

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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LONDON: WILLIAM RIDER AND SON, LTD.
164 ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

UNITED STATES: RICHARD G. BADGER, THE GORHAM PRESS, 104, BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.
THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., 88, DUANE STREET, NEW YORK.
NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, BOSTON; WESTERN NEWS COMPANY, CHICAGO.
AUSTRALASIA AND SOUTH AFRICA: GORDON AND GOTCH.
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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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Entered at Stationers' Hall.

LIVERPOOL OFFICE: Office of the *Timber Trades Journal*, Liverpool and London Chambers, Dale Street, Liverpool.

AMERICAN AGENTS: The *International News Company*, New York; The *New England News Company*, Boston; the *Western News Company*, Chicago.

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LIMITED, 164 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

VOL. IX.

FEBRUARY 1909

No. 2

NOTES OF THE MONTH

"'LIFE,' said the Philosopher with a pale smile, 'is an unfortunate incident in the history of an obscure planet.' The rosy-cheeked Materialist gave a groan that was something between a grunt and a hiccough. 'Life,' he gurgled, 'is a long illness that must end fatally.' The Poet, turning back a raven lock, softly murmured, 'Life is an opportunity to do good without the power of fulfilment.'

"Then they departed to their several vocations—the Philosopher to attend High Mass at the Pro-Cathedral, the Materialist to indite a gentle sonnet on 'The Love of Innocence,' and the Poet to a luncheon of pork chops and onion sauce, washed down with Guinness's stout."

And what after all is Life? From a practical point of view I am afraid that to most of those in our great cities Life is little else than a succession of rather commonplace emotions strung together by a thin thread of circumstance. We eat, we drink, we laugh, we cry, we love and hate, we go through the monotonous routine of everyday work, and then we go into society where we criticize our neighbours' failings and by implication our own, or we spend the evening at theatre or music-hall to watch distorted or caricatured reflections of this same life flung back at us from the mirror

of the stage, and last of all we turn into bed glad to have a chance of forgetting about the whole thing by exchanging the realities of life for the shadows of dreamland. And so the great world organ grinds out the old tunes to which we perforce must listen even if we will not dance. "Man disquieteth himself in a vain shadow, he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them," said the royal sage, and after all this is what many would call the bright side of the picture. This is life from the point of view of the successful. What about the failures, those who lose? and what about the vast majority, all those whose energies are taken up in just keeping the ball rolling?

Clearly from the standpoint of the materialist—of the man who looks upon this life as a battle to fight or a game to play on its own merits—the battle or the game is not worth the candle. We have only to cast our eyes around to estimate at their true value the lives of those who have played the greatest parts on this world's stage—looked at as finished pieces. Judge them by their own last words, judge them by the bitterness of disappointment that age and the world-battle has stamped upon their features. We need not go so far afield as Napoleon and his portrait so familiar to us all in the "last phase" of his blighted career. Look at the men of the last two or three generations who have won what the world would call undying laurels. Look at the last portraits of W. E. Gladstone—the man whose salient characteristic was a buoyant optimism and a blind faith in the sagacity of the many, and the perfectibility of human institutions and human character. I have gazed at it many times, and if it has spelt anything to me it has spelt disappointment and disillusion. Look at Bismarck—Bismarck who let no obstacles daunt or thwart him—Bismarck who carried through to a successful issue every purpose without exception to which he set his hand. The great statesman is judge in his own case. "I have never known happiness," he told his friends. And yet this was a man who was adored by his domestic circle and the joys of whose home life one might have supposed would have compensated for much disappointment in his public career.

And if it is said that public life makes happiness impossible and that the verdict of age is very different in the case of the artist or the poet, look at Tennyson. Listen to the sanguine expectations of his youth and see how they are belied by his last expressions of opinion.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
 With the fairy tales of Science and the long result of Time ;
 When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed,
 When I clung to all the Present for the promise that it closed :
 When I dipped into the future far as human eye could see,
 Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be.

These lines, as every reader knows, are from " Locksley Hall." " Locksley Hall Sixty Years After " supplies the comment of old age on the enthusiasms of youth. But if it is pessimistic in tone it is no unfair comment.

Hope the best but hold the Present
 Fatal daughter of the Past

is the poet's warning and advice. But though he fain would hope he is not sanguine. He sees in the triumph of unchecked democracy nothing but an appeal by the demagogue to his dupes and inevitable disaster as the final upshot.

When was age so full of menace ?
 Madness, written, spoken lies ?

And whereas in his youth he looked forward to the time

When the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle-flags were
 furled

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

He now remarks :—

Warless ? When her tens are thousands and her thousands millions,
 then

All her harvests all too narrow, who can fancy warless men ?

But it is not merely from a political standpoint that he has grown pessimistic. All the joys of the domestic life, the love of wife and children, the prospects on which the hopes of youth are set, of these hopes even when realized to the full, of this happiness, he asks,

What is all of it worth ?

It is merely a dream that passes away. Solomon was right. There is nothing new under the sun, and Solomon's philosophy was older than Solomon and is continually voiced again by the latest pessimist. But if the Christian hymnologist were right and

Such a light affliction
 Could earn so great a prize

as the freehold for ever of the heavenly Jerusalem, surely the

price paid by even the most unfortunate of the sons of earth were a mere bagatelle !

Age, it may be said, is naturally pessimistic. Perhaps. But is it not pessimistic with the pessimism begotten of experience ?

If those who pursue ambition or success in art are disappointed, it fares no better but worse with the man who pursues pleasure for pleasure's sake. Take Churchill, the eighteenth-century satirist, a name now almost forgotten, once notorious enough. He wrote his own epitaph and it appeared on his tomb :—

Life to the last enjoyed here Churchill lies !

But his last words were, " What a fool I have been."

Matthew Arnold's is another great name. What is his verdict ? He asks—

What is it to grow old ?
Is it to lose the glory of the form
The lustre of the eye ?
Is it for beauty to forgo her wreath ?

and replies—

Yes, but not this alone—

It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young.
It is to add—immured
In the hot prison of the Present, month
To month with weary pain..
It is to suffer this,
And feel but half, and feebly what we feel.

It is—last stage of all—
When we are frozen up within and quite
The phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man.

Matthew Arnold, it may be, was at bottom a cynic. But these sentiments are not confined to the cynics nor to any age or any time. The great men of all the ages arise to endorse the verdict of King Solomon. Horace the poet, the noblest and the most genial of the sons of Rome at the time of her greatest prosperity—his words as he laments over the everlasting sleep that broods over his dead friend Quintilius harp on the same

strain and have an echo of the same pessimism. Christianity ought to have changed all that. Yes, ought. CHRISTI- ANITY AND PAGANISM AT ONE. "Aye, there's the rub," as Shakespeare would have said. But as a matter of fact that plaint of Horace and of Tennyson is the plaint of all the ages. It is voiced again and again, sometimes more, sometimes less clearly. The ultimate verdict is the verdict of the pessimist alike from Ajax and from the author of "Obermann."

Yes, as the son of Thetis said
I hear thee saying now,
Greater by far than thou are dead.
Strive not! die also thou!

It is the old note struck with the same wearisome iteration by sage, poet and politician alike. It is the common lot of humanity in the light of the consciousness of which "all is vanity."

But one path travel all her multitudes,
And none dispute the solemn Voice that saith:
"Sun to thy setting; to your autumn woods;
Stream to thy sea; and man unto thy death!"

And though there are here and there those who perhaps "kid themselves" into the belief that

Life's purpose unfulfilled
That is thy sting, O Death!

this we see has not been the verdict of the men who have fulfilled the purposes which they set before themselves to accomplish. The purposes fulfilled, the reward is the empty praise of men or the dollars which they must leave to their heirs. "*Respice finem*," (Have an eye to the finish), said the Roman. "Call no man happy till he is dead," said the Greek. WHEN CAN WE CALL A MAN HAPPY? Should we not rather say, "Call no man happy till we can see behind the veil!" The moral of it all is that to those to whom the phantasmagoria of the present world are the only realities, life, whether it lead to failure or to success, is a disappointment and a delusion. You may shut your eyes at the moment, but you will have to open them in the end. You may be frank and call yourself a materialist, or you may throw a sop to Cerberus—that tiresome dog, Conscience—by attending church and observing the *convenances* of orthodoxy, but the ultimate issue is the same—to Christian and to atheist alike.

We see then that the acceptance of Christianity in the ortho-

dox sense has failed to enhance the value of life to the ordinary citizen of the world, has failed to supply an affirmative answer to the so often propounded question, "Is life worth living?" Life is always worth living to the young and healthy and to those who can successfully shut their eyes to the inevitable end. But as a man grows older this becomes increasingly difficult. It is not so much the infirmities of age as the narrowing vista and the increasing sense of the limited scope and possibilities of existence that gives a sense of the futility of all human effort that no optimism can quite overcome. There is not a cent to choose between the old Roman noble of the first century driving in furious guise down the Appian Way and holding his kill-time feasts in the evening, and the modern millionaire in his motor car, as far as this all-important question is concerned. The lines of the poet come home with as much force to-day as ever they did in the past.

In his cool hall with haggard eyes
 The noble Roman lay ;
 He drove abroad in furious guise
 Along the Appian Way.
 He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
 And crowned his hair with flowers ;
 No easier nor no quicker passed
 The impracticable hours.

And the message of the East to the West is just as compelling and just as timely to-day as it was in the early days of the Christian era.

Poor World, she cried, so deep accurst,
 That runn'st from pole to pole,
 To seek a draught to slake thy thirst ;
 Go seek it in thy soul !

And we remember that there was a time when Christianity meant to Christians more than it means to-day and that that disillusionment and disappointment which is the common lot of so many of those who look back upon their life's work nearly completed was not the attitude of the great missionary and organiser of Christianity at the end of a life unusually full of difficulty and of suffering. There is in the last recorded words of the Great Apostle an unmistakeable ring of triumph which the most successful of Fortune's favourites must envy in vain. "I have fought the good fight ! I have finished my course ! Henceforth there is laid up for

ST. PAUL
 AS AN
 OPTIMIST.

me a crown of righteousness which He the Righteous Judge shall give me in that day" !

St. Paul's certainty of confidence is undimmed by clouds of doubt. His faith has nothing in common with that twentieth-century article, the capacity of believing that which we know to be untrue. Those whom the barren philosophy of the orthodox Christian and the barren science of the psychical researcher alike fail to satisfy may well turn with wonder to the Great Apostle of the Great Master, who preached to those who worshipped an Unknown God and who, preaching, knew what he believed.

It has been frequently laid to the charge of Christianity that for those to whom it was more than an empty form the all-importance of the future dwarfed the present life into complete insignificance, and the resulting sense that nothing mattered

IS THE
CHRISTIAN
A BAD
CITIZEN ?

much after all where the interests of the material world were concerned, led to a neglect of the duties as well as of the opportunities of life. This charge is not without justification. Christianity was born of reaction. It was in its origin a protest against a life in which worldly considerations were everything and the spiritual side of man entirely ignored, and it has always borne traces of this reactionary origin. The (genuine) Christian has—all too frequently—failed to fulfil his obligations as a citizen of the world into which he has been put. His attention has been so much concentrated on the New Jerusalem of his dreams that he has forgotten to do his duty by the modern Babylon, a portion of the iniquity of which is thus not unfairly laid at his door.

Such a position is simply the result of a narrow creed which mistook this world for the universe, and a strip of the astral plane for infinity and eternity. Poet and priest were alike responsible for assumptions which, whether they pointed to happiness or damnation, were simply founded upon utter ignorance. All who wrote of the world beyond let their fancy play

SHELLEY
DOGMATIZES.

upon a life their statements with regard to which they not unnaturally felt it would be very difficult to confute. Shelley, who defied and mocked at all the beliefs of the orthodox, was just as dogmatic as any parson. Witness his beautiful lines on Keats in "Adonais" :—

He has outsoared the shadow of our night,
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight
Can touch him not nor torture not again.

How did Shelley know? He had as much justification for saying so as the writer of the hymn with that haunting tune when he wrote—

Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

How did he know? In effect they both merely dogmatized. Life, it is reasonable to suppose with the theosophist of to-day and with many of the sagest heads of all the ages, is but one link in a chain, and he who is guilty of worldliness on the one hand or other-worldliness on the other fails to utilize its opportunities for the permanent advantage of himself and others. To regard this world as of no importance in view of the prospective possibilities of an assumed eternity is an attitude of mind which would lead to the permanent neglect of all present opportunities, and to the waste, not merely of this life but of all future lives in succession. It is bad enough to waste time, but how many thousands times worse is it to waste eternity in the perpetual looking forward to the elusive prospects of an ever-receding heaven which comes never to those who wait for its coming, but only to those who take it by force. As the poet says :—

ELUSIVENESS
OF THE NEW
JERUSALEM.

He who faints not in the earthly strife
From strength to strength advancing, only he,
His soul well knit and all his battles won,
Mounts, *and that hardly*, to eternal life.

The words "we brought nothing into the world neither can we carry anything out" were not intended to apply to the lessons which experience in this life has taught us. In this respect we may affirm on the contrary that we have brought much into the world—more, far more than heredity can possibly account for—and that we shall take this out of the world with the added increment of what we have gained in our present earthly term. Keeping this thought ever before our minds may enable us in the end to look back—aye, and forward too—if not with the triumphant optimism of St. Paul, at least with something more of content than those of Fortune's favourites, who can only contemplate the past triumphs of this life with a bitterness born of disillusionment, or anticipate the alternative of the Day of Reckoning or the Day of Nothingness.

FORWARD
FROM LAST
ACCOUNT.

CROSS-CORRESPONDENCES : SOME RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

BY H. A. DALLAS

PERHAPS it may be safe to assume that the subject of cross-correspondences, with which this article deals, is not so familiar to all readers of the OCCULT REVIEW as to render a preliminary definition of the term altogether superfluous. For although it has been in frequent use with psychical researchers during the last few months, it has acquired in this connection an almost technical significance, and this technical significance is not immediately apparent.

The term is used by them to denote the occurrence of the same ideas, or closely associated ideas, in the scripts or utterances of two or more sensitives.* These concordant ideas may be expressed in identical words or in different words, but it is essential from a psychical researcher's point of view that their occurrence should be conditioned in such a way as to preclude altogether the hypothesis that they are due to conscious, or unconscious, normal suggestion, and the subjects referred to must be sufficiently definite to make their coincidence obvious; also it must be of such a nature as to preclude any notion that they took their origins in some common source of a simple and ordinary kind. It is important to bear in mind these conditioning circumstances, for unless they are carefully observed mere correspondence, of a quite insignificant kind, may be mistaken for a true "cross-correspondence," much time being thus wasted and the real issues confused.

When these cross-correspondences occur under conditions which render ordinary explanations quite inadequate they assume a seriously important character, for they seem to carry with them implications of a far-reaching kind; they suggest that one and the same intelligence is exerting influence on two, or more, independent minds; and if it can be shown that the controlling intelligence displays directive and selective purpose, if this purpose manifests persistently and repeatedly in ways unexpected, and even sometimes unrecognized by the sensitives themselves, it becomes increasingly difficult to suppose that the controlling intelligence is that of one or other of the subjects of the experience, and that this purposeful concordance of ideas can, with

* I use this term to represent a person who is capable of sensing impressions in some manner differing from the normal.

any show of reason, be attributed to the subliminal consciousness, of the sensitives. And if, in addition, the concordant ideas in the scripts claim to be originated by another personality and are markedly characteristic of that person the argument in favour of their claim gathers considerable weight. There is at present, at all events, no alternative explanation which is equally adequate to interpret the facts.

Although this development in research has recently become much more prominent than formerly, and has attracted the attention of the public in an unusual degree, it is not an entirely new aspect. Occurrences indicative of the same hypothesis—viz., that two minds were being influenced independently by one and the same intelligence—are to be found in earlier experiences; for instance, in *Proceedings*, Part XXXIII, published in 1898, one such occurrence is mentioned on p. 378. Dr. Hodgson tells us that, through Mrs. Piper's trance-writing, a communication came unexpectedly from a lady, called Madame Elisa, in which she stated that—

"she had been present at the death of a friend F——, recently deceased, that she 'had spoken to him, and she repeated what she had said, an unusual form of expression, and indicated that he had heard and recognized her. This,' says Dr. Hodgson, 'was confirmed in detail in the only way possible at that time, by a very intimate friend of Madame Elisa and myself and also of the nearest surviving relative of F——. I showed my friend the account of the sitting, and to this friend, a day or two later, the relative who was present at the death bed stated spontaneously that F——, when dying, said that he saw Madame Elisa, who was speaking to him, and he repeated what she was saying. The expression so repeated, which the relative quoted to my friend, was that which I had received from Madame Elisa through Mrs. Piper's trance, when the death-bed incident was of course entirely unknown to me.'"

This incident, with another of a somewhat analogous kind, is quoted in Professor Hyslop's last interesting book, *Psychical Research and the Resurrection*, in a chapter on "Visions of the Dying." In the course of this work the professor mentions that Mr. F. W. H. Myers and Dr. Hodgson had some experiences with cross-correspondences before their decease. He says: "The kind of experiment here alluded to was a favourite one in the plans of Mr. Myers when living and some experiments were performed by himself and Dr. Hodgson in this direction, though the facts were never made public" (p. 145).

This remark follows upon a brief record of a communication purporting to come from Mr. Myers through a sensitive (Mrs. Smith, pseudonym), in which this was said:—

"What we all want is unity of expression through different mediums

[un]swayed by their personality, if it helps us to do this well through two or three. We should do it many times.' (Good, you have done that through one case.) 'Yes, I know, but we must do it several times'" (p. 144). (This is recorded among experiences occurring in 1906.)

We may be very sure that as expert psychical researchers Mr. Myers and Dr. Hodgson fully realized the value of obtaining this kind of evidence, familiar as they were with the difficulty of proving that the source of the communications was independent of the mediums through whom they came. If the matter of the communications is unknown to any incarnate mind, it is generally impossible to verify it, and if it is known the possibility of telepathy from the living comes in as a factor in the interpretation of the experience. Even cross-correspondences of the simpler kind, such as those above referred to, do not absolutely exclude this hypothesis, although they render it improbable; it is for this reason that the more complex kind of cross-correspondences* which have recently appeared are so significant and important; in these, ideas partly suggested through one sensitive are completed through another, and until thus completed they are unintelligible. Such an ingenious method as this bears the stamp of intelligent and deliberate purpose. And it should be borne in mind that it was not invented by psychical researchers *on this side*; they discovered it in the scripts; it seems to have been devised by the intelligences responsible for these scripts.

That fresh developments, displaying comprehension of the conditions necessary to afford proof of independent mental activity in the communications, should occur after the passing of those pioneer researchers into the unseen is, of course, what might be expected, on the assumption that they still survive and are still interested in carrying on the work which so engrossed them down here. In any case, explain the fact how we will, these fresh developments have occurred, and the study of them is that which at present mainly engages the attention of members of the S.P.R.

In order to estimate these latest developments, published in the last issue of *Proceedings*, Part LVII, it is desirable to know something of Parts LIII and LV, which appeared in 1906 and 1908 respectively. Within the limits of a review article it is impossible to do more than barely indicate the nature of the contents of these two volumes, and why they are important elements in the study of the subject as a whole.

In Part LIII we find an account of the manner in which Mrs.

* More called "concordant automatisms."

Verrall's faculty as an automatic writer first showed itself and of her earliest experience in cross-correspondence (of the simpler kind). Readers are probably aware that Mrs. Verrall is a lecturer at Newnham College; she is a classical scholar, and much of her script was written in Latin and Greek.

Until the year 1901 she was quite unable to obtain anything in the way of automatic writing except a few letters in meaningless combinations. In January, 1901 (the month and year in which Mr. F. W. H. Myers died), she resolved to make a fresh and more persistent attempt; no success was obtained until March 5. I will here quote the record:—

"After a few nonsense-words it wrote rapidly in Latin. I was writing in the dark and could not see what I wrote; the words came to me as single things, and I was so much occupied in recording each as it came that I had not any general notion of what the meaning was. I could never remember the last word; it seemed to vanish completely as soon as I had written it. Sometimes I had great difficulty in recognizing the word I wanted to write, while at other times I could only get part of it . . . though some of the phrases seem intelligible there is no general sense in the passage" (p. 9).

In view of the great importance attaching to the subsequent writings it is interesting to know what were the features which characterized its incipiency. The earliest trace of a cross-correspondence in Mrs. Verrall's script occurred on May 8, 1901. At that date between 10 and 10.30 p.m. she was informed through her script that a friend of hers, "H—," who had purported to "control" her automatic writings, had "no power, doing something elsewhere." She afterwards learned that, quite unknown to her, Mrs. Thompson, whilst visiting Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge, had on May 8 unexpectedly gone into trance between 9 and 10.30 and had been controlled by her usual "control" Nelly, *and also* by "H—," and that both controls had stated that some one was calling "H—" elsewhere* (Part LIII. pp. 207-209). Thus we observe that the phenomenon of cross-correspondence appeared as a feature of Mrs. Verrall's automatic script at a very early stage, i.e. just two months after she first found herself able to write. Chapters X, XI of Part LVII are occupied entirely with this phase of the development. The cross-correspondences were chiefly between Mrs. Verrall and a Mrs. Forbes (pseudonym). On November 26 and 27, 1902, this lady produced references, absolutely meaningless to herself, to Plato's *Symposium*, which Mrs. Verrall had been reading on those days.

* Many striking details in connection with this incident are necessarily omitted.

In Part LV Miss Johnson has published an able record of further and still more remarkable incidents covering a period of three years, from 1903-1906. These cross-correspondences were between Mrs. Verrall and a lady, called Mrs. Holland (pseudonym). Mrs. Holland was at first residing in India, and the two never met until the autumn of 1905. Mrs. Holland forwarded her script at intervals to Miss Johnson, but Mrs. Verrall's complete script did not come into Miss Johnson's hands until the autumn of 1905, and although, at quite an early stage she had observed that Mrs. Verrall's name (known), *address and other details unknown* to Mrs. Holland appeared in her script, she had no opportunity until that date of comparing the two records and hence did not discover these cross-correspondences until the autumn of 1905. She had, however, already recognized through studying the experiences published in Part LIII—

"that there was special purpose in the particular form they took—all the more because in Mrs. Verrall's script statements were often associated with them, apparently to draw attention to some peculiar kind of test" (Part LV, p. 374).

"What we get is a fragmentary utterance in one script, which seems to have no particular point or meaning, and another fragmentary utterance in the other of an equally pointless character; but when we put the two together we see that they supplement one another, and that there is apparently one coherent idea underlying both, but only partially expressed in each" (p. 375).

"It was not the automatist who detected it but a student of the script . . . it suggests an independent invention, an active intelligence constantly at work in the present, not a mere echo or remnant of individualities of the past" (p. 377).

"All the circumstances suggest, I think, that one and the same intelligence or group of co-operating intelligences was responsible both for the cross-correspondences and for the contemporary comments on them" (p. 391).

The above extracts suffice to indicate the conclusions to which the study of the writings dealt with in Part LV seem to point. Nevertheless, impressive though these facts may be to the student, it is not likely that they would ever have won much attention from the ordinary reader, and Miss Johnson recognizes that their importance, even for students, would be much less than it is "were it not for the further evidence pointing in the same direction" which has been forthcoming. Some of this evidence is presented by Mr. J. G. Piddington in the last issue of *Proceedings* (Part LVII), and is of so striking a kind that it has arrested the attention even of those who are usually contented to dismiss such matters as "all explicable by thought-transference."

To describe these experiments at any length would unduly prolong this article, in the space remaining I can only refer to some of the results arrived at through these later experiences.

In the Introduction to his article, "A Series of Concordant Automatism" Mr. Piddington tells us that when the obvious concordance between the scripts was recognized the Committee of the S.P.R. determined to take advantage of Mrs. Piper's * visit to England with a view to obtaining, if possible, something more definite and complete along these lines. Between November, 1906, when Mrs. Piper landed in this country, and June, 1907, a hundred and twenty experiments of this nature were carried out. The success obtained, although of varying degree, was on the whole very remarkable and significant.

It proved that the intelligences purporting to communicate (under the names of Mr. Myers, Dr. Hodgson and others) through Mrs. Piper's trance-writing, were aware of the contents of Mrs. Verrall's script, and vice versa; these intelligences also displayed great ingenuity in transmitting concordant ideas in a manner not readily attributable to telepathy. In spite of the fact that Mrs. Piper is ignorant of both Greek and Latin one of the communicating intelligences showed that messages addressed to it in both those languages were understood, and it took great pains to prove this. Moreover, the nature of the communications displays a knowledge of literature, both Greek, Latin and English, in excess of that possessed by Mrs. Piper and of a kind very characteristic of F. W. H. Myers; also the connection between these communications and the writings of Mr. Myers is remarkable and subtle.

Mr. Piddington's own conclusions are stated very guardedly, but also very emphatically, in a paragraph, pp. 242, 243, of this article, as follows:—

"On the problem of the real identity of this directing mind—whether it was a spirit or group of co-operating spirits or the subconsciousness of one of the automatists or the consciousness or subconsciousness of some other living person—the only opinion which I hold with confidence is this: that if it was not the mind of Frederic Myers it was one which deliberately and artistically imitated his mental characteristics.

This paragraph will suffice to show that these recent experiences deserve to be very seriously and carefully studied and weighed, that they have added another weighty group of facts to the already existing evidence for survival.

* Readers are probably aware of the history of Mrs. Piper's mediumship, and of the pains taken to authenticate its genuineness.

SOME MEMORIALS OF A MYSTIC

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THE records of the saints who are included by the calendars of the Church are glorious testimonies concerning that great people who have been gathered into the Kingdom of Heaven during the centuries of Christendom. But how many would deserve a place therein, disciples of the most hidden life of sanctity, could we only know concerning them, and had those who beatify and canonize the power of reading in the heart! Besides these there is also that great multitude whom no man can number, out of every tongue and tribe and people and nation, on whose places of earthly rest it might be written of one and all that "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Not the least, though among the latest, in this choir invisible is the profound, enlightened and lovable spirit whose literary remains have just now been published under the careful and affectionate editorship of one who is a kindred spirit, Professor W. F. Barrett. The title of the slender volume which lies before me describes it as enshrining the *Thoughts of a Modern Mystic* and alternatively as *A Selection from the Writings of the late C. C. Massey* (London: Kegan Paul, Ltd., 1909). Professor Barrett, in one excellent chapter which memorializes a long-continued friendship, tells us not perhaps all that we could desire but all that is necessary for us to learn concerning the personal history of his subject—one with whom so many of us were acquainted in the past, with whom few perhaps were so familiar as he was, but one whom all respected and, of those who knew him better, all, I am sure, loved. Outside this chapter, the volume includes, firstly, an important selection of private letters written to various friends and, secondly, certain papers, nearly all of which appeared in a magazine called *The Unknown World*, of which I was editor in 1894 and 1895, or during all its short lease of existence.

It will be new to my readers—or so almost certainly—and it will explain my own position, if I offer a brief extract from this periodical. In those days, less experienced than these, I also was acquainted with C. C. Massey, and he commanded then, as he would again command now, my particular admiration and sympathy. He was a regular and extensive contributor to *The Unknown World*, and having asked him at its inception to define Mysticism from his own standpoint, I said as follows, when introducing the remarks which he furnished:—"There

are some who are born mystics, and to this richly gifted class belongs Mr. C. C. Massey. . . . Perhaps a time will come when these writings"—his contributions on mystic subjects to periodical literature—"will be recovered and collected into another of the great books of man's spirit." Professor Barrett gives the extract at greater length than I have ventured, and of the magazine itself he speaks with the kindly insight which characterizes his literary work. C. C. Massey died on March 29, 1905, and this memorial volume fulfils the hope which I expressed those long year sago, without of course arising therefrom.

The chief question which occurs for our consideration is the view taken of Mysticism by this "modern mystic," whether in 1894 or subsequently and generally. Professor Barrett, expressing his own standpoint and reflecting that of his friend, says that it is "the merging, or *sublation*, as Mr. Massey puts it, of our alien and separative self-consciousness into the Divine and Universal Life." Certainly in the one and doubtless in the other case, this merging is not to be regarded as submerging, or the annihilation of human consciousness; and on this understanding, it is a true and high definition. In 1894, Massey said that Mysticism is "a peculiar vital apprehension of spiritual principles and energies, and of their functional operations in or through man and nature." But this is what Mr. Massey might have called otherwise a "stage in the cognition" of the world within; the transcript of Professor Barrett deals rather with the term; but both definitions are valuable and may be said to complete one another.

There are some and there are perhaps many in the younger generation to whom Massey will be only a name; there are a few to whom he may not even be that. I had better, therefore, mention that he was unknown in literature by the publication of any original works in book form, of which there is no record, but he had earned a distinct reputation by two excellent translations from the German—in particular by his rendering of Carl du Prel's *Philosophy of Mysticism*. Outside these he contributed only to the periodical press of the time along the lines of his particular concerns, but most largely to the spiritualistic journal *Light*; and as it is desirable to say, it should, I think, be said that this paper had then, as it still has, several titles to consideration outside the special interest in which it exists officially. The contributions to its columns over the recurring signature of "C. C. M." were those which first attracted me to the work

of Massey and the present memorial volume has drawn something from this source, but more fully from another, the existence of which could have been always predicated reasonably—namely, the occasional correspondence to which I have referred already. We were brought for a short season into closer touch when the Leo Taxil conspiracy against Continental Masonry was approaching its breaking point; many letters, if I remember, were exchanged between “C. C. M.” and myself in the columns of *Light*, and when my story of the conspiracy appeared under the title of *Devil Worship in France*, it was reviewed by him at extraordinary length in that organ. This literary accident brought him into touch with a priest of the Latin Church, towards which he had leanings, both then and subsequently. I heard some account of letters that passed between them; but he found no satisfaction—in part perhaps for the reason that I gave him, namely, that the ecclesiastic in question, whom I had once known, was an amiable rather than an intelligent man. Massey may not have been meant for active membership of any official church, but having passed through the curriculum of research with which we have all made acquaintance in one or other of its modes, he returned—as some of us return, and, I think, an increasing proportion—with a profound acquired sense of the deep things of God which repose within Christianity. It is that sense through which we who have been so schooled are entitled to call ourselves—as he also did—Christian mystics. In the intellectual order—or that chiefly—I sometimes feel that we use it with a fuller apprehension than it could have been used of old, because of our schooling and the grinding mills thereof—that we apply it to ourselves in a wider intellectual sense than might have been possible with those greater men who spoke from more direct experience, who knew indeed the heights but not the arduous and complex paths of thought peculiar to these later days.

There are many precious things in what must, I suppose, be regarded as the by-ways of intellectual thought, the product of men and women who, through no want of capacity, have not entered—or indeed sought to enter—the front ranks; and the task of rescuing some at least of their remains is a pious, as it is also an important, work. Once again, therefore, Professor Barrett deserves our grateful recognition, and as he tells us that he has ample materials for another volume, may the present one have that reasonable encouragement which will prompt him to continue his labour of love!

H

MICHAEL SCOT

By MRS. STEUART ERSKINE

"For I have a' the powers of Hell."

The Weird of Michael Scot.

WILLIAM SHARP.

IN the history of occultism there are certain figures which stand out from the mist of ages and which impress us with a sense of strong personal magnetism. Such an one is Michael Scot, about whose memory there lingers yet an aroma of mysterious power. Mr. J. Wood Brown, in his most interesting book, the *Life and Legend of Michael Scot*, has collected together all that is known about this distinguished man and in so doing has earned the gratitude of those who take interest in such things. If a criticism could be suggested, it would be that the author is too anxious to separate the "Life" from the "Legend," ignoring the fact that the so-called legend is often based on truth and ranks high in importance when considering the real meaning of his life on earth.

At first we find some difficulty in obtaining a comprehensive view of Scot's character. We grope about in the semi-obscurity of the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries to find a man who was possessed of high scientific and mathematical attainments and who was credited with having acquired supernormal powers. We read of the tutor of a future emperor, of one for whom a Pope applied to the see of Canterbury for ecclesiastical preferment, of a distinguished scholar whose translations from the Arabic brought new light and learning to the schools of Europe. We turn over the pages and read of a sorcerer weaving his spells and entering into communication with the spirits of darkness, of a quack doctor advertising the efficacy of his famous pills which cured all evil, including old age, of a dabbler in black art who held commerce with witches. We consult modern authors, to find in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, how stout William of Deloraine stole the Book of Might from the wizard's tomb; or, in the stanzas of a more recent poet, how a half-crazy necromancer dashed himself to pieces on the rocks, fleeing from his lost soul, which he had sold to the devil and which he cursed with his dying breath. It is curious to

note that all the most evil presentments of his character come from his native country, in which there has always been a tendency to black magic.

Let us take the salient points of his career and then deduce our own conclusions.



THE EMPEROR FREDERICK II.

Michael Scot was born between the years 1175 and 1180 ; it is well to note the date, as so many writers confuse him with Sir Michael Scot of Balwearie, who went as an ambassador to Norway in 1290 and 1310. It is doubtful whether Scot was his family name, or whether he was called " Scotus " to designate his nationality, but most authorities agree that he was born

in the valley of the Tweed, where he eventually returned about the year 1230. Tradition says that he was educated at Roxburgh grammar school and that he studied at Durham and at Oxford, where he was a fellow-student of Roger Bacon. As Bacon was only born in 1214, this last assertion is clearly erroneous; it is far more probable that he proceeded direct to the University of Paris, where, as we know for a fact, he distinguished himself highly, being known by the name of "Michael the Mathematician," and acquiring the title of "Supreme Master" by which he was ever afterwards addressed.

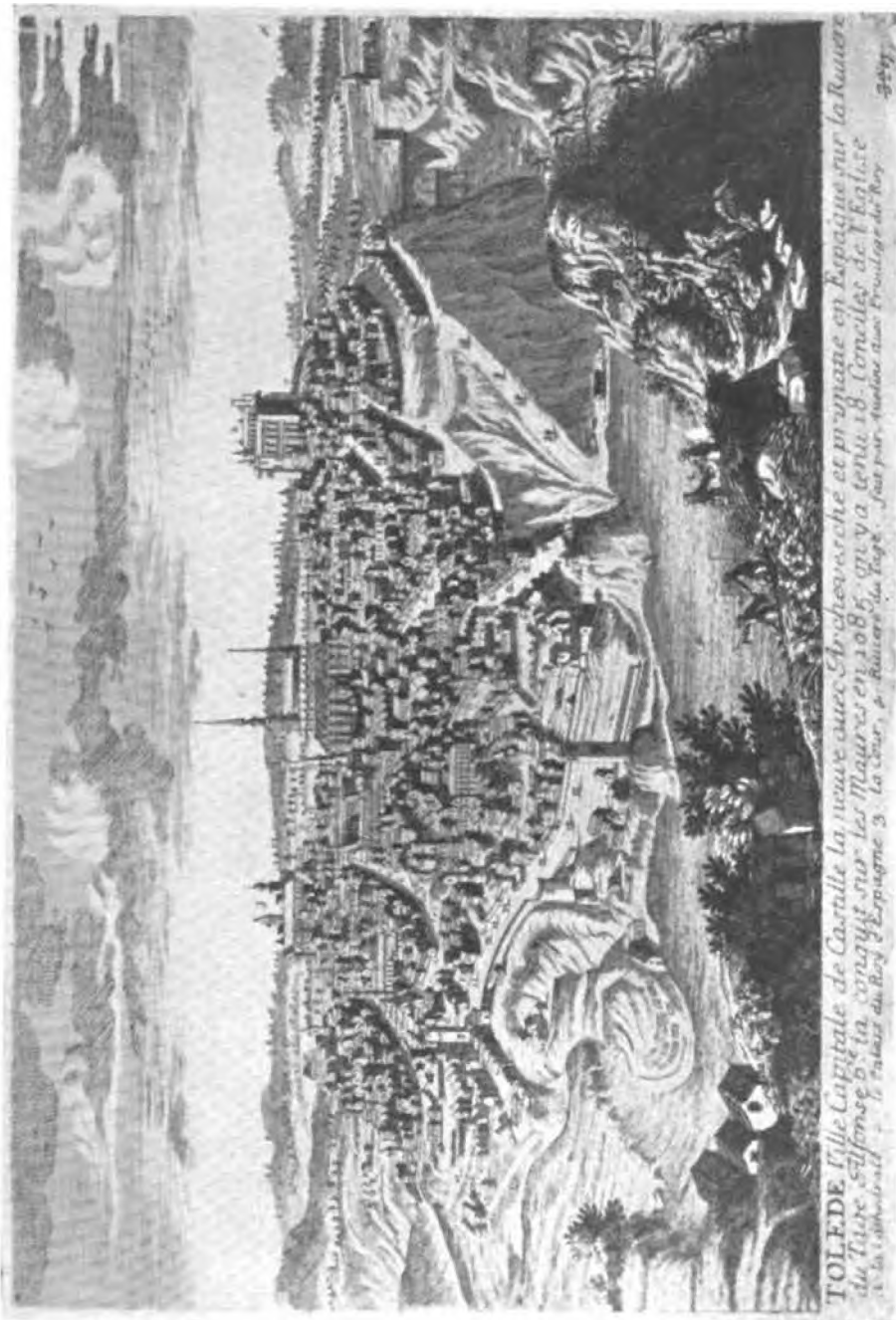
Scot appears to have passed some happy years at the University of Paris, where he must have studied with his "nation," with whom he probably lived in the street afterwards known as the *Rue des Écossais*. The Scottish youth was, even then, famed for his love of travel and for his power of assimilating himself to foreign life, especially to French life, with which he had an intuitive sympathy. The French had a strange and romantic vision of the unknown country from which these students came, which they believed to be the favourite dwelling-place of the devil, by reason of the potency of her wizards. It is said that a Frenchman who desired an interview with his satanic majesty was advised to visit Scotland, which he did, with the happiest results.*

Having left Paris, Scot probably studied law at Bologna, after which he received an appointment as tutor to the young king of Sicily, under an ecclesiastic named Philip. † When the Supreme Master first set foot in Palermo, affairs were in rather a curious state, Guelph and Ghibelline being temporarily united. His pupil, the young king, was the grandson of the great Hohenstaufen emperor, Frederick Barbarossa; having lost both his parents, he had been left a ward in the care of the Holy See. Pope Innocent III, under whose rule Rome reached the highest point of her supremacy, brought the boy up among ecclesiastics and destined him to be the champion of the Church; at the same time he disregarded his ward's claims to the empire, although he had been already crowned King of Rome, and he kept a strict watch on Sicily, which he had inherited from his mother, and which was to be a bone of contention in the future.

Scot must have found the clever boy an apt pupil and no doubt he exercised considerable influence in the formation of

* *Les Écossais en France*. Francisque Michel.

† Scot must have taken Holy Orders whilst at Paris; later in life he joined the Franciscans, being one of the earliest members of that order.



TOLEDO Ville Capitale de Castille la nouvelle avec Archevesché et primatie en Espaigne sur la Ruerre
 du Tere. Siffonse de la conquest sur les Maures en 1086. qui va tenu 18. Concelles de l'Esclise
 A la 1086. 1087. 1088. 1089. 1090. 1091. 1092. 1093. 1094. 1095. 1096. 1097. 1098. 1099. 1100.

TOLEDO
 (From an old engraving)

his character, and so made his mark on the awakening of Europe. For his own part, he evidently found his life supremely interesting. In the beautiful island in which his lot was cast, with its Greek temples and its olive groves surrounded by a sapphire sea, there was a curious blending of East and West, a clash of ancient civilizations with modern curiosity, which did much for the development and consolidation of his genius. For here he had every opportunity of learning Greek from the Greek colonists, and of studying Arabic with the settlers who inhabited the hilly regions in great numbers—a language of vital interest to students at that time, because the Greek philosophers were being rediscovered by means of the Arabic translations and comments. It was an interesting period in the history of literature, for the Crusaders had brought back the knowledge of the East to Europe, and the study of physical science, so long forbidden by the Church, was beginning to receive the passionate attention of scholars.

When Frederick was fourteen years old, the Pope arranged a marriage for him with Constance, daughter of the King of Aragon and widow of the King of Hungary. His occupation gone, Scot directed his steps to Toledo, where a band of scholars, under the patronage of Frederick, was engaged in translating the Arabic versions of the writings of Aristotle. It was in the year 1209 that Scot first saw the austere city of Toledo, half Gothic and half Moorish, set high on her seven hills, which overhangs the Tagus with its famous bridge of Alcántara even then spanning the tawny waters. But it was in the inner life of the ancient city that the chief interest lay for the Master. Toledo, said to have been founded by Hercules, and to have given shelter to a Greek astrologer who had fled from the siege of Troy and who instructed the inhabitants in astrology, had a reputation for occultism which was shared by Salamanca, in both of which cities there were regular schools of magic. The three and a half centuries of Moorish rule had added to the mystic lore of Toledo a new art—that of Alchemy, which appears to have arisen amongst the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria and to have been brought to Spain by the conquering Moors. Scot most certainly set up a laboratory at Toledo and passed long hours calcining, dissolving, precipitating and subliming chemical substances, using his crucibles and alembics, intent on discovering not only the secret of prodigious wealth, but that of life eternal. It may be well to remember what a supremely interesting figure the alchemist of the Middle Ages presents to us. He is at once the mystic and the practical

chemist ; he is the connecting link between mysticism and positivism : he stands between two ages, and lays a hand on each.

The genesis of the art of Alchemy is of great interest. We can trace it back to the earliest sources, to that religion of Egypt which was chiefly a ritual of funeral rites, and to the nature-worship of Chaldea and Babylonia. In Egypt the belief in a Supreme God and in the immortality of the soul made the life after death a question of great importance. The incantations delivered at the tombs of the departed were the legitimate means used to accomplish that fusion of the soul with God which was the desire



SALAMANCA.

of the faithful ; after a time these incantations were used for the benefit of the living. In Chaldea the belief in dualism, in the co-existence of good and evil, gave rise to a cult of God and devil alike, to propitiate or to exorcise, and the devil-worship of a later time evidently arose from this source. The Chaldeans, chanting their monotonous litanies, " Spirit of Heaven, remember ! Spirit of Earth, remember ! " peopling the civilized world and the waste places with spirits, good and bad, certainly had their influence on Alchemy, bequeathing as a legacy the theory that metals were formed under astral influence and that certain metals corresponded to certain planets. They were also diviners,

and students of the Bible will remember that they were called on to interpret Nebuchadnezzar's dream before Daniel was summoned for the same purpose.

It is impossible, in the limited space at our disposal, to do more than glance at this interesting subject; we can but note that there were two sides to this science of alchemy which had for its object the transmutation of metals and the discovery of the Philosopher's Stone—the mystic side which was connected with the ancient religions and the practical side, which was the outcome of an ancient industry.* This industry, which was a royal monopoly, was practised in secret in hidden chambers in the temples of Egypt; its secrets were known only to the king, the heir-apparent and the priests, the workmen who followed their directions being also sworn to secrecy. From these temple-workshops, many beautiful productions issued, and certain alloys of metals were discovered, which were the starting-point of the new art. Here were manufactured also glass and enamel, stuffs were dyed and medicines were compounded, and these varied industries were all classed together in one great mysterious Sacred Art. So we find in the Middle Ages, when these stores of ancient knowledge began to be studied, that budding chemistry, mysticism and medicine were all connected together by their votaries. We understand then that Scot, who was first of all a scientist and then a mystic, should have passed quite naturally to the study of Rases, and the art of healing.

The first alchemists of whom we know anything are the Gnostics of Alexandria, who got hold of some of the old recipes—saved from the Vandalism of Diocletian, who burnt all he could find, so that his subjects might not be too powerful—and who tried to decipher their symbols and their purposely obscure directions. Then they became imbued with a desire to make gold out of the baser metals; not to make an alloy, as in the old industries, but to actually form gold out of an amalgam of gold and other metals. The conquering Arabs eagerly took up this study and, still observing the greatest secrecy, handed it on to such of the Western scholars as were willing to become initiates. It is evident that, although all Scot's studies had tended towards occultism, his reputation as a magician began to be built up during his stay at Toledo.

Notwithstanding his alchemical studies, Scot achieved much solid literary work in the ten years which he spent in Spain.

* *Les Origines de l'Alchimie.* F. Lenormant.

He translated two editions of Aristotle's *de Animalibus*, one of which was the famous *Abrevatio Avicennæ*, the commentaries of an Arabian scholar who has been called the "Soul of Aristotle." His greatest work, however, was the translation of Averroës' Commentaries on Aristotle, by which he earned the homage of



DOCTOR FAUSTUS.
(After Rembrandt).

scholars and the displeasure of the Church. Averroës of Cordova, the last great Muslim thinker, had not only written these notes on the Aristotelian philosophy, he had originated daring and peculiar theories with regard to the universe and the soul of man, and he exercised an enormous influence on the schools

of Europe after Scot's translation became known. One of the most interesting episodes in Scot's life at this time is connected with his visit to Cordova, where he seems to have repaired in the hopes of calling up the spirit of the mighty dead. Averroës had only died in 1198, and he was still an object of great interest to those versed in Arabic lore. By Scot he was certainly regarded with veneration and although the whole episode has been stigmatized as absurd and untrue, it is, nevertheless, quite in harmony with the rest of Scot's life that he should have made the attempt. There is a document preserved in the Laurentian library which is said not to be genuine because it was evidently written at a later date; there seems, however, to be no doubt that it was copied from one which was much older. It is the form of incantation used by the Master, as we learn by the colophon which says: "Here endeth the necromantic experiment of the most illustrious doctor, Master Michael Scot, who, among other scholars, is known as the Supreme Master; who was of Scotland and servant to his most distinguished chief, Don Philip, the King of Sicily's clerk; which experiments he contrived when he lay sick in the city of Cordova. Finis." Mr. Wood Brown, from whose book I quote the above, has given the incantation itself in Latin, without a translation, and has placed it in the Appendix, where it may easily escape notice. Yet it has many points of interest. After the directions as to certain preparations to be made, he addresses the Deity in these words: "O Great and Ineffable and Incomprehensible," he says, "Who hast formed everything from nothing, with Whom nothing is impossible, I pray Thee with abject humility, that to me, Thy creature, may be given the gift of knowing Thy power." He then begs for the guardianship of the angels, so that he may be more powerful than the spirits with whom he comes in contact; after which he recites some verses of the 119th psalm and others. There are certain ceremonies of prostration to the four quarters of the earth and a dove is sacrificed; then the three demons who are to serve him are invoked—Appolyin, Maraloch and Berion. Many prayers and many ceremonials are observed before at last he adjures the three spirits to send to him, in human form, the great Master whom he wishes to consult. At last three kings appear to him in a dream, and finally he interviews the Master himself, with whom he holds a long and intimate conversation.

Whether Scot really spoke with Averroës in his natal city of Cordova, or whether the legend is due to the imagination of a later age, we will not venture to say. Soon after this episode is

said to have occurred, he returned to Palermo, where he was received with great honour by Frederick, now Emperor of the Romans, and one of the most remarkable men of his age. This youth of mixed race, brought up amongst a population of divers nationalities, was noted for his many-sided character, which is summed up in the *Liber Augustalis* in these words : " Strenuous in war, nimble of tongue, stern, luxurious, an epicure ; believing and caring for nothing excepting temporal matters, he was the hammer of the Roman empire." " Stupor mundi," he was called by his contemporaries ; and Dante, writing within a century of his death, places him amongst the Epicurian heretics in Hell. The charge of unbelief contrasts curiously with another charge brought against him by his enemies, to the effect that he not only tried to reform the Church, but looked on himself as its mystic head, in direct communication with God. However that may be, he was cruel and severe, yet kind and generous ; he was a poet, a law-giver, a patron of literature, a passionate scholar, an epicure, and a reformer. It was only natural that a man of this stamp should gather round him a brilliant court, and of this court Michael Scot, who was appointed royal astrologer, was not the least distinguished member. He had written books for the instruction of Frederick when young, he had dedicated his *Abrevatio Avicennæ* to his royal master, and when he came from Spain with the fruit of his labours, he was treated with the highest distinction. Having fallen into disgrace with the Church on account of his translation of Averroës, he devoted himself to such harmless pursuits as the practice of medicine, the study of the stars, the casting of horoscopes, making presages founded on the flight of birds, casting images in the sand, and the art of divination. The Italian novels, which give us a glimpse of the Master at the court of Frederick, always depict him as being present at feasts, and very often amusing the company by some such feat as raising an imaginary storm and quelling it again. Dante was evidently thinking of his gift of prophecy when he placed him in Hell with presumptuous mortals who had tried to penetrate the future, and who were punished by having their heads twisted, so that they looked behind instead of in front ; but he, too, knew of these pranks of Scot, for he says :—

Veramente
Delle magiche frode seppe il gioco.

One favourite joke of his appears to have been inviting his friends to an imaginary dinner and making them think they had eaten it, which he effected by means of what is known in Scotland

as the art of "glamour." On one occasion he showed clusters of vine to some friends who were sitting round a table, telling them not to remove the bunches of grapes until he said "Cut." When he gave the word, each man found himself gazing at an empty table with his hand on his neighbour's sleeve.

It is easy to see that, with his peculiar gift of prophecy and with his alchemical studies and his translations of Averroës, as well as with the occasional exhibitions which he allowed himself, Scot acquired a great reputation as a mystic, in which his master shared. The Ghibellines looked on them as Arthur and Merlin and, in after times, it was confidently believed that Frederick II, like his great predecessor Frederick Barbarossa, was not dead, but was sleeping in some fairy Avalon, to awake when the time came for him to return to resume his empire on earth. With all the elements of success and living, as he did, in so congenial a society, Scot seems to have been a disappointed man. He had not obtained any high ecclesiastical preferment, although Pope Honorius III, whom he must have known when he was governor of Palermo, had applied to Canterbury on his behalf. The only benefice which had been offered him was the archbishopric of Cashel, which he had refused on account of not knowing the Irish tongue. Moreover, his translations, by which he was going to confer a benefit on the whole world, were not allowed to be published, and this was, indeed, hard to bear. In the year 1230, he apparently took his manuscripts to the universities of Europe, finally arriving at Oxford, where he may have met Roger Bacon. Bacon was only sixteen years old at that time, and the sneers which he directs at the Master were probably founded on hearsay. The fact of his having been assisted in his work of translation by a Jew, who probably translated much of the Arabic into Spanish, from which language Scot turned it into Latin, made the spiteful philosopher declare that Scot was a charlatan, who knew neither Greek nor Arabic. Scot, meanwhile, having been received with great honour at all the universities, turned his steps towards Scotland, where he apparently died about the year 1238.

Civilization was creeping slowly over the Borderland when Scot arrived there in 1230. Scotland was beginning to take her place amongst the nations of Europe and a temporary peace with England had been caused by the marriage of Alexander II with the sister of the King.

The Border Country, that strip of land between Berwick and the Solway Firth which had been for three hundred years a part

of the Roman Empire, has always had a distinctive character of its own. The Borderers have always combined a love of shrewd blows with a keen sense of the supernatural, and in the traditions



MELROSE ABBEY.

which have been handed on from father to son we find legacies from Scot and Pict, from Celt and Roman. The result is a strange amalgam of the tendencies of many races. We find side by side tales of the ecstasy of saints, of the dainty lore of faery and of

the lowest strata of black magic. We have but to call to mind any salient point in Border landscape to find that it is connected with a mystic legend of some sort. To name only a few out of the many, we may remember when we gaze at the long slow curve of the Lammermuir Hills, that here a shepherd boy, who was to be the apostle of Northumbria, saw the soul of Aidan carried to Heaven by the angels. We pass to the ivy-laden tower of Thomas the Rhymer at Ercildoune to recall to mind the poet with the gift of prophecy who journeyed to the faery Avalon beneath the Eildon Hills, which are, of course, also connected with the well-known story of Scot and his familiar. As to the churchyards



THE EILDON HILLS.

where the witches danced round newly disinterred corpses, or the spots from which they are supposed to have flung cats into the sea to cause shipwrecks, their name is legion. The reality of the pretensions of these women has been proved by the fact that they have died in hundreds at the stake protesting the truth of their statements as to their commerce with the devil, and there is no doubt that they exercised an immense influence all through the Middle Ages. The last witch who was condemned to death was executed at so recent a date as 1722. When we hear that Scot played tricks on witches and changed his shape at will into that of an animal, and that, after his coming, no one could take a

single step without some magical practice, we wonder whether it was not rather the tendency of his countrymen than his own deeds which made up his reputation as a necromancer. However that may be, this reputation has survived the ages in the land which is watered by the Tweed, and his great literary and scientific gifts are absolutely forgotten.

There is no doubt that Scot set up a laboratory and continued his studies concerning the transmutation of metals after his return to Scotland. He says himself that he succeeded in producing gold and, although the immutability of atoms was proved in the early days of the nineteenth century and the alchemists' dream was rudely shattered, a modern scientist, Sir William Ramsay, has stated that this is not the case. He tells us that metals can be degraded by the emanation of radium and that they may also, in time, be raised by the same means, and so the apparently impossible feat of turning silver into gold may be realized at last.

With regard to the legends which are still repeated in Scotland concerning the Master's supernormal gifts, perhaps the best known is that which tells of his endeavours to find an employment for his too active familiar. The first task he set him was to divide the Eildon Hill into three parts, the second to bind the course of the river Tweed with a basaltic dyke, the third to spin ropes of sand in Berwick harbour. The first and second feat he accomplished with ease; the third is occupying his attention at the present moment!

One word may be said about Scot's prophecies. He prophesied that Frederick would die in a town named Flora, *ad portas ferreas*, and the emperor did end his life in Florentino in Apulia, in a room which still had the staples of an iron gate, which had been removed. When Frederick saw it he said, "This is the place where I shall make an end, as it was foretold me. The will of God be done; for here I shall die." Scot foretold that his own death would be caused by the falling of a stone on his head, and he invented a cap he called "a cervilerium" to protect himself. But one day the appointed stone fell as he was baring his head at the sacrifice of the Mass, and he was killed on the spot. So Michael Scot, the devil's disciple, died whilst uncovering his head before the greatest of Christian mysteries.

FROM ACROSS THE ABYSS

By F. V. C.

JUST how I came to live in the house I will call Holly Tree Cottage would take too long to relate here ; it will be sufficient for me to explain that I am a journalist, on the staff of a London daily, and that on my return from an important mission to a North African court I was faced by the immediate necessity of finding a new home. Weary with the exhaustion consequent on six weeks in the saddle, most of the time with fever on me, and no proper food available, it will be easily understood that when Holly Tree Cottage was suggested, on condition that I would pay just sufficient rent to cover the rates and taxes, I at once moved in and took possession, and having settled my furniture, began on the huge accumulation of work awaiting me.

Holly Tree Cottage was a very old house, built in the seventeenth century solid and picturesque. I had only gone through the house once before I went there to live, because, it being imperative that my series of articles should begin instantly on my return, I really had not the time for much investigation. Nor did it occur to me, till long afterwards, that it was an odd thing so prettily quaint and comfortable a little place should go seeking a tenant, evidently for some considerable time, as evidences showed.

The rooms were all panelled, there were odd little casement windows and a tortuous stair with a wicked sudden twist in it that was exceedingly dangerous to the unwary. In one of the rooms, which I made my study, was a carved chimney-piece that rejoiced me every time I looked at it. In front was a long stretch of garden, with box borders and the holly tree enclosed within an old hammered iron gate and railing ; the path from the gate to the porch was paved with oblong flags of sandstone. The steps leading down to the kitchen were also sandstone, as was another little path running down the yard. The front door with its obsolete bell, opened directly into the dining-room hall ; out of the dining-room the steep uneven staircase ascended on the left. Behind a screen of panelling hid a little tiny room we made into a bath-room ; on the first floor was the room with the carved mantel, with its windows overlooking the garden, the road and the wide expanse of meadow and orchard lands across the river. At the back was a smaller room which I made

my bedroom. On the next landing were three other rooms. A long quaint apartment was over my study, with a charming old leaded casement looking out on the meadows, and a pretty old seventeenth-century fireplace, with deep old-fashioned cupboards on either side. The ceiling was very low in this room, and the boards sunken here and there with age. The other two rooms looked out on the gardens behind—neither of them boasted fireplaces—and all three doors opened on a small landing. Curiously enough the door of the front room could not be opened if either of the other doors were open; in the top of the front-room door, about five feet from the floor, was a small sliding shutter, through which one could look into the room without being observed.

I came back to England at the end of November. In the first week of December, 1906, I was installed in the cottage and hard at work. A cousin who was with me did all my removing, and when I was not engaged in writing we were always busy together in making the top room very pretty with such quaintly fashioned things as we could collect at such short notice, to furnish a seventeenth-century interior in time for the Christmas holidays, so that we could pleasantly surprise my little daughter, then at the convent at Roehampton. On the Monday of Christmas week, my housekeeper began to complain of a sound in her room, as if somebody were spitting at her in the dark; I laughed a good deal, and told her it was a dream. At the same time I asked her why she came down so regularly in the night, and had such bad stumbles on the stairs at the crooked corner. To my surprise she utterly denied ever having left her room in the night since she had come to the cottage. I did not know what to think, and asked my cousin if she had not heard Maggie going down at night. She told me she had heard her regularly, and wondered what she could have on her feet to make her shuffle so badly. Maggie, however, still stoutly denied ever having left her room, and there it remained.

That night I waited for the slow shuffling step on the stair; but it did not come, nor did I hear it again till after the child had come home from the convent, and was almost ready to return again after the holiday. Then one night I heard it, very loud and distinct crossing the floor of her bedroom, and coming slowly and haltingly down the stair. I wondered what had taken Maggie into the child's room at such an hour, and pushing my writing on one side, I went softly to the door and waited till the step was on the landing

outside. Then I flung it open, expecting to confront my servant, and found—nothing but a most revolting and horrible odour. In all my travels and experiences—and I have seen and experienced some gruesome things—I never encountered anything so terrible as that stench ; it was the quintessence of decomposition.

I fell back, overcome, sick and faint, calling on my cousin, and the child, and saw, to my horror, the door slowly closing, as if brought to by an unseen hand; then the steps shuffled on down to the dining-room and ceased. I was too horrified to follow, and as neither of the young people seemed to have heard my call I remained in my study ; but, finding it impossible to work, I opened wide the windows and went to bed. Some time afterwards I was awakened by the sound of a large soft body rubbing slowly and unsteadily against the panelling of the staircase as the footsteps went up again. That was too much for me. I rose and raced up the stair into my daughter's room, and found her sitting clasping her knees in bed, with all the candles in the room alight on her little altar, and her rosary in her hands, praying.

I did not say anything, only that I had heard a noise, and wondered if she were awake. She asked me if I noticed a smell, and I, trying to conceal my feelings, opened her window, and advised her to try and sleep. There was no gas laid on in this top room, but I went down for my reading-lamp, and lighting it placed it on the table below her altar, and left it there. There was no sound from either my cousin or the servant, so I returned to my own room, and tried to think it was all imagination.

My daughter went back to school, and immediately after my housekeeper left me. She " had no fault to find with the situation, but she thought she would like a change." Her place was filled by a younger woman, and I plunged into the book I was writing again. I finished the book, but no sooner was it in my publisher's hands than I became seriously ill, and my daughter was sent for. For some time it was feared I might not recover. However, I pulled through, and began to see early in my convalescence that both my daughter and my cousin looked far more fagged and unhappy than the circumstances justified ; also my servant departed without the usual notice or wages due to her. Another who came to take her place served us in the same fashion, and so on, till after some difficulty a seventh servant was obtained. She also departed, complaining, like Maggie, of some one who spat at her in the dark. The smell and the footsteps became such common occurrences that the terror of them left

us to a certain degree ; but one night my daughter came down to me about two in the morning, after the footsteps had gone up, and declared nothing would induce her ever to sleep in that room of hers again ; she had been awakened by a " soft flabby hand on her mouth, and another at her throat." She spread her eiderdown on the study couch and slept there. The night after, my cousin descended, and slept on the floor beside her ; she said the odour was so terrible that she could no longer bear it.

From that time we were never free from this visitation. Even in the broad day the shuffling, unsteady steps would come down the stair, accompanied by the odour of death, and passing us by would go down through the dining-room and out of the porch down the red path to the gate and return.

Once while I had a little lurch on, the steps came down, and the awful smell sent us all flying into the garden. Only one of my friends had the courage to re-enter the house ; the others went home. I entertained at my club after that. A friend, Mrs. P——, who had been wintering abroad, wrote to me at this time, asking me to put her up for a week. I thought I would say nothing about the room and put her in. The first night nothing happened. On the second night she came down and expressed her determination of sleeping on the study couch ; as my little daughter was away, she was able to rest there. She told me that she was awakened by soft fingers fumbling over her face and an overwhelming odour of corruption. She realized immediately that she had to deal with something not of this world, and sitting up quickly, inquired what it was. " What are you ? " she asked ; " and what is it you want me to do for you ? " " But the Thing, whatever it is, only puffed out corruption at me, and I grew faint, so I rushed down to you."

This friend is one of the most courageous women I know. She is a great huntress, very matter of fact, and sensible, and in no way given to imaginings ; but she would not remain with me after that night, and went off, advising me to get another house. She was sure the Thing was evil, and intended us harm. I laughed at that, and though I would have liked to remove to another house I was so pressed with work that I could not do so ; besides, it seemed to me a poor thing to fly from the place at the bidding of an impalpable " Something " that could not even be seen. However, my illness was followed by my daughter's ; then my cousin was ill ; and my doctor advised me to shut up the cottage and go into the country for a while. I was further depressed by hearing that my friend Mrs. P——'s horse had rolled

on her and nearly killed her. At this juncture I one day paid a visit on business to Mr. S——, and thinking it would interest him I told him about the hauntings. Mr. S——, being furnished with the names of my cousin and my friend, and having satisfied himself that the Thing was real, wrote some account of it for a London paper, and instantly I was overwhelmed by offers of investigation. Nobody took into consideration that I could not work with "investigators" in the house, nor could I fill my small abode with men who wanted to sit up all night to "see a smell." However, in my absence the sub-editor of one of the daily papers arrived at the cottage; my cousin received him, and took him over the house. He asked to be left alone in the haunted room, and remained there for some time. He heard the steps shuffling across the room, and tried to follow them. He then went all over the house, into all the rooms, and made a thorough investigation. He wanted to stay all night, but my cousin, who was only airing the rooms, could not of course allow that without my consent, and he went away. He was a very tall, strong, young man, of about thirty or less, very keen, intellectual and kindly. My cousin, a very conservative person indeed, was greatly taken with him. A fortnight after he was dead—of pneumonia.

There was peace after this for a short time on my return; but at the end of July the disturbances began again, infinitely worse, and very terrifying. I began to look for another house. At this time, too, a distinguished savant, a man of great intellect, desired permission to come and investigate the phenomena. I agreed, but nothing could be discovered, of course. Finally I went to pay some visits in the Channel Islands, taking my daughter with me, and my cousin going home. As no servant would even come in by the day now, the cottage was shut up, and remained so till we came back to England.

We returned to it in September of last year, and set about finding another house—not an easy thing, when one is seriously engaged the best part of the day in writing. However, it seemed almost possible we were to be left in peace, as both noise and odour were absent. I forgot to say my bedroom opened on the study.

On the night of the third of October, I was awakened by a strange noise, as if some heavy body were being slid downstairs, and had stuck at the angle. Presently it seemed to be righted, and came with a terrific bang against my study door. The door did not open; but in some horrible fashion the heavy body

came through and entering the room was hurled, as it were, at the window facing the couch. My daughter called out to me in terror, and I rushed out into the middle of the room in time to hear a slow grinding noise, as if the body, whatever it was, had been thrust through the open window, and down over the porch to the path beneath, where it fell with a wooden thud—such a sound as would have been made by a large packing case filled with sawdust, or a coffin containing a dead body. We were both so thoroughly frightened now that I went out in the morning and took the first house that offered, as far away from the cottage as could be discovered. But before leaving I determined to have a thorough hunt from top to bottom of the place; my cousin came up to assist me, and we investigated, following on the sounds and the intolerable odour persistently, and discovered no more than we already knew: that the whole thing emanated from the front room on the top floor, and returned there.

At this time I opened my paper one morning and read in it the news that the great writer who had last followed the Thing had, like the newspaper man, come to an untimely end, and my fear grew. I did not say anything to my cousin, but I could see she was frightened also. We sent over sufficient things to keep us going, and left the cottage that day.

Two days afterwards, the vans brought over all the furniture, and while the men in charge of the removal were placing it, I went, with my little girl, to see a friend who had been unwell for some time—I may mention here that I am very light on my feet, quick and sure-footed—on my way back, I was hurled off my feet on the station staircase and fell to the very bottom. One of my arms was broken at the elbow and the wrist, my knee put out, my middle finger on one hand broken, and my back badly jarred. I was picked up unconscious and brought home. It was as narrow an escape from death as I ever hope to have.

So it would appear that impalpable as the Something is haunting the cottage, it has power to select evil circumstances for those who trouble it or interfere with it in any way. Mr. S——'s suggestion is that "It" does not know it is dead and needs some one to tell it so—Perhaps! I am recounting a plain tale, just as the thing happened, and leave it for some one more courageous than myself to discover the why and the wherefore, and to face the possibility of death or accident as a result.

So far those who have escaped disaster are the child and the young girl, who both met "It" with prayer for Its rest and ultimate salvation in Christ.

THE DIVINE IMAGE

BY ERNEST NEWLAND-SMITH (Author of *The Temple of Art, Art Ideals, The Temple of Love, Musical Education*, Editor of *The Laresol Review*, etc., etc.)

"MAN, know thyself!" has ever been the cry of the Sage. And since every experience of man must be an experience of Consciousness there are few fields of study of greater scientific importance than the study of the human mind. Consciousness must in reality be the basis of all scientific investigation, and it is characteristic of the modern trend of psychology that man is once more beginning to realize that the first principle in the search for Truth must be to look within. Even the world which we customarily call the scientific world—viz., the world that pursues the study of physical science and the investigation of phenomena—is beginning to realize that the Truth can speak inwardly without noise of words. There is, of course, no new development in such realization. It is rather that the (so-called) scientific world is returning, after a brief spell of materialistic blindness, to that which has ever been the source of Wisdom from earth's earliest ages. It is rather that out of a condition of *fundamental* darkness which, though rich in discoveries relating to the nature of phenomena, has signally failed to grasp the underlying spiritual Truth from which all phenomena proceed, we are gradually emerging to a more enlightened and less one-sided view of the universe. Indeed, we no longer allow the use of the term "Science" to be the prerogative of those men who have studiously confined their investigations to that which, after all, constitutes but the mere outworks of the vast field of research which could rightly be ranged under that head.

Looking upon Occult Science as the Science which deals with that which is other than physical, with that which is "hidden" from the outward eye, and with that which sometimes lies outside the range of what we are accustomed to consider as the normal consciousness, we shall recognize that true Occultism is a part, though only a part (even as that which we are accustomed to call physical science is only a part, and also that which we are accustomed to call psychical science is only a part) of the Supreme Wisdom or Magic.

Now since, humanly speaking, everything begins and ends in Consciousness, the approach to the true reality of anything—the approach to the Supreme Wisdom—must plainly depend upon the progress of man in gaining true consciousness—in gaining that consciousness in which the false or unreal is entirely eliminated, and in which the view-point is *universal* rather than *special*. In the search for the True Reality of anything we must endeavour to bring all our powers of inductive and deductive reasoning clearly to bear upon the subject of investigation. And since a true conception of his own nature may very possibly be the first stage of man's inquiry, it will be well, before proceeding to the study of consciousness itself, and still more before proceeding to the study of the various phases of consciousness, to try and see if we can formulate any rough outline of a true idea of the Personality and Constitution of Man.

It will be known that man is considered by Catholic theologians and other religious thinkers to have been made in the likeness of God—to have been created in the Divine Image. Furthermore, since from the Catholic standpoint God is a Divine Trinity-in-Unity, man, being made in the Divine Image, is also a trinity-in-unity. It has been the custom in certain quarters to look upon the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity as foolish and unscientific. But such a contradictory attitude has surely been exceedingly presumptuous in face of the fact that the idea of a trinitarian nature underlying nearly all things has been recognized by most of the philosophers and wise men of old, and has formed a feature of most of the ancient religions from time immemorial. Modern scientists may say that such an idea, such a conception of God and man, is mere conjecture, and that it cannot be proved. But can *anything* be proved? Certainly nothing can be proved contrary to the Catholic dogma, and if sufficient evidence can be brought forward to clearly show that the trinitarian idea runs throughout the whole of nature, is such uniformity likely to indicate that this idea is an erroneous conception? Or, to put the matter in a slightly different way, if the trinitarian idea of Truth such as is contained in the Catholic creeds of the Church should be erroneous, is it not strange that the characteristic of the trinity-in-unity appears—in the light of investigation as to the nature and constitution of things—to be universal? To say that this common characteristic in the nature and constitution of things is mere accident or coincidence seems to be far less rational than to conclude that the Divine Personality is trinitarian, and that creation is manifested in the Divine Image. That this common characteristic of

the trinity-in-unity, or three-in-one nature pervading all things, really *does* manifest itself there can be no doubt. For in spite of the fact that the trinitarian idea of the Divine Personality as set forth in the Creeds of the Catholic Church has been a rock of offence to many modern thinkers, we shall find, when we come to look more closely into the nature and constitution of things, that the Trinitarian Idea so far from being an impossible conception, appears to underlie nearly everything with which we are acquainted.

In the Divine Trinity of the Holy Catholic Church we find the three Persons (this word, of course, not meaning *individuals*, but *veilings*, from *persona*, a mask) described as the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—the Power of Truth, the Word of Truth, and the Spirit of Truth. And in what better way can the human personality be described than as a trinity-in-unity also? Is it possible to describe the fundamental principles of the human personality in better terms than those of Power (or Life Principle), Thought, and Feeling?

It will be evident on looking closely into the matter that these three "persons" (or aspects) not only agree in one, but are one; that, in short, they form an inseparable trinity-in-unity. It is impossible to conceive of either aspect without its including the other two. It would be impossible, for example, to think without the Power so to do, and the Will or the feeling of a desire to put that power into operation; and it is the same with each of the other aspects of the human personality—each includes and necessitates the other two; though each aspect can be considered separately, they are not *three*, but *one* Personality.

Now the uniformity between these two trinities—viz., that of the Divine and the human personality—is very striking, insomuch as the Divine Power (or Life Principle) corresponds to the human power; the Divine Word corresponds to the human thought; and the Divine Spirit corresponds to the human feeling. The cry will no doubt at once be raised by many that this is simply an example of an anthropomorphic, though metaphysical, idea of God. Any such objection, however—if objection it be—quickly falls to the ground when we proceed to investigate things other than man and find them also to be trinitarian in their nature. And this is just what we shall find. We shall find that to conceive of the Divine Personality as a trinity-in-unity is no more anthropomorphic than it is artistic; and no more artistic than it is scientific; and no more scientific than it is religious.

For example, it will readily be conceded that man's true calling

in life is to mould and fashion the human personality until it conforms to Truth. And we shall find that in order to accomplish any such end we need some instrument of human progress to aid the human evolution in its approach to Truth. We shall find this instrument of human progress to consist of a trinity-in-unity—Religion, Science, and Art. Here Religion (in the true sense of the term) is the Power (or Life-Principle), Science is that which has for its object the bringing about of True Thought, and Art is that which has for its object the bringing about of True Feeling. See how these three, when considered in their true light, agree in one, and are one.

Religion, Science, and Art are an inseparable trinity-in-unity ; they form the instrument of human progress that is to mould and fashion the human personality of Power, Thought, and Feeling till the human personality conforms to the highest Truth—to the Divine Personality of God—the Power of Truth, the Word of Truth, and the Spirit of Truth. Religion corresponds to the Power (or Life-Principle) ; Science is to mould and fashion the human thought in the pathways of Truth till it reach the true Knowledge—the Divine Wisdom, the Word ; Art is to mould and fashion the human feeling in the pathways of Truth till it reach the true Love—the Divine Will, the Holy Spirit.

Can this uniformity of image in the Divine Personality, the human personality, and the instrument of human progress that has been given to us to mould and fashion the human into the Divine (the Truth) be merely coincidence ? It is scarcely rational to conclude so.

Now speaking of personality—should a human being be without any *one* of the *three* aspects of his being (Power, Thought, and Feeling), he could no longer be said to possess personality—he would be a kind of freak, or monstrosity. On the other hand, in the case of a man whose Power, Thought, and Feeling are all working together, the three in one, we describe that man as one possessing a strong personality ; and if we attempt to sever these three persons or aspects of the human personality, we destroy the very idea of personality altogether. Is it not therefore evident, since each aspect of the trinity of the instrument of human progress corresponds so exactly to each aspect of the human (and therefore Divine) Personality—that it is equally impossible to separate either person (or aspect) of the instrument of human progress without utterly destroying the true conception of this instrument ? And that since each person (or aspect) implies the other two, if any one aspect is separated from the others we get no longer Truth in

our conception, but a freak or monstrosity? It would surely seem so.

Therefore, Religion separated from Science and Art is no longer true Religion; Science separated from Religion and Art is no longer true Science; and Art separated from Science and Religion is no longer true Art.

Religion being that which has for its object the bringing of man to God, Who is Truth, all rightly directed search for Truth is religious. Religion is therefore the Power (or Life-Principle) in the instrument of human progress; and it is only by this Power that man is enabled to search for Truth in Thought (Science), and Truth in Feeling (Art). Religion is the Power (or Life-Principle) from which these latter two proceed;—even as in the doctrine held by the Catholic Church the Son, or Eternal Word, proceeds from the Fatherhood of God, and the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father and the Son.

Now should any one raise the question as to which must come first—Religion, Science, or Art—or inquire which of the three is the most important—we can only answer that such questions are absurd in the light of what we have shown; for neither of the three *can* come first—they are one, an inseparable trinity; each one, rightly conceived of, includes and necessitates the other two. We might as well ask which comes first, or which is the most important—Power, Thought, or Feeling. And yet the modern world, with its narrow-minded intellectual arrogance, has been considering Religion, Science, and Art as separate instruments, or even as instruments in conflict, instead of one inseparable instrument of human progress. Few people have ever even thought of this trinitarian conception of Religion, Science, and Art, this trinity-in-unity, these three aspects of the whole which cannot be separated. And since this instrument of human progress—Religion, Science, and Art—is the instrument which has been given to man to aid him in moulding and fashioning his personality into conformity with the Divine Personality (or in other words, in his approach to the True Reality), how can this progress be rightly carried on whilst this fundamental machinery of human life is out of order? Until Religion, Science, and Art are universally recognized as an inseparable trinity-in-unity all efforts at improvement will be like tinkering at outer symptoms while utterly ignoring the grave causal disorder in the engines of human progress.

Nor does this trinitarian idea stop at the instrument of human progress. Each aspect of the instrument of human progress

is in itself trinitarian. And therefore the instrument of human progress as a whole is itself a trinity of trinities.

Does not Religion consist of the inseparable trinity of Duty, Belief, and Worship? And does not Duty correspond to the Power (or Life-Principle), Belief to the Word (Wisdom, True Thought), and Worship to the Spirit (Love, True Feeling)? Moreover, this trinity manifests itself outwardly in another trinity—Law, Doctrine, and Ritual.

And does not Science consist of the inseparable trinity of Intuition, Analysis, and Synthesis? And does not Intuition correspond to the Power (or Life-Principle), Analysis to the Word (Wisdom, True Thought), and Synthesis to the Spirit (Love, True Feeling)? Moreover, this trinity manifests itself outwardly in another trinity—the Axiom, the Inductive, and the Deductive.

And does not Art consist of the inseparable trinity of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty? And does not Goodness correspond to the Power (or Life-Principle), Truth to the Word (Wisdom, True Thought), and Beauty to the Spirit (Love, True Feeling)? Moreover, this trinity manifests itself outwardly in another Trinity—Essence, Idea, and Expression.

And yet when we come to look closely into the matter we shall find that all these trinities in their true Essence are but further aspects, more or less visible, of the one great Trinity. We shall find that there is only One True Reality in all the universe—even God; in Whom all things live and move and have their being. We shall find that there is no beginning and no ending; but that He alone is the Alpha and the Omega.

He who said that Truth was a Sphere was perhaps very near to the right conception. Only Truth is a Sphere (to use the language of one of the Fathers of the Early Church) whose centre is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere. This is why it is that if we wish to find the truth of anything we need to view it entirely from the standpoint of the Whole, and not from any one particular standpoint. Paradoxical as it may seem (Truth being a paradox), we can only view things from all standpoints by viewing them from one particular standpoint; by refusing to look at anything from this or that standpoint, and striving to look at all things from the standpoint of the Love of God. This is the only True Standpoint; it is the Catholic—the Universal—Standpoint.

Whilst man does not perceive the trinity-in-unity manifested throughout the universe he lives with a false conception of the

human personality; a false conception of the instrument of human progress which is to mould and fashion that personality into conformity with Truth; and a false conception (except where he has accepted the true Catholic doctrine) of the Divine Personality. And as long as man dwells in this atmosphere of false conceptions he will fail to gain a true conception of religion; he will fail to gain a true conception of Life and the meaning of Life; and he will, in consequence, be far removed from the True Reality.

Probably our innumerable religious sects have largely arisen either through a distorted view of the Holy Trinity of the Divine Personality, or through a distorted conception of the Trinity of the Human Personality; or through both. It is also certain that progress towards true life must have been grievously hindered through the Trinitarian instrument of Human Progress (Religion, Science and Art) having been looked upon not only as three separate instruments, but often as three instruments in antagonism rather than as three instruments forming one whole—a Trinity-in-Unity. For the pathways chosen in the past by Religion, Science, and Art would have been very different, and far more helpful than they have been, if these three powers had been recognized as one. Three aspects, or interdependent notions they doubtless are, yet they are not three instruments, but one instrument of Human Progress.

In conclusion, is it likely that this uniformity in the trinitarian nature of all things is a matter of coincidence? Is it not more rational to conclude that creation is a manifestation of, and a manifestation formed in the same image as, the ever Blessed Trinity of the Catholic Faith? And, further, that this Holy Faith is built upon a Rock which no power can ever destroy,—the Rock of Truth?

CORRESPONDENCE

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

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Having read the article by Franz Hartmann in this month's OCCULT REVIEW, I thought perhaps you would be interested to hear of an incident that happened to my brother. We were at a boarding-house at the seaside, seated at breakfast at one of the small tables at the end furthest from the door, when our dog, an Airdale, that I had brought up from a puppy, came running in, in and out the small tables to my brother (I did not see him) and looked up at him and seemed pleased to see him. My brother put out his hand to pat Dale, but he had faded away. We returned home next day. I fully expected to hear that some accident had happened to him or that he was dead. I was delighted to find him well and so pleased to see us. He has been dead two years, but has not appeared to my brother again.

This is another incident you might like to hear of. I had a servant living with me who told me that she always saw a white hen flutter across the room before she heard of death in her family. One morning she told me that she had seen a large white hen run round her kitchen; she heard the noise it made on the oil-cloth, and felt then that one of her family was dead or dying. In a short time she heard that her mother was dead. At that time I took no interest in Occult Science, and tried to make her think that she was mistaken; but no, she insisted, and I really had to believe her as I had always found her a most thoroughly honest and reliable woman. She did not seem frightened about it. I hope I have not taken up too much of your valuable time.

Believe me to be,

Yours sincerely,

JANE SPENCE.

STRATHEDEN, GARDEN ROAD, BROMLEY, KENT.

[Other letters are held over unavoidably for want of space.—ED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

EXPERIENCES are "not negotiable"; such is the law, and every man must find for himself the Great Resolvent. If it were not so, one would think that Mr. W. T. Stead's article in the *Fortnightly Review*, "How I Know that the Dead Return: A Record of Personal Experience," would serve to convince many. But even Mr. Stead does not cherish this illusion; he winds up by urging his readers to experiment for themselves, and says that possibly they will find mediums in their own families if they care to seek for them. As for himself, he has been his own medium; friends, living and "dead," have written through his hand, in each case just as freely as a living person can write with his own hand, and part of the results of fifteen years' experience has been published in "Letters from Julia." He tells the story of how these communications commenced, and how Julia gave many predictions which were literally fulfilled, unlikely as they seemed; also how another friend, whose death Julia had repeatedly foretold, afterwards "returned" and proved her identity in four ways previously agreed upon. He tells, too, how a living friend informed him, through his hand, of an incident she would fain have kept to herself, and made but one trifling error in the narrative; and how a Boer commander of whom no one in England had ever heard, as far as Mr. Stead could learn, was photographed along with him, and the photograph was recognized by his countrymen from the Orange Free State when they came to England with General Louis Botha.

Researchers into occult and psychical science will find much to interest them in the January number of the *Hibbert Journal*. The two first articles, by the Right Hon. Gerald Balfour and Principal J. W. Graham, deal with the "cross-correspondences" obtained by the Society for Psychical Research, and lately analysed by Mr. Piddington in the *Proceedings of the S.P.R.* Professor William James gives an account of Fechner's doctrine of the Earth-Soul, and of hierarchies of beings intermediate between man and God, thus ascribing to God a body and to Nature a soul, and filling up the void or "thinness" left by ordinary transcendentalism, which "leaves everything intermediary out, and recognizes only the extremes," the Absolute and the human. An article by Dr. Henry Rutgers Marshall, on "Psychotherapeutics and Religion," condemns the tendency to explain Mental, Faith, or Christian Science healing "in terms

of doctrines of a very dubious nature," and points out that although religious feeling may act as an aid to suggestion, the suggestion itself, apart from all religious explanation, is what works the cure; but all may not admit the assumptions contained in his dictum "that in the long run it will be better for the race to run the risk of continuance of some suffering among weaklings whom the arts of magic can alone relieve, rather than to curtail the development of clear thinking among the common people."

Another *Hibbert* article, by Miss Vida Scudder, teaches that a Socialist state, to be successful, will demand the occult virtues of self-control and self-sacrifice; in fact, self-mergence in the soul of the community. "Moral Education" is considered, and the Rev. R. Roberts appeals for consistency in the use of the terms Jesus and Christ, pointing out the contradictions that arise from indiscriminate use of the words as implying a "Kenosis" and an "Imperfect God." Professor Keyser, of Columbia University, applies the mathematical concept of infinity—than which, he says, no single idea, notion or concept is more clearly or sharply defined—as an illustration of certain religious assumptions which are usually considered to be beyond the power of man to grasp with precision. Not only is it possible to conceive of an infinite God, but, by a simple application of the mathematical method, it is shown that thought is an infinite manifold, and that therefore Man, the Thinker, is infinite also.

Still another article, by Lewis R. Farnell, D.Litt., affords a survey of the "Religious and Social Aspects of the Cult of Ancestors and Heroes." Dr. Farnell distinguishes between "tendance" and "worship," the former prompted by affection or reverence, the latter by hope of beneficent influence to be exercised by the deceased, or by fear of their interference with the living. He uses the word "superstition" a good many times, but rather in respect to the "discarded belief" in the power of the dead to bless or harm, than as to the simple idea of conscious survival. Though not treating the cult of the dead as the source of all religion, he shows that it has left a deep imprint on advanced ethic and religion, and that its influence has been generally beneficial.

The Annals of Psychical Science, which has just commenced to appear as a quarterly, contains a lengthy account by Professor Richet of his experiments with Mme. X—, including the automatic writings in Greek of which he gave an account to the Society for Psychical Research during his presidency in 1905.

Other forms of "lucidity" are discussed, and Professor Richet concludes that he cannot deny the fact of lucidity, although he does not attempt to offer an explanation. Some annotations by Mme. X— herself add interest to the recital.

The *Theosophical Review* is chiefly remarkable for a paper on "The Jesus of the Baruch-Gnosis," by Mr. Mead, who considers that many of the mystery-teachings are referred to in the New Testament, and says :—

Not only in this general feature of the Christianized Gnosis, namely, the Christ as the Manifestation of the Great Initiator, but also in its twin concept of the Christ as the Saviour, as set forth dramatically in the many variants of the Sophia-Mythos, in which the Sophia, or Soul, is set free by her union with her supernal Spouse, do we see clearly that the old mystery-traditions have been taken over by the mystics of the new faith, and the belief in the Redemption through the person of the historic Jesus as Christ has been skilfully blended with the mystical Scheme of Salvation of the Ancient Wisdom.

Mr. H. S. Green writes on "The Svastika," and endeavours to account for the different forms in which this symbol is drawn—representing sometimes a left-handed, sometimes a right-handed rotation.

The Co-Mason is a new magazine founded in the interests of Co-Masonry, an organization working according to the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, and "open to men and women of all nationalities, of all races and of all creeds." The first number contains interesting articles on Rites, Symbolism, Astrology in Regard to Masonry, etc. The office is at 13, Blomfield Road, Paddington, W.

The *Journal of the American S.P.R.* gives details of a characteristic instance of personation in automatic writing, which is thus summarized :—

We procured a Ouija-board, and proceeded to test it. To our surprise and joy we were able to communicate with our friends, and all went well until the time came when we were deceived by some spirits bent on mischief, who succeeded in misleading us by answering in place of our dear ones. One of them finally confessed, telling us also when she first came ; and then left us in peace. But the other persisted in annoying us, so we gave up using the board.

The Open Court continues its account of the Abgar-Veronica portraits of Christ, and discusses the proposed derivation of "Veronica" from "Berenice," concluding that the two stories were originally distinct, and later became fused into one. Many illustrations are given of the various pictures in which the *sudarium* is represented. Dr. Carus says : "The type of the Veronica

pictures is a characteristic expression of a certain phase in the development of Christianity which exhibits a preference for an ascetic and severe, almost lugubrious conception of religion, and may be regarded as typical of the Middle Ages."

The editor of *The Swastika*, Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall, writes on "The Rationale of Clairvoyance," and distinguishes this faculty from other psychic powers which are classed with it, such as thought-transference and prevision. He says :—

An example of clear-cut and distinct thought-transference is the following, and it is an actual occurrence. I was doing some work in the editorial rooms of the *Denver Post* a few months ago, when I distinctly heard certain words. I looked up and asked one of the men sitting in the room with me if he had made that remark, and as the words were meaningless in themselves I asked him what he meant. He said he had not spoken aloud, but that he was fixing his mind upon an attractive heading for a story he was writing, and those words had come into his mind. He was concentrating so intensely upon the words that they reached me, but without any sense of their application or meaning. . . .

A party of which I was a member once experimented with a boy of seventeen who was a remarkable clairvoyant, but who utterly failed when it came to prediction. He would describe in detail the appearance of a person or a room which he had never seen, tell the content of a sealed package, or prove the possession of a power to see through supposedly dense objects, in whatever way he was tested. When asked what would happen the next day, or the next week, he would refuse to make predictions, saying he could not foresee. If urged to try, his statements generally proved quite wrong.

Dr. McIvor-Tyndall goes on to say that he himself, as a child, used to utter predictions about things that came under his observation, without knowing why, or realizing that he was speaking of what had not yet occurred. He thinks that children endowed with this faculty are often scolded and punished for "telling lies" because what they state as fact has not yet occurred.

Reason reprints a lecture delivered in Australia by a gentleman who claims to have the power of passing out of his body and seeing what is going on at distant places, and has even heard that his form had been seen by clairvoyants in those places. He describes how he ridded a "haunted house" of its ghost, by affording it an opportunity for declaring its identity; it was found that a man of that name and description had occupied the same house. The ghost then ceased haunting, no more unaccountable noises being heard; and as the house had been let at a low figure on account of its reputation for being haunted the landlord promptly raised the rent!

REVIEWS

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF COMPARATIVE RELIGION.

By F. B. Jevons. London: Macmillan & Co.

IN connexion with the Hartford-Lawson Lectures on the Religions of the World, this *Introduction to the Study of Comparative Religion* has been issued as the substance of a series of lectures delivered at the Hartford Theological Seminary by Mr. Frank Byron Jevons.

It forms an exceedingly good volume, and is full of original suggestions and rich thought, the style of expression being both lucid and graphic. It is pointed out that the science of religion is concerned solely with the chronological order so far as it is an historical science and not in that degree with the effects of religious faiths. Yet it is in this latter relationship that religion is of the greatest interest. The science which teaches us when and by what means one faith obtained ascendancy over others is interesting to the student of religious history and of mental evolution; but more universally compelling is that aspect of the subject which traces the root conceptions of the various religious beliefs of the world and shows wherein they are fundamentally in agreement and based upon the same conceptions of the relations of mankind to Deity. But Comparative Religion is a subject not lightly to be regarded nor easily to be studied without some guidance and instruction, since primary concepts are not arrived at but by extremely patient study and diligent elimination of circumstantial factors which are seen to be accidental and not incidental to a system of religious thought.

Mr. Jevons has made this study as complete as possible and has placed his conclusions within easy grasp of the average reader, by which labour he has laid us under a debt of gratitude.

The line of argument may in part be gathered from the capitulations following: Immortality, Magic, Fetichism, Prayer, Sacrifice, Morality, and Christianity. To follow the argument in detail would be impossible in a short review, while casual excerpts would do the author scant justice. The book needs to be not only read but studied and will be found of service to all who have not hitherto attempted any arrangement of their thought in regard to the evolution of the religious idea.

SCRUTATOR.

ROUND THE FIRE STORIES. By Arthur Conan Doyle. With a frontispiece by A. Castaigne. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.

WHEN a novelist of huge popularity touches the occult one is pretty sure that he will simply add matter to the material world. One is pretty sure that he will deal in exteriors, and that he will not attempt to look into mysteries that cannot be stage-managed. Sir Conan Doyle does not rise beyond our expectations or fall below it. The three occult tales in the present volume are excellent anecdotes, persuasively logical, and they open no new vistas to any person who is fairly well-read in folklore. In the first of them, "The Leather Funnel," he imagines that one of the instruments used in the torture of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers (of poisonous memory) brought to a man sleeping near it a dream of the horrible ritual of justice under Louis XIV. It is a very neat, very precise story. In it figures a psychologist with a reasoning faculty akin to that of Sherlock Holmes. The story is an interesting example of fiction which by design fulfils the law that fiction is less strange than truth. For in real life the least exciting dreams are often utterly inexplicable, except on the theory—injurious to one's modesty—that a living mind, supremely and yet ridiculously artistic, presents masterpieces of imitation before our inner eyes.

In another story a ghost claims its hand of a surgeon, and makes his life miserable until a substitute for the missing member is provided for it out of a hospital. Some will think that the *chef d'œuvre* of the book is "Playing with Fire," an account of a materialization at a séance. The materialization has the form of a unicorn, and it is much to the credit of Sir Conan Doyle that the appearance of this heraldic animal leaves the reader unmirthful. The character-sketching in this tale is distinctly clever; even at midnight I find myself admiring the Frenchman who acknowledged the prosiness of spirit-moralizing and "weesh[ed] to try some experiment with all this force which is given us."

I leave fourteen tales without comment, as they are strictly mundane. All are readable, and in the aggregate prove their author a very manly man, for he is not afraid to imagine thought, to create forms corresponding to it, and yet thinks steadily, when he is most inspired, of the clues that lead from crime to the criminal.

W. H. CHESSON.

LUCIUS SCARFIELD. By J. A. Reverbort. London: A. Constable & Co., Ltd.

HERE is a novel that will be read by thousands and yet will never be popular in its generation. Its author cannot, however, fail to score a great success. In what purports to be a philosophical romance of the twentieth century, we have something more than the ordinary elements of fiction. The scheme of this novel is wide enough, and its problems sufficiently deep to engage the mind of the most exacting reader of romance. Yet it cannot be denied that Mr. Reverbort is a stylist, and that to a degree which is calculated to render some of his most dramatic passages savour of unreality.

The story is fine in conception, and is marked by some very powerful incident, but the employment of philosophical abstractions in the plot makes of it a somewhat tangled thread, and because of this, together with a rather too laboured use of the classics, and a certain atmosphere of artificiality in the dialogue, it is probable that Mr. Reverbort will appeal rather to the dilettante reader than to the general public.

Nevertheless, one cannot fail to recognize that *Lucius Scarfield* is a distinct creation, and that Mr. Reverbort has evolved a method and a style which is sure to bring him into conspicuous notice in literary circles, but which is also certain to place him beyond the pale of popular recognition. *Lucius Scarfield* will be talked about, and that by many who cannot pretend to appreciate the motive of the book any more than its superlative style, but to the man in the street it may never have been printed for aught he will know or care. A cheap notoriety such as attends the works of certain modern novelists is, I judge, beneath the ambition of Mr. Reverbort, but he will yet not lack a large and influential body of genuine admirers, among whom he may certainly count his reviewer.

SCRUTATOR.

ARCANA OF NATURE. By Hudson Tuttle. With an Introduction by Emmet Densmore, M.D. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. Price 6s. net.

PROBLEMS of considerable difficulty confront the reader of this reprint of one of the earlier of the many works which have been produced by automatic or inspirational writing under assumed spirit control. Some interesting light is thrown on the question in the Introduction, in which Dr. Densmore gives not only Mr. Tuttle's own account of the manner in which the

book was produced, but a summary of the experiences of various other mediumistic writers and speakers, including Swedenborg and Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, himself the author, a few years previously, of a book which was written in a somewhat similar manner; and these intuitional writings are compared with other manifestations of genius as examples of what is termed the "superior condition," in which the mind attains a state of perception far surpassing ordinary mental activity.

Mr. Tuttle, then a youth of seventeen, found that he could write, sometimes ideas which were not in his mind, sometimes those which his understanding seemed to be enlarged to take in and express on paper. He lived in the country, in America, far from any libraries, and yet notes would be added to the writing, giving scientific authorities, and even the pages of their works on which the statements were to be found. These references were verified as far as possible by the proof-reader, and the works themselves were not read by Mr. Tuttle until years afterwards.

The scope of the book, which was first published in 1859, is a history of the creation or evolution of the universe, from the nebulous state to the manifestation of mind in man, and covers a wide range of science: astronomy, geology, palæontology, the origin of species, and the structure, functions, and development of the human brain. It presents all growth and progress as showing the workings of eternal law, and leads to conclusions very similar to those formulated by Sir Oliver Lodge in his latest work, wherein he suggests that guidance and control are continuous, and that we are "looking at the working of the Manager all the time, and at nothing else." Thus, although based on the science of fifty years ago, it marshals facts and theories in a way that few then living could have done, and presents views and conclusions which are only now beginning to be authoritatively accepted. S.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND THE RESURRECTION. By James H. Hyslop, formerly Professor of Ethics and Logic in Columbia University. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1908. Price 5s. net.

THIS volume is more or less of a general survey of the main features of psychical research, and consists mostly of articles previously published, on visions of the dying, mediumistic experiments since Dr. Hodgson's death, the Smead case, and so on. Two chapters of hitherto unpublished matter are added

on "Humorous Aspects of Psychical Research" and "Psychical Research and the Resurrection."

The Smead case is rather specially interesting as an illustration of the way in which secondary personality may shade off into a really impressive imitation of genuine spirit-control. Mrs. Smead, a clergyman's wife with whom Professor Hyslop—assisted by Mr. Smead's co-operation—has experimented, at first presented phenomena closely resembling Professor Flournoy's classical case of Héléne Smith. The chief communicators purported to be the deceased children of Mr. and Mrs. Smead, one of whom seemed to be resident in the planet Mars. Samples of the "Martian language" were given, but there is little or no resemblance between it and the Martian of Mlle. Smith or of Mrs. Weiss. Descriptions and sketches of Martian inhabitants were also produced, along with details of a flying-machine which is mechanically impossible. After this phase, a deceased soldier turned up—Harrison Clarke by name—but failed to prove his identity. Since then, the phenomena have shown what Dr. Hyslop regards as proof of supernormal acquisition of knowledge, and the case seems to stand half-way between Mlle. Smith and Mrs. Piper.

As to telepathy as an "explanation" of such phenomena as Mrs. Piper's, Dr. Hyslop rightly protests against the wholesale and careless use of the word, which is so common not only among outsiders but also among some investigators. There is certainly a tendency, in various quarters, to "explain" by telepathy any supernormal incident concerning any fact which can be shown or surmised to be known by any living mind; though there is really no evidential warrant for believing in telepathy of the selective kind which is implied.

Dealing with the Resurrection of Christ, Dr. Hyslop points out that science will not tolerate large theories based on isolated events, unless they can be shown to have a law of their own. Hence, unless the doctrine of a future life can secure credentials in the evidence of present occurrences, the belief takes an unsupported place in the system of human convictions, and must suffer the destiny of all beliefs which cannot claim the defence of reason and general experience (p. 361). Religion is losing its hold on the cardinal doctrine of survival of death; and, without this, Christian ethics will also vanish. The importance of science finding a basis of some kind for an idealistic reconstruction is therefore obvious.

This basis psychical research is providing. Apparitions

are proved to occur, to be sometimes veridical, and to be not always explicable by chance. "This makes it entirely credible that Christ may have appeared in a similar way to His disciples." The return of belief in survival will once more place the centre of gravity where it was with the early Christians, and should herald a new era of social reform and spiritual growth. At the same time, though all men may, a century hence—as Myers predicted—believe in the Resurrection of Christ, it does not in the least follow that they will also accept the creeds which ingenious theologians built up from their own interpretation of His significance. These, probably, have gone for ever, though in some cases they may continue useful, if taken symbolically. The main fact is, however, that the results of psychical research will re-introduce belief in a cosmic rather than a planetary scheme, and a Christian system of morality will again become what Mr. Kidd would call "rational."

Dr. Hyslop's book deserves to be read by all who are interested in the subject, and we hope that its educative influence will reach a wide circle on this side as well as in America.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

THE SANITY OF WILLIAM BLAKE. By Grevill MacDonald, M.D.

London: A. C. Fifield, 44, Fleet St., E.C.

"THE weakness of convention as a standard of criticism lies in this, that we are able to estimate a given work only so long as it falls within our educational experience; whereas if it does not, there remains no system that will give it justice."

This true saying has an universal application and constitutes in itself a fine standard of criticism. It is used by the author in his vindication of the life and work of that great genius, William Blake. As poet, mystic and artist, Blake was beyond and above all the ordinary canons of judgment, and immune from all just criticism. It is lamented that his apologists, while praising his art and esteeming his character, have "dared to defend him against himself and his own work," which would seem to indicate that while they were held by his powers they yet failed to appreciate his virtue and genius. This, however, must needs be, since genius works not for its own generation but for a remote posterity to whom that genius may yet never be wholly revealed. Thus is it that our author has reason to complain of those who have attempted Blake's apologia:—

We are driven . . . to this uncomfortable conclusion: that if dear William Blake was indeed sane, he was guilty in manner never before

laid to the charge of the most hypocritical ; for while your average sinner may preach piety and live shamefully, William Blake, for the first time in the history of man, while living so absolutely a virtuous life that none but a drunken soldier ever accused him, and that falsely, yet wrote and preached impiety of many kinds and divers colours. If we study our Swinburne we shall be asked to believe that our prophet wrote like a libertine while living like a saint ; that, preaching infidelity, he was yet faithful beyond the manner of men. On the other hand, some of his interpreters compel us to believe that while he was actually teaching sublime truth, he surpassed even his interpreters in obscurity. At any rate, Messrs. Ellis and Yeats invite us to substitute an absolutely unintelligible mysticism for some of the grandest symbolic writing the world has ever produced.

To understand Blake's work it is necessary to see with the spiritual eye, looking from within towards externals, and not as we do from a world of peripheral phenomena inwards towards a world of vague unrealities.

Thus, Blake's statement that " Energy is the only life and is from the body " can only be understood from his point of view that " Man has no body distinct from his soul." Thus, instead of the soul being a by-product of experience contributed by the senses, it is that which gives the senses their vitality and their use. This book, beautifully illustrated from Blake, is likely to clear the ground for a more rational appreciation of his genius than has hitherto been possible.

SCRUTATOR.

SERMONS ON MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By A. V. Miller, O.S.C.
London : Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., Dryden House, Gerrard Street, W.

THERE has been such a great deal of literature in review of late years advocating the pursuit of spiritualistic teachings and phenomena that it is quite refreshing for once to come across a book which calls a halt in the name of common sense and reason as well as of religion.

The Rev. A. V. Miller, in the six sermons comprised in this volume, accentuates the need for a thorough and honest review of the whole range of phenomena, of spiritualistic credentials, and of the purport and moral effect of the teachings of Spiritualism.

We have not only to consider whether the evidences are satisfactory, and the phenomena genuine, but what social and moral benefits are to be derived from the study and acceptance of them. If it be a fact, as has been alleged, that the whole range of " communications " has not added one single fact to the sum of human knowledge there remains the claim of the spiritualist that we

have indisputable evidence of life beyond the grave. But this is not the equivalent of immortality, nor does it settle the question of authenticity or of spirit-identity. It is pointed out that Mr. Stainton-Moses committed to Mr. F. W. H. Myers the earth-names of the intelligences manifesting through his mediumship as "Imperator," "Rector" and "Doctor." The posthumous appearance of Stainton-Moses in New York circles, through the mediumship of Mrs. Piper, gave Myers an opportunity of establishing the identity of the "spirit" of his old colleague. In effect, he demanded to know who in earth-life were the persons who had manifested to him from the spirit-world as "Imperator," "Rector," and "Doctor." Considerable hesitation on the part of the medium was followed by an insistence on the importance of the communication as touching the identity of the alleged communicating spirit. Finally the names were given and, as Myers declared, bore not the slightest trace of resemblance to the actual names. Thus the whole series of communications was brought into question and the "intelligence" proved to be a lying spirit.

It is a question how far, apart from the phenomena—which may not be related to spiritual agency at all—we have any evidence of the genuineness of Spiritualism. After allowing for self-deception, egotism, human fallibility, and professional mediumship—all of which are detrimental factors—we are brought face to face with the *bona fides* of the spirits themselves. Are they what they claim to be, ministers of light, or wandering souls going up and down the earth seeking whom they may devour? And, in fine, when identity is supposed to have been established, what is the end in view or the purpose served? Has Spiritualism given us a new sense of our relationship to God or to our fellowman, or has a higher moral code been established by its means? These and other searching questions are needing answer, without which, the reverend author thinks, the world is bound to take Spiritualism at its working value. But what that estimate may be and how it is arrived at, the reader must trace for himself.

SCRUTATOR.

EVERY MAN A KING. By Orisen Swett Marden. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. 3s. 6d. net.

FROM time immemorial there have been before the world various systems of greater or less merit, having for their object the emancipation of man from the thralldom of circumstance by the power of thought. Meditation has not always been confined

to the cloister but has been seen at its best where it is most needed, in the midst of daily life with all its strife and stress and surge of pressing interests. We read how the Emperor Ching T'ang (B.C. 1766) sat in meditation and "in the morning twilight attained illumination and sat still, waiting for the dawn," and among the chronicles of religion there is perhaps no more striking picture than that of the Buddha, abandoned by his followers, wasted in strength, but dauntless in courage, in conviction and purpose, seated beneath the Bo-tree at Gaya, where at length the truth dawned upon him as to the means by which man might be free from the necessity of birth and death in this world. He who stooped down in the midst of a clamouring crowd which thirsted for the life of some poor unfortunate woman and wrote with his finger in the sand, found time in the midst of his distressful life to bring the power of thought into active play for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. The great dramatist seized upon the essential of life when he said: "There is no good nor any ill but *thinking* makes it so." Thought is the supreme faculty of the universe. It has been said: "The universe was Thought before it came to be." Thought, in the vital and creative functions of the mind, involves both control and direction of the Will and Imagination.

In extension of a most useful series of books embraced by *The New Thought Library*, William Rider & Son, Ltd., have just republished a book of the greatest significance in this connexion and one that has already had a very extensive sale in America. It purports to show how the steering of thought prevents wrecks in daily life, how the mind dominates the bodily functions, and by means of this, how health and disease arise in us. Fear is regarded as the mind's most deadly foe and by all means is to be overcome in common with the emotions which are the chief generators of poisonous products in the blood. A positive attitude towards the affairs of life is held to be essential to success, and the supreme mystery of the mind is perhaps reached when we apprehend how thought brings success, strengthens the faculties, creates character and brings all things under its control. The author holds that future generations will recognize the divinity of man in this single power of thought; and to him that hath shall be given.

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