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THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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THE
OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

GOETHE'S HOROSCOPE.

IT seems a rather curious thing that in spite of the numerous books which have been written on the subject of Goethe's life and works and the criticism to which his autobiography has been subjected, no one of his commentators has taken the trouble to test the accuracy or otherwise of the first statements made by him in the opening lines of *Wahrheit und Dichtung*.

These run :—

> On the 28th August, 1749, at midday as the clock struck twelve, I came into the world at Frankfort on the Maine.
>
> My horoscope was propitious: the Sun stood in the sign of the Virgin and had culminated for the day; Jupiter and Venus looked on him with a friendly eye and Mercury not adversely; while Saturn and Mars kept themselves indifferent; the Moon alone, just full, exerted the power of her reflection all the more, as she had then reached her planetary hour. She opposed herself, therefore, to my birth which could not be accomplished until this hour was passed.*

Now it is quite true that at the given time the Sun would be culminating in the sign of the Virgin attended, within some nine or ten degrees, by Mercury. But the statement that Jupiter

* Goethe's *Wahrheit und Dichtung*. Tran. John Oxenford. Geo. Bell & Sons, Portugal Street, London. I publish the figure for Goethe's horoscope on a later page. The planetary positions have been kindly supplied by Mr. A. J. Pearce.

and Venus looked on him with a friendly eye—that is, threw a favourable aspect to the Sun—is devoid of all foundation in fact, as neither the major nor the minor benefics, as these planets are termed by astrologers, threw any aspect whatever to Sol at the time of the poet's birth. Even more untrue, if possible, is the statement that Saturn and Mars kept themselves indifferent. Saturn, in fact, had just risen at Goethe's birth and, with the Sun, was the dominant influence in his horoscope. Mars alone of all the planets threw a strong (trine) aspect to the Solar orb; if we may except the mundane square of Saturn from the ascendant. The deduction to be drawn from this succession of blunders is negative. They are blunders of which the merest tyro in astrology would not have been guilty, and while Goethe clearly shows his interest by his reference to the horoscope of his birth, it is plain that his own knowledge of the subject was practically nil. He must, doubtless, have been speaking from recollection of what some astrologer had told him, and, while his memory may have been at fault in recalling the statements made, it is perhaps quite equally probable that he never more than half realized their meaning. There is evidence, however, in the horoscope as well as in his own life to show that astrology is a study he might well have taken up if ever a favourable opportunity had offered itself. In fact, both on its scientific side and from its compelling appeal to the student of human nature, the astrological hypothesis was well calculated to touch a sympathetic chord in the poet's ever-active brain.

TRUTH OR POETRY?

But to return to the actual nativity, not the horoscope as the poet recollected it, (for in that it must be admitted there is more "poetry" than "truth"). Goethe was born under the sign of the Scorpion—the night house of the planet Mars—as it is astrologically designated, and his dominant influences were Saturn and the Sun.* The only other horoscope that I am able to recall of a celebrated character who was born with Saturn just rising in Scorpio is that of Sir Humphrey Davy.†

DOMINANT PLANETS AT GOETHE'S BIRTH.

* The Sun is *hyleg* or life-giver in this horoscope owing to its meridional position, and would have warranted the prediction of a long life in spite of certain constitutional drawbacks.

† Sir Humphrey Davy had Jupiter in the mid-heaven and Saturn and the Moon in the ascendant. His horoscope may be seen in Mr Geo. Wilde's *Natal Astrology*, along with a collection of other interesting horoscopes, most of them, I understand, supplied by the late Dr. Richard Garnett. Edward III (of England), Louis XIV (of France),

The mythological Saturn has the reputation of devouring his children at birth, and the fact that Goethe was born into the world "as dead" is more probably attributable to the closely ascending position of the malefic planet than to the poet's rather fanciful suggestion of the effect of the (proximate) full Moon.

Fortunately for him Goethe was not left entirely to the tender mercies of the planet Saturn, the Sun, Mercury and Venus all being notably elevated in his horoscope, the Sun (as he in this case correctly describes it) exactly culminating in the sign of the Virgin, and indicating thereby success and the "favour of princes." Venus occupied the mid-heaven in close opposition to Jupiter, a position which it hardly requires an astrologer to interpret, in the light of the *native's* life.* Mercury was posited in the ninth house, the house of religion, philosophy and science—the mental trend, as one may say—in the ambitious sign Leo and was more or less loosely opposed by the *malefic* Uranus which holds rule in the third house, denoting "brethren" and "near neighbours." Mars, in its exaltation, Lord of the Ascendant and in trine with the Sun, occupies the second house, and in spite of its good aspects denies the accumulation of wealth.

I do not think any astrologer worthy of the name could have looked twice at Goethe's horoscope without forecasting a high position and a notable name. There are practically six planets angular† (if we include Mercury, which has quite recently culminated). Jupiter occupies its own house (Pisces) and the Moon, Mars and Uranus are in exaltation. The sign rising, though a dangerous one, favours the attainment of fame or notoriety. The closely ascending position of Saturn recalls the observation of the eminent Frenchman on first seeing Goethe, "C'est un homme qui a eu beaucoup de chagrins." It also accounts for his periods of intense depression, his philosophic outlook and the aloofness of his intellectual temperament, and, in spite of his love of life

Napoleon (probably), Victor Hugo, Charles Dickens (Uranus rising), George Eliot, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord R. Churchill, Sir Henry Irving, Thos. A. Edison, Sir Richard Burton (a good instance of the unalloyed influence of the sign), were all born under Scorpio. So also was Stainton Moses. The sign is very magnetic but generally much too postive for mediumship.

* The *native* is an astrological expression for the individual whose horoscope is under discussion. Saturn culminated in conjunction with Venus at Lord Byron's birth. It was in conjunction with Jupiter at the birth of Lord Beaconsfield and also of Lord Rosebery.

† To have many planets angular is considered one of the strongest testimonies of a notable name. The Sun and Moon are reckoned as "planets" astrologically.

(indicated by Venus culminating and Scorpio rising), the intense seriousness which characterized him.

THE PLANET SATURN.

Saturn * is *par excellence* the philosopher's planet. Mentally it typifies deep thought and the serious point of view. Corresponding to the Greek *Κρόνος* (Time) it rules all such things as last and endure. It is thus the planet of patience and prudence. The man who has Saturn (Time) in opposition to his ascendant misses his trains and comes late to his appointments. In good aspect to the ruler of life Saturn indicates a lasting constitution, inclining to cold, and a slow circulation. In good aspect to the rulers of money it indicates wealth in land and its products or in houses, Saturn specially presiding over the agricultural interest. The Saturnian age was the age when the wealth of the community was principally agricultural. As the planet of old age it is specially inimical to the early years of life, typifying as it does gravity, austerity, slowness, and deliberation, as opposed to the vivacity, excitability, quickness and restlessness of Mercury.

Its transits are always regarded as denoting evil, whether in the affairs of countries or people. We have recently witnessed its effects in transiting the ruling sign of Portugal (Pisces) and previously to that the ruling sign of Russia (Aquarius). Now for two years to come it is England's turn. Popular discontent and falling trade returns are likely to be the order of the day, and the course of public affairs cannot be expected to run smoothly.

The good aspects of Saturn to the Sun and Jupiter give religious tendencies, the bad aspects the reverse. A good aspect to Mercury gives intellectual depth, an opposition of Saturn and Mercury, vacillation and indecision.†

PLANETARY CONTRASTS.

If Saturn has Mercury as its opposite from one point of view, it has Mars from another. Saturn is selfish, Mars is generous. Saturn makes its mistakes through over-hesitation, Mars through over-precipitancy. Saturn is intensely analytical, Mars does not wait to analyse. Saturn sins through calculation, Mars through impulse. Saturn errs on the side of reserve, Mars on the side of outspokenness.‡ Saturn rules lingering or "chronic" illnesses,

* It will be understood that these observations are general in character and are only applicable to the poet's horoscope in specific instances.

† As, for instance, in the horoscope of the present Czar. The Czarevitch has Scorpio rising and a much stronger horoscope.

‡ A strong aspect of Mars to Mercury indicates a man who has the courage of his opinions and will maintain them whether popular or otherwise. It may be noted in Mr. W. T. Stead's horoscope and in countless

and diseases that come from excess of cold in the constitution. Mars rules sudden accidents, the results of rashness, fevers and all complaints due to excess of heat.

There is yet a third planet that in some sense may be taken as the opposite of Saturn in one of the aspects of its character, and that is the least known and least understood of all the planets, Neptune. Saturn gives cohesiveness, concentration and conservatism, an adhesion to what is long established. Neptune represents looseness of organization, diffusiveness and the resultant extreme susceptibility to atmospheres and influences through lack of that coherence of particles which gives power of resistance. For this reason it gives extreme alacrity in the adoption of new ideas. This explains why it is that the professional psychic is almost invariably under the rule of Neptune, the Moon being, as a rule, also, predominant.

In Goethe's case the meridional rays of the Sun, supported by a trine aspect of the sanguine Mars, Lord of the Ascendant at birth, supplied a wholesome corrective to many of the darker traits of Saturn and gave him that majestic presence which so impressed his contemporaries and indeed subsequent generations.

I have entered into a digression on the planet Saturn principally because it offers an opportunity to me of making plain to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW how entirely astrology is built upon the granite foundation-stone of commonsense. Once get the root idea of a planet's nature and there is no logical stopping-place. You may draw deduction after deduction absolutely *ad infinitum* and the more horoscopes you examine the more you will be astonished at the marvellous way in which under ever-varying conditions and a constantly changing background that root idea is borne out not once, twice, ten times or twenty times, but as many times as there are horoscopes to be investigated. As of Christian forgiveness so also of horoscopes the old text holds good, "I say not unto thee till seven times but unto seventy times seven."

ASTROLOGY AND COMMONSENSE.

It may be objected to the observations made, that the description of Saturn is taken rather from traditional lore than from astrological experience. As a matter of fact, the two are, to a great extent, synonymous. The old Greek and Roman mythologies merely gave a symbolical garment to scientific

other cases where a strong independent line is taken. A bad aspect of Mars and Mercury, the *native* will "speak inadvisedly with his lips," i.e., he will get himself into trouble through being too outspoken.

facts. This is a profound truth, and one which our scientists will most assuredly learn to accept in times to come.

Having given in some detail a description of the planet which was rising at Goethe's birth, not so much with a view of defining the nature of this planet in the particular horoscope alluded to, as with the object of showing the method by which an astrological diagnosis is arrived at, I think it would be pertinent to quote a general description of the sign of the zodiac which was on the eastern horizon at the time named. I take this from a small pamphlet which I believe is now out of print, which contains astrological descriptions of the twelve signs of the zodiac by W. Gorn Old. These descriptions, being necessarily of an entirely general character, go more into detail than, I think, there is warrant for. I therefore merely give the general observations with which the description commences :—

SCORPIO.

The native of this sign is bold and warlike, inclined to rush into quarrels and to be involved in disputes which are likely to be harmful to him. The nature is excessive, and goes to extremes both in work and pleasures, thus bringing on sickness and trouble. There is frequently a strong touch of the critic in the Scorpio man and the *native* is apt to be sarcastic and severe to his opponents. The will is very strong and fights to the end. The executive and destructive faculties are large, and the Scorpio man represents the function of Dissolution in Nature. He pulls down and destroys existing theories, institutions, and beliefs, and this is frequently effected by the acute penetration of the Scorpio mind, which is endowed with the "eagle eye" and has, moreover, an insatiable thirst for finding out the secret nature of things, hidden causes, etc. The occult researcher, the chemist, the inductive philosopher, and even the detective, owe their faculty to this sign. The imagination is fertile and the nature very resourceful. The temper is uncertain and petulant, very fiery, but not of long malice. The manners are frequently brusque and rude, but very frank and fearless; and the native keeps his own counsel and is wary and watchful of his interests. There is much pride in the mental disposition.*

If to the above description we add the passion for dramatic effect, which is almost always noticeable in those who are born under this sign, together with a certain natural reserve and secretiveness, we shall be in possession of a very fair idea of that one of the twelve types into which Astrology divides the human race, under which Goethe was born.

Modify this by the influence of the ascending and culminating planets, Saturn and the Sun, not losing sight of the aspects thrown to them by other planets and of the configurations

* Scorpio was the "accursed sign" of the priests, probably owing to the scant respect of the native of Scorpio for ecclesiastical pretensions. Those born under this sign enjoy a reputation for calling a spade a spade.

of the Moon and Mercury, and you at once obtain the general outlines of character and disposition.* The numerous writers who have referred to Goethe as "an Apollo" were as unconsciously vindicating the claims of Astrology, as the writer in *Punch* who apostrophized the German Emperor as "Mars-Neptune," thereby naming, doubtless quite unintentionally, the conjunction of planets under which Kaiser Wilhelm was born.

ASTROLOGY IN FICTION.

Goethe is not the only writer of note who has been unfortunate in his references to Astrology. The late Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, for instance, to take a lesser name but still one of distinction, was noticeable as being one of the few authors of fiction who have ventured to introduce this subject, more or less seriously, into their pages. This he did in his earliest and most successful story, *John Inglesant*, where in chapter xv Inglesant's brother Eustace consults him in the Tower as to a horary question put to some Astrologer by his wife, by whom the judgment had been sent him. This horary figure has been generally accepted as a real one. The novelist fixes his date by stating that his brother visited Johnny "towards the end of January, 1650," which, however, since it was but a year after the execution of King Charles I, must have been January, 1649 Old Style. The judgment predicts a violent death for Eustace in three weeks from the putting of the question. The brothers spent "two or three days" in London prior to setting out for the "south-west"; and they slept three nights on the road before the prophecy was fulfilled by the assassination of Eustace in the inn at Mintern. So that the date of the erection of the horary figure is brought to about the middle of January, 1649/50.

SHORTHOUSE AND SCOTT.

Now the original judgment, if examined in the light of these dates, or, indeed, in the light of any dates since the world began, will be found to be full of absurdities, and to constitute an altogether impossible figure. For instance, reference to an Ephemeris of the year will show at once that Mercury could not have been "lord of the eighth," nor Saturn "combust" in the eleventh, at a time of year when the Sun is culminating in its passage from Capricorn to Aquarius. Nor is it ever possible for Mercury to be "going to a square of the Sun on the cusp of the mid-heaven" †

* For obvious reasons I have not attempted this here. One of the best tests of Astrology is by the reading of character from horoscopes, the subjects of which are unknown to the reader.

† Those of my readers who have no knowledge of Astronomy may be reminded that Mercury can never be more than thirty-six degrees from the Sun and that a square is ninety degrees.

—or anywhere else. Johnny's reading of the horoscope is equally ridiculous, since Jupiter could by no manner of means have been "lord of the ascendant," which is stated to have been a common sign with Mars rising in it; and Mars was at that date situated in Virgo. Mr. Shorthouse tries to "save" himself by suggesting that the figures had been tampered with by the Italian; but the fact remains that the whole thing is bogus, and no more reliable than the other famous horoscope of fiction, that cast by Guy Mannering on the morrow of the birth of an heir to the Laird of Ellangowan. This is a Nativity, and Sir Walter—while wisely refraining from going into detail—exhibits a deeper acquaintance with the principles and jargon of Astrology than Mr. Shorthouse; for he says that "Mars having dignity on the cusp of the twelfth house threatened captivity or sudden and violent death to the native," and fixed the hazardous periods for his fifth, tenth, and twenty-first years. Readers of Scott will, however, recognize the tribute he, as well as the late Mr. Shorthouse, paid to the truth of Astrology by making events justify its prognostications.

Much regret has been felt in literary and musical circles at the death on the 4th of March of Mr. Francis Reginald Statham, in his sixty-fifth year, when his powerful intellect was bright and active and keenly interested in life. An artist by temperament and too creative to be a medium in a professional way, he wrote a series of edifying discourses which he believed were dictated to him by an intelligence outside himself. This intelligence called itself Jeremy Bentham, though Mr. Statham neither believed nor disbelieved that the celebrity of that name was the employer of his hand. This fine sonnet is a fair example of the influence which spiritualistic idea had upon Mr. Statham's poetry :—

Methought I saw before some judgment throne—
Whether in earth or heaven I might not tell—
A soul from whose sad lips this utterance fell:
"Lo! I am naught: what good thing have I done?"
Then came this word in answer: "Is there none
To plead herein?" And straightway, like the swell
Of organ-breathèd symphonies that dwell
In high church roofs, came echoing back the tone
Of countless voices: "I, and I, and I!
Clear through the darkness shone thy heaven-fixed will,
And we that, unseen, saw it, lived thereby!"
They ceased; and lo! as some high-towering hill
Flames in the sunrise, so, with hands raised high,
Amazed at its own worth, that soul stood still.

KARMA: THE LAW OF CAUSE AND EFFECT

By W. J. COLVILLE

THOUGH we often hear that there is no single English word entirely equivalent to the Sanskrit "karma," we find a good workable substitute in our familiar "sequence"; though whenever we seek to express our idea of Karma fully, we are compelled to use an entire sentence, such as "the inevitable relation between causes and their effects."

The nineteenth century in Europe and America was pre-eminently the period when the Western world came to something like an intelligent appreciation of the mighty truth which the mystic Orient has held sacred for uncounted milleniums. Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and many other world-famous scientists and philosophers in Great Britain, boldly affirmed a law of evolution operative on all planes of existence and sufficient to account for every phenomenon which could come under the notice of humanity, while in America the teachings of Emerson in particular were directing public attention away from shrouded theology to a luminous exposition of universal order.

It remained, however, for students of the esoteric verities to unearth the deeper treasures of the Law, and show to the eager questioning Occident some of the spiritual marvels which the more reposeful Orient had always cherished. Haste is in the atmosphere of the West; repose is in the air of the East. From these varied psychic conditions we can easily trace the ready acceptance of a doctrine of a brief Creation Week and the sempiternal happiness or misery of human souls, based on a few years of terrestrial existence, becoming incorporated in the popular theology of Europe and America; while Asia's myriad populations adhered serenely to doctrines of human evolution which made the fulfilment of destinies accomplishable only through the lapse of cycles so extended in duration that our common mental faculties seem quite inadequate to grasp the significance of the enormous periods during which individual human consciousness is evolved and perfected.

All occultists and theosophists, no matter to what special school certain of them may belong, acknowledge all that is fundamental in the doctrine of Karma, the essentials of which

must never be confounded with the numberless accidentals and incidentals with which the main theory has been surrounded by diverse schools insisting upon specific applications.

" Karma, the total sum of all that was a life." These words are a favourite quotation from Sir Edwin Arnold's majestic poem " The Light of Asia," and they truly embody one highly important aspect of the mighty theme. But truthful and valuable though that definition be, it by no means embodies all the many aspects of the doctrine which it is essential for us carefully to study. Taking the quoted words alone into account, we are reminded indeed of the culmination or harvesting of a special term of existence—a single incarnation; and as we meditate upon the teaching thus embodied we feel assured that we have now found a substitute for the many perplexing problems which are constantly demanding solution at the hands of all who attempt in any way to explain the riddle of the universe.

Though there are yet a few among European scientists who still endorse and advocate the materialistic version of heredity set forth by Haeckel and his school, we need scarcely do more than turn the pages of a single literary review to-day to become convinced that the present trend of scientific and philosophic thought is directly in the opposite direction from Materialism. Heredity and Environment are indeed the two great watchwords of modern thinkers, but heredity is a term involving so much more than most people imagine that we need not be surprised to learn that an ever-increasing multitude of thoughtful people in the West are now beginning to consider seriously what the East has always proclaimed unquestionably: that in a very large sense we are our own ancestors and are now reaping much that we have sown in past embodiments.

We are fully aware that this view meets the disapprobation of many superficial students because of their very shallow view of memory and their disregard of numerous facts which serve to universally illustrate the comparatively unimportant part which so-called memory (i.e. immediate active recollection) plays in the evolution of character and the reaping of consequences of bygone acts.

A fact never to be disputed is that we were born at a special moment in a particular place, but we are (most of us) quite ignorant of the many hidden causes which led up to that palpable effect. Why were we born just when and where we were born? This is a searching question and one which only the deep student of karmic law can undertake to answer in the least degree

satisfactorily. Astrologers may readily cast our horoscopes and proceed to delineate our characteristics and foretell the outlines of our probable career therefrom, as phrenologists, physiognomists and chirologists may give us much similar and often useful information by studying the peculiarities of our heads, faces, and hands respectively; but the great query remains untouched: Why are these things so? to which inquiry only those who dive into the problem of the working of the law of karma can offer an intelligent reply. All the sacred scriptures of the world teach the same great truth, and so clearly that every diligent student of comparative religion must trace a practical identity in the greatest utterances of all the most illumined seers and sages of the world.

The Jewish form of the doctrine is the famous saying "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," which the unthinking Christian pronounces barbarous and cruel and entirely repugnant to the glorious saying of Jesus: "I say unto you resist (or resent) not evil." But close examination of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, impartially conducted, will soon convince the seeker for wisdom that the two statements, though seemingly contradictory, are identical at core, even as the "curses" in Leviticus are in perfect accord with the "beatitudes" in the Sermon on the Mount. If the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, and other delightful groups of people, are truly in a blessed state and enjoy a realizing sense of a present "kingdom of heaven" and a blissful "beatific vision," then doth it follow as equally certain that those who are merciless, impure and strifeful are suffering within themselves the inevitable results of their condition.

Not to destroy, but to fulfil the ancient law came the gracious Master, pronounced divine in Christendom; and though it is unmistakably the case that "love is the fulfilling of the law," and as Sir Edwin Arnold has said concerning Karma, "the heart of it is love," the solemn words are ever true: "As a man soweth so shall he also reap." The immense importance of a right understanding of the working of immutable order throughout the universe cannot possibly be over-estimated, and it should be the special work of all religious and ethical teachers to elucidate this mighty verity as clearly and powerfully as possible, for the salvation of humanity from the actual evils which now afflict the race. Both sides of the wondrous law must be forcibly presented, and no child is too young to be taught the principles of theosophic doctrine.

It would be an idle waste of time to bicker over isolated texts and deal out sarcasm and invective against mistranslated passages now met with in the Old Testament and then in the New. Suffice it for our present purpose to declare that "vengeance" is an improper word to employ in any reference to the administrators of the order of the universe. "Retribution" is a term which rightly conveys the real significance of many a noble proof text. One eye for one eye and one tooth for one tooth means even-handed justice. Symbolically regarded, it means that whatever we do, or even will to do, unto others we in reality do unto ourselves because we are setting up vibrations in our own inner organisms which must of necessity bring forth results according to the nature of the causes we have set in operation. Literally regarded, it is a just provision of external law that if we have in any way injured a neighbour we should be called upon to do our utmost to make restitution for damage inflicted; but as it would be blind vengeance—not far-seeing justice—that would retaliate in kind, the law in Israel has always been interpreted by the sages of the Talmud to insist upon compensation of a useful kind—not brutal and useless retaliation.

Emerson's famous saying, "No one can do me an injury but myself," is ethically sound; for no one can be really hurt except by interior determination. Epictetus was indeed right when he insisted that those who outwardly injured him were in reality benefiting him, if he so took the outward injuries inflicted upon his person or his property that he made them occasions for developing interior virtues which he could carry with him beyond death when his physical body and all his terrestrial belongings must of necessity be left behind.

The law of karma countenances no belief in substitution or proxy; there can be no *vicarious suffering* in the strict sense of the phrase. Nevertheless, we are so marvellously interrelated, we are so truly "members one of another" that no one can ever live entirely to himself alone.

The karma of an individual can never be clearly understood until we undertake to consider relationships and contemplate our joint responsibility. We are all members of one vast family, of which some are elder and some younger brothers and sisters. Masters are the eldest members of our race; therefore their responsibility for us is far greater than ours for them. In like manner, we who belong to the more advanced races of the world to-day have much more responsibility for the weaker and younger races than they have for us. The negro problem in America

to-day can only be truly settled when an intelligent theosophic view of the race problem is adopted and put into practice.

We all of us feel intensely grateful at times to higher intelligences for the help they afford us in our difficulties, and we instinctively believe that guardian angels or other advanced intelligences should ever be ready to succour us to the utmost of their ability; and we are right in entertaining this view. But we cannot in common justice expect aid from the higher unless we are ready to minister to the lower. By no right whatever can we expect the upper heavens to bend to our lower earth unless we are ready to bend to the still lower hells. There is no more vital truth in any document than the much-controverted passage in the Apostles' Creed, "He descended into hell." Every master, every "lord of karma," every soul that has won its final victory in connection with this planet's multifarious conditions, does actually keep in sympathetic touch with the struggling masses of our humanity, until the last sheaf of the spiritual harvest shall be gathered in at the close of the Great Cycle of this planet's history. In the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews we are told that the victorious saints who are spiritual heroes "without us cannot be made perfect." Human solidarity is a fact, not a mere sentimental theory, and this is vouched for by the noble electrician Nikola Tesla, who bases his conclusions upon scientific grounds, as well as by all great philosophers who have started with some definite moral premiss.

It is unthinkable that any one of us can be wholly responsible for the conditions which surround us, as no one came into the world unaided and alone, and as we were dependent upon our parents for supplying us with the inner and outer vehicles of our present personality it stands to reason that their attributes must be, in some degree, communicated to and shared by us. Many theosophical teachers insist that many egos, indeed all that are well advanced along the road of progress, have much to do with choosing their own parents and thus selecting the conditions in the midst of which they will be born. This is certainly the case, even though the lords of karma always superintend. But choice is a very relative term and often conveys a very indefinite idea. Why do we choose as we choose? is one of those intricate, far-reaching questions which the unthinking rarely, if ever, ask, though to the studious philosopher that query far outweighs the much more obvious one: What have we chosen?

The karmic effect of our previous existence has led us to

choose as we have chosen, and though our power to choose discriminatingly is ever on the increase, it is not until we have risen completely superior to all terrestrial attractions that we can take rank among those advanced adepts, true mahatmas, who have power to select their career with clear insight into all that is included in their selection. Only those who have outlived their karma and are no longer on the " wheel of change " can select exactly their parentage and subsequent environment. For the great majority of the human race to-day the law of attraction works, as it seems, almost blindly; yet we are always drawn into precisely those surroundings which are really best for us, because we can therein gain just the experience we require, and accomplish the work it is most necessary we should now fulfil.

Where there is no knowledge there can be no responsibility; therefore it is not strange that many people who are living simply animal lives should enjoy fine physical health, and enjoy life generally. It is when responsibility begins to assert itself that the words have meaning: " to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." There can only be a uniform standard of morality in a community where conscience is equally developed in all the members. Conventional morality, or the " opinion of Mrs. Grundy," is simply an expression of the average attainment of some definite section of humanity in which seniors and juniors, teachers and pupils, are purposefully brought together. We are all, indeed, pupil-teachers, learning from professors beyond us and teaching many scholars below us in the scale of continuous education.

Once let us perceive that we are all brought together for mutual benefit and complainings will cease and we shall rejoice to welcome as friendly the very experiences we once looked upon as most prejudicial to our welfare.

We wish now particularly to call attention to the right attitude for us to take towards mental healing in the light of accumulated kárma. Mental scientists and theosophists are sometimes at variance on this matter, because in both camps there is often a very one-sided position taken. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has given us a common standing-ground in the first line of her beautiful poem " Heredity," which starts out with the splendid peace-cry, " There is nothing we cannot overcome." These words have the ring of true spiritual metal.

We can overcome all things, but the very things which are all about us, including our most intimately besetting weaknesses are here for us to conquer; therefore we do not deny them,

but we must determine to rise above them. We are born with congenital tendencies to virtues and to vices. Lombroso tells us that we may be kleptomaniacs and yet have no other desire to steal than that which pertains to the results of our heredity. We are here to meet and conquer this very weakness, and because of collective and associative karma we find ourselves among some whose influence tends to strengthen our highest resolutions, and others whose suggestions tend to nourish this inheritance which we need to vanquish.

Should we so practice suggestion as to help our weaker brethren to rise above temptations and live nobler lives? Decidedly we should; but this we could never do, did we either stand aloof from fear of contamination, or else condemn or even pity them while extending no helping hand to brace them to rise above their besetting weaknesses.

Those selfish people who tell us we should not interfere with our neighbours' karma are too often perverting a true doctrine by making it an excuse for laziness and indifference. Such people need to be forcibly reminded that when we are brought into contact with others and given opportunity to help them it is because our karma is associated with theirs, and it is as much for our advancement as for theirs that we and they should be thrown together to fulfil an end of mutual service. The heresy of separateness has no place in genuine occult teaching. We are all essentially one; and not one of us can be self-exonerated from culpable negligence if we refuse to help our brethren by taking refuge in the specious sophistry that it is not for us to interfere with karma.

In like manner, in our own individual cases, when we confront an ailment we are not interfering with karma because we set to work to rise above a weakness and sow new seed in the old ground instead of monotonously repeating the unwise sowing of the past.

Our present condition, be it what it may, is the result of our past living, and as surely as we ourselves set causes in motion in days gone by which are now bearing inevitable fruit, so can we set new causes in motion now which must bring forth other sorts of fruit in times to come.

To many who are unfamiliar with the deeper teachings of Theosophy karma appears as a relentless force, cruel and merciless, without sympathy or compassion, because it metes out perfect equity to every individual, favouring none and sparing none. But to all who have imbibed deep draughts from

the fountain of ancient wisdom such a view is an impossibility. By means of equity alone can spiritual exaltation be attained. There can be no proxy, no vicarious substitution; but there is infinite tenderness at the heart of the illimitable Cosmos. No thought of either endless misery or annihilation can possibly enter into the idea of universal order entertained by the enlightened occultist, and there is not a dark or harsh saying to be found in the letter of any truthful scripture which has not its bright interior meaning. We do not suffer punishments, but purifications; we are not incarcerated in torture-chambers, but directed to schools where we can learn the exact lessons we now need to master. True it is that suffering has its place in the educational design, but there is no vindictiveness in universal order. We reward or afflict ourselves by the vibrations we set up by our own thoughts, words and actions, and from the recoil of these vibrations there is no escape. Forgiveness and absolution are great realities, but deliverance must be from error itself and not from its penal consequences.

The true healer induces the patient to set up new motions in his own etheric envelope, by which means his outer body becomes gradually but surely reconstructed. Our physical shapes are continually changing, and as we think new thoughts we change the rate of atomic vibration and thereby alter the condition of our bodily organs, first on the inner, then on the outer plane. Our subtler body interpenetrates our grosser sheath, and as that subtle body is regenerated its physical counterpart is affected toward greater harmony.

" Sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee " is a solemn sentence embodying a warning which all should take to heart. By penitence and reparation the effects of past errors can be expunged, precisely as debts can be cancelled by self-sacrificing effort to pay our already contracted bills. But if we are extravagant in the future and run up fresh accounts a new indebtedness must of necessity confront us.

We can all help each other, and we must all count it joy to be mutual burden-bearers, and never must we shrink from necessary suffering on the way. Our ultimate goal is the attainment of a condition of ineffable blessedness where we are so perfectly in accord with the working of eternal equity that our sowing and reaping shall be a perpetual symphony of joyful work and blissful rest.

GOETHE AND MYSTICISM

By NORA ALEXANDER

"The child appears as a realist—the youth becomes transformed into an idealist. The grown man, again, has every reason to become a sceptic. The old man, however, will always confess to mysticism."—GOETHE.

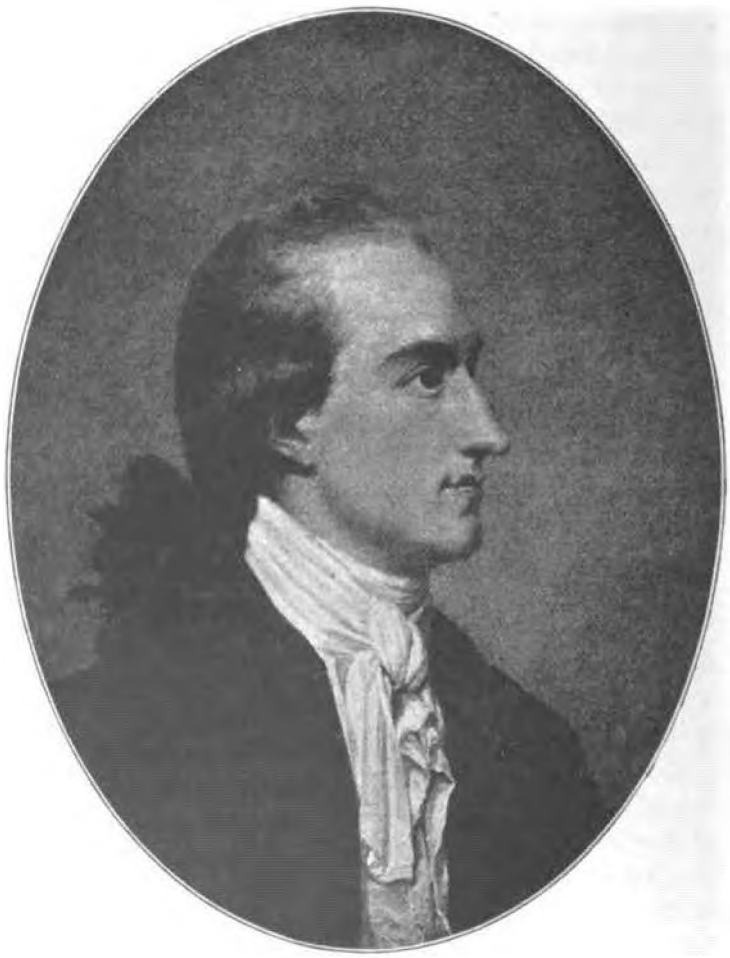
NO disinterested critic can study the life and the works of Goethe, which are, indeed, inextricably interwoven, without realizing that from infancy to the old, old age that was his, his eyes turned always in one direction, searching ever for one thing, for what in childhood he called God, in manhood knowledge, and in old age truth. One catches the key to his whole life, to the whole trend of his thought, when one sees him, a five-year-old baby, kneeling in his attic bedroom before the altar he has built with treasured scraps of glittering mineral ores. He is waiting till the sun shall rise, and through the burning glass held so patiently in the tiny fingers, kindle the pastille that crowns it into the flame symbolical of that yearning after the Highest which already stirs wordlessly within his baby soul.

It is true that being human, being indeed as Wieland once said, "the most human of men," there were times when he fell away from his lofty ideal, times when the hot breath of passion scorched his soul, and the mists of desire obscured his vision, times when we see only the abounding vitality, the wild excesses and exuberances that belong to youth in its purely physical manifestation; but fortunately what we see is never the limit of what lies within a man's soul, any more than the conceptions of twentieth-century physicists and astronomers exhaust the Cosmos and its forces.

He himself asserted, and re-asserted too often to leave room for doubt even were there not ample intrinsic corroboration of the statement, that all his writings were but "fragments of a grand confession," that he had given out to the world nothing which he himself had not experienced, and for this reason, to study his works is to study the man himself, to trace the evolution, mental, moral and spiritual of one whose life was often said to be greater than his poetry. There we may watch him pass through all stages, may see him struggle up from the pessimism, the youthful despair and bitterness of Werther, through

the experience-garnering of Wilhelm Meister, to the transcendent optimism which gleams through the second part of *Faust*.

And taking his work as a whole we find the spirit of that baby incident everywhere permeating and dominating it, find him all through his questioning childhood, his hot, impetuous youth, his virile manhood, haunted ever by what he himself



GOETHE.

(From photograph of May's painting. By permission of Mr. John Murray.)

calls an "unspeakable spiritual want," a want which left him yearning and unsatisfied still, even when he stood upon the pinnacle of fame, when men worshipped and loved him rather as a demi-god than as one of themselves, and when a nation owed to him its spiritual regeneration. Yet through all his struggles, neither his faith nor his courage ever failed him, for it is one thing

to lose faith in creeds and quite another to lose faith in God; and not even when he fought his way alone through the utter darkness that leads to the Light did any hint of fear touch or shadow his dauntless soul.

No juster epitome was perhaps ever made by any man of himself and his aims than that contained in the simple phrase

SCHILLER.
(By permission of Mr. John Murray.)

let fall by the poet towards the close of his long life, "In all my earthly strivings I have ever looked up to the Highest."

Wherein, then, we may ask, did he ultimately find that it lay, and what were the means by which he attained to it?

The answer may be given in one word, Unity, which on the material, mental and moral planes spells evolution, and on the spiritual, mysticism. When once his eager eyes had glimpsed

the goal he struggled unweariedly and unfalteringly towards it, and thus it came about that his poetic intuition foreshadowed what the practical genius of Darwin was to demonstrate half a century later, and also that corollary of evolution, that the Law of Progress is the Law of Mergence, never the Law of Separation.

Evolution, in Goethe's philosophy, linked together all Nature, vegetable, animal and man, while since Nature in her turn was but a manifestation of God, all Creation must therefore partake of the Divinity of its Originator, and all human happiness lie in the demonstration, objectively in our lives and subjectively in our souls, of this divinity.

Here, then, we strike the keynote to his mysticism, and come to an understanding of why, though it was so essential a part of himself, it is so often overlooked. For to him it was given in no sudden illumination, no flash of blinding, dazzling light falling upon him in a moment of inspiration, but rather as a small and steady flame, whose size and luminosity grew with his growth, keeping pace ever with his mental and moral development.

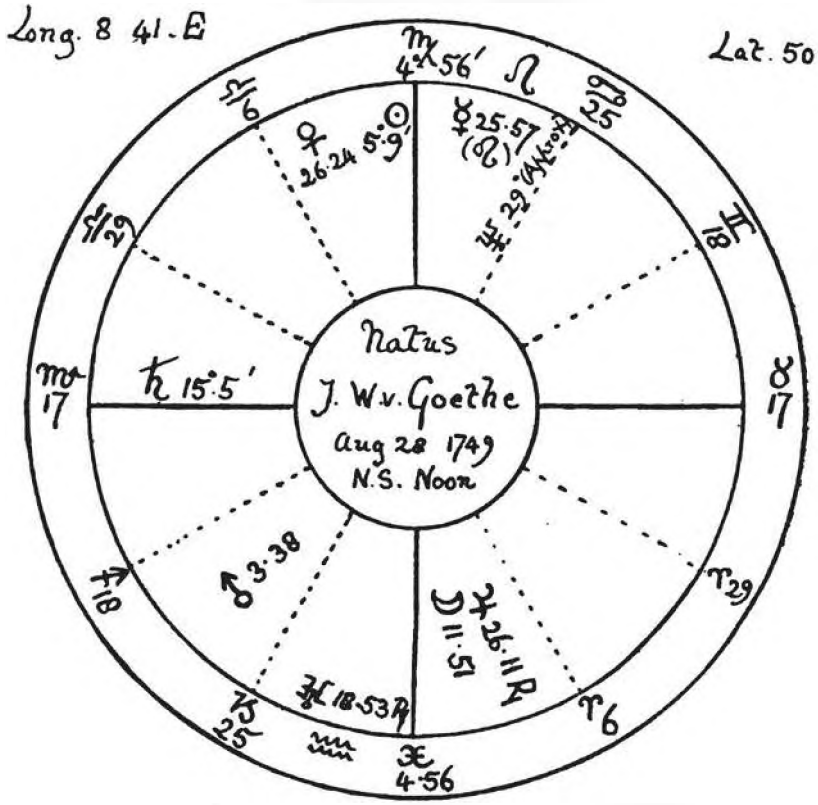
Bielschowsky truly observes that if the poet's head was in the clouds, his feet were always firmly rooted on the earth; and it is this which gives the distinctive character to his mysticism, for in it lies a practical demonstration of Ferrier's dictum that the objective and subjective are essentially one and interdependent, that they are the two ends of a stick which together constitute the stick. The Oriental mystic confines himself to the subjective end; Goethe, on the other hand, realizing the necessity of combining the two, always advances first along the objective end with a logical clearness which gives to his intuition the clue by which it may find its way along the subjective one. To him a truth must be true everywhere, or it is not a truth. There must be no antagonism between material truth and spiritual truth. If evolution, for instance, is true on the physical plane, then it is true on every other plane, or it is but a half truth here. If mergence means development in the realm of matter, then it means the same thing in the realm of spirit. So with the weapon of faith in his right hand and in his left that of analogy, which, as a modern mystic has said, is "the last word of material, and the first word of spiritual science," he climbed untiringly to those serene heights on which Death found him, and led him, calling with his last breath for the "Light!" he had ever sought in life—maybe to where it lay.

When once he had mastered intellectually the unity of Nature, when he had thoroughly grasped the fact that—

Once recognized, the Godhead's mystic trace
Thou'lt find in each most strange disguise the now familiar face,
In creeping grub, in winged moth, in various man thou'lt know
The one great soul that breathes beneath the curious-shifting show,*

he then strives to make it a living reality, to convert it from a mind-truth to a heart-truth, to make himself through the medium

HOROSCOPE OF GOETHE.



		Dec.	Lat.
		° ′	° ′
☉	(Sun)	9·38 N.	
☽	(Moon).	3·19 S.	4·7 N.
☿	(Mercury).	14·23 N.	1·38 N.
♀	(Venus).	2·30 N.	1·9 N.
♂	(Mars).	27·47 S.	4·22 S.
♃	(Jupiter).	3·1 S.	1·37 S.
♄	(Saturn).	14·30 S.	2·8 N.

of comprehending love at one with both Nature and his fellow-men, to learn first in the finite that lesson of mergence which

* Aber entzifferst du hier der Göttin heilige Lettern
Ueberall siehst du sie dann auch in verändertem Zug.
Kriechend zandre die Raupe, der Schmetterling eile geschäftig,
Bildsam ändre der Mensch selbst die bestimmte Gestalt.

should lead him later to grasp its reality and beauty in the realms of the infinite and the spiritual. " I sought to regard the external world with love," he writes, " and to allow all beings from man downwards—to act upon me, each after its own kind. Thus arose a wonderful affinity with the single objects of Nature, and a hearty concord, a harmony with the whole, so that every change, whether of place and region, or of the times of the day and year, or whatever else could happen, affected me in the deepest manner." And later there comes to him the " beautiful feeling that only mankind together is the true man, and that the individual can only be joyous and happy when he has the courage to lose himself in the whole."

It is often urged that the term mysticism could not possibly be applied either to Goethe's life or his philosophy, the reasons brought forward in support of this being (1) that he was essentially objective, a realist and not an idealist, (2) that he openly held aloof from the mystics of his own day, (3) that he only betrayed signs of this degeneracy in the second part of *Faust*, written for the most part when he was labouring under the disadvantages of senile decay.

If we examine in turn each of these arguments, we shall find that in the main they arise from that ever-fruitful source of errors and disagreements—a confusion in the meaning of terms, and a misconception of the ideas involved in them. Few terms perhaps have suffered more abuse in this respect than that of mysticism, which in the popular mind has come to stand for an injudicious mixture of asceticism, psychic phenomena and hysteria.

As a matter of fact, Goethe was both a realist and a mystic, for so far from there being any antagonism between the two, the mystic may be said to be a realist in the very highest sense of the term, since he passes by the shadow of earthly reality, so-called, in search of the One Transcendent Reality which casts it. And it was this which was ever the object of the poet's search. While others still wrangled over the terms realism and idealism, he, having discovered for himself that they were one and indissoluble, that in every aspect of life and thought the ideal lay within the real, longed to carry his knowledge still further, to find the real which lies beyond life and thought.

It is true that he studied both man and Nature, that he brought all the force of his genius to bear upon the acquisition of knowledge and experience ; but it is also true that he never regarded this objectivity as final, but only as educational. It was a means, not an end.

Would'st know the whole ? Then scan the parts. For all
That moulds the great lies mirrored in the small.*

So, too, with experience. He sought it eagerly in every phase of life, but did he not say too, " Experience is but the half of experience ? " Did he not quite clearly recognize that its value lay, not in itself, not even in its correlation, but in the resultant of that correlation. " Life is not light, but the refracted colour," he sang in one of his many moments of happy inspiration, and thereby presented us with the key to a very apt simile of the particular trend of his own genius. For he, as it were, studied each colour in turn, rejoicing indeed in its individual beauty and symbolism, yet never losing sight of his ultimate aim, the blending of them all together once more in the pure white light from which they took their origin. Or, translating it into spiritual terms, he found in mysticism the key to the harmonizing of all life's discords.

The mystic, it must be remembered, though he has, according to Proclus, but one tenet, " The soul can perceive," and but one aim, " Union with the Divine," has nevertheless two alternative methods of reaching his goal, viz. (1) the objective, by the study of God in His manifestations, on the principle that Man the Microcosm reflects God the Macrocosm, or, as the Eastern mystics express it, " As it is above, so it is below," and (2) the introspective, by the sinking into one's own inner consciousness ; that is, the belief that as Hugo, the thirteenth-century mystic, tersely enunciates it, " The way to ascend to God is to descend into one self."

Thus it may be said that Goethe was doubly a mystic, since in youth he pursued the first method, and in manhood the second, while in old age he learned that the truest mysticism is attained by a combination of the two. Faust's grip of objective realities had no small share in bringing him to the point at which he was able to lay hold on those higher spiritual realities in which he found the happiness sought elsewhere in vain.

We may here briefly touch upon his experiments with the second or introspective method, which had their origin in his memorable journey to the Harz Mountains, where, communing with Nature in one of her most magnificent moods, the poet drew very near to her, letting her reveal his true self to himself, with the result that, alone on the heights of the Brocken, he took his first conscious step upon the mystic path, and learned

* Willst du dich am Ganzen erquicken ?
So musst du das Ganze in Kleinsten erblicken.

that loneliness of soul which inevitably accompanies it. "Lonely will that man be," he writes to his beloved, "who opens his soul to none but the first and deepest feelings of truth." But he could not voice them; the God within had indeed gone forth to the God without, a fleeting experience of the mystic communion had been granted to him, and brought in its train a sacred ecstasy for which as yet he had no words. "It is not possible to say with my lips what I have experienced," he adds; "how shall I accomplish it with this sharp thing? Dear friend, God is dealing with me as with his saints of old, and I know not whence it comes to me. . . . The goal of my desire is reached; it hangs by many threads, and many threads hang from it. You know how symbolic my life is."

Just now it symbolized that inward aloofness, that strange sense of detachment which comes to those whose eyes have glimpsed that world of reality, lying behind this world of shadows. So, when duty calls him back to the life of courts, he sings with a deep-rooted gladness that knows no tinge of regret, "Happy is he who shuts himself off from the world—*without hatred*," and jots down in his diary, "Peace and premonition of wisdom"—"Continued complete estrangement from men."—"I live with the men of this world, but I scarcely feel a trace of them, for my inner life goes steadily on its way." Yet this implied no selfish absorption, since as a result of it, his outer life took on a richer tone, a deeper tenderness, a wider love, a more all-embracing sympathy than any it had known before.

Bielschowsky is of the opinion that the journey to Italy, nine years later, enabled Goethe to shake off the mysticism born of the Harzreise, and steadily developed during the ensuing period, that it freed him from "those ethereal, spiritual and super-sensuous paths" he had then entered upon, and taught him to renounce "the delicate pallor of his Weimar spirituality for the glowing richly-coloured realism of his youth." But was it so indeed? Was it not rather that he learned there to combine the two, by rising to a conception of realism higher far than that of his youth, a conception which, so far from drawing him away from mysticism, plunged him still deeper into it?

Thus, though the staff with which he climbed the winding path of the Sublime Ascent was ever the same Renunciation, yet in youth, when he cried out, "How can a man learn to know himself? By reflection never, only by action," he thought that the path led through objective activity; in manhood, when he wrote, "Seek within yourself, and you will find all things,"

it seemed to him to lie through the subjective realm of intuition ; in middle age he wavered between the two, uncertain whether

GOETHE AS A YOUNG MAN.
(*From portrait by C. Läger.*)

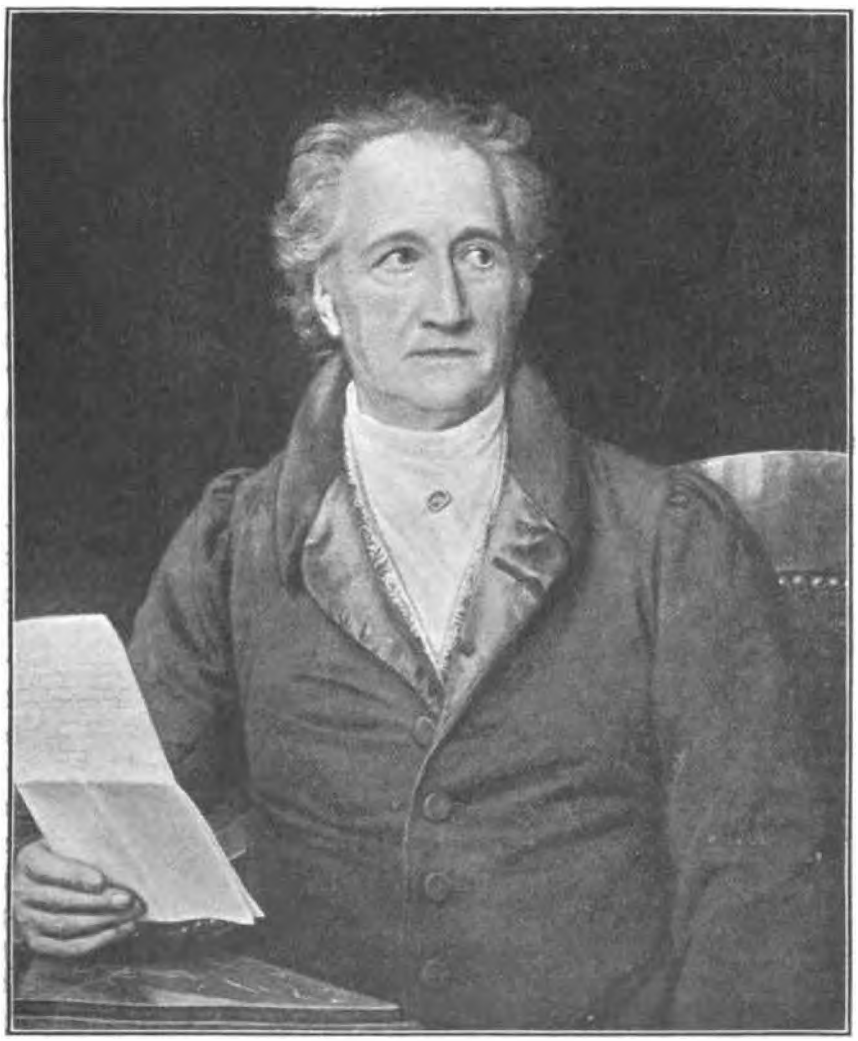
an " impulse for knowledge or a search into one's own spirit " were the safer guide ; but before the second part of *Faust* was finished he had converted the " or " into " and."

Secondly, it is also true that he held aloof from the mystics of his own day; so, too, did Schiller, the acknowledged idealist, and both were accordingly dubbed "materialists" by these misguided folk, themselves steeped to the finger-tips in materialism, and seeking spirituality through the medium of hair-shirts and uncleanliness, of repulsive food and unsightly garments. Yet at the very time when these accusations were being hurled against him, the poet, in Book VI of Wilhelm Meister (*Confessions of a Fair Saint*), was portraying with that intimate knowledge born only of sympathetic insight, a nature which, though destined to flash jewel-like in this world of unreality, had turned aside from it, knowing true happiness to lie only in the realm of spirit. Had they but realized it, it was at one and the same time the apotheosis of their aims and the gentlest of reproofs of their methods. For with all his tender handling of the Fair Saint, Goethe was too wise not to recognize that "the laws of spiritual beauty must arise from just proportion" quite as inevitably as those of physical beauty, and that the mysticism of his heroine was onesided and unbalanced, absorbed too much in ceremonies and introspection to pay due heed to action and development.

With such clear-sightedness, how little likely was he to be drawn to a mysticism which was but a caricature of even this imperfect one, which was, as a matter of fact, a mere synonym for extravagant and meaningless asceticism. Though it will be contended that most mystics are, and always have been, ascetics, this does not alter the fact that it has always been recognized by the greatest of all mystics, both Oriental and Occidental, that in asceticism *per se* lies neither value nor salvation.

On the other hand, Goethe's whole life was an exemplification of that higher asceticism characteristic of the true mystic, the renunciation which is entered upon, not from the standpoint of emotion, because it is painful, and the painful must necessarily be good, but from that of reason, because, whether painful or no, it leads to desirable results. According to his philosophy the things of this world were excellent so far as they went, but when a man had learned that they could not give him ultimate satisfaction, then to renounce them once for all was obviously the wisest course to pursue. Everything "calls upon us to renounce . . . We put one passion in place of another . . . only to cry out at the last that all is vanity. But there are a few persons who, anticipating these intolerable feelings in order to avoid all partial resignation, resign themselves once for all. Such persons . . . seek

to acquire ideas which are indestructible, and which are only confirmed by contemplation of that which is transient." He himself was one of the few. "I should like," he writes from Italy to Frau von Stein, "to occupy myself solely with relations that are enduring, and thus, according to Spinoza, to win eternity for my spirit."



GOETHE IN OLD AGE.
(After portrait by Stieler.)

Then, again, as to that supposed connection between mysticism, hysteria and psychic phenomena, the latter have no essential connection with it, being at best but a side issue, though, on the other hand, it is quite possible that the mystic may possess psychic capacities for the simple reason that the refining influence

of spiritual development is likely to react on the bodily senses and raise them a tone in the scale of development, so that the eyes may see and the ears may hear that which to ordinary sight and hearing is invisible and inaudible. But it must not be forgotten that there is a psychism springing from material as well as one from spiritual causes, and the psychic, especially of the former kind, may quite possibly be a morbid hysteric. So may the stockbroker, but morbidity and hysteria are not essential elements either of stockbroking or psychism, and through the latter, indirectly, of mysticism.

But in this connection it may be interesting to note that Goethe came of a family which undoubtedly possessed this psychic strain, since his grandfather was much given to prescient dreams, which, owing to their strange fulfilment, had come to be accepted in all seriousness, not only by his own immediate circle, but by his townsmen too. And in the poet's own life also we find a curious instance of clairvoyant prevision. After bidding farewell to Friederike and riding away from Sesenheim for the last time, he was suddenly confronted on the road by his own "double," riding towards the place he had just quitted, and wearing garments which he did not then possess. Eight years later, having summoned up courage to once more visit this lost love of his, he was astonished, on suddenly recalling the incident, to find himself clad in the identical grey doublet, etc., of his vision.

He narrates the occurrence quite simply and without comment, just as he speaks more than once of the stars at his birth foretelling his rise to fame, for his outlook was too universal, and he was too dominated by the idea of the inter-relation of all things to discredit even the claims of astrology, and with regard to psychic phenomena there is ample evidence to be gathered from his writings that he realized the existence both in the human frame and the human mind of the germ of many hitherto undeveloped powers. "There are in man," he says once, "very many intellectual capacities which in this life he is unable to develop, and which therefore point to a better future, and to a more harmonious existence. . . . For my part, I do think that man feels conscious also of corporeal qualities, of whose nature and expansion he can have no hope in this life." And elsewhere, speaking of the many mysteries which surround us, even in everyday life, he adds, "So much is certain—that in particular cases we can put out the feelers of our soul beyond its bodily limits, and that a presentiment, nay, an actual insight into the imme-

diate future, is accorded to it." He then goes on to speak of telepathy, and his own experience in that direction, finally concluding with the remark, "We have all something of electric and magnetic forces within us, and we put forth, like the magnet itself, an attractive or repulsive power according as we come in contact with something similar or dissimilar." It is perhaps as a logical sequence to this idea that he attributes an atmosphere, or "aura," as we call it to-day, not only to man himself, but to every sentient thing.

GOETHE'S GARDEN HOUSE.
(By permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

Thirdly, since the writing of the second part of *Faust* was spread over a period of thirty years, he could hardly have been suffering from senile decay for so long as that; and then, again, though the two parts of the drama may be said to epitomize his whole spiritual development, yet it is not only in them that we find evidence of mysticism. Goethe was in reality a mystic at heart from his youth, long before the Harzreise had brought it home to his consciousness, and it was surely this which led him to follow, though instinctively and unconsciously, the path

that the mystic who knows himself for such, follows deliberately and consciously.

Spinoza, when he said "Self-interest, in the highest sense, tends to produce the welfare of the world," voiced the motive power which lies beneath the efforts and attainments of every mystic the world has ever seen; voiced, too, the motive power which brought to completion all the magnificent achievements of his poet-disciple. For the true mystic is not he who loves, and seeks for, his own salvation, but he who loves, and seeks for, the salvation of all humanity. And few men have ever loved more disinterestedly and striven more strenuously and more unremittingly for the good of others than Wolfgang von Goethe, poet, philosopher, and mystic. It is perhaps because his religion was one of deeds, because he loved pagan joyousness and shunned the morbidity of asceticism that to the casual observer he seems to have little claim to the latter title. "Gedenke zu leben," he cried in answer to the ascetic's "Memento mori"; for he held that life has a meaning which it is our business to decipher, that if we find ourselves in a rational Cosmos with the gift of life bestowed upon us, then it is our obvious duty to learn the art of living, not that of dying. And what he preached he practised, himself learning this same art at the cost of infinite toil and passionate pain, believing that in developing himself to the utmost extent of his powers he was praising God in the most effectual way possible to him. But he never mistook this development, which he sought always to promote through right action, for an end in itself, regarding it always as a stepping-stone, a means of helping others.

The rationale of such an attitude lies in the fact that it is quite clear we can only deal *directly* with ourselves, that our influence on others must necessarily be indirect, and through the medium of our own personality. And since the better a man's tool the more perfect his work, therefore the more a man uplifts his own nature the more he can uplift others. He who would help others first must help himself; he who would draw others to purity of heart must first himself be pure in heart. This is unmistakably mystical; it is the doctrine which underlies all the practices of mysticism. "The more we can raise ourselves in the scale of being, the more will our ideas about God and the world correspond to the reality. . . . This view of reality, as a vista which is opened gradually to the eyes of the climber up the holy mount, is very near to the heart of mysticism. It rests on the faith that the ideal not only ought to be, but *is*

Warum stehen sie davor?
Ist nicht Thüre da und Thor?

Kämen sie getrost herein
Würden wohl empfangen seyn.

Goethe 1828

GOETHE'S HOUSE AT WEIMAR.
(*By permission of N. G. Elwert.*)

the real." So writes a modern divine, a dispassionate student of mysticism; but had Goethe himself penned the passage it could not have more accurately reflected his beliefs and his aspirations. He had fought his own way through the clamour of words raging round him to the truth of the essential unity of the real and the ideal, and long after, in the evening of his life, we hear him saying to Eckermann, as he sits in his study by the "quiet taper light," "It has always been my one endeavour to gain more insight and make myself better, to increase the worth of my own personality, and then always to express only what I recognized as good and true."

The method by which the mystic "raises himself in the scale of being" is ever the same all the world over, the road by which he reaches his goal is unvarying, in so far as that it lies always across the rock-strewn desert of self-mastery, which was the journey upon which the poet set out. "I will be lord over myself" he pronounced in the student days of his early youth, and proceeded straightway to make his will triumphant over his body, beginning characteristically enough upon the physical plane, and then, as was his wont, lifting the experience to higher ones, extending the control to the mental plane, that he might be lord, too, over that instrument called mind, which the self wields. What other poet, one wonders, would have dared to face that nine years of stern discipline to which he voluntarily submitted himself at the Court of Weimar? What other poet would have proved strong enough to unwaveringly remain deaf to the call he longed to obey, condemning himself instead to the monotonous routine of official duties, to the superintendence of the making of waterways, the engineering of roads, the construction of mining works, the mastering of politics, and the arrangement of court functions? And what other record have we of a poet who, carrying this principle still farther, bids even his emotions bow down to the supremacy of will?

Mysticism is no narrow mechanical formula incapable either of alteration or expansion, and productive only of a set result, as the many and varying types to be found beneath its shadow bear ample witness. There is but one goal, though many roads; but one centre to the circle, though many radii. Buddha, Christ, Eckhart, Novalis, Emerson, Goethe, all were mystics, but no two of them can be accurately bracketed together. Emerson's nationality made him the apostle of practical mysticism just as inevitably as Novalis, born of a people given over to subjective idealism, was predestined to wander contentedly all his days in

the mists of metaphysical mysticism. The Man of Sorrows could never have been other than the humane or social mystic, and neither Goethe nor the Buddha could have turned aside from the path of intellectual mysticism.

It may be interesting to compare the two latter, partly because they are representative of the two opposite types of the intellectual mystic, the one the embodiment of the contemplative passivity of the East, the other that of the strenuous activity of the West, partly because it was characteristic of Goethe that he combined many of the features of Oriental and Occidental mysticism, and partly because he arrived at his conclusions by a process diametrically opposed to that of the Buddha. Though they came frequently to the same meeting-point, they advanced always from opposite poles, the one from the universal to the particular, the other from the particular to the universal. This indeed illustrates one of the essential differences between the East and the West. It is precisely because the Buddha descended from the higher to the lower, from the Macrocosm to the Microcosm, and because the Christ (who in spite of His Oriental birth has come to stand for Western religious thought) did the exact opposite, that the latter is nearer to our hearts than the former. His humanity grips us; He holds us by what we are, the other, by what we should be. For whatever the inner ideal of the Christ may have been, it is certain that He put before mankind a less remote one towards which to strive than did the Buddha.

And this difference we find cropping up at every point between the poet-philosopher and the philosopher-priest. Their intellectual standpoint gave them in common that union of religion and philosophy, so universal in the East, so rare in the West, and at the basis of the efforts of both lay the same keynote—love of humanity.

But how differently they loved! For Buddha loved man, while Goethe loved men. The one because he loved and pitied all humanity, came to love every individual comprising it; the other, because he loved and sympathized with every individual brought into touch with him, grew to love all humanity.

Goethe, again, first saw God in Nature, and so rose through Pantheism to that higher conception of the God Transcendent, above and beyond the God Immanent, while the Buddha saw God in Nature only because he first had grasped Him beyond Nature.

Both to Buddha and to Goethe the existence of the Supreme Being was an axiom not requiring demonstration. "General,

natural religion requires no faith," says the latter; but while the former regards the immortality of the soul as a necessary corollary, Goethe, though accepting this, strengthens his position from the other side. "My belief in the immortality of the soul," he explains, "arises from the idea of activity; for when I persevere to the end in a course of restless activity, I have a sort of guarantee from Nature that when the present form of my existence proves itself inadequate for the energizing of my spirit, she will provide another form more appropriate."

From this he advances gradually to at least entertaining the theory of re-incarnation, hinting at it in his youth, reverting to it in his manhood, and finally boldly voicing it in a lyric to Frau von Stein, the woman who for twelve years was soul of his soul, who held him as no other woman, or man, not even Schiller himself, ever held him again.

> How bound us Fate in such harmonious life?
> Thou, alas! wast, in some other life,
> Or my sister, or my wife.*

This may or may not have influenced his view of death, enabling him to regard it, not as an event to be dreaded, not as an end, but as a mere incident in life. "One lifts up the curtain; one passes to the other side. That is all." Or, as he elsewhere expresses it:—

> Till to thee this truth is clear,
> Death means higher birth,
> Thou art but a stranger here
> On this gloomy earth.†

It is this same idea of evolution which draws him to many of the tenets of Oriental mysticism, and so when we find him noting in his diary, "All that is belongs necessarily to the essence of God, since God is the only thing that exists," we are prepared to meet the later statement, "All religions must . . . come at last to this, making the brute creation in some degree partakers of spiritual favours," and it scarcely surprises us that he hovers on the brink of that Vedantic doctrine at present perturbing the scientific world, as to the identity of matter and

* Sag', wie band das Schicksal uns so reign genau?—
Ach, du warst in abgelebten Zeiten
Meine Schwester oder meine Frau!

† Und so lang du das nicht hast,
Dieses, stirb und werde!
Bist du nur ein trüber Gast
Auf der dünklen Erde.

spirit, " both of which may claim equal rights, and hence both together be looked upon as representatives of God."

Again, on the ladder of evolution it is but a step from man to superman, from man to those

> Mightier Beings
> Whom we anticipate,*

and who must occupy the rungs between Humanity and Deity, and hence in a letter to his twin-soul, written when the aloofness of the mystic had fallen upon him, he tells her, " Every one exclaims about my solitude, which is a riddle, because no one knows with what glorious Unseen Beings I hold communion."

And on many other points, such as the place of sin in the Cosmical scheme, the esoteric meaning of repentance, the doctrine of salvation by growth, Goethe was in perfect accord with the teachings of Oriental mysticism.

Finally, *Faust*, that crown of the poet's whole achievements, stands above all else for the apotheosis of the doctrine of renunciation preached so untiringly, almost, one might say, so relentlessly, by the Buddha twenty-five centuries before.

In Part I we find the scholar-ascetic, for all the clarity of his intellectual vision, spiritually groping in utter darkness. He has yet to learn that knowledge is not truth, but merely the symbolism of truth, that knowledge is of the brain, and wisdom of the spirit, that " Wisdom is truth, and truth is God."

He aspires to the absolute, the infinite, and is driven, by the discovery that to the finite it is unattainable, as he would attain it, that is, to the despair of utter, unrelieved pessimism. " There is no sadder sight," comments the poet sorrowfully, " than the direct striving after the unconditioned in this conditioned world," and straightway preaches renunciation on the spiritual as he had before, in *Wilhelm Meister*, preached it on the moral plane.

> Renounce ! Renounce ! is still the word !
> This is the everlasting song
> In every ear that ceaseless rings,
> And which, alas ! our whole life long
> Hoarsely each passing moment sings. †

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* Höhern Wesen,
Die wir ahnen !

† Entbehren sollst du ! sollst entbehren !
Das ist der ewige Gesang
Der Jedem an die Ohren klingt,
Den, unser ganzes Leben lang !
Uns heiser jede Stunde singt.

And Faust accordingly renounces, bitterly, rebelliously, reluctantly, not because he will, but because he must.

But it is not enough to merely renounce, since this is but the letter of the law.

None shall come
By mere renouncements unto perfectness.*

Neither the renunciation of the ascetic, which is founded in sorrow, nor that of the scholar, which springs from despair, may avail, but only that of the mystic, which has its root in joy; only the renunciation which does not recognize itself as such, the joyous, spontaneous outpouring of the part into the whole, for only thus may we come into touch with the All-Giver, may we know God by becoming as God, by sharing one of His attributes.

This is why, then, and only then, can Faust cry out to the fleeting moment:—

Ah, still delay! thou art so fair!

and so, by losing his wager, win it.

He had sought to draw the infinite within the finite; later he learned that the finite must go out to the infinite, that only by the mergence of the lesser into the greater may realization be ours, that so long as we hold the barrier of self between ourselves and all other selves, so long will the possession of that mystical divine union in which alone true happiness lies be withheld from our outstretched hands.

We may pray for the gift of it with every fibre of our hearts and souls, may offer up to God in exchange for it all our tears and our renouncements, all our strivings and our aspirations; may tempt Him, if we will, with the agony of a lifetime, or the sacrifice of a genius. But He will not heed. Because He cannot. It is the Law. Only when, with Faust, we lay at His feet the Self, will He stoop and draw us upward to our goal—the shelter of the One Eternal Self.

"Nur das Gesetz kann uns die Freiheit geben."†

* *Bhagavad Gita.*

† Bielschowsky's *Life of Goethe*, the standard German work on the poet's life, is now obtainable, in an English translation, from Putnam's Sons, of London and New York. 3 vols., 15s. net per volume. The last volume is in the press.—Ed.

ON THE KABALAH

By FLORENCE FARR

THE mind is orderly and it revels in the law of correspondence, and the Kabalah is perhaps the most elaborate revel the mind of man has ever held. The letters of the alphabet were systematized in the worlds of number and sound. Each represented number and an idea, and the numerals themselves were arrangements, or qualities,[1] or hierarchies, or worlds formed from the division of ideal unity.

Preceding number were the three states of negative existence, corresponding to the state of a seed. These are called Nothingness—Unlimitedness—and Limitless Light.

The ten first numbers are attributed to ten divine qualities, ten archangels, ten hierarchies, ten worlds and innumerable demonic beings and worlds. The six first numbers are arranged at the corners of a hexagram, the four last in a Calvary cross. I will not go further into details of the correspondence of the ten numbers, for the four letters of the Holy Name must now be woven into the four worlds, and the ten Sephiroth multiplied into forty, each world corresponding to an element and a plane.

It was possible to reduce every number from one to forty to its exact correspondence and equivalent; and not only this but every letter of the Hebrew alphabet carried the same symbolism after another manner. It was all stately and elaborate, and in an Appendix I have given more details of the ideas connected with it and one plate from the rare fourth volume of Rosenroth's *Kabalah*. But in this place I will only speak of the kind of symbolism such a system implies.

If it were founded on some tangible correspondence, such as the chemist, Mendelejeff's *Periodic Law*, it is easy to see that it would be the key to the rhythm of physical and mental states. We can imagine a thread of memory carrying our consciousness back to the ultimate unity of the first Sephira and emerging from that into the complexity of physical life by elaborate and coherent arrangements of particles. The ultimate structure of atoms may very probably be revealed eventually as following some definite law of the kind as elaborately repeated in more and more complex patterns as the temperature is reduced. If

so, one who has studied the details of the Kabalistic system as described in the works of Reuchlin and Pico della Mirandola will be able to apply the principles he has learned to the actual facts of science. He will have no difficulty in admitting that the root of mind and body are both to be found in the simple states of prima materia. The thread of memory will carry him from the Form to the Formless, and he will realize the possibility of passing to and fro from the material to the formative, from the formative to the creative, and from the creative to the archetypal worlds, in an elaborate gymnastic of the mind. The body is the Garden of Eden and the Tree of Life in the midst are the ten Sephiroth. They are the key of life also and are arranged, in the form of a circle surmounting a cross, not unlike the symbol of the planet Venus.

The symbol may be taken to represent the aureole of forces surrounding the man within the man. We read of this Being in the Upanishads as the man in the heart, the size of a thumb. He is the conscious Being within us and can move from place to place by an effort of attention. The configuration of the Sephiroth shows the relative stations of the Universal and the Individual, and the interplay of the internal and the external life breaths or Sephiroth.

I think enough has been said to show that Jacob Boehme and William Blake were inspired by the same desire to construct a system of correspondences as the elaborators of the Kabalah. It is a kind of revel of the mind, of no interest to any one who has not become obsessed by the idea of construction. I do not think that the Kabalistic system works, but I believe the Jews lament this and attribute it to the loss of the Word which legend says was stolen from the Temple.

We still have traces of the old methods of divination by means of the Kabalah in our playing cards, and more especially in the Tarot pack of seventy-eight cards, which consists of groups exactly corresponding to the symbols of the Kabalah.

They are as follows :—

Four suits of ten, corresponding to the ten Sephiroth in the four worlds.

Four suits of court cards, kings, queens, knights and valets, corresponding to the letters of the name in the four worlds.

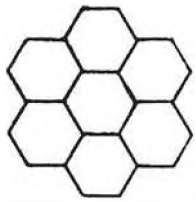
And in addition twenty-two trumps corresponding to the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

I should point out here that nearly all the games we play, such

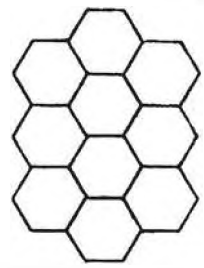
as chess, draughts and cards, are founded on mediaeval magical systems. And it seems more than probable that they were originally invented for the purposes of divination. Indeed one can look back to a period when drama originated from the ritual of the Mysteries and painting from the construction of talismanic images which should protect or avenge the owner, whether they were painted on his walls or carried in an amulet hanging from his neck-chain. Song was the sounding of mantrams, or evocatory ejaculations. Poetry was a spell made potent by its rhythms and metres. We have passed from this solemn world of superstition and eternal communion with supernatural beings, through the arts, into another world. We no longer believe in the consciousness of anything but ourselves. We answer our own puzzle as to the origin of consciousness by saying that in its early stages, it is irritability and chemical reaction. These are ugly words, and the thought is ugly. Perhaps we shall learn more about it if we wait a little while. We may find that Life is a beautiful creature after all, even when she is only fiery passion and shows herself in detonations and convulsions and in sudden flame and in sullen smoke.

The Kabalistic system is the foundation of most of the Theurgic formulas that were practised in the Middle Ages. They are dangerous to the student because, although we are safe in endeavouring to attain to the Being of God, strange terrors beset us on every side the moment we try to understand the supernatural powers of the ministers of God. Iamblichus defends Theurgy on the ground that the Egyptian hierophants practising it had themselves become supernatural beings. Theurgy may be said to be a right practice when the consciousness has been able to penetrate the consciousness of other species. A priest, limited to the experience of his own species, attempting to practise Theurgy for the small advantages of a special race, enters into the battle-field of nature with no equipment against disaster, and invites madness and misfortune, because that kind of smallness means a want of understanding of his own invulnerability or, I might call it, his own ultimate degree of being, which is the ultimate degree of the Being of Nature. The fool who is forbidden to use the practices of Theurgy is the fool who stands apart from life, himself an isolated spectator of its panorama; this is the ignorance which is death. Under the law, sin is folly and folly is sin, and the fool is battered and tortured until he learns wisdom. In order to

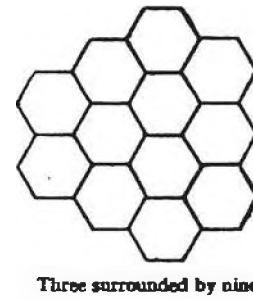
try and grasp the idea of the ultimate unity which is within us all now and here, after the Kabalistic fashion, let us use the symbol of the mathematical point. Let us picture to ourselves all the forms we know resolved into their last essence; that is, into an infinite quantity of points of exactly similar appearance. When we have called up this idea in our mind let us imagine a consciousness in each of these points, but it must be purely a consciousness of a self-sufficing nature, a feeling of plenitude and well-being united to the certainty that space only contains similar beings to itself and time can produce no real change in its nature. This is called, I think, by all mystics the consciousness of oneness, the solitude which is the source of every change in time and space. The centre is everywhere and the circumference nowhere.



One surrounded by six.
THE GROUP OF SEVEN.



Two surrounded by eight.
THE GROUP OF TEN.

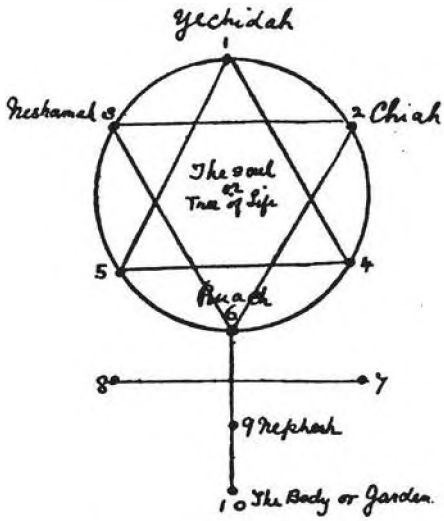


Three surrounded by nine.
THE GROUP OF TWELVE.

Let us again picture to ourselves the infinite number of points arranged as a honeycomb so as to take up the most compact relation possible. Now the idea of circumference comes into existence. Magnified on the flat we see one surrounded by a circle of six or three points surrounded by a circle of nine or two by a circle of eight. (I will not attempt to confuse matters by going into the relation of solids; I am imagining a surface of points merely for the sake of clearness.) We begin, therefore, with a relation of one surrounded by six, two surrounded by eight, and three surrounded by nine. We must now imagine a consciousness, arising in the units, of a relation to other units. That is to say, interest or inquiry is awakened; the consciousness is no longer at peace in the assurance of its own omnipresence and plenitude; it becomes aware that it is in relation to other units. It is no longer all-sufficing, and the idea awakens in it that in addition to its own ineffable being there exist, potentially within it, innumerable powers of combination. Alone, it is surrounded by six possible relations. United to one

other it is surrounded by eight potencies, or means of power. United to two others it is surrounded by nine potencies.

When this idea arises the point enters into relation with other points and becomes a line, a triangle, a cube and all the variety of created things, because its attention is transferred from the contemplation of the all-sufficing nature of pure consciousness to the contemplation of the endless variations of related consciousness. Consciousness of relation is the stirring of the Great Breath. The arising of intelligence from the intelligible substance does not change it any more than drops of water change when the waves pass through the ocean. The points are there unchangeably and eternally the same; but mutual relations arise, now here and now there, as the breath of life, or desire, passes from one to the other in curves or angles of different kinds. So it is with human consciousness, our attention is not fixed upon eternal substance until we search for it in the interior of our own sense of existence, but we are normally aware of consciousness as it relates us to our parts and to the history of our parts. We can even see it resembling the shadow coil of star dust we call a nebula or the embryo of a universe. We watch it churning and circling until the magic glamour makes us imagine that solid bodies come into existence as the whirling slows down.



The Sephiroth and the parts of the Soul.

To the Kabalists the high part of the soul was in the state called Yechidah, isolation and unity, symbolized by the absolute consciousness of similar points. In the point itself this changes

into the relative state called Chiah, or life, and the soul was life long before it entered into the cup of Neschamah, spoken of in the previous chapter. Neschamah means literally the Aspiring One, and this part of the soul passes between the unified absolute consciousness and the relative consciousness of life. It gazes first at one and then at the other, and its love creates Ruach, the Inspired One, the Son of the Mother, Neschamah. Finally Nephesh, meaning breath or spirit, is the name given by the Kabalists to the automatic part of the soul which carries on the functions of life. These parts of the soul correspond to the numbers 1, 2, 3, 6, and 9, and are supposed to reach the body through the head, the heart and the powers of reproduction. It is interesting to compare the Hindoo belief that the four principal castes took their origin from the corresponding parts of the body of Brahma, the Creator.

We perceive, therefore, that the Kabalistic Theurgists were well aware that two out of the five parts of the soul were on planes of consciousness in which the individual had no part. The link between these planes and the individual was the nature that aspires to life as a whole; that is to say, nature as the centre which is everywhere. The two lower parts of the soul, Ruach and Nephesh, the inspired and the automatic, are of great interest; for Ruach, in its best sense, corresponded to the Messiah; it is complex, and is very nearly the same as the Antahkarana or interior creator, the image-maker of the Vedanta. It is the Egyptian Ka when it puts itself into the questioning attitude, before it becomes open to inspiration.

The Nephesh is reproductive, and repeats again and again the old ideas and the old circlings of the memory; but it is very important and can be taught to do almost anything by patient application. It appears to be incarnate memory; for it repeats what it has learnt, and appears to resent nothing except being required to give up old habits. It behaves like its prototype the number nine, which recurs eternally, and reduces all its multiples into the sum of itself. It is the force in us which clings to old paths, and explains new ideas by old platitudes.

Lastly in speaking of the Kabalah as it has reached us we must remember that we have not received it from the Jews but from the Moors and the Italians and the Germans and the schoolmen of the Middle Ages. It is a cosmopolitan mixture of the ideas current in the fifteenth century, but it is far less interesting than other aspects of the same thought to which we will pass on.

(*To be continued.*)

A HAUNTED CABIN

By ETHEL M. DUCAT

I

SOME years ago, a near relation of the writer's, a Mrs. A——, was going a long sea-voyage, to rejoin her husband, a government official in a distant country.

The line and the name of the steamer by which she travelled are purposely withheld, because the owners of steamers, like the owners of houses, naturally object to their property publicly acquiring the evil reputation of being "haunted."

Mrs. A——, of all people, was the last one would have expected of giving, or confirming, any such reputation either to house or ship; for she did not believe in "ghosts."

She was, and is, a thoroughly sensible, matter-of-fact Englishwoman and utterly devoid of all sympathy with modern "psychical research."

She is, moreover, very fond of the sea, and an excellent sailor; therefore her experience could not in any way have been attributable to an upset state of her physical or nervous system.

The time of year at which she was making her voyage being a very favourite one, and great numbers of passengers being on board, Mrs. A—— was considerably surprised at finding allotted to her a large three-berth cabin for her sole use. She was the more surprised as, having applied very late for her passage, she had half expected to hear she was unable to be accommodated with a berth in that steamer at all.

However, she was the last person to find fault with fortune for being so kind! and, being an old and experienced traveller, she at once set to work to shake down and make herself comfortable.

The first thing she observed was that the stewardess had made up the bed on one of the inner berths.

As Mrs. A—— is one of those people who require strong draughts of "fresh air" when in bed, this arrangement did not please her at all.

The sea-breeze blowing full on her was what she wanted in

a "stuffy" cabin, and what she meant to have as the choice was open to her.

She knew how busy the stewardesses always were at the start, and how occupied with the many sick; she therefore did not trouble to ring, but with her own hands lifted the compactly folded bedclothes and removed them bodily from the inner berth to the berth under the port-hole.

She threw open wide the port-hole and noted with satisfaction what a very large one it was.

It was scarcely above the level of the berth when the bedclothes were on the latter.

Just before Mrs. A—— was about to undress, the stewardess looked in to see that all was right.

Instantly she noticed the change that had been made in the arrangement of the cabin and appeared to be anything but pleased at it.

"Why has madam altered the bed, when I had made it up for her on the best and most comfortable berth?" she inquired, as she advanced to the port-berth with the evident intention of quickly transferring the bed back to its original position.

But Mrs. A——, quicker still, interfered.

"I moved the bed because I wished to be under the port-hole," she said, laying a peremptory hand upon the clothes; "and that is the berth upon which I intend to sleep, so please leave the bed where it is and do not move it any more."

"But, madam," remonstrated the stewardess, "I assure you that this is a most uncomfortable berth upon which to sleep. I know this ship well, and I tell you that that upper, inner berth, upon which I had made the bed at first, is by far the most comfortable berth in this cabin."

"That is immaterial to me," answered Mrs. A——; "I don't mind what the berth is like, but I must have fresh air, and this is where I shall get it."

"But, madam," argued the stewardess eagerly, "that is the very point. The port-hole is so large, and so slightly above the level of the bed, that this berth is practically unfit for use—in fact, we never do use it. Not only does the wind blow in with such force that no lady can stand it, but whenever it is the least rough weather, the sea also surges in, soaking the berth and everything on it. I implore you to allow me to return the bed to its original position."

"I really cannot allow anything of the kind," answered Mrs. A—— firmly; "this berth is the one upon which I intend to

sleep. As to the wind and sea, I will take my chances of them, and put up with them occasionally, for the sake of having, permanently, fresh air."

The stewardess shrugged her shoulders.

"If you will, madam, you will!" she remarked resignedly; "but I am convinced that you will not be at all comfortable. At least, I will do what I can to make you as little uncomfortable as possible, and will remake the bed, which has become greatly disarranged by being moved from one berth to the other."

Mrs. A—— could not see that the cleverly folded bed had been at all disarranged by the transit; but if the unnecessary trouble of remaking it pacified the stewardess, by all means let her do it! she thought.

She noticed that the woman, in remaking the bed, changed the head, putting the pillow at the end where, previously, the foot of the bed had been.

However, as long as Mrs. A—— was directly under the open port-hole, it was immaterial to her which way her head or her feet lay.

She undressed, climbed into her berth, and in a few minutes fell into a dreamless sleep.

How long she had slept, she could not tell, but she was suddenly roused by the pressure of some weight on her feet.

She started up, awake and alert in an instant.

Directly facing her, at the foot of the bed, knelt a little child, apparently a year or two old. Clad in a white nightdress, with golden curls falling about its shoulders and eyes reverently closed, it knelt upon the berth, its tiny hands devoutly clasped, praying fervently.

It was a beautiful spectacle, this golden-tressed, white-robed little worshipper, kneeling there oblivious of all except its own devotions; but somehow it was a spectacle that caused Mrs. A——'s hair slowly to rise upon her head, and a cold sweat to ooze from every pore of her body.

Her creeping flesh told her that that was no living child that, with closed eyes, was facing her there.

She stretched out her hand, intending to touch the bell to summon the stewardess, but suddenly refrained.

Fancy rousing the woman up in the middle of the night to show her, perhaps, when she arrived—nothing!

There was *something* here now, yes; she had both felt it and could see it still—but probably it would vanish in a moment as instantaneously as it had appeared.

She was merely suffering from some temporary hallucination of the senses, in feeling and seeing such an apparition at all; but how foolish it would be to go and summon witnesses to testify to her having seen and been afraid of a "ghost"—she, the strong-minded Mrs. A——, who did not believe in any such "rubbish!"

No, she would not ring for the stewardess; but as long as that child remained kneeling at the foot of her berth she herself could not stay in that berth.

With eyes riveted ever on the apparition, Mrs. A—— crept tremblingly from the bed she had occupied and groped her way to the edge of the opposite berth, where she sat herself down.

It was not until afterwards that she wondered how it was that, when the rest of the cabin was plunged in darkness, the apparition itself was as visible as if in the full light of day.

Thus, through what seemed to Mrs. A—— the interminably long hours of the night, they remained—Mrs. A—— seated on the edge of the inner berth, with eyes fixed on the opposite berth, where, taking not the slightest notice of her, knelt, motionless, the golden-curled child, absorbed in prayer.

At last the first faint streaks of dawn glimmered through the port-hole.

Mrs. A—— turned thankful eyes to welcome it, for an instant removing, in doing so, her glance from the apparition.

That instant the child vanished.

When Mrs. A—— looked back again there was nothing to be seen.

The port-berth was empty.

She rubbed her eyes and gazed again—nothing! She got up and walked over to the berth—nothing! She stripped off the bedclothes and searched in and under the berth—nothing! She hunted in and under the other berths, behind her cabin trunk, under her rugs but there was not a trace or vestige of any child to be seen.

She rang her bell loudly.

In hurried the stewardess in answer to the summons.

"Where is that golden-haired child that has just run out of my cabin?" inquired Mrs. A——, in as ordinary a tone as she could command.

The stewardess looked queer.

"No child has run out of your cabin, madam."

"Nonsense! I tell you one was here, in its nightgown, a

few minutes ago. It is not here now, so it must have run out and passed you."

"But I assure you it has not," reiterated the stewardess. "If any child had run out into the passage I should have been aware of it; for I have been going to and fro, attending to the sick, for the last hour or more, and no child have I seen, either here or outside."

Mrs. A—— looked the stewardess steadily between the eyes.

"A golden-curled child, in a white nightgown, has been in this cabin the whole night. You say it has not run out; therefore it must still be here, in hiding somewhere. Search the cabin and find it."

The stewardess gave an apprehensive glance around, and shook her head.

"If I searched all day, madam, and every day, I should never find *that* child—neither would any one. It *only walks at night.*"

"What rubbish! What do you mean?"

"I mean, madam, that that is no living child that has spent the night in this cabin with you."

"You think it is a 'ghost'?" laughed Mrs. A——. The laugh sounded a little forced.

"I know it, madam."

"Then you believe in ghosts?"

"Could I doubt them, madam, living in this ship? Can you doubt them yourself after what you have yourself seen? If there are no such things as ghosts, why is this beautiful cabin, one of the best in the ship, never used except when its use is unavoidable, owing to over-crowding? Ask the captain the reason and hear what he will say! Everybody who sleeps in this cabin tells the same tale—sees praying at that end of this same berth, this golden-haired child who has no living existence, but has been dead for years."

"What child is it supposed to be?" asked Mrs. A——, with more curiosity than, a day previously, she would have believed possible to have been awakened in her by the subject of any "ghost." "Do you know if there is any story connected with it?"

"Yes, I know the story well, madam, as do many others of this ship's company; but we are not permitted to talk about it to the passengers on board. You cannot say that *I* ever mentioned anything to you to put the idea into your head and

make you see the child because you were expecting to see it I never mentioned one word about it. But, as you have seen it—and, I tell you, every one sees the same, without knowing what the others have seen here—my advice to you is, if you want to hear the whole truth, go and speak to the captain on the subject."

Mrs. A—— took the stewardess' advice.

She related her experiences of the night and requested the captain to explain the matter, if he could. She said she could not have been dreaming, as she had been woken up by the weight pressing on her feet. Not only had she distinctly felt that when lying in her berth, but she had got up and had sat on the opposite berth, and for many hours had watched the child, which, in every respect, had appeared to be a living, breathing, human being. But it had certainly come and vanished within the shut cabin as no human being could possibly have done. She added that she did not believe in "ghosts," and asked the captain if he did.

"I certainly cannot help believing in this one," answered the captain quietly. "There have been far too many wholly independent, unprejudiced witnesses, continually corroborating that of which one's own senses have already previously informed one regarding this child-ghost's haunting of that cabin, for a reasonable person to be able any longer to doubt its being a fact. How, or for what purpose, that child visits the ship nightly, I do not pretend to understand or explain, but if you care to hear the story connected with the apparition I can tell you that, for it is well known."

Mrs. A—— said that she should like very much to hear the tale.

The captain gave the following account:—

"Three or four years previously a lady had been travelling home to England in that ship, with her baby, the golden-curled little child that Mrs. A——, and so many others, had since seen.

"They occupied the cabin in which Mrs. A—— had slept the preceding night.

"Very early one morning, before the mother was up, the baby, in its nightdress, was playing on its mother's berth—that berth under the port-hole.

"The port-hole was open.

"The weather was rough and squally.

"The child, as children will, was pulling itself up by the bedclothes unsteadily to its feet.

"The ship, at that moment, gave a sudden, unexpected lurch.

"Instantly the baby was shot forward, head first, through the port-hole and engulfed by the waves.

"All efforts to rescue it were futile; neither was its body ever recovered.

"Since that time," concluded the captain, "its ghost has persistently haunted that cabin. No one knows why it comes or what it wants. It takes not the slightest notice of anybody. Always it kneels in the same position on that same berth, praying silently throughout the night.

"That is all I can tell you about the matter; further explanation there is none."

Mrs. A—— the next evening did not remain in that cabin; in spite of the crowding on board, she managed to get squeezed in somewhere else.

So she never saw the white-robed baby again, and when she had left the ship, and the occurrence had somewhat faded from her mind, she came to the conclusion that she must, that night, have been the victim of an hallucination.

Who can tell what is the truth?

Did Mrs. A—— and the ship's captain and various stewardesses, and innumerable other independent witnesses, all suffer from precisely the same hallucination that would have been the last sort of one the majority would have been expecting to see or conjure up? or, as the gallant ship in which the tragedy had occurred ploughed the waves on its many voyages to and fro across the ocean, did, nightly, the sea give up its dead?

REVIEWS

THE SUPERSENSUAL LIFE. By Jacob Boehme.—THE PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD. By Brother Lawrence.—THE SPIRITUAL MAXIMS OF BROTHER LAWRENCE. London: H. R. Allenson, Ltd. Fcap. 8vo. In wrappers, 6*d*. net each; in cloth, 1s. net.

IF it is primarily the demand for books which makes their cheap publication possible, I am assured also that it is cheap publication which stimulates demand, and may occasionally even create it. Some of us do not quite realize how much they would like or may require a certain work until it is made available at 6*d*., or thereabouts. Books at this price are many, but there are two things which characterize a new series now in course of issue by Messrs. Allenson. To speak first of that which is good and yet of lesser consequence, they are printed excellently; secondly, they include things which no one has attempted previously in the same available form; this being so, it may be hoped that the little series will in time grow into a large one, and that the design as to subjects which now promises so well will be justified abundantly in its term. As a matter of personal feeling, I think that the title—Heart & Life Booklets—is scarcely so good as the literary scheme which it embodies, but this is a detail of taste and does not signify specially. I have chosen in the present instance three only of the texts for such brief notice as is possible in the pages of a review which is permanently overcrowded with books demanding attention. They are *The Supersensual Life* by Jacob Boehme, *The Practice of the Presence of God* and certain *Spiritual Maxims* by Brother Lawrence. I suppose that the name of Jacob Boehme is in all men's ears who know anything of the life within or its literature, and many of them will know also that *The Supersensual Life* is one section of a much larger work called *The Way to Christ*. It is possible, however, that Brother Lawrence, his particular reputation notwithstanding, will be a name that is less familiar. Jacob Boehme belongs to the sixteenth century and Brother Lawrence to that which succeeded it; Jacob Boehme was born and bred in the Lutheran Reformed Church, and, for all his visions and revelations, he took at no time any overt step to leave it, though it denounced and excommunicated him. Brother Lawrence, on the contrary,

was a serving brother in a monastery of Discalced Carmelites, and he died as he had lived always in the communion of the Latin Church. Jacob Boehme was a shoemaker by trade, and so earned his bread to the day's end; Brother Lawrence had followed arms as a common soldier till he exchanged by way of promotion into the monastic kitchen. History does not tell us what reputation or success attended the one at his last or the other among his pans and kettles; but I judge by the spirit within them that they did in a good and workmanlike manner that which it was given them to perform in the way of the outward life to which it had pleased God to call them. Such election within as theirs was is usually a recommendation for service and a character in the daily paths.

It would be an indifferent spirit of criticism which, because of certain tracts being taken by an accident together, should strive by main force to institute an analogy between them, and I will say, therefore, that I have chosen these three *opuscules*, which give testimony after their own manner, not because their testimony is on the surface one, either concerning things in heaven or things on earth, but rather because they are so different—as true and great things can well be which discourse of the one subject. Jacob Boehme is the deep unto deep uttering voice, and the height unto height shewing knowledge. Brother Lawrence is the scullion in the kitchen of the King, saying that the King's kitchen is like the King's sanctuary, because of God's immanence and God's transcendence; and if on the high altar there repose in the great white tabernacle those elements of bread and wine to which the presence of God in Christ is most sacramentally allocated, not for this shall the scullion fail to find the presence of his Master, even His hidden voice, among the furnaces and stewpans of his humble material alchemy, so long as he takes into the kitchen the same spirit that he carries to the steps of the altar. It is possible, therefore, to serve God and man no less as the cook in the kitchen than as the thurifer or acolyte at Mass. Yes, even, in the last resource, there is not wanting a natural analogy between him who sings Mass for God's purpose and him who cooks common meats to place on the refectory table, or for that matter on another table anywhere, anywhere in the world. For the rest, there is much in both writers which has now to be set aside from our thoughts when seeking to take into our hearts that which is they need at their best and wisest. Brother Lawrence, discoursing of the perfect union between the soul and God, in his simple and glowing lan-

guage and Boehme in his grand, rough periods telling of the finding of God, in whom are all things, assuredly answer one another, exchanging the watchwords of progress on the great ascent. And so it would seem that, almost out of expectation because of those differences with which I began my contrast, we come in fine to the fundamental sense of the agreement which subsists between these booklets, though two of them are for pupils in the classes, and one is for the Master sitting in the chair of doctrine. They are saying the same thing and shewing forth the same end, each in his own language.

As a word in conclusion outside the high issues, Messrs. Allenson—or their editor, whose name does not appear—should know that the translation of *The Supersensual Life* was not by William Law, who never rendered Jacob Boehme into English. The traditional ascription is general, but for all that it is mistaken.

A. E. WAITE.

THE NEW ETHICS. By J. Howard Moore. Ernest Bell, Portugal Street. Price 3s. net.

THOSE who have read Mr. Howard Moore's previous book, *The Universal Kindship*, will remember that he therein demonstrated very conclusively how the difference between man and the lower animals, whether considered physically, psychically or ethically, is one of degree only and not of kind, and they will have a fuller appreciation of his later volume, which is in reality a plea for the practical application of The Great Law—act towards others as you would act towards a part of your own self. There is in it no attempt to formulate any new code of ethics, but rather to show in plain-spoken words how far mankind at its present stage of evolution falls short of any adequate power to see and feel the meaning of ***universal solidarity***.

A great part of the book is devoted to the wrongs inflicted on the sub-human species, and who shall say that these wrongs are exaggerated or, in the face of them, feel vainglorious of man's dominion. The reading of such indictments would tend towards a despairing attitude were it not for the golden thread of the author's faith in future progress and his belief that the earth is not old but only in its infancy and that the grandest times are all before us, for "it is inconceivable," he says, "that the tendencies of altruistic evolution, which have already acquired such momentum and achieved so much, will atrophy, or that that Saviour-like something within us, which shapes our ideals and redeems us, will endure everlastingly a planet of fratricides."

His criticisms of our mode of treating those below us are scathing indeed, where we are concerned in using them for work, sport, science, dress or food. It is all selfishness and exploitation, whereas the relationship between man and animal should be profitable to each, a two-sided instead of a one-sided condition, and he paints an attractive sketch of the Ideal, which is Reciprocity and simple Justice.

The book deserves attention if only for the masterly way in which the subject of human diet—the question of What shall we eat ?—is dealt with. Three chapters are devoted to it, and the present day carnivorous diet is unconditionally condemned, whether from the point of view of the evolutionist, the anatomist or the athlete. The three chapters together give one of the best expositions we have yet seen of the position of the advocates of a bloodless diet.

When at times we find Mr. Moore chiding the world impatiently we may be tempted to accuse him of pessimism, but we think the truer and deeper feeling of the man which foresees the ultimate triumph of good is shown in the following passage : " It seems sometimes that I can almost *see* the shining spires of that Celestial Civilization that man is to build in the ages to come on this earth—that Civilization that will jewel the land masses of this planet in that sublime time when Science has wrought the miracles of a million years, and Man, no longer the savage he now is, breathes Justice and Brotherhood to every being that feels." With this vision concludes a vigorous, trenchant and original treatise on a subject which certainly deserves much more attention than it has hitherto attracted.

JESSEY WADE.

A SOUL'S PILGRIMAGE. By Annie Bright. Melbourne : George Robertson & Co. London : Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Price 6*s*.

IN *A Soul's Pilgrimage* Mrs. Bright, who is the widow of a clergyman, and at present edits *The Harbinger of Light* at Melbourne, Australia, has probably drawn largely on her own experience of matters social, journalistic, psychic and spiritual ; yet, as Mr. W. T. Stead tells us in a " Foreword," it is not to be regarded as an autobiography. Mrs. Bright relates the experiences of a thoughtful and sensitive young woman who married a minister and went out with him to Australia ; his views were too advanced for those amongst whom he worked, and he died leaving her alone in the world. Coming in contact with a lady who was

mediumistic, and sitting regularly with her, the heroine received, through a succession of phases of mediumship, undoubted evidence of the continued presence and interest of the "living dead." Through an American lecturer, whom she ultimately married, this lady became imbued with the higher philosophy of spiritualism, and thus the book is made to form a progressive exposition of spiritualistic teaching, from the simplest phenomena of automatic writing to its loftiest flights of revelation.

MAGIC AND FETISHISM. London: Archibald Constable & Co., 10, Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C.

Magic and Fetishism, by Dr. Alfred C. Haddon, is one of the little volumes of the admirable series on ancient and modern religions, published by Archibald Constable & Company, and evidently designed to be a ***résumé*** of all the great faiths that have unfolded themselves in the history of the human race. Each book might be called a microcosm, consisting of less than one hundred pages, and containing at the end a selected list of books referring to the particular subject. To give an idea of the judgment with which the authors have been selected we will merely mention the names of Professor Flinders Petrie, who writes on "The Religion of Ancient Egypt" and Professor Rhŷs Davids who writes on "Buddhism." In ***Magic and Fetishism*** it is shown in the most attractive manner how a complex network of beliefs arises from the immediate wants and fears of man, who, like the spider, elaborates in the humblest manner a tissue of wonder and beauty. Nineteen volumes are published and more are to follow, and the cost of each is one shilling. There have been numerous enterprises in cheap books which have also been good, but it would be difficult for any one to point out a series at once more ably written, more accessible and more profoundly interesting.

B. P. O'N.

THE SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS. By Lionel Giles. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W.

THIS is a new translation of the greater part of the Confucian Analects, formerly made familiar to us by the work of Sir J. Legge. It comprises ten sections and has the special merit of an able introduction to the thought and teaching of the great utilitarian philosopher, in which Mr. Giles displays no little measure of his father's critical acumen and literary power. It amply fulfils its purpose, and rightly disposes the reader's mind to the fuller

and better appreciation of the "Sayings." At certain points the author does not hesitate to question the translations of the sinologue as rendered in the Analects and so far as judgment will serve us in this matter, the palm must be given to Mr. Giles, whose work shows more sympathy with the text than that of Professor Legge. The book constitutes another and valuable addition to the "Wisdom of the East" series. SCRUTATOR.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND CRYSTAL GAZING. By Mme Keiro. London: Jas. Wooderson, 23, Oxford Street, W.

MRS. CHARLES YATES STEPHENSON has already commanded a considerable degree of public attention by her clever practice of the science of palmistry and clairvoyant impression readings. The methods pursued by successful exponents of what are called "the Occult Arts" are always of interest to the student of psychology and occultism—a fact which, no doubt, has influenced the production of the present treatise, for Mme. Keiro now appears as authoress of a work dealing specifically with the subjects of Psychometry, Clairvoyance, Crystal Gazing, the Practice of Occult Powers, and the value of these studies in everyday life.

It is not a work which exhausts any of the subjects with which it deals, but as a practical output from one who has had considerable experience in these things, it should—and does—bear the impress of genuineness and conviction.

SCRUTATOR.

THE ESSENTIALS OF THE UNITY OF LIFE. By Sheldon Leavitt, M.D. New York: Progressive Literature Company. 1907. Price $1.00.

DR. LEAVITT gives us in this little book a collection of more or less coherent thoughts on the unity of all life, the Love-nature of the Supreme, and so on. Some are quoted from Emerson, but the majority are original. Mixed in with the prose are occasional verses, some of which are very good, e.g.:—

> To every soul benign unrest is given.
> The paths we tread to-day do not suffice
> To fill our rising, longing selves with peace
> For days to come. But every morn we seek
> New paths. . . . On, like
> The rustic youth who seeks the rainbow's rays.

The general position of the author is that of the "New Thought" school, and the book will be welcomed by many who are interested in this branch of literature. Its paper and print are excellent. ANGUS MACGREGOR.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

ADMIRERS of Ibsen will find a fascinating problem presented to them in the *Theosophical Review* for March, in which Isabelle M. Pagan discusses the question, "Has *Peer Gynt* a Key?" Ibsen said that *Peer Gynt* "came as though of itself," and disclaimed any hidden or esoteric meaning for it. But to the occult psychologist this merely means that the supraliminal mind of the author was unconscious of whatever special meaning there might be in the work; he may have been quite unaware of any such hidden meaning, and yet there may be one capable of being discovered by the intuitive reader. The writer says:—

> The phenomenon of an author who disclaims personal responsibility for some particular composition is familiar to students of poetic literature. It is as if the larger man—the subliminal self of the psychologist—had somehow got a free hand for once, and using the outer self, or limited personality, as a channel, had poured through it something of the higher wisdom and wider knowledge that lay within his reach. The disclaimer is only the protest of the personality, conscious of a driving force beyond his ken.

Miss Pagan analyses the drama, and shows that it has very complex bearings on the philosophy of the inner and outer life: "The cord the poet has spun for us is threefold, made out of action, of emotion and of thought; i.e. of the activities corresponding to the physical, astral and mental planes." Dr. W. Wynn Westcott contributes a lecture read before the Rosicrucian Society on "The Serpent-Myth," in which he states that, next to the sun, the serpent has been the most universal symbol employed by the priesthoods throughout the world's history to represent the Supreme God;—

> We not only find the serpent figuring in numerous religions, sometimes as a type of goodness, truth, light and wisdom, and at others as evil, darkness, death and ignorance, but in very many faiths and among many races we also find a record of the contest between the good and the evil typified by a struggle between a god, demi-god or great man, and the serpent or dragon as representative of destruction, temptation or sin.

The *Open Court* in a recent number comes to close grips with some of the most difficult problems of the origin of Christianity; Dr. Charles F. Dole, in a first article on "What we know about Jesus," shows that we know really nothing as to His actual personality,

not only because the references to His personal actions are so meagre, apart from miracles or wonder-stories, and the record of His trial and death, but because they present "dissimilar aspects or sides of a person himself in the process of natural development," and "more or less of difficulty, misunderstanding or outright inconsistency." "The great, noble, lovable Jesus," the writer says, is hard to find; and he is often obscured by the Jesus who uses harsh, and sometimes apparently unworthy, language and actions. Dr. Carus holds an inquiry into the original meaning of the terms "Christ" and "Christians," in which he demurs to the view that "Christ" is a correct Greek translation of "Messiah," and points out that the idea implied is not a realization of Jewish Messianic hopes. He seems more inclined to connect Christ with Krishna, and traces the idea of a Saviour to pagan origins. The word Christian is a hybrid of Greek and Latin, which (except in Acts) was unused and unknown in the first century. Other articles in the same issue discuss the criticism of modern theology, which appeared in the November number.

A study of "The Religious Conceptions of Dante" in *The Word*, by Lisi Cipriani, reminds us that the reading of the *Inferno* alone gives but a limited view of the great Italian's work. In the seventeenth canto of the *Purgatorio* Dante puts forward the exercise of man's free power of love as that which can breed sin when directed towards self or evil, or to the neglect of the Supreme Good; while "Eternal bliss is but eternal love and eternal communion with God." Dante's conception of good and evil was largely a social one; the most heavily punished sins were those which affected humanity as a whole. Sin is expiated in each case by its opposite virtue. Purgatory is suffering in the hope of atonement; hell is suffering without hope:—

> Paradise is for Dante the region of spirit free from matter, and the spiritual life expresses itself through the purest light, the sweetest harmony, the swiftest motion. Love is the source of all motion, and the nearer we draw to God, the more radiant and living do we find love, the more perfect do we find harmony and light.

"Psychic Lockjaw" is the rather fanciful name given by Mr. James W. Donaldson to a theory which he expounds in the *Metaphysical Magazine* as to certain temporary aberrations which sometimes overtake otherwise exemplary persons, compelling them to perform actions for which, the writer thinks, they are not to be held accountable. He regards the cause as being a

disorganization and destruction of tissue, which may be rebuilt no less rapidly, and the patient then recovers. The writer compares these facts with certain fixed and persistent errors of expression in speech or writing, which it may be difficult to overcome, even by strenuous conscious resistance.

Professor Hyslop takes occasion, in the *Journal of the American S.P.R.*, to reply to a criticism, and to set forth his position and that of the Society with regard to spiritualism :—

> The problem is not the trustworthiness or untrustworthiness of communicators, but whether they *exist*. We are testing the materialistic hypothesis and not estimating the character of spirits. All the contradictions and inconsistencies in the world do not stand in the way of a spiritistic hypothesis. If they did, we should have to deny the present existence of the human race. . . . I have never defended the spiritistic theory. I am simply testing its applicability to facts. . . . If the mind cannot obtain any information whatever without sense-perception or independently of the recognized physical stimuli, the materialistic hypothesis holds the field. But if I find instances in which a subject gets information by supernormal means, I must either modify my previous theory or abandon it. Telepathy shows supernormal information not explicable by normal sense-perception, and is a name for facts which we have not explained. Mediumistic phenomena like those of Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Smead, Mrs. Quentin and Mrs. Smith also represent the acquisition of knowledge in supernormal ways, that is, by processes not represented by normal sense-perception. They indicate outside sources of influence, and the psychological unity of them as bearing on the personal identity of deceased persons suggests at once the first, and some will think the only rational working hypothesis to account for them. It matters not what the perplexities in this theory are, its capacity to explain the crucial facts admits it to a place among explanations.

Incidents relating to the San Francisco disaster still keep cropping up in the American psychical journals. Here is one from the *Swastika*. Mrs. S. E. Wallace relates that she had two sons living in the city, one of whom was a dentist. On the second day after the earthquake, while in terrible suspense, she felt herself led into the house by unseen hands, made comfortable in a chair, and felt that two whom she had lost were beside her, soothing her. Then she heard one of them say, "Do not worry ; your boys are safe, and L—— will practise in his own office again." When another son, who had gone to seek his brothers, returned, he told her that both were safe, and that the fire had unexpectedly changed its course before reaching the office they had hurriedly quitted ; so that L——, the eldest son, did move back into it and resume his business, as announced by the spirits before it had actually happened.

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Fiction.

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