

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

HOW comes it about that there are certain houses and certain articles which enjoy a reputation, that no length of time seems able to shake off, of bringing either good or evil fortune to their owners? Such a tradition was utilized by Long-fellow in one of his best known poems, viz. "The Luck of Eden Hall," a poem, by the way, founded upon a perfectly authentic story of a fortunate drinking-bowl. Many of the best known of these stories centre round some precious jewel. Others have reference to some apparently quite commonplace dwelling-house, which has the reputation of bringing disaster to all those who inhabit it, however fortunate they may have been previously. Only this morning I have a letter from a correspondent who writes: "I know personally a lady whose children have all wasted and died, and all children who live in the same house with her go into a dying and wasting condition, and have to be removed from the house, after which they recover."*

Another correspondent who signs herself "Rion" sends the following story, which I reproduce verbatim:—

* There are other houses where financial disaster and general ill-luck dog the tenant, and not specially ill-health.

"Down towards the east of India there are a number of haunted houses, and my experiences with ghosts have been not a few. The one, however, that I write of ended very sadly for me.

"My husband had just been transferred to Gulzarbagh, and after staying there for a short while was retransferred. As I was not feeling very strong in those days I did not go with him to his new station, but stayed on in Gulzarbagh.

"The house we had was a very large one with beautiful rooms, and I had staying with me my husband's people, so I was by no means lonely; besides, I had a little girl of two years and my little baby boy, who was just five months.

"When I first entered the house I felt so strange and upset that I sat upon the doorstep and wept for quite a long while. At length I was persuaded to go to my room. The first night there I woke three times with a most peculiar feeling, as if some one was looking over me and breathing very heavily. I got up and looked round the room, but there was nothing. Next morning I got my sister-in-law to share my room. She came for that one night, but next morning she refused to sleep with me. My brother-in-law had gone to Bankipore that day and returned

ILL-FATED HOUSES. at about 10 p.m. I had gone to bed rather early that night, and I awoke at about twelve. I distinctly heard some one pull a chair across the dressing-room, and then it sounded as if they were undressing in a great hurry, throwing their clothes across the chair. I called out twice, thinking it was my brother-in-law who had perhaps mistaken the room, and on getting no reply I got up to see. There was nothing in the room and the chair was as I placed it. I returned to bed, but not to sleep.

"Next morning I told my mother-in-law what had happened, and she said that my sister-in-law had told her the same thing. I then asked her what time my brother-in-law had returned, but she said 10 o'clock. I told her of what I had heard; but she assured me that I must be wrong as she had seen him go to his room.

"That day at about one o'clock my baby fell very ill. I sent for the doctor, and he said that it was very strange that the child should have been taken ill so suddenly. I told him that the child would persist in keeping his eyes fixed on one corner of the room, and in whatever position I put him he would get his head round to that corner. By 4 o'clock he was dead, and the doctor was quite unable to account for his death.

"That night I sat up with a lady friend of mine and she told me that she had heard that evening that every family who lived in that house had lost their youngest child.

"Some time after a petition was sent up to government to allow the house to be levelled to the ground, which was granted.

"Great care was taken when the particular corner that my darling had stared at was brought down, and in the wall was found the skeleton of a little child.

"Many people are said to have lost their children there, and I can vouch for the truth of this story. I expect many people will recognize it, as it is well known down those parts."

The interest in the subject of this peculiar tradition of mis-

fortune following those who have to do with so-called unlucky or ill-luck-bringing objects has been reawakened in England by a recent lecture which drew the attention of the public to what was already a more or less familiar story of one of the mummies in the British Museum, and the disasters which attended all who had any relations with it. At the risk of recapitulating what is already familiar to many readers, I will briefly enumerate

MUMMIANA. the several misfortunes that overtook those who were mixed up in the history of the mummy case of the so-called Priestess of Amen-Ra. How far this title is justly attributed to the mummy in question seems a matter of some doubt; but what is perfectly certain is that although the mummy itself is no longer in its case, yet a succession of disasters has overtaken all who have had dealings with the shell which once contained the mummy in question.

The history of the mummy, as far as modern experience is concerned, begins with the year 1864, when the case was found by an Arab in Egypt. The gentleman who purchased it from this Arab lost a fortune within a few weeks of its purchase, and died shortly after of a broken heart. Two of his servants who had handled the mummy-case died within a year. A third, who made some scornful remarks with regard to it, lost his arm by a gun-shot accident. It arrived in London without further adventure, but a series of misfortunes overtook its London purchaser. This mummy-case is illustrated (as is usual) by a face and form purporting to be a replica of the dead. Instructions were given by its owners to have this portrait photographed. The camera, however, reproduced, not the face on the case, but the face of an apparently living Egyptian woman. Shortly afterwards the photographer died. No purchaser being now forthcoming for the mummy-case, and the owner, not unnaturally wishing to part with it, it passed into the possession of the British Museum. The carrier who removed it died a week afterwards, and one of the men who helped to put it into its place broke his leg the next day.

A further attempt was made at photographing the case. A gentleman interested in Egyptology commissioned the well-known Oxford Street photographers, Messrs. W. A. Mansell & Co., to take the photograph. The case, which, by the way, is numbered in the Museum catalogue 22452, stands in an angle of the mummy-room, and Mr. Mansell's son and his photographer visited the Museum to decide the best method of taking the

photograph. On his way home Mr. Mansell smashed his thumb so badly that he was unable to use his hand for long afterwards. The photographer himself, on returning home, found that one of his children had fallen through a glass frame and sustained dangerous injuries. The photographer returned to the Museum the next day, and photographed the figure on the case. Lifting his head suddenly as he took the picture he struck it against the frame of a glass case and cut his nose to the bone, at the same time dropping a valuable screen, which was ruined by the fall. This photograph may be inspected at the British Museum. This is not the only mummy in the British Museum that enjoys the credit of possessing weird peculiarities. There is, for instance, the breathing mummy at the opposite end of the room, and there is also the mummy of Katebit, which, I am given to understand, is not precisely normal.

Those who are of a superstitious turn of mind may be interested to note that whereas in every other room in the British Museum there is a bench provided for the public to sit down on and *one* seat for the curator, in each of the two mummy rooms *two* seats are provided for *two* curators close together, while no sitting accommodation at all is supplied for the British public. A learned Egyptologist who drew my attention to this fact gave me to understand that incidents had taken place in these rooms which led the authorities to draw the inference that they were not safe resting-places for psychically-minded people. There are, of course, other mummy stories besides the one recapitulated here. There was, for instance, the mummy that brought disaster to an Egyptian shooting-party in literal fulfilment of the curse inscribed on the case. Then again, there is the record of a mummy that found its way to South Africa, and enjoyed a reputation for unexpectedly sitting up in its case, to the surprise of the guests who utilized the billiard-room, where it was deposited. This record certainly requires confirmation, in spite of the circumstantial detail with which it has been narrated. There is, however, no story of any ill attending the possessors of the last-named mummy, and it is with the mummy as an "anti-mascot," if I may be permitted the expression, to which my present observations have reference. Dr. Franz Hartmann, whose attention has been drawn to this subject, writes to me that such things may seem to be very strange and incredible, nevertheless they are neither unheard of nor new. "Similar occurrences," he observes, "are

SIGNIFICANT
ARRANGE-
MENTS IN
THE
MUMMY
ROOMS.

narrated in Emily Hardinge Britten's *History of American Spiritualism*, and he forwards in confirmation of his statement the following account given by T. H. Kerner of Wernsberg, a literary man of some note in Germany.

Herr Kerner writes :—

" One day Count Alexander of Würtemberg sent to my father a picture in an ordinary black frame. It was the life-size picture of a wild cat, drawn with black chalk upon a bluish paper, and the same bluish tint was to be seen in the eyes of the cat, the animal being of a dark colour. The most remarkable feature of this picture was that the longer one looked at it the more did the cat seem to be living. The eyes then assumed a malignant, dismal look, making one feel quite uncomfortable. Even now, after years have passed, I cannot forget that look. The picture was accompanied by the following letter :—

" ' My dear Justin,—I send you this picture ; it is so well painted that I do not like to burn it ; nevertheless, I cannot keep it any longer, as it would make me crazy. I saw it once hanging on the wall in the room of a forester in my service. The man seemed to be in excellent circumstances and happily married, but two months ago *he shot himself without any apparent cause*. I bought the picture from the widow and hung it up in my room ; but I cannot bear the eyes of that cat any more ; they constantly attract my attention and render me so melancholy that I feel I should finally end in the same way as the forester unless I gave the picture away. I therefore send it to you, as you are known to be a master over the spirits ; to you this evil spell will do no harm.'

" *Soon afterwards Count Alexander died*. The picture now hung in our room and my father had a dislike for it, but as it was the last gift of his friend he would not part with it. One day, however, he gave it to me, desiring me to put it away. He said he could not bear any longer to have it about him.

" For nearly a year the picture hung in my room and I paid no attention to it. One night in winter, while I was writing a letter, it suddenly seemed to me as if I were *not alone in my room*, as if something strange were sneaking near me. I looked up and saw the eyes of that cat. I then knew instantly that there would be no more peace between us. These eyes seemed to persecute me ; I hated them, and the worst thing was that I felt they were stronger than I. The eyes of that cat seemed to suck the very life out of my nerves and to absorb my thoughts.

" I did not wish to give it away, but finally I found an excuse for doing so. I knew a gentleman who was a great lover of sport and hunting and just getting ready to furnish his new house. To him I gave the picture. He was very glad to receive it and hung it up in the hall. Six months afterwards *he killed himself*, having become melancholy without any apparent cause.

" A relative of this gentleman took the cat with him. A few months passed away, when he *was found dead in his bed*. Whether he was murdered or committed suicide has not been ascertained. I do not know what afterwards became of the cat."

Dr. Hartmann observes in conclusion :—

“ It seems clear from this account, that it was not the painting itself which exercised such a deleterious influence upon its possessor ; but that some living power, whether we call it an ‘ elemental ’ or a ‘ thought-form ’ or a ‘ magic spell ’ had been attached to it, as presumably was, and still is, the case with the picture on the lid of the coffin in the British Museum. Such things will naturally be incomprehensible to our physicists as long as they are unable to realize the fact known to every occultist, that the ‘ astral ’ and mental planes are worlds of their own, invisible to our physical eyes, but nevertheless real and substantial and having inhabitants of their own with powers to will and think and act, be it instinctively or intelligently. Perhaps it is our own willing and thinking which create such invisible living forces, which outlive their creators. Everybody knows that thoughts and ideas continue to exist, and may exist, for centuries after their originators have passed away.”

A friend of mine whose name will be familiar to many occultists—Mr. W. T. Horton—recently drew a chalk portrait of a spirit-face seen by him with masses of golden hair and those penetrating mesmeric eyes that appear to follow you to every corner of the room. The intensity of the expression of the portrait seemed to create the effect in the mind of the

PORTRAITS
THAT
HYPNOTIZE.

person looking at it of an actual living presence, and I have no doubt that by concentrating the attention on it for a length of time a state of hypnosis would have been produced. By allowing yourself to be fascinated by such objects the occultist avers that you relate yourself to their influence, or to the characteristics which they indicate, by a subtle form of spiritual bond. This is all the more powerful if the portrait is drawn deliberately with a certain definite intent in the mind of the drawer, whether for good or evil. Even without the presence of such a thought in the painter's mind, those who are versed in the secrets of occultism will readily understand that there may be influences brought to bear in the process of painting, and that a certain intent or mental force may have been exerted upon and infused into the picture by the overshadowing of a controlling will. As a matter of fact, we are perpetually relating ourselves to the unseen influences of another plane, working for or working against us, and physical objects, in some way associated with these unseen forces, enable them to affect us in

a manner which would otherwise be impossible. The portrait—the mummy-case—the mascot—the so-called haunted piece of furniture—each of these is a medium or a means of communication between entities working on adjacent but physically different planes, and the power of the talisman resides in the fact that it becomes a concentrating point and centre of accumulation for forces which would otherwise be dissipated, and consequently could not be utilized for the accomplishment of the objects for which they were intended. You can have no relations with a different plane without a medium of some sort. The virtue of a mummy lies in the fact that it gives the spirit an opportunity for manifesting, and not, it is well to bear in mind, always or necessarily the spirit that once inhabited that body.

It is quite impossible for the long arm of coincidence to cover the succession of catastrophies and mishaps which have attended those who have had dealings with the mummy-case of the Egyptian priestess. Yet there are many who will prefer to sit and gape at a narrative of facts and enjoy that sort of eerie sensation so familiar to the superstitious, rather than acquiesce in the propounding of an occult natural law such as I have endeavoured to indicate, which relates these same facts to other phenomena with which we are familiar, and puts them in their own niche in the harmonious ordering of the universe. In doing so they overlook the fact that without the existence of such a law these same occurrences would be impossible. It is better to learn to think scientifically, and to gain the mental habit of relating isolated facts to general laws, even at the risk of being dubbed a fool by those to whom true science is a closed book, and leave it to others to gape the gape of ineptitude, and follow the bell-wether of orthodoxy into oblivion.

THE POWER
OF THE
TALISMAN.

LEARN TO
THINK
SCIENTIFI-
CALLY!

THE LAND OF THE DEAD

By SCRUTATOR

PART I

IF, as has been said, the fascination of a subject to the educated mind is in direct proportion to its antiquity and consequent mystery, then surely Egypt is the land of greatest attraction and its ancient civilization of the highest speculative interest. For it is along the banks of the Nile that the living and the dead meet as absolute strangers, as beings sprung from different races and developed under conditions wholly dissimilar. Gazing at the great monuments of this land of the dead one cannot but feel that nothing of its marvellous life remains but what is cut in stone or shaped in dead material. It is a vast dismantled cemetery, whose magnificent epitaphs and triumphant figures find no reflex in the droning life around. For ancient Egypt had a civilization which, in its perihelion splendour, could only be compared to those of Greece and Rome. Nearly fourteen centuries before the Christian era Egypt had extended its empire over the whole of Syria. This civilization had its root in a deep religious sentiment which externally developed as sun-worship, their gods Herakhte, Ra and Amen being purely symbolical of the life-giving power of the solar orb. Under Amenhotep IV the destructive influence of the priesthood began to be replaced by a philosophical appreciation of the abstract idea of Deity as the power behind the veil, the creator of the universe, the life acting through the sun. Akhnaton, that precocious youth whose genius ruled over Egypt in the fourteenth century B.C., declared that "the true god had no form or image." Under his direction the religion of Aton developed. He built temples, erected palaces and villas, laid out extensive gardens, planted avenues and made the new city of Akhetaton in other respects a capital worthy of his greatness. Akhnaton next remodelled the styles of art and literature, bringing them more into line with the Syrian models. On the walls of his capital we find the evidence of a new religion, as far removed from the materialism of his predecessors as were his motives. He "grasped the idea of a world-dominator, the creator of nature, in which he saw revealed that creator's beneficent purpose



COVER OF ONE OF THE BIG COFFINS IN DAVIS'S TOMB.

(Reproduced from "New Light on Ancient Egypt," by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

for all his creatures, even the meanest ; for the birds fluttering about in the lily-grown marshes seemed to be uplifting their wings in adoration of their creator ; and even the fish in the stream leaped up in praise of God. It is his voice that summons the blossoms and nourishes the chicklet or commands the mighty deluge of the Nile. He called Aton ' the father and the mother of all that he made,' and he saw in some degree the goodness of that All-Father, as did He who bade us consider the lilies." * This priest-king, who died when about twenty-eight years of age, waged war against the priests and the worshippers of Amen and erased the name of their god from the temple walls and tombs, not sparing even the name in his father's title Amenhotep. In the seclusion of his capital he preached the new religion of enlightenment and sang his psalms to the soul of the sun.

"When thou art set the earth is in darkness as of the dead.

All the lions come forth from their dens, and serpents sting.

Bright is the earth when thou appearest and the darkness fleeth away ;

They of Egypt awake and stand upon their feet, and the world hasteth to do its work.

The ships patrol the river while the fish leap up before thee. Thy rays also are in the midst of the sea !"

But while this enthusiast was dreaming his dreams and singing his psalms the empire fell to pieces. The demands of his generals in Syria for reinforcements " were pigeon-holed so effectually that they were only found a few years ago." His dreams of a universal religion which should bind the nations together and confirm them in perpetual peace were rudely dispelled. It is, however, of remarkable interest to note the career of this young king, " the beautiful child of Aton," whose body was but recently found wrapped in sheets of pure gold. This brief chapter of Egyptian history will serve to indicate how an elusive ideal, after which humanity is still struggling, constituted the turning-point of the ancient Egyptian civilization. The vast empire which had been in building by the Hyksos and the Pharaohs during seventeen centuries was lost in one short reign through the religious zeal of a young man who has been described as " the first *individual* in human history."

This introduction to the thought and life of Egypt seemed necessary from the fact of its bearing on the dominant characteristic of the nation—that of religious zeal. Akhnaton was the embodiment of the national spirit, and his peculiar power the

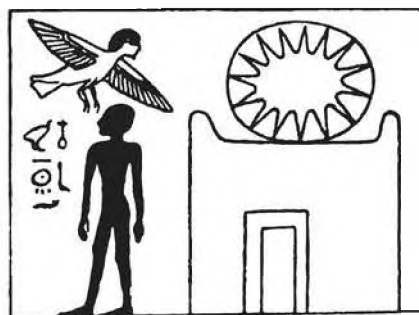
* *A History of Egypt*, etc. By J. H. Breasted. London : Hodder & Stoughton.

apotheosis of its expression. Beneath all this was the vast civilization, the extensive commerce, the organized labour, administration, social life, art and literature of a nation whose skeleton alone remains to us, the funereal vestments, the sarcophagi and the great tombs on which have been inscribed all that we know, or are ever likely to know, about this far-off, mysterious people.

Sixteen centuries before Amenhotep IV (Akhnaton), and prior to the building of the great pyramid by Khufu, we have record of one named Zoser who erected the oldest known stone building, opened up copper mines in Syria, equipped a fleet and built the first real pyramids under the direction of the magus



From the Papyrus of Khare.



From the Papyrus of Nefer-ubem-f.

THE FLIGHT OF THE SOUL.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Imhotep. "In priestly wisdom, in magic, in the formulation of wise proverbs, in medicine and architecture, this remarkable figure of Zoser's reign left so notable a reputation that his name was never forgotten and two thousand five hundred years after his death he had become a god of medicine, in whom the Greek, who called him Imothes, recognized their own Asklepios."* The Semitic form of this name, *Aish-keleb*, at once brings to mind the wolf-headed man, *Anubis*, who was the mythical awakener of the souls of the dead and surveyor of the Balance in which the soul was weighed. The "Book of the Dead" † is replete with illustrations of the winged soul, or *Ka*, in its post-

* *History of Ancient Egypt*. By J. H. Breasted, Ph.D. Smith, Elder & Co.

† Trans. by E. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt.D., D.Lit. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

mortem pilgrimage. It would appear that the Egyptians recognized the tripartite nature of the human being, inasmuch as they gave their kings and their dead three names, the *khu* (spirit), *ka* (soul) and the natural or body name. The custom of embalming the dead seems to have been a survival of an old ritual instituted at a period when the belief was prevalent that the immortality of the soul was in some mysterious manner bound up with the continuance of the bodily form. Gifts of food, pictures, ornaments and similar things of common use were made to the dead and placed in the tombs for the same reason. But it is evident from the "Book of the Dead," which was placed with favoured persons, that the ritual had survived the creed. The possessor of a copy of the Book hoped by its magical aid to escape the Devourer of Souls, and after winging his soul-flight to the throne of Osiris, to abide forever in the Fields of Aalu (Aanru). The life in Aalu was, to all intents and purposes, a replica of that followed by a peaceable tiller of the soil, and the country itself was held to bear a topographical resemblance to the land of Egypt. Thus while the *Khu* (*Akhou*), "the perfect shining One," or spirit of man, was adored as a god and had prayers offered to it on behalf of the dead, being itself of immortal essence, the *Ka*, on the other hand, was endowed only with conditional immortality, and this most anciently was believed to be contingent on the preservation of the corpse, but at a later stage in the spiritual evolution of the people, it was dependent on the moral worth of the *Ka* itself.

But if we may judge from the elaborate ritual prescribed for the post-mortem peace of the soul, it is obvious that not only was human agency believed to be effectual as regards the dead; but that it was held to be effectual in direct ratio to the degree of magical knowledge possessed by the agent. Thus it was necessary that certain amulets should be placed upon the mummy and that it should be provided with spells by which to bind the spirits lying in wait for the liberated soul. Every name in Egypt was regarded as an essential part of the personality answering to it and not merely as an appellative for purposes of distinction. To know the name of a god or spirit was the first step towards securing the power or allegiance of that being. The "Book of the Dead" was so highly prized by the zealous Egyptian because it gave the names of all the spirits and demons which would be encountered by the soul, or *Ka*, in its flight to the throne of Osiris. Learning the correct pronunciation and characteristics of these names, together with the forms of the spirits answering

to them, the spells by which they could be invoked and the capacity in which they might be made to serve the Ka, was an initiation greatly sought after and not otherwise to be had but by the mouth of a priest of Osiris. It is around the sacred dead and in relation to the dead that we glean so much that is reflective of the beliefs, traditions and customs of a people, and since all of ancient Egypt that we shall ever know must primarily come to us by the mouth of those whose lips are sealed for ever, it is in that vast burial-ground on the west of the Nile, by the borders of the Great Desert, and among "those whose faces are turned to the West," that we must seek for enlightenment regarding those strange beliefs and practices which have contributed so



From the Papyrus of Ani.

The Soul of the deceased, in the form of a human-headed bird, flying out from the doorway of the tomb. Variant vignettes represent the deceased as having opened the door of the tomb and having his soul by his side, or as standing before the open door with hands stretched out to embrace his soul. An interesting vignette represents the disk of the sun with rays shooting forth from it above the tomb, and the soul of the deceased hovering over his shade, drawn in solid black colour, which has just emerged therefrom.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Keegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

largely to the interest taken in the work of the Egyptologists and which cannot fail of significance to the student of occultism.

From the earliest times the great science of Egypt was a priestly possession, which was jealously guarded. What this science of magic was exactly and what was its origin we do not know, but long before the Pyramids were founded Egyptian sorcerers made amulets and charms and formulated spells to constrain the gods and demons to their will. "Magic entered into all the acts of life, into all its passions, love, hate, ambition, revenge, and into the care of the sick. Its adepts continually perfected it with new practices invented by themselves, or derived from foreign parts; they took books of magic and amulets from Chaldea, Syria, Ethiopia, Judæa, Greece, so that in the first

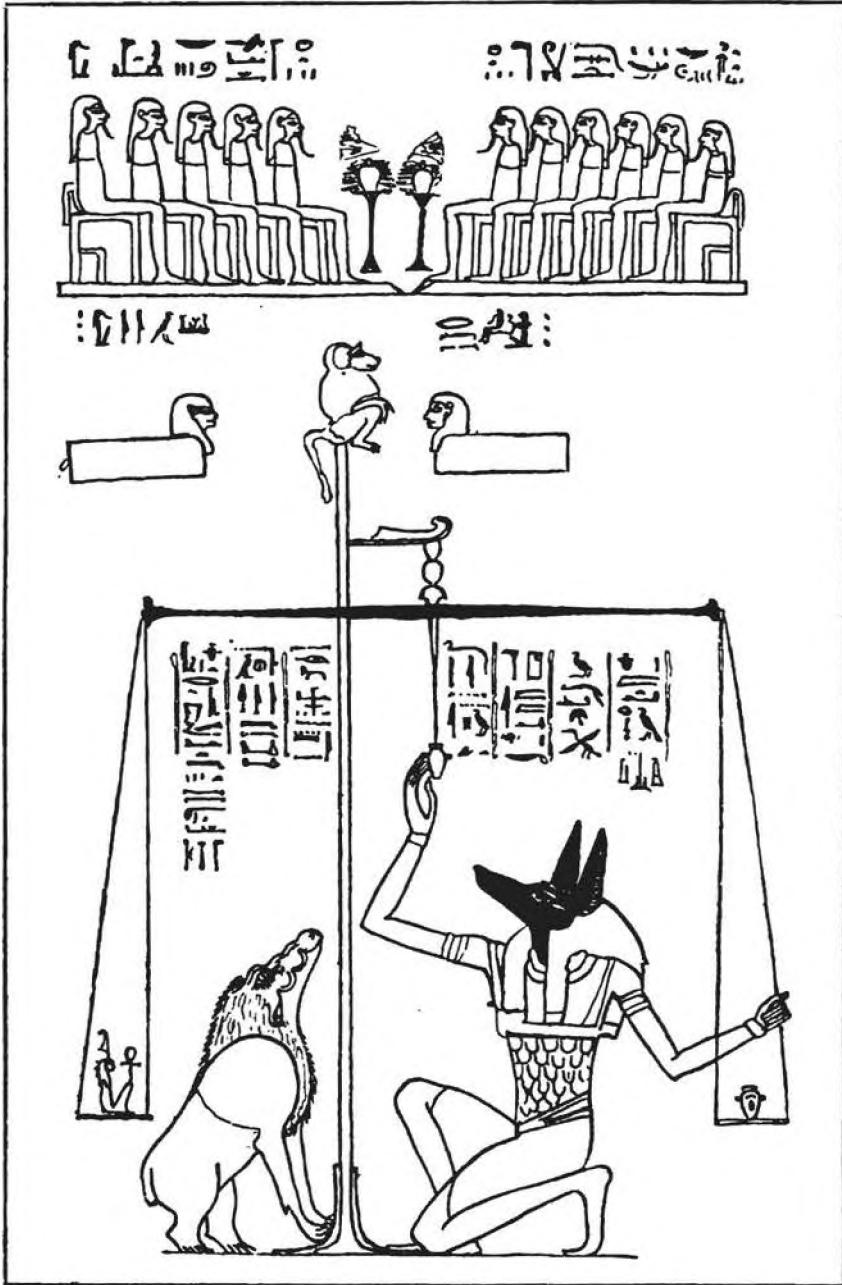
century A.D. their laboratory and their library comprised, as it were, the quintessence of all the systems of magic in use from one end of the Roman Empire to the other." * The great art consisted in discovering the name of a spirit or demon, for "the gods and genii, by what law we do not know, became the slaves of those who called them by their real name," and it is not therefore surprising to learn that the gods had "special names to distinguish themselves that they concealed in the bottom of their hearts, of which they made a mystery not only to mortals, but to the other divinities." This circumstance probably gave rise to the custom of invoking a spirit or demon by every possible name and in every known language, and whole strings of names constituting the most unintelligible jargon are to be found in the magical formulæ.

Everybody has read of Aladdin and the wonderful Lamp whose genius was constrained to obey its owner. Its parallel is to be found in the magical ritual of an old Egyptian book, part of which is in the British Museum and part in the museum at Leyden, which is believed to belong to the second century and embodies many ancient magical practices.† Divination by the lamp was a common practice among the magicians of Egypt, and although possibly the modern reader will perceive in it nothing but the elements of ordinary hypnotic treatment, its application to the deeper study of demonology gives it a peculiar interest. The accessories were a child of tender years, perfectly pure in soul and body, a newly made lamp, some new wick and pure oil. With these the sorcerer retired into an isolated chamber, completely dark. He there consecrated the lamp and lighted it. As soon as it burned steadily, he placed the child in front of it, bidding him fix his eyes upon the flame, and then uttered the incantation which had power to call forth the genii. A powder, previously dissolved in the oil or thrown on the burning wick, gave out a subtile odour. The child soon saw a figure appear, either in the flame or beside it, whereon the magician would renew his incantations and proffer his request for aid of the spirit. The book is in line with the *Grimoire* of Pope Honorius or the magical collations of Cornelius Agrippa.

Maspero is of opinion that the Eleusinian mysteries are Egyptian in origin, Egyptian by execution and intention; Egyptian thought dominates them and the manner of expression is wholly

* *New Light on Ancient Egypt*. Maspero. T. Fisher Unwin.

† *Etudes sur la Sorcellerie*. Groff, 1897.



The Weighing of the Heart (from the Papyrus of Anhai).

(By kind permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Egyptian, and this, if a fact, should add significance to the "Book of the Dead," the higher interpretation of which has already engaged a number of western psychological students. Certain is it that those great priests of ancient Egypt, whose knowledge and power controlled the policy of its kings, and whose influence was felt in every department and section of political and social life, are not to be associated in our minds with the horde of predatory necromancers and conjurers whose canker affected even the very poor and whose spawn found its way into the heart of the Greek and Roman civilizations. That the Osirian priests maintained a high ethical ideal is discernible throughout the "Book of the Dead," and in the weighing of the soul against the symbol of truth, the standard of merit lies in the Ka pleading not guilty to forty-two different sins, the nature of which fully reveals the high moral conceptions of those who formulated the ritual. This conception of conditional immortality is, in fact, directly attributable to the Egyptian teachers. It is only when we come to realize the mass of magical formularies which subsequently found their place and significance in the common life of the people and which more especially were observed in relation to the dead, that we begin to guess at the true nature of the ritual and its hidden meaning. The great minds of the old kingdom, who exercised themselves in the subtleties of astronomy and architecture, who ordered the building of great cities, of temples and pyramids, regulated the government, disposed the action of their kings, formulated laws, and exercised a supreme influence over the thought of the people, have left behind them the vestiges of a science which, while religious in origin, would appear to have been wholly psychological or magical in its application. It is to this science, or to what of it may be discernible in the popular abracadabra, that we may profitably direct our attention.

(To be continued.)

THE WAY OF INITIATION

By W. J. COLVILLE.

AMONG earnest students of all that fairly comes under the general head of occultism or occult science there is a rapidly increasing tendency to ascertain by what means the man or woman in business or society, who has no opportunities for special training under a visibly qualified instructor, may attain to some real heights or depths of spiritual experience. Brushing aside for the nonce all superstitious veneration for special times and places we may do well to class ourselves altogether as honest students seeking such enlightenment as will assuredly assist us to become, not hermits or fanatics, but increasingly useful citizens wherever we may be found. A magnificent counsel of perfection, "Do all to the glory of God," may well serve as an introduction to our present, intensely mystic theme, the very mysticism of which, when rightly comprehended, fully justifies a vigorous attempt to distinguish clearly between genuine and spurious mysticism and at the same time to show how rational, from a higher than the ordinary viewpoint, are the doctrines of all really enlightened mystics. Mysticism and occultism are unwelcome sounds in many ears because it is foolishly and most erroneously imagined by at least ninety-nine out of any average hundred persons, supposed to be decently educated, that one cannot be a practical man of affairs, or a good housekeeper, or in any way fitted for the common duties of life in the outer world if one even dabbles much with so "dangerous and unpractical" a subject. Probably the vast majority of those who indulge in such silly utterances are merely passing from mouth to mouth some idle saying which some one heard some one else utter, the very origin of which can be traced to nowhere and to no one in particular. Then again there are certainly a few cases on record of unbalanced people having taken up a study of mysticism as a fad and regarding it only from an emotional and highly sensational standpoint, who have used neither judgment nor discretion in their frantic endeavours to develop and exercise "supernormal" faculties. Leaving all aberrations severely alone and dealing with the inner life of humanity, both reverently and reasonably, we soon discover that in these days,

as in ages long gone by, those who are true devotees of the everlasting mysteries are the sanest, healthiest, happiest and most useful of humankind.

There are four tests which can always be applied to any subject we determine to honestly and fearlessly investigate. These are physical, mental, moral and spiritual. In the book of Daniel we are informed that the four young Hebrews who were most severely tested by a Babylonian emperor fully established their claim to be indeed initiates because they were physically, intellectually, morally and spiritually the superiors of the king's finest courtiers to an amazing degree. Many portions of the Bible give us very plain accounts of how certain men of old took upon themselves vows and obligations which the bulk of their co-religionists regarded as unnecessary, and these few specially consecrated disciples of the mystic way became the wonder-workers whose marvellous accomplishments lifted them far above the rank and file of even the best type of their contemporaries, but it is a decided mistake to suppose that their powers were in any real sense superhuman. "Man is not man yet" is one of Browning's enigmatical sayings; self-contradictory in appearance on first reading, but quite easily understood when we remember that the poet evidently intended only to contrast our present actualized attainment with our inherent possibilities. What we are potentially is one thing and what we actually appear to be is quite another, and on account of this we often hear of man and superman, an expression which is never clear until we at least begin to realize that the human entity can function on many planes, and when it does actually give evidence of higher than ordinary expression it immediately occasions so much wonder on the one hand and incredulity on the other that there are always to be found supernaturalists who attribute all marvellous operations to some transcending of the law of nature, as well as scoffers and deniers who declare that what is accepted by the "credulous" as supernatural is only a figment of distorted fancy, having no basis in demonstrable phenomena.

The reasonable student of different planes of nature can at once detect the fallacy involved in both of these insane positions, each of which gives unmistakable evidence either of colossal self-conceit or else gross ignorance. It may, indeed, be very difficult to verify anecdotes a few thousand years old, but it ought not to be hard to verify events now occurring in our midst, and it is to present as well as to past "miracles" that the mystic

or occultist is ever wont to turn. "History repeats itself" is a true adage from one standpoint—viz., that of the steadfastness of nature founded in the immutability of law. Daniel, safe amid lions in ancient Babylon, is, in a sense, paralleled by Charles Kellogg, safe amid savage animals and dangerous reptiles in the woods and forests of to-day. The same general law is active in the modern as in the ancient instance. It is therefore quite feasible to make a practical study of the fourfold initiation possible to all who will devote themselves assiduously to the culture of their inner powers.

First, as regards physical accomplishments, we are called upon to strengthen and purify our fleshly bodies. As spiritual athletes contending for a celestial prize we must not overlook the fact that temptations early in the race are usually of a very external order. The spirit and the flesh are rival candidates for the throne in our economy, and exactly to the extent that we grant ascendancy to one we deny it to the other. Asceticism is not counselled by the wisest teachers by whose instructions we can profit, but subjugation of the lower to the higher is a task and duty which confronts us on the earliest threshold. The New Testament, equally with the Old, abounds in vivid illustrations of this fact and nowhere is it more forcibly suggested than in the Gospel-narrative which relates the means whereby an initiate is gradually unfolded. We can well afford at times to lose sight of all historic elements in Biblical narrations and view the records as relating solely to initiation into the mysteries through the gateway of a disciplinary process which is the same in essence in all countries throughout all ages. Here we confront a true solution of the problem always agitating the minds of many, as to whether any sacred story is to be regarded literally or figuratively. It ought not to require very much thought and reason to convince us that we can properly regard any important narrative from both these standpoints, because the main purpose of the story is to illustrate universal truths by reference to individual careers. Nothing need be definitely settled in relation to chronological and geographical particulars, but we can readily perceive that if the higher life is lived at all, some one somewhere at some time must, of necessity, be one of its actual living exponents. When the historical and the practical elements in this connexion are intelligently unified in our philosophy we never find ourselves at variance with any sincere and reasonable students of the mysteries, for we have discovered a genuine *via media* between two extreme positions, which enables us to

appreciate at the same time the mystical works of Jacob Boehme and the extremely rationalistic writings of Gerald Massey and William Oxley concerning the sources whence doctrines and ceremonies alike arise. As there are four principal elements—fire, air, earth, water—and these originate in one essential element, etheria, according to alchemical philosophy—which modern science very nearly, if not entirely, endorses—so there are four steps or stages which every neophyte must pass through on his way to becoming an adept or hierophant.

On the physical plane where the larger portion of human interest is centred before the demand has arisen for culture on higher or interior planes, we observe the stress so persistently laid on temperance in all things; strict moderation in eating, drinking, and every physical exercise being counselled as much by contemporary instructors as by Paracelsus and his school of old. Even for simply athletic perfection this is necessary. Prizes are not won by self-indulgent sybarites. None who live chiefly to gratify inferior propensities receive what Ruskin calls their "crown of wild olive," and just as it is manifestly the case that reasonable abstinence is necessary for physical development of the most useful and impressive type, so when we begin to consider the loftier regions of attainment opening before the aspirant for spiritual honours, we find the same law exactly applying, but with ever-increasing force, as we ascend the ladder of progression. The fairest and the finest among Hebrew initiates of ancient days were vegetarians as well as total abstainers from the use of alcohol. The book of Leviticus contains the dietary code binding upon every rigidly observant Jew, and that book permits the eating of certain kinds of meat, provided the animal is healthy and is slain according to well-defined prescriptions. The book of Daniel holds up to the highest admiration certain noble youths who had taken upon themselves transcendent obligations, and these young men ate only vegetables and drank only water. As bodily health must always be a question of great importance the wisdom of all recorders who give us some insight into qualifications necessary for initiation is very clearly shown in their constant reference to the bodily vigour of those who were treading the consecrated way. No anæmic or hysterical conditions, no tendency to nervous breakdown ever appears among any who are really on the path to spiritual illumination. Spiritual heroes are not only never sick themselves but their very presence tends to relieve the bodily afflicted, and should they be exposed to the most trying physical conditions con-

ceivable they are entirely superior to the usual effects produced on human organisms by the prevalence of disorders or the violence of agitated elements. A scientific explanation of this extraordinary exemption or immunity is to be found in the fact that all who are treading the holy way are entirely indifferent to the fashions and opinions of the unenlightened and ungodly world in which they move and by which they are constantly surrounded. In every sense of the phrase they are fashion setters, not fashion followers ; they give others something to think seriously about ; they are pioneers in every righteous movement and they count it joyful honour to be persecuted, if need for persecution shall arise, for the sake of righteousness. " Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

We cannot reasonably infer from any authentic histories that mere eccentricity or unnecessary non-compliance with the laws of a state or country in which they might be living was ever regarded by initiates as a mark of sanctity. " Render to all their dues " is among the wisest of maxims, but when God and Cæsar or the demands of spirit and flesh are in conflict, flesh must be made to submit to spirit, never must we tolerate unrighteous compromise with conviction for which the specious plea is ever urged " we must keep the peace " in places where true peace has not yet been established. All the sacred writings of humanity are a unit in this regard and the example of the most modern public benefactors agrees exactly with the pattern set by saints of old. If we live in Babylon we must not adopt the Babylonian style or follow the prevailing custom ; we must speak the language of Jerusalem and wear its costume in the very metropolis of an empire alien to the faith of Israel. All through the ages this heroic course has produced martyrs, witnesses to truth, who, however bitterly persecuted while on earth, have not only attained to heavenly glory, but have left behind them memorials which will never die so long as humanity is incarnate on this planet.

The timid time-serving policy of concessionists would extirpate the whole race of heroes and render impossible the evolution of another great uplifter of the race. Some one must lead, and we have all to decide for ourselves how we shall lead and how we shall be led, for we are standing, every one of us, between the base and summit of a mighty ladder. Above us stand the great initiates beckoning us upward. Close to our side is " Mrs. Grundy," preaching conventionality and urging us to " be like other people," so as not to be looked upon as singular. Below

us are the hordes of those less enlightened than ourselves, who will either attract us downward or be by us assisted upward. Both objectively and subjectively are we called to realize these three distinctive planes continually, and at the very beginning of the path of initiation we confront the query "Whom will ye serve?"

A most erroneous idea is prevalent that to win the esteem of others, as well as to maintain our own self-respect, we must conform to the foolish practices of a majority. Nothing can be further from the truth, for though nothing can well be more praiseworthy than intelligent observance of sanitary and other regulations intended for the general good, nothing can be more slavish and detrimental to our interests than bowing to any idol worshipped for the hour. Far from winning true success and gaining the esteem of those whose good opinion is worth the having, we bring upon ourselves, sooner or later, not only the bane of self-contempt, but the title "coward" or "hypocrite" bestowed on us by others. Bravery is, as we all know, universally admired, while cowardice is ever execrated. To be truly courageous seldom requires that young men should join army or navy or expose themselves to any sort of physical attack, and very often it occurs that a seemingly brave stand is essentially a cowardly one, as when boys enlist as soldiers, not from any real desire to serve their country, but just because their companions applaud their apparent bravery when they don a uniform and taunt them with lack of courage if they are truly brave enough to remain at home where they are wanted to engage in useful constructive industry. It is by no means necessary to approve all the methods adopted by reformers to admire the spirit actuating them, and should we make mistakes at times in consequence of zeal insufficiently tempered with discretion, the unseen watchers at the celestial gates, who know our motives and read our thoughts, without necessarily observing all our overt actions, will assuredly render us yet more and more wise counsel and efficient aid, to enable us to overcome the limitations of our present judgment seeing that we are spiritually determined to tread the royal way and win the heavenly prize, regardless of what its cost may be.

Among recent books of far more than ordinary excellence a volume entitled *The Way of Initiation; or How to attain Knowledge of the Higher Worlds*, by Rudolf Steiner, Ph.D., strongly commends itself to all who are earnestly seeking plain practical advice and luminous teaching concerning the course to be actually

pursued by all who seek to gain unmistakable insight into the real nature of the spiritual universe. A foreword by Annie Besant and biographical notes of the author by Édouard Schuré add greatly to the interest and value of this fascinating treatise, serving as they do to open the minds of readers to the main object of the work, and, at the same time, throw much light on the special attitude of Dr. Steiner, who is unmistakably one of the best type of modern European mystics. This gifted man, by sympathy and avowed standing, belongs to an illumined school of esoteric Christianity which does not depend upon Hindu teachings for enlightenment, seeing that it finds in Western philosophy all that is sufficient to its needs. Mrs. Besant, with her characteristic breadth of view and universality of sentiment, urges upon all her fellow-Theosophists to regard Dr. Steiner's views, which represent a deep mystical Christian Theosophy, as of very great utility, supplying a side of Theosophical thought which might otherwise miss fitting recognition among such as are particularly inclined to derive their guidance from Oriental teachers. Dr. Steiner reasons very clearly with regard to setting forth upon the road which leads, when faithfully pursued, to the goal of initiation into the true mysteries of the inner life of the soul, of which all symbols and rituals are, at best, but faint reflections. Among much else that is equally excellent he says : " Many believe that one has to find, here or there, the masters of the higher knowledge in order to receive enlightenment from them. In the first place he who strives earnestly after the higher knowledge need not be afraid of any difficulty or obstacle in his search for an initiate who shall be able to lead him into the profounder secrets of the world. Every one, on the contrary, may be certain that an initiate will find him out, under any circumstances, if there is in him an earnest and worthy endeavour to attain this knowledge, for it is a strict law among all initiates to withhold from no man the knowledge due to him. But there is an equally strict law which insists that no one shall receive any occult knowledge until he is worthy ; and the more strictly he observes these two laws, the more perfect is an initiate. The order which embraces all initiates is surrounded, as it were, by a wall, and the two laws here mentioned form two strong principles by which the constituents of this wall are held together." We may well draw particular attention to this declaration because it answers briefly and convincingly a large batch of questions constantly arising in the minds of sincere, but rather thoughtless, people whose views on occultism are hazy in the extreme. Dr.

Steiner throughout his admirable series of instructions—all of which are based on knowledge and application of universal and undeviating law—forcefully insists upon the paramount necessity for qualifying ourselves to receive more and more enlightenment in place of petulantly complaining that masters do not seek us out and give us all we wish to learn from them. The way of initiation must be trod by every individual disciple by himself alone; no initiate can tread it for him, though those wiser than ourselves can and do enlighten us by showing us how to work out our own examples far more than by working them out for us. In the same book we are treated to the following excellent description of the attitude taken by wise teachers, after laying down rules for guidance, toward their disciples: “No teacher wishes by such rules to establish an ascendancy over other persons. He would not tamper with individual independence. Indeed, no one respects and cherishes human individuality more than the teachers of occultism.” Calm serenity in face of all provocation to annoyance and resentment is emphasized by all initiates as one of the chief rules for spiritual development; courage, equally with humane temper, is counselled as a matter of necessity.

We may justly conclude that did we absorb and practise the directions given in this and many other admirable books, we should soon attain to many pronounced excellencies of character, which would prove as useful for the wise and noble conduct of legitimate secular business as for inducing greater harmony in home life, and, most of all, in assisting our endeavours to widen the scope of our perceptions and penetrate, to some extent at least, into the arcana of the universe.

Signs and symbols employed in ancient script are “not arbitrarily invented or imagined, but correspond to powers which are active and efficacious in the world. It is through these symbols or signs that one learns the language of such matters.” There are said to be seven distinct conditions to be observed by all who are seriously determined to enter upon the path of discipleship. These are plain and reasonable and can be followed by us all if we deliberately resolve to curb our selfish inclinations and dedicate our lives to the promotion of the general good. These seven links are: (i) Attention to the advancement of bodily and spiritual health. (ii) To feel oneself a link in the general life. (iii) To realize that our thoughts and feelings are as important for the world as are our deeds. (iv) To entertain steadfastly the idea that the real being of humanity does not lie in the exterior

but in the interior of our nature. (v) Firmness in carrying out any resolution we have made. (vi) Development of a sense of gratitude toward all that relates to humanity. (vii) To regard life continually in the manner indicated by the preceding six directions. Were we to seek even for a single week to frame our lives according to so high a standard we should certainly discover that we were in a sense peculiar, and we should meet with many unfamiliar trials and temptations, but the growth in character which we should attain would be worth very much more than any difficulty or privation we might have to pay for it.

Annually in the spring season Jews commemorate the Exodus and Christians the Resurrection. Does the average devout attendant, either at church or synagogue, ever pause much to inquire as to the inner meaning of the mighty tragic events recorded in his ritual? It can do us but very little good, whatever faith we may nominally profess, to simply rehearse the thrilling story of events connected with ancient Egypt and Palestine. What we need to-day is to unlock the mystic cipher, to gain some knowledge of the mysteries which form the basis of these picturesque and marvellous tragedies, couched as they are partly in astronomical, partly in historical, and partly in symbolic language. Before we can go further into a study of the mysteries than to gaze admiringly and wonderingly upon their outer countenance, it behoves us to make a stern, irrefragable resolve that we will devote our lives unsparingly to the pursuit of truth and the service of the common good. By that means we form a safe and efficient link with celestial planes of consciousness, and are thereby protected against the incursions of those unseen earthbound multitudes whose commingling with incarnated humanity gives colour to the weird and fateful tales of misdirected magic against which we are warned by all true and wise initiates throughout all ages. The path of initiation is an open road, a veritable king's highway, but there are no comfortably cushioned vehicles in which we can travel thereon, and the way, moreover, is a mountain trail up which every aspirant must climb untiringly.

THE DEATH-PRESCIENCE

BY F. M. WRIGHT

EVEN as a small child I hated, loathed, detested Death—its unwelcome surprises, its awful mystery. All its awesomeness was there, always with me; none of the pretty fancies of childhood clothed it, as, with a shining garment of light. Death came and *took*, with irrevocable hand, and I, a child, knew it and felt it coming! More than this, Death insistently invaded my particular circle, especially where my personal anger or antagonism came into force. He came with a vengeance that, to my childish mind, left me too stricken with horror to quarrel with, and certainly not to hate, any one.

Though thirty years ago, I shall never forget the shock I received, when this knowledge that I had, what I should now call the death-prescience, first broke upon me. I see the incident quite vividly now. The small, delicate child of eight years, with a dress of low neck and short sleeves, walking home from school, always timid, and specially scared to pass (down the avenue, homewards) two boys about ten and twelve years of age, who, with their brother of fourteen, lived on the opposite side to our West Place.

One day, in teasing mood, they, as usual, walked on tiptoe behind me, my poor little heart going pit-a-pat. How I hated cold pebbles put down my back and called "beetles!" Then a resounding smack from both boys on my shoulders, in spite of efforts on the part of the eldest of the three for my protection. How I "blazed" round upon them, yelling passionately:—"I hate you! I hate you! I wish you were both dead." But, my keen sense of gratitude caused me to exempt my would-be protector from my ireful thoughts: "You are good; I don't want *you* to die!" The next day, my strong burly father brought me home from school, and surprised my enemy with a very severe homily on the sin of attacking little girls.

Only one short week after, the three boys were stricken with typhoid fever: *the two youngest died*. Oh! the horror of it. I had *wished* them dead, and Death had heard me.

That incident became indelibly imprinted on my mind, stamped by childish remorse that shut itself in and told no one, but resolved, that it was a terrible and wicked thing to hate any one.

* * * * *

As a worker I have had much battling to do with the world, and have incurred much personal opposition, probably due to my extreme candour, hypersensitiveness, and occasional lack of tact; but the fact remains, that I have had many unpleasant encounters, and, strangely, where once my antagonism has been sufficiently roused to personally and voicelessly dislike, that person who annoyed me (and that not in a *slight* degree) has lived very short time after, and I have had the "death-prescience" that I saw them for the last time, even in the midst of high words. Sometimes, the influence only extended to their immediate family and not to themselves; as, in one instance, a lady in whose employ I worked, and who was noted for her unjustly quarrelsome spirit, one day vented the vials of her wrath on my innocent head. I sat speechless, enduring, but in my mind ran this thought: "Oh! do stop; there are two deaths coming to you." Only a week after, on Christmas Eve, a much-beloved cousin died, and, equally unexpectedly, on New Year's Eve, an aunt, who had adopted and educated this lady, passed away. Many curious coincidences of this type could be enumerated, some most passing strange. I found, the death-influence I carried, distinctly affected two classes of people:—

First.—Those who were guilty of treachery, or who offended seriously my keen sense of justice or personal dignity.

Second.—Those into whose lives I suddenly "darted" and as suddenly retired; for example:—

A small dressmaker, whose work was too execrable to repeat, lost her mother two months after my calling there.

A man and his delicate wife, who attached themselves to me for mutual sympathy, in the discomfort of a boarding-house. "Oh," I said to a friend, "this man has not six months to live." "Surely, you refer to his wife," said my friend; "the man is the picture of health." "No," I replied. "This is October; he will be gone by next April"; and in March he dropped down dead, through hurrying for a train!

These are two instances that occur to me out of *many*, and in each case there was no illness of the persons who died on my first introduction to the parties concerned.

Third.—Those whom, not having come in contact with for years, I suddenly "looked up again," or they me. It became a death-knell in my ears to receive the remark: "I have quite lost sight of you; I wish you would come and see me." Oh! the horror of finding myself a death-harbinger. Why was this death-influence—it is nothing more—given to me?

Then this death-prescience has a terrible rebound on myself. Royal deaths approaching have bowed me down with melancholy, akin to the deepest personal despair. The dastardly assassination of American president or European monarch, has wakened me in the night "in a cold sweat" to hear distinct pistol shots. For *two days and nights before* the Mont Pelée eruption my waking and sleeping eyes saw "crowds with horrified faces running, running, oh! so fast, they make me giddy," so I told my friends beside me. They accounted for it all through severe nervous headache and prostration—not so I! Catastrophe or death through fire, will fill my room with a smell of singeing that is put down to my "fancy."

But, let a death occur in my immediate neighbourhood—even that of a person in whom I may have only a passing interest,—I smell Death, and continue to do so till they are dead; then the smell vanishes. Also, the night before a death, I see in clothing, in a mirror, on a pillow, on the wall-paper the corpse-like face of the person, who invariably dies next day. Curiously, if a *woman*, the face always appears on *wood*—a door, a chest of drawers, etc., but always on wood. All those phenomena are accompanied by a fearful depression of mind, that is not lifted till the funeral is over.

Death has an affinity for me. I am in awesome sympathy with it, wherever it occurs, and, I repeat, have been from childhood. The reason for it all, psychologists must determine; I cannot.

* * * * *

What is my direst dread, oh! Death!

Ah! as I look round the dear "den" of my beloved, on a few days' absence from his home—as I watch the empty chair, that *may* have final vacancy thrust on it—the pathos of the smokeless pipes, the silent room, the closed books, the untenanted slippers, the inexpressible desolation that haunts the inanimate personalities of the man whose "place" shall know him "no more," crowd into my soul and fill it with unutterable misery, as I know that some day I may, perchance, realize the fleeting absence, as eternal.

Merciful God! the Sleep-Giver, the Death-Conqueror—*not* that! not that! Oh! "Delicate Death," take *me first*.

* * * * *

Typewriter, editor, compositor, do you fear to touch my poor little paper, in case it seal your doom? Nay! fear not. You are "unseen forces," therefore safe from death-affinities.

THE HIDDEN CHURCH OF THE HOLY GRAAL *

BY W. L. WILMSHURST

WHAT was, and is, the Holy Graal? Not to waste space in considering fatuous imaginings concerning any material reliquary that may once have served at a certain sacred feast and was supposed subsequently to have been concealed at Glastonbury or elsewhere, be it remembered that there has obtained no extensive or important system of religious expression, whether ethnic or Christian, but has instinctively formulated the conception of a feeding-dish communicating supernatural food; a cauldron brimming with some celestial brew; a *cornucopia*, bowl, or horn of plenty, exuberant with luscious fruits; each the symbol of that mystical, invisible, but unfailing cup or platter from which the inward life of man is, by all save those unconscious of an inward life, felt to be sustained. The Holy Graal is the gracious Christianized form of this catholic symbol. Besides the cup itself, it involves also the content of the cup; the *Sangreal*, or sacred vessel, as if language itself refused to dissociate the inward content from the outward vehicle, is also the *Sang Réal*, the Royal Blood, or life-giving Spirit, imparted therefrom.

In its chief sacrament the official Christian Church perpetuates, after one manner or another, a rite or office whereby, it is taught, supernatural sustenance is communicated to the human soul. But if the doctrine affirmed in most schools of religious philosophy be correct—namely, that that which is below is in correspondence with that which is above, and that visible things are patterns of invisible, it follows that the terrestrial office is a shadow of a celestial one; that the Church militant upon earth is the reflection of a Church triumphant beyond this earth, and that the sacramental bread and wine of the former have their appropriate, exalted, and sublimated counterparts in the latter.

Suppose it, then, possible for human consciousness to transcend terrestrial shadow-shapes, however sacred; to soar beyond the sacramental symbols inevitable to the perishable plane of

* *The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal*. By A. E. Waite. London: Rebman, Ltd.

existence, and to participate in the imperishable reality which, out of normal ken, stands behind the symbol and renders that symbol both possible and valid! Well, so to do would be to gain access to an interior Church hidden from this world and to partake of the arch-natural Eucharist therein celebrated. In other words, it would be to achieve that quest of the Holy Graal, to which, as its goal and *summum bonum*, the knighthood of religio-romance literature was self-dedicated. That knighthood no wise abjured or neglected the instituted temporal rite of which we all know something. Rather did it strive to penetrate beyond the sacramental symbol and to find that symbol's legitimate and natural, or rather arch-natural, extension upon the spiritual plane. The symbol held good *pro tanto*; it was the conduit, the promise, and the substitution in time and space of a vital reality existent beyond those limitations; it was the base from which the questing knights operated and advanced. They dared not neglect the formal rite, but they ever realized that—

“A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until the king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters”;

and the objective of their quest was the transcending of symbol and substitute by attaining conscious cognition of the King—of kings—Himself.

Listen to the simple, stately prose of Malory describing Galahad's achievement of the Graal in Castle Corbenic:—

“It seemed them that there came a man and four angels from heaven, clothed in the likeness of bishops, and had a cross in his hand; and the four angels bear him up in a chair, and set him down before the table of silver where the Sancgreal was; and it seemed that he had in the midst of his forehead letters that said, ‘See ye here, Joseph, the first bishop of Christendom, the same which our Lord succoured in Sarras, in the spiritual place.’ . . . And then the bishop made semblance as though he would have gone to the consecrating of the mass, and then he took a wafer, which was made in the likeness of bread; and at the lifting up there came a figure in the likeness of a child, and the visage was as red and as bright as any fire, and smote himself into that bread, so that they all saw the bread was formed of a fleshy man. And then he put it into the holy vessel again and then he did that belonged unto a priest to do at mass. . . . Then looked they and saw a man come out of the holy vessel, that had all the signs of the passion of Jesus Christ, bleeding all openly, and said, ‘My knights, and my servants, and my true children, which be come out of deadly life, I will now no longer hide me from you, but ye shall see now a part of my secret and of my hidings. Now hold and receive the high meat which ye have so much desired.’”

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It seems a far cry from these high mysteries to the body ecclesiastic we know ; to its record of heresies and schisms ; its conflicts concerning Transubstantiation and the Real Presence. But to recognize this fact is essential to the point to which I am leading up. Centuries ago Galahad achieved the quest, but, it is recorded, " since then was there never no man so hardy for to say that he had seen the Sancgreal." It, and what it connotes, owing to human imperfection, was withdrawn into concealment. The inner Church passed out of men's thought and consciousness, leaving the terrestrial Church desolate and in widowhood, practising maimed and impoverished rites ; a cloud, as it were, resting upon the sanctuary. Yet, the legends run, there was given large promise of the restoration of the Graal ; and of the re-manifesting upon a larger scale than aforesaid of all that was removed into hiddenness. And through the long years of inhibition and withdrawal the hidden Church has continued its work in silence but in real activity, whereof abundant tokens exist for those who have an eye for them. Finding no response in its external counterpart it has made its voice heard unmistakably elsewhere, not in its old-time tones, but in varying and feigned terms, if haply some few, hearing, might discern or be brought to the understanding of the withdrawn mysteries ; terms of subterfuge and allegory ; terms of Alchemy, of Kabalism, of Rosicrucianism, of Masonry, of Templarism, of sundry secret schools ; yet terms proclaiming, beneath whatsoever veils, always the same message, urging ever the same doctrine ; the doctrine, that of the possibility of human regeneration ; the message, that in due time the King will return to that Kingdom within us which we affirm in every *Paternoster* to be His.

So much may be premised by way of introduction to what is perhaps the most important and effective treatise upon Christian mysticism as yet published. Hitherto the Graal legends and romances have been the province, well nigh exclusively, of students of folklore and mediæval letters, who have found in them only such worth as their special equipment enabled them to perceive. Even for them, when all has been said, there has remained over (as in the faint recognition of the idea of a Graal Church existing concurrently with but interiorly to the official Church of the day) a certain surplusage of refractory material, irresolvable because out of affinity with that which canons of folklore and scholarship are adapted to treat. But it is just this excess which, as Mr. Waite points out, belongs to, and is explicable only by, the mystic. And it is this which gives students of

the varieties of mystical religious expression the clue to the facts that the Graal literature is one of concealed intention ; that it is the ashes, as it were, of a great fire ; the records of a great religious experience ; the reminiscences of a school of initiation into those mysteries the existence of which in Christian times has been, and still is, as veritable a fact as the old-time mysteries of Egypt, of Chaldea, and of Greece. " It is only in its mystic sense that the Graal literature can repay study," Mr. Waite asserts. His book, accordingly is addressed exclusively to, and is intelligible only by, readers of mystical tendencies. From the standpoint of mysticism alone, therefore, it is best to speak of it here, though, to the credit of its author's own abundant erudition, it must be recorded that, to justify his conclusions, he has skilfully collated and co-ordinated that literature, and at one stride has both met official scholarship upon its own ground and altogether surpassed its achievements by virtue of having applied to the subject his own special gifts and appropriate equipment. Quite probably the customary reproach will be urged at him that the mystic has read into his subject more than was ever there or intended to be there. One might as ineptly complain at Ruskin for deducing ethics from the dust of the earth ; or at Wordsworth for seeing more in a primrose than did Peter Bell. The most commercially minded may recall that even upon the material plane fortunes have been made by discerning eyes that have seen the potential value of waste products or that have detected diamonds or gold nuggets where others saw but clay-mire or river-gravel. Is the exercise of the like faculty to be denied the religious mystic who, recognizing the marks and signs-manual of fellow-mystics who have trodden the path that leads from natural to supernatural life before him, is able out of his own knowledge to interpret them, and out of his own experience to vouch for their veracity ? The objection referred to notwithstanding, henceforth all consideration of the Graal literature, whether of that known or of that yet untraced, is destined to be subjected to the criterion of Mr. Waite's interpretation ; and, to dismiss the merely academic aspect of the subject, it may be asserted confidently that future scholarship will confirm rather than discredit the deductions he has reached. If the large and often conflicting Graal literature be, as Mr. Waite suggests, a progress from chaos towards order ; a series, that is, of graduated efforts on the part of an old-world age to express, in terms of chivalry, the perennial problem, and to disclose the perpetual secret, of individual reintegration into that primal sanity humanity

enjoyed before the Fall into matter,—efforts culminating in the record of the attainment of the Graal by Galahad, the perfected spiritual aspirant,—so, after a like manner, the extensive, but inconclusive, modern interrogation of that literature may be said to culminate here in this exhaustive and convincing volume by the most appropriately equipped of literary knights.

Mr. Waite has given us, however, not merely an exposition of the meaning and purpose of the Graal literature. His work is a guidebook to a variety of other mystical systems that since the outward Church became desolated have sprung up, have perpetuated in other forms a cognate doctrine, and have left behind them traces of their affiliation to that unmanifested centre which is none other than the Hidden Church of the Holy Graal. Casual inquirers into the perplexing literature of Alchemy have long desired some simple statement of what all that strange commixture of religion and chemistry really means. The equally monstrous unintelligibilities of Hermeticism and Kabalism; the doubtful value, historical and otherwise, of semi-secret schools of symbolic doctrine such as Masonry—all systems apparently foreign to, and yet not subversive of, orthodox doctrine and official religious institutions—have long needed justifying, interpreting, and co-ordinating. Mr. Waite has supplied this need, and has furnished us with a common denominator to them all. He establishes beyond controversy the fact that they are all voices crying in the wilderness, in different tones, but expressive all of one truth, and testifying all to a common but concealed source of inspiration.

Is there now for the plain wayfaring man who is unable or unwilling to tread these devious paths of apparent heterodoxy any instructional method ready to hand whereby he may enter upon the heritage promised by them all? Can he, not being a knight-errant, behold the Graal to-day? Can he, no alchemist, transmute base metals into gold; or, no builder of temples, discover a certain lost secret, by which he may rear one? Well, in each of these cases the goal is the same, and all the various methods of attainment are reducible to one; that one, as Mr. Waite succeeds in demonstrating, being involved in the true perception of the Catholic office of the Mass; an office which, in whatever other respects the Latin Church may have deflected from its purpose, it yet, by an unerring instinct, has perpetuated and preserved from desecration as a channel of supernatural grace and a criterion for universal guidance. It is perhaps a strange claim to be made by one outside that Church and

to readers many of whom will be prejudiced against its communion. But Mr. Waite's claim is not used at all as an argument for enlistment in the Roman Church. He knows too well that the offices of grace are administered upon all hands and are not restricted to any one ecclesiastical penfold. As an expert, if the term be permitted, in mysticism and symbolism, he merely records and emphasizes, with equal sincerity and impartiality, the fact that, despite all withdrawals of the hallows, despite all spiritual blindness in official places, one eloquent witness to a supernal sacrament has always survived, and that all other symbolic and mystical systems find their simplest and readiest expression in the Roman Office of the Mass. As in a great cathedral are found lesser shrines devoted to special purposes, and chapels subsidiary to the main sanctuary, so Mr. Waite's thesis is designed to show that all mystical schools and systems outside the main current of historic orthodoxy have in reality been but accessory to it; specialized forms appropriate at certain eras and to certain minds; yet all over-spanned by one common, embracing roof, and all capable of finding their diversified methods of expression unified at one central high altar. The alchemic mystery, for example, as Mr. Waite proves, is put with almost naked simplicity in Eucharistic doctrine. To understand the Mass is to hold the key to all other mystical systems.

I have left small space for reference to Mr. Waite's most important and instructive pronouncement upon the nature of that Hidden Church, which, never slumbering nor sleeping, has through the centuries of inhibition, watched over all the external churches and schools. Something of this unmanifested communion of saints we have learned before from those enlightening letters of Eckhartshausen's in *The Cloud upon the Sanctuary*, and from other less well-known sources. Henceforth all such voices will find fuller and co-ordinated expression in Mr. Waite's earnest and impressive closing pages. He defines it variously as the integration of sanctified souls in the higher consciousness; the cohort of just men made perfect; the lower mind of the official Churches raised to a higher plane of self-realization and rendered conscious of the unmanifested life involved within itself. It is not an organized community in time and space, and yet life within physical limitations need be no disqualification for admission thereinto. It is briefly that hidden House into which, in the passage quoted above, the purified spirit of man, typified by Galahad, is described as entering and participating in the celebration of the supreme mysteries of being; that House into

which, as the Graal romances tell, and as our experience attests, the hallows have for a season been withdrawn, leaving a widowed Church with but their substitution, though not without promise of their restoration.

Is Mr. Waite's book—as I have said, the most luminous and important work upon Christian mysticism yet given us—a presage that that restoration is impending? That is a question that will be answered affirmatively or negatively according to the measure of enlightenment and mystical consciousness of him to whom it is put. Assuredly no one will read this book without asking it of himself, and without wondering why, at the present juncture in human affairs, when the questing spirit for the things of final import is rife amongst us, so momentous an elucidation of matters that for so long have remained veiled and close-guarded should have taken place. And no understanding reader will close it without gratitude and without praying that it may fulfil its author's purpose of helping many upon the path of attainment of that of which his book treats.

PSYCHIC GLEANINGS

BY L. INKSTER GILBERTSON

AS in life, so in occultism ; it is very often the little things that tell. That is becoming a truism. Now that an open welcome is accorded to narratives of strange happenings which used to be suppressed, or repeated with bated breath in confidential moments, a philosophy of the occult is gradually being built up, not from elaborate or intricate psychic systems, such as that which has been designated cross-correspondences, but out of co-ordinated details, apparently simple and of little moment if taken separately, but which in the mass afford incontrovertible evidence of the existence of occult laws as sure in their operation and as certain in their application as those accounted "Laws of Nature" by the acknowledged scientist.

Incidents are found to be occurring daily which, if duly noted at the time and set forth exactly as they took place, will not only furnish food for reflection and be productive of curious thought, but will be found, when duly synthesized, to provide the very materials out of which the new philosophy is to be created. The trouble is that these occurrences appear at the time to be so trivial that most people dismiss them from their minds, and only recall them perhaps years afterwards when similar incidents related in their hearing quicken their recollection. By the lapse of time, however, such narratives lose much of the value as authentic statements of fact, which they would possess if set down in writing at the time when the events occurred, with date and initials for the purpose of verification.

I have now formed the habit of taking these precautions, and would advise all who are interested in occult research to do the same. If they do so they will be surprised at the result. I have met many friends, each with his tale to tell, perhaps carefully kept for years in waiting for a favourable opportunity to disclose it to some sympathetic listener. The facts in many such cases have made a deep, distinct, and lasting impression, which leaves little doubt as to their authenticity.

A Black Cat.—Dr. Tindall, the President of the Christian Occult Society, on reading my article on "Coincidences," in a recent number of the OCCULT REVIEW, narrated to me the following incident in his own experience.]

As a young man he lived with his parents in Bayswater. It was a bright day and the door leading to the backyard having been left open a black cat suddenly rushed into the house, and darting about from side to side as if it were mad, ran through the hall and up the staircase to the first landing, where it climbed up to the window and tore the linen blind to pieces before making good its escape.

The doctor had two aunts living together at Pimlico, his father's sisters, and five or ten minutes after the incident just recorded a cab from their house drove up to the door and a woman asked for the doctor's father. On seeing him she immediately blurted out: "Your sister has fallen down dead."

The news was only too true, and the doctor has never forgotten the tragic occurrence, for his father did not recover from the shock it gave him and died within a year afterwards.

Phantasm of the Living.—My friend Dr. MacDonald made the acquaintance of a notable psychic of the last generation, whose name has figured in works by well-known occult writers. He was on a visit to this lady at her home in the South of England when the following striking incident occurred.

All the house-party had gone out for the evening, only the hostess remaining at home, as she felt slightly indisposed. Sitting alone in her drawing-room, she heard a gentle tap, then another, and the cat came nestling up beside her in a frightened sort of way. Feeling restive and unable to sit any longer, the lady rose and went out into the hall, and there on the landing of the stair, looking down at her, was the apparition of a woman standing in a most distressed condition with her throat cut. So realistic was the figure that, psychic though she was, the lady was much upset and became quite ill, her friends finding her prostrate on their return.

On inquiries being made, it was found that a woman had cut her throat in that house; but she had recovered and was alive and well at the time of the incident here related. It seems to belong to a class of episodes of which there are many recorded, which occur under a well-established psychic law. The hypothesis is that occurrences of a tragic nature, or which entail great stress of feeling, leave behind a kind of deposit or residue of psychic stuff, which when quickened or excited by influences, either in the visible or invisible world, appear to cause a re-enactment of the tragic scene.

In this case the tragic act itself was not repeated, and the fact that the agent was still alive further renders it an excep-

tion to the general rule. But it is quite possible, and consistent with other well authenticated evidence, that the lady who had committed the unfortunate act was at the time recalling in her mind the terrible ordeal through which she had passed.

Saved from the Storm.—There can be no doubt that this power of thought-projection is a great force and, under special stress of circumstances, leads to deliverance from perils which are designated "providential" and hairbreadth escapes. A friend of Dr. MacDonald's, Miss H—, residing in the South of England, has recalled to me an incident of her childhood which illustrates the case.

She spent her early years in Canada, where the snowfalls are heavy and sometimes dangerous, and where schools are "few and far between." Miss H—, with her sister, used to attend school at a distance of fully three miles, her father driving them over when the weather was stormy and bringing them home again in the trap or buggy or sleigh as the case might be. If it was fine, they preferred to walk, though quite small tots.

One day, the morning had been fine, with no appearance of stormy weather; but just as the girls were leaving for home, on foot, in the afternoon snow began to fall. Fearing nothing, they kept on their way, expecting to reach home before the snow was any great depth. But the storm thickened and began to deepen around them. Still they plodded on, never fearing but that father would come and take them home; and no doubt many an anxious and troubled thought went home from the two brave young hearts battling for life against the storm.

Houses there were none, nor any other place of refuge, and by-and-by, as the tiny pilgrims toiled on, the snow covered all traces of roads and tracks, and other features of the landscape became obliterated. The little ones lost their way, and soon became panic-stricken when they found they were being completely overwhelmed!

Meantime the parents were having an anxious time; but hoping the children would reach home before the storm grew serious, the father had delayed setting out to meet them. The mother urged him to start, but it was only when the storm, which came up suddenly, began to look black that her entreaties availed, and he set out on horseback to rescue his children.

He reached them just as they had separated in their panic, each anxious to find the right way. They had wandered far from the track and were becoming completely enveloped in

the blinding snowdrift. In a few minutes more they must have been completely lost.

The Phantom Horseman.—Miss H— also tells how the inmates of her father's house were saved from being burnt to death in the ruins of their homestead. In the dead of night Mrs. H— was awakened by the servant-maid, who told her that a horseman had knocked at the window of her room and said the house was on fire. The household was aroused immediately, and sure enough the homestead was on fire and, being of wood, was quickly burnt to the ground. There was only time to save the inmates and live-stock ; and but for the timely warning given by an unknown friend they must all have perished in the flames.

But no trace could be found of the friendly horseman. The farmers knew every soul for miles around, and although careful inquiry was made far and near no one could be found who had given the warning or had seen any one who had done so.

In Canada the homesteads are wide apart and far away from public roads as we understand them, and any stranger visiting the district would have become a marked object of observation and scrutiny, not to say curiosity. But it was the opinion of those concerned, arrived at after due deliberation, that the horseman was no normal visitor. Doubtless the conditions were favourable to occult phenomena, and the psychic impressions received by the maid during sleep or the waking state may easily have taken the form of what in scientific terminology is designated "hallucination," though in practical effect a very helpful and comforting reality, of which the so-called hallucination is but the symbol.

A Curious Dream.—The same may be said of much in connection with experiences in the dream state. One of my daughters, Mary, had a dream a short time ago, and in it she saw her aunt drive up in a trap to the gate of our house. She went out and spoke to her and was able afterwards to describe the vehicle minutely. The aunt was accompanied by five children and appeared to be setting out for a holiday. She asked my daughter if she would come with them, though she did not mention where they were going. Mary replied, No, she was not going just then. A couple of days afterwards, news came in a letter from Scotland that the aunt of the dream had died suddenly during the night of the dream, and it was then remembered that five children had preceded her to the unseen world.

The Prophetic Vision.—Perhaps the most wonderful form

of clairvoyance is that which has its realization in some future event and may justly be called the prophetic vision. Premonitions of death are generally associated telepathically with the persons who are found to have passed away ; but, however probable this may be in cases such as that which I have just related, there is a kind of pre-vision quite independent of that kind of influence.

So wonderful is this prophetic faculty that few will give it credence, but I have had many instances of it coming into my experiences. Some of these have been given me by my dear wife and another of my daughters.

A Visitor at the Club.—My wife has described to me a room in my club which she has never seen. It is of a hexagonal shape, which is rather unusual and therefore called for a unique description. That of course any good clairvoyant might provide. But on one occasion my wife told me she saw me sitting in that room with a gentleman I had never seen and whom she described most minutely. She also described the part of the room in which she saw us sitting, and I noticed it was the side of the apartment I never occupied on the rare occasions when I went there. She said the gentleman and I were evidently discussing business and had some letters and papers in our hands.

I did not attach much importance to the description and it had quite gone from my recollection when, a fortnight later, I had a letter from a gentleman in the provinces who desired to meet me in town to discuss a business project. I made an appointment with him at my club, and on meeting him there I conducted him to the smoke-room.

I found, however, that my visitor was not a votary of the fragrant weed, and taking his business rather seriously he asked if I could not conduct him to a quiet corner where we could be quite alone. I bethought me of the drawing-room, which was generally unoccupied during the forenoons, and leading him thither he at once took a seat to the right-hand side of the entrance and I sat down beside him.

After our interview I recognized this as the precise spot where my wife had seen me sitting with the strange gentleman in her vision a fortnight before. For it was the hexagonal room she had described ; his appearance answered exactly the description she had given and there we had sat with our letters and papers, discussing business, as she said we should do. It certainly did not occur to me until the interview was over how completely we were filling in the picture.

The Black-edged Letter.—I had a similar experience with another of my daughters, Nellie, who also developed clairvoyance and gave many instances of the prophetic faculty. One evening she told me she saw me passing through a strange place—strange to her because she had never been there. It was, she said, the vestibule of a large building and had a place like an office on one side, like a hotel ; but it was not a hotel.

She saw me get letters there and one of them I opened and read as I walked through the hall to a place behind, where there was a fine large winding staircase. This staircase she described, with its broad white marble steps hung from the wall, its huge classic pillars and the lift in the corner.

I at once recognized from the description the entrance hall of my club ; but this might mean ordinary clairvoyance, and I asked particulars about the letter. Nellie said she could not read the writing, but it had a black-edging round the note-paper. Questioned about the width of the edging she said it was neither quite narrow nor broad but something between, and I gathered it was about three sixteenths of an inch in width.

I was not in the habit of opening my letters in the hall of the club. My invariable custom was to take them upstairs to a writing-room unopened ; so I thought no more of the matter, and for the next few days nothing unusual happened. But then, one day I was surprised to find myself on leaving the porter's office with my letters in my hand, tearing one of them open as I crossed the hall. The envelope had a border of *purple* round it, which had excited my curiosity ; this was all done unwittingly, but I was "struck all of a heap" when I noticed that the letter was bordered with the same edging—purple, not black, but the precise width my daughter had indicated. Looking up with the letter in my hand I saw the grand staircase in front of me, just as Nellie had described it.

Her previous description had led me to look for a mourning letter, but this was no mourning letter, and the little discrepancy is only an additional proof of the genuineness of the vision. The psychic eye had been misled by the normal impression that the letter was a mourning letter, hence the suggestion prevailed over the actual vision and made the border appear black to the psychic. It shows that even in such high faculty as prevision there is always present the liability to err in some detail through normal suggestion.

ESOTERICISM

BY ETHEL GODDARD DAVIDSON

PERHAPS more than half of the jangling dissonances of life arise from an imperfect apprehension of the non-essential nature of the wrappings which enfold any truth. It is this imperfectness of comprehension which has led us to obscure our estimation of a man's patriotism by our opinion of his politics ; which has caused us at various times to pronounce harshly upon certain of our fellow-creatures, because we have inextricably confounded their religion with their creeds.

There has seldom been any spark of truth struck for the illumination of the world that men have not with haste made cages and wrappings for that spark, and that they have not come in time to fix their thought more upon the outer integument, which they have fashioned themselves, than upon the inner germ, which is the life-principle within the wrappings. There is somewhat of the pathetic in this cage-making, springing as it does from a desire to give order and tangibility to the adoration of that truth of which the worshipper is most acutely conscious ; it is pathetic because each generation is forced to perceive—even in the short space which is the possession of one generation—that a god must die if forcibly confined in any temple made with hands, nay, even in any brain-built structure, be its walls never so fair.

As the Sophists probably saw the ever-fleeting truth die in the agony of wounding inflicted by the wild words which they let loose in their young pride of faultless reasoning, so does each man see in his own lifetime the death of any truth or beauty which he imprisons in a cage. For the honest man will admit that most often in total oblivion of the deity he has imprisoned, he worships the cage which forms the prison ; and the artist will acknowledge, with the scarcely unworthy pride of the craftsman, that seldom does he feel as much joy in the kindling mystery which descended to him, as in the manufactured expression of the divine visitant, which, at least, is all his own. Hence in the arts we often see a gilded cage, whereof the tenant is a strangled beauty ; hence, too, comes that strange phenomenon, peculiar to many stylists and philosophers, of a cage, beautiful indeed in itself, but made of facility of words, being created to express nothing but the wish for speech.

Perhaps all this mysterious cage-making of ours springs from a certain cowardice, perhaps even in our ecstasy of worship there is a tremor and we long for a caged God, a cabined Truth, or Beauty, adapted to our outlook, our prejudices, our desires. And so, when we are granted a vision, we make of it a feeble picture or an image of clay.

This phenomenon is observable alike in personal and national lives. Each man can for himself detect it in the personal life, and the reader of history will observe with comprehension why the God of warlike Israel is always portrayed as a God of Battles, while the leader of an India, panting in the agonies of philosophic doubt, comes as a leader speaking the old accustomed dream-language, coloured by the waters of a new philosophic current. No hint that a God is other than His people in their dearest desires has ever been entertained by any nation. The Psalms of David, the Bhagavad-Gita, the writings of the prophets, all go to show us that the mind of singer or prophet, in acting as a medium for the divine voice, will impart its own colour, give its own tone to the message.

It is when we have made the cage for the singer, it is when we have decided how divinity or truth is to be adored, that clangour at once arises, for we are each of us in love with our own cage and the Divine Singer within is reeked but little of; one is of Paul, another is of Apollos, and blood must flow because each man has not the same admixture of the devotional spirit and human timidity.

In our ignorance of the eternal flux of beauty and of divinity, we often cherish the fond belief that one unchanging form can always house the truth, and a misery out of all accord with nature has been generated by our persistent worship of the "manes" of our dead ancestors and of our equally dead former selves, as they survive in a form devised either by those ancestors or by those less developed natures, which in our youth made pronouncements by no means adapted to our maturity.

It is from this reverence for the forms devised by past thinkers that the phenomenon has arisen of Western nations singing of Jerusalem as their ideal land; hence also springs the warfare waged by conservative age upon hot, iconoclastic youth. There can be no dissension when we apprehend the symbolism of every form, social, artistic, and religious, when we recollect that it must only serve as an altar whereon we may make sacrifice to our highest instincts. But the danger comes when we forget the mystery beyond and bow to the altar we have set up; it is then

that dissension and misery begin ; it is when we become idolaters, worshipping the thought of our own hearts, that we of necessity go to war, for the thought of each of us differs from the thought of his brother. It is from this worshipping of form, this coldness to spirit in matters of religion, art, and custom, that the division in the ranks of worshippers has come, that devotees have formed themselves into the kindred yet strangely differing camps of Esotericism and Exotericism.

We are familiar with this cleavage in all religions which have passed their primal freshness, from later Buddhism to the [Roman] Catholicism of the present day. We are accustomed to note, both when reading history and when conversing with men of various shades of thought, the extraordinarily differing aspects of a truth in itself unvarying, which are seen by different speculators ; we are not perhaps equally accustomed to trace the differing of these points of view to its real source, which is to be found in the fact which we conspire to disguise, that it is not to the truth but to our own expression of it that we give reverence.

In other matters than those of religious belief we may perceive this cleavage between letter and spirit, and the predominance of a heartless, apathetic worship of the letter in men who have ceased to busy themselves with the spirit. One may distinctly perceive this differing point of view in such a thing as the acceptance of the obligation to obey the laws, which to the educated man is a right-seeming and reasonable obligation cheerfully acknowledged, but to the uneducated man is an incomprehensible and irksome check upon his personal freedom.

Most easily, however, may we note this cleavage between the esoteric and the exoteric thought when we come to the consideration of how we perform the social tasks and courtesies of our daily life. And by this contemplation, we may in time come to the apprehension of the germ of beauty which is hidden in most outer observances, and so we shall be made free of the feast of knowledge which is spread for the wise and humble alike. As the artistic man's perception of beauty expressed itself in art-form, as the sense of the divine mystery was voiced by the devout man in forms of theological certainty, so was the instinct for fitness, inherent in the average man, made manifest in gesture and in custom ; and as the germ of religious and artistic truth has often been done to death by many legislators, so has the germ of appreciation of rightness suffered death at the hands of many "average men." Yet what wealth of life-blessing amenity is in this unguessed creation and possession of the

despised average man, who, while his brothers spoke in psalm, saga, and picture, made for himself his humble altar whereon in his daily life he might sacrifice to his gentler and more courteous self.

Contempt for all forms of amenity, of technique, of creed, is the most usual symptom of realization of the all-important nature of the germ. It seems as if the esoteric man must needs overthrow all that appears to him to put a barrier between his highest thought and his human self. Yet there is an element of insanity in this iconoclasm. For the form expressed one man's thought, perhaps the thought of a whole age, and it does not seem as if a man could legitimately do more than say that the form had ceased to be, for him, a vehicle of effective expression; for it is reasonable to suppose that what has been of use to one man may again be of use to many men, and an apprehension of the truth that a form is a means of adoration and not an object of worship would stay the hand of those who would destroy all forms. Theologies, etiquettes, all rules, all customs, become friends instead of enemies when looked upon esoterically, when used as servants and not masters. Contempt for the minor observances of existence would soon vanish if we perceived the symbolism which abides in the adorning of the person, in acts of courtesy, in resting, and we should learn humility and win the joy that comes to the humble, did we but reflect that it is one and the same instinct that is manifested in the art impulse and in love of dress. Perhaps we are innately desirous of the very highest, and so we look with some contempt upon the lesser manifestations of the great instincts.

The man who, in the same moment, shakes himself free from the bonds of form and accepts these bonds again for what they are worth, is the truly wise man, for while perceiving the beauty of the caged Spirit, he is yet not blind to the significance of the man-made form. It is, however, only in certain special directions that a man is permitted to wander untrammelled by form. In the daily routine of life he is forcibly chained to a certain formalism, which can become a graceful and joyful thing for him, if he recollects that in each custom dwells an angel, an imprisoned instinct for the highest.

It will probably only be a very highly developed esotericist who will find the beauty which is embedded in law and custom, for as the man who will be moved to rapture by a sunset will be unmoved by the wonderful symbolism of a child who plays with a doll, so will most of us blindly and dully perform those acts in which is buried undreamed-of wealth. It will be in the art

of the world that the esoteric mind will first exercise itself in separating the parable and the reading thereof, before joining them again by divine knowledge and new comprehension.

In any great work there will be found two things ; the divine incomprehensible mystery and the human form, which seeks to make the mystery bearable. Perhaps the greatest symbol of this truth is found in a man himself, with his great soul so often cruelly misinterpreted and disguised by his body ; and the esoteric eye makes no error in reading this enigma, though to the exoteric man it leads only to a gross interpretation. As to the exoteric observer the Kreutzer Sonata is but a wild riot of lawless passion, to the esoteric ear it becomes a drama of the soul and the disturbing life-spirit. While to the dust-blinded eye the tale of the Crucifixion, the pictures of that martyrdom, are things of mere physical horror, to the esoteric perception every wound, every strained sinew, is a thing pregnant with symbolism. To the material mind the sagas which sprang from the teeming primal consciousness, hold only coarse significance, while to the dweller in the tents of the mysteries, they abound in beauty of spirit, speaking through healthy flesh.

In truth we are prone to forget that esotericism, which has been called " the pure eye," and in our prurient dread of irreverence and coarseness, we have railed off one range of life and experience from that other range, which makes all plain and lovely. The esotericist sees this ; he perceives that in everything, be it never so humble, there is a pearl of beauty ; the most daring esotericists of all have, to the horror of a world which exists in dread of being horrified, discovered, deep down in a process of sin, the saving germ which foretells a process of righteousness. But the exoteric man, the man with the impure eye, will have none of this higher reading of dark mysteries. To him, indeed, must the daily phenomenon of dawn be repugnant when he sees light coming out of the heart of darkness. Perhaps that man, who lives exoterically, blind to the inner significance of life, is wise with respect to his unacknowledged weakness. Perhaps it is that which spurs him to preach blindness, asceticism, to men whose eyes are pure and whose bodies are in accord with their souls ; it may be, that till he purge his eyes of all impurity, he will do well to fly from that which is very pure to other men.

It is certain that for the man who is strong the whole world shouts a mystery, and the common things of life tell a beautiful tale of how all things of flesh and spirit are knit together in kindly love. For to the poet, who is the true esotericist, the autumn

is the travailing time, the birth-season of the world, while to the farmer it is the homely harvest ; yet all who think will perceive that the thought of the poet and of the farmer are not widely dissevered.

From the heart of the esotericist all fear has fled, and he knows that all through the world is a vast stirring of symbolism, which prepares the comprehending mind for the reception of spiritual mysteries, which, to the uninitiated, come as a disorganising surprise. For he knows that no spiritual thing is new ; that always there have been types and warnings, upon which, out of respect to a certain timidity, we have feared to look. So it is that in the descent of the majestic sun to the brown earth whereof beauty is born at a touch, the esotericist perceives a warning of a spiritual phenomenon which has perplexed many, while he sees that within his own breast is enacted the replica of every great spiritual drama which has astonished the world, though he perceives too, sorrowfully, that where the spiritual drama was materially, visibly enacted by one transcendent Being for the enlightenment of a generation, the conclusion of the enactment has been far other than what it has been in his own case. But for him this realization by no means dims his knowledge that the essential drama is old and familiar to his understanding, being alike part of his own spiritual life and of the chronicled spiritual life of primal peoples.

It is hard to know whether we have evolved from matter to spirit, or fallen, weary, from spirit to matter, and it is not greatly to the point that we should seek to determine this. Yet if we seek a solution of the problem, we may find it at our very door, in the innocent spiritualized materiality of a little child. The exoteric man, who looks at life with tired and impure eyes, opines that the primitive laws and imaginings are based upon the rocks of gross-mindedness and material expediency. To the esoteric man all sagas, all laws, all customs, are as the fringes of the robe of God. Into these two camps does the world form itself ; and as a man judges the foundations of all thought and imagining to be, so he will carve out his interpretation of life ; and the interpretation we put upon life gives wine or gall to our lips.

Perhaps a day will come when we shall allow ourselves to dream that beauty is indeed truth. In that day we shall all worship esoterically, for the Ideal will not then be termed Unreal, nor will the spiritual be deemed the purblind interpretation of the enigma of all existence.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

COINCIDENCE OR PREVISION ?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—A curious incident occurred to me here recently which I am inclined to think was a kind of prevision or prescience (though, after all, it *might* only have been a mere coincidence). The facts are as follows: About two weeks ago I had taken a long walk to the end of this narrow peninsula of Presquile (near Hyères, South France), and was returning to my hotel at La Plage, when I passed, in a lonely spot, four men of the French-Italian peasant class talking in the road. One of these was a shepherd, whose little flock of sheep were grazing on the scanty pasturage near by, and to him my attention was particularly drawn—though *why* I could not say, as there was nothing impressive about him. As I was passing I became strongly impressed with a sense of tragedy hanging over one or more of these men. It seemed to me that there was murder and violent death connected with them. The idea seemed unreasonable and absurd, but it was quite insistent for the time being, until I had left the men some way behind, and then it left me, and I forgot all about it.

My thoughts were far removed from anything gruesome or tragical, and I was admiring the beauty of the sunset over the Mediterranean and the wonderful landscape beyond, when suddenly this haunting sense of tragedy seized me. This morning (March 26) I learnt for the first time that a shepherd named Jean Asidio had been murdered by one or more men on this peninsula a week ago, and I noticed in the local paper, *Le Petit Marseillaise*, a paragraph to the effect that several men had been arrested at Hyères on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder.

I have reason to believe that the shepherd I saw that afternoon of Friday, March 12, was the man who was brutally murdered, and I fancy I sensed the tragedy hanging over him then by a kind of prescience or prevision.

Yours faithfully,

REGINALD B. SPAN.

HÔTEL DE LA PLAGE, LA PLAGE-HYÈRES, SOUTH FRANCE.

PS.—As I understand you are publishing my article on “Prevision” shortly, may I suggest that this little incident be added to those there recorded, if you deem it of any value ?

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Hibbert Journal is becoming more and more openly and avowedly an exponent of the mystic mode of thought. Its mysticism is of the practical order—practical, that is, in so far as it relates to the solving of difficulties in current problems of religion. It opens with a *Credo* which represents religion as the consciousness of a spirit which knows itself to be one with the Highest and Mightiest, and represents the whole creation as moving to the fulness of the glory of a God Who is the Absolute and Only Good, and Who is for ever reconciling the world unto Himself. It is a creed of Paul, of Plato and Plotinus, in modern language, recognizing religion as the deepest principle of unity among men. This belief in a deep-seated essential unity is the keynote of an article by Professor Muirhead, who finds in it the basis of a "common Christianity," especially adapted for use in schools; but if for children, why not also for "grown-ups"? Dr. Buckham, too, in estimating the place of Christianity among the religions, finds that it is the one which leads humanity towards a common goal; it is a religion of rational freedom, lending itself to the deeper needs of varied races, and only needing to be freed from "the cumbersome, adventitious non-essentials that have become attached to it."

Similar qualities, as a "religion of common sense," are ascribed to Islām by a learned Indian Muslim, who writes under the name of "Ibn Ishāk." Mohammed is represented as "a man among men," and his religion as simple, rational, and of universal adaptation. Its moral code is within the reach of the average man, and suits the necessities of all classes. It promises a heaven where each will find what he most desires; it does not teach of an eternal hell. The ministration of angels is recognized, especially to those who are leaving this world. In its social and economical teachings, it would seem, according to this writer, to have forestalled that "social conscience of the future" about which Miss Vida Scudder writes in the same issue.

Dr. Cassius J. Keyser, of Columbia University, continues from the last *Hibbert* his exposition of "The Message of Modern Mathematics to Theology," showing among other things that the three Persons of the Trinity, regarded as infinite quantities, together constitute but one infinity, which is equal to each of

its three components. Also he shows that the dignity of an Omniscience which knew only the whole of the past would be equal to the dignity of one that knew both past and future, for both would be infinite. And as he has before proved that man is an infinite being, and teaches that each particle which occupies space, however minute, is an assemblage of an infinite number of points, each corresponding to a point in the rest of creation, it follows that the man who, in occult phrase, *knows himself*, or even one particle of himself, has, by correspondence, knowledge of the entire infinitude of existence.

The Rev. P. J. Maclagan, in an article comparing Christianity in the Roman Empire and in China, incidentally shows how missionaries lose influence by ignoring the influence of the departed, which is such a feature in the Chinese religion, under the form of ancestor-worship. This writer says:—

As everywhere, Christianity, by its intolerance of any rival—an intolerance which is the necessary result of its claim to be the absolutely true religion—and by the consequent aloofness of Christians from all the popular religion and from much of social life, provokes the charge of atheism and inhumanity. These old-world accusations are repeated in the charges: “No worship of spirits, no piety towards parents.”

After reading the article on infinity, above referred to, it is curious to come across a note in the *Indian Review*, showing that a similar conception has been taken up by Indian mathematicians:—

Fractions with a zero denominator are considered by Bhaskaracarya; such quantities can neither be increased nor decreased by the addition or subtraction of any finite quantity whatever; hence, he says, they are similar to *Ananta*, or the infinite in a theological sense: “just as no change takes place in the infinite and immutable God at the period of the destruction or creation of worlds, though numerous orders of things are created or put forth.” To the Indian student of mathematics such a remark is at once illuminating; it would seem out of place in the naively materialist scientific text-books of the West.

Modern Astrology contains a series of extracts from the old English poet Gower, the friend and contemporary of Chaucer, especially from book vii. of the *Confessio Amantis*, in which the subjects of a liberal education, suitable for a king, are enumerated. The four temperaments are described, and connected with the signs of the zodiac; the influences of the planetary rulers are also set forth, as well as the special characteristics of the various signs and of the fixed stars. Probably this is the earliest work on astrology in the English language.

In *The Open Court* we have a fairy tale of Old Japan, called "The Wooing of the Moon Maiden," which introduces us to Mount Fujiyama, a name "which indeed has many meanings, but one of them is the mountain of immortality." The ascent of this mountain is described in another article, and the reason is given why the Japanese make the toilsome pilgrimage to the summit:—

All Japan is sacred ground; there are gods everywhere, but he who would ensure prosperity must once in his life visit the imperial shrines at Yamada and if possible ascend Mount Fuji. The gods are quick to respond either to deeds of reverence or to slights. Therefore, he who would bind to himself the powerful divinities of Fuji must exhibit his profound reverence by undertaking this pilgrimage.

Dr. Carus again airs his contention that Christianity represented not so much a form of Judaism as the inevitable religious tendencies of the age; and in a brief reply to correspondents he puts forth the opinion that a statue recently found at Tahpanhes represents the Jewish Yahveh, who was no doubt worshipped under a visible symbol by the Jews who had settled in Egypt before the Captivity and who "did not observe the special restrictions of post-Exilic Judaism," but followed their own ancient customs, which were similar to those of other nations.

The late Dr. Wilder, in an article in *The Word*, also gives an account of the founding of Christianity, and regards the "first of the Gospels" as having been that preached by Paul. But he seems to assume that St. Paul referred to a written Gospel as being the basis of his teaching, apparently forgetting that Paul's "Gospel" was simply the substance of the message which he made known. A "Gospel according to St. Paul" would settle many controversies.

Another high-class American review, the *Metaphysical Magazine*, sets forth the conception of spiritual culture in the Bhagavad Gita, and traces its progress both in relation to the world and in seclusion from the world. "During the whole of these stages there is only one force at work—that of faith holding God always in view."

Dr. McIvor-Tyndall, in *The Swastika*, points out that the signs of metaphysical and psychical influences in the world are unmistakable, as shown in the facts of daily life, and, as he remarks, "prodigies are becoming as numerous as politicians!" On the strength of newspaper reports (not always reliable) he tells of a child of seven who could answer any question, saying that she saw the answer written on the forehead of the ques-

tioner ; and of a man who took a train to a neighbouring town, rushed to the business place of a friend, and opened a refrigerator out of which fell the apparently lifeless body of his friend. This man had stepped into the refrigerator, and the door had shut, locking him in. His cries could not be heard, but they reached the consciousness of his friend, several miles away. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*. The writer urges that ignorance of psychic phenomena will not save us from the influence of occult forces, and that if half knowledge be dangerous, the only safety lies in learning all we can about them. S.

THE EQUINOX. The Official Organ of the A. A. The Review of Scientific Illuminism. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd. Vol. i, No. 1. March 21, 1909. Price 5s.

THE genius of this book, Mr. Aleister Crowley, seems at the first blush to be the Panurge of mysticism, and to those who have regarded with delight the amazing adventures of the brilliant Rabelaisian figure, such a modern prototype would appear in anything but an unamiable light. At all events, Mr. Crowley in this new venture plays many parts, and is at once a mystic, a sardonic mocker, an utterer of many languages, a writer of magnificent prose interspersed with passages of coarse persiflage, and also a philosopher of not a little penetration and power of analysis. The expert alone will be able to judge of the scope and meaning of the mystical doctrines and practices contained in this volume, but to the uninformed lay-reader the main thesis would appear to be the necessary passage of the soul through all experience, including the depths of iniquity, in order to rise to the serene heights of balanced wisdom and superior life. It is almost impossible sometimes to avoid the thought that we are the victims of an elaborate joke, but we put aside the thought as laying us under a charge of lack of subtlety. The most striking piece in the book, not excepting Mr. Frank Harris' admirable short story "The Magic Glasses," is "The Temple of Solomon the King." It is a mingling of acute criticism and glowing imagination, shot through with strange esoteric doctrine. Though the imaginative portion is not all on the same level, it may be said that there is no one now writing in the English language who can command a greater splendour of style. Space does not allow comment upon all the unusual features of this publication, which may be recommended to any one who has a spark of intellectual curiosity. B. P. O'N.

REVIEWS

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SELF-HELP. By Stanton Davis Kirkham.
London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 5s.

FIFTY years ago our psychology was concerned solely with the relations of a certain unknown factor called mind to the brain and nervous system, and we parcelled our diseases of the mind into three sorts—illusions, delusions and hallucinations. Our self-help was at the suggestion of Samuel Smiles. It was a crude commercialism mated to the theory of auto-suggestion. We have entered upon a new era both in psychology and in self-development. Nothing shows this better than such a book as that which I have before me. Here the great asset is thought; the chief controller, will-power; the one efficient, the soul.

The author takes his text from the *Dhammapada*, a notable Pali text-book, which teaches that "All that we are is the result of what we have thought." It is to thought-control, therefore, that Mr. Kirkham directs our attention. He shows that some ideas underlying mental therapeutics have become permanent constituents of modern thought, as certain newly-discovered elements have become permanent factors in chemical science. These thought-elements are passed in review and critically examined, the ideas of soul, personality, the nature of thought, of emotion, of will, the evolution of individual belief, auto-suggestion, the over-soul, the world-thought and other factors upon which more or less definite conclusions have been arrived at. The bearing which these thought-elements have upon our practical daily life, on the elaboration and upbuilding of character, are then considered, and it is shown that the recognition of our mental processes and the application of approved principles in the control of thought, will develop a more rounded character, a more efficient mind, a healthier body and a happier life. This is the new method of self-help, to recognize truth and to apply it. Where fundamentally it differs from the more materialistic doctrine of the same name is in the recognition that the spiritual is the permanent element in all things, the material the evanescent; and hence the nature of the truth to be apprehended and applied is of a new order. The subject-matter is thoroughly well arranged and efficiently handled. Doubtless the book will help others to help themselves.

SCRUTATOR.

DREAMS AND DREAM-STORIES. By Anna (Bonus) Kingsford, M.D., of Paris. Edited by Edward Maitland. Third Edition. Edited by Samuel Hapgood Hart. John M. Watkins, 21, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road. 1908. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS book consists of dreams, dream-verses and dream-stories, and while they are all remarkable, the dream-stories certainly contain the finest work. The dreams are clear and vivid and often of great dramatic vigour. They generally appear to have a symbolic character, and I believe were invariably interpreted as designed for instruction, aid, or warning by

Anna Kingsford herself. They are penetrated by intense feeling and a passionate enthusiasm for justice and mercy and are convincing evidence of the noble character of the dreamer. If dreams of this wonderful coherence are rare, verses received in sleep are infinitely rarer, and the best-known parallel to these dream-verses is Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, which is, however, considerably shorter than the total bulk of these. The poem, called *Through the Ages*, describing the gradually ascending lives on earth of the author, consists of twenty four-lined stanzas. Two lines seem peculiarly appropriate :

" Once more set free, she leaps and soars,
A soul of flame, aspiring still ! "

When we come to the dream-stories, we are enchanted at the outset by a tale of the Swiss mountains, a tale of rescue through the agency of second-sight. Scarcely does Guy de Maupassant at his greatest give us a more vivid sense of atmosphere than we get in these high Alpine scenes, and the story is a little masterpiece which culminates in a note of ringing joy. These stories are all good, but perhaps the most perfect, beside the one above mentioned, called *A Village of Seers*, are *Noëmi ; or the Silver Ribbon*, *The Little Old Man's Story* and *The Nightshade*. The tale of Noëmi, the young girl who emerged like a lily from a foul den in the Latin Quarter, is exquisite in beauty and pathos. Those who care about beauty, and that not of parts only but of the whole, will take good care not to miss reading these stories. In the last paper, an essay on St. George, we have the following profound passage : " The highest form of thought is, after all, imaginative. Man ends, as he begins, with images. Truth in itself is unutterable. The loftiest metaphysic is as purely symbolic as the popular legend."

B. P. O'N.

" BEHOLD I SHOW YOU A MYSTERY." By Lex. London : Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 4s. 6d. net.

EVERY thinking man at some time in life goes through that spiritual upheaval and that mental *fait en comble* which physically can only be compared to the catastrophes which have recently occurred in Messina and Reggio. The pleasant pastures in which we have sunned ourselves from infancy are invaded by a host of sinister forms. The critical faculty is aroused, we are assailed by doubt, and the strong man Reason goes forth from our camp to challenge the enemy. As Reason asserts its powers the enemy gives way step by step, and we follow the advantage up from point to point. When night falls upon us, wearied with the fight, we look around for the old landmarks and find that we are very far from home. A prominent scientist has left this record of his own progression, which would appear to have terminated in a Slough of Despond. He says : " My mind seems to have been a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness and may possibly be injurious to my intellect and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of my nature." And so another great scientist, in retrospect of his own life's work, said

in his last moments: "Every thought of that philosophy weighs upon me, as a kind of crime, from which I long to free myself."

The question whether true science can ever be estranged from religion without its professors suffering grievous and lasting hurt to their souls is raised in a remarkable publication I have now before me. Whoever "Lex" may be, it is certainly the fact that in defending the Bible record against the Higher Criticism and the aspersions of a certain section of scientific writers, he is thoroughly well equipped, both as a student of Nature and of literature, to carry the war into the enemy's camp. A large section of the book is devoted to an exposition of the process of Creation, of geological records, and sectionizing of the study of life-origins, the objective being to show that the Bible is a truly scientific record or statement and so found when properly studied and understood. The remainder of the work is occupied with an interpretation of Scripture prophecy and the evidence of the divine mission of Christ as the sole revelation of God to man. As a literalist the author has given us a very vivid picture of what may be expected to take place when the day of the Great Tribulation shall dawn.

It cannot be said that the book is in any sense a literary effort, but it contains a great amount of sound learning which could only have been acquired by careful study. It is, in fact, a strong gage, awkwardly thrown, in challenge of modern science and the Higher Criticism.

This circumstance, and the fact that the writer veils his identity under a *nom de plume*, will probably render him immune from serious criticism. Nevertheless it may serve to temper the professions of many who babble in the name of science about things hardly understood. And, after all, the protoplasm of science is not much consolation to a man in his hour of extremity.

A word of praise ought certainly to be accorded to the author for the large number of most interesting drawings made by him to illustrate the text of his book. They show much originality.

SCRUTATOR.

THE SPIRITUAL WORLD, as described in the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. By J. Howard Spalding. Sq. 16mo. pp. 96. London: F. Warne & Co., 1908.

WITHIN the compass of a booklet, with uttermost simplicity, apart from all pretence of matter or manner, Mr. Spalding has given a summary introduction to our massive heritage in the system of Swedenborg, and it has never been done so clearly in three times the space. It is very nearly true that he who runs may read, and also understand. The compiler further tells us how he passed over to the study and finally to intellectual rest in the message of the Swedish seer. This also is temporarily interesting; it is of the same kind of adventure which has taken all men in these days into distinct worlds of thought and true or substituted certitude. For the rest, the booklet reduces the root-matter of Swedenborg's teaching into the proverbial nutshell. The problem concerning him remains. It is not that he had twenty-seven years of conscious intercourse with the world of spirits, or why there is only perhaps this one instance of such a prolonged experience. The wonder, apart from the problem, is rather why there is not a crowd of such witnesses. The

problem is that he brought back from that intercourse the greatest travesty of the universe which ever owed existence to any kind of seership. It is the astral region of illusion externalized and solidified. Those who feel any dedication towards the mystic life should read Mr. Spalding's explanatory section on the Heaven of Swedenborg ; they will see exactly what I mean ; and this counterfeit *summum bonum* is accurately balanced by the *postremum malum* of the Hell conceived by the prophet. Let us make room, if we can, somewhere for the Beatific Vision and the Divine Union.

A. E. WAITE.

FAITH HEALING. By H. J. Wilkins, D.D. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith, 11, Quay Street.

It is a sign of the times that books should be written by the clergy advocating the need for a closer intimacy between the physician of the body and the physician of the soul, and a more general and generous recognition of the theory of Faith Healing. Dr. Hudson, in his *Law of Mental Science*, has affirmed that there is no necessary connexion between theories of causation and the results produced by those who hold them. A man may be healed by medicine, by faith, by hypnotic action, by self-suggestion, by prayer, magic or aught else. The fact that he is healed does not argue directly for the correctness of the method. It is a fact, to be entertained seriously by ministers of the Church and by medical men, that Christian Science under one guise or another has made headway, despite the ridicule which has been heaped upon it, and which undoubtedly many of its exponents have brought upon it. It is in this very Christian Science that Dr. Worcester finds an underlying something which neither medical science nor the Church at present can afford to the patient. The domain of activity due to the subconscious mind is now becoming recognized, and this recognition is, in fact, the most important advance psychology has made during the past century. It is chiefly in relation to Faith Healing as recorded in many instances in the Bible that the present defence of modern Christian Science is made, and a better survey of the whole ground of argument and discussion cannot be found than is here presented. Those who are interested in mental science, psychology, hypnotism and medical science generally will find the work of Dr. Wilkins of much use.

SCRUTATOR.

THE MESSAGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE TO THE WORLD. By Mary Everest Boole. London: C. W. Daniel, 11, Cursitor Street, E.C., 1908. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS book is rather unfortunately named. The average reader would expect to find it dealing with psychical research ; but, as a matter of fact, it is a series of lectures for nurses in general and mothers in particular, with special reference to the psychical atmosphere of judicious suggestion which a tactful nurse will create in the sick-room, thereby facilitating both the physical recovery and the spiritual growth of her patient. It is perhaps less original and stimulating than other works from the same pen (notably *Logic taught by Love*, which contains some most ingenious and illuminating thoughts), but, like all Mrs. Boole's writings, it is of high literary and spiritual quality, and well repays perusal.

One of the most interesting chapters is the one on thought-transference. Mrs. Boole's experience leads her to believe that thought-reading is, in a certain sense, "the normal condition of infancy"; that it is nature's provision for helping us over the first difficulty of getting into communication with our human surroundings. As the child learns to understand speech, his telepathic reception avenues close up—being no longer necessary—somewhat as, on the physical side, the sutures of the skull close up a few weeks after birth. If, for some unknown reason, this closing up of the telepathic avenues does not occur, the child grows up to be a sensitive or clairvoyant. The idea is ingenious, and would link up rather well with Wordsworth's *Ode*, according to which the soul arrives "not in entire forgetfulness" of its former habitation and powers, though losing the "vision splendid," and the recollection of "that imperial palace whence he came," on reaching maturity. There would, however, be some need to change the analogy, or to suppose a reopening, in cases of late illumination, such as that of Swedenborg, and indeed in most cases of mystical ecstasy, which is apt to occur—as Dr. Bucke well shows in his *Cosmic Consciousness*—about the age of thirty-five.

As to what is called religious belief, Mrs. Boole says wise words: "You thought that there was one absolutely right faith, and that all other religions were absolutely wrong ones. And now it seems as though the truth were pretty equally shared between people of all shades of opinion.

"Well, He never gave you leave to treat any man as a *heathen* until he obstinately refused to listen to what his neighbours had to say."

And as to Jesus the Christ:—

"The long and short of the matter is just this: If you want to be kept in good conceit with yourselves, or with any leader whom you ever worshipped, or with any plan you ever followed, or with any theory you ever believed,—take care what new study you plunge into, for cool investigation has a strange trick of knocking over all sorts of idols. But if you would like to be made to feel, through every fibre of your being, that He knew more about you than your nearest friends, that He is the best Teacher that ever lived, and that the world owes more to Him than to all its priests and doctors, then my advice to you is, in God's name, study away. You will study long enough, I promise you, before you come to the end of your astonishment at His wisdom."

Amen. The mischief is, however, that in these days of rush and struggle and feverish "amusement," few seem to have time or inclination for study of any kind. Still, we hope that many will read Mrs. Boole's book, and will be led thereby into the Path.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

HOROSCOPES AND HOW TO CAST THEM. By Comte de St. Germain.

London: Werner Laurie, Clifford's Inn, W.C.

It is certainly not the fate of astrology to die of neglect. When newspaper writers are not busy with it, there are always a number of ambitious or zealous students eager to expound the principles of the science for the better information of the said pressmen and the public generally. To the number of books already extant this by the Comte de St. Germain is now added.

The publishers' preface would lead one to suppose that the work was an innovation. But such is not the case. It is now some decades since

P. Christian wrote his *L'Homme Rouge des Tuileries* and at least fifteen years ago Ely Star wrote, on the same subject, his book *L'Horoscope*, following the lines already laid down by the famous occultist, L'Abbé Constant, better known as "Eliphas Levi." From these sources, with due acknowledgment, "Sepharial" compiled his now well-known *Kabalistic Astrology*.

Consequently this effort on the part of the Comte de St. Germain to introduce the principles of the same system is somewhat belated. It must be confessed, however, that the book suffers nothing from this circumstance, for the contents are thoroughly well arranged and the introduction of one hundred engravings to illustrate the text renders it very attractive.

It is perhaps excusable on the part of the publishers to refer to this Hebraic method of horoscopical enumeration as "astrology," for others, who should be better informed, have used the familiar term in the same connexion. The fact is, however, that beyond the single factor of the sun's position in the zodiac which marks the birthday, there is nothing in common between this kabalistic system and the veritable science of the stars as enunciated by Claudius Ptolemy, Tycho, Bonati, Placidus, Cardan and others. As regards the reading of the twelve signs of the zodiac (pp. 23-72) it is perhaps a pity that these have not been referred to their source and the same remark applies to *Planets in Houses* (pp. 135-143), *The Decans* (pp. 108-114), *Fatidic Circles* (pp. 167-185), etc., etc.

The most interesting portion of the work to those who have read expositions of the same sort will, no doubt, prove to be the seventy-eight Arcana. These are cleverly illustrated by sketches in Egyptian steles, which lend an atmosphere to the book without misleading the critical observer into the idea that they are of Coptic origin. As an illustration of the modern trend of popular inquiry the publication of this book is significant and to those unacquainted with the Hebraic method it cannot fail to be of deep interest.

SCRUTATOR.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS; OR, RELIGIOUS THERAPEUTICS AND RIGHT LIVING. By Samuel Fallows, D.D., LL.D. London: G. F. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., 1908.

THIS book is the outcome of practical work in treating the neurotic according to modern psychological methods, organized by Dr. Fallows at his church in Boston. The author believes in co-operating with the medical profession in a friendly spirit, and thinks that it is the duty of religious teachers, where possible, to undertake such work. We cordially agree. And no doubt, in doing so, the religious teacher will be considerably benefited as well as his patients. The breezy optimism and, on the whole, healthy broadmindedness conspicuous in Dr. Fallows' book is remarkable evidence of its tonic power over the operator of therapeutic work of this kind.

It is gratifying to learn that in America at any rate, the orthodox school of medicine is open to advances from such workaday psychologists as Dr. Fallows, who writes in the introduction after this strain—

"Medicine realizes to-day, largely as the result of the work of its own leaders, that it has everything to gain by welcoming the assistance of ministers of religion in this neglected field. The very fact that tens of thousands have been attracted

to systems of unscientific quackery is sufficient evidence of the need of such work as that which we have undertaken in Chicago."

There are one or two opinions, expressed, however, in the course of the book, to which we can scarcely give an unqualified assent. The author says :—

"The scientific mental healing of to day was crudely foreshadowed by some of the usages of ancient Egypt. Savage, semi-civilized nations, in one form or another, have given characteristic expression to the principle behind this form of treatment."

We think nobly of ancient Egypt, and do not care to hear her spoken of in connexion with ideas of crudeness, or mentioned in the same breath with savage or semi-civilized nations, any more than we like the remark on page 28 about the "low attributes of Jupiter and Venus." The attributes of Jupiter and Venus are not low. Whether the attributes of those who professed to worship them were, at a certain period of the world's history, rather low or not, is a different matter. Perhaps the worshippers will do better next time. All this, belittling of ancient empires and ancient objects of worship is unnecessary, and arises from misunderstanding and want of sympathy.

Dr. Fallows pleads for, among other things, free speech, a free press, and free schools. And this in America! We shall be pleased to send off the British variety of these articles by next mail. They are going for a song.

R. C.

STOP AND THINK. By Lee Roberts Andrews. London: The Power Book Co., Wimbledon.

THE man who can command you to stop and think is to a large degree the master of your destiny, whether he be a minister of religion, a platform orator or merely a writer of books. If you can command yourself to stop and think your next action will be deliberate and not impulsive, probably considerate and not purely selfish. Then follows the chain of causation so tersely expressed by Thackeray: "Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny."

Well, here is a book which may cause you to stop and think, and having thought, to act differently to what otherwise you would have done. Imagine what that means at the junction of the roads where left and right offer equal and various attractions. You do not follow your inclinations on the impulse of the moment. You stop and think. Is it a matter of business, of home conduct, of health, or of the happiness which may and should spring from the successful management of your affairs in any of these departments? Mr. Andrews has something to say which may be of use to you in bringing you to a right conclusion by following a correct line of thought and action. It is worth the while to read, whether you conclude in regarding it as sound philosophy or mere sophistry. If it causes you to *stop and think* it will have probably given you the element of a new habit which cannot but be beneficial. Incorporated with this capable work is an essay by C. G. Walter, "How to be Happy." In brief, cease from worry, keep your temper, seek happiness and ye shall find it. Mr. Walter's hints on "seeking" are good.

SCRUTATOR.

THE ANCIENT SCIENCE OF NUMBERS. By Luo Clement. London :
L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, E.C.

THOSE who are interested in the mysteries of the Kabalah or that section of it which is called *Gematria*, will find in this little book an ingenious application of its principles to the problems of health, success and happiness. It is not argued that one can choose his own birth-date or secure for himself the lucky sequence of names which, according to this science, contribute so largely to the destiny. That difficulty can readily be got over by accepting the principle of "correlated successiveness" or even Bret Harte's "eternal fitness o' things," which forbids that anybody should be born at a time when the disposition of the heavens is out of harmony with his innate tendencies and character, and similarly, that the imposing of names is a matter of destiny and not the chance affair we presume it to be.

But even so the rules which employ these factors appear very arbitrary. The English alphabet is that used for purposes of enumeration; thus A is 1, B 2 and so on; J to R range from 10 to 90 in value, S to Z from 100 to 800. The scheme seems to end abruptly, requiring a letter of value 900 to complete the sequence. But why, we may ask, should the English alphabet be taken as the standard of values? Why not the Hebrew or Chaldean? For it is certain that precedence lies with one of the Semitic tongues so far as regards alphabets beginning with the letter A. Then, too, as regards the date of birth which enters into the computation, March counts 3, and the 14th of the month is equal to $1 + 4 = 5$. But why? Did Julius Cæsar and Pope Gregory labour to the end of making a purely arbitrary calendar coincide with the potential destinies and characteristics of persons yet unborn? I confess to very grave doubts regarding this empiricism, for even though one should admit the *mantric* value of sounds it does not bind us to a numerical value based upon elements so adventitious as those here employed.

Yet there are many ways of making a pudding, as many ways of cooking it, but only one way of testing it, and if the average reader is satisfied with the proofs so liberally advanced by the author, that should be sufficient answer to all questions of the critic and reviewer.

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