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THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THERE is a gospel older than Christianity, older than Buddhism, older than Brahmanism, older than the classic religions of Greece and Rome, older than the worship of idols and the worship of ancestors. This gospel has been preached under varying forms and names, and with stress laid upon different aspects of its truth and its applicability to differing conditions of civilization and to the different characters of the peoples to whom the message has been addressed. It is probably as old as the earliest traditions of civilized man, and the preaching of it becomes a periodical necessity through the very evolution and growth of civilization itself. It acts as an alterative medicine, a corrective of the tendency inherent in civilization to drift insensibly into channels of artificiality, to substitute the letter for the spirit, the creed for the life, the formula for the thing signified, habit for deliberate conscious action, the cant catchword for the life-giving principle, the spurious imitation for the genuine product. The Gospel to which I allude is the Gospel of the Return to Nature.

THE RETURN TO NATURE.

In every generation of the world's history since man was civilized the realization of this state has been the dream of a

few idealists who saw it existing in the far distant past of the world's history in an allegorical form as the fabled Golden Age sung of by the poets. If it is older than all the religions, it yet takes its place as an essential element of all of them in the first stages of their existence. Jesus Christ struck this keynote in his preaching when he bade his disciples "suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," and again when he said, "Except ye be born again as a little child ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." And the refrain of very many of his injunctions to his disciples was the adoption of what we should now call the Simple Life so much talked about but so little lived in these days of the twentieth century. Buddha gave expression to the same thought and practised it in his renunciation of his princely life and his adoption of the life of the wandering preacher, of the begging friar. The same truth was preached in China by Lâo-tsze and again to a later generation by Jean Jacques Rousseau in his *Social Contract* and his *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality among Men.* "Man is born free, and yet everywhere he is in chains." Such were the opening words of this inspiring message to the Peoples of the Earth. Man is born natural and civilization makes him artificial. He is born in touch with Nature and life under the open sky and in the green fields. Civilization draws him to courts and towns. Mankind is born to liberty and equality: civilization makes him either a tyrant on the one hand or a slave on the other. The thought underlying this gospel, whether preached by Christ or by Rousseau, or to-day by Edward Carpenter in his *Civilization, its Cause and Cure,* different and contrasted as the characters of the preachers will appear, is essentially the same.

APOSTLES OF THE RETURN.

Why were the Scribes and Pharisees hypocrites? Why, except because they had turned from the spirit to the letter, from Nature to artificiality. What was the crime of the French Monarchy but that it fostered and perpetuated unnatural conditions and artificial restrictions which froze the life-blood of the French nationality? What were the faults which Prentice Mulford * saw in American civilization, if they were not the faults which arose directly from the too rapid growth of the luxuries and so-called advantages which civilization and commercial development bring in their train? the neglect of those life forces which are inherent in Nature itself and without which the life-

* *Essays of Prentice Mulford,* in 4 volumes, price 3*s.* 6*d.* net per vol. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd.

blood of a nation of necessity becomes contaminated and impoverished?

"You are fortunate," writes Prentice Mulford, "if you love trees and especially the wild ones growing where the great Creative Force placed them and independent of man's care. For all things that we call wild or natural are nearer the Infinite Mind than those which have been enslaved, artificialized and hampered by man. Being nearer the Infinite they have in them the more perfect infinite force and thought. That is why, when you are in the midst of what is wild and natural, where every trace of man's works is left behind, you feel an indescribable exhilaration and freedom that you do not realize elsewhere."

This sentence seems to me to strike a note of the greatest importance in connection with all these "Return to Nature" movements in whatever period of the world's history they may have occurred. Has it ever struck you how each movement of the kind has been followed by a great uprising of the life forces of the nation or nations to whom it was preached? It acts on the generation which listens to its preaching like the winds of spring on the sap of winter trees. It is the great revivals consequent on such preaching that let loose the pent-up energies of the human race and in doing so make the great epochs of history. Christianity was the result of one such great movement. The French Revolution was the result of such another. The gospel of Rousseau was preached not to the French nation only. It was preached in France, it is true, but it was preached to mankind at large, and the fact that it was listened to by many nations outside France is more than half the explanation of the triumphs of Napoleon, the heir of the new French Democracy.

J. J. ROUSSEAU AND PRENTICE MULFORD.

In the early days of his triumph Napoleon came to the peoples of the other countries of Europe as much in the guise of a deliverer as of a conqueror. The soldiers that fought in the armies against him had heard the message of freedom and equality and were in no mood to contend with its conquering arm. The gospel according to Jean Jacques Rousseau was this life-giving force. Like a tonic breath from the sea, like a draught of champagne, it was at the same time invigorating and intoxicating to its hearers. Prentice Mulford was right, the Gospel of Nature, wherever preached, "has ever made man feel an indescribable exhilaration and freedom." Where Mulford differed from Rousseau was in seeing more clearly, more spiritually, what the Return to Nature really signified. That it signified the getting in touch once more with "the Infinite Force and Mind as ex-

pressed by all natural things." This Spirit of Nature, "this Force of the Infinite Mind" was given out, he maintained, by every wild tree, bird, or animal. It was a literal element and force, going to man from tree and from living creature. If you loved Nature, if you loved the trees, you would find them, declared Mulford, responsive to such love.

You are fortunate (he says) when you grow to a live, tender, earnest love for the wild trees, animals, and birds, and recognize them all as coming from and built of the same mind and spirit as your own, and able also to give you something very valuable in return for the love which you give them. The wild tree is not irresponsive or regardless of a love like that. Such love is not a myth or mere sentiment. It is a literal element and force going from you to the tree. It is felt by the spirit of the tree. You represent a part and belonging of the Infinite Mind. The tree represents another part and belonging of the Infinite Mind. It has its share of life, thought, and intelligence. You have a far greater share, which is to be greater still —and then still greater.

CONSCIOUS LIFE IN NATURE.

And again :—

As the Great Spirit has made all things, is not that All-pervading mind and wisdom in all things ? If then we love the trees, the rocks and all things as the Infinite made them, shall they not in response to our love give us each of their peculiar thought and wisdom ? Shall we not draw nearer to God through a love for these expressions of God in the rocks and trees, birds and animals ?

Poets have told us the same story. Sir Walter Scott did so, for instance, in his beautiful lines in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" :—

Call it not vain. They do not err,
Who say that, when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns Her worshipper
And celebrates his obsequies ;
That say mute crag and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan,
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges o'er his grave.

Wordsworth, too, understood the communion with Nature, as is shown by many of his verses, and most of all by his lines on the vision of the daffodils. The sight of the daffodils dancing by the lake was to him more like the midnight dance of fairies or elves on the greensward, instinct with conscious vitality, and the impulse of contagious motion. This picture of the daffodils' delight in their own life and beauty recalled itself automatically to the poet's mind, and bade him join them in their fairy revels. No poet could have put the mood of communion with Nature in

lines of greater felicity. They are, indeed, well known, but to the lover of Nature they will bear quoting again and again. The poet exclaims :—

> I gazed and gazed, but little thought
> What joy the show to me had brought.
> For oft, when on my couch I lie
> In vacant or in pensive mood,
> They flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude ;
> And then my heart with pleasure fills,
> And dances with the daffodils.

Other poets have voiced the same sense of communion with Nature in varying forms and degrees of intensity. A lesser known one of the present day * has claimed poetry as Nature's mouthpiece, and condemned its neglect as a refusal to be brought into touch with Nature's many voices by the most articulate means at its disposal. Take the following verses as an example—

> If thou disdain the sacred Muse,
> Beware lest Nature, past recall
> Indignant at that crime, refuse
> Thee entrance to her audience hall.
> Beware lest sea and sky and all
> That bears reflection of her face
> Be blotted with a hueless pall
> Of unillumined commonplace.
> * * * * *
> Ah ! desolate hour when that shall be,
> When dew and sunlight, rain and wind
> Shall seem but trivial things to thee,
> Unloved, unheeded, undivined.
> Nay, rather let that morning find
> Thy molten soul exhaled and gone,
> Than in a living death resigned
> So darkly still to labour on.

Dickens, too, the most imaginative of novelists, peopled the countryside and even the dwellings of his favourite characters with objects instinct with life. The very furniture, the very chairs, seemed to have conscious existence in his books. The clocks grin from the mantelpieces, the wind plays antics like some Pagan spirit of the air, and the autumn leaves eddy and dance in a giddy whirl of reckless delight. The whole air is peopled by the fantastic creations of his teeming brain.†

* John Addington Symonds.

† See, for example, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, chapter ii., *The Chimes*, and elsewhere.

We see that poets galore and even an occasional writer of fiction of a particularly imaginative type have voiced this sentiment and have even expressed it like Sir Walter Scott in the form of a belief in the conscious life of Nature. Poets live in a world of fancy and imagination. We do not take their statements too literally. Dickens lived in a world of his own, a grotesque world, peopled by the phantoms of his own weird fancy. It is different when we come to a man who writes essays, which he would have us take as a guide in life, who, in his wildest flights, expects to be taken as intending to convey the full force of what he says, in however spiritual a sense. You cannot say of the lines of Scott what the great Earl of Chatham said in quite a different connection, that "though poetry they are no fiction."* You feel that Scott was by way of expressing a poetic mood, the literal truth of which he would never dream of substantiating over the dinner-table. Prentice Mulford, on the other hand, preached this doctrine as an actual truth to be accepted and acted upon, to be made a basis upon which to erect a practical manual on the subject of how to live most intensely, of how to get the fullness out of life, of how, in short, to be most alive while living. Prentice Mulford, in preaching his gospel, echoed in other words the message proclaimed by the Founder of Christianity: "I have come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly."

POETRY OF NATURE A PROSE REALITY.

There are two ways of seeing life: the way of Christ and of Mulford, and the way of the young man-about-town. But though the latter claims to see life, he generally sees no more than its dregs and its seamiest side. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he has yet to learn what life really means. The difference between the standpoint of Jesus Christ and Prentice Mulford on the one hand and of the young man-about-town on the other, is that Christ and Mulford were in touch with the realities of life and the young man-about-town with its artificialities only—that Christ and Mulford were in communion with that wonderful Spirit, Power, and Force of which the universe is but the visible expression, and whose different manifestations and channels of operation are as count-

"SEEING LIFE."

* "'But yesterday and England might have stood against the world.
Now none so poor to do her reverence.'
I quote the words of a poet, but though poetry they are no fiction."—From celebrated speech of Chatham's after England had lost her American colonies.

less as the forms of life itself, while the young man-about-town is conscious only of those perverted forms of vampire life which tend to minister to his own appetites and sensual gratification. Outside this the world is a wilderness to him and Nature a nonentity. He thinks he sees life because he interprets life as a synonym for his own little world of fashion and the pursuit of aimless and illusive pleasure, a world of externals only, of action without progress and of forms and phrases with no corresponding spiritual reality.

To Prentice Mulford every man is an unconscious psychometrist. The infection of good or evil influences is all-pervasive.

> Everything (he tells us) from a stone to a human being sends out to you as you look upon it a certain amount of force affecting you beneficially or injuriously according to the quality of life or animation which it possesses. Take any article of furniture, a chair or a bedstead, for instance. It contains not only the thought of those who first planned and moulded it in its construction, but it is also permeated with the thought and varying moods of all who have sat on it or slept in it. So also are the walls and every article of furniture in any room permeated with the thought of those who have dwelt in it, and if it has been long lived in by people whose lives were narrow, whose occupation varied little from year to year, whose moods were dismal and cheerless, the walls and furniture will be saturated with this gloomy and sickly order of thought.
>
> INFECTION FROM INANIMATE OBJECTS, If you are very sensitive, and stay in such a room but for a single day, you will feel in some way the depressing effect of such thought, unless you keep very positive to it, and to keep sufficiently positive for twenty-four hours at a time to resist it would be extremely difficult. If you are in any degree weak or ailing you are then most negative or open to the nearest thought-element about you, and will be affected by it, in addition to the wearying mental effect (first mentioned) of any object kept constantly before the eyes.
>
> It is injurious, then, to be sick, or even wearied, in a room where other people have been sick, or where they have died, because in thought-element all the misery and depression, not only of the sick and dying but of such as gathered there and sympathized with the patient, will be still left in that room, and this is a powerful unseen agent for acting injuriously on the living.

The above quotation is from an essay on "Spells, or the Law of Change"; but our author develops the same idea to a fuller extent in another essay, that on "Positive and Negative Thought," in which he enlarges on the importance of being positive and not negative when surrounded by those who are emitting poisonous thought atmosphere, such as envy, jealousy, cynicism, or despondency. This, he tells us, is as real as any noxious gas and

infinitely more dangerous. If you are then in a negative or receptive state you are to all intents and purposes a sponge, absorbing evil influences, the full harm of which may not be realized till days afterwards. You must know, then, when to be in a positive and when in a negative frame of mind. As a rule you must be positive when you have dealings with the world and negative when you retire within yourself. These conditions inevitably alternate one with another and the exercise of much positive force will bring about a natural reaction after a certain time. Why, asks Prentice Mulford, did the Christ so often withdraw from the multitude ? It was, he replies to his own question, because after exercising in some way the immense power of concentrated thought, either by healing or talking, or by giving some proofs of his command over the physical elements, at which times he was positive, and expended his forces, he, feeling the negative state coming upon him, left the crowd so that he should not absorb their lower thought. The obvious moral of all this is the danger of choosing bad companions or associating with individuals who are on a lower moral level than yourself.

AND FROM ASSOCIATES, GOOD AND BAD.

Prentice Mulford lays great stress on the reality, indeed, the substantiality of thought. " As a man thinketh, so is he." " Your spirit," says Mulford, " is a bundle of thought." What you think most of, that is your spirit. " Thought," he says again, " is a substance as much as air, or any other unseen element of which chemistry makes us aware. Strong thought is the same as strong will. Every thought, spoken or unspoken, is a thing as real, though invisible, as water or metal. When you think you work. Every thought represents an outlay of force. If a man thinks murder . . . he actually puts out an element of murder in the air. He sends from him a plan of murder as real as if drawn on paper. If the thought is absorbed by others, it inclines them towards violence, if not murder. If a person is ever thinking of sickness he sends from him the element of sickness. If he thinks of health, strength, and cheerfulness, he sends from him constructions of thought helping others towards health and strength, as well as himself." In thought every man should look forward and cast the past behind him. " Nature buries its dead as quickly as possible, and gets them out of sight." It is better, however, to say that Nature changes what it has no further use for into other forms of life. The tree produces the new leaf with each return of spring. It will have nothing to do with its dead ones.

THOUGHT AS AN ACTIVE AGENT.

It treasures up no withered rose leaves to bring back sad remembrance. . . . "Nothing in Nature is at a standstill. A gigantic incomprehensible Wisdom moves all things forward towards greater and higher powers and possibilities. You are included in and are part of this force."

If then, argues Mulford, you do not move forward with the rest of Nature, you will inevitably sink, and rightly sink, into decrepitude and decay. Why are outworn creeds outworn? Simply because they have not changed with the changing thought of man, they have not evolved with the evolution of the race. They have remained behind on a lower plane while man has moved forward to a higher. If you cling to them you cling to what will draw you back and draw you downward. It is the same in business. The business methods of one generation must be changed and modified in order to adapt the business to the conditions and demands of the uprising generation. The "good old times" may have been good in their way, though their goodness is generally exaggerated; but to attempt to revive their ways of thought for the use of later generations is like putting new wine into old bottles. Prentice Mulford had absorbed among his other ideas the eastern doctrine of metempsychosis. The race had evolved, he held, from the lowest forms. It could, therefore, evolve indefinitely higher. Man, as at present constituted, was not its ultimate aim. The possibilities of human evolution were infinite.

EVOLUTION OF THE RACE.

> "It is a grand mistake," he writes, "that of supposing that any man or woman is the result of that one short life which we live here. We have all lived possibly in various forms as animal, bird, snake, insect, plant. Our starting point of matter in existence has been dragged on the sea's bottom, embedded in icebergs, and vomited out of volcanoes amid fire, smoke and ashes. It has been tossed about on the ocean and has lain maybe for centuries and centuries embedded in the heart of some Pliocene mountain. We have crept up and up, now in one form, now in another, always gaining something more in intelligence, something more of force, by each change, until at last here we are, nor have we got far along yet."

If man's power of developing is indefinite it follows, thinks Mulford, that his power of prolonging life is also limitless; i.e. not merely prolonging life under other conditions outside the physical body, but even of prolonging life within the physical body itself. Hence his essay dealing with Immortality in the Flesh—an essay which more than any other has led to Mulford

being dubbed a crank and a mad dreamer. "We believe," he writes, "that immortality in the flesh is a possibility, or in other words, that a physical body can be retained so long as the spirit desires its use, and that this body instead of *de*creasing in strength and vigour as the years go on, will *in*crease and its youth will be perpetual."

IMMORTALITY IN THE FLESH.

There is a Law of Silent Demand, and silent continuous demand made with concentration of will and thought can obtain whatever it asks for—whatever it claims as its own, in view of the fact that each human being is part of the infinite life and has inalienable relationship to the Supreme Power. "There will be built," prophesies Prentice Mulford, "in time, an edifice partaking of the nature of a church where all persons of whatever condition, age, nationality, or creed may come to lay their needs before the great Supreme Power and demand of that Power help to supply those needs. It should be a church without sect or creed. It should be open every day during the week and every evening until a reasonable hour. It should be a place of silence for the purpose of silent demand or prayer. It should be a place of earnest demand for permanent good, yet not a place of gloom. A church should be held as a sanctuary for the concentration of the strongest thought power. The strongest thought power is where the motive is the highest. You can get such power by unceasing silent demand of the Supreme Power of which you are a part."

This power of silent demand can be utilized, then, for all purposes. It can be utilized, for instance, to keep the body in health, to make good the wearing away of the tissues, to prevent the aging and final perishing of the physical body. "The body is continually changing its elements in accordance with the condition of the mind. If it is in certain mental conditions, it is conveying to itself elements of decay, weakness and physical death. If in another mental condition, it is adding to itself elements of strength and life. That which the spirit takes on in either case is thought or belief. Thoughts and beliefs materialize themselves in flesh and blood. Belief in inevitable decay and death brings from the spirit to the body the elements of decay and death. Belief in the possibility of a constant inflowing to the spirit of life brings life."

THE LAW OF SILENT DEMAND.

These ideas, as I have already suggested, seem fairly far-fetched. But it is a curious fact that science does not appear to reject them quite as decisively as one would have expected. I

have alluded to the question in my Notes of the Month in an issue of last summer in dealing with Messrs. Carrington & Meader's book on *Death, its Causes and Phenomena.* I here quote the observation of a physician, Dr. William A. Hammond: "There is no physiological reason why man should die." And also Dr. Monroe in his statement that the "Human body as a machine is perfect. It is apparently intended to go on for ever." And again, Dr. Thomas J. Allen who observes that "the body is self-renewing and should not therefore wear out by constant disintegration." The point is not so much perhaps that *natural death,* as we call it, is unnatural, as that the reason why mankind die after a certain age has never been satisfactorily explained from a medical point of view, and the medical evidence points to the fact not so much that man might conceivably be immortal as that the process of decay might be indefinitely retarded. That, in short, man might live to a far greater age than he does at present. Prof. Metchnikoff, as we know, has various theories on this matter, and one of his most recent discoveries has been drawn attention to within the last month in the daily press.

There is a great deal in Prentice Mulford which seems commonplace enough to-day. Men of the twentieth century are familiar with his doctrines and his teachings. They have been put forward with a great air of originality by many of his followers, and they have been repeated in various forms and with varying degrees of exaggeration. I doubt, however, if they have ever been put forward so freshly and so forcibly as they were by the pioneer of what we now call the New Thought Movement—Prentice Mulford. There is in no other leader of this New Thought Movement such a sense of the communion with Nature, so fresh and full a recognition of the possibility of utilizing Nature's forces for the benefit of body and spirit. For, as I have already explained, Prentice Mulford was, not only the first and greatest of the New Thought teachers, but also *par excellence* an apostle of the Return to Nature.

DEGENERATION OF GREAT POPULAR MOVEMENTS.

One of the drawbacks of all great movements of thought which powerfully affect large bodies of men, is that such movements, long before they have run their course and done their needed work, are sure to become vulgarized and indeed caricatured. The great artistic movement of the Victorian age with which we associate such names as Ruskin, Wm. Morris, Burne Jones, Rosetti, and others, degenerated after no long time into the affectations of the Aesthetes. The apostles of the Return

to Nature have in our own time preached a form of this gospel, which has gone by the name of the Simple Life. The theory of the Simple Life is an admirable one, and its practice, wherever such practice is feasible, is in the highest degree desirable; but many of the forms it has taken are obviously absurd. It is in reality to-day part and parcel of a movement, a truly excellent one, for the simplification of life. This is an essentially democratic reaction against the artificialities of a more aristocratic age. The terms of intercourse between man and man are now far more familiar than they were two or three generations ago. It is not more than a century since children used to address their parents as "Sir" and "Madam." "Sir" gave place to "father" or "papa," and "father" has subsequently given place, in England at any rate, to "dad," or the equally familiar and less respectful "governor." There are indeed some of the up-to-date children of to-day who address their fathers by the still more colloquial phrase of "Old Sport." This all shows the trend of the time. Formality gives place to informality. Rudyard Kipling has been the pioneer of poetical slang. You may see the change wherever you go. It is obvious even in the clothes men wear. The top hat, which was once the only recognized form of headgear on the cricket field, has now almost disappeared from the City of London, where it was long the badge of respectability. In New York it is not seen "Down Town." The comparative informality of the modern Sunday is another indication of the same thing. Perhaps, however, when all is said and done, the Sunday open-air or impromptu picnic has more in common with those fish-suppers of Christ and his disciples on the lake of Galilee, at which we all should so much have liked to have been present, than the formal austerity of the Protestant midday dinner. Everywhere the movement is towards simplicity and the breaking down of artificial barriers. This busy democratic age has no time to stand on ceremony. There is a bad side to it all, and the loss of formality has led to the casting aside of good manners and courtesy as something quite superfluous, and no better than a waste of time. But those who have done so have misread Nature's lesson, and the moral implied in the ancient and admirable saying that the keynote to good manners is just simply *B Natural.*

COLLOQUIALISM RUN RIOT.

I have received the following letter from a correspondent (a man of business) in Germany, stating that he is communicating

the particulars in question to me "in obedience to a repeated renewed command given to him in a vision." I do not know whether the record will fall under the notice of any one interested in the matter either in America or elsewhere, but I feel that I cannot do otherwise than give publicity to the facts of the case as narrated. In the event of any of my readers wishing for further information on the subject I should be obliged if they would communicate direct with me. In view of what my correspondent says, I think it better to suppress names and addresses, but I gather that I am at liberty to give the information that the land referred to is in the State of Colorado, U.S.A., that it is 160 acres in extent, and that I have received further particulars by which it could be readily identified.

A STRANGE COMMUNICATION.

From 1890 to 1902 (writes my correspondent), I used to go to Kissingen i. B. every year to take the cure, and there, among others, I made the acquaintance of a young lawyer, W. G—— by name, of the firm of G. & G., New York, U.S.A., with whom I became very friendly, and with whom I often took long walks. During one of our walks I saw some poor ragged gypsies resting by the roadside, and though they did not beg, I gave one of the women a few shillings. Very pleased, she held my hand fast and looked fixedly at me, then seemingly dissatisfied she let it fall again. When asked the reason, she told me that for a number of years nothing but sorrow, misfortune and heavy losses would be my lot. First my dear friend, brother-in-law, and partner, then apparently the picture of health and strength, but already attacked by internal disease, would die. Then, by an almost continuous series of unfortunate speculations, I should lose my own fortune and that of my wife and five children, should get deeply into debt, and at last be compelled to allow the business I had inherited and which at the present moment is still a flourishing concern, pass into other hands, and to work in the same as an employé. After d tasted all this bitter sorrow to the dregs help would come to me in erson of a noble, generous and rich person, who, after he had learnt y of my misfortunes, would buy from me an estate outside Europe, l then had been almost worthless, for the sum of a million dollars, e for ever from the curse of speculation. But this noble and t, unparalleled in the history of mankind, would reward my e most wonderful manner; for, after the purchase had been territory, upon nearer inspection, would be found to contain pring, as well as very rich stores of potassic salt, and very als. My friend, G——, who had gone on and was waiting e, was, as I had been, strangely perplexed at the un- pletely correct statement of my private and business loomy and the bright prophecies seemed to us so hed at them, and only told our people at home f their strangeness. Meanwhile, unfortunately prophecy has been almost literally fulfilled, gipsy was warning me in time of my fate.

N

But I was so completely in the toils of the demon of speculation that I lost my senses and rushed blindly to my destiny. The misfortune brought upon me by my own fault (and through which not only my wife and children, but also my numerous needy brothers and sisters with their children and a number of families, who through my fault have lost their means of support) exists in all its severity, and the prospects of my ever recovering the lost millions are nil.

Celebrated clairvoyants and fortune-tellers comfort me with the assurance that like the first part of the prophecy, the second part will also be fulfilled; but nobody is able to show me the practical way of attaining this impossible end.

My wife's family in Memphis, Tenn., U.S.A., my friend G—— in New York, the members of my family, and I myself are naturally, in this matter-of-fact age of ours, so sceptical that the belief in such miraculous philanthropy seems to us to belong to the realms of fairies.

But the fact remains that all the gloomy part of the prophecy has been fulfilled to the letter, and that the estate necessary to the fulfilment of the second and sunny part was bought by me in 1887 and is still awaiting sale. According to inquiries made by my wife's relatives in Memphis, Tenn., U.S.A., the territory is still difficult to sell, as contrary to expectations entertained at the time the railway connection has not been commenced.

For the reasons given, I place the whole matter with confidence in your hands, and beg you, in case of publishing, to exercise discretion as to the names concerned.

Enclosing description of the land,

I am, Sir,
Yours truly,
R—— M——

THE ORIENTAL ESOTERIC LIBRARY.

I am asked to draw the attention of American readers of the OCCULT REVIEW to the Oriental Esoteric (Loaning) Library, of 1,443, Q Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. This very useful institution has an extensive connection in all parts of Ameri and, indeed, outside the American continent addition to the loaning library, there is a sale department, and very numerous work sorts of subjects of interest to students of Mysticism and New Thought can be ob application to the headquarters. I understand tha pondence bureau has also been initiated, and those such subjects cannot do better than subscribe (25 cen to the bi-weekly *Oriental Esoteric Library Critic*, page bulletin which deals with these subjects appearance of new books of general interest library is under the able management of is himself not only an advanced stud an eminent chemical expert and scie

THE TRANSPARENT JEWEL

By MABEL COLLINS

PART I.

The jewel of which I am writing is no diamond dug out of the darkness of the earth, but is no less a thing than the mind when it has been drawn from the darkness of material selfishness and become perfectly clear. It then, when directed upon any object, is able entirely to perceive and understand it, by a rock-crystal takes on the hue of a coloured flower when it is brought into contact. This is the trance-like clairvoyance which is attained that is called the Yoga of devotion.

Books on Yoga has become somewhat reads at all is sure to meet with such her. But few of them are calculated to t to the student who does not himself s source. That source, fortunately, is ns of the devotional life, its rules and a the remote past in Hindu history, are translated. They seem like some strange first read by a novice; but with time and study unfold and display a sublime philosophy and a perfect law of life. There are, naturally, many dangers incurred in popularizing them. One is that of presenting only certain portions of the teaching; for its scope is so vast that this readily presents itself as a desirable method. But the devotional Yoga can only be understood at all if taken as a whole. There is the danger, too, of leaving out some one vital point even when one has essayed to present the whole.

The word Yoga is applied by the Hindus to almost any system by which it is thought freedom from earth life can be obtained; and the term Yogi is used, in India, for every kind of ascetic. But the Yogi who has attained to the possession of the transparent jewel is no mere ascetic or fanatic, but one who perceives by reflecting within his pure mind that on which he gazes. It is obvious that when he is able unintermittently to perceive the Supreme his mind reflects solely the Supreme, and, as the crystal becomes full of a colour which is reflected within it, so he becomes filled with God. This is the final state of devotional

Yoga, when the Yogi has withdrawn his mind from all other objects but the Supreme. That is not the final stage, though it would seem at first sight as if it must be so. His mind is still a transparent jewel, and regards the Supreme as an object which is reflected in it.

In the last and final stage even this impression is lost, and the seer abides in himself, a spectator without a spectacle. He no longer looks upon the Supreme, he is aware that he is within the Supreme, dwelling in a state of intense and active consciousness of which we can form no conception while we are limited by our mental horizon. This last state is called concentration without a seed. No distractions and no karma arise in this state, for no seeds are sown. This ecstasy is reached by the way of devotional Yoga, of so controlling the mind and gradually leading it to regard no object but the Supreme, that at last the transparent jewel is fused in That which it perceives.

This Way is the secondary way, open to those whose minds are darkened, who are blinded by illusion, yet who earnestly desire to know the truth. It is laid down in the Máhábharata that " the wise, by the help of the Veda and of knowledge, having ascertained the visible universe to be illusory, instantly realize the Supreme Spirit as the sole existent independent essence, while they that devote themselves to Yoga meditation take time to acquire the same knowledge." It is furthermore pointed out that one who is devoted to Yoga may be led astray by the attractions of the world and therefore not find time in one life to attain success, and that he has to make the attempt again in another incarnation, being benefited therein by the work he has already done, and the progress already achieved. He applies himself to the task with difficulty, being subject to the temptations which have already led him astray. " But the man of knowledge ever beholdeth the indestructible Unity and therefore, though immersed in worldly enjoyments, never affecteth them at heart." These are the true great ones, the real leaders of the race, who can enter into all the affairs of mankind and yet retain the perfect consciousness of that Union which is the goal and aim of all the Yoga systems. They need no Way, for they are already at the end of the path so far as it can be trodden by man. The Máhábharata speaks of times in the history of the earth, presumably in prehistoric periods, when such wise ones existed, and the earth was governed virtuously. In those days, it is remarked in passing, no Brāhmana ever " sold the Vedas " ; that is, *taught for money*.

Some translators render the word Yoga by concentration, but it means not so much union as "being yoked" to the Supreme, and concentration is an advanced state of the practice, attained by devotion and meditation. Patanjali, who compiled the ancient teaching in the form of the wondrous set of aphorisms known by his name, commences the whole essay by setting forth at once the goal to be aimed at and secured with the utmost difficulty, at the cost of the greatest perseverance, during perhaps several incarnations. This goal is the state of concentration without a seed, and is described at the outset, in the third aphorism of the first book. The aphorism is a hard one to bring from Sanscrit into English, and is rendered by one translator, "*Then the seer abides in himself*," and by another, "*At the time of concentration the soul abides in the form of the spectator without a spectacle.*" The first aphorism of the book contains simply a benediction and the statement that an exposition of Yoga is to be made. The second aphorism contains the secret of the whole system in a single sentence: "*Yoga is the suppression of the transformation of the thinking principle.*"

The first book is occupied with the explanation of these two stanzas concerning the goal and the Way. With the opening of the second book Patanjali enters upon the detail of what is called preliminary Yoga, the mode by which this Way can be approached. This carries the student right through occultism, the development of miraculous powers, the consciousness of superhuman planes of being, the sympathetic entrance into the lives of subhuman beings, the perception of the mysteries of the mineral kingdom. The powers which come to the Yogi are transcendent, his access of consciousness is continuous. There are, of course, incredible dangers on the Way; and a great part of the second book is devoted to explaining the profound moral training and purification of character which must be attained before the path can be trodden, or the Way entered upon. There are eight accessories of Yoga, laid down by Patanjali, which ensure the observance of the ordinary virtues, and of other virtues which would be regarded by the Western mind as extraordinary. But they are each and all fundamental principles of the higher life and cannot be overlooked or evaded. They correspond to the precepts of Buddha, and to the vital commandments of all religions. As Patanjali points out, these are not qualified by class, place, time, or utility, but are called great vows, being universal. Some attempt to progress by taking qualified vows, but this is futile. It is laid down absolutely in the preliminary

Yoga that it is necessary to be " confirmed " in observance of these great vows.

The third book contains the aphorisms describing the results to be attained by contemplation, when the mind, now resembling a transparent jewel, can be used to reflect anything in the Universe and so enter into complete knowledge and understanding. The development and study of this part of the Way admits the wayfarer to a veritable fairyland ; the mysterious beauty and glory of all creation being revealed to him as his power grows. Great is the value in the world of the Yogi who has reached so far as this, for under the guidance of the Supreme he can use his gifts for the helping onward of the blind and ignorant race of which he is still a member. But even these occult powers are obstacles in the way of that condition which is the actual goal.

The lower form of Yoga which is practised by many Indian ascetics consists of difficult physical exercises, with the idea that it is best to begin upon the Way by learning absolutely to control the body. An ascetic will remain with one arm uplifted for twenty years with this object in view. But this is only a means to the end of entering upon devotional Yoga, and the great system of Patanjali is arranged with the view of commencing the Way by the conquest of the mind. There are no doubt Yogis who undertake physical austerities because they realize the need in themselves of absolute conquest on that plane before entering upon the true task of the Yogi, the control and purification of the mind.

This inability to enter upon the high path, natural in the case of a strong man, filled with vigorous passions, has resulted in the extraordinary practices of Hatha-yoga, and the placing of " posture " and control of the breathing before mental effort. This arises from the curious idea that the body is the nearest and easiest thing to learn to control and to bring into subjection. As a matter of fact it is the furthest from the ego, the part of man which aims at self-control, and therefore the ascetic who practises physical austerities may do so for a whole lifetime or for successive lifetimes, without attaining any further result than that of physical passivity. Whereas the man who immediately enters upon devotional Yoga may at any moment obtain enlightenment. For he is dealing with that which is his actual instrument in human life, the thinking principle, and the control of the body easily follows upon the control of thought. Therefore does Patanjali place " posture " and " breathing " later on in pre-

liminary Yoga than the conquest of mental distractions. They are not enjoined as duties to be entered upon until after the aspirant is freed from the attacks of the pairs of opposites, and has intellectually conquered the mystery of non-attachment. That is to say, he must understand these things. He cannot expect to fully attain to them until the end of the incarnations or until he shall have reached the high stage of advancement which shall have made him that rare being, a perfect adept. But he must understand the direction in which he is going, he must know what his goal is, at the commencement of the path, before entering upon any practices which tend to bring forth his latent powers. Otherwise he lays himself open to the greatest dangers. If he is strong he may find himself upon the path of the black magicians, entangled among forces and powers which he does not understand and cannot control, and a prey to delusion. If he is weak he may become one more of those who, by reason of mistakes, become idiots or madmen.

No warning can be strong enough against entering upon any Yoga practices whatever without understanding the full philosophy of devotional Yoga. This understanding can be obtained by three methods: complete self-control to the degree of austerity; profound study and constant close reading of books on the subject and the repetition of holy words within the mind; and absolute devotion to the Supreme. These constitute the three first steps by taking which a man fits himself to enter upon Yoga. In the phraseology of the Patanjali aphorisms these three methods are called mortification, study, and resignation to Ishvara. By mortification the Eastern student understands the fasts, penances, and observances which are laid down in the Dharma-śâstra and which enable him to become possessed of what is ordinarily called self-control. The Western student will interpret this according to his own code of conduct. If he has not access to the rules referred to by Patanjali it is not difficult for him to formulate rules for himself according to the highest ethical standard he knows of. The great point is that, as in the case of an entirely moral person, who may not be either religious or devout, the spirit rules the body in all action. "Study" includes the training of the mind by the simple expedient of recalling constantly a holy word or phrase, and close and constant reading. The repetition of holy words or phrases cannot be undertaken by Western students as it is by Eastern occultists because we know little or nothing of the proper intonations. It is wiser and safer, if repetition is used for the

training of the mind, to keep it purely within the mind. The mystic word " Om " can be used by one who knows, with its three-syllabled utterance, so as to produce marvellous results. But those who do not know how to utter it rightly will do well only to think of it. " Resignation to Ishvara " is accepted as meaning the consigning to the Supreme all one's works and actions, without any personal regard for the fruits thereof. Ishvara is simply " the Lord," and is understood by the Vedantins to mean the cosmic Spirit. He is the Lord of the Universe, the Solar Logos. Through the union with Him is the Way opened to the consciousness of the other Logoi and to the attaining of the final goal. It is implied in an aphorism in the first book which deals with advanced Yoga (aphorism 23), that the whole task of the Yogin could be accomplished by devotion to Ishvara.

In this single and very brief aphorism is contained a mighty philosophy. The aphorism commences with the particle " or," which reveals a great mystery to the close student, for it follows a number of aphorisms which constitute an exposition of advanced Yoga. The whole of this complicated and difficult task can be obviated and the same result obtained by adequate devotion to the Ruler under Whom men live. But this devotion is of so profound a character that few can reach it save by the study and practice of Yoga. It involves complete selflessness and that submission to the assaults of the pairs of opposites which is only possible to one who truly understands the deep mystery of non-attachment.

Here we come to one of the great stumbling-blocks to the ordinary student who has not grasped the essentials of the philosophy.

" Non-attachment " is variously misunderstood. By some it is crudely interpreted as meaning freedom from ties of affection, absence of emotion, and even as absence of love, whereas the advanced Yogin is full of love, and gives love out of his plenty, instead of asking it of others. He is the true lover who loves without selfishness. By others it is held to mean freedom from the clinging to life which is common to all living creatures during an incarnation. But if the aphorism is taken in conjunction with the two which precede it the true meaning becomes plain, for they deal with emancipation from the pairs of opposites. It is clear that this non-attachment which is to be attained is a deep and vital thing, a permanent condition of the spirit. Desire of life has brought the human spirit hither into this hard school, where he finds himself crucified in time and space, and assaulted

without cease by the pairs of opposites. Desire of life is the cause of all misery because it has brought into existence these conditions in which the human race groans and travails. It has brought us all here, to this place in which we struggle for freedom. The Yogin who has accomplished his task has freed himself from this desire of life ; long since, in a disembodied state, he demanded embodied life ; he has learnt its lesson and is now able to withdraw that demand and to depart hence.

Non-attachment is a remote spiritual condition, as unintelligible to the neophyte as is the state or condition from which his spirit came when it desired embodiment and " attachment." Before this mystery can be approached ignorance has to be conquered, that formidable ignorance which is the first of the five distractions from the path, and the cause of the other four. Patanjali does not use this word to express absence of learning, but to express a condition of denseness in which a thing is mistaken for that which is not. The whole gist of the matter is that the "ignorant" man mistakes that which is material for that which is spiritual ; it is a positive mental state, not a negative condition of absence of knowledge. It causes the assimilation of the " I," the ego, with external objects from which it should stand aloof. Thus the ego mistakes the instruments which it uses on the physical plane for itself ; it identifies itself with the mind and the senses which are but its tools of the moment. The mistake is the ignorance which causes suffering and the distractions which hinder progress.

INDIAN JUGGLERY

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

Author of *Byeways of Ghostland*, etc., etc.

FEW subjects afford so interesting a theme for speculation as the famous Indian Jugglery tricks. Granted even that the out of the ordinary picturesqueness of the country in which they take place, together with the mystery enveloping the origin of the performers, creates a glamour which tends to enhance them, there is yet a something in these tricks—a something unusual—that places them in a category by themselves. Some I have seen myself, whilst others have been described to me by those who have actually witnessed them.

Unlike the tricks performed by conjurers in this country, they are not confined to locality but can be accomplished anywhere—on the deck of a liner at anchor off Bombay, in a Cashmere garden, in a street in Karachi, on the side of a hill. They are independent of screens, trapdoors, mirrors, wires, roofs, walls, time and seasons, of everything save the inscrutable knowledge of the performers—a knowledge shared by none. An open space outside some European bungalow in the Deccan may be taken as a fairly typical scene for the enactment of the tricks. Maybe, on one side, the spot is bounded by a broad stream running through the garden in which the bungalow is built, and on the other, by a bridge of giant jessamine. A large number of the villagers have assembled and cover every part of the ground, sitting, after their own strange fashion, on their heels, all awaiting in eager anticipation the arrival of the jugglers. At the door of the bungalow, lolling against the supports are the owner—a civil engineer—and a couple of guests—also engineers. All three, in spite of their lackadaisical attitudes, are extremely keen-witted and very much on the *qui vive*.

On the verandah overhead are several ladies. They are obviously interested and, intent on discovering some clue as to how the tricks are accomplished, have determined to keep a smart look out. It is about three in the afternoon, and the sun, still glorious in the glowing, cloudless skies, brilliantly illuminates the entire scene, its glancing rays dispelling every shadow and throwing into the brightest relief every particle of herbage, stick and stone.

Presently into the space that has gradually assumed, either designedly or by chance, the shape of a circle, step two figures,

the dry, bent and wizened figure of the juggler, and the young, slight, upright figure of his assistant who heralds their advent by monotonous thumps on a drum.

The juggler places a small pan of lighted charcoal on one side, casts into it a few grains of incense, and mutters at the same time an incantation—weird, and, to the Europeans at least, utterly incomprehensible. A wicker basket of about the size used to hold a baby's wardrobe is then brought forward and the juggler announces that it is his intention to put a *baba* (youth) into it; afterwards to change him into a pigeon, or dove, and make him fly away in any direction the audience wishes. All doubt as to the difficulty of the trick is set at rest on beholding the candidate for the metamorphosis. He is a tall, strapping lad of about sixteen, apparently much too big for the space assigned to him. The juggler, however, approaches, throws him on the ground, ties his feet to his hands, and literally doubling him up, drops him into a sort of cabbage net, which he fastens over his head. The basket is then carried out and the engineers and ladies on the verandah subject it to the most minute scrutiny, feeling it all over for false sides and bottom. The examination ended, the youth is consigned to the basket, and a cloth thrown over him —the cloth being, of course, raised, and the basket distended by the captive.

The juggler now begins a solemn promenade round the basket to the accompaniment of an incantation, and tatooings on the drum. Gradually the cloth and basket shrink down, becoming smaller and smaller, till at last the latter appears empty. The lid is then pushed open, and the bindings—viz. net and ropes—hurled out. At the completion of the second circuit made by the juggler, the transmutation is effected, and a white pigeon flutters from the basket, and directs its flight in a course suggested by one of the European ladies. The juggler pretends now to be astonished, calls to the boy to come out, raises the basket without exerting the slightest strength, shakes it, and then producing a long sword thrusts it through and through the basket, and as far as can be seen by the audience, leaves no part untouched. He then turns in the direction the pigeon has taken and calls out to the lad to return. From afar off, in answer to his summons, is heard a voice, presumably that of the boy. The voice grows nearer and nearer until finally it proceeds loud and clear, seemingly from the basket which begins to swell again. The cloth rises, and then, without any assistance and perfectly sound and unscathed, out leaps the youth. A gasp of admiration and wonder

bursts involuntarily from the audience, and conjectures are at once raised as to how the feat could possibly have been executed.

Now for the second exhibition. A young man steps forward, and through the medium of a Parsee who acts as interpreter, informs the spectators, that although it is not customary for the eyes to work like the hands, yet he would for once, and out of respect for the *burra sahib* (great man), use them in a similar fashion. A block of stone, some three by four feet in size, is then set in front of him. To this stone are firmly attached short lines, having at the ends a tiny round piece of tin, about the size of a sixpence, and very similar to it in appearance. Lifting his eyelids, and rolling his eyeballs on one side in the most peculiar manner, he bends down, inserts the pieces of tin inside his eyelids on the eyes themselves, and closes the lids on them. The old juggler then binds the young man's hand behind him. The latter forthwith commences to raise himself slowly, and actually lifts the big stone from the ground to the level of his waist with his eyelids only.

He holds it suspended in this fashion till the Europeans, unable to stand such a really terrible exhibition any longer, insist on its being stopped.

It is now the old juggler's turn. Advancing a few steps in the direction of the verandah he exhibits in the palm of his hand a seed—very often, but not always, the seed of a mango tree.

After displaying it for some seconds to the full gaze of his audience he places it on the bare ground ; then producing a small coloured handkerchief, he places this over the seed. He steps aside, and whilst muttering some mystic chant, waves his hands —palms downwards—slowly to and fro in the air. A slight motion is then seen to take place under the handkerchief which gradually begins to rise. By degrees an object reveals itself, and the onlookers are amazed to see the trunk of a tree which increases and increases in stature until there stands before them a full-grown mango.

The same young man that had performed in the basket trick now comes forward and proffers a stick to the Europeans to examine. They do so, turning it round and round, and tapping and otherwise testing it in every conceivable way—finally passing it on to the ladies, who after subjecting it to an even closer scrutiny restore it to the young juggler.

No sooner has he touched it, however, than it turns into a snake, and with a feigned cry of horror he drops it to the ground. Then he mutters something, stoops down, and behold it is once

again a stick. At the request of the audience this feat is repeated several times.

These performers are then given a rest and a variety of turns are introduced by other artistes, who are, also, members of the troupe.

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the dry, bent and wizened figure of the juggler, and the young, slight, upright figure of his assistant who heralds their advent by monotonous thumps on a drum.

The juggler places a small pan of lighted charcoal on one side, casts into it a few grains of incense, and mutters at the same time an incantation—weird, and, to the Europeans at least, utterly incomprehensible. A wicker basket of about the size used to hold a baby's wardrobe is then brought forward and the juggler announces that it is his intention to put a *baba* (youth) into it; afterwards to change him into a pigeon, or dove, and make him fly away in any direction the audience wishes. All doubt as to the difficulty of the trick is set at rest on beholding the candidate for the metamorphosis. He is a tall, strapping lad of about sixteen, apparently much too big for the space assigned to him. The juggler, however, approaches, throws him on the ground, ties his feet to his hands, and literally doubling him up, drops him into a sort of cabbage net, which he fastens over his head. The basket is then carried out and the engineers and ladies on the verandah subject it to the most minute scrutiny, feeling it all over for false sides and bottom. The examination ended, the youth is consigned to the basket, and a cloth thrown over him —the cloth being, of course, raised, and the basket distended by the captive.

The juggler now begins a solemn promenade round the basket to the accompaniment of an incantation, and tatooings on the drum. Gradually the cloth and basket shrink down, becoming smaller and smaller, till at last the latter appears empty. The lid is then pushed open, and the bindings—viz. net and ropes—hurled out. At the completion of the second circuit made by the juggler, the transmutation is effected, and a white pigeon flutters from the basket, and directs its flight in a course suggested by one of the European ladies. The juggler pretends now to be astonished, calls to the boy to come out, raises the basket without exerting the slightest strength, shakes it, and then producing a long sword thrusts it through and through the basket, and as far as can be seen by the audience, leaves no part untouched. He then turns in the direction the pigeon has taken and calls out to the lad to return. From afar off, in answer to his summons, is heard a voice, presumably that of the boy. The voice grows nearer and nearer until finally it proceeds loud and clear, seemingly from the basket which begins to swell again. The cloth rises, and then, without any assistance and perfectly sound and unscathed, out leaps the youth. A gasp of admiration and wonder

bursts involuntarily from the audience, and conjectures are at once raised as to how the feat could possibly have been executed.

Now for the second exhibition. A young man steps forward, and through the medium of a Parsee who acts as interpreter, informs the spectators, that although it is not customary for the eyes to work like the hands, yet he would for once, and out of respect for the *burra sahib* (great man), use them in a similar fashion. A block of stone, some three by four feet in size, is then set in front of him. To this stone are firmly attached short lines, having at the ends a tiny round piece of tin, about the size of a sixpence, and very similar to it in appearance. Lifting his eyelids, and rolling his eyeballs on one side in the most peculiar manner, he bends down, inserts the pieces of tin inside his eyelids on the eyes themselves, and closes the lids on them. The old juggler then binds the young man's hand behind him. The latter forthwith commences to raise himself slowly, and actually lifts the big stone from the ground to the level of his waist with his eyelids only.

He holds it suspended in this fashion till the Europeans, unable to stand such a really terrible exhibition any longer, insist on its being stopped.

It is now the old juggler's turn. Advancing a few steps in the direction of the verandah he exhibits in the palm of his hand a seed—very often, but not always, the seed of a mango tree.

After displaying it for some seconds to the full gaze of his audience he places it on the bare ground ; then producing a small coloured handkerchief, he places this over the seed. He steps aside, and whilst muttering some mystic chant, waves his hands —palms downwards—slowly to and fro in the air. A slight motion is then seen to take place under the handkerchief which gradually begins to rise. By degrees an object reveals itself, and the onlookers are amazed to see the trunk of a tree which increases and increases in stature until there stands before them a full-grown mango.

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be set on a stage containing a trapdoor, or with some peculiar structure at the back, in which event no one of the audience is permitted on the platform. I do not believe any European conjurers, given the Indian juggler's basket, etc., and only the same conditions as the Indian, could do the Indian juggler's trick. The theory has been advanced that the latter resorts to hypnotism. Those holding this view say that when photographs have been taken of the ladder trick, the plate only shows the old juggler—there are no evidences either of the ladder or the young man. This being so, they argue, the youth climbing up the rungs and vanishing was purely a subjective vision induced by the hypnotic power of the juggler. And granted that this is so in one case why not in others? The man being put in the basket, the mango tree and the stone lifting might all be attributable to the same agency. Now I admit that this is an argument liable to carry some weight as there is undoubtedly truth in what I have sometimes heard stated, that only a certain percentage of the spectators see the actual accomplishment of the feat—the ladder and the young man, for instance, being apparent only to some—others merely beholding the old juggler performing various antics with his hands. But I discredit the hypnotic theory altogether. From the experiments I have witnessed in hypnotism I am convinced it is utterly impossible to hypnotize any one against their will—that is to say no experiment can be successfully tried on a subject whose mind has not been wittingly made passive. And the minds of the European portion of the audience, at least, would be in a condition the very reverse to this—they would be keenly critical —keenly on the alert.

To hypnotize simultaneously two or three suitable and willing subjects in close proximity one to the other, so that the attention of the operator could be wholly concentrated on all at the same time, is extremely difficult even to an expert; to hypnotize, all unknown to them, several particularly active-minded people, occupying various positions in an assembly, so that the operator's attention could not be concentrated on them all at the same time, would be a feat beyond the scope of any hypnotist—Indian or otherwise.

Having then arrived at this conclusion, i.e., that these feats of jugglery cannot be performed invariably by means of hypnotism we must look to some other source for a solution to the mystery surrounding them.

The very fact that the Indian jugglery tricks have never been accomplished by European conjurers renders it pretty obvious

that no white expert has as yet been able to solve them. And this at once gives rise to the question—In what does this mysterious superiority of the Indian juggler over the European consist ? In sleight of hand ? Assuredly no ! since it is inconceivable that mere jugglery of a Hindoo however subtle and ingenious, could baffle the brains of such a race as the British, remarkable for—and indeed unsurpassed in—intellectual and inventive capacity.

Then if neither hypnotic influence nor sleight of hand can account for these wonderful performances, surely the solution must be looked for outside the physical—in other words, the keynote to Indian jugglery is the superphysical !

The racial history of the jugglers themselves strengthens me in this belief. Of the gipsy order, they belong to a caste peculiarly distinctive from any other caste ; they form a race to themselves. Little or nothing is known of their origin, save that their language whilst having no affinity to the Coptic bears a resemblance to the Hindustani ; and that they come from the mountains. The mountains ! Those lone, wild, thinly populated mountains north of the Deccan—the ideal hunting grounds of every kind of superphysical being, phantoms of the dead, vagarians, barrowvians, tree demons and vice elementals !

It is then, to my mind, quite feasible that the jugglers, who have been in close touch with the mountain spirits all their lives, are in reality sorcerers, and that their tricks are accomplished either by elementals or by the aid of elementals. The youth and ladder, the youth lifting the stone, and the youth in the basket are nothing more, nothing less than superphysical materializations—whilst the mango tree owes its abnormally quick growth to some property the sorcerer possesses and which he has undoubtedly derived from close intimacy with the Occult Forces of the Hills.

The facts that nothing saving the figure of the old juggler—the conductor of the show—comes out on the camera plate, and only a section of the spectators witness the tricks, are quite in accordance with psychic manifestations.

From my own and other people's actual experience with spontaneous psychic phenomena in haunted houses I am of the opinion that, under such circumstances at all events, the camera is never able to reproduce the superphysical. Nor has any one ever shown me a spirit photograph corroborated by such evidence as would wholly satisfy me that it was genuine. Hence, whilst fully convinced that there are such things as spirit manifestations, I am more than doubtful if they can be successfully photographed.

I also know from my own experience that there is no consistency in ghost seeing. I have been in a haunted house when several people including myself have witnessed the phenomenon, and I have been in the same house when several people (excluding myself) have seen the same thing. In my opinion the phantom has the power of revealing itself to whomsoever it pleases, and to say that because some see the manifestations and others do not is a proof the manifestations are subjective, is both silly and illogical.

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ST. BENEDICT AND OCCULTISM

By TERESA HOOLEY

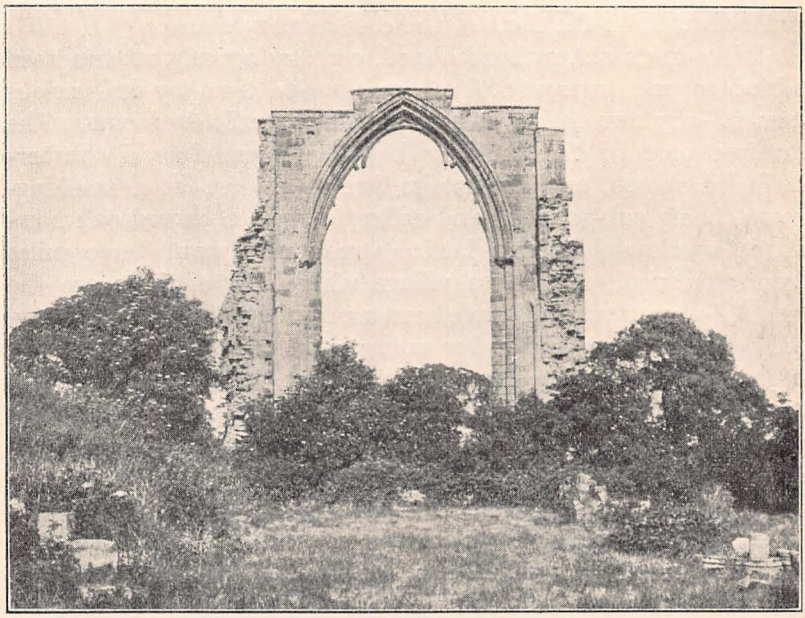
ALTHOUGH I have not made a study of the occult to the extent of being able to say whether or not I " believe in " it, I think the following facts may be of interest to those who have gone deeper, and studied more of the subject than I. I shall make no attempt to reason out, or deduct anything, only simply to put before them the facts of the case as they stand.

I live in an old, rather isolated, country house, that has been added to and improved (?) from time to time by its various owners—my own father having put on several new rooms. The antique part of the building has low, stone-floored, timber-ceilinged rooms, one downstairs (which we use as a smoking-room) being oak-panelled and ceilinged, with a carved oak bow-shape window-place and lattice windows. About three miles from the small, stationless village where I live, there are the ruins of what must once have been a magnificent monastic abbey, only the fine arch and a few unimportant relics now remaining of its past grandeur. The story runs that, at the time when the monasteries were abolished—and demolished—sacrilegious hands pulled down and carried away to the surrounding villages much of the fine stonework for decorative, building, and private purposes. This so enraged the monks that it is said they laid a curse on whoever should possess the consecrated stone, then, and through succeeding generations. Be this as it may, I only know that some of the stone was used to form the moat terrace of our village " Hall," and in my own and my parents' recollection, and as far back as it is possible to trace, no one who has lived there has ever prospered—the present tenant having met with great social and financial misfortune, culminating in a final disaster at the beginning of this year.

A portion of the stone (from the abbey windows) is also part of a rockery in our own garden, and, opposite the front of the house, on a little grassy eminence, is an old grey stone holy-water stoup, in shape like a font, which now has flowers and ferns growing innocently in its bowl. Whether this, too, came from the dismantled abbey I do not know ; there is no legend attached to it, no one seems to know or have heard its history, but there it stands. I may say that our family has not been remarkable

either for worldly prosperity or "luck," or whatever one chooses to call the gift when the high gods are gracious!

My bedroom is in the old part of the house, over the room that I have before mentioned as the smoking-room; the rest of the household (with the exception of two maids) sleep in the modern wing. I am alone on a corridor, and always sleep with my door wide open. I do not know if I am "psychic"—I suppose I must be, otherwise I should not have experienced what I did (though the maids also had noticed things); at all events I used to hear uncanny sounds—soft pad-pad of footsteps, weird



RUINED ARCH, DALE ABBEY.

bumpings, rustlings, and sometimes a creepy noise like ghostly whispers. Many nights I have lain, half-paralyzed by terror, afraid almost to breathe, because I have known—by that curious sense that I, in common with many other people possess, apart from sight or hearing—that something inimical to good has been with me in the room. More than once it has been accompanied by those horrible wordless whisperings, and sometimes by a feeling as of a waft of cold, not earthly, air.

I said nothing of all this to my people: they are practical and material, and would have pooh-poohed the idea as "such rubbish," brought on by a fit of indigestion or nervous imagina-

tion. But they sleep in the new part (!) and I do not suffer from indigestion, neither am I a fearful, or (in that sense, at least) nervous or imaginative person! Moreover (as I said before), on questioning the maids who sleep in another wing of the old part, they said also that they had heard "funny noises."

One day, however, I happened to mention it to a man of my acquaintance who is greatly interested in matters occult, and

SMOKING-ROOM WINDOW, FACING HOLY WATER STOUP.

who is also intensely psychic—having more than once acted as a medium.

I took him into the smoking-room; he said at once, "Yes, there *is* something. I can feel it." Then he gave me a nickel medal that had been blessed by the late Cardinal Vaughan, having on one side an image of St. Benedict, surrounded by the words, "S. Pater Benedicta Interceda Pro Nobis," and, on the other, a cross and some letters I do not understand (excepting the one

word " Pax "). He told me to wear it next to my skin. I was inclined to be sceptical (for one thing, not being a Catholic); however, I took it, and wore it round my neck the same night.

Again I had the sense of a sinister presence, but instead of feeling helpless and terror-stricken as before, I felt assured and safe, and so presently dropped off to sleep. I had a dream, or hardly a dream, for I seemed semi-conscious. I thought that something—formless, horrible, evil—was creeping behind me to work me hurt, and that I was powerless. Then I experienced a strange feeling—outside, as it were, of my own identity—of battle, as though a spirit of good in the room were struggling against a power of darkness; soon a sense of relief came—and I woke. *The medal of St. Benedict was in the middle of my neck, at the back.*

It could not have worked round, it was tied to a piece of ribbon too tightly to slip; and, though I wore it many times afterwards, it never occurred again.

And now, though I still hear and feel the Unseen, I have no fear and no sense of danger, because St. Benedict takes care of me.

All the facts recorded *are* facts, and the Editor has my permission to give my full name and address to any one seeking corroboration, though I can tell them no more than that I have just said, except, of course, names.

ABDUL BAHA ABBAS—THE PROPHET AND HIS TEACHINGS

By W. J. COLVILLE

AS so very much interest centres at present in the person, work, and teachings of this renowned man, who is at present in America, conducting many public meetings and giving interviews to innumerable persons representing almost all phases of thought and activity, the present moment seems specially opportune for giving publicity to an interview kindly granted to the present writer in New York City, June 18, 1912.

I was much impressed with the quiet dignity and extreme graciousness of speech and bearing which characterize this truly remarkable man, whose venerable appearance and cordial manner prove singularly attractive. The house in which Abdul Baha, with his staff, was residing was a comfortable but by no means ostentatious residence, charmingly situated in one of the most pleasant and accessible of the residential districts in New York.

No less than in England has Abdul Baha Abbas been sought after and appreciated on the other side of the Atlantic, and it is extremely interesting and instructive to watch the constant procession of visitors who attend with reverential interest upon all that falls from the lips of this teacher, whose utterances, given mellifluously in pure Persian, are immediately translated into excellent English by his nephew, Dr. Ameen U. Fareed. Asking for definite information from headquarters concerning the exact position taken by Abdul Baha himself regarding his mission, and wishing to be able to state publicly on his own authority what the doctrines actually are which he is so earnestly and industriously teaching in the various countries he visits, I was graciously favoured with a detailed statement from his own lips, and furnished with writing material that I might instantly transcribe his words as quickly as they were translated by the interpreter. Though I may not have succeeded in giving the translation verbatim, I feel certain that I have grasped all the salient features, and that what follows is not an inaccurate statement of what was actually uttered in my hearing and reported on the spot by invitation of the speaker and his representatives.

The books and epistles of Abdul Baha are numerous, the

books alone numbering over 100, while the tablets are practically innumerable.

The many topics dealt with in all these manifold writings are capable of classification under at least nine distinct headings, and under each of those I received some definite statements, the substance of which I herewith endeavour faithfully to record.

1. The great need for us all is to investigate Reality, by which is evidently intended the fundamental truths which underlie all systems of religion and philosophy, and which constitute a basis upon which a structure of universal peace and amity can be reared.

2. All strife is due to lack of the knowledge of reality, which if sincerely and profoundly investigated would necessarily lead to the unification of all humankind. All humanity can agree on fundamental propositions.

3. We must forsake all limitations, overcoming all prejudices, whether racial, political, social, or religious. Whatever we find in any system which corresponds or agrees with reality we must gladly accept, and with equal readiness reject whatever proves to be in opposition thereto.

As all men and women are children and servants of one God, the one God having created all, and provided for all, there can be no reason why we should not acknowledge the unity of all.

4. The ignorant must be instructed, not condemned; those who are spiritually and morally asleep must be awakened; those who are negligent must be aroused to a sense of their high privileges and responsibilities. The intellectually sick and infirm must be treated kindly and efficiently to the end that they may become hale and vigorous. Kindness must be shown to all. We are not justified in neglecting the mentally and morally decrepit, but we should use our utmost endeavours to enlighten and strengthen them. We must be ready to serve all humanity without any exception, making no discrimination in favour of one as against another on account of any difference.

5. Religion must be so understood, and so applied, as to become the cause of good fellowship between all the peoples of the earth. The function of all true religion is to create and to maintain fellowship; it cannot possibly be a cause of rancour, strife and mutual hatred, therefore whatever in the name of religion does produce strife or rancour is not true religion, but its counterfeit, ignorantly mistaken for the genuine.

Religion and Science must truly correspond. There cannot possibly be any conflict or antagonism between true science and true

religion, and it is a special need of this age that their unity shall be demonstrated.

6. Prejudice of every kind must be completely dissipated; we must not allow patriotism to stand in the way of internationalism, for it is only as we vanquish prejudice, whether racial, social, political or religious, that we can realize our unity and work together for the banishment of war and the enthronement of universal peace. There can be no rest for humanity so long as prejudice is fostered or allowed to continue.

7. Provision must be made by an equitable administration of the affairs of State in every land that all sections of communities be sufficiently provided with all that is necessary for their welfare. If there be wealthy persons, some living even in royal palaces, the poorer members of the people must at least have comfort in their humbler abodes. This overcoming of destitution will be an inevitable outcome of the spread and practical application of the truth of human solidarity, for when we have vanquished prejudice, animosity, jealousy, and all unjust desires, we shall none of us be willing to see our neighbours in abject poverty while we are luxuriating in wealth.

8. The perfect equality of the sexes must be taught and all possible educational efforts put forward to the end of qualifying boys and girls equally for the duties and obligations of citizenship on their arrival at maturity. All human beings, regardless of sex, are potentially equal in all faculties; it is only difference in education or development which causes some to appear far wiser and more capable than others. Women must be educated equally with men, and if there be degrees of importance, then is it to be admitted that the training of the mothers is even more important than that of the fathers of the race, seeing that mothers exert the greatest influence upon offspring. If when a woman marries she is ignorant of useful knowledge she cannot possibly be an efficient trainer of children, therefore it comes to pass that wherever feminine education is neglected the entire race suffers through ignorance, which is the root-cause of all our woes.

9. The greatest of all human needs is the breath of the Holy Spirit, without which there cannot possibly be a satisfactory adjustment of human relations, because it is the breath of the Holy Spirit alone which can prove adequate so to illuminate the understandings of humanity that needed reforms shall be wisely and effectively carried out religiously, socially, industrially, and politically. Man lives by happiness; true happiness is impossible without interior illumination, which is necessary to the reconstruc-

tion of all external institutions and affairs. Conformity to the dictates of the Holy Spirit can alone establish and maintain true morality, and our present morality is sadly incomplete. Only by hearing and heeding the voice of God can the world be brought out of its present state of strife into a blissful condition of universal peace, the great end toward which all faithful servants of God are aiming and working to the extent of their zeal and insight.

As a very necessary step toward bringing about the peace of the world through an understanding and acceptance of the fundamental ideas underlying genuine internationalism, Abdul Baha wisely advises that an international council be established, whose deliberations must continue six months or longer, for the express purpose of forming or agreeing upon an international language which must be taught and studied in all lands without interfering with the native tongue of any country. This international language must be so formulated that it will give satisfaction to all peoples, consequently it seems highly probable that it will be in a sense polyglot, for we can hardly suppose that all nations would be willing to accept English or any other widely spoken language as the world-wide tongue. Universal Peace is the one supreme end which Abdul Baha has in view, and all that he proposes is for the furtherance of that one grand result. It may well be asked by honest inquirers what position his followers assign to him, and there has been much controversy on this point. For myself, and as the result of my personal interview, I have not much to say further than that his friends and sympathizers evidently regard him as a great authority on all ethical matters, and they read his tablets, as they listen to his words, with decided reverence.

In America this international teaching is becoming widely popular, and the distinguished prophet has been most cordially welcomed into many liberal Christian pulpits. It is certainly a sign of advancing religious unity that he is invited (as on Sunday, June 9) to occupy, in the conservative city of Philadelphia, the pulpit of one of the Unitarian churches in the morning and to address a large congregation of Baptists in the evening. The personality of Abdul Baha is quietly imposing; there is a natural grace and dignity about him which proves far more impressive than any stately pomp of circumstance, and we can well understand, at least if we are at all sensitive to human atmospheres or auras, that a spiritual effluence proceeding from him and encircling him, draws and holds many who do not know precisely what it is that attracts them and keeps them loyal to his standard.

Taking my own stand simply as a fearless truthseeker, I gladly confess myself as very favourably impressed with the body of doctrine enunciated and with the evident sincerity of its venerable teacher. Whatever differences may have arisen, or may yet arise, concerning Abdul Baha's real position among the spiritual enlighteners of our planet, it seems certain that he is faithfully doing his utmost to unify and not to further subdivide. It must be rather a matter of temperament than of doctrine when different persons agreeing thoroughly on main essentials take varying views of the actual status of some illumined individual. I cannot do other than endorse all the inspired and inspiring teaching which I heard fall from the lips of this sincere and holy man. If his followers abide by the sublime verities he enunciates and resolve to carry his sublime exhortations into actual practice in daily living, we shall all have great cause to rejoice that Abdul Baha Abbas has been among us, for he is indeed a teacher of practical righteousness in feeling, thought and action.

DITTIES OF NO TONE

By A. S. FURNELL

THE chrism of deep wells of sleep
  Clings to my soul like dew
Dropped from the cloudless calm of night
  That maketh all things new,
And mystic music from my dreams
  Wanders my waking through.

The sound-waves of an unknown Deep,
  Beating against the shore
Of waking life, perchance unite
  Myself to something more
Of me that ever struggling seems
  To ope a closèd door.

For there where all the senses leap
  Into one flaming song
Of colour, sound, and rhythmic light,
  No barriers belong.
Thence, o'er the threshold, fleeting gleams
  And echoes earthward throng.

ON SYMBOLISM IN ART

By H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.

NO art is truly worthy of the name that is not symbolic in form and interpretative in function. Of course, we do not deny a certain value, in some cases, indeed, a high value, to art (so-called) of a purely imitative character ; but so long as the artist merely strives accurately to imitate nature (whether by the term "nature" we mean the nature that lies wholly without man, or the nature within him as manifested without) so long, that is, as the artist is merely a mimic, does his work fall short of the true ideal of art. The value of such works, moreover, is not truly artistic but rather scientific ; art (if we may so call it) that is purely imitative has no true end or value in itself ; it is merely the handmaid of science, and as such is valuable only in so far as it ministers to the end and aim of science ; apart from the fact, of course, that it constitutes the necessary technique of true art.

Take, for example, the case of painting. Truly, it is not a worthless task to depict the beauties of nature, thereby bringing to the eyes of those who might otherwise have ever remained blind, the wonderful scenery of nature and the beautiful forms of life. Pictures of this character are useful factors in the curriculum of a true education, which does not overlook æsthetic factors. But so long as they are merely imitative of nature, they must remain inferior to nature. They are of worth only because we are unable to have nature's own beauties continually before our eyes ; consequently, they are of value chiefly to the town-dweller, whose spirit would otherwise faint for the symbols of nature. He who lives amidst woodland scenes, with a babbling brook at his feet and the slopes of a rugged mountain overhead, he who is constantly face to face with nature's own picture-language,—he needs not pictures which merely mimic nature.

In the case of music, the worthlessness of a crude realism is very generally recognized—no one, for example, regards what is called "descriptive music" as being of any artistic value or importance. In painting and literature, however, this, unfortunately, is not the case. In modern times we see manifest in these forms of art a love of false realism exercising its banefu influence. Painters of the purely imitative school rush to put upon their canvases all that is hideous and revolting, and many novelists seem to find pleasure only in describing the like. Pic-

torial studies of the outward effects of disease (whether physical or moral) are not without interest to the student of physiology or psychology (as the case may be) and the same may be said of novels which are primarily concerned with the inward workings and outward results of vice. But such pictures and novels have no artistic value and the making of such is not art. They are of use merely (shall we say ?) as pictorial and graphic adjuncts to pathological science.

The question whether science explains or even attempts to explain nature is one that depends for its reply upon the signification we attach to the word " explain." In the truest meaning of the term, the answer to this question is No ! Science does not attempt to explain nature. Her functions are more humble than this. Science is concerned only with facts of experience as such, with phenomena as phenomena, and the problem of the true nature of experience, of the inner meaning of phenomena, she leaves to philosophy. But if it be held that the self-consistent is more easy to understand in virtue of its self-consistency than that which is chaotic and lacking in consistency, then so far may science be said to explain or to strive to explain nature. In a word, science attempts to explain nature in terms of herself ; and, although such an explanation (even when as perfect as its essential character permits) can never be thoroughly and finally satisfactory, and must ever leave the eternal Why ? unanswered, still it is one step towards the final solution of the problem of existence and the realization of its true significance.

The aim of true art, however, is to explain nature spiritually. This, also, is the aim of true philosophy. The distinction here lies in the fact that philosophy makes its appeal rather to the head, to the intellect ; art to the heart, to the feelings. Art's explanation of life and nature is one that is felt rather than intellectually perceived. It follows that there is (or, at least, should be) no quarrel between art and philosophy ; they are complementary one to the other ; and it is in their combination that the fullest realization of nature's inner significance is to be found—we mean, not when there is a confusion between the two, but when a man finds his whole spiritual nature responding sympathetically to their dual appeal. A curious device of a modern school of painting may be remarked upon here as an instance of a confusion between art and science. We refer to the device of using only the primary colours, into which all other colours are resolved. Of course, the analysis of colour is the business of science ; not that of art.

No man can be a true artist who does not realize that all things of life and nature are symbolical and have an inner, spiritual meaning ; that the things of this world exist not in and for themselves, but to manifest the ideal in material form. For it is the high prerogative of true art, in this realization of the symbolism of nature, so to manipulate the symbols with which its various forms are concerned, that their spiritual sense may shine forth and illumine the hearts of men. No man, therefore, can be a true artist who is not, in the genuine sense of the word (not that distorted and depraved meaning assigned to it by modern usage), a mystic. For there is no genuine art without vision—the vision that tells of the true and inner meaning and significance of experience and phenomena. It is the aim of the artist freely to give his vision and its fruits to all those that are able to receive thereof. The artist, indeed, deals with the things of life and experience, for all genuine art is based on such ; but he deals with these things at their true worth—as symbols of spiritual verities. It is for him to cause these symbols to yield up their inner meaning to those who have not yet tasted of the vision. Says Emerson, in *Nature*, " It is not words only that are emblematic ; it is things that are emblematic. Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact. Every appearance in nature corresponds to some state of the mind, and that state of the mind can only be described by presenting that natural appearance as its picture." Here in a sentence we have the whole essence of the theory and practice of art. Painting, romance, music and poetry—what is every true work of these but an emblematic picture of the spiritual ?

A true work of art is at once realistic, imaginative and symbolical. It is realistic inasmuch as it is based on nature and experience. It is imaginative inasmuch as it is not bound down to the limits of a crude realism. And above all it is symbolical, the natural elements of which it is composed being arranged entirely with reference to their spiritual meaning, since the whole aim of the work is that this spiritual meaning may shine forth and be felt and realized in the heart of him who sees or reads or listens.

It is here necessary to remark that true symbolism is not the product of idle fancy—the imagination of the true artist is a higher power than this—but is innate in the nature of things. True symbols are the symbols of nature and experience, and they are symbols because of the intimate connection (the ontological relation of cause and effect) between the spiritual and the physical, and because there is nothing in nature or experience which is not

spiritual in origin and meaning.* It is true that a lower form of symbolism is recognized, though we doubt the validity of its claim so to be called. At least, the distinction between this lower form and symbolism as we have defined it above will provide us with a criterion whereby we may differentiate between those works of art which are truly and spiritually symbolical and those which, not being symbolical in this sense, really fall short of the true ideal of art.

An illustration may, perhaps, help to elucidate the point here at issue. It is true of any good modern novel, for example, that it has a meaning which applies beyond the mere incidents (in themselves more or less imaginary) with which it is concerned ; but we should not therefore call such a work symbolical in the sense in which the word applies to the Grail legends or any of those old romances founded upon folk-lore which originated in the days when men communed more freely with nature and the spiritual, reading the correspondences between them. These romances, less realistic perhaps than our modern novels, are yet, on the whole, more true ; for they deal (not perfectly, we grant) with symbols of spiritual import, and thus contain fragments of a truth which is eternal. Or to take an illustration from music. One might argue that Tschaikowsky's overture " 1812 " is symbolical, its two main themes being symbols respectively of Russia and France. But it is not symbolical in the sense in which this term applies to the great works of Richard Wagner—the one symbolism is of earth, the other of heaven. In Wagner, perhaps musical symbolism has reached its highest perfection as yet. It is here characterized by a remarkable distinctness and definiteness, as well as a high degree of spirituality. It is true that on account of this distinctness and definiteness of his symbolism, Wagner has been so much criticized ; but, on the other hand, it is to these characteristics that his greatness and popularity are due. No one can fail to understand and interpret his music aright ; hence he fulfils the aim of his art. In the overture to *Tannhäuser*, for

* No one seems to have grasped the true nature of symbolism better than the mystic-philosopher Swedenborg. Swedenborg experienced the vision of the spiritual significance of life and nature with a distinctness and definiteness that can be claimed by no other—he experienced it intellectually rather than emotionally (as in the case of the artist), a fact to which we ought to be grateful, inasmuch as he was thereby able to elaborate the only satisfactory theory of true symbolism possible, namely the " Law of Correspondences," according to which every material symbol is related to its spiritual prototype and cause by a functional correspondence or similarity of use.

example, no one could mistake the meanings of the symbols of the "Pilgrim's Chorus" and "Venusberg Music." The *libretto*—in itself a fine, symbolic work of art—is, really, not needed to interpret the music, which itself tells us so clearly of the battle of the passions, and of the final victory of those that are noble.

Similar remarks, also, apply in the case of poetry—that art in some respects noblest of all. We must be careful not to confuse poetry with verse; for, although verse is the dress in which poetry generally bedecks herself as more becoming to her nature, sometimes she adopts the less charming garb of prose; whilst, on the other hand, she who would often be taken for poetry is some servant arrayed in her mistress's robes. There is some verse in reading which we feel a disharmony between content and form, the form irritating us if we wish to attend to the content, tending to distract our attention therefrom. Such is not true poetry. In reading true poetry we feel an æsthetic satisfaction arising on account of the perfect agreement between content and form, we feel that the thoughts embodied in such poetry would be unfittingly clothed in any other form of language—we feel, in a word, the power and charm of true spiritual symbolism.

In view of the fantastic theories and productions of certain modern schools of painting, it is very necessary to insist on the value of the true symbols of spiritual verity which nature offers to this art,—in landscape, in seascape, and especially in the human form, which of all forms is most divine, and beautiful, and replete with meaning. It is not by distorting nature or by departing from her ways that the art of painting will fulfil its true end, but by rightly utilising nature's symbols. An element of realism, as we have pointed out above, is essential to true art. True art is not crudely realistic, nor does it employ fantastic pseudo-symbols. True art takes the true symbols of nature and experience, and makes manifest their spiritual message.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES AND PSYCHICAL EXPERIMENTS IN AMERICA

By H. A. DALLAS

TO review the last volume of the American Proceedings is not an easy task. To begin with it is difficult to know what points to select for notice in a work running to over 900 pages, and the character of the contents is such that their true inwardness can scarcely be appreciated without careful study and solid reflection. This by no means implies adverse criticism; the work deserves all the attention that can be given to it, and it would have been difficult to shorten it without serious loss.

It is divided into two parts. An introductory discussion of the contents, which is valuable, and a verbatim report of experiments with two independent mediums, called, respectively, by the pseudonyms of Mrs. Smead and Mrs. Chenoweth.

Mrs. Smead is the wife of a clergyman, living in a remote district in America. It would have been difficult for her to obtain information on some of the matters referred to in her trances, even had she desired to do so, but Dr. Hyslop assures us that he regards her honesty, and that of her husband, as beyond doubt. Experiments with Mrs. Chenoweth were recorded in the American S. P. R. Journal in 1909 and 1910.

Both mediums have been known to Dr. Hyslop for some time past, and he is satisfied as to the genuinely supernormal character of the phenomena which occur with both. In order to meet some of the questions which will naturally occur to readers of this report, Dr. Hyslop states in foot-notes what facts are likely to have been within the normal knowledge of the psychics, and also adds a statement as to the proportion of facts which were known to himself. Out of 359 statements made by these mediums which have been verified, 14 per cent. concerned matters unknown to him at the time that the statement was made.

He does not, however, attach much value to statistics; he fully recognizes that to form an estimate of experiences of this nature it is rather the character of the whole report that has to be weighed and valued. Mere balancing of numbers, of failures and successes, will not greatly assist us in forming a judgment. "The real force of the facts," he says, "lies in their psychological unity and relevance."

From this point of view the volume is a substantial and weighty piece of evidence in favour of survival. The personalities carry with them their own appropriate memories, not only as to incidents in their earth lives, but as to opinions and ideas. These correspond suitably with what might be expected of the persons claiming to communicate.

This fact may, of course, be regarded as an objection. It may be suggested that the mediums could have readily guessed what opinions men like Professor William James and Frank Podmore would have held. It is for this reason that trifles are regarded as of greater value as proofs of identity. When, however, in a series of seances we find some incidents of this evidential kind together with the expression of ideas appropriate to the personalities we wish to identify, then the appropriateness of the ideas becomes a corroborative item in the evidence for identity. Entirely inappropriate ideas would certainly be a disturbing element in the evidence.

The part of this work which will perhaps interest the general public most is that which concerns Professor William James, who through his writings is almost as well known in this country as in the States. Has he really proved his identity? That depends on what the questioner regards as sufficient proof of identity; Dr. Hyslop appears to be satisfied that he has, although he readily admits that he has not been *as* successful in giving proofs of identity as other communicators, and that the amount of evidential incidents are not abundant. He suggests a reason for this which commends itself as not improbable. He thinks that a philosopher is likely to have greater difficulty in recalling the trifling incidents of his earthly life than would a person with more objective interests. On the former these things make less impression; he is mainly occupied with ideas, and, as we have already said, ideas do not afford strong evidence of identity. Although evidential incidents are not very plentiful, there are a few of an impressive kind. And there is one general characteristic in Professor James' communications which strikes one as remarkably fitting; it is the quality of reasoned deliberation and cautiousness which can be traced in them. One of the other communicators, indeed, calls him "the reasoner of the group," and he himself says in one passage, "I seem to be able to reason while I work, and that pleases me."

He is calm and free from worry. In one of his books he has said, "Worry means always and invariably loss of effective power." He is careful to economize power.

Here is one of the incidents which seem to preclude all normal explanations:—

Professor James died on August 26, 1910. On Saturday morning, August 27, before Mrs. Smead had learned of the event, while she was wiping the breakfast dishes, she saw "a very, very dark shadow coming across the floor. It had on a long black gown," she said, "and . . . this shadow came up toward my right side, and so I turned to speak; thinking it was Mr. S——, I started to say: 'Why, when did you get back, Will?' when the shadow, or perhaps I should say spirit, vanished. The next instant the thought was that it was the Shadow of death. All Saturday and Sunday I felt as though this shadow was around, and I remarked to several persons I was afraid something would happen, as it seemed as if the life had in some way

gone out of the world, for everything looked as if it felt dead and cold."

On Tuesday, August 30, Mrs. Smead heard of Professor James' death. On August 31, Mr. Smead had a sitting, and in the course of it, two semicircles were drawn with their backs to each other, so as to resemble the letter *x*. Nothing clearly indicated what this was connected with, however ; there was only a promise, " We will come when we get our machine in good order." The following day, September 1, this *x* symbol was repeated, then L, and this was followed by the Greek letter Omega and the words, " We come yes."

Mr. Smead asked the question, " What did all that mean ? " and received the reply, " Life, not death eternal." After this the statement was made, " We came hear [sic, evidently for " here "] soon after ; yes, tell James we came first with the new friend only a short times [sic] after he left the earth." Later the communicator asked, " Did we not tell you there was a sign ? . . . Yes, tell H——have told you there was to be a sign from the friend. Yes, did you get it ? "

This sign, Omega, conveyed no particular meaning to any one at the time that it was first given ; but on September 26, 1910, Dr. Hyslop held a sitting with Mrs. Chenoweth, and he was then told by the communicator, " We thought we would give James a sign or name by which he would be known if he made any attempts elsewhere." And on September 29 he was further told, " James has decided on his sign and will give it to you later." Then Professor James claimed to control, and before leaving said, " Here is my sign, Omega."

Dr. Hyslop tells us that the appearance of this sign in the record of September 1, 1910, was not noticed by Mr. Smead or regarded as of any importance by Dr. Hyslop until at the later sitting its meaning became apparent. There can therefore be no question of thought transference from him in this experience. The sign Omega again appeared in Mrs. Smead's trance-writing on February 1, 1911, and sometimes on later occasions.

This is by no means the most interesting incident which might have been quoted from the volume before us, but it is striking, and whilst it is easily explicable on the spirit hypothesis, it is difficult to see any other rational explanation which fits the case.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—What a very interesting article in the May number of the OCCULT REVIEW, by Mrs. Frank Currer Jones, on the subject of Egyptian Magic! Had I personally been the victim of such a mischievous sprite as the one that caused her such annoyance, I should certainly have taken it as a warning that Egypt, and particularly that part of it, was no good to me. We know, of course, that there are spirits who love to play pranks, just as there are people on this sphere who are fond of practical jokes, but at the same time we are aware that even the playful ones are allowed to give us warnings in their own way.

I have been doing some psychic work in an old Manor House in the Midlands, and had a rather interesting experience while there. The house dates back to the time of Charles I, and the site was originally occupied by a monastery. The present owner has built on a new wing over the billiard room, and my bedroom was one of the first in that wing. The day I arrived, as we entered the drive, a monk dressed in a dark habit, with a cowl drawn over his face, passed across in front of the Victoria and looked at me with piercing eyes and a tortured expression. I thought the phenomena were beginning rather early. On going up my corridor to dress for dinner, I saw an owl seated at the top of the five stairs leading to my room, so concluded some knowledge was coming to me; and further along, in the dim light, I noticed a grey lady, in a filmy grey gown, who vanished into my room. I mentioned the fact to my hostess, who said it was the first time a *grey* lady had been seen, and that the household familiar was dressed in a different colour.

After dinner Mrs. K.—— took off a ring and gave it to me to sense. While holding it I said: "This ring once belonged to a small, dainty person, who wore brown as a favourite colour, and who re-visits this place and protects you. The ring has lain under ground for many years before it came into your possession." Mrs. K.—— said yes, they had received a message by automatic writing, some years ago, to dig in a certain part of the grounds. They had done so and had found the ring in an old box, under some ivy roots, and that the lady's name was Charlotte H.——. "Oh, no," I said, "that is not her name. I will find out her real name if you will lend me her ring

when I go to sleep." Mrs. K.—— put it on my finger, and I went to bed.

The next morning, when I woke, I found the ring on a small table by my bedside, and when the maid brought my early tea, I told her to take it to her mistress, and say where it had been placed during the night.

The next night I wore it again, and about one o'clock was awakened by a touch on my shoulder, and behold, there was the little lady dressed in brown. "Why do *you* wear my ring?" she said, "it is not for you." "I know that," I said, "but we hoped you would materialize, as we are anxious to hear all about you, and first of all your name—and who is Charlotte H.——?" "My name is M.—— C.—— (I don't give it in full on account of the well-known family of the same name), and Charlotte H.—— was my serving woman. I lived here in the time of the Civil War, and my lover was killed by the Roundheads. Listen, you shall hear the Army go by." As she spoke I distinctly heard the heavy tramp of a body of foot-soldiers on the march. It was very loud at first, gradually dying away.

In the morning, on telling my hostess of my experience, I was interested to learn that Cromwell's Ironsides *had* marched along a road some miles away. The house is on a high plateau of land, and it would be quite impossible to imagine such a sound right in the heart of the country and in the dead of night.

I will not bore you with any more of my experiences, though I had several during the time I stayed there, but I thought my account would prove that there are helping spirits who return as well as mischievous ones.

Yours faithfully,

ZOA.

132, MOUNT GOLD ROAD,
PLYMOUTH.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The case of "Puzzled" interests me, as it reveals a form of clairvoyance *in dreams* which I have not met with before. My own cases of clairvoyance are too numerous to mention here, but they always occur during full consciousness. It happens that the identical number of the OCCULT REVIEW containing "Puzzled's" letter also contains a part answer to the question in the article "Through a Window in the Blank Wall." In order to understand phenomena of clairvoyance, it is necessary first of all to understand that "time" and "space," considered tri-dimensionally, are only subjective and have no objective reality. Certain facts show that we are "more than tri-dimensional," which may be latent and potential, though in certain people the higher dimensional powers seem to be developed to a limited extent.

When walking along a straight road the eye can see objects that in space are at a certain distance from us. Now conceive Time as such a line and the " objects " are in this case certain incidents that will happen at a given point in eternity, or, as we put it, "at a certain time." The faculty to see ahead in time as we see ahead in space explains the cases mentioned.

The expression " seeing ahead in time " is a very faulty one—as I perfectly realize that there is no such thing as time—there is only eternity, and " time " is nothing but a faulty, inadequate perception of eternity. Everything that occurs is immovable in eternity and clairvoyance is a faculty of perception going beyond the tri-dimensional limits. In one respect every one is higher dimensional in *thought*. Our thoughts are not limited by " time " and " space." Clairvoyance is not limited to future events, it may reveal some event in the past as well, but in that case the " checking " becomes exceedingly difficult, as it may simply be a submerged memory rising to the surface again.

The " flying dream " is very common, in fact most people I have met seem to have it occasionally, and the best explanation for this seems to me some physical cause in the brain.

It would be interesting to know whether " Puzzled " has ever observed any other forms of psychic perception or is limited to pictorial clairvoyance, pure and simple.

Yours faithfully

IX.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Since reading of the various astrological indications threatening the loss of the ship *Titanic*, which you have published in your interesting magazine, it occurred to me to find out what the significance of the name *Titanic* might be, by means of the numbers of Pythagoras. The result is as follows: *Titanic* by these ancient numbers equals 200—60—2. The meaning of the numbers is as follows: 200, irresolution ; 60, widowhood ; 2, destruction, death, catastrophe.

According to the Tarot, *Titanic* answers to the 18th card. This number, reduced to its lowest terms, is 9. Pythagoras gives to 18 misfortune, to 9 imperfection, grief, diminution, pain.

In the Tarot, 18 stands for Twilight, Hostility, and is directly under the Moon, the ruler of flux and reflux, the tides, the ocean. It is represented by Pisces, the Fishes, in the constellations, a watery sign. According to " Papus " the interpretation of the number 18 (*Titanic*), which cannot be reduced to nine in the cards, since it *is* a card, is as follows: " a term, an end, a final concluding sign." To quote directly, " All is now ended and the change is indicated by the 18th card. Drops of blood are falling from the Moon. The material world is at the last point which the spirit can reach, it can descend no lower. The

entry of spirit into matter is so great a fall that everything conspires to augment it."

If one considers the conditions on board the *Titanic* on her first and fatal voyage, one must admit that the changing of so many souls from the material to the spiritual body seemed almost inevitable and predestined.

Yours faithfully,
C. MORRISON.

THE MYSTIC REUNION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Kindly permit me to thank the writer "Unity" in your Correspondence columns, for her kind notice of my letter, "The Mystic Reunion." So truly is the goal of the soul's pilgrimage believed and known to the writer to be the deepest, most spiritual mystery of Life, that the subject was referred to *only* from its truly Spiritual and Divine Standpoint, which far transcends any earthly form of relationship. To the bulk of humanity "The Mystic Reunion" must remain *unintelligible* until the divine soul has awakened and transmuted the lower human, i.e. earthly soul, into however faint a likeness of the Divine attributes or principles of which he or she is the expression. The writer is familiar with the Kabalistic teachings, and has some knowledge of the writings of the authors whom "Unity" refers to, but *differs* entirely in the interpretation of the final goal of soul life being an alchemical *re-absorption* of the two principles into one form.

It may be that this conception is due to the general and deep-rooted belief that the Divine Spirit is one in expression, rather than the Divine and *Perfect Unity* of the One Spirit in two forms of expression, the Fatherhood *and* Motherhood. Yet all Creation, including the planetary system, is seen to exist and evolve through *the balance* of these *two* principles, electric and magnetic, masculine and feminine—one in origin, two in manifestation. I venture to quote the following lines from E. Schuré's *Les Grands Initiés*: "Thus the divine faculties, which contain in potentiality all worlds, are unfolded and co-ordinated in the heart of God. By *their* perfect *Union* the ineffable Father *and* Mother form the Son, the living Word, who creates the Universe. This is the Mystery of mysteries." And again: "From apostolic times, and in the early centuries of Christianity, the Christian initiates revered the feminine principle of visible and invisible nature under the name of the Holy Ghost, represented by a dove, the sign of feminine power in all the temples of Asia and Europe. Even though the Church has since *hidden* or *lost* the key of its mysteries, their signification is still written in its symbols."

The Roman Catholic religion reveals in its *worship* of the Virgin

Mary the *duality* of Jesus the Christ with His Mother-Soul, and in His divine birth as Her Son and Child the trinity of Life was visibly demonstrated to the pure in heart, to whom it is given to see God's revelations in all their divine simplicity!

There are souls ignorant of human creeds and dogmas, who believe with an intense inner spiritual faith that "Mary" the Motherhood Principle and Bride of Christ, is destined to incarnate on earth, to teach of the divine Motherhood, even as Christ taught of the divine Fatherhood.

The saying of Christ that the kingdom should come, when "Two shall be one, and the outward as the inward, and the male with the female, neither male nor female" is simple of understanding in the interpretation that when the *two* halves of soul expression are re-united in *conscious* eternal *harmony*, they will be truly one in two—*neither* a unit, but a *perfect unity*—and may not the words "and the outward as the inward" simply imply that when the soul has *awakened* to its *true nature* and has worked out its salvation or Karma, it will no longer need to *incarnate* in the two forms of life, but henceforth the Motherhood Soul will be ever expressed in spiritualized feminine form and the Fatherhood Soul in the masculine?

Realizing that no beliefs "Can endure that are not based on sound argument from nature," the writer ventures to quote the latest conclusions of science on the Mystery of Sex (*Harmsworth's Popular Science*):—

"The evidence is clear, much more so now than even twenty years ago, that the open road of life has been taken by forms in which sex has been *progressively* more, and *not less* important. In short, sex is an early instrument of life, early because essential, as it would appear, to life's purposes, and the instrument becomes more powerful, more delicate, more subtle in its work, and ever more absolutely essential to the *advance* of life, as life advances. This is the evidence afforded by a survey of living forms in general, not animal only, but also vegetable, and it emphasizes the importance of sex, with all the force of immeasurable experience, against those who say, in any connection, or for any purpose, that the trend of *evolution* is towards the *obliteration* of sex difference. In the judgment of those who have thought longest and most seriously on this question, the demands of further evolution require *not less differentiation* of sex, but a *juster* appreciation, by men and women alike, of the natural *indispensable difference* between them, ineradicable save at the cost of the race itself. Thus, if the history of sex is to be trusted, there will always be room and need for a certain feminism, but it will be a doctrine which proclaims the rights of woman to be a woman, not to be a man."

If these conclusions of science are true of the *outward*, how much more so are they true of the *soul nature* in its *differentiated* divine principles—*dual* in expression—*One in Unity!*

Yours truly,
MYSTIC.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In the current number of the OCCULT REVIEW you have raised a most interesting question—that of the objectivity of visions.

To the recipient of any abnormal experience its data are undoubtedly accompanied by those guarantees of objectivity which accompany all ordinary percepts of that subject. To him, " seeing is believing," but not making other people believe, as he will probably soon find out. To him, there is the same distinction between a vision or " experience " and a dream,that there is between a percept and the memory of it—a difference of vividness and freshness of impression.

We seem to have a sufficient number of visions of angels with wings, for the orthodox are more likely to have visions than those more critically minded. Perhaps in this connection an experience of mine may interest you.

In dream, or perhaps in what some would call an " experience," I saw an angel. I had risen through winding diaphanous mists, like many-coloured wreaths or serpentine streamers, to a place of peace, where nothing at first was visible but azure sky. Like the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, I felt that it was good to be there, but realized that I could not stay long. I turned and saw a figure " clothed in white raiment," standing motionless. Perhaps I should not say " standing," for there was nothing to stand on. From his shoulders flashed up great shafts of light. My instinct, I fear, was not predominantly one of awe or worship (for I am not of a devotional type), but rather one of curiosity. I have more than once been thrown out of the other world, apparently on the verge of an interesting discovery. On this occasion I thought, " Now I know why angels are depicted with wings. Some seer caught a glimpse of these shafts of light, and described them as wings."

My reasoning was put an end to by the usual blackness, and a jerk into physical consciousness as we know it in waking life. It is rather hard to preserve any bit of information you may acquire in the other world, when you have to hold on tight through a moment of unpleasant vibration.

At the time I had not seen pictures of the aura or any illustrated book on thought forms, though I was familiar with some of the earlier Theosophical literature. Supposing " experiences " to be entirely subjective, I do not understand how it is possible for the subject to see " what eye hath not seen," and what it has not entered into his heart to imagine.

Yours faithfully,

F. A. S.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IT is easy for once to place our index-finger on one article in *The Hibbert Journal* and to say that it stands forth from the rest in significance. The statement is assuredly without prejudice to many others in the issue. There is an excellent paper by Mr. B. A. G. Fuller on the Gods of Epicurus, being put forward as a plea for their better and more serious consideration. As a rule, they have been brushed aside with what Mrs. Browning would have called an " extreme flounce." A monograph on the Sistine Madonna by Mr. Archibald Bowman, which he terms " the culmination of an aesthetic manner and conception," has more than ordinary claims from more than one point of view, for many matters connected with and arising from the main subject are brought into consideration. Dr. Max Nordau on the Degeneration of Classes and Peoples is given the first place and may deserve it by the name of the writer and because it is on a subject which is his. Whether it carries the question further than he has taken it in more extended writings is for decision by those who know. The paper which we would single out from the rest is, however, on the Significance of Jesus for His own Age, by Mr. C. G. Montefiore. It is of singular illumination and appeal as a presentation of the case from the standpoint of a Jewish man of learning who adds to his other attainments much natural force and freshness in his mode of expression. It is, moreover, the estimate of an original mind, giving account of its own findings and not summarizing or reflecting from the past. Whether it can be held to represent the higher mind of Jewry at this day on the subject is an interesting and important point ; there is a sense in which possibly it can, but as to this others must speak. The article begins by enumerating certain causes for the religious results produced by Jesus and affirms that, however obvious in themselves and within their own measure, they are insufficient without Jesus Himself—in His " peculiar Messianic self-consciousness," His greatness of personality, His capacity for giving and so awaking love. In a word, therefore, the significance with which the article deals and the religious results, postulate " the historic Jesus, the real, living and loving man." While those who are Christians will concur with all their hearts, they will add that Plotinus and those of his school aspired to bear the

Divine within them to the Divine in the universe, but it was Jesus who by His life and His message manifested the Divine in the universe and bore it to that which—Divine or not—is capable in man of being united with the Divine.

A new question is being debated with considerable keenness among occult circles in France ; it is one which is not unlikely to be with them for a few decades of years and to create a certain unrecognized, or indeed derided, orthodoxy within a limited circle. It is the alleged survival of Joan of Arc. Those who consider among us that the plays of Shakespeare were written by Francis Bacon have managed to erect their views into a kind of critical orthodoxy which places them in their own opinion far above the common findings of scholarship. In France the general cultus of the blessed Maid of Orleans will presently have an inner circle, with a light and leading of its own. There is a prototype outside literature which they will also find to their purpose, and that is the alleged survival of the Dauphin who was Louis XVII. Our information is derived from *Le Voile d'Isis* and the present position of the question stands shortly as follows. Joan of Arc did not perish in the flames kindled for her immolation in the city of Rheims, another woman having been substituted in her place under circumstances with which we have not been acquainted as yet by those who support the thesis. The evidence at the moment is the Chronicle of a Dean of Saint Thibaud, Metz, written at the end of the fifteenth century. It certifies that in the year 1436, and on the 20th day of May, a certain sheriff of Metz saw with his own eyes *La Pucelle Jehanne* ; that on the same date she was seen by her two brothers and was identified by them ; that she was further recognized by many instructed people as being the inspired maid who had led Charles VII to be anointed at Rheims ; that she stayed at Metz with Mme. de Luxembourg, a niece of the Duke of Burgundy, to whom she was well known and who had been interested in her prior to her supposed execution ; finally, that at a place called Arelon, she was married to Messire Robert Hermoises. So far as regards the Chronicle, outside which there is whatever value can be attached to a letter published in November 1683, in *Le Mercure Galant,* which certified that the contract of marriage between the parties above mentioned had been discovered in a castle of Lorraine by P. Vignier of the Oratory. The truth of this statement has been challenged and the document has not been seen. The martyrdom of Joan of Arc is naturally at this day one of her titles of glory, and in its absence the pro-

cess of her beatification might never have been entertained at Rome; but this notwithstanding she remains the great heroine of France, so that her *cultus* might not be impaired should the speculative opinion be supported later on by that further and irrefragible evidence which is promised to follow.

Discoursing of the spiritual life and formulating some of its rules from a particular standpoint, a writer in *Theosophy in Scotland* states that there is nothing new in Bergson and that Creative Evolution has been recognized in occultism since the dawn of time. It is a little obvious that criticism of this kind, if it can be dignified by the name, misses the unquestionable fact that the French philosopher owes nothing to an acquaintance with any secret tradition. If Creative Evolution has really been a doctrine of occultism, it is of much greater interest that Bergson should have arrived at it independently, by implicits in his own consciousness, rather than have derived it through familiarity with any old testimonies. The author of the article under notice makes some useful distinctions in the understanding of the word spirituality. There is that of the rigid ascetic, ruling out all natural emotion; there is that of the artistic temperament, for which the word seems synonymous with a kind of sensuous ecstasy; there is that of an eastern school for which all experiences, whether aesthetic or ascetic, are equally illusion; and there is that which, for the writer, is a kind of quintessence of these, being the definition of spirituality as light upon the path of mastership. It seems to recognize that the use of every sense-organ may be an aid towards the attainment of fuller and diviner life; it does not therefore counsel the suppression of the senses and emotions or the renunciation of objective experience, any more than it recommends their voluptuous expression or the search after ecstasy therein. The object is the service of the Supreme Self in the world of manifestation.

The Theosophic Messenger recalls, without meaning to do so, the now old and long since exploded reveries of Professor Piazzi Smyth respecting the Great Pyramid. It gives account of Mr. A. R. Parson's *New Light from the Great Pyramid*, and it would seem that our former Astronomer Royal has found a lineal successor, who has taken a map of the world, drawn on the Mercator projection, and has superposed upon it an inverted chart of the constellations, with the Great Pyramid as the point of adjustment between the two maps. In this manner the pyramid is brought into line with Alcyone, the brightest star in the group of the Pleiades, or Seven Sisters. It is said that, according

to leading Egyptologists, the northern and southern galleries of the Great Pyramid were constructed with reference to the mutual position of Alcyone on the South and of the pole-star on the North. It is said further that, according to astronomers, there is a general revolution of the entire mass of stars around the centre of gravity of the whole, which centre is computed to be situated not far from Alcyone. The thesis is that the relation in question was of the highest importance in the cosmological system of those who built the pyramids and that herein must be sought the true key to all the wisdom of antiquity.

Our contemporary *The Word* is for once on the wrong track and may take warning in friendship. It has observed, in the person of one of its contributors, that something termed in its terminology the Masonic Keystone of the Royal Arch Chapter is inscribed with certain letters, namely, H.T.W.S.S.T.K.S. It inquires whether they have any relation to the Zodiac and if so what is implied by their position within or about a supposed circle. The author of the speculation is sufficiently sincere to inform us that he is not a Mason, but he is disposed to regard himself as a qualified interpreter of cryptic writing because symbolism is an universal language. On this basis he allocates the letters to certain Zodiacal signs and finds as a result that they possess a deep significance, both of a spiritual and of a physical kind. In other words, the letters on the alleged Keystone show forth the way and the means by which man as a spirit works within the physical body in his "own Zodiac," so that he may become "the true Keystone which completes the Royal Arch." Now, this is not on the surface without an air of attractiveness and it might have still more if the writer had the genius for expressing his thesis in better and more direct terms; but unfortunately for its Masonic value the inscription in question does not belong to the Grade of Royal Arch at all, while its meaning is perfectly well known to Masons, has nothing to do with the Zodiac and, as it so happens, contains the technical explanation of a point in Masonic history. It belongs therefore neither to symbolism nor to the spiritual life of man.

REVIEWS

A Beginner's Star Book. By Kelvin McKready. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 9s. net.

Although this is styled a book for beginners it is evident from the contents that the information given will carry one on a long way in the study of that most fascinating subject, the story of the heavens. It is a book intended for service and is designed as a help to those who are without technical equipment so that they may claim "through unaided eyes, or through simple optical instruments, their heritage in the things of the sky." Nothing could have been said better than this and nothing could be more effectively carried out in practice. It is only when a man enters into the recognition of his greater environment and attains the idea of his true relations with the world by which he is encompassed that he begins to enter fully into the realms of thought which make for a true perspective of life.

Here we not only have some accurate descriptions of the various classes of stars and star groups, but also of the instruments that are used for defining these methods of allocation and demarcation, classifying and cataloguing.

To further aid the reader in the process of identifying the various interesting features of the heavens, a series of very beautiful photo engravings adorn the pages of the book, and as a guide to the zodiacal constellations and their boundaries the courses of the planets through these constellations, month by month, are given for a period of twenty years, reaching to the year 1931. Such objects as are necessarily telescopic studies are conveniently arranged under three heads: those for opera and field glasses, those for telescopes of two inches, and those for telescopes of three inches in aperture.

The author has not aimed at the production of a wonder-book, but rather at accuracy and sobriety of statement, believing truly that the facts themselves are sufficiently wonderful to need no further embellishing. In this view I think every reader will concur, and yet despite his sober designs the author has given us a work whose pages are a veritable intoxication of wonderment and delight.

Scrutator.

The Pain of the World. By Flora Ames. London: The Key Publishing Company, 26, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, E.C. 6s.

From *All among the Barley* to the mental position of the writer of this earnest book is an evolution which only "the pain of the world" could effect. The gifted novelist has brought all the experience of a wide and varied career and all the strength of a passionate and devoted nature to bear on her theme, with the result that we have something that is very much alive, enthralling if not convincing, and a play of thought which ranges easily from the sordid depths of life to the heights of mystical speculation.

The story centres about the person of Hester Claudine Benoar, a peeress who lost her way and became entangled in the great maze of life, coming through much suffering to a final renunciation of all the unrealities of life and the realization of herself.

It is undoubtedly a strong novel and has some fearless cricitism of various modern methods and institutions, all of which help the story along by their appositeness and serve at the same time to give the reader a glimpse of the true state of things in the social and political worlds connected with the story. This novel is one of those of which it may be truly said it was not written with a pen but with a purpose and those who are in sympathy with this purpose will read the book with considerable interest. As a work of fiction it may be reckoned as a creditable performance.

SCRUTATOR.

THE SISTERS AND GREEN MAGIC. By Dermot O'Byrne. No. viii of the Orpheus Series. Pp. 76. London: The Orpheus Press, 3, Amen Corner, E.C. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

THERE is a glamour and a mystery about these strange tales of the lonely western isles off the coast of Ireland, and for all their strangeness they have a ring of reality. It is not difficult to believe that in those desolate places, lapped in " the long, slow swing of the green tides as they surge in their various moods of drowsiness, wrath, and glory about the world-old rocks and caves," men may come into contact with elemental forces of a terror and beauty not dreamed of by the dweller in dusty towns. The first tale is a mingling of beauty and horror in which beauty predominates, in spite of the sordid and painful setting of one part of it. In the second there is more horror than beauty, but it contains some haunting word-pictures of the sea which would be hard to equal—phrases which seem to unveil some portion of the sea's eternal mystery, while the stories themselves throw new light on the compelling fascination, a blend of horror and love and fear, which it has ever held for man.

E. M. M.

IN LIGHT AND DARKNESS—HOPE! By Irene Toye Warner. Pp. 80. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

THERE are high ideals and noble aspirations in this little collection of verses, but the expression of them is trivial and the language commonplace. The most successful are, perhaps, " Bird's Evening Song," " Renunciation," and " The Church of the Living God." Some of the astronomical poems are suggestive, but with such subjects there is always the danger of descending to the ridiculous while trying to reach the sublime. In " The Daylight Comet and Venus " we are told that " he flushed a lovely crimson and his love for her confessed," and that

> —" for all the many glories that before his face would move
> He would never feel a better, or a purer, sweeter love! "

Could not the awful splendour, the wild, strange mystery, with which a comet is invested for imaginative mortals, have inspired something better than this?

E. M. M.

THE EGYPTIAN CONCEPTION OF IMMORTALITY. By George Andrew Reisner. London: Constable & Co., Ltd. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. REISNER'S little work is of American origin, and forms the Ingersoll Lecture of 1911. The author very thoughtfully, and not without conspicuous knowledge and understanding, bearing in mind the limits of time and space at his disposal, surveys the Egyptian idea of immortality. Apart from the application of Mr. Reisner, which is interesting in itself, the subject is of absorbing attraction—at least we are sure of it as far as *our* readers are concerned. In the course of some eighty-four pages, pages which are neither dull nor superficial, Mr. Reisner descants upon the sources of the material, the ideas of the primitive race, the early dynastic period, the old, middle, and the new Empire, and the Ptolemaic-Roman period. It is well worth putting on the bookshelves.

M. C.

BAHAISM: THE RELIGION OF BROTHERHOOD, AND ITS PLACE IN THE EVOLUTION OF CREEDS. By Francis Henry Skrine, F.R.Hist.S. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 39, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

ABBAS EFFENDI is a power to be reckoned with in the realm of religion. He has a following which is, at once, sincere and real. It is truly astonishing how much Bahaism appeals to the Western temperament. Of course, while life lasts, the mind in its own researching way, will seek out the whys and the wherefores of existence, while the heart will, *in its own way*, likewise grope for expression. And thus, the one correcting and counterbalancing the other, we get a spiritual development which should bring the earnest individual nearer his goal of religious conviction. Mr. Skrine, a writer of worthy experience, and considerable metaphysical acumen, provides us with a capable little sketch of Bahaism in all its aspects. It was well that he yielded to the persuasions of Abdul Baha to put his articles on the subject, originally printed in *The Near East*, in more permanent form. He owed it to Bahaism which is here so well explained.

M. C.

ABDUL BAHA IN LONDON. London: John M. Watkins, 21, Cecil Court, St. Martin's Lane, W.C. Price 1*s.* net.

MR. J. M. WATKINS' commendable enterprise is most acceptable. We are glad to have this little collection of addresses and notes of conversations. We wish the book had been bound in cloth. Not more than another penny would have met the need, and we believe there will be many, such as ourselves, who will wish to have the booklet put into stiff covers. However, we are none the less grateful. There are gems and coral strands between these green paper covers, to be kept, and pondered, and reflected upon, and absorbed. We quote but one sentence: "Christ is ever in the world of existence. He has never disappeared out of it. . . . Rest assured that Christ is present. The spiritual beauty we see around us to-day is from the breathings of Christ." True words. Those who cannot take the Christ-word, let them delete it, and put in that word representing their own spiritual leader, and the thing is the same. This is the true spirit of religious toleration—and one of the steps round the throne of happiness.

M. C.

THE MODERN BUDDHISM, AND ITS FOLLOWERS IN ORISSA. By Nagendra Na'th Vasu, Práchyavidyámaharnava, M.R.A.S. With an Introduction by Maha'mahopa'dhya'ya Haraprasa'd Sha'stri, M.A. London: W. Thacker & Co., 2, Creed Lane, E.C. Price 3s.

A LITTLE, but very useful treatise on the modern cult of Buddha in Bengal. We do not mean by this that Buddhism has departed one iota from its original creed, but that the present-day Buddhist in Bengal and other places, and at least those adherents who have their habitations in the West, assimilate the teachings of Buddha to his own personal inclinations and ethical requirements, just as much as the modernist of any other creed. The value of the present short work is in its derivation: it comes from an experienced Indian thinker. For that, alone, it is deserving of thoughtful consideration. Naturally, the book has a very special appeal for the native of India; but we are sure that the originality of its aim, i.e. the study of modern Buddhism in particular relation to Bengal, and more especially in Orissa, will not be lost sight of by many English readers. The author's English is unusually good, while there is an index which is capitally arranged, although we hardly see the necessity of it in so small a work.

M. C.

A TEXTBOOK OF THEOSOPHY. By C. W. Leadbeater. Madras: The Theosophist Office, Adyar, India.

HERE is a plain, frank statement of Theosophy, and by a specialist, if the writer may use the term. We may not be able to agree with our friend in every little piece of statement which he makes, but we do not respect him and his treatise any the less for that. We believe in frankness; we believe in clear, unvarnished statement of creed. It would be better for all the hundreds of sects to put their contentions into some ethical, religious and moral clearing house, so that we might know where we stand. There is so much overlapping to-day in these matters, that it is very difficult for an earnest thinker to maintain his mental equilibrium. At least, Mr. Leadbeater states his case, and states it well. His book is what it sets out to be—a Text Book; which is more than we can say of many books claiming that title. Theosophy is much misunderstood, simply because there are too many persons who will not take the time to look into it; yet, it is vitally interesting. Who cannot agree with such a statement as this, which Mr. Leadbetter makes? "As a philosophy, it explains to us that the solar system is a carefully-ordered mechanism, a manifestation of a magnificent life, of which man is but a small part." This, and many other cogent claims, can be easily accepted; in fact, they are a part of the mental life of most of our readers. We recommend Mr. Leadbeater's little volume. We have found much in it of great help and encouragement.

M. C.

IN DEFENCE OF AMERICA. By Baron von Taube. London: Stephen Swift & Co., Ltd., 10, John Street, Adelphi. Price 6s.

WE know there is considerable prejudice in certain quarters against America, and we who live in such close proximity to the American tem-

perament know how unjust and how unfair a great part of this prejudice is. We should like, and we would had we the space, to take the list of popular indictments, summarised by Baron G. v. Taube, and deal with them seriatim. Only one thing would discourage us in contemplating a detailed defence of America, and that is, Baron G. v. Taube has done it so much better than we could ever hope to do it. Chapter IV is a wonderfully well reasoned argument *against* the statement that "American education is superficial and vulgar," and that "It does not produce scholars or men of taste, but only quaint learned men and vulgarians." Again, the author cannot be gainsaid in his attack upon the hackneyed and empty statement that the Americans have no manners whatever. For many years, it has been our privilege to meet some of the ablest thinkers and scholars of America, whose erudition and breadth and depth of understanding may be, were it not odious, compared with those of great European men and women. Then, too, we have had the great honour of meeting some of the most charming men and women whose manners and culture and polish might easily belong to some of the highest and noblest of families in England. It is well that *In Defence of America* was written; it would be better if it were widely read.

C. M.

THE TREND OF PSYCHICAL SCIENCE. By H. A. Dallas. London: J. M. Watkins, 21, Cecil Court, W.C. Price 6*d*. net.

IN an attempt to take stock of the evidences for and against the belief in post-mortem existence Miss Dallas has given us a frank and consistent statement of the main facts evolved by psychical science. It is admitted that we cannot yet co-ordinate all the facts, but in some future synthesis we may expect to find three conclusions: (1) The reality of an unseen universe of intelligent life; (2) Man's survival of bodily death; (3) That communication takes place between the (so-called) living and the (so-called) dead.

Meanwhile we have abundant material to lay the foundations of a true scientific inquiry. Telepathy is treated as a fact, which while serving to explain other phenomena of psychology is not itself as yet fully explained. We do not know *how* impressions are conveyed from one mind to another. But "if thought can be conveyed without physical channels, it becomes conceivable that it can be generated without a physical brain and it shows that mental processes are not necessarily dependent upon a physical organism." Cases of deliberate attempts to establish communication between living persons are cited. Fifteen well-authenticated cases of apparitions of persons still in the body are referred to.

Various forms of automatism are dealt with, and it is shown that communications from these sources may be either subconscious suggestions, or telepathic impressions. But in some cases, well established, it is clear that they originate in some discarnate source. Appropriate evidence is submitted by the author in each case. The brochure forms a most interesting and really important statement of the most recent conclusions of psychical science.

SCRUTATOR.

THE WAY WITH THE NERVES. Letters to a Neurologist on various modern nervous ailments, real and fancied, with replies thereto, telling of their Nature and Treatment. By Joseph Collins, Physician to the Neurological Institute of New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. The Knickerbocker Press. Price 6*s.* net.

THIS is a well written book upon an interesting and important subject. The author deals with common nervous disorders in a popular and yet illuminating manner, by means of a series of letters received by or on behalf of patients by a physician who has made a thorough study of nervous diseases. These letters are severally answered in detail by the doctor, and his answers display a breadth of view and a wisdom, in addition to a knowledge and experience of nervous disorders, which makes their reading both a pleasure and an instruction. Every kind of traveller through life might gain useful hints for his own guidance by a study of this book. That which is especially to be noticed in the author is his freedom from prejudice which is joined with sympathy and plain speaking. When he is dealing with quackery, whether of the "high" or "low" kind, he is not sparing in his contempt of its shallow pretentiousness. He believes in psychotherapeutics, but he is no disparager of any branch of the art of healing. On the contrary, he says, "The science of medicine and the art of therapeutics are to-day the envy and the wonder of the world. Once we conquer cancer and find an antidote for alcohol, we shall know just how Alexander felt immediately before the sudden gush of tears that has become so famous." We recommend the book to everybody. B. P. O'N.

HELL AND ITS PROBLEMS. By J. Godfrey Raupert, K.S.G. London: St. Anselm's Publishing Company, 3, Dyer's Buildings, Holborn, E.C. Price 2*s.* net.

THIS is the third revised and enlarged edition of *Thoughts on Hell.* While we are not prepared to subscribe to the theories—we are unable to give them any more appropriate name—herein set forth, we do respect the author's earnestness. Hell is a mighty subject, and will remain so, until its orgies of sorrows are manifested to us (which, we trust, and believe, will not be likely, as we do not accept its existence as understood by a certain section of individuals), or until man is so perfected and sin-proof, as to make the hell of present-day shamedness, and deep spiritual depression (which we *do* believe in), utterly impossible. For the sake of knowing how our neighbour across the way regards the mysteries of life and the future, with its joys and its sorrows, we advise a purchase of this small work. M. C.

ADDRESSES AND ESSAYS ON VEGETARIANISM. By Anna (Bonus) Kingsford, M.D., and Edward Maitland, B.A. London: John M. Watkins, 21, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, W.C. Price 2s. net.

THE writer of this note is not a vegetarian. Therefore, we opine that his views are the more valuable. Did anything turn us from meat, it would be the cogent, well-reasoned, well-mannered arguments of these excellent writers, who are, alas! no more. Although not a vegetarian, the note-writer recognizes the immense value of the sect—if he may be forgiven for thus designating them. He knows, and has actually proved the value of meatlessness, and he would not hesitate to recommend it to the wavering. The authors of this work, at least, *knew* what they were writing about, and what they said is practically incontrovertible. Facts are great things, and cannot be denied; but unfortunately with the fact must go conviction, without which the fact is limp. There is a biographical preface, and the work has been ably edited by Mr. Samuel Hapgood Hart.

M. C.

THE SHAPE OF THE WORLD. By Evelyn St. Leger. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 6s.

THE shape of the world has the merit of originality both in theme and workmanship, but to have dealt satisfactorily with so difficult a problem as the author sets herself, would have needed 600 closely printed pages instead of the 300 very scanty ones we are given.

The thesis that a blessing rejected may be converted into a curse upon the rejector is undoubtedly a true one, but to show this process in the working, requires very subtle psychological analysis and this is where the novel, brilliant and fresh as it is in other respects, fails a little. For it is not quite convincing.

The men and women, especially the latter, are genuine sketches from the life, not fashion-plate drawings, but for all that, one can't repress a doubt as to whether the writer herself has got to the bottom of them. It is, for instance, brought out quite clearly, whether by design or otherwise, that in the struggle, so common to-day, between the normal and the abnormal, it is not enough to be merely the first for the victory to be assured. Crystal Javelin is a type of the modern woman—charming, cultured, strong, normal to her finger-tips, but—"she held her man by love alone." Her creator pleads for the necessity of a strand of fear to strengthen the cord, yet looking back on her record, and the record of other lives interwoven with hers, one is tempted to ask if a little humour, which is, after all, only another name for intuition, would not have answered the purpose better?

However, this is perhaps to cavil, to complain that a very skilful 'prentice hand is not yet the master hand. Moreover, reviewers are fortunately not infallible. Anyway the book is essentially worth the reading—not least because, beneath its little sparkles of wit and satire, and its gleams of tender irony, it holds a steady reminder of the deepest human truth in the world.

N. A.

SHAMS. By Hugo Ames, B.A. London: The Key Publishing Co., 26, Ivy Lane, E.C. Price 5s. net.

MR. AMES is a fearless writer, and for this reason we applaud his work. The world is the better for outspokenness, providing, of course, that the outspoken teacher is polite to the other side. The uncouth arguer, the lecturer of the sledge-hammer, has no abiding place between our walls; neither does he last. His methods, eventually, leave him far behind in the hall of discussion. Mr. Ames tackles a number of delicate subjects, but he is unafraid. Here are some of his excursions into the fields of modern turmoils. We pride ourselves that we have full knowledge of our perplexities. But have we? However, this is the list (at least some of the subjects): False Gods, The High Places of Baal, Sense, Sex, and Suffrage, Mate and Checkmate, Faith and Phenomena, the Letter and the Spirit, From Creed to Consciousness. This is a fairly large field; but it has been well done. Not for one second would we say that all his shams shame us, not for one second would we say that all his diatribes are deserved; and not for one second would we say that his castigations are contemptible. On the other hand, his remarks are often pertinent, piquant, and picturesque, if we may be alliterative for the nonce. Moreover, they possess a good deal of shrewd wit and insight. On the whole, while differing largely with his purviews, we hail his interesting work.

M. C.

THE WAYFARERS. By Senore van der Veer. London: Putnam's Sons. Price 1s. net.

JUST a word-picture of a little group of folk who have fallen out by the wayside stricken by the scourge that only snows and mountain air may sometimes conquer. But it is worth reading for the tender intimacy of its touch, for its unmistakable note of reality and truth. It is not a story—it is a page of life, life illumined by the death-light, which alone, maybe, gives it its true perspective. In that light the tired Russian, Nihilist and assassin, who has taken life and paid the Siberian toll, renounces it, that another may live to save a child-woman's happiness. So he passes through the Gates of Death, happy in the knowledge of the bridal flowers that will strew his snow-wrapped grave, and of the salvation lying hidden in the soul of the man easing his dying moments.

N. A.

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