

# 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

"I was a wandering sheep;  
I did not love the fold;  
I could not hear the Shepherd's voice  
I would not be controlled."

*Old Hymn.*

"I wish I was as certain of anything as Macaulay is of everything."—*Sydney Smith.*

MRS. BESANT'S career—a new edition of her autobiography has just been published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin—somehow recalls Sydney Smith's observation and the verse of the familiar hymn simultaneously to one's mind. "Il n'y a que les charlatans qui soient certains," said Voltaire, and yet no one has ever accused Annie Besant of being a charlatan as many have Madame Blavatsky. Why? For the reason doubtless that she is altogether too intensely in earnest for any suspicion of the kind to cross one's mind.

It would be possible to defend the theory that Madame Blavatsky was actuated by an intense humorous enjoyment of the situation she created and that she took an actual pleasure in imposing on her fellow-creatures and making them appear ridiculous. I am not arguing here in favour of any such theory. I believe

that with all her faults, many of which her best friends have not denied, she did really and truly believe in the Gospel according to Madame Blavatsky—at least in its essentials. But the mere fact that this view is tenable shows how the poles asunder are the personalities of these two remarkable women. Then again Madame Blavatsky was so intensely human. She appealed by her frailties as well as by her genius. Has Mrs. Besant any human frailties? Possibly. But she is, I think, the last woman to plead guilty to them. She is too proud, too statuesque, too imperious, to let any one hob-nob with her in her inner sanctum—as who might not with Madame Blavatsky? Reading her biography even, a biography recounting the most astonishing changes of opinion that ever woman or man passed through, you can scarcely detect the admission that in any of the stages of this remarkable life she was ever really *wrong*. She was merely on the road to the Truth she seems to tell us and the road proved somewhat devious. That there is something to be said for this point of view I do not deny. I merely emphasize the fact that it is Mrs. Besant's.

No, Mrs. Besant dare not own up to the fact of being in the wrong.\* You feel that she is a high priestess. You do not feel sufficiently that she is a woman.

Mrs. Besant expresses the desire that her epitaph may be the words—

She tried to follow Truth.

At least we may admit that she tried to find a tabernacle to suit her requirements and that she was successful in finding one. We are not all of us equally fortunate. The fact is Theosophy when it arose filled what advertisers describe as a long-felt want. It supplied what was missing in Christianity to a large class of mankind to which Christianity did not appeal or only half appealed. It goes without saying that we should be justified in maintaining the reverse of this, viz., that Christianity supplies a good deal which is missing in Theosophy. I may make my meaning clearer when I say that whereas Christianity appeals to the heart, Theosophy appeals to the head. I am not prejudging the question as to whether either appeal is justified, whether the heart in the one case or

\* Students of Mrs. Besant's life will not need to be reminded that this was the gravamen of the charge brought against her by her critics in the notorious W. Q. Judge episode.

the head in the other is really fully and finally satisfied. But the nature of the appeal is manifest. The rigidly orthodox



MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

Christian has, I know, taken a different attitude in the past and in doing so has made his religion ridiculous. The fact

remains, and will be admitted by all sane people to-day, that you do not go to the Athanasian Creed for a clue to the riddle of the Universe. Christ came into the world to save sinners by the power of His love, not to explain the origin of phenomena. Madame Blavatsky's mission—the mission of Theosophy—rightly understood, was to unveil to a materialistic age the spiritual realities behind the phenomenal universe. The scientists may deride her, but the indubitable fact remains that it was she who held up the beacon-light and they who are to-day following in her footsteps. Hypnotists have called Mesmer a mountebank. But if the disciples mock the master, this proves nothing in the region of fact beyond demonstrating *their* bad taste.

Theosophy then comes forward with an explanation—plausible up to a certain point—of the meaning of phenomena, with the theory of a spiritual life behind, of which the material universe is but a shadow, and with the dogma of reincarnation—

“ With Life before and after  
And Death beneath and above ”\*

to account for the apparent inequalities and injustices of the world and to show that these are compatible with a belief in an overruling principle of justice, with the saying of Christ, in short, that “ whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap.”

WHERE  
THEOSOPHY  
COMES IN.      And those who have been brought up to believe in Christianity, and in an all-wise and all-loving Father and then have looked round about them at the tragedy of life, ever going on within a stone's throw of their doors and at

“ Nature red in tooth and claw,”

and who after looking, and using their intelligence to put two and two together, have felt that there is “ something rotten in the state of Denmark ”; these people, I say, have turned to Theosophy with its explanation that, if true, is really an explanation, and not a mere juggling with words, and have gone away satisfied.

But the heart that longs for the echo of a human heart in sympathy with its own must ever turn to the Gospel of the love of Christ—that most human and most unorthodox of men—for what it will search for long and fruitlessly in the interminable pages of *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*.

\* A. C. Swinburne, *Atalanta in Calydon*.

Theosophy then offers its votaries two main ideas, firstly that, as Matthew Arnold would have said, "there is something not ourselves that makes for righteousness," or at least for equilibrium, which perhaps comes to the same thing in the end, and, secondly, that there is a spiritual world underlying the material of which there is proof positive which will appeal convincingly to the reason of those who have eyes to see and ears to hear. The Christian may say these things, but what is the use of maintaining facts for which orthodox Christianity gives no warrant, to which indeed orthodox Christianity is itself the most glaring of denials? What in short is the use of maintaining contradictory propositions? So the Christian turns to Theosophy and is comforted. And if the Christian is comforted, how much more the woman who has been resting her weary bones on the hard bed of a materialistic atheism like Annie Besant? There may be joy, there *has* been joy to many in the discovery that certain of the doctrines of orthodox Christianity are as false as they are revolting to man's higher self. There is a ring of triumph in the lines:—

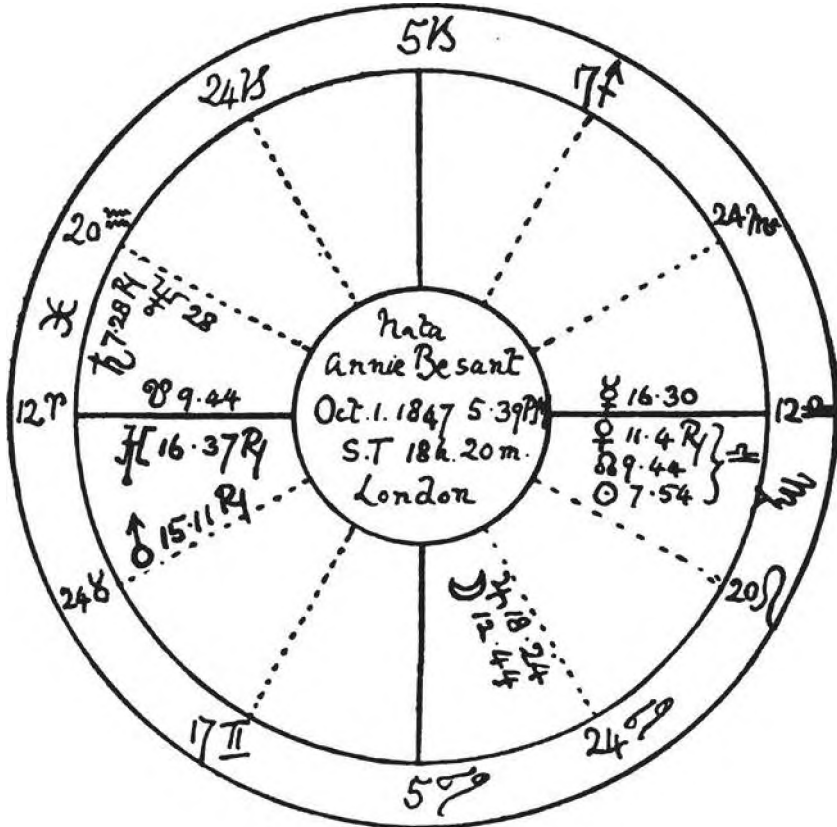
And now at last authentic news I bring,  
 Good tidings of great joy to you, to all—  
 "There is no God," no fiend, with names divine,  
 Made us and tortures us: if we must pine,  
 It is to satiate no Being's gall.\*

But they leave a sense of emptiness and disappointment behind them—and whether he decides to eat, drink and be merry, or choose the higher life and to work for the good of humanity, there is a great deal to which the materialist must shut the eye of his mind, and a voice that will not be silenced that is ever whispering in his ear, "What, after all, is the use of my efforts?" "What's the good of anything? Why nothing!"

So that it is not impossible, perhaps it is not even very difficult for the sympathetically minded to follow THE METHOD IN HER MADNESS. Mrs. Besant in spirit through the startling changes of her intellectual life, and yet feel that, often as she was wrong, and over-positive as she always was, she is far nearer the truth to-day than in the earlier stages of her career and that people like the Editor of *The Academy*, who cannot understand, perhaps make a mistake in criticizing. I subjoin a fragment of this delicious commentary on "poor Mrs. Besant's" life:—

\* James Thomson, *The City of Dreadful Night*.

She could not suffer the Gospels, she abhorred the Christ, she despised WHAT "THE the saints, she spat upon the faith, she did her utmost ACADEMY" to destroy the sense of the Eternal in the hearts of men—and she bows before the message—"Judge's THINKS OF plan is right: follow him and stick"—the message MRS. BESANT. that was supposed to come from "Master." And despising the company of the saints, she has made herself the companion



MRS. BESANT'S HOROSCOPE.

	LAT.	DEC.
☉	—	3°8 S.
☿	5°18 S.	17°31 N.
♁	0°22 N.	6°12 S.
♂	8°14 S.	11°55 S.
♄	2°34 S.	13°57 N.
♅	0°2 S.	22°10 N.
♆	2°2 S.	10°40 S.
♇	0°41 S.	5°55 N.
♈	0°34 S.	12°44 S.

of persons who are unlikely to become recipients of the order of merit. Mrs. Besant is now the head of the Theosophical Society by virtue of "Master's" instructions. One would laugh at it all; at the catalogue of follies, and cheats, and infantile trickeries and lies, if one did not remem-



ber that there are many in the world who are not over-wise, that a noble fish can sometimes be caught with the most trumpery bait. So, instead of laughing, it seems better to say :

Fratres, sobrii estote et vigilate : quia adversarius vester diabolus tanquam leo rugiens circuit quaerens quem devoret : cui resistite fortes in fide.\*

I have always been given to understand that Bible English has its merits even from a literary point of view. Perhaps, however, the Editor thinks that there is something in the Latin tongue which will act as an antidote to Theosophy.

One more quotation and I have done with *The Academy*. Here it is :—

How one wishes that poor Mrs. Besant could have listened to Dr. Pusey !

How one wishes that some people would not constantly be regretting that God has failed to make other fellow mortals in the image of themselves !

Mrs. Besant has given us her horoscope in her autobiography—she certainly might have had it more adequately drawn—and appends some remarks on astrology, a subject of which—the more shame to her in view of the claims which Theosophy makes—she is evidently quite ignorant. Horoscopes are apt to be personal in their character. Mrs. Besant's is no exception. "Show me the horoscope, and I will show you the man" is the claim, and the just claim, of every astrologer worthy of the name. Mrs. Besant's is a biography in itself. I will rest content here with drawing the attention of those interested in the subject to the closely ascending position of the planet Uranus in exact opposition to Mercury near the cusp of the seventh house, to the application of the Sun to Venus, retrograde in the sign of the latter, and with quoting the opinion of "Sepharial" on the signification of Aries, the rising sign at birth.†

\* *The Academy*, May 9.

† I subjoin the horoscope re-drawn. Time is wanting to fill in the Speculum, but I have made good the most glaring omissions in the horoscope as given, and supplied the latitudes and declinations of the planets. It may be noted that Saturn is  $7^{\circ} 28'$  not  $7^{\circ} 38'$  of Pisces, that Neptune is in  $28^{\circ}$  of Aquarius and that Venus is retrograde and having eight degrees of south latitude is actually in the sixth house and not the seventh as it appears in the horoscope given, a very important

## SIGNIFICATION OF ARIES.

BY "SEPHARIAL."

The subjects of this sign are of a simple, frank and outspoken nature, well-disposed and capable of holding command in executive positions, though they are not good at originating schemes. They are brave and venturesome, generous even to extravagance, and likely to be fooled into giving undeserved charities. They have a firm will, strong inclinations, sometimes quarrelsome and petulant; and if touched with the religious spirit they will prove fanatical or very zealous. They are well-informed, very busy, ingenious, rather deficient in their knowledge of human character, eclectic and free in their opinions, much moved by politics and apt to enforce their opinions. The natives of Aries are ever very destructive and apt to run a crusade against existing institutions and bodies. They see things only as they desire them to be, and have a tendency to self-imposition. These subjects often change their views and opinions, but are very sure of their beliefs as long as they last. They are remarkable for sudden changes and quick action; often bigoted, but generally progressive in tendency, and, though liable to change, yet at all times enthusiastic in the pursuit of a prevailing idea. The subject is ambitious of honours and position, but will have difficulties to meet with which will employ all his courage and will. The native is often fastidious and has some peculiar crank. The subject can go almost into *violence* in his expression of feeling, but it is only a fire of straw and is soon over, and leaves no sense of resentment. In religion and politics he is ardent. . . . The position of the subject is usually honourable, and high positions are attained, but are always followed by reversal; and the position is held only with much strife. The subject marries very early or in a hurry, and there is room and occasion for repentance in most cases. Frequently there are legal processes in the marriage state and divorce or separation. The subject gains some celebrity by feats of daring or on account of long travels and voyages. The Aries person is essentially a *pioneer*, whether in the intellectual, civic, or military world. The professions favoured by Aries are the military and legal, and there is also an inclination to mining and exploration. Friends support and raise the native and frequently bring him into high positions. They are numerous and faithful, and much renowned for their humane character and kind spirit. Enemies are found in the religious, legal and publishing world, and are very numerous, though not formidable. The worst enemies are in foreign countries, and frequently molest the native. The Aries person is the cause of his own death, or aspires to martyrdom in some form or other.

The article which appeared in a recent number of the OCCULT REVIEW on "Goethe as Mystic" has created considerable interest

difference. The Moon's south node is almost exactly rising in  $9^{\circ} 44'$  of Aries. Those who possess the autobiography and feel any interest can correct the map in these particulars. The figures of the planets on the outside of the circle, for which no explanation is offered (!), are apparently intended to illustrate some fanciful theory of a prenatal epoch, and may be disregarded as merely misleading.

among my readers, and I print in my correspondence columns a letter from Miss Maud Joynt, who draws attention to some observations of Goethe in his correspondence with Schiller on this particular subject, which, considering the source from which they come, are not a little noteworthy. She also quotes him on the subject of reincarnation, a doctrine from which he appears to be one of the many notable people who have derived comfort. "What a good thing it is," he says, "that a man dies, if only to wipe out all his impressions and come again as from a bath." This seems to be an effective answer to the heading of a recent pamphlet that has had some vogue, entitled "Why die?" Truly the waters of Lethe have their curative powers.

Another correspondent (W. H.) sends me, translated from the *Gartenlaube* of 1860, a record of certain psychical phenomena which are alleged to have occurred during Goethe's last hours. I quote this in full, and should be glad to know if any one can supply me with confirmation of the facts narrated:—

It was on the 22nd of March, 1832, at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, two hours before Goethe's death, when a carriage drove up, from which a lady alighted. She hurried into the house and, with trembling voice, asked the servant who came to meet her: "Is Herr von Goethe still alive?" She was the Countess V——, an enthusiastic admirer of Goethe (and was always looked upon by him with pleasure owing to her spirited and lively conversation). With sorrowful heart she ascended the stairs. Suddenly she stopped, listened, and, addressing the servant, she asked with surprise: "What is that? Music in the house? My God, music to-day, in this house?" The servant also stood and listened; his face had turned pale, and he trembled. He could not reply to the countess and silently shrugged his shoulders.

The countess hurried through the hall so well known to her to the back of the house to Goethe's study, where she, as a privileged person, was permitted to enter. Frau von Goethe (his daughter-in-law), leaving the room, came to meet her, and both women fell into each other's arms, bursting into tears. "But I pray you, dearest Ottilie," said the Countess V——, after having heard of the state of the dying poet, "I pray you, what music is that which met me when I entered your house? I thought my ears had deceived me."

"So you have heard it, too?" replied Frau von Goethe.

"Inexplicable! Since day has dawned these wonderful tunes are sounding, penetrating ear, heart and nerves."

And at this moment again, as if coming from another world, softly increasing, a long-drawn chord sounded and then softly faded and died away.

"Did you hear it, madam?" asked the faithful John with low voice, coming from the bedroom and entering their room. "I fancy I distinctly heard it come from the garden here in front of the windows."

"Not so," replied the countess, "there is no doubt it came from the hall outside."

They opened the window looking on to the garden, and endeavoured to find out. The wind was softly playing with the leafless branches of the trees and bushes. In the distance one could hear the carts rolling through the street, but nothing could be traced which could explain the mysterious music. The ladies went into the hall, and here the result was the same. While they were still searching, two, three chords sounded in harmonic succession, as they thought, from the study.

"I think I cannot be mistaken; it is a four-part song, of which single notes reach us here from a distance," said the countess, re-entering the room with her friend.

"It appeared to me to be sounds of striking a piano in the neighbourhood," remarked Frau von Goethe. "I thought I heard this so distinctly that I sent this morning to the neighbouring houses to ask the people to remember the dying and to refrain from playing the piano, but from all neighbours I had the same assurance—that they were well aware of the severe illness of the 'Geheimrat,' and they were all too grieved to think of disturbing his quiet by music."

"Ah, now again!" Softly but, as it seemed, quite near, the ghostly music sounded again, to the one as the distant sound of an organ, to the other as vocal music, to the third as from a piano.

The "Rath" S——, who was at this time signing the bulletin with Doctor B—— in the front of the house, looked astonished at his friend and asked: "Were these not the tunes of a concertina?" "So it seemed to me," replied the doctor, "apparently from somewhere in the neighbourhood."

"But it was quite as if it had been here in this house," said S——, taking his departure with his friend.

So the inexplicable music continued sounding until shortly before Goethe's last breath, heard by a number of persons, at

short and long intervals, here and there, but apparently always in the house or very near to it. All endeavours to discover its origin were without result.

I am asked to call the attention of my readers to a book entitled *Astrology, the Key to Roulette* (publishers, Nichols & Co.). The author, in his preface, disclaims any desire to foster the spirit of gambling, and, of course, it is quite conceivable that a certain portion of the people who go to Monte Carlo go there with the entirely laudable motive of developing a system of play which shall prove so effective that the lucrative business of the proprietors of the gambling tables may be transformed under its influence into the status of a non-paying deep level mining company in South Africa. That they do not succeed is neither here nor there. We know the patience of the human spirit, and each doubtless hopes that he is the prince of romance destined to carry off the golden fleece, though all his predecessors thought the same and got fleeced themselves instead. There is, however, this in favour of the present treatise. It is at once an exposition and a record. The author explains the method on which he worked—a perfectly comprehensible one from the astrological point of view—and proceeds to give exact details of all his days of play—a full record, in fact, from Thursday, July 27, 1905, to Thursday, August 31, of the same year, and shows how, though with varying chances, he won a steady percentage throughout that period. He gives in all 31 days' records of 75 minutes' play each day, giving the results of 2,039 coups, showing a net gain of 441 units, taking full account of the losses on zero. His method of play is based on the so-called "planetary period," a method with which I am familiar in theory but quite ignorant in practice. I am, therefore, in no position to say from my own experience whether there is any actual justification for it or not. Certainly the presumption of commonsense is against it, but in this, as in other matters, evidence is the only true criterion.

I confess to some interest in the subject, as I have myself, in earlier years, twice played roulette on an astrological basis, and each time with very marked success, far greater than that shown in the treatise before me. But my method was a very different one than that given, and one of which the mathematical justification, from the astrological standpoint, was very com-

pelling. It was not however adapted to continuous daily play.  
 CAN It is enough here to state that the calculations it  
 OCCULTISM embodied had relation to my own natal figure and  
 PAY ? not to general "mundane" positions. There are  
 certainly grounds for supposing that, as Mr. F. C. S.  
 Schiller would put it, astrology, if not other branches of occultism,  
 can be "made to pay." As to whether the author of this treatise  
 has hit the right nail on the head, that is quite another matter.  
 The only point I am concerned with here is the emphasizing of  
 the argument of Mr. Schiller on the momentous weight of such  
 evidence from a scientific point of view, *if* once it were effectively  
 brought home. But this is a big *if*. As regards gambling generally,  
 I think it would be a very good thing for the community if it  
 could be suppressed by law. But I am quite convinced that  
 such suppression is an impossibility.

# MADAME GUYON

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

FÉNELON and Madame Guyon are both beacons on the mystic path, but I think that their light is thrown upon those directions wherein there is no final harbourage. Between them there stands the circumspect figure of Bossuet, as an undesired moderator between them, carrying all the official warrants, to all of them loyal, signal as the author of the *Variations of the Protestant Sects*, negligible as a teaching authority on the great subjects—perhaps, it may be said, more especially as he appears in the once celebrated and now forgotten *Instructions on the States of Prayer*. It was a remarkable, a momentous conjunction and opposition of planets which do not group usually after this manner. It is not easy to characterize or to compare them. It is not quite easy to adjust them to their environment or to their brilliant, faithless, dissolute period of Louis Quatorze. It would be *ultra vires* at any time to set Bossuet in judgment on Fénelon or Madame de Maintenon on Madame Guyon, giving the best intentions to all parties ; yet Bossuet was the spokesman of the Church, and Madame de Maintenon was in a certain fluidic sense one mouthpiece at least of the political party. There is a great deal to be said for the position of Bossuet, who was in the face of a grave difficulty ; but he had the incompleteness of the logical understanding when it deals with those highest subjects which exceed its canons. There is a great deal to be said for the position of Madame Guyon, against whom he was instrumental in moving the vast machinery of the Church ; but she had some errors of the mystic consciousness married to a logical understanding which was equipped at the best imperfectly. This notwithstanding, she was a shrewd woman after her own manner, and manifested on one occasion an extraordinary aptitude for business of a complicated kind.

As regards the deep things of experience which are involved in the whole subject, I set down in the first place the principles hereinafter following : (1) Hereof is the purpose and term of the inward life—that a man should know in fine Him in Whom he has believed at first, which itself is the justification of that faith whereby it is said that in the beginning we are ourselves

justified; and this was the condition which Madame Guyon claims to have attained in the repose of her own soul. (2) It is this state which the men and women in the world do not know, and there are few who can tell them effectually, so that even



MADAME GUYON.

*[(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen, from "Francois de Fénelon,"  
by Viscount St. Cyres.)]*

a preliminary certitude can enter their hearts; it is also that state of which people under the external obedience and ministry of the official churches for the most part dream only—even if they dream indeed—and it is at a long distance. (3) The root of our consciousness may grow into a great tree by which we



shall ascend into heaven, and so did Madame Guyon ascend in her spirit, according to her unwavering testimony. (4) The ground of this is that we are of the true legitimacy, Sons and Daughters of the House, and it is our fault if we do not enter into our own; but in respect of Madame Guyon, she had come to know of her inheritance, that this was indefectible, and though she did not read perfectly the language of the Divine Law, she had begun, as she best could, the investigation of her title-deeds. (5) She did not understand fully that it is not on account



FRANÇOIS DE FÉNELON.

*(From an engraving.)*

of our imputed "vileness," our miserable plight and the compassion which this state may be supposed to kindle, but because of our genealogy, and because of our implied possibilities, that God has given to His elect that which we know to have been given. (6) The secret which begins in conformity is the great secret which ends in the Divine Union, and—within and without—Madame Guyon knew many depths and some of the heights which are implied in the uttermost subjection of the will to God. (7) She knew also that the way of subjection, of conformity and of advancement by one step at a time, is the way of love.

Now, if I were speaking as a mystic to none but those who were mystics, who had accepted—at least intellectually—all the dedications of the inward life, I should conceive that this recital was adequate by way of a memorial as to the personality of Madame Guyon; but I am addressing a mixed



BOSSUET.  
(From an engraving.)

audience, and I must say that which is necessary concerning her in the external state, and its relations, before it will seem warrantable to proceed, however shortly, to the real matter of this thesis. It must be understood, for those who can hear it, that what follows in barest summary is rather alien than otherwise to my proper purpose.

Madame Guyon, *née* Jeanne Marie Bouvières de la Mothe, was born on April 13, 1648, and she was still in her childhood when Queen Henrietta Maria, the widow of Charles I, King of England, visited her father at Montargis in the province of Orleanois. This is sufficient to indicate the social condition of her family, and I have said already that in France it was the period of Louis XIV. She was a child of conventual life, almost from the beginning—a neophyte in Ursuline, Benedictine and Dominican schools of teaching—and—under whatever limitations—she not only learned early, but realized something of the ways of God with man, in virtue of which the chosen souls are drawn “from tents of Kedron to Jerusalem.” She was married in her sixteenth year to Jacques Guyon, who was approaching forty, and by the intervention of his mother she was brought too soon, and, indeed, immediately, into familiar acquaintance with the sorrows of a persecuted life. It was not otherwise a happy, though apart from her it might well have been an endurable marriage. She became the mother of five children, and she lost her husband when she was still under the age of thirty years. There are grounds for believing that her disposition towards the spiritual life had helped to alienate his affections, but his death brought about her liberation from the yoke which his mother had imposed. I suppose, I should mention further that among the lesser inflictions, her considerable personal attractions were ravaged by smallpox. She had lost also two of her children, to all of whom, in the midst of her religious dedications, she was attached deeply. Those dedications passed through the usual stages which characterize the life of the soul—seasons of joy, seasons of illumination, seasons of sanctifying grace, and in fine a long period of privation, drought and inhibiting darkness. But perhaps her signal misfortune was to mistake the absence of joy and consolation for a sign that Divine Grace had been withdrawn as well—by which I understand the Plenary and not what theology calls the Sufficing Grace. Such privations seem almost invariably to carry with them an implied guarantee, seeing that in the annals of sanctity there is no instance of their endurance beyond a specific period. In the case of Madame Guyon they lasted, I think, longer than usual; but they ended, as this experience ends always, more suddenly than they began, and this was in response, as she tells us, to the concurrent prayers of herself and her spiritual director, Father Lacombe. The change came in July, 1680; there was no permanent recurrence of the experience, and she felt in

possession henceforth not only of the God who is power, but also of the consoling God.

I believe, it may be said that at this period she had taken already a certain place as a teacher of the inward life; but it was assumed and reserved always within the restricted circle of her private acquaintance, of those who sought her, and of the poor and distressed, to whom her material wealth enabled her to minister materially. She was at no time in public evidence as a teacher, reformer, or prophetess; and it is to be noted especially in her favour that although she was the recipient of many sensible favours in vision, she never presumed upon these, as if they constituted warrants of themselves, but relied upon that which had been given her in the palmary degree—the realization of Divine Life communicated in supernatural faith.

As regards her external condition at this time, she was drawn so much towards retirement that she thought seriously of the conventual life. She renounced it on account of her children, as later—but for other reasons—she renounced an episcopal offer which would have given her a high conventual place, nominally at least. On the other hand, she was approached in three instances with a view to a second marriage, and it seems certain that in one direction she was conscious of natural predisposition, but she had resolved already to belong only to God. She continued, therefore, for the moment her own way of dedicated activity in retirement, with an audience which increased insensibly, speaking, as I think, not of herself, but of that which had been given to her in trust, and exercising such influence that even in the case of her director she led rather than was directed. In conjunction with him and with D'Aranthon, Bishop of Geneva, she was for a period at Gex on the Swiss borders, where she devoted herself to works of charity and religious instruction. But that which had come to be termed the new doctrine—that which was briefly and simply sanctification by faith—had gone abroad as a rumour in this part of the world, from the centre-in-chief at Paris, and it was here that her trials began. Father Lacombe preached on the experience of holiness, and incurred the displeasure of the bishop, largely through the intervention of his advisers, and he who had welcomed at first both him and Madame Guyon, allocating the spirit of the teaching to her whose teaching it was, resolved to terminate her work within the limits of his diocese, unless he could adapt it expressly to his particular ends. Originally, in his own mind he had designed that work solely as a ministry of charity, not of religious

instruction, with which object he now proposed that she should become the prioress of one of his conventual houses. Recognizing that in this manner a period would be put to her mission, she left Gex—as an alternative—and repaired to Thonon, where, however, the feeling of ecclesiastical authority towards the inward life was illustrated by the burning in public of books which treated thereof.

It was after her practical expulsion from the diocese of Bishop D'Aranthon that some part of her experience and illumination began to pass into writing. A thesis entitled *Spiritual Torrents* was written at Thonon, and at Grenoble, her next place of sojourn, she began her mystical commentary on the Old and the New Testament. She appears also to have held private assemblies for prayer and conversation. She published, in fine, that *Short Method of Prayer* by which she remains to this day more especially known and valued as a writer on the contemplative life. The cloud which perhaps was no bigger than a hand at Gex, extended over this book and began to break in tempest. Under friendly episcopal advice, she left Grenoble for Marseilles, but it was stirred up against her speedily. She found refuge for a period in Italy and thence returned to Paris in the summer of 1686, being still under forty years of age. Here there was a lull of some months, and Madame Guyon gathered into her circle several who were distinguished by their rank, and some by their sanctity. But scarcely had a year elapsed when the first bolt fell from the sky of Rome, working through the Court of France, by the imprisonment of Father Lacombe, who, for the remaining seven-and-twenty years of his earthly existence, was consigned from dungeon to dungeon, with the Bastille as a beginning and the Castle of Oleron as a term. It is pitiful to record that the instigator of this transaction was a certain Father La Mothe, the half-brother of Madame Guyon, and there is no question that through her spiritual director he was attacking her. This policy continued, and after a period of slanderous accusations, involving her personal character, she was herself imprisoned in a convent. There, amidst privations and indignities, she had at least the opportunity of writing, of which her own extensive memoirs were, I believe, the chief result. Through the good offices of Madame Miramion, who is known otherwise to history as a woman of spiritual life, the influence of Madame de Maintenon—previously hostile—was brought to bear upon the throne, and Madame Guyon's release was secured after a confinement of eight months. This act on

the part of the King's morganatic wife brought the two women into acquaintance, and the one who had misconstrued the other now learned to admire her.

It should be observed that it was subsequent only to Madame Guyon's first imprisonment that the star of Fénelon rose over the horizon of her life. It was not, therefore, as many may have supposed, an early or a very long acquaintance, and as no one was in a better position to be informed concerning her than the Archbishop of Cambrai, he must have acted from the beginning with his eyes open. There is little doubt that into the spiritual side of her heart he was taken at once by her; there is no doubt that she appealed to him as a new director, at least on the doctrinal side of her literary work; and there is, finally, no doubt that she did bend him towards her mystic purpose in the world. Between them there was long and frequent correspondence, and between them there were various meetings. He, on his part, became an apostle, in a manner, of the inward life; but though he could counsel at need, and correct perhaps at need, in matters of technical doctrine, he could so little in extremity save her that he was almost lost himself. His patronage, therefore, availed less than little, except that it must have increased her vogue; in 1689 her book upon Prayer was burnt by hundreds in public, and about the same time those who, on a previous occasion, had sought, it is said, to ruin her by means of a forged document are believed to have tried poison by means of a bribed servant.

The next event in her history was the intervention of Bossuet, who, in a book which I have already mentioned, pronounced, somewhat late in the day, against her opinions, but without involving her name. He sat also in judgment upon her, with other commissioners, but there was no specific condemnation, and it seems certain that his overt actions were rather through the pressure of her enemies than his own direct inclination. The result in either case was her second imprisonment, this time in the castle of Vincennes. Subsequently, she was removed to Vaugirard and thence to the Bastille, where she remained for four years, and was then at length released. She lived thereafter as an enforced exile at Blois, where she died in the year 1717, having—all her vicissitudes notwithstanding, and all her persecutions—attained the age of nearly seventy years.

We have now to consider a much more important matter than one of external history and of the suffering thereto belonging: it is the attitude of the ecclesiastical power towards

that which it termed Quietism, or alternatively to that condition of repose in the inward life by the identification of the will with God. The official Church, even in her most intolerant form, is not of necessity an enemy of the inward life because she is the custodian and teacher of the outward doctrine, with the practices and ceremonies attaching thereto. There are many for whom this statement will have almost the idleness of a commonplace, but there are others for whom there is no proper correspondence between that which is without of the Church and that which is looked for within, and we have further to deal with the question of strenuous fact that she did proscribe the doctrines of inward life as expressed by Madame Guyon and Fénelon. At the same time, the mystery of that life, the counsels of perfection which belong to it, and the sanctity which has been its witness are written over all her literature. I am also assured personally that, as the vital organism of a corporate body, the Latin Church is conscious—and conscious keenly—that all which belongs to her without depends from her as she is within. She may say—and otherwise she would be scarcely an external Church—that her teachings are to be accepted in their literal sense; that her practices are the rule of faith; that her ceremonial is authorized and holy; but she has never said that the mysteries of divine truth do not exceed all measurements of experience and all dogmatic expression, while no institution has maintained more continuously that the Kingdom of Heaven is within. But, this being so, why did the Church persecute and imprison either Molinos or Madame Guyon? Why did Rome close the mouth of Archbishop Fénelon by a quasi-condemnation of his *Maxims of the Saints*? I believe that there is a very clear and a cogent answer.

We must take in the first place the case of Molinos, who was actually the antecedent of Madame Guyon. He said in Spain that which in its basis was the same as Madame Guyon said a very little later in France. He was still in the prison of the Holy Office at Rome when she was in danger of the judgment at Vincennes. Though so nearly allied in time, there is no reason to suppose that she knew of him then otherwise than at a distance; but at some later period of her life *The Spiritual Guide* may have come into her hands, while, in spite of certain forged letters—or letters so accounted—it is unlikely that her name and repute ever entered within his horizon, seeing that his outward life was confined to the four walls of his dungeon. The sum of those principles and that prac-

tice which received in the case of Molinos the name of Quietism—by the way, it was a term of contempt—corresponded sufficiently to the principles and practice of Madame Guyon for her system to be designated by its enemies after the same manner. Molinos taught the doctrine of present and effective sanctification by the way of faith. Madame Guyon taught the mystery of entrance into God through Christ, also by the way of faith, the necessity in all things of complete dedication to God, and the ministry of inward holiness as the consecration of outward life. The end on earth was the attainment of that state which she terms Pure or Unselfish Love, the nearest approach to the Divine Union of which it was given her to speak. I see nothing in this naked expression of principles to which Rome need have taken exception; I see nothing which it did not at need approve. As it so happens, however, the expression does not exhaust the content of that which was implied in the principles, and there is hence a certain intellectual warrant, for the sake of the truth of things, to exercise justice towards that Church which has arrogated to herself a licence to exterminate by all means whatever she regards as heresy. We know that this title does not inhere in churches or other institutions, however consecrated, and we may reserve all rights as to how we characterize the claim; but at the moment this exceeds the issue, and the fact remains that the Church, from her own standpoint, was face to face with a movement which, quite unconsciously to itself, tended to make void her office. After common Protestant heresies had divided the world from Rome, there seemed on the point of springing up within its own bosom, and claiming to be a part of itself, a school of secret thought, as the prince of some other world wherein the Church had not anything.

Quietism was a product of its period, and at the root it does not differ from the universal principles of the mystic life; it was the inclination of the axis of the period which caused the Quietist to say that mystic love at its height forgets solicitude even for the lover's salvation: that was its answer of the secret soul of man to the doctrine of rewards and punishments—with its concomitants, the commercial transactions in forgiveness and indulgences, its trade in prayers and masses. It was also an answer to the imposed rule of the ascetic life, though those who put it forward were not aware of this fact, and themselves, in the person of Madame Guyon, adopted on occasion revolting forms of penance. But, in the last resource, Quietism signifies the repose of the soul in God as the resting-point of



all that ardour of activity which takes the soul to the centre. It is obvious, therefore, that the relation between this view and the doctrines of the Union, as expressed by the great company of all the saintly doctors, is one of identity rather than of analogy ; and it has been pointed out that Margaret Mary Alacoque was beatified—under popular pressure, perhaps, but beatified she was—for saying the same things after nearly the same manner as Molinos did before her—both being Spanish contemplatives—and things far exceeding Fénelon, who in addition to the mystic consciousness had the logical understanding in the reasonableness of sweet marriage therewith. \*

When Fénelon, by the necessity of things, was driven to try conclusions with Bossuet, and with the power which was behind Bossuet, it is said—and credibly enough—that he regarded the doctrine of the Interior Life as being itself upon trial, and as, for him, that Life signified Christianity in its essence, therefore Christianity also would stand or fall with him. The bone of contention was the little work entitled *Maxims of the Saints*, and the complicated issues which were involved, owing to the position of the writer, caused the condemnation which overtook it to be worded with such caution that it fell upon the constructions which were or might be put on it without accusing the mind of Fénelon of being at variance from the mind of the Church. This wonderful policy notwithstanding, the book offers fullest evidence that the root and the trunk of that tree which had begun to grow in France, as once it had attempted in Spain, put forth some strange branches and strange blossoms. The most express clauses which can be cited as part of that evidence exhibit the following claims : (1) That a holy soul may deduce important views from the Word of God which would remain otherwise unknown ; (2) that the decisions of the soul in a state of continuous faith are the voice of the Holy Ghost in the soul ; (3) that souls which have experienced the higher sanctification have not so much need of times and places for worship as others.

The fact that these statements are moderated and even minimized as the spirit of the prelate intervenes could make them little less unsavoury in the mouth of the Church, and there is no doubt that what is negative and implied in Fénelon becomes positive and explicated in Madame Guyon, who, by her doctrine of justification through faith, apart from works, had passed, without intending it, over to the camp of the Protestants. On all the higher planes the issues for her are between the soul and God, whence I find no room in her system for the intervention of

the Church and its sacraments. I do not wonder, therefore, that Madame Guyon and Fénelon were signal dangers to the great, jealous, exclusive institution which claims to be the sole depository of the faith delivered to the saints and the sole interpreter of its purport. And seeing further that in their light and their particular quality of sanctity, I do not find the mystic light of all; that in Madame Guyon the mode of expression is too often one of sentiment passing towards hysteria; while in parts too many the *Maxims of the Saints* are scarcely saved from the commonplace; I recur to the point whence I started and record in fine that their theosophical system offers no abiding harbourage.

It follows from all the considerations which have been enumerated here that Madame Guyon had the consciousness of the mystic term and I am sure that she had some of its experiences. Perhaps in his own more reposeful, more reasoned and reserved way, Fénelon saw a few things more clearly; but they too were in the initial stages only. And I am not condoning the ways and methods of the Church to which they owed their first inspirations and drew their first teaching, if I say that they, and she more especially, would have done well to recognize more fully that the gate of ceremonial, strict observance and external offices is a true enough gate in its way and can admit the soul to the path. With a little more wisdom, Madame Guyon would not have been chastised and might have been even beatified.

That which has served as a pretext for the present paper is the recent re-issue of T. C. Upham's well-known *Life of Madame Guyon*.\* Had space served me, I should like to have said something of this biography—so sympathetic and appreciative that to those who know the subject it cannot fail to be charming in a certain sense. But it is not a critical work, and in this, as in other respects, its limitations are strongly defined.

One only word in conclusion: To-day the mystic life is again on its trial, but in a different sense than it was at the time of Fénelon; it is not before the court of Rome or the court of King Louis, but before the face of the intellectual world, as the one claim which remains to be tested after all other modes have been found wanting, and those even who had the highest stakes in them have confessed to their failure.

\* *The Life, Religious Opinions and Experience of Madame Guyon*. By Thomas C. Upham. London: H. R. Allenson, Ltd., 1907. Crown 8vo. pp. x, 500.

# PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE UNSEEN

By REGINALD B. SPAN

SPIRIT photography has not proved altogether satisfactory in the hands of professional mediums, as it lends itself so easily to fraud, and one is inclined to doubt the genuineness of many of the "spirit photos" which have been produced for the sake of gain. Any clever photographer can with a little artful manipulation fake "spirit photos." However, if one goes as a complete stranger to a spirit photographer who cannot possibly know anything about one's relations or friends, and the face and form of some dead relation or friend appears on the plate, which is plainly and unmistakably recognizable, there can be no doubt that it is a genuine "spirit photo."

Mr. Bournnell has produced many such photos.

A friend of mine showed me a photograph of his daughter who had been dead many years (and whom Mr. Bournnell had never seen or heard of) which was taken by that gentleman and through his mediumship—and is a very good likeness of her.

The most valuable and interesting instances of photographing the Unseen are those where no medium is employed and which are quite spontaneous and unexpected. Out of several well-authenticated cases I will relate the following:—

A young girl who was ill with consumption was taken by her parents to Torquay with the hope that the milder climate might prove beneficial. They took a house and settled down there, but after a year's residence the invalid girl died, and subsequently they decided to leave. Before departing they had the house photographed by one of the professional photographers of Torquay (Messrs. Cox & Durrant, I believe) with themselves seated outside in front of the house. When the photograph was finished and sent up to them, they were amazed to find in it a very good likeness of their daughter who had died weeks before the photo was taken. She was standing looking out of one of the windows just above where they were sitting, with her hands raised grasping the curtains on either side.

Before she died the girl was very fond of sitting in that window recess, which was warm and sunny.

Another instance of a similar kind was related to me by a Mr. V——, who knew the persons concerned.

After the death of the late Lord C—, the family seat in Shropshire, C— Abbey, was let to a wealthy American named J—, who was not acquainted with the C— family, and had never seen the late Earl of C—. For certain reasons the new tenants did not remain very long, and before leaving, one of Mr. J—'s daughters took several photographs of the Abbey and its beautiful gardens. Amongst these photos was one of the magnificent old library where the late earl had spent most of his time before his death.

When the photograph was taken there was no one in the room but the young lady who took it, who was greatly astonished to find, after developing the negative, the figure of an old man seated in a quaintly carved old armchair in the centre of the room. The face and form were perfectly distinct as if some real living person had been photographed, but she was quite certain there had not been any one there at the time. This photo was later shown to a gentleman who had known the late Earl of C—, and on seeing it he started back in amazement, exclaiming, "My God! why that's old C— himself!"

Another well-authenticated case which can hardly come under the head of "coincidence" is that of a lady who had her photo taken by a professional photographer, who was obliged to ask her to give him several fresh sittings, as each time when he came to print the negatives he found the picture spoiled by a number of unaccountable spots and scars appearing on the face of the sitter. He examined his apparatus and tried new plates, but it was all in vain, so concluded it must have been some peculiarity in the appearance of the lady which was not apparent to him, as the lady's face was not marked or pitted in any way. A short time later this lady was taken ill with smallpox and *her face was afterwards badly pitted.*

Some years ago when I was in Colorado, U.S.A., I came across a remarkable man who was generally known as the "Healer," and was credited with supernatural powers. It was stated on good authority that he often went for weeks at a time without food, and was able to perform miracles, but his special power lay in the healing of the sick by the "laying on of hands," and tens of thousands came from all parts of the United States to see him. He was three weeks in Denver when I was there, and I saw him almost daily, and witnessed some of his miracles of healing.

Several photographers were amongst the crowds who assembled around him all day long, and took the opportunity to take photographs of the "Healer," but when they came to

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develop the negatives they found to their annoyance and chagrin that whereas the body of the "Healer" appeared all right, his head never would "come out," and it looked as if they had photographed a ball of light.

I questioned them closely about this phenomenon, and they all told the same story. Only one photograph was ever taken of this strange man which proved successful, and that was at Raton in New Mexico, when special permission had been given to a photographer. A copy of this photograph I managed to obtain, and recently sent it to the *Wide World Magazine*, with a brief description and account of the "Healer," which appeared in the January issue.

A famous instance of a materialized spirit being photographed is that recorded by Sir William Crookes in his *Researches in Spiritualism*, when Katie King, a well-known spirit, was on several occasions photographed by several photographers in the presence of Sir William Crookes, and others interested in psychical research. Katie King was a very beautiful girl and used to materialize so perfectly that she was exactly like a human being. Sometimes she would remain materialized for a long time, and often took Sir William Crookes' children on her lap and told them stories. She was photographed by electric and magnesium light and made a very pretty picture, though Sir William states that no photo ever did justice to her marvellous beauty. Katie King lived on this earth several hundred years ago, and was the daughter of a buccaneer, her name being Annie De Morgan. Another well-known spirit who has been photographed is John King, the "control and guide" of the celebrated medium Mr. Cecil Husk. I have seen "John King" and talked with him, just as I would converse with a human being.

The late General Taylor used to relate a story about a brother officer who on one occasion had his photo taken by a friend. This officer was quite alone and no one near him when it was taken, but in the finished photo the form of his brother, who had died several years before, appeared standing beside him, with an expression of pain and sorrow stamped on his features.

There is also the case of the late Mr. Stainton Moses, the well-known spiritualist and writer, whose form appeared in the photograph of a group taken in Paris when he himself was not present, but was several miles distant at the time. A good instance of photographing the double, or astral, form.

A few years ago some experiments in the photographing

of the "double" were carried out by Mr. W. T. Stead, with a considerable measure of success. The possibility of photographing thought has already been proved by successful experiments, when very sensitive plates specially prepared were used. In a dark room the operator was able to transfer the picture he had formed and concentrated in his mental vision to the sensitive plate by his will power and magnetism directed through his eyes and the tips of his fingers, which were held over the plate. In each case the outlines of the picture he had imagined were conveyed to the plate. It stands to reason that as thought is a powerful force, capable of moulding and directing matter, and even projecting the astral counterpart of the physical form, that it should be able to leave its impress on a sensitive plate when properly directed by a strong will and vivid imagination.

In experimenting with crystal-gazing I discovered that certain scenes which I had vividly in my mind were reproduced in the crystal seer's visions, which the seer could not possibly have guessed or thought of. To give one instance out of several as an example of this form of thought photography I will relate the following "curious," coincidence." I was staying at a boarding-house in Hampshire several years ago, and found that one of the lady guests, a Miss E——, had the power of seeing in the crystal though she knew nothing about such subjects or spiritualism. I asked her to try her power of clairvoyance in a small crystal I always carried about with me (and which no doubt retained my magnetism).

After a few minutes the crystal "clouded over," as is usual with seers, and then a scene appeared in which I was the central figure. There was a wide expanse of desert—nothing but sand and rocks, with here and there clumps of cacti, a cloudless sky and brilliant sunshine. I appeared in light summer clothing, carrying what she described as a "strange-looking instrument," which I placed on the ground every few yards I stepped, and then, standing quite still for a few minutes, seemed to be listening, with my ear close to the machine I had put down; then I would mark the spot with a light pick I was carrying, and repeat the operation further on. Later, she saw me at the bottom of a deep ravine examining the rocks beside a dry watercourse. I was considerably astonished at this vision as this lady was a complete stranger to me and had no means of knowing anything about me, but she described a country I know very well indeed, the deserts of Arizona, where for several months I had

once prospected for minerals; but the instrument, or machine, which she described I had never used, and had only seen for the first time two weeks before at the offices of a mining company in London. This machine she could never have heard of, as it was quite a new invention and was only known to a few mining men. The inventor had described the way of working this machine, and I was so pleased and interested in it that I had seriously thought of undertaking a mining expedition to Arizona with one. I did not mention this idea and project to any one then, and it was absolutely impossible that this seer could have known anything about it or my prospecting life. It so happened that circumstances prevented my going on an expedition with that machine, or in fact any mining expedition, and I may state I am never likely to. So what did the vision mean, if it was not but the photographing of the thought-pictures which were uppermost in my mind, in the crystal, or in the magnetic aura surrounding the crystal, as over and over again I had pictured myself in the very country seen in the vision doing exactly what the seer saw me doing. For certain excellent reasons I do not consider it was thought transference or telepathy.

I believe that spirit-photography is only in the most rudimentary stage at present and that wonderful things may be expected of it in the near future. May it not be possible to photograph scenes and beings in the fourth dimension sphere, that wonderful unseen region which is in such close proximity with this earth sphere?

We are on the verge of great discoveries in the occult world, and every year may show marked progress into the veiled regions of the Unseen, and advancement in scientific achievements.

# PRECIOUS STONES AND THEIR OCCULT POWERS

BY MARY L. LEWES

IN these enlightened days, many of us feel rather incredulous when we hear of certain curative and protective virtues formerly supposed to be inherent in precious stones, and we are apt to think, that though interesting and curious to read about, such beliefs ought certainly to come under the heading of ancient and mediaeval superstition. This is the very general idea that Dr. Fernie \* has set himself to modify, in his book entitled *Precious Stones*, a volume which every one interested in old world-lore, as well as students of the occult, should read with pleasure. The author aims principally to show by his simple and lucid scientific explanations, that the Wise Men of old, and the mediaeval astrologers, had really a sound basis of reason for their belief in the curative powers of certain gems. Though as regards the doctors and quacks of the Middle Ages, it is probable that most of them were ignorant of the real nature of these powers; laying stress only on the ceremonies of magic and sorcery in which their advice as to the wearing of precious stones was involved.

So from Dr. Fernie we learn why the wearing of a diamond may inspire courage; how it is possible that amethysts may indeed soothe and calm the nerves; and why a turquoise worn by certain people loses its colour or turns green. And apart from the main object of the book, we are led along innumerable and delightful by-paths of information connected with precious stones; no point of view being omitted that could afford fresh interest or throw new light on the subject.

In his opening chapter the author remarks on the extraordinary fascination that jewels have from time immemorial exercised over the minds of men and women: a fascination greater than the mere pleasure afforded the eye by the colour and lustre of stones. Dr. Fernie thinks that perhaps psychometry, which "implies a supposed power of the human mind to discern the past history of inanimate objects by occult telepathic

\* *Precious Stones (Curative)*, by W. T. Fernie, M.D., published by John Wright, Bristol, and Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London.



perception," may very probably be concerned with the subtle influence exercised by gems. And to illustrate this theory a most interesting account is given of a series of experiments conducted by Professor Denton with the help of his wife and sister. The whole instance is far too long to quote here, but a few lines will give an idea of the experimenter's object. "It was the habit of the Professor to select a geological specimen . . . or some fragment of a structure possessing historical interest, and to submit the same to his hypnotized coadjutors, so as to elicit their version of its history. His wife would then readily enter a partially subjective condition of mind, so that—the relic being placed on her head—she would at once pronounce a very plausible and often wonderfully accurate history of the scenes which had been enacted in its ancient environment . . ." To eliminate any chance of geological knowledge on his wife's part which might possibly be subjectively reproduced, the Professor would hand her specimens so wrapped up that she could not know the contents; and he would also make up several packets so alike that he himself did not know what each contained when he gave them to her. But the result under all tests was the same, "each specimen handed to Mrs. Denton was described with the same accuracy as before."

The writer of this article has quoted thus at length from the foregoing passage in Dr. Fernie's book, because she thinks the idea illustrated in the experiments, of telepathic perception furnished by the objects themselves, may give an explanation of some curious phenomena associated with a ring belonging to a lady well known to her, who shall be called Miss Carr. This ring, of obviously antique workmanship, is set with a large jasper stone and resembles a man's signet ring; but the stone has no engraving. Miss Carr relates that some time ago, a friend who came to stay with her found the ring accidentally left in a drawer in her room; and handling it with some curiosity, she looked at the stone rather intently, and presently saw a vision of a street in an Eastern city, and a "man like an Arab" sitting under a palm-tree. It should be added that this lady had never seen nor heard of the ring before, and so was absolutely ignorant of its history. It came originally from an old Arab in Egypt, who declared it to be a talisman against all diseases, and called it "the Stone of the Prophet, picked up near Mecca." On another occasion, Miss Carr, wearing the ring, attended a lecture on occult subjects, and the professor who lectured was shown Miss Carr's ring, and, holding it, said it had a strong sense

of protection, and that its owner ought always to wear it. Later in the same evening, while Miss Carr was in a crowd of people, a lady, whom she did not know, came and said to her: "I see a tall Arab dressed in white, with a violet heart on his breast, following you about." Very much astonished by this remark, Miss Carr, after a short conversation, told this lady about her Egyptian ring, and she replied that "the Arab" was probably the former owner of the talisman, and was there to protect her. In relating this story Miss Carr adds: "She did not know I possessed the ring until I told her." Of course both these people so strangely affected by this ring must have been strongly gifted with clairvoyant power; and there is the possibility that their visions *may* have come to them from subjective knowledge unconsciously obtained from Miss Carr's mind. But certainly in the first case, it almost seems as if it must have been the ring itself which inspired the vision, for when it was found by her friend in the drawer, Miss Carr herself was not present. Can it be indeed, that as Dr. Fernie suggests, "Gems and precious stones retain within themselves a faithful record . . . of physical conditions, and acquired properties, from the primitive time of their original molecular beginning; and that if we allow a suspension for the while of the wearer's ordinary perceptions . . . the precious stone in use will continue to assert meanwhile its long-remembered virtues."

Egyptian jasper has a brownish outward tinge, shading to a paler hue internally. Found on the shores of the Red Sea, it was greatly used by the ancient Egyptians in the making and engraving of seals and amulets. The Chaldaeans also employed red and green jasper for their seals, to which they seem to have attached a mystic importance. Every person of consequence possessed one, worn hanging from the neck or wrist, and which he never willingly parted with during life. At his death his seal was buried with him, in order that no improper use might ever be made of it. In the making of their engraved "sigillae" blood-stones were much used by the old Gnostics, whose faith in the magic virtue of these mysterious seals formed part of their religious beliefs, "the sacred operations and mysteries of seals" that Cornelius Agrippa writes of. And there is no doubt that many of these traditions concerning the hidden virtues of gems, preserved throughout the Dark Ages by a few learned men, eventually found their way to Europe and so into mediaeval teachings, by means of the increased intercourse with Oriental nations brought about by the Crusades.

Blood-stones were used in ancient forms of incantations, and moreover were said to be powerful amulets against the Evil Eye. They also rendered their wearers invisible, and preserved friendship between men. But, say the old authorities, for friendship between man and woman emeralds should be worn ; and in the case of two women, let each wear a turquoise, thereby securing a faithful friend. Emeralds were believed to strengthen the memory, for which purpose Culpepper (1656), amongst some mineral prescriptions added to his famous *Herbal*, advises their being worn in a ring. Washington Irving, in his *Conquest of Granada*, tells of a wonderful emerald so large that a table was made of it, which Taric, the Arab chief, looted from the city of Medina Celi in the days when the Arab inroads into Spain began. This marvellous jewel had originally formed part of the spoil taken at Rome by Alaric, when the sacred city was sacked by the Goths. " It possessed talismanic powers ; for tradition affirms that it was the work of genii, and had been wrought by them for King Solomon the Wise." According to Arab legends this table was a mirror revealing all great events, " insomuch that by looking on it the possessor might behold battles and sieges, and feats of chivalry, and all actions worthy of renown."

A seventeenth century writer tells us gravely about the topaz : " If you put it into boiling water, it doth so cool it, that you may presently put your hands into it without harm." Regarding this stone, an extremely gifted " crystal-gazer " (who is an old acquaintance of the writer) says : " Any one who has lost a high position and desires to regain it, should never be without a topaz." The same person declares that clients who come for advice, always appear to her in certain lights of varying colours, and that this " aura " (combined with the knowledge of the inquirer's planetary influences) enables her to tell him what precious stone will bring him good fortune. She also advises no one to wear a *single* pearl : " It is very bad luck." Some people say that a bride should not wear pearls, for they are emblematic of tears. Yet the old " dream-books " tell us that to dream of these gems, " of purest ray serene," is lucky ! But there is one historical dream that contradicts this idea. We read that the night before Henry the Fourth of France was assassinated by Ravailac, his Queen dreamed very vividly that her diamonds in her crown were turned to pearls—significant of grief—and in the murder of her Royal husband the Queen saw the too real interpretation of her dream. The Dowager Queen

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Margarita of Italy, who possesses pearls renowned for splendour, had also to suffer the terrible shock of a husband's death by assassination.

Most traditions affirm that the diamond inspires its wearer with courage, and gives protection against enemies. Yet one old writer says of this stone: "It is reported to make him that bears it unfortunate." Which seems to have been the experience of the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots; for the diamond ring given her by Ruthven, as a talisman against her enemies, certainly failed in its effect most grievously. To dream of diamonds portends gossip, and "if you see them sparkle and do not touch them, it foretells return of happiness." While to dream of a garnet means future wealth!

Of comparatively modern origin is the idea that opals bring bad luck to their possessors. In old times these glorious gems were much esteemed as having potent virtue against all diseases of the eyes; and it is said that in ancient Mexico the opal was considered a sacred stone, containing an essence of the divine fire which created the world. Russians are particularly superstitious on the subject of opals, regarding their influence as fatal, and calling them the embodiment of the Evil Eye. Few people in fact have a good word to say for this beautiful and mysterious jewel, and on all sides one is told that only those born in October should wear it, in which case it brings good fortune. Otherwise "it is fatal to love, and will break friendship." Every one knows the story of the famous Spanish opal ring, which was given to Alfonso the Thirteenth by the Comtesse de Castiglione, who bore a grudge against the King, for some fancied slight. Possessed in turn by several of the Royal family, this ring is said to have brought death to six of them, till at last, after the death of Alfonso himself, Queen Christina took the fatal jewel and had it hung round the neck of the Virgin of Almudena, the patron saint of Madrid.

In a letter to the writer, a friend says: "A relation told me once of an opal that a man she knew wore in a ring; and it belonged originally to the eye of an Indian idol. He said it had brought death or misfortune in some form to any one to whom he had given it. Several people coveting the stone had taken it on chance, but he always had it returned before twelve months were out." Another friend writes: "We have a ring in our family which I consider most unlucky; it is set with emeralds and opals, and was the engagement ring of C——'s grandmother. The engagement lasted seven years on account

of unexpected obstacles, and when the marriage took place, the bridegroom died six months afterwards, and his wife became a permanent invalid. She left the ring to C—, but I have always begged her not to wear it." Apropos of the idea that opals are fatal to friendship, the following instance (which though slight is interesting) is contributed by a correspondent: "I know a Mrs. Z— who had an opal brooch given her by a great friend. Having a 'feeling' about opals, she did not want to take the gift, but ended by doing so. From the time she began to wear it, her friend's affection seemed to cool and gradually they drifted apart, though with no apparent reason. This upset Mrs. Z— very much, and she felt sure the opal was to blame. Without telling her friend, she gave the brooch to a person whose 'lucky-stone' it happened to be, and from that day she regained the friendship that she feared was lost."

One sometimes hears of jewels other than opals, which seem to bring a curse on all who possess them. The famous Koh-i-noor diamond has this reputation, its career being a very chequered one until it came to England fifty years ago, since when—happily—its evil spirit seems to have slumbered. But the writer is reminded of a story which is a good illustration of a "cursed jewel." A certain Miss Seward,\* who was a sceptic regarding occult phenomena, had a friend Mrs. H—, who one day begged Miss Seward to go with her to a clairvoyant, saying: "I am sure he will convert you; he will answer any question you wish, and if you are ill, he will tell you what ails you, even if your doctors don't know." Feeling rather curious after this description, Miss Seward consented to visit the clairvoyant, and as a test took with her a glove belonging to another person, a young girl of sixteen. This girl had been ill more or less for some time; without having any particular malady that could be diagnosed, she was never well. Miss Seward gave the glove to the clairvoyant, who held it, and presently said: "This is not your glove; it belongs to quite a young girl. She is always ill, and she will never be well as long as she wears that amulet round her neck. It is the price of blood. I don't say she must throw it away, but she must never wear it, and if possible never be in the same room with it." Miss Seward did not know that her friend wore anything in the nature of an amulet, but full of excitement after the clairvoyant's communication, she hastened to see her, and, as frequently happened, found her in bed. After some casual conversation, Miss Seward asked: "By the way,

\* This name and that of Miss Power are apochryphal.

do you ever wear any sort of necklace or chain round your neck ? ” “ Oh yes,” was the reply, “ I always wear this old necklace ; it is an heirloom, and my father thinks so much of it, that I wear it to keep it safely.” Miss Seward then told her friend what the clairvoyant had said, and easily persuaded her to remove the necklace, and have it put away in a never-used attic. Almost immediately the invalid began to feel better, and in ten days she was quite well. Her father when told was greatly interested in the clairvoyant's assertion, and set to work making inquiries respecting the past history of the necklace, with the result that he discovered it had been connected with *two murders* in Paris !

The historical stone known as the “ Blue Diamond ” has just returned to France, from which country it was brought to England towards the close of the eighteenth century. Some years later it became the property of a banker named Hope. When he died he left it to his family, but several of his heirs having died in some tragic manner, one after the other, the remaining ones, attributing these misfortunes to the possession of the diamond, became alarmed and determined to be rid of the jewel. So it was sold and taken to America, where it remained for a great many years, until quite lately its owner parted with it to a French bidder, for the sum—it is said—of two million francs.

Though not strictly coming under the category of “ precious stones,” yet in interest the crystal ranks above many of its more valuable brethren. With its absolute purity and clearness, and its delightful coolness to the touch, it is no wonder that the ancients ascribed marvellous powers to this beautiful form of quartz. The art of divination by the crystal is older than man's knowledge ; while to-day it is said that the Japanese practise it in order to “ commune with the Deity, by gazing long and intently on a large globe of pure crystal placed in the centre of the room. . . . The answer to their petitions comes through the crystal.” It was formerly believed that the crystal sphere itself, by virtue of its “ magnetic properties,” was accountable for the prophetic pictures and visions produced in its clear depths. But most people have now come to understand that it is the seer himself who elicits the visions, and that to persons gifted with that particular psychic sense, it is a matter of indifference what they “ gaze ” at, so long as it is a help to concentration of attention. Other stones were often used for the purpose, particularly, says Dr. Fernie, the “ pale water-green

beryl, or delicate aquamarine; this water-green being astrologically considered as a colour especially under the influence of the moon, an orb exerting very great magnetic influence." It is true that professional "crystal-gazers" sometimes tell their clients to hold the crystal ball for several minutes, alleging that the stone is thereby influenced in some way by the personality of the inquirer. But it is doubtful whether this part of the performance is in the least necessary in the case of a genuine seer, though to the uninitiated such a preliminary makes the whole business more impressive.

Some years ago, when travelling abroad, the writer met a Mr. X——, a civil engineer, who in the exercise of his profession had passed much of his life in Egypt. One evening when the conversation had turned on "fortune-telling" and kindred subjects, and different experiences were being exchanged, Mr. X—— related the following story, which he said was to him as inexplicable as it was true: "By the side of a road close to Cairo, an Egyptian boy sits all day with a crystal ball, from which he professes to be able to read the future. One day my friend Arnold and I were walking past this boy, when Arnold stopped and said, 'Look here, let's have our fortunes told.' I said, 'Nonsense!' and wanted to go on. But Arnold was determined, so he gave the boy a coin, and jokingly told him to look into the crystal. The boy was silent for some time, then said, 'I see a room, but it is not like our rooms.' He then described what sounded like an English bedroom. Arnold said, 'Yes. Go on. What else do you see?' After a while, still looking intently at the ball, the boy answered, 'I see a woman lying on a couch. She is old, but she looks like you. She is dying.' He would say no more, and put down the crystal. We walked on, Arnold seeming preoccupied and depressed. I said, 'Surely you did not believe that nonsense?' He replied that he could not help thinking it strange, because the boy had actually most accurately described his mother's room in England! However, we began to talk of other things, and personally I thought no more of the matter, until a few days later I was shocked to hear that Arnold had received news of his mother's death, which had unexpectedly taken place on the day that the boy saw the vision in the crystal."

Although it is rather a digression from the subject of this article, the writer is tempted to conclude with a short story which she thinks illustrative of the assertion, that it is really no occult property of a crystal in itself that produces the vision,

but that other objects able to give an effect of depth and repose answer a real clairvoyant's purpose equally well. In the words of the narrator: "My mother and I were staying with my godmother Miss Power, who lives in a little country village in Blankshire. One evening after dinner we were talking about crystal-gazing, etc., and she said that she often saw visions in an *ordinary plain tumbler* filled with water. We asked her to try then, and she proceeded to do so. After describing one or two scenes . . . which we could not identify, she suddenly exclaimed that she saw several war-ships and a number of fishing-boats enveloped in clouds of smoke, one of which appeared to be sinking, and on board which men were rushing to and fro in a terrified condition. We couldn't imagine what this could be, but on opening the papers next morning, the first thing we saw was the account of the 'Dogger Bank' incident, when the Russian war-ships fired on the English fishing-fleet. I'm sorry to say we can't remember the exact date, but of course any book dealing with the war would give it to you. Miss Power saw the vision late on Sunday evening, and being right in the country, there was no chance of her having seen any rumour of the affair in a Sunday paper, as one might be inclined to suspect in the case of some one living in town. We always thought it rather an extraordinary story, and one of the strangest points about it is that my godmother is one of the most matter of fact people it is possible to imagine . . . altogether the very last woman one would think likely to be gifted with 'occult powers' of any description."



# THE PHILOSOPHY CALLED VEDANTA

By FLORENCE FARR

IT will be seen from a system given in an Appendix that the Vedantists as well as the Kabalists have used the idea of analogy and correspondences. For the threefold nature of the Holy Spirit corresponds to the threefold nature of the gods and of humanity. And the fivefold permutation of the ultimate divine state corresponds to the fivefold permutations of nature in her dark or automatic condition and to the fivefold permutations of the subtle body of a man.

We find that the fivefold nature of the Duat of the Egyptians and the fivefold Rose of the Rosicrucians bear the same interpretations ; and the fivefold mystery is related to the Trinity, because, besides containing the separated qualities of the Trinity as the blossom, the fruit and the seed-pod, it contains them, united as it were, as three branches on one tree, and it contains them in their earliest potential state in the likeness of the seed before it is grown to a tree.

These states which we have already studied under the Kabalistic symbolism as the surrounding whirlings, the radiant centre, and the separated Sephiroth ; and again as the three pillars of the Sephirothic Tree, and as the king, queen and knight of the Tarot cards, are called in the Vedantic system Sat, or Being ; Chit, or Wisdom, the Divine Sophia ; and Ananda or Ecstasy. The Sat-Chit-Ananda is also regarded as a unity which had arisen from a former potential or seed-like state.

The state of rest is sometimes said to consist of a whirling so rapid that coherent form or relation is impossible, exactly as in ecstasy the saint is so preoccupied with the wonder of his own spiritual exaltation that no exterior power can affect him sufficiently even for him to be aware of its existence. After rest these wheelings of the spiritual ecstasy gradually slow down and by a long series of convulsive movements and sounds of thunder Nature brings forth from form her passion and her dancing.

The story of the birth of tangible things seems to be common to the East and to the West. But the peoples of the East do not attach the same value to our present life as the peoples of the West are inclined naturally to do. They have kept the external life so simple that they are able to face death with a splendid

courage. We have made it so complicated and acquired excellence in the arts and sciences with so much toil that we feel a regret at parting with the mechanism we have educated and disciplined. We fear that we shall by some accident or foolish ignorance find ourselves astray when we wander among the shades on the banks of the dark river.

We do not love the simple ecstasy of nature as they do. They love the gift that cannot be taken from them ; we love the passing glories of this world of painful civilization. They do not believe progress is an eternal reality. The greatest of their philosophers have looked upon life as a farce to be acted with as much forbearance as possible. We cannot do this ; it is impossible for an unphilosophic mind to attain this attitude. And who is there with a philosophic mind here ? We all have a touching faith in the value of our own work and wisdom. So life in the East is seen to be an exquisite farce, and sometimes we have seen the dark mournful eyes of their princes watching our restless struggles and wondering that we should take so much trouble to disturb the world with our reforms. There is no object in living except to discover that living is a farce. What does it matter ?

We can only mutter that these strange aloof beings who smile with sad eyes are mad. We are too much aware of our own worthiness. We deny that it is possible that the human race, and especially that part of it to which we belong, could have been created without a serious purpose ; we fill life with serious purposes, and although we cannot do much for other people except give them mistaken advice, we still hope to find out something purposeful if we can only stay in the world long enough. I have said I have seen the sad eyes of a prince from the East wondering at the restless vulgarity of well-bred people. His face was of most wonderful perfection ; and he said nothing, but moved about among the well-dressed rabble and went away quietly. Hours of instruction could not have taught me what the sight of that silent face stamped into my very soul : " I am here to learn to see through my own convictions. I am here to overcome the magician who has bewildered me. I am here to learn to know myself. That is the only purpose life has."

Another time I heard a certain Hindoo philosopher, said by the late Professor Max Müller to be very learned ; and although he seemed to think abuse more effective than argument, his conversation was very interesting. He had evidently been

talking about her religion to a benevolent English lady. When I came into the room she was saying—

“ There is something in all our hearts which makes us aspire to what is beyond.”

*The Hindoo.*—That is all delusion and folly. You are ignorant of what man really is. You do not understand anything. These masters of religion you speak of are prophets whose work it is to enslave men. We, the teachers of the Highest come to free them from ignorance and delusion. We see down into the world of the prophets who bring religions into the world. No one can say, “ I am the Son of God.” God cannot be a father ; that is a human relation. (Then in a thundering voice, he cried :) I am beyond all gods. I am Atman. This body is nothing ; the only body I have is infinite ecstasy. (Ananda mayakosha.)

*The Lady.*—Yes, yes, that is all very well. But the God I speak of knows us and knows what we each require.

*The Hindoo.*—God does not know anything of the sort. His consciousness does not enter into the delusion of the foolish and ignorant. Oh, you are ignorant, you do not understand !

*The Lady.*—Oh yes, I do ; more than you think. I want something higher than you teach. I want the Kingdom of God, not of man.

*The Hindoo.*—I tell you, you are ignorant. You do not know what man is ; you must go to hell.

*The Lady.*—Oh, you believe in hell then ?

*The Hindoo.*—Hell is being subject to delusions, and enjoying and suffering through the objects of delusion here. You will have to incarnate thousands and thousands of times.

*The Lady.*—But I don't want to.

*The Hindoo.*—You will have to. You don't want to die, but you will die, and your dying thoughts will carry you into some other body—man, woman, fish, bird.

*The Lady.*—I don't fear death.

*The Hindoo.*—Oh, you are ignorant ; you cannot see that you are Infinite Spirit, all-pervading. I am That ; you are That ; she is That ; he is That. There is no difference. That has no human relations ; there is no father or mother or son about the matter.

*The Lady.*—I believe in a God.

*The Hindoo.*—Millions of your fellow-countrymen have got beyond that ; they know these religions are fables and delusions.

*The Lady.*—Who died for me.

*The Hindoo.*—Martyrdom is a folly. It shows that a prophet does not know how to present his message. I should be a fool if I stood on the steps of your churches and said: "This is all wrong; pull down this place, this is all error." No, I speak to those who come to me for Truth. You had better go away.

After much persuasion she did go away. He was asked by some one else: "How did illusive power (Maya) contain the five elements of which Brahma is devoid?"

He replied: "In the Eternal Omnipresent Existence of Brahma the following five forms are contained: (1) Omnipresence; (2) Potential Power; (3) Illusion in Potential Power; (4) Knowledge; (5) Bliss. As long as an Omnipresent Knowledge of the Three in One exists, that Knowledge is Brahma. But when in the same Brahma a little atom becomes separately conscious of the idea of Bliss, then that atom's knowledge became an active God and the knowledge of Bliss an illusive power of God (Maya). The reflection of the knowledge of God in the Bliss became Jiva, or soul. It then forgot the knowledge of the Omnipresent Brahma and became an individual soul, and illusion was added to illusion and the five forms of Brahma emerged as the five elements we know. Salvation shall be for those who can recognize the reality underlying the illusive forms it dwells in."

This charming and naïve statement of an ardent believer in the Divine state possible to human beings interested me at the time, but I found the philosophy was attended by a simplicity of nature so complete that it was impossible to forget my own experiences sufficiently to become equally simple.

It is very difficult to accept Eastern teaching as to the acting of the life-farce, although one is quite willing to admit that, theoretically, life is a farce. Sometimes one imagines that the ideal guru is not a messenger from the East but a certain radiant state of consciousness symbolized as the root with three branches, or the Omnipresent Knowledge of the Three in One.

There is little doubt that the mind has a visible and an invisible workshop. Like a great smith it hammers out problems and questions. This gives us the sensation of thought. We set ourselves to think out the best way to attack such and such difficulties. We clamour at the gates of some barrier. Suddenly, without any opening of gates, without any trouble at all we are there, we know all about the subject and we wonder that we should have asked a question when we knew the answer all the time. It is just as if part of us would insist upon fixing its attention on the mechanism of our ears instead

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of listening to the sound flowing in. Our mind is an instrument which asks questions, but cannot answer them. It is the receiver of answers just as our ears are the receivers of sound. We have only to focus our attention, for the Knower is within and without ; it is not an individual reflection of Atman, but it is the universal Atman ; but we clothe it in numberless forms of gods and spirits, gurus and fetishes.

The Omnipresent Knowledge of the Three in One of the creative, subjective and objective states of the soul is a centre of radiance whence the three spring as illusionists, egoists and illusions, for egoism is the instrument of the illusionist. In the same way that the subjective mind is the instrument of the creative mind. The Omnipresent does not act in its state of union, but when separation takes place it appears as these phases of mind. Impulses bombard the personality and illusions are created because of the separated state of consciousness.

An hour ago a simple instance of the difference between the wise and the foolish way of trying to accomplish something happened to me. I had been searching a book of some five hundred pages for a half-remembered passage for about five minutes in vain. I gave up the struggle and named the part of the passage I wished to find. My hands turned the leaves idly for half a minute and then the first finger of my left hand pointed to the exact passage. No act of superstition on my part, no intervention of spirits or guides was necessary. I only expressed my desire clearly and without agitation. A great many times I have found this process of the mind succeed. The questioning attitude, like the prayerful attitude is efficacious. It is the right one both with myself and other people ; it is the right way to work the mind. A clear statement of the need in words is necessary. To tighten up the muscles and to clench the teeth in making a physical effort do not produce so good an effect as the loosening of the muscles in order to let power rush through the body. The force that flows through the nerves is gathered in from all sides, and if the flow is uninterrupted by violent contractions there is practically no limit to it, and power and knowledge come to us easily. But although many people have received illumination when the mind assuming its radiant form discovered to them its power and touched its own root, the state of Omnipresent Consciousness, they will not believe that so mighty a power can in reality attune itself to their petty human spirits. Like the English lady who talked of her God with confidence, they create illusive ideas for themselves and worship Omnipresent Consciousness as something out

side and beyond them. To persist in this want of faith in unity involves a fall deeper and deeper into delusion and separation, as the lady was warned by the philosopher, whose words she could not understand.

The root of the delusion of progress is in this want of faith. We can all ask questions now ; we need not wait for some indefinite future. Ask the question and listen to the answer which comes in the form of an idea without apparent process of thought or logic. It is true that after the idea has come, the logical faculty delights to play with it and examine its perfections. For logic is always useful as a means of convincing ourselves that what we have made up our minds to do is right. Logic is the plaything of the mind and slowly goes over the ground that the radiant mind traversed in the millionth of a second.

When a few people meet together and ask trivial questions while they tilt a table, they succeed in getting answers because the least common measure of their minds is capable of answering foolish questions foolishly. If their purpose and questions are on more important matters the least common measure may be of a higher quality. But it is very seldom that two or more can think out high problems better than one in solitude after concentration and meditation ; for these practises are the best means for stilling thought and hearing wisdom.

It is possible that a guru and his chela, whose natures are specially attuned to each other, may produce thought and expressions of thought impossible to either of them alone, especially when the two are filled with devotion. For the questions of one stimulate the higher mind of the other. The guru can answer any intelligent question put to him, and the oracles of the ancient world were examples of this very common power ; for it is an almost universal experience with teachers of all sorts that they can often give extraordinarily clear replies on subjects they had not considered beforehand when an intelligent pupil asks them a sufficiently definite question.

Socrates stimulated himself by the questions he asked, and it is a strange thing that the method is not more freely used in the elementary discipline of the mind practised by all who seek to know themselves. There is an interchange between all who ask and all who answer as subtle as the interchange between an orator and his audience. He gives them words ; they give him life ; and each quickened pulse desiring light feeds his eloquence with a more brilliant inspiration.

## REVIEWS

ANNIE BESANT: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Illustrated. Third Impression, with a new Preface. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

THE third impression of Mrs. Besant's fascinating autobiography is a far weightier pronouncement in favour of Theosophy than her first. About fourteen years have passed since W. E. Gladstone, in reviewing her for *The Nineteenth Century*, slyly hoped that she would round off her spiritual career by a return to Christianity. She is now, however, President of the Theosophical Society by the wish of a mysterious "master," and, thanks to Theosophy, death has become "a negligible incident" in her "ever-widening life." Her present state is a curious outcome of tragically foolish beginnings. Her Christianity was so morbid that she envied martyrs for being able to show what they could bear for religion. Her mind was so clouded that, although her mother, whom she loved intensely, gave her the clearest proof that the body is a house which can be vacated and re-entered without loss of life, and although an unseen spirit restrained her, by sarcastic remonstrance, from committing suicide, she was able to walk—in very good company, it is true—under the banner of atheism. I do not mean that the supernatural occurrences to which I refer were proofs of the existence of God, but I do mean that they suggested routes to a wisdom which does not advertise its lack of a divine conception. Curiously enough the same year (1875) that saw Mrs. Besant "launched on the world as a public advocate of Free Thought saw also the founding of the Theosophical Society."

However, if Mrs. Besant had not been an atheist before she was a Theosophist, Fate would have been outwitted. Charles Bradlaugh picked her out as Mrs. Besant in a crowded hall before he had seen her in her present incarnation, and Mrs. Besant knows now that he and she were friendly in other lives. Their friendship was beautiful and touching; but ideas—first socialism, then Theosophy—separated them. Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* came like a new evangel to the altruist who had lost faith in the Christian Deity through sympathy for suffering humanity.

Though all were not fools who deemed the Russian seer a charlatan, Mrs. Besant, whom Dr. Pusey had found sinfully proud, was humble to her and allowed her to condemn the neo-Malthusian work on population, in which Mrs. Besant ignored the Theosophic idea that man is a "spiritual being whose material form and environment are 'the results of his own mental activity.'" From May 10, 1889, Mrs. Besant was a Theosophist. Since then she has disembodied her soul and permitted it to return, with knowledge gathered from human teachers, to that almost Irish case in which I hope it may reside for many years.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. By William Satchell. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. Price 6s.

THE Elixir of Life is the best dream that materialists ever had. As early as 1690 there existed a book "demonstrating the Three Infallible Ways of Preparing the Grand Elixir of the Philosophers," and tradition roundly asserts that Parnella and her husband found the elixir of life and still dwell in Arabia. To the modern romancer the elixir has proved moderately inspiring. Bulwer Lytton made his too-daring chemist the victim of supernatural jealousy. Ainsworth, as though to suggest that his torture-haunted imagination was prohibited from working fruitfully in Eden, left his *Auriol* unfinished, although he published a part of it many years before his death. Mr. Satchell's story must be regarded as a mental pick-me-up for despondent physicians rather than as a contribution to the literature of occultism. His elixir is simply an anti-toxin prepared after experiments with some marsupials, who offer extraordinary resistance to bacteria. Such an idea is in keeping with a grandiose conception of God. It is pleasant to imagine Him to have deposited in the world the substance needed for the conquest of death, and to have taken no measures to secrete it. Mr. Satchell is a clever romancer. He heightens the effect of the discovery which crowns his work by afflicting the reader by the spectacle of hopeless malady in young and lovable persons. The scene is on a steamer bound for New Zealand, and shifts to an uninhabited island when the propeller breaks and the captain is placed *hors de combat*. There are two pairs of lovers, and great heroism is displayed by a character who, in his own person, demonstrates the efficacy of the elixir by allowing himself to be inoculated with the virus of a terrible malady, whose ravages he endures until nothing in our pharma-



copoeia could have saved him. The discoverer's heroism consists in immortalizing his unloved wife. The author suggests that the effect of an elixir of life would be to neutralize man and thus check the growth of population. He does not grapple with the problem which would be created by the furious eagerness with which good and bad alike would demand physical immortality if a prescription for the elixir of life was known to exist.

W. H. CHESSON.

ZETETES AND OTHER POEMS. By Maurice Brown. London :  
Eliot Stock. 1905.

AN ardent lover of the poets, Milton, Keats, Shelley, Edgar Allan Poe—to mention only a few among the great names—Mr. Maurice Brown has himself the true ring of a poet, and if his sweetness overmatches his strength, that is only to say that he is yet young, and we may augur that strength will come with maturity. "Zetetes" is the most important poem in the book, and of the others I should be inclined to select the "Ode to Fancy" as possessing characteristic qualities.

Here is a hint of his charm :—

Long gazed he on the glamour of that scene,  
Floating in æry bliss, as one who swims  
And dreams adown the solitary waves  
Of some eternal ocean, till each sense  
Grows faint with ecstasy.

And again, while Zetetes is still dreaming :—

Perchance he recognized  
With some awakening sense within his soul,  
Some recreated twilight memory,  
Days yet unborn in mystic glamour golden,  
Or those dark tameless fates that track our paths,  
And mould our pliant souls for good or ill,  
Knowing, unknown.

At other times he has a sunny quality, which expresses itself in such lines as these :—

Each season hath her splendours and her praise :  
Each moment of delight is the most sweet :  
And every spirit of the hour speaks truth.

And this passage from the "Ode to Fancy" has an airy daintiness :—

Now, from worldly being purged,  
And in all sensuous life immersed,  
Do I become the light-foot fawn,  
Wakeful, snuffing up the dawn :

One with Nature ! Now I dance  
 With the Hours in twilight trance,  
 Weft of spells of old romance.  
 Now am I the scent of flowers ;  
 Now the spirit of spring showers ;  
 Now the silvery splash of fountains ;  
 Now the call from distant mountains  
 Of lone Echo.

It will be seen that the lover of that which is fine will not be without a companion in this little book.

THE LAW OF FINANCIAL SUCCESS. By Edward E. Beals.  
 Chicago: The Fiduciary Press. 10 cents.

THIS unpretentious little booklet, in its brown paper cover, will come as something of a revelation to the man desirous of making money. It reduces to a science demonstrable by laws the method of attaining the desirable ideal of "Financial Independence" by any one with sufficient education to read it. Mr. Beals applies to business life the principles that have for ages been practised by the Contemplatives of various religions—from Buddhist Bikku to Carthusian Monk—in their attainment of a spiritual independence. The titles of some of his chapters disclose this fact: "Mental Attitude," "Faith," "Desire," "Concentration," "Persistence," "Habit." It reads more like the contents table of some pious book of devotional exercises. Its author realizes that there is a universal law behind even the business of money-making. He has discovered some of the manifestations of this law and deduced some useful guiding principles therefrom. Further he has shrewdly seen the value of recognizing a spiritual law in the natural world. He has conquered the kingdom of the dreamer, but dreams no dreams himself. He is indeed extremely practical, and for practical purposes his book is infinitely more valuable than such works as Smiles' *Self Help*. Indeed it should be in the hands of all who need to make money.

L. C.

THE MAGNET. By Lida A. Churchill. London: Fowler & Co. 1s. net.

"THE aim of *The Magnet*," says the authoress, thoughtfully, on the page before the title-page, "is to secure for its readers the quintessence of the teachings for the acquirement of magnetism in words so few that they may be remembered, so strong that they may have lasting power." Her method of acquiring

the right to the possession of that somewhat loosely-applied description "a magnetic personality" is simple, and simply described. It consists in the avoidance of useless and nervous movements, violent and irritable expressions, of impurity, selfishness, meanness, deceit, coolness, and in the cultivation of strong, kind, loving acts, sympathetic words and tones, personal cleanliness, satisfying clothing, good health, and a sense of self-respect. Distrust, insincerity, belief in another's depravity, sneers, sarcasm, rude habits, injustice, meanness, "are great demagnetizers, as are violent and erratic states of mind or movements of body." Useful exercises are appended to each chapter and if a magnetic personality can indeed be self-acquired—which some of us may take leave to doubt—Miss Churchill's method certainly reads as though it were sane and sound, and consequently promissory of success.

L. C.

GHOSTS. By Dr. Alexander J. McIvor Tyndall. Denver, Ohio: The Balance Publishing Co.

THIS neat little volume is one of the Swastika Series and constitutes a message from the *Illuminati*. The particular kind of ghosts which the enlightened mind of Dr. McIvor Tyndall here evokes and seeks to "lay" are not the wraiths of dead personalities, but the effete notions and prejudices of a worn-out humanity. These are the unseen spectres of the human mind which influence our every action, mould our thought, and determine our speech, making of us little more than automata under their control. Dead ideas, worthless customs, worn-out ethics, the false concepts of ages—these are the invisible agents of that Master Ghost, Tradition. It is an idea taken from Ibsen's play in which the tyranny of convention and non-vital beliefs is strongly and dramatically portrayed. It is the ghost we fear and not the live man. Amongst ourselves we are quite agreed that many an article of faith is illogical, many a belief inhuman; that the laws of Society and the tyranny of Mrs. Grundy are things to be overturned; and that half the trouble in the world is produced by our attempts to conform to standards of conduct which we inwardly know to be false. But the ghost of tradition keeps us in fearful submission to these things. This message of the *Illuminati*, then, is written for the purpose of awakening us to a sense of independence and self-respect. There is much in it that will do good.

SCRUTATOR.

B B

**CHRIST MYSTICAL.** By Bishop Hall, of Norwich, A.D. 1654.  
 With Introduction by the Rev. H. Carruthers Wilson, M.A.  
 Fcap. 8vo, pp. 174. London: Hodder & Stoughton.  
 1908.

GOD fulfils Himself in many ways of books, and the reiteration of the great things is continued incessantly. We have to be thankful not only for the high rescripts but for many lesser communications. Among these, the peace which comes from the realization of God in Christ and of Christ in mystical union with the soul of man was at least a partial experience of Bishop Hall, and he bore witness concerning it in this little treasury of devout and inward life. The analogies of the union, its specific description, the benefits thereto belonging, and the means by which it may be attained—of these he speaks briefly, but as one who has known the peculiar ways of grace. I suppose that the root thesis might be expressed by the one statement—that when God is born within the individual soul, He is called Christ. The rule of attainment is the concurrence of the human will in the work of regeneration, and that work is by the way of faith, which has its term in experience. The banns of marriage are published in faith, the marriage itself is made by a mutual concordat, and the union which follows passes eternally into consummation. I must not say that the discourse is always satisfying; sometimes it is timorous and halting, as if the writer felt constrained towards the high expressions, but was looking for his recorded warrants too anxiously. The present reprint has been made from a scored copy which belonged to General Gordon, and the scores recur herein. Perhaps there is no qualifying reason, but the fact remains that most passages so distinguished are those that I, as a mystic, should have been disposed also to mark. Mr. Wilson in his prefatory words tell us of Gordon's theology, so perhaps, from another hand, we shall learn something unforeseen about tactics from the writings of Thomas Aquinas. One cannot help thinking that a word on the Bishop of Norwich would have been more to the purpose, since he, after all, was the author and, as such, is the important consideration which must perhaps be supposed to remain.

A. E. WAITE.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

SOME curious *tabu* customs are reported in an article in the *Empire Review*, by Mr. John Parkinson, writing on Southern Nigeria. In the Ijebu country, on the south-eastern border of the Lagos province, he found the natives bringing produce, mainly bunches of plantains, for a large market which was to be held the next day. Every woman placed a "medicine" on the top of her piles of fruit, such as a palm frond and a few leaves, or a piece of stick with a handful of wet sand.

The same woman placed the same "medicine" on each of her heaps, where it served a double purpose: to distinguish her plantains from those of another, and to protect from theft. Such charms are common among all the tribes; every pile of yams, every bunch of palm-nuts placed by the roadside during the temporary absence of the owner is surmounted by a thief ju-ju, and the goods are left untouched by the passer-by. In the first instance each "medicine" is doubtless issued by a priest, and is the sign, and doubtless the habitation, of a spirit who avenges theft. One curious thief-medicine consists of two cones of basket-work, placed base to base, from the apex of one of which three loose ends are carried over towards the other apex, where they are tied together. The arrangement is fastened to one of the stakes for extending the fishing-nets. The natives explain that theft of or from the nets and lines attached to the stake is followed by a swelling of the body of the thief, until it resembles the basket. Here then we have a "medicine" widely spread, its action depending on homœopathic magic.

*Modern Astrology* has an article on Symbols, by J. R. Taylor, bringing out the fact that "a complex system of symbolism is found so closely connected with aboriginal races throughout the world that primitive man cannot well be considered apart from the symbols." Further:—

The existence of a universal system of symbolism leads to the rational inference that the original underlying meaning proceeded from a common source of knowledge; it further implies the existence at one time of a body of men whose mental education was far in advance of the primitive races with which they were contemporary. The fact that the system of symbolism was preserved more or less in its original form hints at the probability of intercommunication between the Teachers in various parts of the world. In this organization of knowledge which comparative symbology reveals to have existed in the infancy of humanity we have evidence of the existence of higher minds which possessed extensive mental power, foresight, motive, wisdom. And in the Symbolism itself we see their wisdom concretely expressed in a special method for the helping of humanity along mental and moral lines.

The same magazine contains two remarkable dream-stories, one representing a trial of courage, while the other, it is suggested, was a picture of the past.

*The Theosophical Review* has several interesting articles, and opens with a translation, from a recent publication of the Hakluyt Society, of the Peruvian story of the Creation and the Flood, the latter being ascribed to the disobedience of mankind to a certain precept given by the Creator, though tradition does not mention what it was. But as there arose among men the vices of pride and covetousness, they transgressed the precept, and the Creator cursed the earth and men, and sent a great flood.

Music in relation to Theosophy, and the question of sin as the endeavour to cling to one's separateness as an individual, are discussed, and there is an article on Astrology as an occult, but not a psychic, science :—

Its study requires no special faculty, no prolonged training, the investigator is not dealing with unknown forces, and no risk is run of over-developing one's astral vision or body, nor is there any danger of obsession by astrals or elementals. It must be pursued with a rational mind, a cool judgment, and all the normal brain and sense faculties. As a science it is founded on a mathematical and intellectual basis, and is ratified by an intuitional and spiritual understanding. . . . All who engage in the study of astrology find that it enlarges and uplifts the individual consciousness, by establishing wonderful links between the relatively insignificant human unit and the motions of these unknown worlds and all the heavenly constellations. It produces in the student feelings alike of the greatest humility and divine pride ; it makes one aware of one's ignorance through the problems it raises ; it at the same time confirms the truth that each microcosmic man or woman is an exact replica of the macrocosm ; and it is a great intellectual aid towards the attainment of " cosmic " consciousness.

The idea of the cosmic consciousness is further illustrated in two other articles of very different character ; one by Mr. Blackden on " The Book of the Dead," containing a beautiful hymn for the seeker after enlightenment, addressed to the Ruler of the Desert Shrine, or Shrine of the Unmanifest, also called the " Silent Mountain," and ending :—

" Give Thou unto me a path that I may pass into Peace,  
(For) ' I Am ' is the Balanced (One) ;  
(Yea), I utter no lie, because I know."

In the other, describing the Cosmic Consciousness as explained by the doctrine of the permanent Ego, the immortal Self within every man, Mr. A. H. Ward says :—

To attain the point of view of the Ego is to attain the cosmic consciousness of the realities of the evolution of the world. To identify oneself with one's own Ego is to become the Watcher of the Universe, the Doer of the Will which that great Creation manifests, and the Perfect Man himself on the plane of eternity. All modes of perception—sensation, feeling, higher feeling, and acute perception—culminate in this Watcher

aspect of the real Self. . . . To attain this cosmic position is the end for which all white occultism strives ; it is the Great Work of the Alchemist, the Kingdom of Heaven of the Christian Mystic, the Nirvana of the Buddhist, the Liberation of the Hindu. All ways lead there, all religions prepare for the treading of that Path.

The experience of a sudden glimpse of Cosmic Consciousness is cast in the form of a story, still in the same Review, by another author—Michael Wood, whose illuminating descriptions of experience are a feature of the magazine. This one is entitled "The Vicar's Mood," and in narrating his glimpse he says :—

No description I can give of it is the least like it, you understand. First it seemed to me that to talk of externals is misleading. There are no externals ; they are the thing itself. You cannot say there is matter and spirit. There is One Thing. It was like standing at the source of some fount of living fire and seeing it become—no, it did not become ; it was itself—the thing—that appeared. And it was real, not mere "appearance" ; it revealed a fact ; nay, it was alike the fact and the revelation. This One Thing was at once all objects of the world of the body, and the world of the soul ; but this One Thing was also a Being. It stretched throughout the knowable, and was the knowable, and still transcended it. There was in It no illusion whatsoever ; it was as simple and clear as truth. There was only this omnipresent and eternal Living Substance.

Mr. J. Arthur Hill contributes an article on "Religion and Modern Psychology" to the *Albany Review*, in which he deals with the Subliminal Self and the soul's existence in a spiritual world—perhaps a timeless, non-spatial existence, and deduces that Truth must be reached by other and higher paths than the intellective. This Truth can only be vaguely expressed through the intellect, but vaguely-expressed Truth is better than clear-cut untruth.

*The New Theology Magazine*, an American publication, in treating of "The Ideal Plane," says that "an idea always makes its appearance in the mind from a different source than the normal mind itself," and this is why we recognize it as something apart from our ordinary thinking. We cannot even receive an idea from another person. "All we can receive is the word which brings up a thought," and then if we reach out into the world of purer thought for ourselves an idea results. "The spiritual mind looks to the ideal world, and there it reaches all beauty and power and goodness."

A recent number of the *Health Record* contains an account of Dr. Baraduc's recent lecture in London on the photographing of human vibrations or psychic emanations, obtained by placing a sensitive film on the nerve-centres as well as by means of the camera.

## CORRESPONDENCE

[*The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.*]

*To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the three numbers of the OCCULT REVIEW. Just looking over them I came upon the letter (at end of March number) about the wonderful ghost story in *All the Year Round*. I consider this to be, *without exception*, the most remarkable account of the appearance of *phantasms with a purpose* I have ever heard of, and one of the most instructive as to the *causes, methods, and difficulties* of such communications. It was republished in a small volume by the *widow* of the gentleman to whom it occurred—Mrs. Thomas Heapley—with the very interesting correspondence between *Dickens* and the *writer*, as regards the first unauthorized publication of it in a mutilated form. It was published by *Griffith & Farran* in 1882, but I expect is out of print. As a mere interesting *story* I have read it again and again. An intimate artist-friend of the writer *assured me* of the thorough truthfulness of the authors, and the undoubted genuineness of the whole narrative.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

BROADSTONE,  
WIMBORNE.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—In connection with your very interesting remarks on Goethe's horoscope, in this month's REVIEW, perhaps I may be permitted to refer to a letter of Goethe's, written to the poet Schiller on December 8, 1798, which may be unknown to some of your readers. Schiller, who was then finishing his play, *Wallenstein*, and was just engaged on the scene in which the "astrological chamber" comes in, had written in a somewhat



dubious strain to consult Goethe about the propriety of introducing such a *motif* as astrology, which he himself regarded as an outworn superstition ("die Frätze, die ich gebraucht," he disparagingly terms it). Goethe, in reply, urged him to retain the astrological allusions, and added:—

The superstition of astrology rests on the vague consciousness of the vast totality of the universe. Experience tells us that the nearest heavenly bodies have a decided influence on weather, vegetation, etc.; we need only ascend by degrees, and it is impossible to say where this influence ceases. The astronomer finds everywhere that the course of one heavenly body is affected by another; the philosopher is inclined, nay, constrained to the hypothesis that such influences are most far-reaching; and man, in his anticipation of himself (*im Vorgefühl seiner selbst*), need only advance further and extend this action to the moral sphere, to happiness and misfortune. Such a supposition I should not even term superstition; it lies so near our nature, and it is as admissible as any of our beliefs. Not only in certain centuries, but at certain periods of our life and in certain natures it comes into play, oftener than might be believed.

Elsewhere (*Sprüche in Prosa, Maximen und Reflectionen III*) Goethe says: "Superstition is the poetry of life; therefore it is no harm for the poet to be superstitious." But Goethe held, and continually asserted, that poetry—in its higher forms—was the best kind of truth, being based on direct intuitions beyond the ordinary sources of knowledge.

It is impossible for any one to read through Goethe's many writings, both poetry and prose, without coming to the conclusion that his nature was rich in spiritual potentialities, that, underlying all his apparent preoccupation with objective facts, there was a deep vein of mysticism, and that he was keenly interested in occult subjects and in what we call nowadays "psychical research" (being in these respects a contrast to his friend Schiller, who, with all his idealistic philosophy, is far more representative of the rationalistic bias of his age). Of this Mrs. Alexander's most suggestive article, for which all Goethe-students will be grateful, brings forward abundant proof, especially in her references to the correspondence with Frau von Stein—a correspondence which shows Goethe, perhaps, at his highest spiritual level. May I, in conclusion, refer to one other passage of that correspondence which seems to me conclusive evidence of the hold which the doctrine of reincarnation had on the poet's imagination? Writing from Ilmenau on July 2, 1781, he complains of the disturbing effect of old and painful

associations which make him long to leave his present surroundings, and adds :—

What a good thing it is that a man dies, if only to wipe out all his impressions and come again as from a bath ! (gebadet wiederzukommen).,

Yours faithfully,

M. JOYNT.

21, ANNESLEY PARK, DUBLIN.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I have been very much interested in "The Dutch General's Story." I firmly believe its plausibleness, for I have had a similar experience myself. I have seen the spirit of a dog not less than four times in five years. In the year 1848 I was a boy of about fourteen years. I was employed by a printer in a town about thirty miles from my home and boarded with my employer. I only worked there three weeks, when I became home sick, and decided to go home, which I did, and started, early one Sunday morning. My employer had a favourite Newfoundland dog which became greatly attached to me, so when I went he followed me. I could not drive him back, no matter what I might do to him. After I got far enough out of town, so that I was sure he would not return, I took off his collar and let him come along. Later, when I went to sea, I disposed of the dog to a man who would take good care of him, and never saw him again in life, but I have seen him no less than four times now in the past five years. He comes to me just as affectionately as he did sixty years ago.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES L. NEWHALL.

SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS., U.S.A.

[For Psychometric Delineations, see over page.]

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# PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS AND ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS

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*Question 1* : When shall I be freed from my present uncongenial surroundings, and have improvement in my financial position ?

*Answer* : I sense a change for you in a few months' time ; in fact, influences are already at work which will bring about this change.

*Question 2* : What is my most adapted business, the one that would bring me financial success ? am at present a book-keeper for a German firm.

*Answer* : I sense you a good accountant and consider this is congenial work. What goes against you at present is the conditions and influences under which you work, and this all changes during the next few months.

I sense a quick, active, but very sensitive temperament and some impatience at delay ; there is a great objection to interference, and a general love of power. The will is strong and with such determination to succeed you should advance rapidly in your profession, once you get a fair start I sense gratified ambition, and great success for you. It would be wise to wait a few months before making any serious change, and in the meantime try to make the best of present circumstances.

## DELINEATION (A. D. M. D.)

*Question 1* : Do you see in the near future any change in my professional occupations, which would bring me great happiness, and free me from my present uncongenial conditions ?

*Answer* : I do not sense any change this year, but early next there is a great change for you. I sense a journey and new surroundings and your work and the influences about you are much more congenial after this change.

*Question 2* : Have I been successful in obtaining the help of the office I wrote to in London ?

*Answer* : I do not sense any immediate success from this application, but good comes from it after some delay.

*Question 3* : I am desirous of communicating with my son who passed over in December, 1906 (India). Can you tell me whether I possess any spiritual gift that would enable me to do so, and establish his identity ?

*Answer* : I cannot sense any spiritual gift of this kind and yet I sense your son very near you, and I am astonished you do not realize him more than you do. I think your best method would be to cultivate clairaudience. I cannot sense any success with clairvoyance, materialization, automatic writing-table rapping or trance mediumship.

## DELINEATION (SPRINGBOK).

*Question 1* : Do you sense my leaving South Africa shortly ? if so when, whether, and for how long ?

*Answer* : I do not sense your leaving South Africa at present, but in about two years time I sense a journey which seems to have a very important effect on your life, this seems to bring you to England, but it is too distant for me to be certain of the direction.

*Question 2* : Have I any psychic faculties worth developing ? if so kindly name them.

*Answer* : I sense a fine power of intuition, but nothing more.

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