OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPERNORMAL 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

WHAT IS A CRANK?

THERE is a tendency apparent nowadays in certain circles not noted for anything in particular, except their super-eminent mediocrity, to dub everyone whose opinion differs from that of the average unintelligent man in the street, by the uncomplimentary epithet of "crank." Failing the possibility of producing any valid argument against the opinions in question, there is something to be said for this method. It is at least reminiscent of the proverb "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." I am quite aware that much that has been written in the OCCULT REVIEW is open to this form of attack. I suppose, however, that a man can hardly be called a "crank" because he objects to being buried alive. I notice that in this matter I have no less eminent a sceptic than Mr. Henry Labouchere on my side, and I consequently feel somewhat as I suppose the angels did when Benjamin Disraeli announced his determination to champion their cause. The position of those who consider that it is only common prudence to take every possible precaution against premature interment appeals apparently to the intelligence of a journalist, whose forte and the secret of whose success lies in his capacity for putting everything he touches upon in the driest of dry lights, and for placing his facts before the

world unrefracted by any atmosphere of sentiment, glamour or popular prejudice. In treating therefore in this month's Notes of a particularly unpleasant subject, but one not therefore to be burked or hushed up by a suicidal policy of silence, I take the liberty of prefacing my remarks by quoting from certain observations which appeared in *Truth* on May 23, 1895, in comment on a letter from one of the Editor's correspondents.

MR. H. LABOUCHERE ON THE DANGER OF PREMATURE BURIAL.

This is what this noted journalist had to say :—

"The other day I gave a story showing the difficulty of obtaining a post-mortem examination after a doctor has once certified the cause of death. One of my readers caps it with a gruesome narrative of which this is the outline : A man lately died in London. The coffin had to be removed by rail, and was to be closed on the fourth day after the death. My informant, taking his last look at the deceased, was struck by the complete absence of all the ordinary signs of death at such a period. In particular, he states that there was no rigidity in any part of the body, and there was a perceptible tinge of colour in the forehead. He went over to the doctor who had attended the deceased, described all the signs that he had observed, and begged him to come and look at the body before the coffin was closed. The doctor absolutely refused, saying that he had given his certificate, and had no doubt as to the man's death. The friend then suggested that he might himself open a vein and see if blood flowed, to which the doctor replied that, if he did so without the authority of the widow, he would be indictable for felony. 'Whereupon,' says my informant, who was only a friend of the family, 'I had to retire baffled ; and let matters take their course.' Why on earth he did not take the widow into his confidence, or risk an indictment for felony by opening a vein on his own account, or even summon another doctor, he does not say. I trust that, should any friend of mine see my coffin about to be screwed down, under similar circumstances, and feel equal cause to doubt whether I am dead, he will summon up courage to stick a pin into me, and chance the consequences. This, however, has nothing to do with the doctor's responsibilities. It would seem that the medico in this case was either so confident in his own opinion as to decline even to walk across the road to investigate the extraordinary symptoms described to him, or else that he preferred the chance of the man being buried alive to the chance of having to admit he had made a mistake. Which alternative is the worst I do not know."

How many times I wonder since the days of Cain and Abel have the words "Am I my brother's keeper?" been acted upon as the guiding principle of conduct between one fellow creature and another. Apparently the friend who noticed the symptoms of vitality stifled his conscience by the reflection that he had "done his duty" in the matter, and troubled himself no further. We hear a great deal to-day about the universal brotherhood of mankind. If there

ARE MANKIND BROTHERS?

were the faintest trace of any attempt to live up to such an idea among men, incidents of this kind would be an impossibility. We find religions, associations, political parties that claim it as their motto. Where is the evidence of it? In what religious or political association in the world do we meet with the brotherhood of mankind *in being*?

I proceed to another instance of a somewhat similar character. Here again certain steps were taken to prevent a catastrophe, and more definite steps than in the previous case; but apparently through apathy on the one hand and through lack of knowledge on the other, no adequate effort was made to set suspicion at rest. The case is again one in which there is no actual evidence in refutation of the certificates of two doctors. The grave keeps its secret, and presumably the certificates were given on the strength of evidence which would have satisfied the majority of the members of the medical profession. But herein precisely lies the danger. The moral, if there is anything but a most curious series of coincidences in the story, is not a censure on the individual doctors, but a serious reflection on the inadequacy of the methods generally employed to ascertain the fact that life is extinct.

Here is the story as it was given me by a lady friend of the family who endeavoured ineffectually to prevent the burial taking place. Readers must draw their own conclusions as to whether the alarmist rumours that circulated in this case had any foundation in fact. The story is at least one which will appeal to those interested in records of thought-transference and dream coincidences.

I have been supplied with names and full particulars with reference to the parties concerned, but for obvious reasons publicity will not be given to them. It is sufficient to say that the gentleman whom I will call Mr. Smith is headmaster of a school of some repute, and was intimately known as well as his wife (whom this record concerns) to the lady from whom I had the narrative.

This lady (Mrs. Smith) was not considered dangerously ill at the time of which I speak, but suddenly, as her husband was sitting beside her bed, he turned to look at her, and she appeared to have passed away. The death therefore came as a great shock. The following morning at breakfast the sister-in-law who was staying in the house at the time turned to Mr. Smith and said, "I have had such a terrible dream. I dreamed that dear Fanny ——" "Oh, don't tell me," interrupted her brother-in-law,

A DREAM RECORD.

"I know what you dreamt. I dreamt the same dream myself. Fanny was buried alive!" It was perfectly true. They had both dreamt it. In the course of the morning a brother-in-law, who lived in the same town came round, and quite independently and without hearing anything about these dreams, delivered a special message from his wife to beg Mr. Smith to use all possible precautions as she had dreamt that Fanny was in danger of being buried alive.

This was not all. Immediately after, they had letters from the mother and sister, who lived up in the north, entreating that every possible care should be taken as they were haunted by the impression that Mrs. Smith was not in reality dead. As the result of these coincidences, a second doctor was called in and one of Mrs. Smith's veins was opened, but neither could detect any trace of life, and after rather more than the usual delay she was consigned to the grave. The lady to whom I am indebted for this record tells me that she saw Mrs. Smith the evening before she was buried, that she had never altered and looked just as if she was asleep. There were no symptoms of decomposition whatever. She begged and implored the husband to postpone the funeral. He, however, only shook his head and said, "What can I do? the doctors say she is dead." One would certainly have thought that in a case like this some indubitable symptom, such as decomposition, might well have been waited for, and in the meantime that practical efforts at resuscitation—however apparently hopeless—might have been tried. The auto-suggestion that nothing can be done is the surest possible means of preventing the doing of what is needful. That these practical steps have been actually taken with people who were supposed to be dead, and have been the means of restoring many lives, the following stories will bear sufficient witness.

AN AUTO-SUGGESTION OF INCOMPETENCE.

The following paragraph appeared in the *Undertakers' Journal* of May 22, 1895:—

"The Reverend Harry Jones, in his reminiscences, and as a London clergyman, declares his conviction that in times of panic from fatal epidemics, it is not unlikely that some people are buried alive. Mr. Jones recalls a case within his knowledge of a young woman pronounced to be dead from cholera, and actually laid out for the usual collecting cart to call from the undertakers, when a neighbour happened to come in and lament over her. The story continues thus: 'And is poor Sarah really dead?' she cried. 'Well,' said her mother, 'she is, and she will soon be fetched away; but if you can do anything you may do it.' Acting on this permission, the practical neighbour set up rubbing Sarah profusely

with mustard. Sarah sat up, stung into renovated life, and so far recovered as to marry; 'and I myself,' says Mr. Jones in corroboration, 'christened four or five of her children in the course of the next few years.'"

The following from the *Lancet*, June 21, 1884 (particulars again sent by a London clergyman), gives another method of resuscitation which was adopted and proved effectual in a case abandoned for dead by the doctors :—

"A mother and her baby were ill of small-pox, and seemed likely to die. The grandmother, however, made the nurse promise that if death appeared to ensue, and even if the medical man pronounced either or both to be dead, she would put additional blankets on the one or on both, and leave them so till her (the grandmother's) return, which would not be till the next day. They both appeared to die, and were declared dead by the doctor; but the nurse did as she had promised, and the next day, when the grandmother returned, they were both alive, and were both living not very long since."

It is quite clear that the test by opening a vein in the case of those apparently dead is no certain criterion. An instance is cited by Dr. Frederick A. Floyer, of Mortimer, Bucks, and published in the *Tocsin* of November 1, 1889, of a lady who escaped being buried alive by a mere accident. The nurse, who was much attached to her, after she had been laid out for dead, on taking a last look at her and stroking her face affectionately, presently declared she detected a sound of breathing. Medical assistance was summoned, and a mirror applied to her mouth, but the surface was unaffected. The doctors then opened a vein in each arm, but no blood flowed. No limb responded to stimulus, and all declared that the nurse was mistaken, and the lady dead. Fortunately, however, for the heroine of this tale, the nurse persisted and succeeded in establishing some sign of life. Mustard applications were applied to the patient's feet and neck, and burnt feathers to her nostrils, and she soon returned to consciousness and made a satisfactory recovery.

A SENSIBLE NURSE.

Another instance is recited by Dr. Franz Hartmann in his pamphlet on Premature Burial, in which the application of a red-hot poker to the soles of the supposed corpse's feet produced a shock which brought the woman back to consciousness. In this case the woman was saved by the appearance of her sister at the last moment, who begged to have a final look at the deceased, and for this purpose the coffin was reopened. On noticing her sister's unaltered appearance she maintained her belief that she was not really dead, and proceeded to act in the manner stated. This occurrence took place in the Bukavina (Hungary).

It is to be noted that in both these two last cases the supposed

corpse was conscious the whole time, but unable to speak or move.

CONSCIOUSNESS COMMON DURING TRANCE.

That this is by no means an unusual thing is evident from the perusal of a number of instances. Dr. Franz Hartmann has, I understand, collected some seven hundred of these. It is curious, however, that whereas in the two cases above cited, the patients remained indifferent spectators, not realizing the horror of their own situation, in others the people about to be buried have related, when they returned to consciousness, the agonies of terror which they underwent through being unable to give any sign to those present which might save them from the awful fate which awaited them.

It will be observed that in all the above-mentioned instances it is the practical common sense of some woman, who insisted on applying simple ordinary methods to promote a return to consciousness, which saved the situation, while the stereotyped methods of the medical profession would have left the patients to their fate.

A recent writer has bracketed the words "Occultism and Common Sense" in the title of his book. I venture to suggest that the two ideas have more in common than is generally recognized * I think at least many of my readers will by this time have realized that the preaching of the gospel of common sense in the affairs of life and death is no small part of the object for which the OCCULT REVIEW was set on foot, and that the antithesis to this, in the shape of orthodoxy and red tape, whether these hydra-headed monsters show themselves in science, religion, or in the medical or any other profession, is the one thing above all others against which I have never ceased to raise my voice. It is "the Infamous" of Voltaire, "the Enemy" of Gambetta, the "Anathema Maranatha" of the Biblical student. In the words of the New Testament it is the "dead letter" as opposed to the "spirit which giveth life." The man who is an occultist has got in touch with the realities underlying life-manifestations, and underlying phenomena. The dead letter of orthodoxy—orthodox science, orthodox religion, orthodox medicine, orthodox Mrs. Grundyism, orthodox anything-else-you-like, is but a stereotyped formula or collection of formulas, which to some age or to some generation expressed a faint approximation to truth,

COMMON SENSE VERSUS ORTHODOXY.

* Common sense is in effect the application of the principles of occultism to the affairs of ordinary every-day life, the basis of occultism being the getting at the essential God's Truth of the thing signified.—ED.

but for which in the light of a clearer knowledge, and in the sunshine of a truer gospel there is no other fate than that to which Christ condemned the fig-tree in the parable—"Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

My remarks on the subject dealt with in these notes have not yet been nearly completed. The space, however, which I can claim in the present issue is already used up, and it only remains for me to postpone the rest of my observations to another number.

ALCHEMY AND ROSICRUCIANISM.

A considerable space is occupied in the present issue by an article on *Alchemy and Rosicrucianism*, to which the author, Mr. A. E. Waite, attaches special importance. As in other instances of his work, the subject is approached from a new standpoint and one which may come as a surprise to some readers. It is an interpretation of mystic alchemy as the science of Divine Substance communicated to the soul and of Christian Eucharistic doctrine as *ex hypothesi*, on its higher side, concerned with the same mystery of experience.

Eckartshausen's theory of a Secret Church is hinted at as a specific attempt to put forward the same idea. The conclusion is that the end supposed by mysticism is also the end of the Churches. Mr. Waite, as I understand him, does not mean that there is an organized secret association behind official religion or that the alchemists said Mass. He presents rather the consideration that all schools of transcendental research—ecclesiastical or independent—have aimed at one thing and, so far as they succeeded, have attained one.

COINCIDENCES AND THEIR MEANING

By L. INKSTER GILBERTSON

A CONTEMPORARY recently pointed out the interesting fact that coincident with the demise of *Macmillan's Magazine*, the decease occurred of Professor David Masson, who in 1889 acted as its first editor.

The incident belongs to a large class of occurrences which, for want of a better designation, have been called coincidences, and which, taking place with a measured rhythm of time, seem to refuse allegiance to the law of chance or the sport of circumstances. They seem rather to indicate a link of inter-relation, subtle and mysterious, between men and the inanimate objects which go to form the material of their life histories. It is as if the man communicated to the objects within range of his influence—especially those which he handles with strenuous care—some of his own living potency, which reacts upon his character and affects his destiny.

When the Clock Stopped.—Quite a generation ago, as the writer can remember, a song entitled "The Grandfather's Clock" became very popular. It found its way into the repertory of the barrel-organs, and was whistled on the streets by every errand-boy with an ear for music. The refrain was as follows:—

Ninety years without slumbering,
Tick, tick, tick, tick;
His life seconds numbering,
Tick, tick, tick, tick;
It stopped short, never to go again
When the old man died.

The clock had begun its active existence with the babe in the cradle, and the careers of both closed appropriately together. The pathos of the suggestion kept the song active for a long time, and I saw a copy of it displayed in a music-seller's shop not long ago. But few, probably, of those who sang it or heard its curious refrain thought of the idea if embodied as more than a pretty invention, or at most an accidental coincidence.

But the passing of a generation has brought about a strange awakening of feeling on such subjects, and a desire to scrutinize carefully such odd happenings, with the object, if possible, of

finding their cause, or at least ascertaining whether they are not regulated by some unknown law.

Big Ben.—We have not succeeded in reducing the matter to its scientific principles yet; but we are in the way of putting the necessary facts on record. For instance, it was remarked, and due publicity was given to the fact at the time, that on the afternoon of the fourth of May last year, when "Big Ben" struck, in the sense of declining any longer to strike the hour, an ironmonger of the name of Bassett passed away at the same time, almost to a second.

Mr. Bassett had made the hands and figures of the clock fifty-three years before; he had wound it up regularly, and had never ceased to take an interest in its welfare. For some time previous to his death the man had been ailing. Coincident with his illness the clock appeared to be out of repair, and during the last week it had been going very irregularly.

The Great Wheel.—About the same time a somewhat similar coincidence occurred at Earl's Court, when the Great Wheel was taken down. Almost simultaneously with the completion of its demolition there was announced the death of the engineer who superintended its erection.

St. Paul's Clock saves a Life.—A still more sensational *dénouement* attended the erratic striking of a historic clock which saved the life of a soldier. The clock—or more correctly the bell which struck the hours—was Tom of Westminster, afterwards removed to St. Paul's, and the fact that he struck thirteen on a particular midnight was the means of preventing a sentence of death from being carried out upon a sentinel accused of sleeping at his post.

The incident occurred in the reign of William and Mary; it used to be related by a guide, when showing visitors the Terrace of Windsor Castle, and though frequently doubt was cast upon the story it was authentically recorded by the *Public Advertiser* in an obituary notice of John Hatfield, an old ex-soldier who died at the advanced age of 102, at his house in Glass-house Yard, Aldersgate, on June 18, 1770. It is there related that when a soldier Hatfield was tried by court-martial on a charge of falling asleep at his post on the Terrace at Windsor. The narrative goes on to state that he absolutely denied the charge against him, and solemnly declared, in proof of his having been awake at the time, that he heard Tom of Westminster strike thirteen, the truth of which was doubted by the Court, because of the great distance. But while he was under sentence of death

an affidavit was made by several persons, who came forward to state that the clock actually did strike thirteen instead of twelve that night, whereupon Hatfield received His Majesty's pardon.

A recital of these circumstances was engraved on the coffin plate of the old soldier "to satisfy the world of the truth of a story which has been much doubted, though he had confirmed it to many gentlemen, and a few days before his death told it to several of his acquaintances."

To some in these latter days, it may seem that his hearing the clock strike may have proved, not that he was awake, but that he was asleep and had paid an aerial visit to London. But it has been frequently asserted that both Tom and Ben of Westminster have been heard at Windsor. London certainly was much quieter, especially at night, a hundred and fifty years ago; and the atmospheric conditions may have been favourable at the time.

How it is Possible.—An answer to a correspondent in *Notes and Queries* * asserts that the incident may have taken place, because it is mechanically possible for a clock to strike thirteen. It is explained that every time the minute-hand comes to twelve it raises a catch connected with the striking part of the works, which then makes as many strokes as the space between the notch which the catch has left and the next notch allows. When the catch falls into the next notch the striking work is stopped till the minute-hand again reaches twelve. Now, if the catch be stiff, so as not to fall into the notch, or the notch be worn so as not to hold it, the clock will strike on till the catch does hold.

Magnetic Influences.—But no matter how simply such occurrences may be accounted for, that will not prevent people from associating such irregularities with some occult agency with a motive. A friend of mine in the mystic county of Cornwall has an ordinary time-piece which "takes turns" and will go on for days striking a varying number of strokes at the half-hours instead of a single chime, which is its normal duty. During these periods it will strike the hour correctly, and it will suddenly stop its vagaries without any interference and go on all right for a considerable time before the next relapse occurs. My friend and his family, who are all "psychic," declare that the clock is affected by occult influences. His daughter, who is

* Second series, vii, 14.

highly magnetic, has been seen to speak to it in a derisive sort of way, whereupon it has immediately struck, although the minute hand pointed neither to the hour nor the half-hour.

Chiming without Chimes.—This is quite on the lines of a story which perhaps caps it, told in a popular magazine not long ago of a clock which went on for a space of some years chiming the quarters—a fact attested on good evidence. When latterly it was examined it was found to be without any mechanism which would directly cause it to chime.

Big Ben as Royal Monitor.—There is an incident worth retelling in connection with the death of the late Duchess of Kent, the mother of Queen Victoria. On the morning of Thursday, March 14, 1861, two days before her demise, the inhabitants of the metropolis were aroused by "repeated strokes of the new great bell of Westminster"—Big Ben; and many supposed that the bell tolled for a death in the royal family. It proved, however, to be due to some derangement of the clock, for at four o'clock and again at five, ten or twelve strokes were struck instead of the proper number.

A gentleman who communicated the fact to *Notes and Queries* added: "On mentioning this in the morning to a friend who is deep in London antiquities, he observed that there is an opinion in the City that anything the matter with St. Paul's great bell is an omen of ill to the royal family"; and he added: "I hope the opinion will not extend to the Westminster bell."

This was at eleven o'clock on Friday morning, the day before the Duchess of Kent passed away. It was not until 1 a.m. of that day that Her Royal Highness was considered in the least danger and within twenty-four hours she expired.

The Grandfather's Clock.—So there may be something in the story of the Grandfather's Clock after all. A lady friend of mine, of a good Scottish family declares there is no doubt of it. She tells me her mother has such a clock in Glasgow, at the present time, which has descended in her father's family for several generations. It has always been a good time-keeper and an equally regular premonitor of family disaster.

When her father died he was in the prime of life; but heavy financial loss in connection with the lamentable failure of the City of Glasgow Bank broke his spirit and shattered his constitution, so that he was in an ailing condition for a long time. One day the clock stopped. "How strange!" exclaimed her mother; "we shall hear of some one passing away." It did not seem to occur to the old lady that it would prove to be her

own husband's summons. But at the very hour next day he breathed his last.

The Prophetic Picture.—These psychic experiences seem to run in families. My informant had one recently which seems to go towards establishing the truth of the often-quoted legendary belief that when a picture falls it betokens a death in the family. I must premise that I have had frequent falls of pictures in my own home, without fatal results ensuing, and deaths have occurred in my family without this premonitory incident. But that, of course, does nothing to invalidate the experience and the testimony of others.

My lady friend, in her own house, in a London suburb, had a picture fall from the rod to which it was suspended by a hook. On examination the picture cord was found intact. She remarked to her sister, " Now who is this we are going to hear about ? " She anticipated news of a death and took a note of the time of the occurrence. In due course a letter arrived from America, intimating the decease of a favourite brother, at an hour that corresponded exactly with that at which the picture had fallen.

The Wag-at-the-Wa'.—There may be many disposed to regard such coincidences as purely fanciful or imaginary, though the daily papers continue from time to time to add to the number of these mysterious occurrences. The writer is informed by a personal friend, on whose *bona fides* he can rely, that his mother had a clock which used to stop, as a regular thing, when any event of tragic importance happened to or threatened a member of the family.

It was not a grandfather's clock, which used to be fixed up in a large oblong case, but a " wag-at-the-wa'," an old-fashioned round-faced clock, which was hung upon a nail fastened in the wall, with its weights on chains and a long pendulum in full evidence. It has long gone out of fashion, though, as may well be believed, not out of the memory of many of the present generation.

Marks a Fatality.—The tick of the clock was loud and unmistakable, and its pendulum could be plainly seen as it swung hither and thither with its long sweep. It was quickly noticed if it stopped.

This it did when a second cousin of my informant met his death in a cart accident. The fatal occurrence took place at a distance ; and the clock was observed to stop at the time the accident was afterwards found to have happened, and before there was time for any information of the event to arrive.

Notifies the Doctor's Illness.—My informant in this case is a London physician and surgeon, already known to the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, a hard-headed Scot, and a member, in good standing, of what is recognized as a most unimaginative profession. His account may therefore be relied upon implicitly. He tells me that, some years after the incident just narrated, he was a hundred miles away from home, having just started the medical profession, and was being taken off to hospital, stricken down with a malignant fever.

The clock stopped, and his mother became alarmed immediately, asserting that she would hear of something having happened to John, which she soon found to be true. She noted the time, and sure enough it was the time when her son was being carried to the hospital. Perhaps he thought there was small chance of his return, and no doubt his thoughts had travelled homewards. It is coming to be realized that thoughts are of the nature of living things, and possibly the son's thought reached the mother's heart and influenced her. But how did it affect the clock? That is a more difficult problem, until we realize that the old lady paid it a visit daily to wind it up, dust it and care for it with something of the regard she paid to her own children. Fortunately her son did return, and still lives to tell the tale and much else that is as extraordinary and even more difficult to explain.

Saved from the Lightning.—The doctor's mother was "psychic"; that is, she was very sensitive to influences of an abnormal kind, now believed, after careful and patient investigation, to come from the psychic sphere or region of the soul. The old lady was quite unaware of the fact, though she related an experience she had which proves it to a demonstration.

She was out walking on a fine summer day. It was hot and sultry, and as she stood for a moment to gaze on the beautiful scenery around her she felt something pushing her backwards. She could see nothing to account for the peculiar pressure she felt, like two hands pressing on her shoulders, but yielding to it she found immediately that she was standing fully two yards back from her original position. No sooner had she reached this spot than a flash of lightning struck the ground where she had been standing, split a tree which stood near and killed a fowl which was standing beneath it. Had the old lady remained in her original position her life would have been forfeited without doubt.

A Clock with a History.—A clock which occupies an honoured

place in the royal palace of Stockholm has a singular history. Its case is modelled as an artistic group representing a lion held in check by an Oriental. Both figures suggest strong tension and have the illusion of movement given to them by the rolling of the eyes, the effect of which is weird. It was presented to the late King Oscar by the celebrated explorer, Nordenskjold, who procured it from a fisherman at Spitzbergen while on his way back from the exploration of the North Polar seas. It was strongly encased in a brass box when the fisherman hauled it on board in his net, with the assistance of three of his mates; and so frightened was he with his mysterious find that he was fain to part with it to the navigator, asking only thirty crowns for his trouble.

King Oscar used to tell how this prize from the Arctic seas was submitted to the judgment of the specialists and antiquaries, who decided after careful examination that it was one of the famous time-pieces which used to be made at Augsburg during the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. They found its works complete and uninjured, and concluded that they had been so well preserved by the metal case from the action of the sea that it would be possible to make it go. Their surmise proved correct.

A search of the carefully compiled catalogue of the Augsburg masterpieces revealed the fact that a clock completely answering the description had been ordered to be made at Augsburg for a convent at Archangel, intended by the monks to be placed in their refectory. It was duly made and dispatched by a vessel which sailed from a Dutch port, but was wrecked in the polar seas before it could reach its destination. Part of the wreck containing the precious object of the voyage was reported to be imprisoned in a glacier, and that was the last detail gleaned about it. These facts were completely proved by documentary evidence, and there can be no doubt that after holding it for four centuries the sea had given up its treasure-trove, which now ticks weirdly on the mantelpiece of a royal *salon*.

DEMONOLOGY

By SCRUTATOR

Part II

HAVING considered the deeper problem of the origin of the God and Devil ideas and having seen them to be most probably referable to human passions, hopes and aspirations arising primarily out of the needs of the body and soul of man, it may now be of interest to regard some of those psychic experiences which have tended in all times and countries to encourage and establish a popular belief in the personality of the Devil, and in an extended sense of devils or demons.

Granted that the source of all good things, that is to say, the things you and I most desire—food, clothing, health, competence and victory over our enemies—is God, it will follow that the paucity or denial of these things might vulgarly be ascribed to the interference of a source of evil. Hence the devil idea, as we have seen; and although the philosopher will make no fine distinctions in practical matters, he finds refuge in the twilight or middle state of potential good and evil when it comes to the question of causes. The Platonic philosophy regards the Good, the Beautiful and the True as tested by the single standard of Harmony. The evil is therefore the inharmonious. But it says nothing final as to the origin of discord. Probably we shall have to determine the cause of polarity in the electron before we get a glimmering of light on this question. For the present we can dispense with it and get back to our evidences.

In a remarkable work entitled *The Demonism of the Ages*, by Dr. J. M. Peebles, which was reviewed in these pages some time ago, the following passages occur in the introduction:—

> Persons that liked authority, position and the power to domineer over others in this life, carry their monarchical traits into the invisible beyond, and naturally, for a time at least, become controlling, if not obsessing, spirits.
>
> . . . They also follow and, if possible, commingle their psychic emanations with certain mortals and cling to them as fungus and moss to trees, thus vampire-like absorbing their vitality.
>
> . . . They incite mortals to the commission of crimes where no motive on this side of the great divide is discernible.

Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, affirms that

> To deny the possibility, nay, actual existence, of witchcraft and sorcery and demons, is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God . . .

and the thing itself is a truth to which every nation in the world hath borne testimony.

Dr. Nevius records many cases of obsession among Chinamen. One named Kwo bought a picture of Wang-mu-niang, the wife of Yu-kwang, the principal deity of the Shanking district, and took it to his house at King-Kia. Shortly he was visited in his sleep by a spirit who claimed to be that Wang-mu-niang and required his worship of her. He awoke with a consciousness of an evil presence and cursed it, saying that he would have nothing to do with it. In consequence of this denial he was repeatedly obsessed and driven to gambling dens at all hours of the night, on each occasion losing all he had. One night he was carried home insensible, foaming at the mouth, and after being bound in chains by his father and others in assistance, was treated by a doctor. For five or six days he raved and threatened violence to all who came near to him. Then the obsessing devil spoke through him and said, "Any amount of medicine will be of no use." Kwo's mother then said: "If medicine will do no good, what will?" The demon replied, "Burn incense to me and submit yourself to me and all will be well." The victim being unconscious during this colloquy, the parents undertook on his behalf to carry out the conditions imposed; and though at first Kwo was reluctant to do so, he was finally compelled in peril of his life to worship the demon in his own house on the new and full moon days. Dr. Nevius exhorted him to pull down the shrine and assert his independence of will. This he did, with the result that he lost his child by death a few days later.

Mr. W. J. Plumb, the public teacher in Chen Sin Ling, says that obsessions by evil spirits or demons are very common in the Tu-ching district, and there are many cases in Chang-lo. Needless to say that the professional medium and advertising spiritist are even more commonly in evidence in China than here in the West. But a fact of curious interest is that the "planchette" as we know it has been the recognized means of spirit-communication in China for ages past. Demon and spirit-worship, necromancy and magic are of the common life in the Yellow Empire. The Boxer rising was foretold by planchette, according to Mrs. Montague Beaucham, and the testimony of other British residents confirms the fact that obsession, mediumship and the observance of magical rites is a stumbling-block to the missionary in those parts. But the fault seems to lie rather with the missionary than with the hapless victim of ob-

session and devil-haunting, who would as lief take his healing at the hands of a Christian as by recourse to the native priest, or Kwei-po. When Chin of Ho-kia-chwang entered a protest in the Fung-yoh temple against the spirits who disturbed his home, but without avail by this or any other means, there was surely a chance for the missionary to let his light shine before men. For Chin was a wealthy man and had a large family and was a noted scholar with many disciples. Yet his doors were thrown open and shut again by invisible hands; the plates and bowls were rattled and spun; unseen presences walked the house with audible footsteps; the millet seed was mixed with straw and the wheat with filth; utensils were caught up into the air, so that the servants stretched out their hands to save them from falling. Devil-drivers, exorcists, makers of charms and spells were called in turn to put an end to the disturbances, and finally a public protest was lodged with the head of the priesthood. But Chin's wealth disappeared and his family is now in extreme poverty. For further details of devil-haunting and obsession I would refer the reader to *China and the Chinese*, by Dr. John L. Nevius, and to *Life in Mongolia*, by James Gilmore. We of the West have devils of our own, and plenty of them, that we need not go so far afield to find illustrations of the fact that Demonology is a serious study. It is interesting, however, to note that those in the Far East who make a profession of mediumship, although in requisition by all classes on occasion as the recognized channels of communication with the other world, are nevertheless relegated to the lowest place in the social scale, and in Korea and some parts of China are severely dealt with when their communications prove false or their predictions untrue. In the middle ground we find Judaism replete with illustrations of demoniac possession, and in the Gospel narrative there are a score of cases where persons "possessed of the devil" or "tormented by demons" were healed by the exorcism of a master mind. Long before that epoch, however, the Jewish mind had knowledge of such abnormal practices as were included in witchcraft, sorcery and magical evocation of the dead. Our illustration, taken from Glanvil's *Sadducimus Triumphatus*, represents one of the better known instances of evocation, the "raising" of Samuel. Joseph Glanvil was a Fellow of the Royal Society and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to King Charles II, and his book, popularly known as Glanvil's *Witchcraft*, was published in 1668. It constitutes a scholarly and rational defence of the belief in the intercourse between humans and the spirits of those deceased, sometimes referred to as demons, and adduces

much evidence from legal depositions to show that witchcraft was commonly believed in, if indeed it was not commonly practised in his day.

But if all spirits are to be accounted as of human origin it is certain from a variety of experiences that all have not the human form, as may be seen from the descriptions of them contained in the "confessions" of several witches, and here illustrated by woodcuts from John Ashton's *The Devil in Britain*

A Witch's Confession.

and America. In one of these appears the famous witch-finder, Matthew Hopkins, who wrote a book on *The Discovery of Witches*, published in London in 1647. He affirms that they all bear conspicuous stigmata. In 1644 he found seven or eight of "that horrible sect of witches" living in his own town of Maningtree, in Essex, who, with others of adjacent towns, did meet together every six weeks in the night, "being always on the Friday night," and had their "severall solemn sacrifices there offered to the Devill." Being seized and searched by women, "who for many

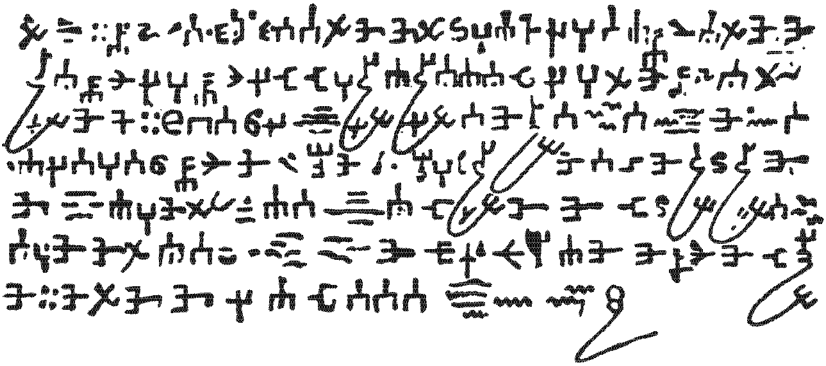
yeares had knowne the Devill's marks," one was "found to have three teats about her which honest women have not," and accordingly was kept from sleep for two or three nights by command of the Justice, "expecting in that time to see her familiars, which the fourth night she called in by their several names and told them what shapes a quarter of an hour before they came in, there being ten of us in the roome." What shapes and names they took appear in the illustration.

Another of these prints shows Johann Faust of Ruttlingen, in Würtemburg, in the act of performing one of his magical evocations. Faust, whose history has been immortalized on the stage as well as by Goethe and Melancthon, Luther and Marlowe, was born of poor parents at the end of the fifteenth century,

FAUST'S CONJURATION.

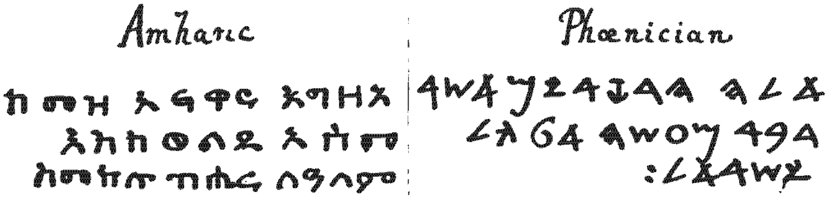
and was educated at the University of Cracow, and although Melancthon calls him "an abominable beast and a sewer of many devils," he is fully credited with the power of "producing the Devil in tangible form by means of his magical arts." So also was Ludovico Spoletano, by whose conjuration the Devil was called up and adjured to write "a legible and clear answer to a question asked of him," which was accordingly done in the manner which appears in our illustration. It probably constitutes the only authentic contribution of His Satanic Majesty to the literature of the subject. An invisible power took the pen, which was suspended in air, and rapidly wrote the characters here reproduced from the *Introductio in Chaldaicam Linguam*, printed at Pavia, 1532. The characters closely resemble those

of the Amharic writings in use among the Ethiopians of Amhara, an example of which, together with some Phoenician characters, here follows :



The average English reader will probably affirm that for pure diabolism there is not much to choose between them.

Yet if on occasion the Devil can be persuaded to write Amharic, there are those in existence and others in history who have affirmed he can as readily both speak and write French or Italian as Chinese, German or English. The only text he studiously avoids, it is said, is the Hebrew Scripture character,



and that because the letters are framed upon celestial constellations, in the control of which he has no hand at all.

In the service of the Devil the Sabbaticals and Saturnalia are important functions. Henri Boguet (a suggestive name surely !) writing a *Discourse on Sorcery*, in 1608, says :

> At these assemblies the witches adore Satan, who appears either as a huge black man, or as a he-goat, offering him homage with candles, which burn with a blue flame, kissing his back and shoulders. He holds up a black image which they kiss, and then they dance a curious circular dance, back to back, the lame ones inciting them to action. They then break into couples and indescribable orgies ensue. Then follows a banquet, the fare differing according to the quality of the company, but according to the illustrations, one of which is reproduced here, the *bonne bouche* was the body of an unbaptized child. They eat no salt, because it is hateful to the Devil, as being a symbol of immortality. Finally they make renun-

ciation of Heaven and the church, deride the name of God and swear fidelity to their lord and master, the Devil, who exhorts them to be unremitting in their hatred of the race, to avenge themselves on their enemies, and to lay waste the work of human industry, under penalty of their lives.

Fanciful as may be this and other ascriptions relating to witchcraft, the compact with the Devil, such as that made by Faust in the German legend, has its place in all records of sorcery and witchcraft. If much that is untrue has been ascribed to the witches, it is to themselves that we are indebted for some surprising confessions and unsolicited revelations. In the examination of the witches taken at St. Osyth in Essex in the year 1582, for instance, by evidence taken by Bryan Darcy, Esq., and referred to the Assize Court of Essex on March 29th of the

ASSEMBLY OF WITCHES AND DEVILS.

said year, it appears that eleven out of the fourteen women confessed not only all that was alleged against them—including the killing of cattle, swine and sheep, destruction of crops and the bewitching to death of men, women and children—but "went out of their way to oblige Queen Elizabeth's judges by confessing more than they were accused of, which, although incredible, is nevertheless true."

It must not be imagined, however, that all the evils of demonology and witchcraft were formerly or are now in the keeping of women. Men have been tried and executed for witchcraft, as was Dr. Edlin, and Godwin's *Lives of the Necromancers* makes good reading in this connection. The act of King James I against wizards and witches sufficiently well defines the nature of those offences against society of which

they were commonly accused. And as to the symptoms attaching to those who are obsessed by devils, King James in his *Demonologie* is explicit. He makes Epistemon to say :—

> But to come to these three symptomes then, whereof I spake ; I account the one of them to be the incredible strength of the possessed creature, which will farre exceed the strength of sixe of the wightest and wodest of any other men that are not so troubled. The next is the boldning up so far of the patient's breast and bellie with such an unnaturall sturring and vehement agitation within them : and such an ironie hardnesse of his sinewes so stifely bended out that it were not possible to prike out, as it were, the skinne of any other person so far . . . * The last is the speaking of sundrie languages, which the patient is knowen by them that were acquaint with him, never to have learned, and that with an uncouth and hollow voice ; and all the time of his speaking, a greater motion being in his breast than in his mouth.

In one particular symptom, that of the swelling of the body, the case of Alexander Nyndge, recorded by his brother Edwin, a Master of Arts, in 1615, seems to afford corroboration. About seven o'clock one night, in the presence of his parents and brothers,

> his chest and body fell aswelling, his eies astaring, and his backe bending inwards to his belly which did strike the beholders into a strange wonder.

On a later occasion he was seized with

> laughing, dancing and such like behavioure that he was suspected of being mad. Sundry times he refused all meat for a long space together in somuch that he seemed to pine away. Sometimes he shaked as if he had an ague. There was heard also a strange noise or flapping from within his body. Hee would gather himselfe on a rounde heape under his bed cloathes, and being so gathered, he would bounse up a good height from the bed and beat his head and other parts of his body against the ground and bed-stead in such earnest manner that the beholders did fear that he would thereby have spoiled himselfe, if they had not by strong hand restrained him, and yet thereby he received no hurt at all.
>
> In most of his fits *he did swell in his body and in some of them did so greatly exceed therein as he seemed to be twice so big as his natural body.* He was often seen to have a certaine swelling or variable lumpe, to a great bignesse, swiftly running up and downe betweene the flesh and the skin.

It is seen from the above testimony that the observations of King James as to the symptoms of demoniacal possession are well founded. The conclusion of this case is of interest. The family, assisted by friends, resisted the spirit strenuously, openly defying it and gaining strength and assurance from various Scripture passages which they opened up before him, and then they challenged the spirit and charged him in the name of Christ

* The Obites, a sect who encouraged the demonic afflatus, so called from the Heb. Aub or Ob, *to expand.*

to declare his name, and the spirit said, "*Aubon, Aubon.*" They then charged him that he should declare whence he came, and in a hollow voice the spirit said, "*From Ireland, from Ireland.*"

The spirit then gained an access of fury and horribly distorted the body of Alexander, so that he became "like the picture of the Devill in a play, with a horrible roaring voyce." A brother then said that a window should be opened, for the foul spirit was weary of their company and prayers as they of him, and within two minutes the monstrous body of Alexander returned to its true shape again, and he, leaping up, held aloft his hands, crying: "*Hee is gone! hee is gone! Lord, I thanke Thee.*"

Many instances are recorded of those afflicted evincing an abnormal appetite for strange food, after the nature of degenerates, swallowing nails three or four inches long, double

INFANT DEDICATION.

WITCHES MEETING.

crooked at the end; pieces of old brass, about an inch broad and two or three inches long, with crooked edges, twisted and doubled; handles of spoons, bent pins, etc. At least it is to be presumed they swallowed them, for in their fits they would vomit them up, and this would continue, as in the case of Mary Hill of Frome, aged eighteen years, for a period extending over twelve months. But although the patient was closely watched and had no access to articles of the description referred to, she would, on being given beer to drink, bring up a large quantity of these oddments, which seems to suggest something unusual about either the beer or the spirit. Similar effects were observed in the case of Mary Longdon, who vomited wool, pins, horse-nails, stubs, straw, needles and moss, and was stuck in the arms and hands with pins which also were found between the skin and flesh, where they could be seen but not extracted. In both these cases

the patients while in their fits called out against the tormenting of themselves by witchcraft, Mary Hill accusing an old woman

And Saul perceiued that it was Samuel. and he stouped with his face to the ground. and bowed himself. 1st Samuel. Chap: 28. v 14.
W. Faithorne fecit

named " Margaret Coombs, and one named Ann Moore " ; while Mary Longdon cried out against " Gammer Newton " who, as

Florence Newton, was arraigned at the Cork Assizes in 1661. In these and similar cases on record there was frequent levitation of heavy bodies, falling of beams, disturbance of beds and clothing and various *apportements* of foreign bodies, and it is suggested that the strange things vomited by the patients were conveyed by magical art or by the aid of spirits into the bodies of the victims by the witches accused.

Yet, although it was confessed by the accused persons that they had intercourse with the Devil or a devil and were vampirized by him, it remains a question whether the accused were not insane and subject to hallucinations suggested by the importance given to witchcraft in the public mind and by the working of their disordered imaginations. Reginald Scot suggests that poor and ill-tempered old women, on being refused what they sought in alms were wont to curse those who denied them, and this so frequently as to render it certain, in the natural orders of things, that one or another of them would perish, seeing that cows, pigs and poultry and even the fruit and crops were included in their anathemas. So that it became an easy matter to lay some charge or other against them, and he suggests that their vanity and the conspicuous position in which they found themselves thus placed may have induced them to assume the rôle expected of them. There is doubtless some reason in this argument, but it does not account for the obsessions and the abnormal phenomena occurring to their accusers in the cases cited ; and these are but examples of a large number of instances. The trial known as " Swimming the Witch," in which the thumbs and great toes of the hapless wretch were tied together before she was cast into the water, was undoubtedly an expedient of ignorant cruelty, for if the woman floated she was witch beyond all doubt, and if she sank—well, that was as it should be, and seldom did any move a limb to save her.

Admitted for the moment that the phenomena connected with obsession and haunting are due to the agency of evil spirits, demons or discarnate souls from the lower strata of human life, the argument that they can only happen to the intellectually unfit or morally depraved—on the principle that " like attracts like "—is undoubtedly false. Is the refined and cultured lady, who walks through the woodlands unprotected, safe from the assault of a thieving or lecherous tramp ; or the law-abiding and industrious householder immune from the depredations and violence of the burglar ? Of the extent to which well-disposed and normally harmless people are at this

day haunted and obsessed by devils—such, indeed, they are by nature, although claiming human origin—may be judged from the numerous letters addressed to leading exponents of the spiritual life, such as Dr. Peebles, from whose work I have often quoted. And one thing is certain, namely, that no man is saved from these assaults of the evil spirits by his knowledge of them. A helmet is not enough; it needs "the whole armour of God." Many of the obsessing demons are highly intelligent and possessed of great will-power. How shall the intellect or will of embodied men successfully withstand them, seeing what great advantage is theirs by reason of their invisibility? There would appear to be room in the world for a school of thaumaturgists, men who, from a study of these abnormal experiences, have knowledge of the "workings of the spirit," and who, by the application of spiritual principles to spiritual disorders, may attain recognition and reward, as do physicians, by their successful treatment of the obsessions, hauntings and psychic disturbances by which we are everywhere continually surrounded.

To conclude, I think it may be gathered from universal experience:—

1. That the belief in the domination of human minds by demons is not without foundation in fact.

2. That the said "demons" may not necessarily be of the human race, incarnate or discarnate, but may be of that "one third part of the stars of heaven" which the Dragon drew with his tail, as a following, from supernal regions.

3. That there may be many heads of as many bands or "legions" of devils or evil spirits; and

4. There may be a supreme Head or "Prince of the Spirits of Darkness," who, to all intents and purposes, is "The Devil" and "Satan."

When it is seen that the Devil is credited by all those who have pondered the great problem of the contemporary existence of good and evil in the world, and in the individual mind, with attributes similar to those ascribed to Deity—omnipresence, omniscience, and so nearly omnipotence as to be subject to God alone—it is not surprising that his emissaries and incarnate servants, including the Black Magicians and the Witches, as well as murderers and other evildoers acting under their control, should have been allowed such share of these powers as to have excited men's minds to the writing of books without number on demonology and witchcraft, spirit obsession and magic. For myself I beg leave for a breath of fresh air.

A STUDY OF LAFCADIO HEARN*

By BERNARD O'NEILL

THE great interest taken in the singular man who is the subject of this memoir, will not surprise any one after reading a book which, whatever else may be said about it, gives an obviously faithful portrait of Lafcadio Hearn as he appeared to a friend who was at one time at least in Hearn's confidence. The writer has illuminated the life and character of the man in many ways, and while we must regret that he is almost entirely out of sympathy with the literary school to which Hearn belonged, we praise him for the help and encouragement he gave this wandering spirit. It is certainly true from indications in this volume that Hearn was not a great man ; that he was a writer of powerful imagination and considerable literary mastery there is not a shadow of doubt. Dr. Gould insists that he had no power of origination and was only an echo, and though this is true in one sense, his astonishing gift of verbal colouring, which distinguishes him from others, is proof of his originality in another direction. If more material had to be supplied to him in the first instance, he wove it into a more magnificent tapestry than the others at the last. The alternating splendour and delicacy of his literary colouring suggests the curious conjunction of Turner and Whistler in the world of painting ; and he fulfils the request of the few chosen spirits of whom Guy de Maupassant speaks, who say to the artist : " Give me something fine in any form which may suit you best, according to your own temperament."

The son of an Irish Surgeon-Major and a Greek mother, Lafcadio Hearn was born in 1850, at Leucadia, in Santa Maura, one of the Ionian Isles. There was a divorce and both parents married again, while Hearn was put under the care of an aunt in Dublin. At nineteen he went to a distant relative in Cincinnati, and afterwards lived in New York City, but the details of his early life are of the scantiest. He is said to have been expelled from several schools, and when in New York to have slept in dry-goods boxes in the street and to have acted as a

* *Concerning Lafcadio Hearn.* By George M. Gould, M.D., with a Bibliography by Laura Stedman. With Five Illustrations. T. Fisher Unwin. London : Adelphi Terrace. Leipsic : Inselstrasse 20. 1908. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

restaurant waiter. Hearn gives the following story of his boyhood in a letter :—

When I was a boy, I had to go to confession, and my confessions were honest ones. One day I told the ghostly father that I had been guilty of desiring that the devil would come to me in the shape of the beautiful woman in which he came to the Anchorites in the desert, and that I thought that I would yield to such temptations. He was a grim man, who rarely showed emotion, my confessor, but on that occasion he actually rose to his feet in anger. "Let me warn you!" he cried, "let me warn you! Of all things never wish that! You might be more sorry for it than you can possibly believe!" His earnestness filled me with fearful joy ;—for I thought the temptation might actually be realized—so serious he looked . . . but the pretty *succubi* all continued to remain in hell.

It was in 1889 that Hearn went to see Dr. Gould and remained with him a year before going to Japan. He is described as extremely shy and terrified of meeting strangers, while the outlandish garments he wore caused him to be made fun of by the street urchins. In stature he was only five feet three inches and he weighed less than ten stone. He had come to Dr. Gould from Martinique, and still retained a longing for that region. After conversing with the doctor, Hearn would retire into the next room and write him a letter, thus expressing thoughts which he was too shy to utter aloud. In one of these the following passage occurs :—

I inherit susceptibilities, weaknesses, sensitivenesses, which render it impossible to adapt myself to the ordinary *milieu* ; I have to make one of my own wherever I go, and never mingle with that already made.

We are forcibly reminded in this passage of Edgar Allan Poe, who tells us in a poem how isolated he had always felt in all circumstances from his earliest years. In other ways Hearn recalls Poe ; in his mysterious, wandering existence, in the warm generosity of his friends, in his love of the *outré* and the horrible, and in his Oriental habit of revelling in images, the creation, if possible, of an orgy of words. Both had a strong bent towards the *macabre*, and in an editorial that Hearn wrote for a weekly journal, called *Giglampz*, we are reminded of the gruesome fustian which Poe presented to the world as humour. But Hearn was a light o' love and in this respect a great contrast to Poe, whose early loss of Virginia was one of the deepest elements in the tragic gloom that unceasingly enveloped his life. About both there is something legendary, and the admirable critic, Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, went so far, indeed, as to say of Hearn in a letter to Dr. Gould : "The publishers do not understand,

as I do, that Hearn will in time be as much of a romantic personality and tradition as Poe now is." Both of these writers were almost destitute of any sense of humour, but the originality and versatility of Poe's mind far overshadows Hearn, though in actual technique of phrase the latter was never guilty of the lapses which we find in the writings of America's most magical poet, of whom Mr. John M. Robertson, in a passage indicating Poe's wonderful range, admirably says, " he was a great brain."

LAFCADIO HEARN.

The salient characteristic of Hearn's physical appearance was the extreme short-sightedness of his right eye which was markedly protruding. He had lost the sight of the left eye altogether. Of the portrait here reproduced Dr. Gould says: " It is so suggestive because of its negations, so expressive because non-expressive. But it indicates, silently and by inference, the most significant fact about the man." In Hearn's essay

on " The Artistic Value of Myopia " occurs the following interesting passage :—

> Since the perception of details depends vastly upon the quality of eyesight, a landscape necessarily suggests less to the keen-sighted man than to the myope. The keener the view, the less depth in the impression produced. There is no possibility of mysterious attraction in wooded deeps or mountain, for the eye that, like the eye of a hawk, pierces shadow and can note the separate quiver of each leaf. Far-seeing persons can, to a certain degree, comprehend this by recalling the impressions given in twilight by certain unfamiliar, or by even familiar objects—such as furniture and clothing in a half-lighted room. The suggestiveness of form vanishes immediately upon the making of a strong light. Again, attractive objects, viewed vaguely through a morning or evening haze, or at a great distance, often totally lose artistic character when a telescope is directed upon them.

About the year 1876, when Hearn was in Cincinnati, we get a glimpse of him leaving an editor's office : " He stole away like a distorted brownie, leaving behind him an impression that was uncanny and indescribable." The editor, who gives the above description, goes on to say : " His eyes troubled him greatly in those days. He was as sensitive as a flower. An unkind word from anybody was as serious to him as a cut from a whiplash, but I do not believe he was in any sense resentful. . . . He was poetic, and his whole nature seemed attuned to the beautiful, and he wrote beautifully of things which were neither wholesome nor inspiring. He came to be in time a member of the city staff at a fair compensation, and it was then that his descriptive powers developed. He loved to write of things in humble life. He prowled about the dark corners of the city, and from gruesome places he dug out charming idyllic stories. The negro stevedores on the steamboat-landings fascinated him. He wrote of their songs, their imitations, their uncouth ways, and he found picturesqueness in their rags, poetry in their juba dances." His power was first generally recognized from the description he wrote of a horrible murder in Cincinnati. The shocking facts are revealed with terrible sureness and reality by Hearn. He also produced a thrilling account of an ascent he made to the top of the spire of St. Peter's Cathedral, Cincinnati. But far more important than these were the translations he made from the authors of the French " naturalistic " school for the *Times-Democrat*, under the editorship of his magnanimous friend, Mr. Page M. Baker, in New Orleans, the halfway house, as it were, that Hearn occupied between Cincinnati and the tropics. That these translations might be collected

and republished is earnestly to be desired. In July, 1887, Hearn left New Orleans and settled at St. Pierre, Martinique, where he was at first ravished with delight at the glory of it all, which was attuned so fully to his Oriental temperament. As the time passed on, this glory waned, and his melancholy began to reassert itself. The first glow is reflected in a letter written from St. Pierre :—

> I have begun to hate all that is energetic, swift, rapid in thought or action, all rivalry, all competition, all striving in the race of success. It is just enough to live here : no, it is too much !—it is more than any ordinary human being deserves to enjoy. It makes one feel like crying for joy just to look about one. . . . But it is simply foolishness to write to you—because I can't write about this place. All ambition to write has been paralysed—let Nature do the writing—in green, azure and gold !

Yet the literary work which Hearn did at Martinique has been estimated by a good critic as of high value. In 1890 Hearn went to Japan, where he married and had a child. Some characteristic sayings reach us out of this period. He says, " Would I had been born savage ; the curse of civilized cities is upon me," and, " the most serious necessity of life is not to take the moral side of it seriously. We must play with it as with an *hetaira*." Again, " I have been at heart everything by turns," and, " the less a man has to do with his fellow-men the better," and finally, " I have more smallness in me than you can suspect. How could it be otherwise ! If a man lives like a rat for twenty or twenty-five years, he must have acquired something of the disposition peculiar to house-rodents, mustn't he ? " And his misery seems to be complete when we learn that he was haunted by the idea that Jesuits were lurking in every place to do him harm or to kill him. Nevertheless, it was this strange and unhappy man who became the great interpreter of Japan, and if there is a difference of opinion as to the faithfulness of his interpretation, then at least it may be said that he dreamed the dream of Japan the best of all. His literary masters were Maupassant, Flaubert, Gautier and Baudelaire, and he held the doctrines about art which were current in that school. He was an implicit follower of Herbert Spencer, and thus his native pessimism was reinforced by an explicit agnosticism or materialism. No doubt his reading was very considerable, and we can trace in his style the influences of de Quincey and rarely of Landor. His most valuable qualities were his marvellous psychological sympathy, and his steadfast adherence to a literary ideal, which is a pleasing contrast to his disloyalty to his friends. The two

following passages are from *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* :—

I turn a moment to look back through the glorious light. Sea and sky mingle in the same beautiful pale, clear blue. Below me the billowing of bluish roofs reaches to the verge of the unruffled bay on the right, and to the feet of the green wooded hills rises a lofty range of serrated mountains, indigo silhouettes. And enormously high above the line of their peaks towers an apparition indescribably lovely—one solitary snowy cone, so filmly exquisite, so spiritually white, that but for its immemorially familiar outline, one would surely deem it a shape of cloud. Invisible its base remains, being the same delicious tint as the sky : only above the eternal snow-line its dreamy cone appears, seeming to hang, the ghost of a peak, between the luminous land and the luminous heaven—the sacred and matchless mountain, Fujiyama.

* * * * *

But the reality of Shintō lives not in books, nor in rites, nor in commandments, but in the national heart, of which it is the highest emotional religious expression, immortal and ever young. Far underlying all the surface crop of quaint superstitions and artless myths and fantastic magic, there thrills a mighty spiritual force, the whole soul of a race with all its impulses and powers and intuitions. He who would know what Shintō is must learn to know that mysterious soul in which the sense of beauty and the power of art and the fire of heroism and magnetism of loyalty and the emotion of faith have become inherent, immanent, unconscious, instinctive.

I believe these passages will fire a casual reader with the desire to read more.

THE HERMETIC AND ROSICRUCIAN MYSTERY

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

WE are only beginning, and that by very slow stages, to enter into our inheritance from the past; and still perhaps in respect of its larger part we are seeking far and wide for the treasures of the mystic Basra. But these treasures are of more than one species and more than a single order; for that measure to which we are approximating and for that part which we hold, we shall be well advised to realize that there are some things which belong to the essences while some are of the accidents only. I do not think that among all the wise of the ages, in whatsoever regions of the world, there has been ever any difference of opinion about the true object of research; the modes and form of the quest have varied, and that widely, but to one point have all the roads converged. Therein is no change or shadow of vicissitude. We may hear of shorter roads, and one would say at first sight that such a suggestion may be true indubitably, but in one sense it is rather a convention of language and in another it is a commonplace which tends to confuse the issues. It is a convention of language because the great quests are not pursued in time or place, and it would be just as true to say that in a journey from the circumference to the centre all roads are the same length, supposing that they are straight roads. It is a commonplace because if any one should enter the byways or return on his path and restart, it is obvious that he must look to be delayed. Furthermore, it may be true that all paths lead ultimately to the centre, and that if we descend into hell there may be still a way back to the light, as if one ascended to heaven; but in any house of right reason the issues are too clear to consider such extrinsic possibilities. Before I utilize these random and, I think, too obvious considerations to present the root-thesis of this paper, I must recur for one moment to the question of the essence and the accident, because on the assumption from which the considerations originate—namely, that there is a secret tradition in Christian times, the place of which is in the West—or rather that there are several traditions—it seems desirable to realize what part matters vitally among them. I will take my illustration from alchemy, and it should be known that on the surface

it claims to put forward the mystery of a material operation, behind which we discern—though not, it should be understood, invariably—another subject and another intention. Now, supposing that we were incorrect in our discernment, the secret tradition would remain, this notwithstanding, and it would remain also if the material operation were a dream not realized. But I think that a tradition of the physical kind would have no part in us, who are concerned with another conversion than that of metals, and who know that there is a mystic stone which is unseen by mortal eyes? The evidences of the secret tradition are very strong in alchemy, but it must be accepted that, either therein or otherwhere, I am not offering the proofs that the tradition exists. There are several schools of occult literature from which it follows that something was perpetuated belonging to their own order, as, for example, the schools of magic; concerning these latter I must say what to some persons may seem a rule of excessive severity—that they embody nothing which is essential to our purpose. It is time that we should set apart in our minds the domain of phenomenal occultism as something which, almost automatically, has been transferred to the proper care of science. In so doing it is our simple hope that it may continue to extend a particular class of researches into the nature of man and his environment which the unaccredited investigations of the past have demonstrated already as productive to those who can be called open to conviction. The grounds of this conviction were manifested generations or centuries ago, and along both lines the research exhibits to us from time to time that we—or some of us—who know after another manner, have been justified very surely when, as if from a more remote region, we have returned to testify that the great mysteries are within.

I have no need to affirm that the secret tradition, either in the East or the West, has been always an open secret in respect of the root-principles concerning the Way, the Truth and the Life. It is easy, therefore, to show what it is not, and to make the distinction which I have attempted between the classes of the concealed knowledge. It is not so easy to define the most precious treasures of the King—in respect of that knowledge—according to the estimate concerning them which I have assumed tacitly to be common between persons confessing to mystic predispositions at this day. The issues are confused throughout, all our high predilections notwithstanding, by the traditional or historical notion concerning the adept, which is that of a man whose power is

raised to the transcendent degree by the communication or attainment, after some manner, of a particular and even terrible knowledge of the hidden forces of nature. I have heard technical and imputed adepts of occult associations state that those who possess, in the actual and plenary sense, the gifts which are ascribed to themselves by the simplicity of an artificial title, are able so to disintegrate the constituted man that they can separate not only the body from its psychic part but the spirit also from the soul, when they have a sufficient cause in their illumination against a particular victim. If things of this kind were possible, they would belong to the science of the abyss—when the abyss has been exalted above all that is termed God; but there is no need to attribute an over-great seriousness to chatter and traffic of this kind, which has been all too prevalent in a few current schools of inexactitude. The tendency contributes, as I have said, to confuse the issues and, though it may seem a perilous suggestion, one is tempted to say that, in all its higher aspects, the name itself of adept might be abandoned definitely in favour of that of the mystic—though on account of the great loose thinking it is only too likely—and there are signs sufficient already—that it would share a similar fate of misconstruction.

There was a time perhaps when we could have listened, and did even, to descriptions of this kind, because we had only just begun to hear of adepts and sages, so that things were magnified in the half-light. The scales have fallen now, and though the light into which we have entered is very far from the high light of all, it is serviceable sufficiently to dispel many shadows and to dissipate many distractions. The difficulty which is here specified is increased by the fact that there are certainly powers of the height, and that the spirit of man does not in its upward path take all the heavens of aspiration without, after some manner, being set over the kingdoms which are below it. For ourselves, at least, we can lay down one irrevocable law —that he who has resolved, setting all things else aside, to enter the path of adeptship must look for his progress in proportion as he pursues holiness for its own sake and not for the miracles of sanctity. It will be seen that I am disposed to call things by their old names, which have many consecrations, and I hope to command sympathy—but something more even—when I say further that he who dreams of adeptship and does not say sanctity in his heart till his lips are cleansed and then does not say it with his lips, is not so much far from the goal as without having conceived regarding it. One of the lesser masters,

who has now scarcely a pupil amongst us, said once, quoting from somewhere: *Vel sanctum invenit, vel sanctum facit;* but I know that it must be long resident in our desires before it can be declared in our lives.

I have searched the whole West and only in two directions have I found anything which will compare with pure monastic mysticism; one of these is the mystic side of alchemy, while the other is that body of tradition which answers most fully to the name of Rosicrucianism. There are other places in which we find the same thing, or the substance of the same thing, and I believe that I have given faithful testimony already on this point; even in the lesser schools I am sure that it was always at the roots, but except in so far as a personal sympathy may direct us, or the accidents of an historical study, I do not know that there is a direct gain—or that there is not rather a hindrance—by going any distance afield for what is so close to our hands, and into side issues for what is in the straight road—whether this be broad or narrow. There is no doubt that from one point of view Christian mysticism has been on the external side bewrayed rather seriously by its environment, because of the inhibitions of the official churches; in saying this, I hope that the time has come to all of us when the cheap conventions of hostility towards these churches, and especially towards the Latin Rite, have ceased to obtain in our minds and that we can appreciate, in however detached a manner, the high annals of their sanctity. If so, we shall be able to appreciate also, at the proper value, an external and historical side on which the Latin Church approached too often that picture in the story of the Holy Graal of a certain King of Castle Mortal, who sold God for money. The difficulty which the Rite has created and the inhibitions into which it has passed arise more especially not alone on the external side but from the fact that it has taken the great things of symbolism too generally for material facts. In this way, with all the sincerity which can be attached to its formal documents, produced for the most part by the process of growth, the Church Catholic of Latin Christianity has told the wrong story, though the elements which were placed in its hands are the right and true elements. I believe that the growth of sanctity within the Latin Church has been—under its deepest consideration—substantially hindered by the over-encrustation of the spirit with the literal aspect, though this at the same time is indispensable to expression. I believe that in the minds of the mystics this hindrance has operated; of all men on earth they have recognized assuredly the working

of the spirit ; but they sought to attain it through the veils of doctrine and they did not utterly and wholly part the curtains thereof. The result was that these trailed after them and were an impediment as they entered the sanctuary. The process itself was, in one sense, the wrong process, though on account of their environment it was almost impossible that they should adopt another. We have agreed long ago that to work up from Nature to Grace is not really the method of the wise, because that which is below is the branches and that which is above is the roots, and the tree of life is really in this sense, and because of our distance from the centre, as it were, upside down. So also the true way of experience in the mystic life is to work outward from within. It is natural, of course, and this is of necessity also, that we should receive our first intimations through the letter, but when it has exhibited to us some reflections of the light which is behind we must not suffer our course to be hindered by the office of the letter, but should set it aside rather, to abide in the root-meaning which is behind the symbols. There is a later stage in which we shall revert to the external and to the meaning that is without, bringing back with us the inward light to interpenetrate and transform it. Perhaps an illustration will explain better the order of procedure than a formal statement merely, though I do not think that there is even a surface difficulty concerning it. We have been taught in the infancy of the mind the great story which is the root and heart of external Christianity. That is not the letter which kills but the cortex of a vessel behind which are the eternal fountains of life. I need not say that many of us do not get beyond this cortex and, fortunately, it is not a dead husk, but a living body through which Grace flows to us after the measure of our capacity. But it may come to pass that the inward sensorium is opened—by the mediation, as it may well be, of the great books of the Church, or in what manner soever—and we then see that the great story, the old story, the story which is of all things true, is that of our own soul. I mean this not in the sense of the soul's geniture, but in the sense of its progress, as it is here and now environed. We are then looking towards the real road of our redemption, and it is at this stage that the letter should be set aside for a period because everything has to be enacted anew. The virgin must conceive and bear her son ; in the grand rough outline of Saint Martin the son must be born in the Bethlehem of our human life ; he must be presented in the temple which stands in the Jerusalem within ; he must confound the doctors of the intellect ; he must lead the hidden life of Nazareth ; he must be

manifested and must teach us within, in which way we shall return to the world of doctrine and shall find that all things are made new. It is not that there are new doctrines, but there is another quality of life; thereby the old symbolism has been so interpenetrated that the things which are without have become the things which are within, till each seems either in the power of the grace and in the torrent of the life. It is then that we cease to go out through the door by which we went in, because other doors are open, and the call of many voices, bidding us no longer depart hence, says rather: Let us enter the sanctuary, even the inmost shrine.

I desire, therefore, to make it plain that the Secret Church Mystic which exists and has always existed within the Church Militant of Christendom does not differ in anything from the essential teaching of doctrine—I mean *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus;* that it can say with its heart what it says also with its lips; that again there is no change or shadow of vicissitude; but in some very high sense the ground of the essentials has been removed. The *symbolum* remains; it has not taken on another meaning; but it has unfolded itself like the flower from within. Christian Theosophy in the West can recite its *Credo in unum Deum* by clause and by clause, including in *unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam*, and if there is an *arrière pènsée* it is not of heresy or Jesuitry. Above all, and I say this the more expressly because there are still among us—that is to say, in those circles generally—certain grave misconceptions, and it is necessary to affirm that the path of the mystic does not pass through the heresies.

And now with respect to the secret schools which have handed down to us at this day some part or aspects of the secret tradition belonging to Christian times, I must leave out of consideration, because there are limits to papers of this kind, the great witness of Kabalism which although it is a product of the Christian period is scarcely of it, and although therein the quest and its term do not assuredly differ from that of the truth which is in Christ, there are perhaps other reasons than those of brevity for setting it apart here. Alchemy may not have originated much further East than Alexandria, or, alternatively, it may have travelled from China when the port of Byzantium was opened to the commerce of the world. In either case, its first development, in the forms with which we are acquainted, is connected with the name of Byzantium, and the earliest alchemists of whom we have any remains in literature constitute a class by themselves

under the name of Byzantine alchemists. The records of their processes went into Syria and Arabia, where they assumed a new mode, which bore, however, all necessary evidence of its origin. In this form it does not appear to have had a specific influence upon the *corpus doctrinale*. The records were also taken West, like many other mysteries of varying importance, and when they began to assume a place in western history this was chiefly in France, Germany and England. In other words, there arose the cycle of Latin alchemy, passing at a later date, by the way of translation, into the vernaculars of the respective countries, until finally, but much later, we have original documents in English, French and German. It follows, but has not so far been noticed, that the entire literature is a product of Christian times and has Christianity as its motive, whether subconsciously or otherwise. This statement applies to the Latin Geber and the tracts which are ascribed to Morien and Rhasis. The exception which proves the rule is the Kabalistic *Aesh Mezareph*, which we know only by fragments included in the great collection of Rosenroth. I suppose that there is no labyrinth which it is quite so difficult to thread as that of the *Theatrum Chemicum*. It is beset on every side with pitfalls, and its clues, though not destroyed actually, have been buried beneath the ground. Expositors of the subject have gone astray over the general purpose of the art, because some have believed it to be: (*a*) the transmutation of metals, and that only, while others have interpreted it as (*b*) a veiled method of delineating the secrets of the soul on its way through the world within, and besides this nothing. Many text-books of physical alchemy would seem to have been re-edited in this exotic interest. The true philosophers of each school are believed to have taught the same thing, with due allowance for the generic difference of their term, and seeing that they use the same language it would seem that, given a criterion of distinction in respect of the term, this should make the body of cryptogram comparatively easy to disentangle. But as one of the chief difficulties is said also to reside in the fact that many of them do not begin at the same point of the process, the advantage of uniformity is cancelled largely.

There are affirmed to be experimental schools still existing in Europe which have carried the physical work much further than it is ever likely to be taken by any isolated student; but this must be accepted under several reserves, or I can say, at least, that, having better occasions than most people of knowing the schools and their development, I have so far

found no evidence. But there are testified otherwise to be—and I speak here with the certainty of first-hand knowledge—other schools, also experimental, also existing in Europe, which claim to possess the master-key of the mystical work. How far they have been successful at present in using that key I am not in a position to say, nor can I indicate its nature for reasons that, I think, must be obvious. It so happens, however, that the mystery of the processes is one thing and that which lies on the surface, or more immediately beneath the externals of the concealed language, is, fortunately, another thing. And, as often happens also, the enlightening correspondences are offering their marks and seals—if not at our very doors—at least in the official churches. Among all those places that are holy there is no holy place in which they do not abide *a mane usque ad vespertinum*, and the name of the correspondence-in-chief is the Holy Eucharist.

I propose now to tabulate certain palmary points of terminology which are common to all the adepts, including both schools indifferently, though we are dealing here—and this is understood—with the process of one school only. By the significance of these points or terms we shall see to what extent the symbolism of the higher alchemy is in conformity with mystic symbolism and with the repose of the life of the Church in God. It should be realized, however, that there is nothing so hard and so thankless as to elucidate one symbolism by the terms of another—and this notwithstanding an occasional identity which may manifest in the terms of each.

It must be understood further and accepted that all alchemists, outside the distinctions of their schools, were actuated by an express determination to veil their mystery and that they had recourse for this purpose to every kind of subterfuge. At the same time they tell us that the whole art is contained, manifested and set forth by means of a single vessel, which, amidst all manner of minor variations, is described with essential uniformity throughout the great multitude of texts. This statement constitutes a certain lesser key to the art; but as on the one hand the alchemists veil their hallow-in-chief by reference, in spite of their assurance, as above noted, to many pretended vessels, so has the key itself a certain aspect of subterfuge, since the alleged unity is in respect only of the term final of the process in the unity of the recipient. This unity is the last reduction of a triad, because, according to these aspects of Hermetic philosophy, man in the course of his attainment is at first three—that is, when he sets out upon the great quest; he is two at a certain stage; but

he is, in fine, one, which is the end of his evolution. The black state of the matter on which the process of the art is engaged is the body of this death, from which the adepts have asked to be detached. It is more especially our natural life. The white state of the stone, the confection of which is desired, is the vesture of immortality with which the epopts are clothed upon. The salt of the philosophers is that savour of life without which the material earth can neither be salted nor cleansed. The sulphur of the philosophers is the inward substance by which some souls are saved, yet so as by fire. The mercury of the sages is that which must be fixed and volatilized—naturally it is fluidic and wandering—but except under this name, or by some analogous substitute, it must not be described literally outside the particular circles of secret knowledge. It is nearer than hands and feet.

Now the perfect correspondence of these things in the symbolism of official Christianity, and the great mystery of perfect sanctification, is set forth in the great churches under the sacramentalism of the Holy Eucharist. This is my point, and I desire to make it clear: the same exalted mystery which lies behind the symbols of bread and wine, behind the undeclared priesthood which is according to the order of Melchisedeck, was expressed by the alchemists under the guise of transmutation; but I refer here to the secret school of adeptship which had taken over in another and transcendent interest the terminology and processes of occult metallurgy.

The vessel is therefore one, but the matter thereto adapted is not designated especially, or at least after an uniform manner; it is said to be clay by those who speak at times more openly in order that they may be understood the less, as if they also were singing in their strange chorus:—

> Let us be open as the day,
> That we may deeper hide ourselves.

It is most commonly described as metallic, because on the surface of the literature there is the declared mystery of all metals, and the concealed purpose is to show that in the roots and essence of these things there is a certain similarity or analogy. The reason is that the epopt, who has been translated, again finds his body after many days, but under a great transmutation, as if in another sense the *panis quotidianis* had been changed into the *panis vivus et vitalis*, but without mutation of the accidents. The reason is also that in normal states the body is here and now not without the soul, nor can we separate readily, by any intellectual process, the soul from the spirit which broods thereover, to fertilize it in a due

season. It is, however, one vessel, and this makes for simplicity; but it is not by such simplicity that the art is testified to be a *lusus puerorum*. The contradistinction hereto is that it is hard to be a Christian, which is the comment of the man born blind upon the light that he cannot see. There is also the triumphant affirmation of the mystical counter-position, that to sin is hard indeed for the man who knows truly. The formula of this is that man is born for the heights rather than the deeps, and its verbal paradox is *facilis ascensus superno*. The process of the art is without haste or violence by the mediation of a graduated fire, and the seat of this fire is in the soul. It is a mystery of the soul's love, and for this reason she is called " undaunted daughter of desire." The sense of the gradation is that love is set free from the impetuosity and violence of passion and has become a constant and incorruptible flame. The formula of this is that the place of unity is a centre wherein there is no exaggeration. That which the fire consumes is certain materials or elements, which are called *recrementa*, the grosser parts, the superfluities; and it should be observed that there are two purgations, of which the first is the gross and the second the subtle. The first is the common process of conversion, by which there is such a separation of seemingly external components that what remains is as a new creature, and may be said to be reborn. The second is the exalted conversion, by which that which has been purified is so raised that it enters into a new region, or a certain heaven comes down and abides therein. It is not my design in the present place to exhaust all the sources of interpretation, because such a scheme would be impossible in a single paper, and I can allude, therefore, but scantily to the many forms of the parables which are concerned with the process up to this point. The ostensible object, which was materialized in the alternative school, is the confection of a certain stone or powder, which is that of projection, and the symbolical theorem is that this powder, when added to a base metal, performs the wonder of transmutation into pure silver or gold, better than those of the mines. Otherwise, it prolongs life and renews youth in the adept-philosopher and lover of learning. In the second case, it is spoken of usually as an elixir, but the transmuting powder and the renewing draught are really one thing with the spiritual alchemists. It must be also affirmed that in virtue of a very high mysticism there is an unity in the trinity of the powder, the metal and the vase. The vase is also the alchemist on his outer side, for none of the instruments, the materials, the fires, the

producer, and the thing produced are external to the one subject. At the same time the inward man is distinguished from the outward man; we may say that the one is the alchemist and the other the vessel. It is in this sense that the art is both physical and spiritual. But the symbolism is many times enfolded, and the gross metal which is placed within the vessel is the untransmuted life of reason, motive, concupiscence, self-interest and all that which constitutes the intelligent creature on the normal plane of manifestation. Hereof is the natural man enclosed in an animal body, as the metal is placed in the vessel, and from this point of view the alchemist is he who is sometimes termed arrogantly the super-man. But because there is only one vessel it must be understood that herein the stone is confected and the base metal is converted. The alchemist is himself finally the stone, and because many zealous aspirants to the art have not understood this they have failed in the great work on the spiritual side. The schedule which now follows may elucidate this hard subject somewhat more fully and plainly.

There are (*a*) the natural, external man, whose equivalent is the one vessel; (*b*) the body of desire, which answers to the gross matter; (*c*) the aspiration, the consciousness, the will of the supernatural life; (*d*) the process of the will working on the body of desire within the outward vessel; (*e*) the psychic and transcendental conversion thus effected; (*f*) the reaction of the purified body of desire on the essential will, so that the one supports the other, while the latter is borne upward, and from such raising there follows this further change, that the spirit of a man puts on itself a new quality of life, becoming an instrument which is at once feeding and is itself fed; (*g*) herein is the symbol of the stone and the great elixir; (*h*) the spirit is nourished from above by the analogies of Eucharistic ministry; (*i*) the spirit nourishes the soul, as by bread and wine; (*j*) the soul effects the higher conversion in the body of desire; (*k*) it thus comes about that the essence which dissolves everything and changes everything is still contained in a vessel, or—alternatively—that God abides in man.

This process, thus exhaustively delineated in the parables of alchemy, is put with almost naked simplicity by Eucharistic doctrine, which says that material lips receive the supersubstantial bread and wine, that the soul is nourished and that Christ enters the soul. It seems, therefore, within all reason and all truth to testify that the ***panis vivus et vitalis*** is even as the transmuting stone and that the chalice of the new and eternal testa-

ment is as the renewing elixir; but I say this under certain reasonable reserves because, in accordance with my formal indication, the closer the analogies between distinct systems of symbolism the more urgent is that prudence which counsels us not to confuse them by an interchangeable use.

All Christian mysticism came forth out of the Mass Book, and it returns therein. But the Mass Book in the first instance came out of the heart mystic which had unfolded in Christendom. The nucleus of truth in the missal is *Dominus prope est.* The Mass shows that the great work is in the first sense a work of the hands of man, because it is he officiating as a priest in his own temple who offers the sacrifice which he has purified. But the elements of that sacrifice are taken over by an intervention from another order, and that which follows is transfusion.

Re-expressing all this now in a closer summary, the apparatus of mystical alchemy is indeed, comparatively speaking, simple.

The first matter is myrionimous and is yet one, corresponding to the unity of the natural will and the unlimited complexity of its motives, dispositions, desires, passions and distractions, on all of which the work of wisdom must operate. The vessel is also one, for this is the normal man complete in his own degree. The process has the seal of Nature's directness; it is the graduation and increasing maintenance of a particular fire. The initial work is a change in the substance of will, aspiration and desire, which is the first conversion or transmutation in the elementary sense. But it is identical even to the end with the term proposed by the Eucharist, which is the modification of the noumenal man by the communication of Divine Substance. Here is the *lapis qui non lapis, lapis tingens, lapis angularis, lapis qui multiplicetur, lapis per quem justus aedificabit domum Domini, et jam valde aedificatur et terram possidebit, per omnia, etc.* When it is said that the stone is multiplied, even to a thousandfold, we know that this is true of all seed which is sown upon good soil.

So, therefore, the stone transmutes and the Eucharist transmutes also; the philosophical elements on the physical side go to the making of the stone which is also physical; and the sacramental elements to the generation of a new life in the soul. He who says *Lapis Philosophorum*, says also: My beloved to me and I to him: Christ is therefore the stone, and the stone in adept humanity is the union realized, while the great secret is that Christ must be manifested within.

Now it seems to me that it has not served less than an useful purpose to establish after a new manner the intimate resemblance

between the higher understanding of one part of the secret tradition and the better interpretation of one sacrament of the church. It must be observed that we are not dealing in either case with the question of attainment. The analogy would remain if spiritual alchemy and Christian sacramentalism abode in the intellectual order as theorems only, or as part of the psychic dream which had never been carried into experience. It would be more easy (if there were here any opportunity) to offer the results of the experience as recorded in the lives of the saints than to discuss the traditional attainments which are held to have passed into actuality among the secret schools; but the veiled literatures must be left to speak for themselves, which—for those who can read—they do, like the annals of sanctity; as to these—those who will take the pains may seek verification for themselves. My task in respect of spiritual alchemy ends by exhibiting that this also was a mystery of sanctity concerned *ex hypothesi* with the communication of Divine Substance, and that this is the term of the Eucharist. It is this which the doctrine of sanctity offered, to those who entered the pathway of sanctity, as the foretaste in this life of the union which is consummated in eternity, or of that end beyond which there is nothing whatever which is conceivable. We know from the old books that it has not entered into the heart of man, but the heart which has put away the things of sense conceives it by representations and types. This is the great tradition of that which the early alchemists term truth in the art; the end is representation after its own kind rather than felicity, but the representation is of that order which begins in ecstacy and ends in absorption. Let no man say, therefore, that he loses himself in experience of this order, for, perchance, it is then only that he finds himself, even in that way which suggests that after many paths of activity he is at length coming into his own.

It might seem that I have reached here a desirable point for my conclusion, but I am pledged, alike by my title and one antecedent reference, to say something concerning Rosicrucianism, which is another witness in the world on the part of the secret tradition. There is one respect in which it is simpler in its apparatus than the literature of the purely Hermetic tradition, for it lies within a smaller compass and has assumed a different mode. It is complicated by the fact that very few of the texts which are available among the things of the outside world have a title to rank in its tradition. This, I suppose, is equivalent to an intimation that the witness is still in the world after another and more

active manner, which is true in more than a single way. I am not the ambassador, and much less the plenipotentiary, of the secret societies in the West, and independently of this statement I feel sure that I shall not be accused of endeavouring to assume the rôle or to create the impression. I know only that the societies exist, and that they are at the present time one means of perpetuating that tradition. I do not suggest that there are no other means, because I have indicated even from the beginning that the door looking towards heaven and the sanctuary which is its ante-chamber was opened long centuries ago by the official churches. But the tradition itself has been rather behind the churches and some part of the things for which we are all seeking is to be found therein—all which is without detriment to the light of the East, because this is also the light of the West under another veil. Even in the esoteric assemblies which are now and here among us, the tradition is, in a sense, veiled, and, of course, in speaking publicly one has always to cloud the sanctuaries rather than to say: Lift up your eyes, for it is in this or that corner of London, Paris or Prague.

If there is one thing more regrettable than the confusion in forms of symbolism, it is the identification of separate entities under a general term which has only a particular meaning so far as history is concerned. The name Rosicrucian, has suffered from abuse of this kind, being used almost interchangeably with that of Alchemist by popular writers. I must ask to be disassociated from this error when I say that the external history of the Rosy Cross, in so far as it can be said to exist, has only one point of correspondence with Rosicrucian traditions perpetuated by secret societies in a few centres of Europe. The point of correspondence is the legend-in-chief of the Order, detached from the pseudo-historical aspect which it bore in the early documents, and associated with a highly advanced form of symbolism. It is in this form only that it enters into the sequence of the mysteries, and exhibits how the priest-king does issue from Salem, carrying bread and wine. We have, therefore, the Eucharistic side in the higher Rosicrucian tradition, but if I may describe that which is greater in the terms of that which is lesser—because of the essential difficulty with which I am confronted—it has undergone a great change, not by a diminution of the sacraments but because they are found everywhere. The alchemical maxim which might be inscribed over the gate of any Rosicrucian temple is—

Est in Mercurio quicquid quærunt sapientes.

The Eucharistic maxim which might be written over the laboratory of the alchemist, in addition to *Laborare est orare*, would be—

Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui :
Praestet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

The maxim which might be written over the temples of the official churches is *Corporis Mysterium*, that the mystery of the body might lead them more fully into the higher mystery of the soul. And, in fine, that maxim which might, and will be, inscribed over the one temple of the truly catholic religion when the faiths of this western world have come into their own—that which is simplest of all, and of all most pregnant, would be *mysterium fidei*, the mystery which endures for ever and for ever passes into experience.

In conclusion as to this part, Rosicrucianism is the mystery of that which dies in manifestation that the life of the manifest may be ensured. I have found nothing in symbolism which accounts like Rose-Cross symbolism for that formula which on one side is the summary expression of mysticism: "And I look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come."

And now in conclusion generally :—

I have spoken of three things only, and of one of them with great brevity, because the published literatures have to be set aside, and of that which remains it does not appear in the open face of day. The initiations are many and so are the schools of thought, but those which are true schools and those which are high orders issue from one root. *Est una sola res*, and those whose heart of contemplation is fixed upon this one thing may differ widely but can never be far apart. Personally, I do not believe—and this has the ring of a commonplace—that if they came to understand one another they would be found to differ widely. I know not what systems of the eons may intervene between that which is imperishable within us and the union wherein the universe will, in fine, repose at the centre. But I know that the great systems ay, even the great processes—of the times that are gone, as of those which now encompass us—do not pass away, because that which was from the beginning, is now and ever shall be—is one motive, one aspiration, one term of thought remaining, as if in the stillness of an everlasting present. We really understand one another, and our collective aspirations are united, world without end.

THE CAR-DRIVER'S STORY

[*A correspondent who wishes to remain anonymous has sent me the following record as she received it from the mouth of a car-driver on the tramways of Croydon. She writes :—*

"It was an uncommon incident which brought me in touch with him, and I have had since every reason to believe in his honesty and sincerity of mind and purpose. The story was told me under the influence of the greatest seriousness and emotion. His mother was a woman of good birth and education, who married much beneath her in life. He is still sometimes influenced by the invisible world, but fights against these experiences, as tending to interfere with his hard-working life and giving rise to contemptuous feelings on the part of his fellow-workers."—ED.]

I WAS serving with No. Eight Company Third Battalion Grenadier Guards, South African Field Force, under the command of General Lord Methuen. It was Sunday, December 13, 1899: we were camped by the side of the Modder River, facing the Boers' position at Magersfontein. The camp was in a great confusion, we were going to attack the enemy. Rain was falling, the thunder rolled, Joe Chamberlain the naval gun at short intervals would boom across the Modder. We struck camp and advanced to the enemy's position, General Cronje's last stand as regards Cape Colony. We had one blanket each man; we lay about three miles from Magersfontein. Towards the break of day we advanced.

The first roll of the battle was sounded by Joe Chamberlain, which echoed all over the plains of Magersfontein. The Highland Brigade was ordered to advance to the enemy's position. The light of an heliograph had been shining on the right of the Boers' position, which our troops mistook for one of our own lights. The Brigade advanced in quarter column; they were met with a terrible rifle fire, which staggered them; the light went out, the slaughter began, the light had been a death-trap. Our artillery played their guns with telling effect upon the enemy, but disorder was in the ranks of the Brigade, they were crushed and beaten. The Boers were seen to advance towards the British guns, with the intention of rushing them. The field artillery, which a part of the Highland Brigade were escort for

(the Guards were in reserve), were ordered to advance, which they did, covering the retreat and saving the guns from the enemy. The Lancers made repeated charges, but failed in their purpose owing to their horses being done up. The Boers put shells into the British Ambulance, having no respect for the dead or dying; they fired also into the Red Cross wagons. All their trenches and fortifications had been superintended by an English engineer. We had suffered a big check to our advance. We stopped fighting towards dusk. The same night about eleven or twelve o'clock I was put on sentry; the troops were lying about on the ground, not far from the enemy's position.

There were small bushes and boulders of rock dotted about the plain. Straight away to my right front were two large boulders of rock, some four feet in height. They were about five to six yards apart and about one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards away from where I was standing. Everywhere around was as still as the grave. I may have been on sentry perhaps half an hour. In one moment I was seized with trembling fits; somehow I could not keep my gaze from off those two particular pieces of rock, which seemed to have such a fascination to me, my eyes seemed to wander nowhere else only on that one spot. I thought I saw a form of some kind between the boulders. I jumped to the conclusion that it was a soldier. In one second it had vanished. I challenged, but got no answer. Those pieces of rock seemed to terrify me. I advanced towards them, but saw nothing; I retired back and took up my position, leaning on my rifle. My eyes went again to the same place, and there, standing between the two boulders, was the outline of a woman. I brought my rifle to the present, covering the form which stood before me. I saw her walk from one piece of rock to the other. I watched and saw her repeat her action; she then stopped and leaned up against one of the boulders with her back towards me. I again advanced to where she stood. When I had got to within forty to fifty yards of her I saw her turn round and look straight at me with a careworn and sorrowful face. Then I saw and knew who she was. It was my own mother. I was not mistaken, for she walked within a few yards of me, at the same time looking me dead in the face. She then turned about and walked to the two pieces of rock, and I saw no more of her.

About three weeks after I received a letter from home telling me of her death and burial.

REVIEWS

FRAGMENTS OF THOUGHT AND LIFE. By Mabel Collins (Mrs. Keningale Cook). London: The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, W.

MYSTICAL philosophy, and especially that form of it which applies more particularly to Christian endeavour, owes much to the writings of Mabel Collins. Possibly no other books, unless it be those of Prentice Mulford, convey their message in quite the same way or so effectively as do those of this spiritually gifted authoress. *Light on the Path* was read by thousands in all countries, and *The Idyll of the White Lotus*, *Through the Gates of Gold*, and her later work, *Illusions*, are little less known and as fully appreciated where they are known. In all her work she shows that felicity of expression, not wholly of diction, which was formerly displayed by Mortimer Collins. She has the faculty of interesting through an appeal to the imagination. The present work has its special purpose and intention, and to those who can read between the lines it is not difficult to discover. It succeeds in making of present interest many things which are remotely obscure in men's minds, and of engaging the attention of the reader in the consideration of problems of life not usually pondered by the world because so seldom presented to it sympathetically. Yet the purpose of life, and our intuitions regarding it, continue to control our destinies and to determine our spiritual status, and largely to influence our actions and the quality of our work in the world, and whether we find the great problem one of surpassing interest and urgency or a matter of present indifference, there are times when all men have to face it and give some sort of an answer to Him who asks of us concerning it. This book, which deals with the Endeavour to Attain as distinguished from ambition, the Necessity of Bitterness, Endurance, Direction of Effort, the Attainable, Stones in the Path, and the Way of the Cross, is a book which a man or woman will be the better for reading. It will give help in the hour of trial, it will give a new meaning to much that was badly understood, and possibly may make even pain and sorrow sweet and sacrifice a joy and gladness of the heart. But if the reader should find the essays more productive of question and argument than of spiritual satisfaction, let him but read the Fables which follow in illustration of each, and he will find the short story with the hidden precept told there to perfection.

SCRUTATOR.

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE; OR, THE UNIVERSAL ORDER OF CONFUCIUS. By Ku Hung Ming, M.A. "Wisdom of the East" Series. London: John Murray.

THE text and the curious sayings from the *Book of Songs* must interest all readers of Eastern religion, for in the words of Confucius: "The moral law, when reduced to a system, is what we call religion." The translator compares many of the sayings to the Bible, and his notes and preface are helpful and concise.

Those who study these pages will find out how the secrecy of moral law is shown forth in such words as these. "Therefore the moral man even when he is not doing anything is serious and even when he does not speak is truthful." "His virtue is light as hair" (*Book of Songs*). "Still a hair is something material." "The workings of Almighty God have neither sound nor smell." "There is nothing higher than that."

Confucius hoped that after thousands of years, perhaps, this Man of Divine Nature, "the equal with God," might live among us.

This little book is a welcome addition to the "Wisdom of the East" Series.

THE LITERARY MAN'S BIBLE. By W. L. Courtney, M.A., LL.D. Chapman & Hall. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

The Literary Man's Bible may be spoken of as one of the books of permanence.

It will not, like the novel springing from the whirl of the rebirth of once familiar doctrines, be read with avidity for description of psychic forces on the material plane. Nor is its line of thought coloured by the fashion of the hour for recasting the wisdom of the past. It stands for the recognition of the great things in human life that have always been, however much crushed or overshadowed by the tyranny of dogmas, or the formalism of schools. In the author's own words, "I confess that what I should like to do is to give back the Bible to thoughtful men, who, owing to a variety of circumstances, are not able to appreciate, or have ceased to appreciate its unparalleled value." The appeal is purely to the literary sense of people who know and appreciate the best in other fields of literature. The author admits the inutility of trying to attract the indifferent to the study of the Bible for the sake of its "instruction in righteousness." Yet, as the writings of the Bible, whether viewed as poetry, history, or criticism of life and conduct, are all imbued by the one aim, that of making known the mind of God towards man—the attainment of the one object must also imply the attainment

of the other. Who, for instance, could be brought to feel the literary and artistic excellence of the opening phrases from David's Hymn—

> The Lord is my rock, and my fortress and my deliverer.
> The God of my rock, in whom I will trust.
> He is my shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower, and my refuge.
> My Saviour ; thou savest me from violence,

without feeling also the force of the thought behind them ; namely the modern formula that " God is all that there is." Even the collective sound of the words must awaken in the hearer vibrations of hope, of trust, of strength. Mr. Courtenay comes to the conclusion that the whole meaning of the Jewish writing was to teach the indissolubility of religion and conduct. " The essence of religion is the intimate personal relation between the individual and the God whom he recognizes."

The exegetical finding of this work should make it helpful to those who desire to arrive at the value of the different books of the Bible and their place in its history. The grouping of the historic, poetic, and other aspects of the Jewish writings are aids to understanding, although the difficulty of definition prevents these groupings from being arbitrary. As a critical estimate of the forces, influences, and conditions that made Jewish literature, *The Literary Man's Bible* is eminently a book for the shelves, to be taken down for information and for the pleasure the manner of its presentment gives. FRANCES TYRRELL-GILL.

MORAG THE SEAL : A WEST HIGHLAND ROMANCE. By J. W. Brodie-Innes. London : Rebman, Ltd. 1908. Crown 8vo, pp. iv, 323.

THE romances of modern times are not like those of the Holy Graal, whereof it is said that of God moveth their high histories. Still, they are not infrequently like the symbolic mule in *Perceval le Gallois*—they are somehow on God's side. We should expect this to be the case more especially in an occult story, to which technical description *Morag the Seal* may be held to respond, and that certainly. The characteristic which I have mentioned somewhat fantastically is no doubt one of its implicits, though the uncareful reader might say that it is reserved in great secrecy, as the romancers who put forward the Graal books concealed the opposition to Rome with which several critics have credited them—supposing, which I question, that they confessed to any in their hearts. To extend the ana-

logy, several less doubtful implicits peep out in their works while Mr. Brodie-Innes makes it plain—as if in a parenthesis—that he is at least on the side of the Church. He affirms (*a*) that what once was the domain of the Church is now open to science—that is, one side of man's inward nature; and he suggests (*b*) that the surveys made of old by religion may yet prove accurate. As I call this on God's side, my supposed reader stands to be adjudged wrong, and for myself I will take one step further by adding that in the region so far surveyed by religion the work has been done accurately to my assured knowledge, and that of Mr. Brodie-Innes.

But if I am to speak of his story—as I can in a few words only—I must recur to my Graal analogy. The old books tell us how an enchantment fell upon Logres, and *Morag the Seal* recites how it fell—yesterday or to-day—on the West Highlands, so far as that district was embraced by the consciousness of the hero. In him there was every antecedent to make such an enchantment unlikely, for he was a London barrister brought into those places to unravel a complex case. The result is the more convincing for this reason, so long as the spell lasts in the reader's mind, which it does till the world of sorcery is merged in that of psychic phenomena. It is only in high regions of romance that it is not deemed necessary to clear up the whole ground, and the disillusion in this case—to make an end once for all of my analogy—is like hearing, after long quests, adventures and gorgeous pageants, that the Graal has been taken away. Of the plot I give no hint, lest an incautious word should dissolve a charm which will hold those who read for 320 pages. Up to that point, an excursion is made in bewitchment beyond all dreams of likelihood. I do not know much about modern stories, especially of the psychic and so-called occult order, but I can scarcely imagine any one putting his hand to the plough in respect of reading and looking back from *Morag the Seal*.

A. E. WAITE.

A BRAINY DIET FOR THE HEALTHY. By Sophie Leppel. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, E.C. Price 1s. net.

NEXT to the state of the money-market and the latest cricket score, it may be said that dietetics hold first place in modern subjects of interest. What commercial vendors of specialized foods have left unsaid regarding suitable diet for the young and old, the weak and strong, authors have told us over and over

again. One has learned that certain foods are rich in proteids, albumenoids, nitrogenous, starchy and other products, that quality and not quantity is of chief account in nourishment, and most of us go on eating pretty much what comes to the net week in and week out. It is all a question of supply and demand and the preference for the time-honoured "cut from the joint with two veges. and bread," is sufficient reason for its continued existence.

Sophie Leppel, however, considers that a mixed diet, rich in brain food, is the best for everybody. It is thought that "food reformers should show by their healthy appearance and successful lives that proper food has the same vital effect upon human beings as it has admittedly on prize animals."

"Animals intended for exhibition do not pick up their food anywhere; it is carefully selected and weighed for them. The human animal should apply the same rule to himself, not eat everything that is placed before him, or take all food which he happens to fancy."

While admitting the common sense of this argument to be very conclusive, we are faced by the fact that the same food absorbed by different persons, even in the same family and environment, produces diverse results. Here I have two lads, born of the same parents, brought up under identical conditions, in the same surroundings and fed at the same board. The one a raw-boned son of a Scot with grey eyes and freckled face, wiry frame and hair as red as a carrot; the other dark-complexioned, with eyes like sloe-berries and a sleek, well-fleshed and rounded figure. What is the difference in the chemism of their systems that one should incorporate a larger porportion of iron, phosphates of lime, while the other assimilates the sulphur, starch and albumenoids contained in his food?

Francis Galton has shown that "nature is stronger than nurture," and that the body, like the mind, is born with definite bent, predisposition and proclivity. In short, every man is the outcome of an inherent predisposition, physical and mental, and while it would puzzle the so-called science of Dietetics to account for the vagaries of food-results, the same problem presents little difficulty to those who study the occult basis of life as revealed by horoscopical science. SCRUTATOR.

SPIRIT, MATTER AND MORALS. By R. Dimsdale Stocker. London: A. Owen & Co., 28, Regent Street, S.W. Price 1s. net.

CHANGE is a concomitant of growth, and in reviewing the work

of such a persistent writer as Mr. Stocker one is bound to bear this fact in mind. Otherwise the change of view-point on some essential matters which is evidenced in this latest contribution to ethical literature would be difficult to reconcile with some of the earlier statements of the same author. He has been reading Haeckel and has hunted Leucippus and entertained Myers. Consequently he is better informed from the relative points of view of divergent schools of thought and better able to enunciate a possible foundation for an universal and permanent code of Ethics than was formerly possible.

Mr. Stocker points out that death and the hereafter are the mysteries about which humanity has always exercised its mind and imagination and upon which it has built up its religious belief and systems of thought, ancestor-worship being the most ancient and widely accepted faith of humanity, the prototype of all religion. The awe of the Unknown and the adoration of the Good inherent in man have led to hero-worship and the adoration of exemplary characters, while conversely this same worship-instinct has led to many forms of gross superstition. For the author's summary of Spiritualism, represented by the central belief in "Spirit-return," does not afford a serviceable foundation for a religion. The belief may not be well-grounded, and if we admit the facts we may be at fault in explaining them. There is so much in the domain of psychology which supplies a reason for regarding spirit-identity as not yet proven.

The Spiritualist with his spirit universe of "here and hereafter," "the embodied and the disembodied," leaves no room for the supernal hierarchies of spiritual beings which are held never to have been embodied, nor for the diabolical spirits which infest the world, nor for elementals and other non-human orders of existence which would appear as fully attested as the spirits of deceased humans. If it be not finally true that nothing *can* be gained from "spirit-communications" it is at least a fact that up to the present nothing *has* been gained. But it has elaborated humanism; it is a stage beyond the diabolism of the old faiths; it has reconciled man to the journey hence and has induced to a closer study of psychology. In this it conduced to a better ethical system. Mr. Stocker's other essays in this book on "Materialism and Ethics" and "Rational Ethicism" continue the study of the ethical basis from consideration of physiology and intellection. The book is thoroughly well worth careful reading.

SCRUTATOR.

THE NEXT STEP IN EVOLUTION. By I. K. Funk, D.D., LL.D. Funk & Wagnalls Company, London and New York. 1908. Price 50 cents net.

THIS is the fourth edition of a book first published in America in 1902. It is a dainty little volume, full of good things, and we wish it a wide circulation.

Dr. Funk is an evolutionist and an optimist. He thinks—and surely we must agree with him or commit suicide if we are logical—he thinks that there is meaning in the Universe, and that we are really making progress towards an ideal. Man has risen from lowly beginnings: he will yet rise to greater heights. Mineral becomes vegetable, vegetable becomes animal, animal becomes man, natural man is becoming spiritual man. "Selfishness is becoming more difficult," the Brotherhood of Man appears—dimly as yet, but it appears—above the horizon. Sympathy exists as never before. In times of earthquake or pestilence, the call for money is responded to from the ends of the earth, in relief of suffering. The Christ-spirit is growing in the hearts of men.

The author makes a special point of this, in a very interesting way. He takes this growth of His spirit as the second coming of Christ. Whether He is to come in bodily form or not, it is at least sure that He is manifesting Himself in human hearts—and that is far more than mere external manifestation to the senses. Experiences on the physical plane are of small comparative value. We might meet Christ in the Strand, and watch the performance of a miracle, and might be no whit better for it. But to have Christ re-created in the heart—*that* is regeneration, *that* is salvation. "Christ came the first time into men's vision by coming on the plane of their senses, He comes the second time into men's vision by lifting them up to His plane of spiritual comprehension." ANGUS MACGREGOR.

RECENT VERSE.

THE DIWAN OF ABU'L ALA. By Henry Baerlein. The "Wisdom of the East" Series. John Murray. 1908. 1s. net.

ISRAFEL. By E. M. Holden. Arthur C. Fifield, 44, Fleet Street, E.C. 1908. 1s. net.

LOVE POEMS. By W. R. Titterton. New Age Press, 139, Fleet Street, E.C. 1908. 1s. 6d.

THE renderings in this book of the poems of Abu'l Ala the Syrian, who was born some forty-four years before Omar Khayyám, will be read with delight by all those who are familiar with Fitzgerald's

rendering of the Persian poet, that is to say, by all lovers of noble poetry; and if the allusions are more obscure than those in Omar, the author, Mr. Henry Baerlein, has supplied an excellent commentary at the beginning of the book, which gives the work an admirable completeness. I confess to being amazed at the beauty of these stanzas taken as a whole, and the making of a selection for the purpose of quotation is proportionately difficult. The Syrian poet has to the full as much ironic pessimism as the Persian, as is well seen in the lines :—

Have I not heard sagacious ones repeat
An irresistibly grim argument:
That we for all our blustering content
Are as the silent shadows at our feet?

Aye, when the torch is low and we prepare
Beyond the notes of revelry to pass—
Old Silence will keep watch upon the grass,
The solemn shadows will assemble there.

He agrees with Nietzsche that graduation in suffering is the true measure of aristocracy :—

I have imagined that our welfare is
Required to rise triumphant from defeat
And so the musk, which as the more you beat,
Gives ever more delightful fragrancies.

He counsels us to seek the joy of the moment :—

Run! follow, follow happiness, the maid
Whose laughter is the laughing waterfall;
Run! call to her—but if no maiden call,
'Tis something to have loved the flying shade.

On the whole he seems to have upheld a stoical epicureanism, and in the following stanza, which we cannot resist quoting, he sets the limits to our knowledge :—

We suffer—that we know, and that is all
Our knowledge. If we recklessly should strain
To sweep aside the solid rocks of pain,
Then would the domes of love and courage fall.

But there are many roses in this garden, and he who would discover the rarest must enter himself.

Mr. Holden has given us the adventures of Israfel in verse, always at a high level and of excellent technique, which at times reaches a lyrical power that arrests our attention. Again and again appears the theme of the soul passing through the illusions of joy and pain and returning to its own :—

By the pool it may be of an opaline floor,
At the turn of an amethyst stair;

In the emerald dream of an arch or a door,
In a rose or a daffodil air;
Or perchance in a depth of recessional shade,
By the light of a star that is lone;
It is there that the sweet revelation is made,
And the soul is restored to its own.

And in quite another manner we have this graceful song about the fairies, uttered by the reed-growing brook:—

Mask and mimicry and mirth,
Airy, fairy bubble-birth;
Pirouette of elfin toe,
Miracle of mop and mow;
Showers of dainty shuttlecocks
Shook from dandelion's locks!

Litanies of bird and bee,
Oracles of flower and tree,
Liturgies of fire and dew,
Lullabies of every hue,
Serenade and saraband;
Symphonies of Summerland.

Softer than the softest sigh
When a breeze is going by;
Lighter than the lightest rain
Stirring 'mid the leaves again;
All the revel-roundelay
At the haunted heart of May.

There is a great variety of metres in the poem, and many of the songs interspersed in the slender thread of the story have real inspiration.

The "Love Poems" of Mr. W. R. Titterton are remarkable for their fearless truth-telling, and in the poem called "These being Dead yet Speak," and in "The Forerunner," the author lays bare the life of a prostitute, stripping it of all gauds and tinsel, until it is seen as a mask of horror that may well turn the beholders to stone. From this bitter subject we go to the light-hearted playfulness of the lovers in "Summer Magic," and all will be charmed by the subtle insight shown in the short poem called "At the Concert Rouge, Paris":—

The bubbles of spring water in the sun,
The cool green depths of summer-shadowed grass,
The faint quick blush of morning, just begun,
The silver tinkling chime of bells that pass
Home with the shepherd when the day is done.
She smiled,
And, lo, as in a magic glass,
I looked, and saw that all these things were one.

There is a hint here of the wonder to be found in Leonardo's faces and there is no need of further praise. B. P. O'N.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

WEIRDLY circumstantial is the story told in considerable detail in the *Theosophical Review* of the haunting of an old house, to the position and identity of which no clue is given. The disturbances seem to have been provoked by the finding of a disused cupboard, or small room, corresponding with a cupboard in one of the bedrooms above. The floor was dug up, as there seemed to be traces of a passage, and proved to be composed of lime and rubbish, which appeared decayed, and "smelt awfully." After this there were curious sounds in the house—screams, and the noise of shuffling feet, dragging a heavy body downstairs, also hammering, and the sound of digging in the earth. The door of the cupboard in the bedroom was observed to open and shut of itself, and another door was found to be mysteriously locked from inside the room, even when the key had been taken away and was, in fact, out of the house. Figures of monks were seen, and that of a woman, who appeared to have been killed by one of the monks, under some compulsion, and against his own will. A member of the Society for Psychical Research saw some of the sights and heard the noises, but does not appear to have followed the matter up. The only conclusion that could be come to was that a tragedy had been at some time enacted in the house, though it is not said that there was any tradition of the occurrence, or of the connection of monks with the place.

In the same Review Mr. Mead has some "Stray Notes on the Christ-Mystery" as that of growth into the "super-man which transcends humanity and consciously enters into Divinity," and as "the Mystery of Man, which is also the Mystery of God."

The first portion of an article on "The Supremacy of the Will," by C. B. Wheeler, also in the *Theosophical Review*, takes the view that the will in itself cannot be said to be either strong or weak; the power of its action depends upon motive, and on the faculty of judgment in deciding between conflicting impulses and determining the course to be pursued. If these are evenly balanced, indecision is shown, and the person is credited with having a weak will; whereas a strong will, as it is called, may be only a sign of "a surplus amount of selfishness." The writer thus appears to incline to the determinist point of view.

The *Open Court* contains an article by the Rev. A. Kampmeier on "Recent Parallels to the Miracle of Pentecost," describing

various modern instances of religious meetings in which "the gift of tongues" has reappeared, especially in Germany. Sometimes words unintelligible to the hearers would be fitted to the tune of well-known hymns, following the rhythm perfectly, and rhyming as perfectly as the original words. In some cases the interpretation would be supplied, either by the speakers themselves or by others, who also fell under the strange influence. The ascription of the words to any known language seems to have been entirely conjectural; in one case a philologist "thinks that he heard a simple uneducated man speak Spanish and Provençal." Of course, the more orthodox and steady-going members of the community were inclined to put it down to diabolical interference.

In the same periodical there is a letter from a lady who often hears voices in her ears, sometimes confused murmurs, sometimes words which have no particular relation to herself, but on two occasions conveying definite information: once about the death of a friend at a distance, at the very time at which it took place, the other foretelling that a man who was sick in the same house would die on a certain day at a certain hour—"and he passed out exactly on the day and hour mentioned." The Editor, in reply, makes some not very apposite remarks on auditory hallucinations and auto-suggestions. Mr. Willis Brewer dissects Greek mythological names, deriving them all from Egyptian words, in some cases with a fair show of probability, such as Psyche from P-Saach, the spiritual body. But he goes on to derive *Pesach*, the Hebrew for Passover, from the same.

Dr. Carl Du Prel's philosophy is the subject of a study by Eduard Hermann in *The Word*. Du Prel considered that science lost much by neglecting the study of the hidden powers of the human soul, for the mere reason that it could not make them fit in with existing facts of an external nature, or explain them from a material point of view.

Du Prel tries to prove the fact that man has a soul which thinks and creates. He affirms that the creative principle which forms our organism is identical with the creative principle which forms all our mechanical inventions. . . . If the organizing principle is of a transcendental nature, if it precedes the terrestrial form, if the body is its product, then it must also outlive the death of the body. The product, which is the body, perishes in death; but the principle of organization, the soul, remains. The soul, as the transcendental subject, loses the terrestrial form of its appearance, but does not itself disappear. It must be classified among the real beings, like the atoms. Therefore, from the existence of an organizing principle follows not only pre-existence, but also immortality.

He enunciates the doctrine of the astral body, which may be separated from the physical body under certain circumstances during life, and finally leaves it at death, and as a proof that this transcendental portion of the personality is not affected by the accident of mortality, he instances the fact that old persons, and the insane, often show greatly increased lucidity when at the point of physical death :—

In proportion as, during the process of dying, those psychical faculties which are transmitted through the bodily senses grow fainter and fainter, the transcendental psychic faculties grow stronger. In sleep, somnambulism and death we find three stages in the exanimation of the body in which the increasing transcendental functions of the soul can be distinctly observed. The deep sleep of somnambulism, which has the greatest similarity with death, is in this relation very instructive. We find that the body becomes motionless and cold, the senses are almost extinguished, breath and pulse can hardly be noticed, but at the same time the consciousness of the transcendental subject, which is rooted in the astral body, becomes independent. The patient not only feels, but he sees his double, and all of them declare that their state in this condition is analogous to dying. This replacing of the sensual by the transcendental consciousness explains why insane people often become rational when dying, as testified by ancient and modern physicians.

According to Du Prel, there is no departure or transference in regard to space at death ; we remain where we have been, though unconsciously, in life ; our astral body simply continues its existence, having become freed from the physical body, and its state of being depends upon the use made of the opportunities of this life. " We unconsciously belong to the world of spirits ; our further development will make us conscious of this fact."

The continuation of the articles on Savonarola brings us to the consideration of " The Great Arcanum," which is defined as the inward light of Wisdom, " the one divine element necessary in the purification and illumination of human nature."

To the true student, earnest and intent in the search after truth and light only, is it imparted and given to understand and become wise to interpret and decipher the sacred hieroglyphics. Reverently studying and reflecting over them, silently, slowly, imperceptibly, dawns within his heart and mind the light that has never been seen on land or sea, dispelling the darkness and revealing, at first dimly, the outline of a new world of life and thought, the entering into which enrolls him among the Children of the Light. Then and only then begin to operate and manifest themselves within us, latent and to us hitherto unknown faculties, powers, forces, spiritual intuitions, perceptions, qualities and endowments, that enable us to achieve the greatest of all victories, the conquest of self and the absolute control and governance over thought, feeling and impulse. . . . The light of the intellect may be actinic, but not

thermal; clear and brilliant, but not warming and glowing with heat. It only becomes so when blended with that higher and diviner light that comes to us through the heart or Higher Self. When this union is effected, the soul walks no longer in darkness, but enters into a domain of light that impenetrates it with a luminous effulgence, that attracts without dazzling, that draws and enlightens without overpowering others. This is what Savonarola had attained to, so that he became a centre of light and life to those who came into personal contact with him.

The *Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research* published an article by Hereward Carrington, discussing the famous "case of partial dematerialization" which formed the subject of a monograph by the distinguished Russian investigator, Alexander Aksakof. Mr. Carrington considered that the effect might have been produced by the medium, Madame d'Espérance, rising in her chair sufficiently to slip her legs through the opening in the back, and thus causing them to disappear from their normal place on the seat of the chair. This judgment of Mr. Carrington's was favourably commented on in the last published part of the *Proceedings* of the English Society for Psychical Research, and it has been exhaustively answered in the pages of *Light*, on the basis of Professor Aksakof's personal inquiries on the spot soon after the occurrence, and of a recent letter from another distinguished scientific man, Professor Max Seiling, in whose house the séance was held. From the very clear and precise narratives of the witnesses, it is proved that the feat supposed by Mr. Carrington could not possibly have been accomplished under the close scrutiny to which the medium was subjected, especially after the absence of her limbs had been observed; and moreover it could only have been performed by a slim woman wearing a loose dress. Such was not the case with Madame d'Espérance, who wore a tight-fitting Princesse robe, the folds of which were stitched down to the lining. After she had called attention to the fact that something peculiar had happened, without saying what, and had invited Professor Seiling to "examine the chair and say if she was really seated therein," and that gentleman had discovered that her limbs were apparently gone, she, as Aksakof points out, "put herself at the mercy of the others, and burned her bridges behind her." If she had attempted any hoax, "it would be impossible to recover herself without exposure." Mr. Carrington makes several incorrect assumptions, among others that the lady was a professional medium; she undertook a long journey to give sittings gratuitously, and the effect on her system was such that she was incapacitated for business.