an unsuccessful expositor of my especial cause. There are other kinds of triumph than those of Mammon, and other means than those here indicated by which the soul can best enter into corruption. Mr. Davidson is a spirit in rebellion, as the consequence of many purgatories of the literary life which in his case do not seem to have proved purgations, to say nothing of cleansing fires, and I cannot help thinking that if his private quarrel with the universe had been really of the first importance, perhaps even of living interest, he could have found better weapons. Every one knows that from time to time, and even at many times, he writes very lovely verse, for which reason we must feel the more weary and jaded that in all this mystery of iniquity he has discovered nothing deeper than the sins of sense, and nothing more delirious than a physical passion apart from love. On the whole, therefore, we continue, as opportunity permits us, to seek, and in rare moments perhaps to find, some foretaste at least of the peace of God. If Mr. Davidson did not speak another language than ours, I should be tempted to

say to him, and even in the sporting spirit: If you will not pursue sanctity for its own sake, cultivate it for the adornment of the spiritual marriages which can be celebrated in the making of books. That would be a better triumph than any which could befall Mammon within the world which has been so far trodden by Mr. Davidson. He says that he has set about remaking the world in his own image: I would rather—because I hear certain voices speaking in eternity—that he should try some fairer experiment and suffer, if only for the experience, that the high world of grace should remake him. We might then have a greater Testament and, to another organ than that of the passions, he might chant his *Nunc Dimittis*.

A. E. WAITE.

THE LAST MIRACLE. By M. P. Shiel. London: T. Werner Laurie, Clifford's Inn, E.C.

IT is an open question whether, in the production of this novel, the third of a series of three, either the author or publisher have watered their laurels. All of this series have a psychological basis, inasmuch as they purport to be the records of a hypnotic clairvoyante's visions. The present volume has for motif the destruction of the most ancient of ecclesiastical buttresses, the miracle. There is a man of monster mind whose mania it is to destroy every man in whom there is any resemblance to the person of the holy Nazarene. His methods are diabolical and serve another phase of his plot against the Church. His victims are crucified alive, and their agony is witnessed as an apparition above the altar by an ingenious application of mirrors reflecting upon gauze screens, as already familiarized in the spectacle of "Pepper's Ghost." When the religious frenzy of the public has been thus aroused to the highest pitch, the secret is let loose and there follows a mighty reaction against the priests and the Church, the downfall of which latter is accomplished from that moment. In its stead there is builded the Church of the Overman, whose creed is the theory of Evolution, whose sacrament is a "half-time" luncheon of sandwiches and wine, its ritual calisthenic exercises accompanied by prayers and benisons and sacred music to a God undefined. The footlights take the place of the reredos, and the stage is the altar which is set up to the worship of God patent in man.

There was no dialogue. . . . The shows were little pictures of man in his various doings and modes of being, and we had all to become human, and brothers of one another; in one case it was a dog that caused

the music, and we all had to become brothers of the dog and of one another. First there sprang upon the stage a Japanese athlete, naked but for a loin-cloth, who did nothing but parade himself as our pattern, with a few wanton movements of the waist to give assurance of his grace and perfected joy. Then followed a boy and girl who kissed on the sly behind a horrid aunt. Then a Jewish rag-picker who did nothing but pick up rags. . . . Then a woman in a loose garment who lay down on a couch, and we marked the pangs that wrung her; she ran off slimmer than she came on! laughing! with an infant in her arms, while the people pursued her with the acclaims proper to victors. Then a child was stolen, but its mother was joyfully guided to it by a dog. Then came a ship-boy, a musician who forgot his own name, a grey astronomer, and three or four more.

It is really difficult to determine what objective the author had in mind in the writing of this book, or why he has chosen this particularly gruesome and repulsive setting. It may be that, tired as we are of the priest, Mr. Shiel would have us learn that we should not haste to defame the religion of which the priest is the age-old guardian, lest a worse thing happen unto us! In any other light it seems impossible to take these mumblings of a neurotic patient in a serious spirit.

SCRUTATOR.

THE SORROWFUL PRINCESS. By Eva Gore-Booth. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row. 1907.

A DRAMATIC poem of considerable merit and power, dealing with the story of St. George and the Dragon. No sources are referred to, but the plot seems to be adapted from the ballad in *Percy's Reliques*, and bears little resemblance to the more popular version in the *Faëry Queen*.

The scene is in Egypt. A dragon has been wasting the land, and other troubles are afflicting the people. The priest of Osiris demands the sacrifice of an innocent maiden; only thus shall the wrath of the gods be appeased, and the peoples' troubles removed. Sabra, the king's daughter, offers herself as victim; but St. George of Cappodocia arrives opportunely, slays the dragon on the shores of old Nile (whose waters are "reddened with his blood"), and the princess is saved. St. George will have no reward—

> I follow Him who wore a crown of thorns,
> Therefore I ask no gifts . . .

and he departs, leaving Sabra to her lover Cleanthes.

The inner meaning may be taken as similar to that in Spenser, the story symbolizing the strife between piety and evil.

ANGUS MACGREGOR.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

" THE Art of Symbolism " is treated by Mr. G. R. S. Mead in the *Theosophical Review*. A symbol, he tells us, is not a word ; it is something more fundamental ; it is almost more primitive than an ideogram, but, like the latter, it represents an idea. Thus it is connected with the living side of things, and cannot be interpreted in any one set fashion.

A true symbol is something capable of containing life. It is never of any arbitrary shape. It must *be*, or it will never convey living ideas. Symbols are not given us to make us think in the ordinary sense ; their main use is to convey life to our life and bring about a union. Their real use is to convey life of such power that it is capable of actually making an impression or depression upon the substance of the higher mind. They are the link between thought and action. Symbolism is connected with sigils, signatures, characters, types, in their root-meanings, with all the nomenclature connected with the impression of ideas on substance.

An interesting study on " Sleep and Time " is contributed to the same Review by Francis Sedlák, who argues that Time is a concept or an illusion of consciousness, and that consciousness in some form or other is continuous, or it could have no appreciation of time. But there is a distinction between perception of time and the sensation of the quick or slow passage of time ; we may wake regularly at a certain hour, and yet the intervening time may have seemed momentary or long drawn-out, according to our dreams ; for our dream-appreciation of time is not that of our waking state, and only when fully awake and alive to passing events are we regularly conscious of time as it elapses. In the latter sense, as the author says, " Time falls properly only within the sphere of the waking consciousness."

The Open Court for December contains a profound and searching article by Orlando J. Smith entitled, " What is God ? " in which, after a brief introduction reminding us that the modern conception of universal law and the facts of human experience " point back to a supreme power of errorless adjustment which men have called God," he boldly imagines this ruler or personification of law and order as speaking to his creation and explaining his nature by answering the questions :—

What am I ? What are man's relations to me, and my relations to man ? What is the nature of the government of the universe ? Is it

merciful or loving, just or unjust? Do I acquit myself of accountability for evil, or do I assume the responsibility for all that is?

In reply, God is represented as saying that matter and force are not only indestructible, but uncreatable; in the universe there is no creation and no annihilation, only ceaseless motion and transformation. God as a creator of souls would be a God of favour and of wrath, or else a God opposed by a devil. Both these ideas God negatives. Each soul is eternal, and is responsible; the law of God has no exceptions; what we sow in sin and folly we shall reap in suffering. The individual man is his own saviour and creator, and makes his own heaven and hell; life beyond the grave is a life of emancipation for those who are fitted to enjoy it. God is omnipotent only as any supreme law of compensation is omnipotent; he has no power to change the cosmic order:—

I am the law, single, supreme, changeless, eternal. I have made no revelation to man that is not open to all men; I have revealed nothing in one time that is not revealed in all time. My revelation is an open book; it is in every seed, every growth, every ripening, every decomposition—in every cause, in every effect. Recognize the one law of all life—that consequences are true to their antecedents—and you shall comprehend the simplicity of the system of nature, its unity, its beauty, its majesty. You shall no longer fear gods or devils; you shall be happier and better men and women through your acceptance of the truth that the law of perfect compensation rules the world; you shall comprehend the rightness of the cosmic order, and the means of its adjustment; you shall solve the mystery which you call God!

A recent number of the *Monist*, a quarterly magazine devoted to the philosophy of science, published at the office of the *Open Court*, and likewise edited by Dr. Carus, contains several articles bearing on Jewish religion and its affinities. Mr. Lawrence H. Mills compares many phrases and passages of the books of Daniel and Revelation with closely parallel ideas in the Avesta; these ideas he considers had been expressed for centuries in the Iranian religion before they became incorporated into Judaism. The editor discusses the oracles of Yahveh: the Urim and Thummim, the Ephod, and the Breastplate of Judgment; the Urim and Thummim he considers to have been objects used for casting lots, and drawn by the priest from a receptacle or urn, sometimes apparently called an ark, which stood on the altar, or from a pouch or bag which was girded on to the priest or Levite, or, in the case of the high priest, attached to his breastplate. By a comparison with Chinese tablets of divination he shows that

the twelve stones in the breastplate represented the twelve signs of the zodiac, and therefore originally had a cosmic significance. Another article analyses the Mosaic names of God, and concludes that the Jews always regarded God as a unity in plurality, while from the second Psalm it is deduced that Adonai is the Eternal Son of the Eternal Father, Jehovah.

In the *Neue Metaphysische Rundschau* Rabbi Camerini expounds the Jewish conception of God, as Creator, Judge, a transcendental Being, immanent in His works; as an ethical Principle, and Father of all, a Being in Himself, only knowable by His works and by His word in the heart of man. The unity and omnipresence of God are the correlatives of the unity of mankind. "A single, absolutely spiritual God, a single humanity, this is the synthesis of Judaism."

The essential nature of the ancient mysteries is well summed up by Dr. Alexander Wilder in the *Metaphysical Magazine* for December. They had their outward rites for the multitude, and their inner teaching for the accepted candidate. The teaching was probably similar to that afterwards incorporated in the writings of the Gnostics, and included "faculties and phenomena which are now recognized as spiritualistic." At the Epopteia, or beholding of Divinity, Dr. Wilder thinks that there must have been "something of the quality and character of actual materializing." At all events, a conviction was indelibly stamped on the candidate's mind that there was a real existence beyond materiality. Dr. Wilder concludes:—

> This, then, was the scope and purpose of the Mystic Observances: to illustrate the labours of life, its cares, struggles and sufferings; the assuring that it would continue beyond the veil of dissolution, perhaps with its conflicts and its anxious toils, and the bright hope of fruition afterward, when the spirit redeemed from all its ills and besoilments shall arrive in genuine blessedness as its eternal home. As Eros intermingled all in the beginning, so it develops all and perfects all in the end.

The last issue of the quarterly *Proceedings* of the American Society for Psychical Research is devoted to a preliminary report on the Smead case, giving *in extenso* a long series of automatic writings received through the hand of a clergyman's wife, and chiefly interesting on account of evidences of identity furnished by a communicator who gave many tokens of being, as he claimed to be, Professor Hyslop's father, and on account of their similarity to writings obtained through Mrs. Piper. Little peculiarities in manner of writing and in diction which had been observed with Mrs. Piper were reproduced when the same communicators

purported to write through Mrs. Smead, who was ignorant of these peculiarities, and therefore could not have imitated them consciously.

The *Swastika* for January has a comparison, by Dr. McIvor-Tyndall, of Eastern and Western Occultism, in which he claims that the West has rescued Occultism from the contemplative stage and made it practical and subservient to the needs of humanity.

> The Western mind, free from superstition and fear and class distinctions, has taken to heart the lessons of the East, and demonstrated that as the mind may be made to control the body, the body must manifest the power and poise and health of the mind. It has cultivated and practised the art of clairvoyance, not merely to demonstrate the phenomena, but to prove to doubting, suffering humanity that there is an immortal part of us which never dies, and which is united to the great life principle.

In the same magazine Yono Simada writes on " How Women rule Japan," and replies to the allegation that women there are slaves. Marriage in Japan, he says, is a civil contract; the woman is free, and less dependent than in Western countries; she is treated with deference by her husband, who thinks nothing of publicly announcing that he cannot give a decision in business or municipal affairs until he has consulted his wife. Thus, through the men, the women really rule Japan. Another Japanese contributor, Yanoske Isoda, describes " Some Phases of Mysticism," especially among the Ju-ken-shu, or " phenomena-experimenting " sect, who produce the materialization of departed spirits by the use of mantrams. They are ascetic, and lead the life of hermits on mountain sides, only coming into civilization to heal the sick or drive out obsessions. They excel in the treatment of demented persons, driving out evil spirits, and restoring the patient to the normal condition by the practice of mystic power.

The *Forecast* for " Winter, 1907," really for the first quarter of 1908, makes an incursion into spiritualistic occultism, and sees no reason to disbelieve the accounts of materializations observed by Sir William Crookes, Dr. Alfred R. Wallace, and others, since various scientific observers have reported the apparent " projection or jutting out of the nerve force from the organism," forming a body which is " objective, sensitive and endowed with intelligence, or at least is responsive to intelligent suggestions, and has also been photographed."

PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS AND ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS

Delineation (L. A. C.).

Question : What changes for the better do you sense for me and how soon ?

Answer : I do not sense any material change in your conditions until about June of next year ; then you work under better conditions, and I sense a decided improvement for you. You come in contact with a man about this time who will be of great assistance to you in many ways. There is also a great success for you personally the year after next, and your domestic affairs are much happier.

Delineation (Josephine).

Question 1 *:* Do you see any change in the near future in my life, and if so will it mean freedom from money troubles ?

Answer : I do not sense any material change at present, but your financial affairs are much better after next March.

Question 2 *:* Shall I ever get that for which I so much long ?

Answer : I sense a great joy from a gratified desire about eighteen months from now.

Delineation (Belief).

This is worn by a woman, and at present I think her health is not very good, but I sense a very sensitive temperament which is rather tried by her present surroundings ; this condition changes shortly, and under happier influences her general health conditions improve very much. I sense a happy marriage, and consider the influence of the man she marries is in her life now. This woman should try to overcome the nervous depression from which she sometimes suffers, and some really interesting work would help her. She cannot give herself out, and this with her sensitive temperament helps to encourage the nervous condition I sense.

Delineation (T. P. R.).

Question 1 *:* Shall I remain for a long time in my present employment ?

Answer : I sense a great change for you early next year, and as it seems to take you into other surroundings and brings you in contact with other influences, I think you will leave your present employment, though I do not sense any cessation of work.

Question 2 *:* Can you see when I shall see a friend of mine who is in America ? Will we enjoy ourselves and does he bear me true friendship ?

Answer : I do not sense a meeting with this friend at present. But I think he is a true friend.

Delineation (Snowdrop).

Question 1 *:* Shall I marry again. If so, when ?

Answer : I sense a third marriage for you the year after next.

Question 2 *:* Will it be a happy marriage ?

Answer : I sense a very happy time for you in the future, so conclude the marriage is happy.

[Other enquiries held over till next month.—Ed.]

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