THE

OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY

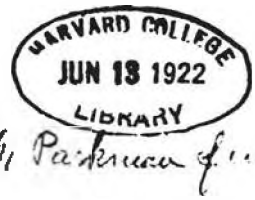
RALPH SHIRLEY

"NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI"

VOL. XXVI

JULY—DECEMBER 1917

LONDON
WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LIMITED
CATHEDRAL HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4



Printed by Butler & Tanner, *Frome and London.*

CONTENTS

JULY.

AUGUST.

SEPTEMBER.

OCTOBER.

NOVEMBER.

DECEMBER.

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

Price SEVENPENCE NET; post free, EIGHTPENCE. Annual Subscription, for British Isles, United States and Canada, SEVEN SHILLINGS (One Dollar seventy-five Cents); for other countries, EIGHT SHILLINGS.

AMERICAN AGENTS: The *International News* Company, 85 Duane Street, New York; The Macoy Publishing Company, 45–49 John Street, New York; The Curtiss Philosophic Book Co., Inc., 1731 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; The *Western News* Company, Chicago.

Subscribers in *India* can obtain the Magazine from A. H. Wheeler & Co. 15 Elgin Road, Allahabad; Wheeler's Building, Bombay; and 39 Strand, Calcutta; or from the *Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras.

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LTD., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. 4

Contributors are specially requested to put their name and address, legibly written, on all manuscripts submitted.

VOL. XXVI. JULY 1917 No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

WE all of us recognize that the present war must inevitably exercise an enormous influence on the mental standpoint of mankind, and that its effect on the religious outlook of coming generations is likely to be specially potent. The conception of Providence looking on at the appalling crimes and wholesale massacres which have been taking place during the last three years —looking on, and yet doing nothing, apparently, to put a stop to the hideous orgy through all these long months during which Hell has been let loose upon the world—is one which, as the French say, "gives furiously to think." The main thesis of Benjamin Swift's new novel *What Lies Beneath** is the effect produced by this world crisis upon the family and fortunes of Joseph Ravendale, and certain individuals who are brought by circumstances into close contact with this large and not too homogeneous family circle. Joseph Ravendale is senior partner in the firm of Ramson, Ravendale & Parthenay, whose main business it is to cater for

A NOVEL OF THE TIMES.

* *What Lies Beneath*. By Benjamin Swift (William Romaine Paterson). London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 5s. net.

Protestantism. The wealth of the Ravendales had indeed originated in the sale of the Gospel. As Sheerson, their manager, observed, "the family has been reading it and selling it for generations. Family prayers twice a day and the servants present. Ramson, Ravendale & Parthenay got founded when Methodism and the revival of Bible study began. They have sold the good news in all languages, and not only it, but thousands upon thousands of the books, magazines, pamphlets, and tracts that swarm round the Bible like bees round a hive. . . . Mr. Ravendale started the secular side, though we still push the Bible among savages. It used to go out in the ships which took the gin and cheap whisky and the out-of-date rifles and ammunition."

JOSEPH RAVENDALE AND FAMILY.

Joseph Ravendale had three wives, and a family by each of them, and also a sceptical nephew of the name of Richard Fawckner, through whose active instrumentality the germs of scepticism found their way into the family circle. He had also a son, Sebastian, who went out to the Front and incidentally was in love with his step-sister, Ruby, through which love-affair the tragedy which terminated Joseph Ravendale's life was destined to be brought about. Sebastian went to the Front and saw what he saw, and the conclusions that he drew led to his adopting the opinions of his cousin Richard Fawckner. Sheerson, the business manager, though the matter did not concern him in practice, had as little faith in the inspiration of the Bible as Fawckner himself.

"How can it be God's word?" [he asked].

"It isn't, of course," said Fawckner. "Modern theologians, men in the Church, tell you that it contains remnants of a fantastic mythology which came from Babylon. The editor of the Book of Genesis in the Twentieth Century Bible says that the story about the loves of the sons of God and the daughters of men was so painful that the worst parts were suppressed by the old compilers. And yet you are still expected to believe in the authority of the Book. But the tales of Rabelais are decent compared with the awful story of Lot and his children. If a modern writer had ventured on the theme he would have been imprisoned. The truth is, there ought to be an expurgated edition of the Bible for use in families and schools."

"It won't be your uncle who'll publish it," said Sheerson.

"Why, a well-known Divinity Professor, in his book on the Old Testament, says that in Ezekiel there are passges 'not fit to be translated,'" continued Fawckner. "These are his own words. That's what we've come to in the twentieth century. The work of the unbelievers is now being done by men inside the Church." . . .

"This comfortable Christianity, with velvet cushions, and upholstered

pulpits, would be incomprehensible to Jesus," continued Fawckner, talking with great rapidity. "It has all come out of the Emperor Constantine, who was its real founder, and he was a murderer. He patronized Christianity with the instinct of a company promoter."

When we recognize that this was the religious standpoint of Richard Fawckner, it is no wonder that he acted as a disintegrating influence on the family of Joseph Ravendale, whose religious austerity and business acumen were tempered with a considerable seasoning of the Victorian type of British cant. Fawckner's views have a very direct bearing on the present crisis.

WERE THE ISRAELITES HUNS?

"The Germans [he declared] are carrying on the war in exactly the same manner in which the Israelites were ordered by Jehovah to wage their wars. Moses was commanded to kill all the males of the Midianites. He was to slay every male among the little ones, and every married woman, and to keep all the virgins as concubines. . . . In the case of Jericho the only person whom Joshua was advised to save was Rahab the harlot. The Bible of the Jews, to which we go for edification but which some of the finer Christian spirits renounced, is full of a blood-red atmosphere of horror and rape. The Amorites and the people of Bashan, just like the Belgians, refused to allow the passage of foreign troops and defended their frontiers. What happened? It is expressly stated that God ordered Moses to destroy them all 'until none was left alive.' History is a blood bath! . . ."

"If your uncle only heard you!" exclaimed Sheerson, and took another sip of sherry.

Into the bosom of the steadily disintegrating family of Joseph Ravendale, Sebastian, the black sheep of the family, suddenly returned wounded from the Front. This in any case was calculated to make trouble, as it meant the renewal of his love affair with the step-daughter, Ruby, and Joseph Ravendale was never quite sure in his own mind that Ruby was really and truly his step-daughter only. He had had a love affair with her mother before his marriage with her as his second wife, and he was ever haunted by the fear that Ruby was in reality the child of this amour. That such an incident in his past career should come up in accusation against the straight-laced Protestant whose respectability had never been in question, was Joseph Ravendale's skeleton in the cupboard. The terror of it obsessed him, and this terror was accentuated a thousandfold by the fact, ever becoming clearer and clearer, that the affection between brother and step-sister, if step-sister she were, was a very much more than platonic affair. What, thought Joseph Ravendale, if they were ultimately determined to marry? Such a tragedy must be prevented at all costs, and yet how could he confess the

A SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.

fatal obstacle which was the one barrier to the consummation of their happiness? He had even gone so far as to impress upon Ruby in the most emphatic manner the abandoned character of his own son, bidding her repeat to herself every hour of every day, as a form of hypnotic exercise, the words "Sebastian is wicked, Sebastian is wicked, Sebastian is wicked." He had also endeavoured to find a suitor for her who should prove an effectual barrier to the marriage which he dreaded.

The recrudescence, however, of this love affair, was not the only trouble which came into the family through the return of Sebastian from the Front. It was the early days of the War, and penniless refugees were flocking by thousands from devastated Belgium. Sebastian, despite his doubtful principles, had a very warm heart, which was taken advantage of by a number of these unfortunates on the homeward voyage. He brought them along with him on his return, promising them a shelter under his father's roof. They arrived precisely at evening prayer-time, and their anxiety about their reception during the consequent delay, was productive of one of the most satirically humorous scenes in this vivid narrative of contemporary life.

A BELGIAN INVASION.

A book of this kind, coming at a period of crisis like the present, is calculated to shock the orthodox reader. He will probably say to himself that it is the last book in the world that should be published at such a time. He will quote such phrases as a remark of Sebastian to the parson, Teanby, "I heard you saying to Lady Hollersly that God 'allows' the war to go on. How can you believe that a merciful God looks down on a modern battlefield? You should go out and have a look at it. . . . If He did not approve of it, He would stop it. If he does approve, well, that is even less than human." "The war has already made you think," says Fawckner, commenting on Sebastian's observations. "It is the rarest occupation in England."

GOD AND THE WAR.

It is true, however, that as Teanby observes, there are many atheists and agnostics in the army who have become believers again. "Oh, yes [retorts Sebastian], I have met some of that lot myself. That is called 'fire insurance.' I do not call it religion. The war has had quite the opposite effect on me." "God's ends are not visible to us," observes the Rev. Mr. Teanby. Fawckner retorts, "Let us grant you the ends, whatever they are. The point is, how can you justify such means? Surely God's sensitiveness to cruelty and injustice is not less than

man's! How could any possible results justify such a hideous process?" "In the lottery of existence [he continues] man takes his chance like dogs and sheep." Like Amy Levy in her bitterest poem he seems to tell us—

> One thing is like one arrayed,
> And there is neither false nor true;
> But in a hideous masquerade
> All things dance on in the ages through,
> And good is evil, evil good;
> Nothing is known or understood,
> Save only pain.
> I have no faith in god or devil,
> Life or death.

Fawckner observes that "no really educated man can have faith." If he means by this that no really educated man can have the faith in which the Ravendale family were brought up, the faith in orthodox Protestant Christianity, I entirely agree with him. The two things are incompatible. But the question does not in reality lie between the theory that life is a lottery and an acceptance of orthodox dogmatism. The question rather lies between life as a lottery in which chance is supreme, and life as an exemplification of a higher law in which justice always eventually triumphs, not through the intervention of a capricious deity, but through the action of this very law. Evil deeds of men or nations bring in their train their inevitable crop of tragic consequences. "An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit, nor a corrupt tree evil fruit," as the Master declared. The author is welcome, if he will, to take up the position that the existence of cruelty and evil in the world disproves the existence of a merciful God. But it cannot be disputed that without the existence of such evil the highest qualities of mankind could never have been developed. If we may judge our author by the words of the character into whose mouth he obviously puts his own sentiments, the end to be attained would not, in his opinion, justify the means. If then Mr. Swift had his own way in the matter, no high or noble types could ever be evolved. The law of evolution on the spiritual side operates on the principle of absolute justice and gives accordingly to each individual that which he has earned, neither more nor less. "We bring nothing into the world, neither can we carry anything out." A man's true possessions consist only of those qualities, capacities and powers, which he has earned by his own efforts in the upward struggle. The method may not appeal to the sympathies of Mr. Benjamin

IS LIFE A LOTTERY?

Swift, but it is the law of justice, and in the long run, may we not say, it is the law of mercy also?

Wherever he looks our author sees Nature, "red in tooth and claw," shrieking at any wholesome interpretation of the problems of life. "I cannot [says one of his characters, clearly expressing the author's own standpoint]—I cannot imagine the Divine Mind having devised such a scheme. Devour or be devoured, that is the supreme law. This war is a mere episode in the eternal gigantic war of genus against genus, species against species, and individual against individual. The war is a mere nothing to the never-ending battle of Nature."

Then again, when Mr. Swift makes his hero observe that the Germans are carrying on the war in exactly the same manner in which the Israelites were ordered by Jehovah to wage their wars, one may retort to him in his own words, "What on earth have we to do with the tribal god of the Jews?" It is the very fact that the Kaiser is waging war on these lines, and that he is claiming the support of his German tribal deity in doing so, it is this very fact which ensures his condemnation in the eyes of the entire civilized world. His morality and his religion alike, are those of savages or semi-savage races. They are, in short, no better than the morality and the religion of the barbarous Israelites of three thousand years ago. It is indeed true that, if at a crisis like the present, our faith in the Divine governance of the universe is anchored on the old orthodox religious beliefs and dogmas, we are of all men most miserable. We have built our house on shifting sand, and what can we expect but that the rising tempest will sweep it away?

TRIBAL DEITIES.

If, on the other hand, our orthodox professions are, as they undoubtedly are in the vast majority of cases, a mere hypocritical pretence, we can hardly expect sympathy in the pass in which we find ourselves, even though we may have assumed this policy of silence as to our real convictions, or absence of convictions, with the best possible intentions, and with a self-satisfied assurance that we are acting in the general interest of the community. The case is well enough put by the character to whom it falls to narrate the story of the fortunes of the Ravendale family—the guardian of Harold Tuderley, whose mother had been Mr. Ravendale's third wife.*

* Rather curiously, in the present romance, the narrator himself is kept very largely in the background, and does not figure in any way as an important actor in the drama.

The churches [I said form the insincere intellectual background of British national life. They are full of people who give nominal acquiescence to things which they can't believe, and which no educated person can believe. It is a false position, and is reacting on the entire intellectual and moral life of Britain. The difficulty is, that around the discarded dogmas and old pagan elements in Christianity there has grown a whole ethical system, with which we cannot afford to part, and yet we must be intellectually honest. A man like Fawckner is therefore in a dilemma. Is he to speak out or not? The dogmas are dying, but we cannot allow the ideals to die.

WHEN SILENCE IS NOT GOLDEN.

It seems to me that the time has come when we should begin to face the fact that the ideals bound up with false dogmas must inevitably themselves suffer from this undesirable association and that, this being the case, the sooner the connection is broken the better for all concerned. It is also high time that we realized the fact that these ideals, if planted and watered in their natural soil and allowed to blossom in the life-giving rays of the Sun of Truth, would flourish far more luxuriantly than they do in the atmosphere of their present unnatural forcing ground. The philosophy that the occultist has never wearied of inculcating, and the need for the popularization of which was never more urgent than at the present time, offers the soil in which all such ideals naturally flourish and fructify. Why, then, it may be asked, should they be dissociated? And why, again, harbour fears as regards the disintegration of national morality and ethics, which would surely be groundless if the true facts of occult philosophy were made the basis of all the teaching of all the churches. The danger indeed lies in opinions of a purely negative kind, in the destruction of the old faiths and in the substitution for them of a gospel of scepticism or belief in pure chance, or what our author's hero calls "the lottery of existence." It is true that the belief in justice carries with it as a corollary the acceptance of the doctrine of Reincarnation, but I fail to see that this necessity is an argument either against Divine Justice on the one hand or against Reincarnation on the other. The theory is admittedly neither unscientific nor unphilosophical. It is, indeed, as I have already quoted the philosopher, Hume, as saying, "the only form of belief in immortality that philosophy can hearken to." It seems curious that so brilliant an intellect as that of Benjamin Swift should not have looked further afield for the truth which he has failed to discover within the pale of orthodoxy, and that he should have regarded his problem as insoluble merely because orthodoxy failed to solve

JUSTICE AND REINCARNATION.

it. Others, starting on the same lines as our author, have yet found safe anchorage at last, without being compelled to sacrifice a single personal conviction or one iota of their intellectual sincerity.

When we look at this matter, as we shall have to look at it before very long, from the point of view of practical politics, I frankly admit that we are faced with a grave difficulty. In England the established Church has gathered into its fold all the religious traditions of the past. It is clear that the time is at hand when it will have either to broaden its faith or to abandon its heritage. The crisis is likely to be a serious one both for Church and State. Even in countries where there is no State-established Church, a similar problem is bound to confront the communities concerned, if in a less aggravated form. The teaching of the churches, whether in England or in America, is neither broad nor philosophical enough for the needs of the present race of mankind, who demand something from their teachers less negative and more satisfying than Teanby's vague assumptions that the Divine ends and aims are past human comprehension, and that since God in his inscrutable wisdom "allows" such a war to go on, we have but to trust that in spite of the strong appearance to the contrary, it is all ordered for the best. Confronted with the present catastrophe, there does not appear to us to be much to choose between the Teanbys and the Robert Brownings. To tell us that

THE COMING CRISIS IN THE CHURCHES.

> God's in His heaven,
> All's right with the world,

without bringing in any evidence to bear to prove this very dogmatic assertion, seems nothing short of an insult. And what better has the Church to offer us than the echo of this exuberant expression of the naturally sanguine temperament of the optimistic Victorian poet?

It is a matter of regret that the parson in the story is made such a poor creature. A better specimen of the class would have made Fawckner's arguments appear much more effective. As it is, the case appears to go against the parson by default, the feeling being that there is another side to the question, but no one to voice it. It is true that there are many parsons no better than Teanby, and that he represents truthfully enough a certain low type. But one regrets him nevertheless. As the author observes: "The emotions of the average salaried clergyman have no specially

TEANBY AS A TYPE.

mpressive temperature. Teanby, the little black-coated man with the visionless eyes, and the brain which had become nothing but a convenient ready-reckoner of dead dogmas, was typical of that huge class of modern clergy who are parasites without knowing it."

It has ever been the province of Occultism to put forward a philosophy of life which, by explaining its meaning and its object, will justify the scheme of creation from the standpoint of perfect justice. Such a scheme necessarily transcends, even while to a certain extent it absorbs, all the creeds, whether Christian or otherwise. To the occultist the fact that the god of the Israelites may, in the words of the poet—

> follow in a little while
> Odin and Zeus to equal doom,

is a matter of no significance. The evolution of a higher standard of duty and a higher conception of morality demands a higher divine ideal, and now that the time is ripe for the recognition of this ideal there will not be wanting men to stand forth and proclaim its truths, and churches and temples in which those truths can be proclaimed. The new time has no use for a fossilized priesthood who will arrest the moral progress of the race by inculcating for the benefit of their sceptical congregations the outworn dogmas of a dead past.

THE TSAREVITCH.

A correspondent serving with H.M. Forces, commenting on my observations with regard to the horoscope of the ex-Tsarevitch, and my statement that it was probable that there might be differences between himself and his father, sends me a cutting about this boy, which he thinks may be of interest to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW. The story is narrated by a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. Monsieur Kerensky, then still Minister of Justice, was calling on the ex-Tsar Nicholas. The ex-Tsarevitch, a boy just under thirteen years of age, asked to see the minister. "Tell me one thing, Monsieur Kerensky," he said. "Had my father the lawful right, after abdicating himself, to forego the throne for me also?" Monsieur Kerensky hesitated for a moment, and then replied: "No, he had not."

"That was all I wanted to know," said the ex-Tsarevitch.

With regard to the crisis in Greece, we have not a great deal to go upon astrologically, as the times of birth neither of the ex-King Constantine nor of his son, Alexander, are on record.

The new King Alexander is, however, stated in the *Almanach de Gotha* to have been born on July 20, 1893, at the Tatoi Palace, which is, I believe, just north of Athens. One of the daily papers states the date of birth to have been August 2, but this is clearly an error, and astrologers should therefore be warned against drawing deductions from this misstatement. On the day of birth the Sun is just two degrees past the exact sextile of Jupiter (the Sun 27·56 Cancer, Noon, Greenwich; Jupiter, 25·52 Taurus). Mars has the exact sextile of Neptune. Venus and Mercury are conjoined in 19 and 22 degrees of Leo respectively, Mercury having the close semi-square of Saturn from the seventh degree of Libra. The Sun has also the semi-square of Neptune, while Mercury is in trine with the psychic planet. The Moon is nearly in conjunction with Uranus, its greater or lesser proximity to that planet being of course dependent on the hour of birth. Alexander's Mars is nearly (Leo 12 to 13 degrees) on the place of King Constantine's Sun, which, in spite of the terms of his proclamation on accession to the throne, is not very favourable to the relations between the two. If the hour of birth should prove to be propitious, this might well be a very favourable horoscope; but apart from information on this head, it is useless to draw any confident conclusions. If any of my Greek or other readers could give me information on this point I should be much indebted to them. It is noteworthy that Saturn had transited the place of the Sun at birth immediately before King Alexander's accession, while Jupiter had just transited its own place, and was forming the sextile to the radical Sun at the date of his appointment. The crisis fell as one of the consequences of the conjunction of Mars and Jupiter on June 8th, the date, it may be noted, of the Battle of the Messines Ridge, the two planets being also in proximate conjunction within one degree of Mercury. The conjunction fell at 4.17 A.M., London, Venus occupying the ascendant and the Sun having just risen. Capricorn is generally regarded as the ruling sign of Greece and the passing out of Saturn from the opposing sign Cancer might therefore be considered a herald of better times in store for the Hellenic kingdom.

THE CRISIS IN GREECE.

In connection with the change of sovereignty in Greece, it is worth remembering the old prophecy that when a Constantine of Greece marries a Sophia, their son will reign in Constantinople.

It is noteworthy that Field-Marshal Hindenburg's birthday

this year (October 2) synchronizes with the exact conjunction of Mars and Saturn, Neptune being only distant by five degrees from the major and minor malefics. This ominous conjunction and augury of defeat is slightly mitigated or modified by a close sextile of Jupiter.

August, November, and March to April, 1918, are the most menacing months in Kaiser Wilhelm's horoscope, the two malefics afflicting the Sun and Ascendant respectively in August, while in November the Sun and Moon are both, by transit and direction, in opposition to the revolutionary Neptune. There is a significant note of finality about the stationary position of Saturn in the early spring.

Astrologers will have observed with no little interest that the eclipse of June 19 of the present year coincided within twenty-four hours with the overwhelming vote in favour of Women's Suffrage in the British House of Commons, the culmination of Venus on this occasion being promptly followed by that advancement of the women's cause with which astrologers have for so long associated it. It is to be hoped that Venus will not confine her favours to the sex to which she is especially partial.

THE GODS OF LUCK IN ANCIENT ROME

By FREDERIC THURSTAN

The Fauns.

IF you walked in the upland slopes and glades of the Apennines and came to the edge of some forest there in the days of Horace and Virgil, you might have often seen some rustic youth or maiden, tending, it may be, flocks of sheep or goats, or some labourer on a neighbouring farm or villa estate, leaning among the boughs and listening intently. He was trying to catch in the whisper of the leaves or the echoes from far-off glades sounds of the voices and laughter of a beautiful young fairyland king smooth-faced with two budding horns on his forehead or on his headgear. He frequented only these upland forests, often passing along in a procession headed by a young queen like himself with other companions who loved on summer days to make revelry with music, cymbals and dance. It was King Faunus and his queen Fauna and their retinue of Fauns.

In the winter time Faunus and his Fauns loved to scare and hunt the wolves in the pine forests by making a wild roar or war-cry which the peasant often fancied he heard when the wild gales swept through the glades and tossed the noisy cascades.

The Latin indigenal or aboriginal native of the mountain slopes was a firm believer in the reality of human nature-spirits inhabiting the scenes around him, and he believed this particular sylvan God brought luck to the peasant who loved him. In the spring he helped the fecundation and increase of his cattle and flocks and livestock, in summer he helped the love affairs of youth and maiden by causing infatuations (as in Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream), and in winter by keeping off the ravening wolves from fold or homestead. On December 5 every year the peasants of the Latin mountain villages celebrated a feast day to Faunus to implore his favour for the district. The cascade at Tusculum near Tibur (Tivoli) was a chief centre of the Faunalia festivities, and Horace, who had a country estate there, wrote a special ode to commemorate the God at one of these celebrations (Od. iii. 18). The very name Faunus—connected etymologically with faustus (lucky) implied to every Roman the favour of luck.

Latins of poetical temperament in Roman literary circles were drawn to worship these rustic Nature divinities, and paid their devotions especially to Queen Fauna or Fatua. Fatua—connected with "fatum"

and " fari " and our word infatuation—implied prophecy or the inspiration to speak forth automatically or in trance. The Queen and her Fauns could inspire men with poetry or with love and answer perplexing questions or give predictions as to the future. Calpurnius the poet tells us that there were trunks of special Holm Oaks sacred to the Fauns in some forests where oracular answers to questions were interpreted from the traceries and marking of the bark or leaves. Virgil tells us (*Æn.* vii. 79 *et seq.*) how his hero visited the Tivoli oracle to consult about his fortunes in the cavern by the Cascade, and Ovid (*Fasti* vi. 614 *et seq.*) describes how a special revelation of this god in a moment of difficulty was vouchsafed to Numa Pompilius the Etruscan King of early Rome.

These rustic Nature Gods of Latium, like Faunus and his compeer, the bearded king Sylvanus, protector of orchards and boundaries, a sort of old Father Christmas, are especially interesting to us because they help us to reconstruct the distribution and immigrations of European nations in the prehistoric days.

For on the other side of the waters of the Adriatic the rustic descendants of the pre-Aryan Hellenes, especially in Thessaly and Bœotia, were all worshippers and in close daily realization of similar Nature divinities such as Pan, accompanied by Satyrs with horns and goat legs and by inspiring beautiful nymphs and beings like the drunken Silenus, who in their turn attended Bacchus and Apollo.

The reason for this is not in any intercourse between these rustic nations—there was none in historic days—but rather in their common origin from a great tribe known as the Pelasgi—akin in customs and appearance to the prehistoric tribes of Western Europe known as the dark-skinned Celts, tribes like the Silurians of South Wales, the Hibernians or Ivernians of South Ireland, and the Iberians of North Spain. These tribes were all believers in Nature Spirits mingling with men—in Fairies and Little Men. They were dominated in later times by more martial immigrants of Aryan origin like the fair-skinned Celts in Western Europe, the Romans in Italy, and the Hellenes in Greece. These last overcame in time not only the Pelasgic aborigines of Upper Greece, but also the Minoan civilizations of Cecropian and Achaian colonies in Southern Greece which were settled there in the Heroic or Homeric period of history.

The Aryan tribes differed from the prehistoric tribes by a belief not in Nature Spirits so much as in the daily intercourse of ex-human spirits, the ancestors and heroes of their families and tribes. We have a proof of this in India where the aboriginal Dravidian or Druidian—akin to the Chaldee—worshipped Nature Spirits, as is shown in the old Rig Vedas, but the incoming Aryan Hindoos were more ancestor-worshippers, as is proved by Caste Customs and by Hero Worship of Devas or Mahadevas and Rishis.*

* The Nature worship of Aryan Hindus was more Cosmic with Gods like Indra and Rudra ruling the elements.

It was a consequence of this that the worship of Faunus in Rome itself was very different from that in the country districts.

In Rome Faunus was an ancient defunct king of the district who still benevolently looked after the interests of his old realm. Tradition recorded that he had befriended the Arcadian Prince Evander when he was shipwrecked and a refugee, and allowed him to settle on the Palatine and consecrate there a cavern sacred to the Arcadian Pan, which was afterwards occupied by a sacred College of Luperci or Wolf-warders who worshipped Faunus in that capacity.

Young King Faunus after his death appeared to Numa Pompilius as a spirit apparition to help him in the arrangement of Rome's institutions. Numa was an Etruscan. The civilization of that mysterious nation was probably, like the Minoans of Crete and Argos and the Egyptians of the Menes era, Atlantean. The subsequent King Tullus Hostilius was likewise helped by this Spirit King. The Fauns in winter time, to frighten the wolves, were fond of making a wild roar in the pine forests, and once when Tullus was fighting a battle in a forest this wild roar suddenly resounding filled the foe with that sudden terror—which Pan also was fabled to cause and which we call therefore pan-ic.

The college of the Lupercals on the Palatine, as time went on, became one of the most powerful sacred orders in Rome. They claimed the holy power of making youths virile and manly, and on February 15 each year they held a festival known as the Lupercalia. It was originally a kind of shriving day—of purification and expiation when a he-goat was sacrificed—an old world custom which we also find in the scape-goat of the Jewish Atonement Day, and in the Bakri Eed at the finish of the Mohammedan fast.

But the blood of the goat was also believed to cause virility, and it became the fashion for parents of noble families, especially of the Fabian and Quintilian clans, who were hereditary pontiffs of the Lupercal Order, to bring their sons when leaving school-life to this sacrifice to be touched on their foreheads by the sacrificial knife smeared with goat's blood and dabbed with pads of wool soaked in goat's milk. After this a big procession was made through the streets—the priests and youths wearing the skins and horns of the sacrificed animals. The youths carried also the pads of wool and exchanged badinage with the crowd. If they could touch any girl's face with the pad they claimed the right of a kiss or even a more lascivious embrace, and they finished up the day in an orgy of debauchery. From the earliest days of Rome up to the Empire, this annual carnival continued, becoming more and more a festival of wild licentiousness until the respectable Augustus Cæsar was finally compelled to make it all illegal and abolish it.

Possibly the schoolboy expression " playing the giddy goat " is a remnant of this belief.

FORTUNA.

The Latins deified Luck itself in the personality of the Goddess Fortuna. They were unique among nations in this conception. Fortuna was no minor deity: she was supreme in the Pantheon. The Gods themselves had to acknowledge her control of destiny and its affairs. Rome was full of temples dedicated to this Goddess, each accentuating some particular guise or trait. This may, of course, have been due partly to the fact that temples of Fortuna pay: devotees of fortune and inquirers into the mysteries of the Future are always ready to disburse large fees and sumptuous offerings.

The two oldest temples were one situated on the Via Portuensis, a mile out of the city, and another in the Forum Boarium market. The first held her up especially as the goddess of happy chance, and as Luck rewarding the light-hearted and joyous. On June 24, Midsummer Day—our great good fairy day—her festival was celebrated there by throngs of holiday worshippers crowned with flowers making a procession on the road and a regatta of decorated boats on the Tiber. The other in the market-place was visited daily by the peasant and marketing people. It was an historical monument founded by the people's King—Servius Tullius, to commemorate the good fortune of that monarch who had captivated the affections of this beautiful goddess. Her statue stood side by side with his—in gilded wood. She was draped with a wondrous tissue of old Samite, woven by Queen Tanaquil herself. Her face was veiled: some said to hide her blushes for condescending to a mortal love—others to express the mystery of her intentions. She was denominated here the Virgin Fortune, and the reputation of this shrine was enhanced when one day a conflagration destroyed the temple, but the two statues remained intact in the midst of the flames. People recalled the omen by which she had carved out the future destiny of Servius in his boyhood by leaving him unscathed by a fire which played round him on the hearth of the Tarquins.

Then there were two State temples to this Goddess, one on the Capitol dedicated to the fortune of the Roman State, the other on the Quirinal to that of the City of Rome. It was said that the Goddess after searching through the world had chosen Rome as her pet place. It was to be blessed with her protection even to the end of time. Of the private temples of Fortune there was a flourishing one, catering entirely for ladies, dedicated to Fortuna Muliebris (woman's luck) some three miles' walk out on the Latin Road, and another for people of aristocratic rank called Fortuna Equestris—close to Pompey's theatre and much patronized by cavalry officers and ladies of title. There was even a special Shrine of Fortune where young men dedicated the hair of their faces the first day they used a razor. There was also a temple dedicated to Fortuna Respiciens (looking back), another to Fortuna Obsequens (following at heel), to Fortuna Dux

(leading the way), and Fortuna Redux (leading one back again), to Fortuna Brevis (brief), and Fortuna Manens (permanent), but of all the private temples surely the happiest were the two dedicated to the Fortune of To-day—one near the Circus Maximus, the other on the Campus Martius where she had a special feast day on July 30, followed by a gala show in the Circus.

The last public temple to the Goddess was founded by Trajan, and dedicated to the Fortune of Universal Power. Fortune could go no further than that, and Rome had attained it.

For Fortune-telling, two very ancient shrines in the country, dedicated to the goddess, were constantly visited by both private individuals and public bodies. The one was that of Fortuna Primigenia at Praeneste. The statue held two infants on her knees—fabled to be Jupiter and Juno—and a little child drew lots or cast dice to answer postulants with regard to success or failure of their plans. The other was at Antium, and was patronized by Augustus before starting on one of his expeditions. It was in connection with this that the well-known Ode of Horace to this goddess was written. The oracles here were told by a sort of automatic writing over a tray or sieve of sacred ashes.

The usual concomitants of a statue of Fortune were a Horn of Plenty (Cornucopia), a fan or a rudder, plumes on the head and a ball under the feet. The one at Antium had a special attribute, two large wooden keys.

Felicitas and Nemesis.

As if all these temples to Fortune were not sufficient, the Romans erected numerous temples to Felicitas, in which name was wrapped up a signification both of blessedness and the power to bless or bring good luck. This goddess was especially patronized by Sulla and his friend Crassus, who filled one of her temples like a museum with objects of art that they had plundered from the East.

The conquest of Greece also brought in the notion of Fortune as Retribution or Karma, and a temple dedicated to Nemesis was always visited by Generals granted a public triumph, at the end of the day's pomp and procession.

The usual views of Fortune obtaining in Rome were two-fold—one, that of the populace, as the distributer of blessings because she loved to make her devotees happy—to these the goddess was a sort of Venus or Flora—the other, that of the more intellectual, as a deity of Destiny, indifferent to weal or woe, but belonging to the demon nether-world and therefore to be propitiated or won over to favour.

Lares and Penates.

But though they personified Luck and Fortune in this way, the Romans looked for help in the daily small affairs of life such as health, children, family prosperity, and domestic happiness to a special band of unseen personal spirits. Every home and hearth, every family

and clan, every district and town had in their belief a special presiding spirit or band of spirits interested in the welfare of the members. These were called Lares as a generic name; those, however, who interested themselves in special functions, such as the protection of the home, were often called by the name of Penates.

In all the latter times of Rome these spirits were not looked upon as Nature elementaries, such as the Kobbold in Teutonic countries, and the Little Men among the Celts, but as discarnate human spirits. In country districts where the Pelasgian element of tradition was still strong it was sometimes different, but in the City the inhabitants were mostly of Aryan descent and with Aryan beliefs.

The Aryan Hindoos to this day, in their caste and family ceremonies, place out food and cushions for the departed members and invite their presence ceremoniously and inform them of betrothals and marriages, of journeys and changes, and of business compacts and intentions: not that they believe the departed require earthly refreshment, but that they are pleased to be remembered and honoured with the offer of hospitality—although doubtless many do consider that spirits can extract essences and ethers from food, especially if they happen to belong to the lower grades of spirit life who have astral bodies.

The Romans had not only similar Lectisternia or setting out of couches on set days, but they kept the busts and ashes of the departed patrons of the family in an alcove of the Atrium or common sitting-room, and there was another small shrine near the fireplace of the kitchen or domestic hearth. They were dusted and kept clean every day by the mother or daughters of the household, generally every evening before bedtime, and on the Kalends, Ides and Nones of every month, crowns or garlands were placed on the statues and prayers or libations offered to them with a special home festival, called Laralia, on the first of every May, when everything was decked with garlands and families gathered for home parties.

At every meal, a sort of grace was offered by placing a small offering from the dishes on little platters kept for the purpose, laying them before the shrine and finally turning out the food from the platters into the fire with the words *Dii propitii!* "May the divine ones be propitious!" Children, boys and girls, passing into grown-up life, left on the shrine their ornaments and playthings. A parent returning from a war offered there a part of any booty.

There was always a presiding Lar or Lar Pater, but also among the commoner folk a number of minor beneficent spirits called Lares Familiares that every family honoured along with its Penates. Everything that the family treasured in the home and all the important transactions of the daily life were supposed to be under the guardianship of these spirit friends, guides or familiars. So real a factor were these unseen helpers in daily life that dramatists brought them on the stage in their plays quite naturally. Plautus, for instance, in the Aulularia brings one on the stage in his Prologue to explain the plot.

He begins by describing himself as the protecting Genius of the house: the father and grandfather of the tenant had been his dear friends. The grandfather had entrusted to his care some treasure near the hearth, and the plot is concerned with that treasure. In his Trinummus the father of a family is changing house and begs his wife not to forget to crown the God Lar and pray him to take the new place also under his protection.

Besides the familiar or home Lares, every district of Rome had its public Lares. There was a chapel and shrine for them in every suburb and district in the town and country with an elected club or vestry to look after their interests and dues. Every bride on taking possession of the house of her husband and every matron changing house into a new district had to go to this public shrine, deposit the fee of an *as* and solicit the protection of the Guardian of the place. They had their special fête days appointed by the Board of Vestrymen.

Here we have probably a trace of the Etruscan influence in the making of Rome. We know the Tuscan made Rome peculiar among all nations in having its public affairs regulated by Astrological lore. Now in that lore it is postulated that every district, like every person, is under a special planetary influence of its own. The reason of this was that each place was under a personal genius of its own—a personality of the mundane or astral plane. This mundane plane was conceived by them as a large cup facing the supernal regions or heavens. At the bottom of this cup lay the nether or infernal regions—the region of the dead and demoniac spirits presided over by Dis or Pluto, and marshalled by Orcus. Proserpine was its Queen—and in the upper lip of the bowl close to the plane of incarnate beings was the region of the Genii or Djins—what we, perhaps, would call attendant sprites in contradistinction to Spirits.

The Genius.

There was something in this very notion of the Genius attached to a man, a family, a house or a district, to a wood, or a hill, or a scene, or a cross-ways—a notion that dominated the every day personal life of a Roman or Latin, more than any other religious idea—that makes the Roman view of the after-life of mortals in the flesh unique. It differs in this respect subtly from the modern view held, whether by the orthodox or by the Spiritualist, or by the Theosophist. In some ways their view of the departed was indeed very like what the modern Spiritualist believes he has obtained by direct converse with the spirit world. Like the Spiritualist every Roman believed the dead were divided into grades according to the progression they had obtained. Not every dead person was fitted to become a Lar. If the dead had attained enlightenment and power, they were allowed by Dis to return as Guides or Protectors to mortals in the flesh. If they had only bonds of affection and still required earth experiences, they came as the Lares Familiares. If they were highly progressed, or nearly celestial, they

had the right to be worshipped as Dii or Divi Lares, a conception similar to the Hindu Devas and Mahadevas. The departed spirits of emperors *ex officio* became such.

Umbræ, Larvæ and Lemures.

But if they were ordinary unprogressed entities they remained in the spirit world—the realm of Dis—as mere Umbræ or Shades. If they were earthbound and unprogressed astral spirits like ghosts that haunt a house they were called Larvæ, and if they were dark or demoniac spirits or vampires they were called Lemures.

But where the distinction of the Roman view regarding the return of the dead comes in is that it was not so much the person himself or his double or emanation that returned to help and protect a family or a district, as his Genius.

To understand this we must get a clear view of what this word implied to a Roman.

A Latin believed that every mundane man in the flesh was not a single but a double entity; he had a counterpart Nature spirit always bound up in his life similar to that bound up in every tree, or stream, or hill, or district. Shakespeare found this Roman idea in his studies of Plutarch and makes Anthony explain his constant want of success against Octavius Cæsar both in private and public life, not by the inferiority of his own personality, but by that of his Genius as compared with the Genius of Cæsar.

Rich noblemen built special chapels attached to their mansions to which not only were the Lares Dii removed from the Atrium, but also the Genius of the family, and even their own personal Genius had special shrines there—some intellectuals even set up there busts of the Genii of great and noble men of every race and sat before them for inspiration and assistance.

The Genius of the family was supposed especially to preside over the marriage couch, which was called therefore the Lectus Genialis, and a proper respect and veneration paid to this personage brought the fortune of good and lucky offspring. The outstanding personality of heroes like Scipio and Tiberius Gracchus was ascribed in popular belief to the pious ceremonies performed by their parents over the Lectus Genialis.

It is noteworthy that this marriage-couch Genius, that had miraculous powers over the propagation of the family, was symbolized often not by a human form, but by a serpent, a possible remnant of aboriginal phallic worship.

But the tutelary Genius of any town or person had always a human personal form. In the forum of Rome was set up the statue of the Genius of Rome. In the second Punic War, when the fortunes of Rome were at their lowest ebb, the Sybilline Books declared it was because Rome neglected to respect her Genius; accordingly this statue was erected there and a festival ordained to be held as a public feast day

every 9th of October. The conception of the Genius in this statue was of a bearded man like a kingly Jove with a diadem, a sceptre and cornucopia. Aurelian set up another statue on the rostrum with a younger conception of the figure. Julian believed he had a vision of this Genius paying him a visit in his tent the night before his election to the throne, and again the night before his death in Persia.

The statue of the Genius of Italy set up in various places was differently conceived as a helmeted warrior trampling the standard of the foe beneath his feet. Coins abound with these figures of the Genius of the country. Similarly every town of importance conceived the personality of its special Genius by some public statue of him. Proprietors of lordly estates in noted scenery even erected chapels and images in honour of the special Genius of the spot.

The courtiers of Augustus Cæsar hit upon a method of giving popularity and respect to the Emperor amongst the townsmen and country folk, by setting up a bust of his Genius beside the public Lar of every district. It was a subtle way of intimating that public prosperity depended on the divinity of the Genius of their Emperor.

A similar belief exists to-day in the patriotic respect paid by the Japanese to the divinity of their Mikado, whose genius is supposed to bring fortune to his country and to his officers in the functions of peace and war. The custom inaugurated by Augustus was followed by all the subsequent emperors. The statues of their Genii were set up everywhere to bring luck and prosperity.

But every individual in Roman times, be he great or humble, believed in the Genius of his individual character and in that of his children. For instance, if a parent had two sons, one of whom took to vice and the other to virtue, we see from Horace that it was ascribed to the difference of the Genii that had been attached.

This attached Genius accompanied its counterpart or protégé from birth to death, though sometimes, if a person sank very low, it deserted him in disgust. On birthdays every one paid respect to his Genius by the ceremony of offering up to him incense, wine, or a garland. But never anything with blood or slaughtered victim was to be in the votive offering—that was unlucky—the Genius loved life, not death. The Genius was conceived therefore as a kindly propitious spirit. The conception that each of us had two Genii attached, one celestial and propitious, the other demoniac and seductive, was not Roman. It was Egyptian or Persian and Oriental. But in the days of the Empire when Rome was orientalized by fashionable crazes this belief was adopted by some.

Certainly the ordinary everyday Roman believed in his Genius as a friend and a twin brother that shared his joys and his anxieties and prompted his ideas and experiences. He believed in the potency of the idiosyncrasy of his Genius, and that belief, like every faith-conception, brought him luck, power and prosperity.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL MEDICINE-MEN AND PSYCHIC HEALING

By IRENE E. TOYE-WARNER, F.R.A.S.,
Société Astronomique de France, etc.

APART from the healing of a person supposed to be afflicted by black magic, there are many natural diseases of the Australian aborigines which were cured by means closely resembling what is now known as hypnotic power, faith healing, Christian Science and the like—in fact we might term this branch of medical treatment "drugless healing"—and it formed an important, indeed the most important, part in the practice of the aboriginal doctors or "medicine-men." In a primitive manner the Australians in many cases came very near the truth in their belief in the power of the mind, and "suggestion" through the mind, in the curing of most of the ills with which humanity is afflicted.

What has hitherto been scoffingly put aside as mere superstition has now, in the light of modern research, been awarded its true place, and it must be recognized that the aboriginal doctors, after all, had glimpses of the truth and in some cases undoubtedly obtained just as satisfactory results as our modern experimenters in the hypnotic art, though under a different name and invested with the glamour of the unknown and the supernatural.

All Australian medicine-men were believed to hold communication with supernatural beings and departed spirits from whom their power was reputed to proceed, but only by rigorous training and by acquiring clairvoyant faculties could a man become a successful healer. The medicine-man used various means to accomplish a cure, all calculated to work on the imagination of the sufferer and produce the state of hopeful expectancy and faith which is so necessary even with our hypnotic and magnetic healers of to-day.

We are told by Howitt that a medicine-man of the Kurnai tribe, called Tankli, used to heal by stroking with his hand the affected part till, as he expressed it, he could "feel the thing under the skin." Then he would cover the place with a cloth, draw the latter together with one hand, and unfolding it produce a piece of quartz, bone, bark, or charcoal, and even a glass

marble on one occasion, as the cause of the trouble! Now two things are certain in this case, and that is, there was some pain in the affected part which the doctor cured by stroking, and the substance supposed to be extracted had never been there until placed there by the doctor! I think this was a clear case of magnetic, aided by hypnotic, healing. It is not at all surprising that the doctor should deceive the patient as to the means used, for how should he explain to such a simple child of nature the workings of a complex power which he himself only knew that he possessed, not comprehending its origin nor the means of accomplishing the desired cure?

These medicine-men believed in their own powers to heal, therefore must have been so convinced by seeing the result of their own work. If they had all been mere charlatans they would never have been able to retain the credit of the people for so many generations. We have laughed at their methods mainly because we did not understand them, but with our increasing knowledge of the super-normal much light is thrown on their seemingly childish beliefs and practices.

The Tongaranka doctor sits on the windward side of his patient because then his power is believed to pass to the sufferer "like smoke." He then "sucks the affected part, and withdraws his power out of him" together with the pain—usually producing some substance, such as quartz crystal, as the cause of the trouble.

The doctor of the Wiimbaio was called *Mekigar*, which comes from the word *meki* "eye," meaning "one who sees" the cause of the illness, but I am inclined to put a wider interpretation on this name and believe it refers to the super-normal "sight" of the clairvoyant. Some of the Mekigar's methods are curious. Such, for instance, as the curing of pain by means of a hair cord which was tied to the patient and the other end rubbed over the doctor's gums until blood came! This was thought to be the patient's blood and usually gave great relief. The Mekigar cured inflammatory conditions of the lungs or bowels, by putting the patient into a reclining position and massaging and shampooing him, at the same time breathing and sucking over the affected parts. Of course the usual substances were produced, but relief was also obtained.

Another method was a long slender reed placed by the doctor on the spot where the pain was, the other being held in his mouth and sucked for some time. If the patient was not cured then, he was carried out of the camp "whilst his friends swept the ground

after him with boughs to drive away the evil influence which had caused the disease."

To cure a severe headache the Mekigar dug out a circular hole in the grass in which the patient placed his head. The sod was then replaced over it whilst the doctor sat thereon, or even stood, to "squeeze out the pain." As most headaches are caused by conjestion of the blood vessels in the head, this treatment, though rough, may not be so absurd as it seems!

Other methods known to magnetic healers are used by the Gommera, or medicine-man, of the Yuin tribe. One Gommera alleviated pain by *warming his hands at the fire and then laying them on the affected part*—surely a case of true magnetic healing, such as was used by the Apostles and others when they cured by the "laying on of hands." Other Gommeras blew on the painful places in short puffs, whilst yet others "sucked the part and spat out a mouthful of blood."

The medicine-man (Koradji) of the Kamilaroi tribe, besides sucking, also applied herbs to the patient's body. He treated snake bites by sucking the wound and then rinsing out his mouth with water. For colds an "earth-bath" was found efficient. This was made by digging a hole in moist earth into which the patient was placed in an erect position, the earth being filled in up to the waist. This treatment lasted about four or five hours, during which the sufferer was supplied with draughts of water, the body being in a profuse perspiration and much pain.

The Turrbal doctor generally cured wounds by "filling his mouth with water, then sucking the wound and spitting the blood and water over the face of the wounded man!" The Chepara medicine-man massaged and anointed the patient with saliva, at the same time muttering incantations. A headache was often cured by the sufferer having a cord tied tightly round the head, then being bled with a shell or flint whilst the head was being beaten with a small stick. The Kaiabara use herbs pounded and soaked in water, also "the gum of the blood-wood tree dissolved in water." They dress wounds with mud or "down from a duck or hawk."

The doctors of the Dalebura tribe were called *Bubiberi*, they were supposed to be safe from any harm except death. R. Christison says they have been known to crunch up hot coals taken from fires of Gidyea wood to show their immunity from fire. In this they resemble the fakirs of India.

A serious illness or indulging in strong drink usually deprived a doctor of his healing power. This again seems to point to the

latter depending mainly on the natural magnetism in the man, directed by his strong will-power. Naturally if the doctor lost control over his own nerves and bodily passions he would not be able to concentrate his will sufficiently to influence his patient, nor would he generate much of that mysterious magnetic force, about which we know so little, though we are often compelled to believe in its presence in certain individuals.

I have said above that a medicine-man believed in his own powers and also in those of other medicine-men; perhaps this belief was strengthened by the initiation ceremonies during which hypnotic suggestion was certainly a factor, being used both by the initiate and the medicine-man under whose direction a candidate was placed. As an example of this I quote from the following account, given by a doctor called Tankli to A. W. Howitt, the distinguished author. Tankli said, " When I was a big boy I was at Alberton camped with my people. . . . I had some dreams about my father, and I dreamed three times about the same thing. The first and the second time he came with his brother and a lot of other old men, and dressed me up with lyre-birds' feathers round my head. The second time they were all rubbed over with red ochre and had Bridda-briddas [a sort of kilt] on. The third time they tied a cord made of whale's sinews round my neck and waist and swung me by it and carried me through the air over the sea at Corner Inlet and set me down at Yiruk. It was at the front of a big rock like the front of a house. I noticed that there was something like an opening in the rock. My father tied something over my eyes and led me inside. I knew this because I heard the rocks make a sound as of knocking behind me. Then he uncovered my eyes and I found that I was in a place as bright as day, and all the old men were round about. My father showed me a lot of shining bright things like glass on the walls and told me to take some. I took one and held it tight in my hand. When we went out again, my father taught me how to make these things go into my legs, and how to pull them out again. He also taught me how to throw them at people. After that, he and the other old men carried me back to the camp and put me on the top of a big tree. He said: ' Shout out loud and tell them that you are come back ? ' I did this, and heard the people in the camp waking up, and the women beginning to beat their rugs for me to come down, because now I was a Mulla-mullung (medicine-man). Then I woke up and found that I was lying along the limb of a tree. The old men came out with fire-sticks, and when they reached the tree, I was down, and standing by it with the thing

my father had given me in my hand. It was like glass and we called it Kiin. I told the old men all about it, and they said I was a doctor. From that time I could pull things out of people."

This man firmly believed that all these things had actually happened to him, and only auto-suggestion coupled with somnambulism can account for the fact that he really believed this and found himself on the branch of a tree—the rest of his adventures might well be the result of previous hypnotic suggestion working on an already sensitive or mediumistic temperament.

Sometimes charms and cures for sickness were supposed to be revealed to the medicine-man in dreams whilst he was in a very deep sleep, perhaps in this case also we may trace the working of the man's own subconscious self which never sleeps and whose activities on rare occasions are remembered by the waking consciousness.

The chief work of the medicine-man amongst all aboriginal tribes was to break the power of some evil charm by which the sufferer believed himself to be afflicted by a worker of black magic. Here, seeing that the sickness was usually mental, the healing also had to be wrought through the patient's subconsciousness. To be of any effect it must work through the imagination on the sympathetic nerves by suggestion. The patient firmly believed he had been bewitched by the roasting of something belonging to him, " pointing with the bone," the magic fire incantation, or some such magical ceremonies, therefore to restore him to his health and peace of mind the medicine-man resorted to a crude but powerful form of counter-suggestion. If possible he obtained the article supposed to have been used by the worker of evil magic, and rubbed the patient with its ashes—if it had been burnt—or washed it in running water, if it had not been destroyed. Charms and incantations were muttered over the object recovered, or over the sick man ; he was then repeatedly assured that the cause of his illness had been found and the evil charm broken and that he would recover. Sometimes to further aid in the cure, the doctor would produce quartz crystal, stones, or other substances which he declared had been magically introduced into the patient's body.

More cases could be cited in support of my theory, but I think enough has been said to show that far from being a " new " science in the art of healing, hypnotism and magnetism, and other psychic gifts, are the oldest and most universal of all methods used for the relief of suffering by the doctors of all ages and races.

A PHILOSOPHY FOR TO-DAY

By CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D.

IN the last year of his life, that is, the year 1910, the late William James accepted the invitation of the President of the *Association Chrétienne Suisse d'Étudiants* to address the members at Sainte Croix. The project had, however, to be abandoned, because the arrival in Switzerland of the illustrious thinker and psychologist was followed by a sudden turn for the worse in the fatal illness for which he had vainly sought relief at Nauheim. His place was filled by Prof. Th. Flournoy, who delivered an address on "The Philosophy of William James," which has since been amplified and published in book form.* It is by no means a large book, but so compact and clear that it gives, I have no doubt, the best account of James's daring and original method and conclusions to be found anywhere outside his own works.

William James was a man of many *isms*: he was, for example, a pragmatist (one of the first), a radical empiricist, a pluralist, a tychist (i.e., a champion of the rôle of *tyche* or chance in the cosmic arena), a theist (if not rather a polytheist, that is to say), a meliorist, and, above all, a moralist. He had at least that number of irons in the fire; but it would be easy enough, I think, to augment the list. Prof. Flournoy deals with each of the above labels in turn, and it is an excellent way of developing his subject, but quite beyond the range of a short article. What I want to do here is to call the attention of readers of the OCCULT REVIEW to those characteristics of James's thought and teaching which render them so timely and salutary just now.

If one were to divide all philosophers into two classes according as each were more pre-occupied with matters of past or future time, it would be found that those in the former enormously outnumbered those in the latter category. I say this with confidence because the study of many philosophies has revealed in the vast majority a decided leaning toward some form of determinism; and I agree with James that determinism is a natural outcome of preoccupation with the past. Bygone events have the *look* of inevitability; future events on the contrary naturally appear subject to modification or control. It is the almost unique distinction of William James that the leading

* *The Philosophy of William James.* By Th. Flournoy. Authorized Translation by Edwin B. Holt and William James, jun. London: Constable & Co. 5s. net.

features of his philosophy strongly bespeak a mind more interested in the future than the past. "We live forward, we understand backward," said Kierkegaard; one is tempted to claim on behalf of James's understanding that it was an exception, being one with and indivisible from his forward-leaping will.

As befits the New World origin of its author, William James's is a philosophy of iconoclasm, of youth and of adventure, a philosophy which not merely urged but justified, as *par excellence* the rational procedure, the open-eyed acceptance of mental and spiritual *risks*. It consists, as Prof. Flournoy well says, "more in an attitude which must be communicated by contact and feeling than in a doctrine which imposes itself by reason of its convenient codification." James found so little evidence of unity or system in the cosmos that he deliberately proposed the adoption of the designation "multiverse" in place of the accepted term, "universe." As many centres of life and consciousness, at least so many finally incalculable factors in the problem of reality—such was his contention. Delightful in this connection is the example cited in the book before me, of the lowly crab. "It is only a crab," says the naturalist, as he tosses it down among its fellows. "Excuse me, it is I," James makes the animal protest. Here speaks the democratic spirit of the man who, finding reality in all experience, and in that alone, accepts the consciousness of inner freedom as a final and irremovable fact.

It was, for example, purely on the basis of experience, that of the saints and mystics in particular, but also that of the whole world of believers, that James founded his justification of "the will to believe." The evidence will be found in what may well prove to be his most enduring and influential work: I refer of course to *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, of which, by the way, a critique by Prof. Flournoy, which appeared in the *Revue Philosophique* in 1902, is reprinted as an Appendix to his present work. Met by the claim of innumerable witnesses to have entered into direct communion with a personal consciousness immeasurably greater than their ordinary selves, and to have derived thence an inner peace and strength otherwise unattainable and inconceivable, James, after due investigation of the evidences, fully and frankly admits that claim. But he points out that the being so revealed is not necessarily (as claimed by the majority of witnesses) the infinite and omnipotent Deity of orthodox theology. "It need not be infinite, it need not be solitary. It might conceivably even be only a larger and more godlike self . . . and the universe might conceivably be a collec-

tion of such selves . . . Thus would a sort of polytheism return upon us . . . which, by the way, has always been the religion of common people, and is so still to-day." I like to think that William James shared my own over-belief in a spiritual hierarchy or community of exalted beings at the very heart of the unseen world. The same vision was glimpsed by Immanuel Kant.

James went so far as to say that the very existence of an invisible world may depend in part on our belief in it and response to its appeal. Reacting strongly, perhaps a little too strongly, against the agnostic's demand for suspense of judgment in all doubtful matters of theory, he passionately advocates and urges the *experiment of belief*. He declines, moreover, to admit that there can be any line drawn between theory and practice: to refuse belief is, for him, tantamount to denial, and will affect conduct in the very same way. Life is a real fight, one in which there can be no neutrals; one, moreover, of which the desirable issue cannot be taken for granted by any means. "If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will. But it *feels* like a real fight—as if there were something really wild in the universe which we with all our idealities and faithfulnesses are needed to redeem."

It is passages like this—and they abound in almost every page of his writings—which make William James's philosophy so singularly adapted to the needs of the present crisis in the history of the world. Although he hated the thought of war, James's is essentially a warlike philosophy, and I cannot doubt that if he had lived he would from the first have been heart and soul on the side of the Allies. Let us never forget that it was his brother, Henry James, the great imaginative writer, who in England's darkest hour became for the few months that remained to him a British subject, proving by this token of sympathy a pioneer to the country of his birth, and adding to our cause the lustre of his world-wide fame. This was an action in the true spirit of the Jamesian philosophy—the chivalrous adventuring of all upon a cause which might not but *ought* to prevail. It was in the same spirit that William James openly associated himself with psychic research at a time when the fashionable attitude towards it was one of indifference or contempt. Not soon will the remembrance perish of these rarely-gifted brothers, of whom it has been said that one wrote philosophy as though it were fiction, the other fiction as though it were philosophy.

A DREAM WITH A CURIOUS SEQUEL

By ALICE CUNNINGHAME,
Author of "Dorothea of Romney Marsh," "The Love Story of Giraldus," etc.

MEN of all ages have been interested in dreams. We have only to read our Bibles to realize the deep significance attached to them by the seers and prophets of old. In those remote times, if a person dreamed a strange or intensely vivid dream he regarded it as an omen or token, or perhaps from a more serious point of view as a direct revelation from God, and he immediately called in some prophet or soothsayer to help him disentangle its inner meaning.

Human nature does not change much, and even in these days men still take an interest in dreams and speculate on them, especially if they foretell some future event which at the time of dreaming is entirely unknown to the dreamer and which is afterwards fulfilled. In the same way dreams are of interest in which the person who dreams sees a locality where he has never been in the flesh and afterwards finds it to be a place really existing, and more especially if the dream enfolds to a certain extent some of the past history and associations of the place in question. It is for this reason that the writer of the present article ventures to give an account of a vivid dream she had last year and which afterwards had a curious sequel. She thinks it better to begin by saying what happened just before the dream, and then to give the dream, and finally its sequel.

Before the Dream.

A few days before the dream occurred, the writer expressed to another person her strong desire to visit at some future date the town of S——, which she knew would interest her from an historical point of view, and where she had never been. At the time there were difficulties in the way of her going there, but she said very emphatically: "I do wish I could visit S——, I should like to go to S——." About three nights after this just before she fell asleep, she thought to herself: "I wish I could dream a dream that would make a good story." That night she dreamed the following vivid dream.

The Dream.

The writer appeared to have entirely forgotten her present identity. She was a girl of about twenty-one or so in her dream, and was called Stella. Her appearance was a little like the writer's real appearance at the age of twenty-one, but on the other hand it differed a great deal. The curious part was that in the dream the writer *knew what*

the girl looked like, and in some mysterious way was conscious of the girl's thoughts and feelings and was in fact that girl. In real life the writer knows what her outward semblance is, because she has seen it in a looking-glass. But how in the dream, as the girl, did she know what that girl's outward appearance was like ?

Stella (for so we must now call her) was seated bending over an embroidery frame on which was stretched a piece of ivory-white satin. She was embroidering it. The design was one of Madonna lilies. The room in which she was working seemed large and rather low and was panelled with dark oak. Stella was seated at one end with her back to two windows ; they were open, and from an old-world garden outside the scent of Madonna lilies was wafted into the room, for they bloomed there in profusion.

A wonderful light seemed to be coming from outside and was reflected on the dark oak panels of the room. At the further end, towards which Stella faced as she worked, there was a window on the left side, and a door immediately opposite it on the other side. There were dark rafters in the ceiling and they were thick and old. It was a beautiful room. Stella seemed conscious of the outward appearance of the house, with the consciousness of one who lives and makes her home there. She also knew there was a country town some little distance off.

She worked on and presently some mysterious influence made her lift her head and look towards the other end of the chamber. There to her amazement she saw the figure of a woman, unearthly in its splendour and beauty. Stella gazed in surprise and awe and realized that to all outward seeming it was the Blessed Virgin herself ! A glorious radiance like the blue-white light of old Brazilian diamonds came from the Madonna, who was seated with the left side of her face in profile to Stella ; she had her arms full of Madonna lilies, with long stems ; she was leaning slightly forward and the end of the stems rested on the floor. Her face was exquisite, of great spiritual beauty ; the blue of her robe and the white of her veil, and the gold lights in her long luxuriant tresses shone out against the dark background of the room. From her there seemed to emanate the sense of an abiding and great peace.

Stella felt almost in an ecstasy, and she looked long at the lovely vision.

Presently the sound of footsteps approaching the room broke her reverie, and as they came nearer the vision vanished.

Into the room came trooping some people, an old man with a powdered wig, a young one with dark curling hair, two elderly ladies, two younger ones, and a very old lady leaning on an ebony cane. Stella seemed to know them intimately. The elderly ladies were her aunts who had brought her up. The others were friends. The old man was called Dr. *Rainsford*. The younger man was also a doctor and appeared to be a pupil of the old doctor. His name did not transpire

in the dream. Curiously enough the younger man resembled in appearance the writer's own grandfather, who was a doctor and who died at the early age of thirty-nine, when the writer's mother was nine years old. He resembled the miniature extant of this grandfather, but of course the dress was of a much earlier period and looked in the case of all of them like late seventeenth or early eighteenth century.

They all came crowding gaily into the room and greeted Stella warmly. Then one of the aunts said : " Bring forth your broideries, child," to Stella—who obeyed and opened a large oak chest which was piled high to the top with all kinds of rich embroideries on silk and satin, linen, etc. She showed them these and they expressed their admiration. Stella meanwhile could not quite throw off the effects of the vision she had just seen, it kept recurring to her mind.

Presently tea was brought into the room ; it was served in wide rather shallow cups without handles. Then Dr. Rainsford began telling them of the ruins of some ancient chapel in the neighbourhood in which he appeared to be interested. He suggested their all going with him.

They went out of the manor house, passing through a garden full of lilies. The time seemed about sunset. On leaving the house they went to the left. They followed a trodden path through a very large meadow separated from a second meadow by a high stile. Doctor Rainsford took the very old lady up in his arms and hoisted her over this unceremoniously ; she was indignant, but the others laughed.

They went through a second large meadow. On the other side of the fence or hedge was a slight dip in the ground a little to the left, and on it stood the ruins of an ancient chapel.

There was nothing but the walls left standing ; the roof was gone, heaps of tumbled masonry were lying inside, half over-grown with grass and wild flowers. At one end of the chapel was a very old stone altar, grey with age ; round the top of the altar just under a slight ledge were Gothic letters carved in the stone, which showed faint traces of having been coloured in former times in blue and gold. The letters made the following legend : " *Ave Maria Stella* ——." There was a broken piece after the word Stella, and a word was evidently gone from it.

They all paused to look at it, and Dr. Rainsford began giving a description of the place. He told them there was a superstition prevalent among the country people that a vision of the Virgin at times appeared in this place especially to those who were shortly to experience a great change in their lives either for good or for evil ; but he said : " This is all superstitious nonsense." He told them also that the chapel had formerly been dedicated to the Holy Virgin.

Stella protested at the idea of the vision being impossible or nonsense, for she herself had seen a vision of the Holy Virgin just a short while before.

However, Dr. Rainsford only laughed good naturedly and said she was "a dreamer."

Stella and the younger man remained looking at the old altar. He touched the lettering, read out the legend, and said: "Stella, your name." He seemed in sympathy with Stella and very fond of her.

They all left the ruins of the chapel and began walking home through the large meadows which were flooded with the light of the setting sun.

Stella and the young man were last. They had nearly reached the house, which looked beautiful in the glow of the evening. Stella noticed this and also the surrounding rather flat and undulating country. At this instant the writer of this article awoke.

She found it was early morning. The dream, so vivid and consecutive in every detail, had impressed her very strongly, and she at once resolved to turn it into a story enlarging or altering it to make one, but adhering to the dream in the first part. She began that day to write it.

The Sequel of the Dream.

A few days after dreaming the above the writer went to see a friend, Miss F——. She told her of the dream. Her friend Miss F—— was much interested and remarked how unusual it was to dream a name and remember it after. They both commented that the name of Rainsford was not a very common one.

The following day the writer went to see a friend Miss H——. She had not seen her for some little while and was quite unaware that her friend had been away from home. Miss H—— asked the writer what literary work she was doing.

She replied: "I am making a story of a vivid and curious dream I had a short while ago."

"Oh! do tell me," implored Miss H——.

The writer complied and described very particularly the room where the scene of the dream opened. Miss H—— listened with great interest until she had finished her narration. Then she exclaimed: "This is marvellous; you have been describing to me an old manor house where I have just been staying near the town of S——. And the room is like the dining-room there. See, here is the book [A history of the manor, published by the owner, Mrs. X——]. I have not had time to look at it properly yet."

The writer opened the book at random. "Why look," she cried, "there is the name *Rainsford*, the name of the old doctor I dreamed of!"

There it was; and, what is more remarkable, the old manor house of C—— had belonged at one time for generations to a family called *Rainsford*! And for centuries before that it had belonged to the

Church and was a monastery up to the time of Henry VIII. The old priest's house is still remaining. At one time the *monks had a chapel there* and a shrine to the Blessed Virgin existed. All traces of that chapel have disappeared, but without doubt some portion of the ground on which stands the old manor house is consecrated ground.

The monks had it from early Norman times. It has existed there from Saxon times and belonged to a Saxon called Algar, who left it to his son Brictric. Brictric was sent as ambassador by Edward the Confessor to the court of Flanders, where he had the misfortune to inspire love in the breast of the Princess Matilda, which he did not reciprocate.

Brictric returned to his manor, but the princess did not forgive the slight, and when she came to England as the Conqueror's wife, she prevailed on her husband to give her Brictric's estate. She flung the unfortunate Brictric into a dungeon, and gave the manor to a favourite who sold it to the Church. Thus for centuries it was a monastery.

Other curious points are that Mrs. X—— had herself embroidered an altar frontal of Madonna lilies on ivory tinted satin which she had presented to a church. Also for some time Mrs. X—— had been thinking of erecting a small memorial chapel.

She heard about the dream from Miss H—— and invited the writer to visit the scene of the dream, and to find if possible the site of the ruined chapel. The writer was unable to go there until last April. She then found the house resembled the house she had dreamed about! There were no Madonna lilies growing close to the house, but there was an old garden.

After arriving she was invited by Mrs. X—— to go for a walk and find the site of the dream chapel. When Mrs. X—— asked her which way they should go, she replied. "Let me first tell you what the large meadows were like," and described them again, particularly "the slight dip in the ground beyond the second meadow where were the ruins of the chapel."

"In my dream we went to the left; let us go to the left."

They went to the left and there were the meadows exactly as in the dream! with the exception of a small iron railing at the commencement of the first, which the writer did not see in the dream; she pointed this out.

"That has only recently been put there," said Mrs. X——, "but the path through the meadows is a very old right of way." At the end of the second meadow and outside it was the slight dip in the ground just as in the dream; and on it stood a modern church!

At first the writer was immensely disappointed. Just as they approached the church the bell began to ring. They entered the church and took part in an intercession service for the War. After this the writer left the building, but not finding Mrs. X—— following her, she went back and found Mrs. X—— and the vicar looking at a

very ancient font. "Yes," he was saying, "it is a pity we do not use it, it was found buried in the ground when they dug the foundations for this church!"

"Then there was a church here before?" questioned the writer.

"Yes, the one before this was built in 1611."

"But that font is much earlier than that date, the lower part looks like Saxon work, and the upper portion is mediæval."

"Yes," said the vicar, "there was a much earlier church on this ground before the one built in 1611."

The writer inquired what was the dedication of the church, and was told "It has always been St. Mary's."

This also was curious, as the ruined chapel in the dream was "St. Mary's," and on that spot!

With regard to the dining-room, it resembled the room in the dream but the furniture was not similar; the shape of the room was exactly as in the dream, also the position of the windows.

As the writer sat at dinner that evening, a vivid deep golden light shone into the room and lighted the dark panelling with a peculiar radiance, exactly as in the dream.

Mrs. X——, however, was inclined to think that the window on the left opposite the door was a comparatively modern addition, and that part of another room had been taken in.

The fact remains that the old stone flooring from the ancient priests' house continued right through underneath the dining-room. So it is quite possible that a private chapel may have existed on the site of the present dining-room in the time of the monks.

* * * * *

The points which the dream had in common were as follows:—

1	1
The writer wishes earnestly to go to the town of S——.	She dreams of being another personality in an old manor house, which by chance is found really to exist near the town of S——.
2	2
She dreams of the name of *Rainsford* in connection with the old manor house.	The manor of C—— belonged to the Rainsfords for generations.
3	3
She dreams of a vision of the Blessed Virgin Mary appearing to her dream personality in the manor house.	The manor of C—— belonged to the church and for centuries was a monastery with a private chapel there. A portion of it is thus on consecrated ground.

4	4
She dreams of the ruins of an ancient chapel dedicated to St. Mary. The ruins are on a certain spot near.	She goes to this spot, finding it by the memory of the dream. On that spot she finds a modern church dedicated to St. Mary. She learns this for the first time and that there had been two earlier churches dedicated to St. Mary on that ground.

The writer would welcome the opinion of dream experts on the subject. She herself wonders if there may not be an eye of the soul which sees whilst we sleep?

TO C. A.

By EVA GORE-BOOTH

YOU seem to be a woman of the world,
  Gorgeous in silky robes of blue and green,
Hair in soft shining coils, white throat be-pearled,
  It is not true—you are what you have been.

I know you for the Umbrian monk you are,
  Brother of Francis, and the sun and rain,
Brother of every silver pilgrim star,
  And the white oxen on the golden plain

Where one bird's song the evening silence thrills
  To beauty, white your mountain convent gleams,
Brown-robed, barefoot, across the Tuscan hills
  I see you wander, smiling at your dreams.

Stopping to help a peasant at his toil,
  Gathering the olives, watering the vine,
Guiding the plough, turning the brown-red soil,
  Sharing the evening meal of bread and wine.

And passing on your way at the day's end,
  To sleep on the pine-shadowed leaf-strewn sod,
Fearlessly finding all the world your friend . . .
  And living in the Beauty that is God. . . .

YOGI-BREATHING

By AHUMADA

IN approaching the study of Yogi-Breathing, it is firstly to be remembered that your prevailing mood or frame of mind has more to do than anything else with the success of your undertakings and the gratification of your desires.

Do not begin these exercises with too much zeal and determination to succeed, devoting the necessary time for a few weeks or months, then falling by the way, but take them up gently and gradually with persistent energy and enthusiasm.

Commence deliberately, work and wait patiently, plodding along in the dark at first, persevering until the light dawns. It will dawn as certainly as the sunlight in the heavens. Then your efforts will be amply rewarded. After you have commenced these breathing exercises, they will inspire you with courage, hope will naturally impart emphasis and impressiveness to your general demeanour, and you cannot fail to reveal, express and impress upon those with whom you come in contact your clear leading state of mind.

With close application and practice your voice will become soft, euphonious and magnetic. Lay your hand gently on the throat while speaking or reading aloud. You will find in most cases an intensity of the nerves at the surface, which makes the throat feel hard and tense. Think that it should feel soft and loose and note how soon it will respond to the thought and relax. In doing this, care should be taken that the external energy is not excited, but that the throat remains harmonized; then as you speak or read, watch the change in the tone. The quality becomes soft and smooth, also more magnetic, and there is so little effort, you will then realize how much force you have been wasting heretofore in the setting of the outer muscles. When the energies of the body flow directly into the voice without being interrupted by muscular tension at the throat, it gives the tone great magnetic power and a force which carries the thought with a strong clear vibration to the organism of the listener. The vibratory movement thus started in the body is exceedingly exhilarating and healthful. Practise the above from ten to twenty minutes daily.

The magnectic voice is vibratory, the non-magnetic voice

is broken and contradictory. These vibrations are not tremulousness of the voice, not any wavering from weakness, on the other hand they are firm and determined.

Great care should be taken never to waste words, but always as nearly as you can to say exactly what you mean. Do not speak mechanically with the thought turned in another direction, as that will detract from the intensity and earnestness of the motive. You should always speak in harmonic, sympathetic, yet positive tone, as this produces a magnetic force and rids the muscles of the throat of an undue and unnatural tensity.

Nervousness is the result of the action of the vital force moving without command of the will. Small motions—such as a sudden stop, a sudden start, angular or sharp turns, shaking, trembling, drumming of the fingers, fidgeting with the feet, all of which are unperceived by the person making them—in a few hours will throw off more vitality from the body than can be generated in a day. If controlled they would have been converted into magnetic force. Another and great cause of the loss of magnetism and vital force is worry. Inharmonious surroundings and environments also contribute their quota.

People who have unsteady nerves, or those who cannot control themselves, those who unnecessarily brood or worry, are constant losers of vital or magnetic force. It is oozing out of them every moment of the day, and all the time during their sleep, because of their restlessness. Hence they waste nerve force much faster than it generates. For this reason, they are always exhausted, tired, and every unusual thing in their social or business life, in their eating or drinking, or in anything utilizing their vitality in the least degree, causes them unnatural uneasiness, distress and excitement, so that they live lives of physical and mental torment.

According to the teachings of the great *Vedantic Philosophy* of India, nervousness is for the most part caused by incorrect breathing, the blood being starved of the oxygen necessary that the body may be purified and the nerve tissues strengthened.

Few people breathe correctly because they breathe from the chest and not the abdomen. The in-current must inflate the lungs to the fullest extent with fresh air, so that the blood may be thoroughly reinforced before repeating its course through the entire system.

For example, watch a swiftly running stream. In many instances in the centre the water may be seen to be moving swiftly,

while on each side there is a sort of a cesspool caused by an ebb. So it is with the lungs. The shoulders are usually not thrown backward with deep-drawn breath, but forward, while the breath is gasped from the centre of the chest, thereby actually robbing the blood of its most important and, in fact, only means of purification. Again, the abdominal muscles in such breathing are never exercised, the result being a flaccidity causing the adiposeness so unsuccessfully struggled against.

Correct breathing is a necessity to a well-balanced mind and body. Breathing is thinking, and thinking breathing. The instant you cease to breathe, that instant the circulation is impaired, and the instant the circulation ceases life is at an end, Hence the importance of a self-controlled breathing should be ever before you.

To begin the practice the following must be strictly observed :

1. Stand erect with the hands at the side, the weight of the body on the heels, the shoulders back, the chest out.

2. Take a deep breath, using the muscles of the abdomen.

3. While inhaling raise the hands gently from the sides over the head in rhythm with the breath.

4. While the hands are over the head, hold the breath for four seconds, then exhale slowly while the hands are brought down, reaching the sides by the time the lungs are empty.

5. Without rest take another inhalation, using the arms and hands, as before directed, taking pains to keep the erect position with the chest out, shoulders back, head erect, weight on the heels. You will notice while taking this exercise, and especially when the hands and arms are straight over the head, a somewhat inward-stretching sensation and a tense condition of the abdominal muscles.

6. This erect position with the deep and abdominal breathing should be practised at all times, whether walking, sitting, or otherwise occupied. On finding yourself breathing from the centre of the chest, pull together and immediately observe the directions given in this lesson.

Practise these exercises two or three times a day for half an hour or more. Remember to observe the motions of the arms, as this motion compels you to breathe from the abdomen.

Owing to the importance of correct breathing, too much stress cannot be laid on the exactitude with which the instructions should be followed.

Before taking up an exercise, you should feel confident of having mastered the preceding lesson, that is, that every breath is

taken with ease from the abdomen with the active use of the abdominal muscles.

Breathing with Tension. These studies are for the especial purpose of strengthening the nerve tissues, as well as stimulating both mind and body, and must be practised twice daily, morning and evening, for at least half an hour, till the circulation becomes rapid, yet regular, causing a slight perspiration over the entire body. Owing to the thorough oxydization of the blood, and the heat caused by the rapid circulation, an electro-magnetic force is generated which is carried to the nerve centres, thereby strengthening and reinforcing them.

The following rules should be closely observed :—

1. Take up the same position as directed, the weight of the body on the heels, shoulders well back, the head erect, hands hanging limp at the sides. Empty the lungs completely of all air, then slowly inhale through the nostrils, slowly raising hands and arms to a level with the shoulders, tensioning gradually so that when you have filled the lungs, the hands and arms are outstretched to the utmost. Hold breath and remain in this position with the hands, arms, and entire body kept at tension for about four seconds. Relax tension gradually while you exhale slowly. By the time the lungs are once more completely emptied of air, the hands will again be hanging limp at the side, while the original position of the body is retained. Without stopping, take another slow breath, using the hands and arms as before, gradually bringing them to tension with a pause of four seconds. Relax again and exhale as before.

2. In relaxing the hands and arms from their tense position let them form a curve in descending, keeping the shoulders well back, chest out, stomach in, and weight on the heels.

3. This exercise should be practised for about half an hour, both morning and night, or at least till the arms are tired. The time of inhalation should be about eight seconds. Tense position retained four seconds. Exhalation and relaxation eight seconds. Then without rest another inhalation should be taken with the use of the arms as previously directed, and so on until you begin to feel fatigue or till the expiration of the allotted half-hour.

4. Increase the time of inhalation and exhalation from eight to ten seconds each day if possible, and the tense position and holding of the breath from four seconds to five seconds, and so on until the next lesson is taken up.

In all things there is vibration, especially the human brain and body. Certain noises jar, while on the other hand others are

soothing and helpful. Some scraping sounds send a crawling and unpleasant sensation through the entire system, which demonstrates the physiological effect on the body coming through the psychological effect of the mind. Why do such sounds cause such unpleasant physical sensations? Because they do not harmonize with the vibratory force of the individual.

A wrong note in a chord makes a discord. You may be out of tune with yourself and so with every individual. A discordant thought and sound causes the mind and body to be out of tune with itself and therefore wanting in vibratory force.

A continued vibration in harmony with your own vibratory system will build up a wonderful magnetic force, while dissonance would act in the contrary manner.

Converse with people whose presence irritates, and after half an hour note the discordant attitude of mind and body they induce. Turn to those whose mental and physical selves are in tune with your own, buoyancy and clear mental attitude sweep back at once.

Rhythmical breathing causes rhythmical circulation. Rhythmical circulation causes rhythmical heart-beats. All physical functions act in accordance with each other. The result must naturally be a rhythmical and harmonious attitude of mind and body.

Deep breathing brings body, brain, soul, and spirit into harmony of action and thought. Were it not for the rhythm which generates power to the brain and body during sleep, recuperating the physical and mental self from the activity caused by the objective and subjective mind, nine-tenths of the population of the world would be insane.

The following exercise should be added as soon as you have gained the sense of personal control.

1st. Take the erect position described. Three or four breaths from the abdomen as before directed.

2nd. Hold very lightly behind your back, with your hands hanging downward, a circular piece of wood about twelve inches long and an inch and a half in diameter. A rolled newspaper or magazine will do, providing it is folded tight enough to afford pressure without collapsing. Empty the lungs entirely of air.

Now commence to breathe slowly, using the abdominal muscles while the grip on the rolled paper is gradually tightened. By the time you have taken a full and deep breath, let your grip on the wood be as firm as possible, the entire body at tension. Now hold your breath, retaining your grip and tense condition

for about four seconds, dead to every voluntary motion. At the end of four seconds, begin to relax your grip and tense condition while exhaling slowly. By the time you have exhaled all of the air from the lungs, the roll is simply resting on your fingers and palm, while the body retains its former limp condition though the erect position is maintained. THIS MUST BE DONE RHYTHMICALLY.

3rd. Now as a means of rest, take a good deep breath without tensioning the grip on the rolled paper and exhale. Go through the exercise again, thereby taking alternately the exercises directed on a usual breath.

The foregoing exercises cause the electric and vibratory force which is associated with the oxygen to pass directly into the nerve-centre of the system. One should always remain perfectly calm after breathing study has been gone through before beginning any active, mental or physical work, and if possible devote a short time to silent meditation.

THE EVERLASTING FUTURE: A MYSTIC AND PSYCHIC CONTRAST

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THE standpoint regarding our everlasting future from which mystics look is in notable contrast with that of equally earnest thinkers in other schools of spiritual thought. I speak of the present day and modern minds therein. I speak also of what is based on experience rather than on official belief in doctrinal sources of teaching, important as these are in the history of universal religion. Moreover, most mystics themselves have authority and history as their basis, in the sense that these have taught them the possibility of an experiment within their own nature. From such ground the mystic proceeds to the experiment itself, being the attempted realization of a union—usually much qualified and yet expansible—between his knowing, self-knowing part and that universal mode of being called God. In virtue of whatever quality of correspondence between knower and known this realization is possible, there is something on the knower's side which must pass away or be suspended for a time, in order to success in the experiment: he must cease from self-knowing and attain knowing in God; he must realize pure being outside thought-processes. All that is commonly understood as meditation, contemplation, concentration must go utterly; he is not dealing with a thing conceived intellectually, or following out a process in the mind. I am not proposing to speak of the work itself, nor am I concerned now even with its validity or with the veridic nature of what may be reached therein. With the cloud of witnesses who stand behind my thesis, there is warrant, however, to conclude that I am dealing in no mere dreams and am justified in postulating attainment—provisionally at least and at least in certain cases—so that we may consider the position in which a mystic is left after such an experience. An *Apologia pro vitâ mystica*, much larger than the *Apologia suâ* of Newman, would arise from an answer in full, but I am concerned here with the standpoint from which any mystic who has reached the proposed term must regard the everlasting future and the part of his being therein. There is no need to say that immortality for him is found; but it is set apart by a gulf from

all the picture-heavens of old theologies, for even the Thomist doctrine of Beatific Vision is as far apart from the state mystic as subject is apart from object in a dualistic understanding of being. Not only do the past pantheons fold up their tents of dream but also old legends of the soul, its travels and metamorphoses, its transmigrations, metempsychoses and incarnations. It is not that they have been put out of court as provisional hypotheses, but that the past has ceased to signify. So also as regards the future, there is a manner in which the end of things is known ; and, with the pictured heavens, Summer Lands and Blessed Vision, there goes also—once and for all—the human anxiety for reunion with those loved on earth. The experiment which is possible to one is impossible to no other of the human race, and the law which secures it to one must be law for all—to-morrow if not to-day, in a year or an age to come. Does this make it clear why the mystic as such is never an occultist, is not a psychical researcher, and is not concerned with the question whether the dead return ? He may recognize in these explorations an accumulated body of discovered facts, out of which at the very least provisional hypotheses can be constructed. He will infer on his own part the existence of intermediate states between earthly life and Divine Union attained. Curiously enough, he will have the chief seer of modern spiritism on his side. Though Andrew Jackson Davis had no means of construing rightly the Divine End of being, his concentric series of Summer Lands brings pilgrim souls gradually to a state of Deific Vision, after the manner of Thomists and of Dante—their spokesman in immortal verse.

Having looked on one aspect of the everlasting future, let us look also on another, being the standpoint of innumerable earnest persons, whose way of progression towards certitude is through paths of psychical research or paths of spiritism. We have to recognize that the two aspects do not exclude one another, though for want of mystical experience the psychic school knows little of the end of things. How earnest this school is may be learned from the lives and work of its chief apostles and exponents, from Hodgson, Myers and James, each fully qualified to speak on the deep things of their subject and the vistas opening therefrom. Of the reaction of their research on character James has testified eloquently in the case of his friends. If ever a man died with his face towards the Higher Salem in these our modern days, that man was Frederic Myers. There is another who also testifies. An old hand at research, an old friend of them all, Mr. Henry Holt,

of Vermont, U.S.A., has come recently among us with two strange volumes.* Much as the result may surprise him, they have brought to my mind the distinction with which I am here dealing and have led me to conceive the eirenicon which is passing, also here, into a rough form of expression. They are full of curious and sometimes suggestive speculation—"candid guesswork," as he says—regarding ingarnered facts. Some of this guesswork is paradoxical enough and some at issue with itself, as he admits bravely. The most valuable part is the record in summary form drawn from Proceedings of Societies of Psychical Research and other sources, here and in America, and presenting vivid aspects of Telekinesis, Autokinesis, Psychokinesis, and so forth. Here is important material put into the hands of those who would think for themselves on these phenomenal issues. It matters little if they do not even thinly chaperone the writer's views on Cosmic Relations, Cosmic Inflow and the Divine Being—conceived somewhat vaguely as a Cosmic Soul, which pours itself into our human nature or from which our nature draws. He is much more vitally concerned with the evidences for an "unknown universe" in the relations between telekinetic forces and better known modes of force, in the psychic relations termed telepathic, and in those classed broadly as spiritistic. Their consideration leads up to a conception of the immediate future spirit-world on the basis of the records, and hence comes my final point.

We have seen that the theological heaven has dissolved for the mystic; so far as records go, it has dissolved also from the life beyond the grave of spiritism and its adjuncts. We are *vis à vis* with a *post mortem* state which is "simply this life with all its healthy interests expanded and relieved of many limitations and pains." So testifies Mr. Holt, and so agrees A. J. Davis. For both also it is a place of progress, a place of satisfied longings. But these things granted on the warrant of the records, their message to me as a mystic is in their delineation of a training state, leading up to our end in God, as an infinite fullness of being. We may miss that end in life, but we do not fail in fine; we may gain in part here, but there we shall win through utterly; we may arrive here intellectually, not essentially, but there with very life in all-embracing experience. It comes about in this manner that there is possible a real peace in understanding between convinced exponents of psychical, spiritistic research and followers of the inward path.

* *On the Cosmic Relations*, by Henry Holt. 8vo, 2 vols. London: Williams & Norgate. Price 21s. net.

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.]

THE PSYCHIC TELEGRAPH.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your very interesting comments in the May number of the OCCULT REVIEW on Mr. David Wilson's Psychic Telegraph, you suggest that there is a difficulty in accepting the comparison between telepathy and wireless telegraphy. The main differentiation adduced between the two classes of phenomena is that wireless waves are sent out equally in all directions; whereas brain waves are transmitted by the mental powers of concentration of the human telegraphist direct from point to point. Hence, in the case of the brain wave, the Law of Inverse Squares, with the enormous dispersion of energy which it involves, does not apply.

Similar contentions were advanced by a correspondent in, if I remember rightly, the OCCULT REVIEW of June, 1914. I had intended to reply to them, but pressure of other work at the time, and the war later, prevented me. Perhaps an exiguous presentment of the other side of the case may not be too late to be of interest now.

It can, I think, be shown that the observed phenomena of telepathy, though as yet scanty and incompletely analysed, correspond fairly closely to those of etheric—and air—waves.

Briefly examining the development of wireless telegraphy we find that the strength of transmission of etheric waves depends on—

(1) the energy available at the transmitting source;

(2) the persistence of oscillations;

(3) the regularity of wave length, i.e., maintenance of tune.

Reception depends on—

(1) the sensitivity of the receiver to etheric waves;

(2) the accurate tuning of the receiver to the transmitted wave.

The above are, of course, closely analogous to the contributory factors in transmission and reception of sound waves. It is to be understood that when we speak of a "wave" in this sense, we mean a travelling disturbance which can be graphically represented as a wave, the disturbance moving from point to point with a definite velocity which depends upon the character and condition of the medium in which it travels: and that when we speak of a "note" or "tune" we refer to vibrations having a definite period or frequency.

The improvements in wireless telegraphy as regards transmission and reception respectively may be said to have followed roughly in the order detailed above; but of course the ground has been worked over

again and again as new discoveries have been made. It is not possible here to trace the developments in full, but a few points may be noted. Directional transmission has been tried, and within limits has been obtained, and a considerable increase of energy thereby transmitted in the required direction. It must be observed that the Law of Inverse Squares continues to hold good unless parallelism of the wave beam is obtained, and so long as conditions remain constant. There are, however, so many modifying factors in wireless communication, that the Law of Inverse Squares never gets a fair chance to assert itself, being continually put out of court by the influence of sunlight, the configuration of the earth, and so forth.

The energy available for transmission was so great that attention was quickly turned to development along the other lines. In particular the necessity for syntony, i.e., the transmission of a persistent wave of regular period, and the accurate tuning of the receiver to it, was at once recognized. Syntonic transmission has long been attained, and at present the principal improvements are being made in increasing the persistence of the transmitted wave and increasing the sensitivity of the receiving apparatus. As a result, the power needed for transmission is now, over equal distances, very greatly reduced.

If the " brain wave " is not a phenomenon of the known material planes,—as most people seem prepared to admit—there is justification for postulating a plane upon which it does function, just as there was justification for postulating the ether to explain the phenomena of light, heat, etc. We are also, tentatively at least, justified in assuming that the substance of that plane is capable of transmitting waves or vibrations. If, further, we assume that the substance of that plane is less dense than the ether,—and the reverse assumption does not seem to be tenable,—we might expect, in view of the phenomena of waves in ether, gas, etc.,—

(*a*) that the vibrations would be far more complex ;
(*b*) that the velocity of transmission would be much greater ;
(*c*) that the waves would be far less subject to distortion or interruption by physical matter.

Further, we should expect the normal personality to possess a natural or fundamental note on which it would be able to vibrate with the greatest intensity, and to which it would, as a receiver, respond with the greatest readiness. Also, the number of notes to which such response would be possible would increase with the complexity of the organism or with training, the limits of mental range varying with each individual. The possibilities of mental education would, in fact, be closely analogous to those of vocal education. In this connection it should be remembered that the tuning, which, in the case of material apparatus is effected by modifications of material, is in the human instrument obtained by training.

At this point it should be noted that the reception of vibrations of whatever kind involves the use of some form of relay ; i.e., an instru-

ment which, being acted upon by the vibrations, either inhibits or releases the energy of some local power supply, thereby actuating some apparatus too gross or material to be directly operated by the vibrations themselves. Thus, in wireless telegraphy, the relay—or the apparatus performing its functions—is sensitive to etheric waves of a length not perceptible to any of our physical senses ; while the recording apparatus, which cannot of itself respond to etheric waves, on being brought into circuit by the action of the relay, is able to report their continuance or cessation to us either audibly or visibly according to the character of the instruments which it comprises.

The application of this principle is manifest in the nervous organization of our bodies, and in the operation of our physical senses. Nerve vibrations are of the same nature, whatever the character of the stimulus by which they are set in motion. Thus, the eye, an instrument specialized for the reception of etheric vibrations, admits to the optic nerve impulses of precisely the same nature as those admitted to the aural nerve by the ear, an instrument specialized for the reception of material vibrations. Moreover, the character of the report made to us by our brain centres is dependent upon the specialization of those centres. Thus, in the case of the eye, an electric stimulus, a blow, or a flame all produce at the visual centre sensations of light. And so with other organs. If we admit, or assume, the super-material nature of brain waves, we are necessarily forced to postulate the existence, in some part of the physical vehicle, of an organ which similarly forms the connecting point between the personality and the brain.

The ordinary process of transference of thought from one personality to another may, roughly, be described as follows :—

The thought, originating with the transmitter, passes into his brain, draws upon his visual or auditory word memory, excites various motor centres, and eventually issues in the form of written or spoken language, or, in simpler cases, of gesture. Then, travelling through various media and arriving sooner or later within the zone of observation of the percipient, it stimulates either his eye or his ear, passes in the form of nerve vibrations to his brain centres, interacts with his memory, and finally undergoes the process of being " thought over " by him. Constant repetition of this process between two personalities necessarily attunes their thought to each other ; this being facilitated if there be a mutual desire for understanding.

By telepathy we mean simply the process of thought transference by the overhead route, without the intervention of the postman, or the clatter of tongues.

Briefly analysing the phenomena of telepathy, we may class them under the following headings :—

(*a*) Those in which great concentration on the part of the transmitting agency is probable, e.g., those producing apparitions, death messages, etc.

(*b*) Those—often apparently involuntary—taking place between two persons much in sympathy with one another.

(*c*) Simultaneous discoveries or conclusions made by persons following similar lines of investigation.

(*d*) Inspirational messages, prophetic and poetic.

In the first two classes it is generally the case that the recipient is not expecting a message, and is mentally in a more or less passive condition. This would imply that his receiving apparatus is not sharply tuned to its fundamental frequency, but is liable to be impressed by other waves within his range. Concentration of the attention in expectation of a message would probably accentuate the tuning of the fundamental note and exclude waves not in harmony with it.

The third class may be regarded as the accidental tuning of different mentalities to the same pitch by the selective line of thought which they have been following. It will be noted that this class tends to overset the theory that brain waves are propelled by the concentrative power of the transmitter direct from one point of the compass to another, on which the transmitter's mind is concentrated. This theory moreover would involve the passage of the brain waves through the earth, and would not be consistent with a decrease of power.

The fourth class is often assisted by a deliberate tuning—emotional, mental, or spiritual. An aspect of this idea is developed by Mr. Edgar Jepson in a suggestive paper on "Words and the Poet" in the May number of *The English Review*. He believes that "often the poet writes verse as a preparation, writing on and on to tune his spirit as it were. Then the moment comes; he yields himself almost passively to the magic words whose flow this preparation has made easier; and the poem rises like the towers of Ilion."

* * * * *

It will, I think, be evident that—if thought waves do, as has been supposed, follow some such processes as have been outlined above,—there is no reason why a discarnate personality should find it more difficult to communicate with us than an incarnate personality would do. It should in fact be easier to him, as being unhampered by the intrusive vibrations of a physical brain.

* * * * *

To improve telepathic communication, the main point to be studied would seem to be the increase of the power of starting and responding to waves other than those natural to us. In fact, coupled with a directive will, the aim is precisely that emphasized by Mr. Wilson's Egyptian communicators, the attainment of sympathy.

Yours faithfully,

c/o SENIOR NAVAL OFFICER, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT. J. L. CATHER.

[My correspondent's very interesting letter raises a number of points of considerable importance. I would, however, suggest that in analysing the phenomena of telepathy, Class C, i.e., simultaneous

discoveries made by persons following similar lines of investigation, hardly falls under the category I was discussing, though of course it is akin to it. I should not explain phenomena of this kind by direct transmission of thought from person to person. We say of particular ideas that they are "in the air" at certain periods, and probably the phase has a more than metaphorical justification. The same observations seem to apply to Class D, and I think the two classes should really fall under one heading.

With regard to Commander Cather's observation about the passage of brain waves through the earth not being consistent with a decrease of power, I confess I cannot follow his meaning. I have checked by copy, but possibly there is some error. I would suggest that the reception of messages is generally facilitated by the passive and receptive condition of the recipient, and I doubt, therefore, whether concentration of the attention in expectation of a message would be helpful. It is at least an open question.—ED.]

SOME DREAMS AND THEIR INTERPRETATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—For many years I have been a dreamer of dreams. I have flown through the houses and over the roads of dreamland; I have swum in its sparkling oceans and rivers, and skated with the speed of the wind on its lakes. (Astral sports are far more exciting and exhilarating than earthly ones and give an ecstatic pleasure.) I have even had an astral lover who once or twice kissed me with such fervour that it awakened me to find my heart beating so rapidly that it took some thirty minutes to quiet it.

Sometimes my dreams are prophetic and I see places or participate in events which later appear on the screen of daily life. Such dreams are simple and straightforward enough except that they raise the puzzling question—to what extent is the future mapped out?

Symbolic dreams raise the same question, and they are in themselves more baffling and demand interpretation.

Let me say here that what one dreamer has found true will very likely prove true for others, but not necessarily. I can but give my experiences and what I have learned from them in the hope that they may shed light on those of other people.

I remember my first symbolic dream well. I dreamed I was sitting in a friend's bedroom, in one corner of which was a large closet. The door of the closet suddenly mysteriously opened and there emerged an enormous rattlesnake which glided quickly towards me. I then awoke with a feeling of terror and lay wondering what the dream could mean.

A few days afterwards I went to stop with some friends who lived in a remote farm-house. During the second night of my visit a bad attack of neuralgia came on. I had no drugs with me, and as my hosts were Christian Scientists I knew they had none. My faith in

their "Principle" not being sufficient to justify rousing them there was nothing to be done, so I lay awake in pain all night, listening to the heartless cries of the whip-poor-wills and thinking about my strange dream. Towards dawn it suddenly flashed through my mind that the dream must have been a warning of this. The snake was simply a hideous symbol of the hideous reality—Pain.

That this was the correct interpretation I have many times since then had occasion to prove, for the same dream in varying forms has come to me repeatedly and has always turned out to be a warning of pain of some sort—it may be physical or mental—it may or may not be serious. But I always "go on guard."

The symbols do not always take the form of snakes. Sometimes one sees large and loathsome worms, and once I was looking into a fountain at the bottom of which were several repulsive reptiles resembling toads, and in my latest dream of this kind I was wandering through a forest when I came upon a large dragon. It had a scaly tail and was a proper dragon except for its head, which consisted of two cobras. The creature, however, inspired no terror, for it was dead. I lifted it carefully and coiled it up in the hollow of a tree and went on my way. I can't help wondering why I did this. Perhaps I thought it looked untidy in the forest. In the kindness of my heart I considered the feelings of others who might pass this way. At any rate the creature got a decent burial.

The meaning and interpretation thereof, I took to be this. My brother was at that time lying wounded in a French hospital. I had had no news of him for a week and was feeling anxious and hoping for a message in a dream. The curious symbol of the dead dragon seemed to mean that pain and danger were dead as it were, and no longer had dominion. Two days later I received confirmation of this in a letter from a friend who had seen my brother. He wrote, "He is going on well and is not in the least danger."

I sometimes have a vivid and rapturous dream of swimming in a delicious sea or river. It seems to last for hours, and I go under water and stay as long as I like, since there is no necessity to breathe. As this dream has always been followed by some keen form of pleasure —usually travel or listening to beautiful music—I have come to welcome it as an earnest of joy.

An unusually clear and vivid dream generally bears some message. The confused jumble of the ordinary dream has no meaning in this sense.

Dreams must of course be interpreted in a general not in a literal way. You may for instance have a vivid dream of the death of your friend X. This does not necessarily mean that X. himself will die, but that there will be the death of some friend dear to you, X. being a symbol of friendship.

One wonders why warnings and intimations of the future should be given in symbolic form, but that this is nearly always the case

is borne out by famous dreams of the past as well as those of the more humble dreamers of to-day. Readers of the Bible will recollect the seven lean kine and the seven fat kine of Pharaoh's dream, and the symbol of the image with feet of clay, etc., in the well-known dream of Nebuchadnezzar. The Old Testament has many similar instances which will repay study. Yours faithfully,

MARY EMMET.

THE OCCULT IN ART.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—As a sculptor all my life, I have been incessantly worshipping the beautiful, which is a manifestation of the Supreme.

All the time I am working I feel that I am praying, and adoring the Supreme, and at times I seem to see beauty, and to interpret it, far above my own personal skill as a sculptor; it seems as if the beautiful, which is present in all Nature, *is aiding me.*

No one but an artist can be in this absolute touch with Nature's God through the beautiful. Even the very religious, like the Jews, who were not of an artistic nature, cannot understand the Eternal, they conceived Him as hating and cursing any one who tries to "make the likeness of [anything in heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth."

The Greeks worshipped Beauty, and the Christians destroyed the world's masterpieces as idolatry.

The Greeks worshipped the nude as the extreme expression of the Deity; the Christians called the nude indecent, thereby blaspheming the Deity in calling what He created, indecent.

The other day, being more than usual disgusted at the Futurists', Cubists' and Vortecists' hideous libels of the beautiful in Nature, I began to model a Venus on the Cubist lines as a caricature, so as to expose their pretensions to being artists. I had hardly worked more than ten minutes when I felt a change come over me. I usually work as one in an ecstasy of worship of the Infinite. I now felt that I was worshipping something obscene, the Devil. I kept emphasizing everything I should not (readers will notice this in all Cubist and Futurist work), all that should be hidden I exaggerated, all beautiful parts I turned hideous. Towards the end I found the figure I was modelling represented death and decay mixed with indecency.

In my work I am worshipping Aphrodite (the emblem of Love and Beauty in the Creator), but I found I was now worshipping the Devil in spite of myself.

I stopped, and will never again attempt, even as a joke, to imitate these Futurists, Vortecists and Cubists.

I am sure it is part of Black Magic, the worship of the hideous and obscene, the worship of the Devil.

As in Art one is worshipping the Creator, and is helped by good

spirits, so in this crazy work the evil spirits urge men to blaspheme the beautiful, which is the Creator.

I am writing this as a warning never to touch this evil thing, " the New Art."

A SCULPTOR.

THE WEARING OF RELIGIOUS EMBLEMS IN WAR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—A correspondent writing in a recent number of the OCCULT REVIEW made mention of the medal of St. Benedict, observing that " this medal seems to have gained some kind of occult reputation, perhaps on account only of its incomprehensibility." The medal is indeed so largely and efficaciously worn by soldiers and sailors on active service that a few words on its history and meaning may be of interest. It is certain that in many cases it has proved of miraculous assistance in the hour of danger. The initial letters which ornament the medal so far from being " incomprehensible " have a very definite and potent signification.

There are, it should be stated, two types of medals. The first known as the " Ordinary Medal " is found in various shapes. This was solemnly approved in 1741 by Pope Benedict XIV, although of course actually in use for many years before that date. The second (or Centenary) medal is by far the most popular form. It is round only, and is known as the " Jubilee Medal." It was first struck in 1880 to commemorate the 1400th anniversary of the birth of St. Benedict. The new design had been approved August 31, 1877, by that saintly pontiff Pius IX.

The " Jubilee Medal " on the one side shows a cross with letters inscribed upon and around it, on the other is a figure of St. Benedict. The letters (with the exception of the motto " Pax," which stands above) are initials of Latin words that go to make up sentences explanatory of the object and use of the Medal. Those in the angles of the cross (C.S.P.B.) stand for—

Crux Sancti Patris Benedicti.
The Cross of Holy Father Benedict.

The letters on the cross itself (reading down C.S.S.M.L., reading across N.D.S.M.D.) are pious ejaculations—

Crux Sacra Sit Mihi Lux.
(May the Holy Cross be my Light.)
Non Draco Sit Mihi Dux.
(Let not the Dragon be my Guide.)

The letters on the margin (V.R.S.N.S.M.V.S.M.Q.L.I.V.B.) form the following :

Vade Retro Satana,	Get thee behind me, Satan.
Nunquam Suade Mihi Vana,	Never suggest vain things to me.
Sunt Mala Quae Libas,	Evil are the draughts thou offerest,
Ipsa Venena Bibas.	Mayest thou drink thine own poison.

The figure of St. Benedict. The patriarch holds a short cross in his right hand ; a book, the Holy Rule, in his left. At his right is the *poisoned cup*, shattered by the sign of the cross, and at his left, the raven, about to bear away the *poisoned loaf*. Above the cup and raven is the inscription : Crux S. Patris Benedicti, " The Cross of Holy Father Benedict." Round the edge of the same side are the words : Eius In Obitu Nos Praesentia Muniatur. " May his presence protect us in the hour of death." Below we have : Ex. S. Monte Casino, etc. Abbey of Monte Cassino, 1880.

There can be no doubt that the use of devotional articles, scapulars, medals, etc., together with a trust in and devotion to Holy Relics, are elements deeply rooted in human psychology, and these feelings and instincts of natural religion necessarily find ardent expression at so terrible and harrowing a crisis as the present, when materialism crumbles and men are face to face (often in fearful wise) with the eternal realities.

Many and wonderful are the accounts I have had from soldiers and sailors of escapes from danger and death, escapes attributable to the virtue of some hallowed object. Of all such, Relics must of course count as the most valuable and the most valued. Early in the war I was able to give two young soldiers relics which they always carry on their persons and guard with precious care. In the one case it was a relic of St. Laurence the martyr, in the other of St. Rita, the Augustinian ecstatica, the " sweet saint of the impossible."

There are many, I think, who could tell of psychic experiences and even visions, it may be, as they prayed before relics, whence always emanates a concentration of occult power and energy. Myself I can recall experiences whilst watching before the body of S. Maria Maddalena de'Pazzi in the Carmelite convent at Florence ; before the altar of S. Maria sopra Minerva, where rests the " wan lily of Siena," St. Catherine ; in the Grissell Chapel at Oxford ; and at other shrines not a few. I am, yours truly,

MONTAGUE SUMMERS, F.R.S.L.

THE TSAR'S HOROSCOPE AND THE FIXED STARS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your April number, which reached me here yesterday, you remark that you are not aware that any astrologer predicted that the premature ending of the Tsar's reign by a fall from his high position would take place during the present war. May I draw attention to the following passage from Sepharial's pamphlet, *An Astrological Survey of the Great War*, published on August 1, 1914. " The Tsar is under evil directions, and has been badly advised to persist in a menace to Germany. . . . It is unlikely that he will survive this war, for at 47 years of age there are signs of a great revolution, and the year 1915–16 will probably see the end of the dynastic succession in Russia."

It is worthy of note that the conjunction of the Sun with Mars on February 28, which preceded his abdication by about a fortnight, fell in exact opposition to his Ascendant, and its hostile influence was greatly intensified by receiving the sesquiquadrate aspect of Saturn.

In none of the judgments on his horoscope that I have seen has any reference been made to the important fact that the Sun is on the M.C. in close conjunction with the Pleiades, a fatal influence, involving, *inter alia*, according to the old astrologers, disgrace and imprisonment. Too little attention is paid by students in the present day to the effect of the Fixed Stars in horoscopes. In my own experience, extending over thirty-four years, I have found them most potent. A case which may interest you is the nativity of the Tsarevitch, upon which you make such favourable comment. He has Regulus (a *Leonis*) culminating in conjunction with Venus, and in trine to Uranus, a combination which Guido Bonatus asserts (see his 145th Consideration) "signifies that the native shall be a person of great note and power, too much exalted, and attain to high preferment and honours; . . . yet still whatever of all this happens it signifies that the native shall die an unhappy death; or at least that all his honours, greatness and power shall at last suffer an eclipse and set in a cloud." The Sun, only 6° from the meridian, and in opposition to Saturn, Ruler of the 4th house, is, as you justly remark, a "great danger-signal" in this horoscope.

The Kaiser has the evil star Pollux exactly on his Ascendant, while its noxious twin-brother, Castor, is just above horizon; and the hostile influence of Saturn opposing his Sun is greatly intensified by the presence of the Asselli with the great infortune. These positions indicate disgrace and ruin in no uncertain manner, and their action is made more sure by his selection of Hindenburg to support his tottering fortunes, for at that general's birth the Moon was in conjunction with Pollux on the Kaiser's Ascendant. On the 27th of last month a remarkable configuration was visible at night in our beautifully clear tropical skies; the Moon in very close conjunction with Saturn (slow in motion), and both of them in square aspect to Mars, while the radiant Castor and Pollux were in attendance on the conjunction, adding appreciably to its dire effects on the War Lord and his Chief of Staff. The sanguinary defeats suffered by the Germans about this period, and which still continue, are an eloquent testimony to the potency of the combined influences.

I am, yours faithfully,

BARBADOS. EDWARD DRAYTON.

[Hindenburg has Jupiter and the Moon on the Kaiser's ascendant, a singularly favourable configuration.—ED.]

[Further correspondence is unavoidably held over.—ED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

MRS. HOTCHNER, who edits *The Channel*, and is better known to us under the earlier name of Marie Russak, has done an unlikely thing with characteristic ability. In the last issue she has vitalized our old, though only speaking acquaintance, "the fourth dimension," by a brilliant little monograph on James Hinton, one of its foremost apologists. More specifically, she has told us how she made his acquaintance and how he assisted her not indeed to realize the crux in chief of space problems, but how to attain a certain sense of feeling in that direction. We are inevitably left at the end where we stood at the start, and there is no need to say that in our personal and private opinion we do not dream for a moment that Mrs. Hotchner herself advanced a single step—Hinton and his "cubes" notwithstanding. She is a woman of splendid sincerity and naturally makes no such claim. He carried her for the moment only on the wave of his conviction into what she terms a greater consciousness, a seeming touch of infinitude realized in a subjective world. She was therefore rather outside dimensions than in a greater space complexus, and no doubt understands this. For the rest, she accepts the hypothesis in a sort of intellectual way, which—on the mathematical side of the problem—comes to nothing and is, of course, purely provisional. Indeed she regards the term "fourth dimension" as synonymous with the astral plane, another world of being. The point is curious, because if she means the state and stage entered by discarnate spirits next after death, we have to remember that all the psychic "revelations" of A. J. Davis concerning the Summer Land, all heavens or hells of Swedenborg, and all clairvoyant visions of souls in the act of departing, as of other spirits and angels, testify only to form in space of three dimensions. We remember once being present at a lecture given in a Lodge of Freemasons, when it was maintained that the fourth dimension was simply the spirit world. The speculation did not convince us then, nor does it come to us with greater force now; yet if it be true after all, then we know considerably less of *post-mortem* conditions than some of us have been disposed to think, on the basis of psychical research and spiritistic phenomena. As regards *The Channel* at large in its present issue, we confess that outside Mrs. Hotchner's own numerous contributions, which are always good—whether we concur or not—it seems to be getting on somewhat fantastic lines. Zoroaster the Light-Giver is one case in point, and the pseudo-cipher romance of Francis Bacon, his claims to the throne of England, his secret enthronement and abdication—these are another. We have heard them continually during recent years, and so has every one else. The so-called "case for Bacon" is not an impossible

thesis on its own ground, but it has passed into strange hands, and it looks as if records and counter-records hidden in the Shakespeare plays would exceed their text itself.

In the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research* Professor Hyslop gives a brief survey of the Hume and Kant philosophical systems and their bearing on Christianity, in the new light of psychical research. He says very truly that Hume and his hypothesis of miracles was once a *bête noir* of all believers in religion, while Kant's theory of *Practical Religion* afforded only a precarious foundation for the religion which it was supposed to protect. In the *Critique of Pure Reason* he fixed our limits of knowledge within the field of sense-perception, but forgot—says Professor Hyslop—that the data of sensation are not themselves "fixed or limited." At the same time he predicted that immortality would be proved scientifically. He did not, however, pursue science, so the demonstration was left over till psychical research entered the lists, or in Professor Hyslop's symbolism, sought a clue out of the labyrinth and, like Ariadne, is "finding her way to the light."

"Joy of our hearts, O let us pay to thee thine own sweet month of May," says a children's hymn well known in the Catholic Church: it is addressed to Mary the Mother. But M. Léon Denis, writing in *La Revue Spirite*, distinguishes May as the month of Joan of Arc, perhaps reflecting popular feeling towards her who was once condemned judicially and is now at last beatified. The explanation in any case is that the most memorable events of her life occurred in May—her deliverance from Orleans on the 7th and 8th, her captivity at Compiègne on the 24th and her martyrdom at Rouen on the 30th. To Léon Denis, who has a pardonable touch of extravagance, she appears as the Messiah of France, meaning presumably a great political saviour. He sketches the successive stages through which her cultus has passed, till she emerges now—in the imagination of French people—as leader of an invisible army, an angel to be invoked and one from whom to demand the saving of the country for a second time. Our author on his own part is invincibly assured that the "daughter of God" has assumed the cause of France, aided by powerful and glorious spirits. It is she who will restore union to the distracted land, liberation from the enemy and his frightful yoke. She will co-operate also in its moral renovation and will ensure the good things of the celestial world to all and several in "the just measure of acquired merits and realized progress." It should be added that Léon Denis is a spiritist, who holds that the Maid of Orléans communicates at certain séances with those who revere and love her. Such dedications of French spiritism begin to wear the aspect of a Roman cultus. A few steps forward and our author may offer his incense, lights and public prayers at the maid's altar, nor he indeed alone, for *les groupes spirites* may follow.

The Vahan is now under the capable editorship of Mr. Harold Baillie-

Weaver, who has been more or less active as a theosophist for over fifteen years. He is also General Secretary of the Society in this country. At the present time his concern is for a closer link between English lodges and more direct co-operation with headquarters in London. Mr. A. P. Sinnett, whom we shall remember always with pleasure in old days, reverts to past history in some remarks on expansion of knowledge, and mentions that a work of his own "inaugurated the theosophical movement in the western world." . . . The doctrine of virgin birth in respect of the Christ of Nazareth is defended stalwartly by *The Revealer*, not as a permitted violation of natural law, but as the intervention of a law that is higher, and as unfolding the essential truth that the Spirit is the source of manifestation on earth. Our attention is also drawn to yet another prophecy concerning the end of the war, which will take place suddenly between December, 1917, and February of the following year. A discovery of secret documents will then also reveal, " beyond question or cavil," the true history of Masonry and the life of Jesus, as recorded by eye-witnesses. . . . Mr. Bjerregaard is contributing to *The Word* some papers on ancient Scandinavian mysticism, and he develops several interesting points, if the validity of his method be assumed. He is treating of preglacial and interglacial epochs and his statements are " arrived at by reasoning backward from received traditions and monumental art fragments." The proceeding is of course highly speculative. The thesis is that the Nordic race lived in communion with their own souls and with the Great Soul. . . . The fifth issue of *Azoth* contains an excellent portrait of Professor Hyslop, and its articles include an account of the Talking Horses of Elberfeld, by Mr. Hereward Carrington. There is also an article on the failure of religion which is moderately and earnestly expressed, and we believe that the author, Mr. Michael Whittey, is one of those whom he mentions, seekers in a religious spirit for some " satisfying explanation of the great problems," as a reasonable incentive to strive towards high ideals. . . . *Rays from the Rose-Cross* has begun a series of articles on Freemasonry and Catholicism, the writer acknowledging frankly that he belongs to neither. He regards both as having a common cosmic root " in hoary antiquity " and expresses reverence for both because they are divine in their essence. The term Freemason is held to signify Sons of Fire and Light. . . . *The New Age* discusses the meaning of Masonry and finds that it is a quest of the ideal, which ideal is truth. Moreover, it is the kind of truth which makes a man free and militant in the cause of freedom. It does not say how we are to understand freedom or whether this is possible of attainment in a true sense on the external side until liberation has been found within. . . . We have received the *General Report* of the 41st Convention of the Theosophical Society, held at Lucknow in December, 1916. It contains a Presidential Address, a number of sectional and other reports, an account of subsidiary activities, and an exhaustive list of branches.

REVIEWS

GOD THE INVISIBLE KING. By H. G. Wells. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd. Pp. 206. Price 6s. net.

MR. WELLS' latest book is a forceful statement of the religious faith of the writer, and of the large numbers of people who are attracted by what he somewhat vaguely terms "Modern Religion." A sincere record of any thinking man's beliefs is always interesting, and the frankness, vigour, and indeed beauty of Mr. Wells' book will make it appeal strongly even to many who are not in sympathy with all its contents. It may be said, to begin with, that the author has small mercy for orthodoxy, or for the customs and rites of any established religion. He exhibits a violent dislike to ritual and priestcraft, and does not believe in "organization for worship"—for "you cannot appoint beforehand a time and place for God to irradiate your soul." Probably he underrates the value of religious ceremonial for certain temperaments.

The accepted doctrine of the Trinity makes no appeal to Mr. Wells' mind or heart, though he admits a Trinity consisting of the Creator or "Veiled Being," the Life Force, or Will to Live, and the God of the Heart, or the God within man. Only to the last of these does he apply the term God, and he describes Him as "boundless love, boundless courage, boundless generosity. He is thought and a steadfast will. He is our friend and brother and the light of the world. . . . He has need of us as we of Him." He is not an easy God to serve, this God of Modern Religion. His love "is an austere love. The spirit of God will not hesitate to send us to torment and bodily death. . . . God takes all. He takes you, blood and bones and house and acres; he takes skill and influence and expectations. . . . If you are not prepared for so complete a surrender, then you are infinitely remote from God. You must go your way. . . . You have not begun to understand."

With regard to mystics in general, it seems a little unfair to say that they are "commonly people of some wealth," who "make religion a method of indolence." Yet in spite of a few obvious prejudices and misconceptions, the reader will find that this is without doubt a book of vision, a book heralding that new World-Kingdom of God which "will compel all things to orient themselves to it," which comes "as the day comes to the ships that put to sea." E. M. M.

THE ASCENT OF OLYMPUS. By Rendel Harris. Manchester: The University Press. Pp. viii+140+10 unpaginated illustrations. Price 5s. net.

"THE negation of incredulity is the science of fools," says an aphorist of no mean satirical power; and people who take this observation seriously will have learned, or think they have learned, much even before denying positively that all the notorious Mr. Parker's "Three star ring lucky boxes" were devoid of occult virtue. Professor Rendel Harris is scarcely one of those who are attacked in the above aphorism. His atheism works scientifically, exciting no anger though its principal results for himself

and his converts (if he make any) are not such as the present reviewer can accept. He is witty, and achieves effects of style pleasurable to a cultivated ear. Exercising skill and much linguistic and antiquarian knowledge, he supplies arguments for a belief that Dionysos is a creature of fantasy originating from the ivy on the oak, and Apollo a fantasy proceeding in the main from the presence of the mistletoe upon the apple tree. Artemis is identified with mugwort (Artemisia). "Artemis is a woman's goddess and a maid's goddess because she was a woman's medicine and a maid's medicine." And our author beamingly adds "We know now why Apollo and Artemis were brother and sister, and why they were twins. They are the father and the mother respectively of Greek medicine. Their little gardens of simples were next door to one another." As for Aphrodite, she dwindles in the vision of this fatally erudite professor to a "personification of the mandrake or love-apple."

The gods do not require us to evade the philosophers who explain them away by showing us the silent living things which are haunted by the sound of their names. It is well that they do not, or Professor Harris's interesting work, glittering with human cleverness, would then be out of the reach of those who revere the glorious beings of whom the very rumour and tradition are sunshine and an affirmative of faith in beauty and joy.

W. H. CHESSON.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS. By Dr. C. G. Jung. Translated by Beatrice M. Hinkle, M.D. 8vo, pp. lv. + 566. London: Kegan Paul. Price 21s. net.

IT is impossible to discuss the thesis of this book in a magazine designed for general circulation. It is a contribution to analytic psychology and psycho-analysis which can be treated adequately and only in special journals and memoirs. It represents an important departure from the views of Professor Freud of Vienna as to the significance and extent of the connection between sexual instinct and hysterical and neurotic states. Dr. Jung holds that the hunger and craving, the urge and longing which are sexual according to Freud extend beyond sexuality and are really a cosmic energy of life manifested in the human being. They are "a living power used instinctively by man in all the automatic processes of his functioning." This quotation is taken from Dr. Hinkle's summary, as given in the course of a most lucid introduction. She regards Jung's development as of high importance for its "definite psychological determinism," for its elucidation of the relative value of conscious mind and thought, and for its "empiric development of a dynamic theory of life." So much for credentials, and now for the work itself. Sexual or not, the hunger and craving are "a common bond . . . which unites all humanity," and Dr. Jung endeavours to trace its story through mythology and folklore. The universal instinct is held to be symbolized by all religions; it is in Egypt and Central America, in classical and solar mythology, and it permeates the Christian doctrine of rebirth. This is as much as can be said in the present place. There remains one other point and that is the message of the book to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW. About the understanding of rebirth it is again impossible to speak, but I think that my purpose will be served by one definition of Dr. Jung, who says that "God is our own longing to which we

pay divine honours." Of him who offers this axiom I am not qualified to speak, in so far as he is an expert in analytic psychology and psycho-analysis; but he, on the other hand, to my certain knowledge as a mystic, is not entitled to be heard on any subject that belongs to the eternal concern of souls. I know also as a purely literary man that in his consideration of mythology and folklore he has plunged into what his translator terms, with another intention, a "treacherous sea," and that he is lost therein. On this subject it is sufficient to say that he has found most important evidential material in Longfellow's imaginative poem of *Hiawatha*, not being aware of its remoteness from the old "wigwam" legend.

A. E. WAITE.

A SIMPLE STUDY IN THEOSOPHY. By Michael J. Whitty. Cr. 8vo, pp. 108. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Price $1.25.

OF the various organizations engaged in the study and diffusion of theosophical ideas, all, without exception, base their teachings on the writings of H. P. Blavatsky. On the essential points all are agreed, whatever differences may arise in regard to small technical details. With this in mind, the author of the little manual under consideration has striven to present the fundamental principles of theosophy in such a manner as to prove acceptable to members of all theosophical organizations—a fact which should go far to ensure a cordial welcome to his work. And not only are these basic principles clearly and concisely presented, but, in the author's outline of these teachings in regard to God and man, and the method and law of human evolution, technical terms are reduced to a minimum, and the mind of the inquirer is not burdened with a strange nomenclature. Of course, Mr. Whitty's contribution to theosophical literature does not pretend to be anything beyond what its title proclaims, *A Simple Study in Theosophy*; but he has succeeded so well in his purpose that, of all the handbooks of its kind, we know of none other that we should prefer to put into the hands of an inquirer. H. J. S.

DAY AND NIGHT STORIES. By Algernon Blackwood. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd. Pp. viii. + 332. Price 6s.

WHEN a man's soul is habitually above the kitchens and the marshes, it counts for praise if one says that he maintains his level. Mr. Blackwood's latest volume deserves, however, rather more than the pale approval which expresses itself in a stock phrase. Although his style lacks the art of verbal economy and although his thought is afflicted by what seems almost a liking for Karmic law (or human justice universalized), he is, in his totality, much more than the statement of his popular defects implies. There is, we may be sure, a love which wills law in order that it may be permanently in contact with the beloved; this love, cosmic and human, Mr. Blackwood feels and is qualified to express. His books, even more than such fairy-tales as Andersen's, give one an idea of the intangible links between man and the spirits of the panorama which his limited eyes imperfectly see. Of the fifteen tales now before us it can truthfully be said that they are, as a whole, unlike any writings but his; they are expressive of a unique personality.

Viewed with reference to symmetry and convincingness of anecdote rather than to charm, "A Bit of Wood" is as perfect a story as he has written. The son of a minor poet, active after the silly fashion of the

Icelandic child who (throwing stones for amusement) was unconsciously menacing the life of an invisible being, irrationally flings a bit of wood into a rivulet. In its travel along the stream the missile causes a tragedy which comes to the knowledge of the man who flung it without his perceiving his share therein. The artistic verity of this little study in irony delights one, and yet Mr. Blackwood was so little conscious of his inspiration that on page 99 he made a blunder in volubility of which no first-rate dinner table raconteur would be capable.

Another effective story, slightly reminiscent of one by Mr. Joseph Conrad, is "The Occupant of the Room," where a man goes to sleep uneasily in a chamber taken by an alpinist for whom a search party is seeking, but who has hanged herself inside a cupboard near his bed. In "By Water" (a tragedy associated with a vivid description of the African desert) a clairvoyante's prophecy is justified by a grim irony. In the last story readers of the OCCULT REVIEW for December, 1914, who were regaled by it therein, will recognize a clever attempt to picture the state of a man in whom a knowledge of "fourth dimensional" or "higher space" operated like a disease.

A last sentence shall praise a happy comparison. Of the effect of the material world, in its ordinary aspect, upon a man uplifted by a sense of his possession of some of the "power that drives the earth and pours through Nature," Mr. Blackwood, impersonating an American man of business, writes: "all this put blotting-paper on something that had been flowing." Henry James might have smiled if he had originated that comparison, so whimsical and appropriate. W. H. CHESSON.

CONSTRUCTIVE THOUGHT; OR, HOW TO OBTAIN WHAT YOU DESIRE. By Benjamin Johnson. London: L. N. Fowler and Co. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

BOSTON LECTURES ON THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY. By J. C. F. Grumbine. London: L. N. Fowler and Co. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

THESE two little books, issuing from the same publishing house, and at the same price, belong also to the same school of thought and expression, a school that, whatever its limitations, has done more than any other to inspire the non-bookish with some interest in books, and to establish, at least, a bowing acquaintance between the Unliterary and Literature.

Mr. Johnson's sub-title is particularly alluring to this class of reader; and we may say at once that his "wine" bears out the testimony of his "bush." Without ostentation or self-complacency, he manages to give the reader the conviction that he knows what he is talking about, and that the path he describes to others has not been neglected by himself. In the second part of the book, entitled "Success and How to Grow it," he has set forth a plan of action which should be of real practical use to the Amateur Mental Gardener; and from which even older hands may learn somewhat, if they will not disdain to try. One of the most attractive features of the little treatise is its singular sweetness and kindliness. Mr. Johnson does not use the phraseology of orthodox Christianity, but he has much of the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi and of the Curé of Ars. On the other hand, though he is obviously no classical scholar, and may distress the more fastidious by his wholehearted colloquial style, his philosophy reminds us a little of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius; in its essen-

tial humility and sense of the difficulties of others; in its deep trust in, and perpetual consciousness of, the Unseen Power.

Mr. Grumbine's work is more ambitious; and, in that he deals more definitively with occult powers, and the possibilities that a study of them reveals, somewhat less practical. His range is perhaps best indicated by the headings of his chapters, or *lectures*, for in that form they were first delivered. Lecture I defines "The New Psychology"; Lecture II gives us "The Supernatural and Supernormal in the Light of Spiritualism," while later chapters treat of spiritual gifts—spiritual healing, clairvoyance, seership, and communion with the dead. We note that the author claims to be a pioneer in teaching the once unpopular faith in the latent supernormal faculties of every individual—the mysterious "diversity of gifts" whereof St. Paul wrote.

His theory of the Gospel miracles will scarcely seem convincing to most of us; and one regrets his slipshod classification of Christ with Apollonius of Tyana and Swedenborg. But the book is interesting; and will find many absorbed readers.

Of both books we may say that they have, to a refreshing degree, the advantages of a clear type and an unweighty binding—especially to be valued in these days of lighting restrictions and work outside the walls of one's home. Neither will unduly try the tired eye; and both will slip with ease into the inevitable dispatch-case of the business man—and woman.

G. M. H.

THE TWO WITNESSES, Nos. 1–24 (1915–17). Edited by Alice Seymour. Published by James H. Keys, 7 Whimple Street, Plymouth. Copyright in British Empire and U.S.A. Bound in Cloth. Price 5s.

WITH ardent zeal and perseverance the present-day disciples of Joanna Southcott continue their propaganda in spite of the discouraging deafness of the Bishops. This volume is a collection of the leaflets entitled "The Two Witnesses," the means by which Joanna gave to her faithful flock the "Communications" she sincerely believed were imparted to her by "The Spirit of Truth." Many of her prophecies are remarkable enough. So were Mother Shipton's. A long list of Joanna Southcott's predictions are set forth in the present book. Occasionally they have been verified; others again are strained to fit the occasion; while yet others are awaiting fulfilment, for instance, that the "Kaiser will perish on the water" is still in the balance. Also that "Famine will come upon the land unless the Priests do the Lord's bidding and send for the Box of Sealed Writings!" (A hint for the new Food Controller?) It is curious that so many of the utterances of the alleged Spirit should be couched in such astonishing doggerel. And surely there is something rather vindictive in the following answer, actually stated to have been given by "The Spirit of Truth" through Joanna, on the latter's being told that a certain Bishop intended to put a stop to her Writings: "Sooner than I would permit the Bishop to put a stop to thy Writings, I would put a stop to his life, as I did to the other Bishops that refused to search them out."

But, after all, why not open the Box, and have done with it? Only so, it would seem, will the devoted followers of the Prophetess be enabled to say to her:

"Requiescat in Pace."

EDITH K. HARPER.