

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

Contents

NOTES OF THE MONTH By the Editor
Animal Magnetism

THE EARTHLY LOVER By Marion Pryce

ISIS UNVEILED: Personal Recollections of
Madame Blavatsky
By Edmund Russell

CONCERNING MANDRAKES
By Madeline Tate

TO A. M. S. By Jessie E. P. Foreland

SPIRIT PROTECTION: A Verified Message
By Edith K. Harper

INVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION
By E. F. Maynard

EXTRAORDINARY NEWS TRANSFERENCE
By Cyril Campbell and R. M. Bloch

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

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OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus furare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE lack of method in studying psychical phenomena generally has long been apparent to those perhaps comparatively few philosophical minds to whom the investigation of such phenomena makes appeal. We have during recent years one way or another accumulated a vast amount of evidence, the value of which is to the scientifically minded not open to dispute. But the conclusions to be derived from this accumulated mass of evidence and the natural laws to which they form the clue are still a subject of the most widespread disagreement. Only

SCIENCE AND UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENA. last month in my Notes on Telepathy, I drew attention to the utter lack of any consensus of opinion as to the cause productive of telepathic phenomena. The same complete absence of unanimity prevails as regards other branches of psychical science. We are continually being brought face to face with occurrences for which the hitherto accepted natural laws afford no explanation. We are accordingly left constantly in perplexity as to the origin and nature of certain phenomena, many being variously attri-

buted according to the prepossessions of the particular critic to the sub-conscious self, nature-spirits, diabolical agency, or spirits of the departed. And yet it is impossible from the scientific standpoint to doubt that everything in the universe would fall into its proper niche provided our knowledge of the laws of nature and super-nature were sufficiently extensive.

Professor Boirac in a very important and illuminating work entitled *La Psychologie Inconnue*, a translation of which is being published in England by William Rider & Son, Ltd., under the title of *Psychic Science*,* argues for the importance of starting such an investigation with a working hypothesis in the first instance and commencing not with the more complex and astounding phenomena observed, but with the comparatively simple

“ LA PSY-
 CHOLOGIE
 INCONNUE ” ones which can be produced to order by any one who has the ordinary qualifications of the hypnotic practitioner. He emphasizes the necessity of the adoption of the experimental method by which such phenomena can be produced and checked at will rather than the waiting for spontaneous occurrences of a more striking and sensational kind which are not susceptible of being reproduced. Professor Boirac divides psychic phenomena generally into three classes: Hypnoid; Magnetoid; and Spiritoid. The names speak, indeed, for themselves, but it may be well to define a little more exactly.

Hypnoid phenomena are such as do not imply the hypothesis of any unknown agency or cause distinct from the causes already admitted by science, though they operate generally speaking in new conditions, which conditions have never hitherto been clearly defined or understood. Among this group we shall of course class the phenomena of Hypnotism and Suggestion.

Magnetoid phenomena are such as appear to involve the hypothesis of causes still unknown and unclassified; are of a psychical nature, and possibly analagous to the radiating forces of physics; i.e., light, heat, electricity, magnetism, etc. Under this category our author places not only the phenomena of animal magnetism which have been widely disputed and attributed to other causes, such as suggestion, etc., but also the more striking phenomena of telepathy. The question arises as regards telepathy whether this is not in certain cases or indeed perhaps in all, attributable to suggestion. If and where this is the case such phenomena would fall outside the class indicated.

We come thirdly to Spiritoid phenomena. These are the

* London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C. 10s. 6d. net.

phenomena which seem to imply the presence of some conscious agent, presumably in most cases an inhabitant of another plane. Under this title the author classes all psychic phenomena which cannot be included under the two preceding headings, without, however, desiring to use the name Spiritoid as in any sense implying any definite conclusion as to their source.

The Professor lays stress on the fact that before commencing the study of Groups 2 and 3, it is absolutely necessary to have a complete mastery of Group 1, as there is an obvious difficulty in determining without experience and experiment the extent to which the phenomena placed in the first group may be more justly included in one of the other two. He attributes the failure of investigators to make more satisfactory progress to the fact that many have confined themselves almost entirely to these first and more simple phenomena, while ignoring or discrediting those of a more complex character, their conclusions being thus vitiated by too narrow an outlook. Others again, fascinated

THE
REHABILITATION OF
ANIMAL
MAGNETISM.

by the extraordinary interest and the more sensational character of the phenomena of the later groups, have shut their eyes to the preponderating part played by those of the first group, and have unhesitatingly attributed much that fell properly speaking under this head to spirit agency or magnetic force. Professor Boirac lays special stress on the importance of phenomena of the second class. He has himself made very careful and crucial experiments in this class, and claims to have arrived at certain conclusions with regard to them which will re-establish the discredited hypothesis of Animal Magnetism on a firm and scientific basis.

In many of these experiments the main difficulty has been to exclude the possibility of suggestion, by which the Nancy school of hypnotists claim to explain all hypnotic phenomena, one celebrated exponent of that school, Dr. Bernheim, going so far as to say that "there is no such thing as hypnotism: there is only suggestion." It is obvious that the ordinary hypnotic cure is equally susceptible of explanation either by suggestion or by animal magnetism. We may attribute it either to some compelling idea of the hypnotist which takes root in the mind of the patient in his peculiarly receptive condition, or alternatively to an efflux of magnetic fluid transferred to the patient by means of passes. Some cures, it is true, suggest the greater probability of one interpretation and some of the other, but most of them could be interpreted either way, according to the prepossessions

of the operator. Then, again, as Dr. Boirac does well to point out, the word "suggestion" in hypnotism, has taken on a very special meaning. To suggest in an ordinary sense means merely to put a new idea before some one who may or may not adopt it as he thinks fit. In the case of hypnotic suggestion it has come to include the notion of an involuntary or even automatic obedience to the idea or action suggested. In the case of an idea, this is unquestioningly accepted as true, however absurd the statement may be in actual fact. In the case of a suggestion to perform a certain action, the will of the subject is at the mercy of the operator. It is clear that this implied submission of the subject to the operator is no original part of the meaning of the word "suggestion." The hypnotist has in fact given an entirely new interpretation to the phrase, and the public, hypnotized by the idea, has accepted it with docility, without apparently so much as realizing generally that the very meaning of the word has been transformed.

As already stated, the school of Nancy over-emphasizes suggestion. The school of La Salpêtrière, founded by Charcot, tends, on the other hand, to emphasize the physiological state of the subject, while not denying the efficacy of suggestion as a subsidiary influence. Both schools, however, repudiate animal magnetism, each having advanced its own explanation of the phenomena independently of this hypothesis. Charcot's school then regards "suggestion" as a function of the hypnotic state, which state is considered as more or less exceptional and abnormal, in opposition to the school of Nancy, to which "suggestion" is the key to all hypnotic phenomena.

As is well known, the hypothesis of animal magnetism was the one developed by Mesmer himself. When, however, it was discovered that it was perfectly possible for the subject to hypnotize himself by gazing into a revolving disc, this hypothesis was dismissed in view of the fact that the hypnotic condition had been produced without any so-called magnetic passes, these therefore being regarded in the upshot as conveying a suggestion to the subject, which he automatically accepted. Professor Boirac points out that the fact that the hypnotic sleep can be induced by a revolving mirror on the one hand, or by suggestion on the other, is no evidence in disproof of the fact of a third method of inducing it—that, namely, by magnetic passes. Dr. Boirac's theory is that all three methods are equally valid

and equally effective in producing the hypnotic sleep. He takes the view, however, that in the operation of animal magnetism we have a clue, and a very important one, to many psychic phenomena, which he contends are caused by the projection of a certain magnetic fluid, which individuals of a so-called magnetic temperament possess in peculiar abundance. He cites the existence of this fluid as an explanation of the phenomena which accompanied the late Eusapia Palladino, and caused so much discussion in scientific circles.

The author himself, when first he commenced his experiments, had no faith in the magnetic hypothesis; but his attention was involuntarily drawn to the fact that a number of the phenomena he witnessed seemed peculiarly difficult of explanation on any other supposition. One of the first subjects, for instance, with whom he experimented, a mechanic of nineteen years of age, declared that when the Professor placed his right hand over his he experienced a sensation of burning heat, and

HYPNOTIC
EXPERI-
MENTS
AND THE
MAGNETIC
HYPOTHESIS.

when he raised his right hand the mechanic's rose also, as though attracted. At the time he attributed the phenomenon to auto-suggestion, but later on saw cause to reconsider his conclusion. There was another experiment which he witnessed and frequently performed himself, which also seemed to suggest the magnetic hypothesis. He

noticed when the experimenter Moutin placed his hands fully extended on the shoulder blades of a person, the thumbs linked together over the vertebral column, the person in question would often be drawn with such force that he would lose his equilibrium or alternatively be compelled to walk backwards. He himself found that he could obtain the same phenomenon very frequently, apart from all verbal suggestion. Here, again, he asked himself the question whether perhaps the application of the hands might not be in itself equivalent to a tacit suggestion of a support, and their withdrawal to a tacit suggestion of a loss of equilibrium. In pursuing his investigations further he found, however, still stronger confirmation of the magnetic hypothesis. For a period of six months he had in his service a youth of fifteen from the Pyrenees. This boy, whose name was Jean, was of an extremely sensitive hypnotic temperament. "I had," he says, "only to place my open hand behind his elbow or any part of his body, in order rapidly to bring about jerks, movements, etc., and that so far as I could judge, without anything telling him of my action, he being at the moment with his back

turned and engaged in reading or talking, as the case might be." The Professor adds that several times when he was in a natural sleep it was only necessary to extend his hand over him at a distance of five or six inches in order to see his chest expand as though drawn by his hand as it rose, and fall back when the distance became too great. Further confirmation of the magnetic theory was borne in upon him by the following singular and striking incident.

One Sunday afternoon [he writes], in January, 1893, on returning to my house after a short absence about three o'clock, I asked where Jean was. I was told that having finished his work and feeling tired he had gone to lie down. Going into my room I saw that the door which opened on to the landing was open; the door of Jean's room which was on this landing was also open. I went towards it noiselessly and remained on the staircase, looking at the sleeper. He was lying fully dressed on his bed, his head in the corner opposite the door, his arms crossed on his chest, his legs placed one over the other, his feet lightly hanging over the edge of the bed. I had been present the day before at a discussion on the reality of magnetic action. I thought I would make an experiment.

A CRUCIAL EXPERIMENT. Standing on the landing at a distance of about three yards, I extended my right hand in his direction and at the height of his feet. If we had been in the dark and my hand had held a lantern the light would have fallen on his feet. After one or two minutes, or probably even less, I slowly raised my hand, and to my great astonishment, I saw the sleeper's feet rise together by a muscular contraction which began at the knees and follow the ascending movement of my hand in the air. I repeated the experiment three times and the phenomenon was reproduced three times with the regularity and precision of a physical phenomenon. Amazed, I went in search of Mme. Boirac, asking her to make as little noise as possible. The sleeper had not moved. Again on two or three occasions his feet were attracted and raised by my hand. 'Try,' Mme. B. said to me in a low tone, 'to do it by thought.' I fixed my eyes on his feet and they slowly rose. Incredible! The feet followed the movements of my eyes, rising, stopping and descending with them. Mme. B. took my left hand and with her free hand did as I had done myself; she succeeded equally with me; but when she ceased to touch me, there was no result. She wished to continue the experiments, but I was so disconcerted by what I had seen that I refused, thinking moreover I might fatigue the subject. In fact Jean woke about half-an-hour later and complained of sharp pains in his legs, and convulsive movements in his knees, which I, with much trouble, relieved by friction and suggestion."

The above experiments seem to afford pretty conclusive evidence that whatever else might be the cause of the phenomenon, suggestion at least did not come into play. In the second experiment, however, the result appeared to be due purely to the exercise of the will power of the operator, and it

might be supposed that the first was in reality due to this also. A later experiment, given below, suggests that this was not the case, and that, in fact, volition and magnetic attraction were equally efficacious, a similar phenomenon being brought about by magnetic attraction, entirely apart from the will of the operator. We may ask ourselves, indeed, whether the exercise of will power does not in itself involve the emission of some vital force of a not entirely immaterial kind, and whether thus the two methods adopted do not possess some common link in causality.

Professor Boirac desired to find some test which might be applied on any given occasion and which would eliminate all possibility of simulation or the intervention of suggestion. This opportunity offered itself in experimenting with another subject, a certain Gustave P., a working electrician, whom he found peculiarly susceptible to hypnotic influence. The subject in question seemed to differ little from others on whom he had experimented, with the exception of the fact that he found that the presentation of his right hand in the direction of the subject threw him into the somnambulistic state, whereas the presentation of his left hand tended to awaken him. After this subject had been coming to him about twice a week for some two months, one Sunday morning he came into his study and was seated at the side of his table on which his left hand happened to be leaning.

While I was finishing a letter [says Dr. Boirac], Gustave conversed with a third person, towards whom he half turned. I had placed my pen down, and my arm was stretched out on the table with the fingers at full length and, by chance, in the direction of his elbow. To my great surprise I thought I saw his elbow move as though attracted by my hand. Without saying a word the subject continued to converse and appeared to be quite ignorant of what had happened; I raised my arm slightly and the subject's arm rose at the same time. But as if the attraction in becoming strong had aroused his consciousness, Gustave P. suddenly interrupted his conversation, brought his right hand to his left elbow, which he quickly withdrew, and turning towards me: "What are you doing to me?" he said.

He repeated this experiment unknown to the subject on several occasions, and found invariably that he had only to place his right hand in front of one or other of his elbows, knees, or feet, in order to observe the same phenomenon. The attraction of the limb followed the presentation of his right hand until suddenly the subject would become aware of what was happening and withdraw himself from the influence of the opera-

tor. In order to make assurance doubly sure the Professor tried the same experiment after blindfolding the subject and hermetically sealing his eyes, taking care of course to give him no idea as to what sort of experiment he was proposing to make. The first experiments were invariably tried with the right hand. He subsequently decided to employ the left, to see if this would act in the same manner. "On doing this," he says, "immediately, instead of the expected attraction, I saw tremblings and jerks produced in the limb covered, and the subject cried out, 'You have not made me do that before. Pray leave off. It is too unnerving. It is just as though you were pressing a thousand needles into my skin.'" Dr. Boirac subsequently tried applying both hands joined together, the result of which was that the subject exclaimed, "I do not make out what you are doing. It is all a muddle. You are drawing me to you and pricking me at the same time," the combined influences of the two hands thus being experienced simultaneously, a result which Dr. Boirac had not anticipated, as he imagined that the effect would be for one hand to neutralize the influence of the other.

The same experiment was subsequently tried with the aid of a copper wire covered with gutta percha, and it was found that the wire transmitted the attractive power if held in the right hand, and the pricking sensation if held in the left, as if the Professor had directly presented the hands themselves. In order to further test matters our author deliberately misled his blindfolded subject by suggesting to him that he was about to experiment with this method of attraction, making at the same time a motion of his right hand but without placing it in front of the subject. After one or two minutes the subject, who was giving his full attention to the experiment, observed: "It is strange. I think something must have got out of order. I feel absolutely nothing." Then suddenly he exclaimed, "Oh no! Now I feel something, only it is in my left knee, and it is not an attraction but a pricking." As a matter of fact the doctor had begun covering his left knee with his left hand. It appeared, therefore, that while the experiment proved the magnetic efficacy of the operator's hands, it showed conclusively that suggestion alone produced no effect whatever upon the subject.

Some very curious experiments were made by Dr. Boirac in producing results which the old magnetizers described under the term "Transposition of the Senses." The explanation of the very curious phenomena which he succeeded in reproduc-

ing is yet to seek ; and his own explanation, even if it be the correct one, does not carry us very far, except that it suggests what a very important part the brain plays in the interpretation of the sensations generally. It so happened that a certain subject (Madame V.) was at this time in Paris, who claimed to possess the faculty when placed in the somnambulistic condition, of reading through her finger tips. Dr. Boirac attended some of the séances at which she demonstrated her powers, and was greatly interested.

TRANS-
POSITION
OF THE
SENSES.

The subject in the first instance was put to sleep, preferably by a prolonged gaze, some bands of gummed paper being made which were moistened and pasted over her eyes. Over these a thick bandage was firmly tied behind the head, so that it was impossible for her to employ her ordinary organs of vision. After this was done any members of the audience who desired to do so were asked to hand the subject written or printed papers, which they wished her to read. She passed her fingers over the papers given her, sometimes also raising them to her forehead, or placing them on the epigastrium, and in the majority of cases read their contents unhesitatingly and without mistake. If on any occasion she found herself unable to see anything she would ask to be awakened and subsequently put to sleep again, and on her resuming the trance condition the experiment was almost invariably successful. She was even able to read the time by a watch if placed in her hands, by passing her fingers over the glass. But she took the precaution to envelop the case in a handkerchief because, she declared, "the gold would make her feel a burning sensation."

SEEING WITH
THE FINGER
TIPS.

Dr. Boirac decided to try the experiment with one of his own subjects, and employed for the purpose a certain Ludovic S., aged twenty years, a draughtsman in a large industrial establishment. The experiments took place at the end of 1904, and the first half of 1905. In the first instance* he explained to his subject in the hypnotic condition what he had witnessed at the experiments with Madame V., and asked him if he was willing to try to reproduce them. He replied that he felt no confidence in his powers in this direction, but expressed himself as willing to make the attempt. At first no results were obtained, the subject remarking "I feel nothing. It is impossible. It must be a trick." He was then urged to give the experiment another

* The subject's eyes were sealed and bandaged in the experiments as previously described.

trial, and thereupon began to feel and press the paper he had been given with an air of deep attention and suddenly gave a kind of start. "What is it?" asked the Professor? "Nothing," he replied. "Yes, there is something," responded Dr. Boirac, "because you gave a jump. Tell me exactly what you felt." "Well," replied the subject, "it seemed to me that there was written on the paper 'My dear Camille.'" In reality the words were "My dear Emile." Thus encouraged, the Professor decided to try again. He placed a newspaper in his hands and said, "Tell me the name of the newspaper." The subject read it correctly—*Le Progrès de Lyon*. He thereupon gave him another newspaper, the title of which was also read without a mistake. Dr. Boirac congratulated him. "Bravo!" he said. "You see that you can read with your eyes closed." To his surprise the subject protested. "No, sir, I did not read. I felt nothing under my fingers. I saw nothing in front of my eyes. It suddenly came into my mind, without knowing how or why, the thought that it ought to be this or that. I quite supposed that it was you who had suggested it to me in thought." To test this point Dr. Boirac experimented again a week later.

There were a large number of persons present to whom the nature of the experiment was explained.

One of them [says the Professor], asked me if the subject really read or if he only read my thoughts. I replied that I did not know, that the second hypothesis was that of the subject himself and that the occasion was a good one to verify it. I then asked my interlocutor to write a sentence of his own composition on a piece of paper. This writing was folded and I was consequently ignorant of the contents, it was placed by me in S.'s hands who opened and deciphered it without difficulty, except one mistake which he made in the initial of a word. In fact, owing to the peculiarity of this writing, a person reading the writing with his eyes open would have been just as likely to make the mistake.

But another experiment made in the course of this séance proved more completely still that the subject perceived directly of himself, and not as the result of a strange transmission or influence. One of the spectators, taking a book from the table, and opening it by chance, placed it in S.'s hands, who began to read the page of the book where it had been opened. This time, neither I nor any one else in the company knew beforehand the text which he thus read, and there could therefore be no question of mental suggestion or thought transmission.

The author experimented with coloured inks, but while these made no difference to the subject's being able to read the writing, he was unable to tell one ink from another. When, however, the words were written in water, he was unable to read them at all.

It has been suggested that the essence of this phenomenon consists in an extraordinary hyperesthesia of touch or perhaps rather that this hyperesthesia may be its first condition. Dr. Boirac advances the hypothesis that the hypnotic condition "determines a kind of cerebral or central hyperesthesia which enables the brain to isolate and intensify the impressions of touch and at the same time to make use of them as a means for reading." That is to say, that the hyperesthesia is in reality in the brain rather than in the fingers. The phenomenon evidently arises through some peculiar *rapport* between the brain and the fingers which the hypnotic condition facilitates, and in which we may assume that the astral senses play a not unimportant part. There may be, perhaps, some relation between the above experiments and those made by the Professor in connection with what is termed "the externalization of sensibility." Neither class of experiment seems open to explanation apart from the hypothesis of astral faculties which are not confined within the limitations of the physical form. The following is the writer's description of this singular phenomenon:—

The subject being asleep and, we will add, by the application of a bandage, put in such a condition that it is impossible for him to see anything, we place, without giving him any explanation, a glass three parts filled with water in his hands in such a way that the glass rests on the palm of the extended left hand whilst the palm of the right covers the top a few inches above the water. The operator makes some passes over the hand placed above the glass, and, after a few moments, ascertains by contacts, pinchings, prickings, etc., the sensibility of the back part of this hand. If the sensibility remains, he continues the passes; but after a short time, from five to ten minutes, the subject no longer reacts. Then, without saying anything, the operator suddenly pinches in the air three or four inches from the skin, and immediately the subject shows by his movements, by a characteristic grimace, even by a cry, a very lively sensation. The same thing would happen if the air was pricked in the same way. Further, if we take away the glass of water from between the subject's hands and remove it to a distance of several yards, all contact, pinching, pricking, etc., whether in the water itself or a few inches above it, being done in perfect silence, is immediately followed by a reaction of the subject.

I have made this experiment with a very large number of subjects. With Ludovic S. it was produced from the commencement, apart from all explanation, from all preliminary suggestion, with extraordinary clearness and rapidity. The only change which occurred in the evolution of the phenomenon is that the subject who lent himself to it, first of all unresistingly, being somewhat indifferent to this class of experiment, ended by recognizing and dreading it because of the extreme intensity of the

sensations which he experienced. He also ended by realizing the part played by the water in this phenomenon. Spontaneously he became preoccupied by the idea of it, he was troubled about the treatment reserved for this water, and when I one day asked him the reason of this, he made me the following singular reply: "This water is myself." Sometimes while the sensations experienced by him in what we may call his externalized sensibility seemed to be infinitely more acute than the corresponding normal sensations, they did not appear to be clearly localized. The contacts, pinchings, prickings, etc., seemed to be experienced not in any particular part of the body, for example in the hand, but in the whole of the body; and that is perhaps the reason for this extraordinary intensity.

It seems that the astral consciousness had to be expelled from some portion of the physical form in order that the experiment might succeed, as it was not until sensation had completely left the hand as a sequel to the passes made, that the pinching of the water or surrounding air produced any reaction on the part of the subject. In this transfer of sensibility we appear to be in a fair way of arriving at the clue to the phenomena of the Eusapia Palladino séances. In both cases the astral senses have clearly left their normal channel and are functioning at a distance, however slight, from the physical body of the subject. If astral fluid can be thus externalized, there certainly seems no scientific objection to the acceptance of the magnetic hypothesis in hypnotic phenomena. It becomes more and more evident from day to day that human activities, even in a physical sense, are not confined within the limits of the corporeal form, and the consequences that are likely to follow on this discovery bid fair to create a scientific revolution of stupendous magnitude.

Writing last July for the August issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, I gave the figure for the autumn equinox at Vienna and alluded to the still more strikingly dramatic positions at Berlin. In referring to these, I observed that it would be hard to find a parallel to such sensational quarterly positions even after search through a long series of years. The comments I then made have been amply borne out, and also the observation of the Editor of *Zadkiel's Almanac*, that the figure was one which was "calculated to make history." The new number of this Almanac has shared the fate of practically all other periodical publications, and been raised in price from 6*d.* to 7*d.*, and from 7*d.* to 1*s.*, owing chiefly to the phenomenal price of paper at the present time, in consequence of the war.

Among other interesting features of the new number are

some paragraphs on the subject of Jerusalem and the New Era. According to tradition the sign Virgo rules Jerusalem. In an astrological magazine, *Star Lore*, published in 1898, the Editor of *Zadkiel's Almanac*, in writing on this subject, made the observation that "in all probability the fourth degree of Gemini was the meridian of the Holy City." This would give the first decanate of Virgo as the ascendant. It is a matter of interest that if this

THE HORO- were the case, at the date of the recent capture
SCOPE OF of Jerusalem Jupiter would have been within one
JERUSALEM. degree of the exact meridian of the City's horoscope.
As the Editor well remarks: "This position is
of happy augury for the future of the Holy City, and is a remarkable coincidence of deep interest for all who study the Bible and take an interest in *astrologia sana*." The Editor reminds us that General Allenby entered by the ancient gate known to the Arabs as "the Friend," thus coming as a liberator rather than a conqueror.

The Editor gives a number of primary directions falling due in Marshal Foch's horoscope during 1918 and the first half of 1919. Four favourable ones according to this
MARSHAL computation coincide with the first six months of
FOCH. the new year—Ascendant parallel Venus; Mid-heaven trine Uranus, Moon trine Mars, and Ascendant sextile Jupiter. These coincide with the return of Jupiter to Marshal Foch's ascendant, the first transit of which at the end of last July was of such a remarkably propitious character. Under this influence the end of February and beginning of March should bring some signal success.

The positions at noon are also given for President Wilson's horoscope, and though the time of birth is given as unknown, a statement which has recently appeared and seems to be based on an official record, gives this for approximately midday—a position which shows the Sun and Mercury culminating opposed by Saturn, and Jupiter and the Dragon's Head ascending in Aries.

The eclipse of December 3, 1918 (invisible in London, and therefore not so important from the point of view of the war as it would otherwise be), is yet significant as throwing a conjunction of the Sun, Moon, Venus, and the Dragon's Head into the Seventh House, or House of War—a harbinger of approaching peace.* The quarterly figure for the winter solstice, December 22, again

* It is noteworthy that this quadruple conjunction falls exactly on the British Premier's midheaven.

throws the Sun and Venus into the same house, the Sun in this case being in close trine with the Moon. The winter figure, however, shows the political heavens overcast, as Uranus is just culminating and opposed by Saturn, while the latter planet is within three degrees of conjunction with the Moon. The British Government will clearly have a difficult task to steer the ship of State through troubled waters.

Two good aspects of Venus fall due in the early part of the new year in the Prime Minister's horoscope, thus again encouraging hopes of an early peace. The long period during which Neptune is in opposition to the Sun in Kaiser Wilhelm's horoscope is specially significant, the opposition being exact, within a degree from February to June, and being preceded by the opposition of Saturn and Uranus in January, which gravely afflicts not only the Kaiser's horoscope, but that also of President Poincaré, a figure which is already under a cloud before the end of the year.

A very critical period is indicated in the second half of January, when Mars forms the conjunction with Uranus, and the two simultaneously are in opposition to Saturn, the conjunction of Mars and Uranus falling on the 22nd, the opposition of Mars and Saturn on the 23rd, and the opposition of Saturn and Uranus on the 25th respectively.

The ephemeris for 1919, as has been the custom in recent years, is incorporated in *Zadkiel's Almanac*, and the book, therefore, forms a specially useful year-book for every student of Astrology.

Canon Pim, Rector of Christ Church, Kingstown, Ireland, has sent to the *Irish Times* one more of those curious records which have become associated with the present war and which many will attribute to imagination or coincidence, while others will see in them evidence of the interplay of two different planes of being, and of the constant presence in the background of our daily life of forces which we may indeed ignore and deny, but which we cannot entirely shut out from view even by the most resolute scepticism.

On Saturday afternoon last [writes the Canon] there was a bank of cloud on the horizon, and against a clear sky above it there appeared for some moments the form of a great white cross of absolutely perfect shape. It was seen by at least four members of my own household, not all of them together or from the same place, as well as by other people.

One of the witnesses described it to me that it had seemed to him first as if there were a great cloud figure with outstretched arms which assumed the form of a cross, and as the sharpness of its outlines passed it seemed to be full of the faces of men and women. It was just, as it were, over the place where the disaster [to the *Leinster*] had happened.

Canon Pim adds: "One presumes to offer no explanation, but it was certainly there, and at the least it was a symbol of surpassing comfort."

The Publishers of the OCCULT REVIEW would be very glad of any unsoiled copies of the August number which are not required by readers. Full published price and postage will be paid for these. Address: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, London, E.C. 4.

THE EARTHLY LOVER

By MARION PRYCE

TO you I give
 My lips and hands
 And the windows of my eyes,
 And my heart that understands,
 So long as I live—
 And my body—until it dies.

But I give my joy to the wind and my laughter to the sky,
 As unto God I give all of me that does not die;
 And all I have known of Sorrow, and all I have learnt of tears,
 I take for my own from the hands of departed years;
 And all I have dreamt of Truth and Beauty on earth
 Comes with me far beyond death and far beyond birth.

But to you I give
 My lips and hands
 And the windows of my eyes,
 And my heart that understands,
 So long as I live—
 And my body—until it dies.

ISIS UNVEILED :

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MADAME BLAVATSKY

By EDMUND RUSSELL

L'aspect en est colossal, mystérieux. Dans l'intérieur règne un clair-obscur d'un saisissant effet. Des ponts conduisent à des voûtes latérales dont les ténèbres sont restées impénétrables. Ailleurs, au-dessus des plates-formes, des péristyles, s'étend le ciel velouté ; et tout à tour le globe de feu aux rayons éblouissants, ou le disque argenté des nuits et les étoiles étincelantes en sont les divins flambeaux. Ici, un radieuse lumière, là une épaisse obscurité. En général les divinités du panthéon hindou sont représentées sous ces formes bizarres, monstrueuses que l'homme imprime à ses dieux quand le symbole a devancé l'art.

SHE was the last of the mammoths.*

Only the cave-temples of India can describe her.

She was *Elephanta*, its sculptured gods in ruins. *Ajunta* domed with faded frescoes of golden glory.

Why in ruins? That is the tragedy of our present earth-condition. That is what we are fighting for to-day. It will not always be thus. There shall be no more shattered Parthenons, no more devastated Louvains. But the Kingdom of Heaven Within, the much-talked-of League of Nations, will not come till pan-humanity can build a temple beyond destruction—impervious to decay.

I have known many near in stature to the gods—Salvini, Gladstone, Robert Browning, William Morris, Rodin, Sarah Bernhardt—none had her cosmic sweep of power, though all carried the same infantine charm when away from the treadmill. The great always remain children and occasionally let themselves out of the cage.

She was certainly the greatest personality I ever met. Even her enemies—and she had many—acknowledged this. Those of consistent conventionality could not understand her absence of pose. Her instantaneous change from laughing childhood to

* Portions of these reminiscences have appeared in *The Herald of the Star*, May 1916, January 1917.

grave old age. It was indecent. *They* never dropped the mask. They saw her naked but inscrutable and could not comprehend.

Baba Bharati, now too gone from us, once told me a story of as a boy entering a concealed cavern in the Himalayas and finding three great seated beings, silent, alone, with long beards flowing over their knees like silver streams. One a hundred and fifty feet high who had sat there in holy meditation for thousands of years and forgot to die—one a hundred—one fifty feet. He could never find the entrance to the cave again. She seemed akin to such. One felt in the shadow of the everlasting hills when beside her. Shadow and sadness were in the droop of her chrysoberyl eyes. The ineffable despair of being great and living. She put this aside in her long day of work. She climbed over it in her short evening of frolic. But it was always with her. Alone as Dante—as Victor Hugo or Turner or Wagner.

I occasionally hear of some one who "didn't like" or was jealous of her. As well not like the Elgin Marbles or be jealous of the Sphinx. She was yet as sweet and radiant in spirit as William Blake, who when a very old man after endless privation and unappreciation, said to a little girl: "My dear, I can only hope that your life may be as beautiful and happy as mine has been."

Storm and sunshine, source, torrent, and silent pool; tangled grasses and trembling tree, were to be found in the mysteries of her jungle depths; the snarl of savage beasts or hiss of serpents. One felt that her heart held the gem-starred altar of the only God however pan- and-polytheistic the frieze might be. Scarred and mutilated the approach. Of dazzling splendour the hidden arcana. Some called her uncouth and monstrous. Most discovered her kind, interesting, and lovable. Some played on the mountain top and did not penetrate the mystery beneath. Some who had been searching for years crossed the seas and then did not find their idol-dream though all the veils of Isis were lifted for their view.

She looked like man, woman, beast—a lioness—a toad. She was all. Had been all. Outwardly she suggested the *monsterism* of those strange forms Blake drew; whose clothes, hair, gestures, seem part of the rocks and trees which surround them; who walk girdled with the Zodiac and hold converse with the gods.

The sacred books of India repeatedly state the *Jiva* has no sex. Only the enveloping sheaths put on from time to time have it. It is indicated also that all jivas must pass through both kinds of sheaths turn by turn, and by action and re-action from one lesson of experience to another.

Those who did not reach the altar were of whom Christ said "Let the dead bury their dead"—meaning of course the living-dead.

Brutal blows have been rained by iconoclasts but her mark is on the world and will stay. She burst the bands which held souls apart. She broke seals only to uncover new beauties. She tore down images only to reveal nobler gods. No woman, no mind of modern times has had wider influence. We must not only count the thirty thousand members of the Theosophical Society. The whole body of the Christian Church is broader from her enlightenment.

In America, that remarkable lady Mary A. Livermore and I happened to be speaking in the same city. A dinner was given in our joint-honour to which most of the clergymen of the town were invited. Of course, Mrs. Livermore went in on the arm of the host. I with the hostess. The table was very long. We were very far apart. The reverend ones were of different denominations. It was dreadfully dull.

The only way to make a big dinner a success is for the conversation to shoot across the table. I let things drift till the middle of the repast, then in a lull:—

"Mrs. Livermore! Did you ever meet Madame Blavatsky?"

The effect was magical. All awoke. Every one was brilliant from that moment in attack or defence and I marvelled to find how deeply the leaders of the church had studied her thought. How familiar they were with her work. Though disapproving *en bloc* her doctrines, her light had penetrated to their very sanctuaries and her "Reply to the Archbishop of Canterbury" had struck home.

* * * * *

As a boy I knew her well in the last few years of her life and was often at her house in Lansdowne Road. There I had the opportunity to observe her under every circumstance. I never belonged to her working associates, but was a member of her private Esoteric Circle. Though the youngest of her followers I had already lived much in Europe, I suppose I amused her and she talked very frankly to me. Perhaps nothing more characteristic can be given than the now-historic anecdote of how the famous photograph was taken:—

The Schmeichen portrait at Adyar I have always liked. A suggestion of prophetess in the dim cave. It was just this that did not please her. She thought it made her look too much like a Sybil.

In spite of all testimony to the contrary she was more than honest. Pose detestable to her.

The whole world clamoured for her likeness. I persuaded her to go with me to a photographer. What a day! Wind and rain and scurries of autumn leaves. She had no out-of-door clothes. Everything was given away as soon as brought to her. Once arriving at the Liverpool steamer she sacrificed both her ticket and money in exchange for the steerage-passage of a poor family she found weeping on the wharf who had been robbed of theirs. *She* might remain till some miracle took her to New York.

I never could have accomplished it without the aid of Countess Wachtmeister. Appointment made, the cab was kept waiting for hours. Unaccustomed to go out she would not move. "You want my death. I cannot step on the wet stones." Shawls, scarfs, furs were piled on. A sort of Russian turban tied over her head with a veil. Rugs spread from door to carriage. These were lifted and blown about by the storm so the Countess with the help of the coachman had to hold them down while I raised the umbrella over her head and helped her in. Afterwards the Countess told me that when she first came to London, wife of an Ambassador from Sweden, two powdered footmen in livery followed wherever she went. "If my poor husband could know the day had come when I held carpets for another woman to tread upon he would turn in his grave." This only smiling—she would have lain herself down for Madame to walk over.

Van der Weyde was a friend of mine. There-disembarkation even more terrible! They don't unroll red carpets in Regent Street for nothing. A crowd soon collected. "Come along, Your Majesty!" I said to keep up the illusion.

Once up the stairs she flatly refused to be taken. She was not an actress. What had I brought her to such a place for? Finally she was held as I knew she would be by the story of Van der Weyde's own experiments in the adaptation of electricity to photography. How he had first attempted with a crystal bowl of water through which the light filtered. One day the intense heat broke the bowl and a fragment of the glass severing an artery of his arm it spouted to the ceiling and he was found senseless on the floor deluged with water and covered with blood.

"I will sit for you—only one—be quick—take me just as I am."

I bent over her and whispered:—"Now let all the devil in you shine out of those eyes."

"Why child, there is no devil in me."

She laughed, so the sitting was spoiled, but then all went well

and we got the famous likeness. She was pleased with it. I was not. She is there but not all of her. I would have wished something at her writing table—taken by chance—in the long folds of her seamless garment—vibrations of light all around. She really enjoyed the adventure I think, for she told of being “bossed” and “carried as a bundle” for a long time, especially of the “Come along, your Majesty.”

* * * * *

All was alive to her except herself. As the human body is an aggregation of atoms of which each molecule has a separate consciousness and does its work apart though in perfect co-ordination with directing force—every primordial particle a trinite chord of matter, energy and impulse—so the universe was to her a vast conscious-subconscious-nonconscious organism. The divinity and life of sun and stars as real as the divinity of the soul of man. This soul incarnate was the Logos, but the incarnation extended to every atom and she read the antithetical repetition of the highest in the lowest, and the lowest in the highest—the “Double-Procession” from man to God as well as God to man—Father, Son; Son, Father. She argued and taught this constantly and believed in a continuous chain of intermediate intelligences. Pre-Christian hierarchies together with Angels, Archangels, Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones; in different orders and with different ranks of recognised labourers.

Still she remained what Dickens called “A flabby mass of mortality.” She had no patience with personal care and personal culture. Her limitation was that of most of our instructors. She could not manifest for herself or Death’s hunters would not have trapped her so soon. The body was only a slave too low for consideration. She seemed to regard herself as a kind of telephonic machine which of course would one day go to pieces. She told me no philosophy worthy of the name had ever taken the slightest notice of the human body. I dared to reply that was the reason why philosophies rot on our bookshelves instead of being our *vade-mecums*. Brain-consciousness is only a pin-prick compared to the real life of this world, which in future incarnations we may grow fully conscious of. Then, one with the universal soul—body—mind. The real meaning of *Nirvana*—Holy Ghost—Kingdom-of-Heaven-Within.

No realist could have painted her. She needed rather the jagged rock of sculpture. Mestrovic might best render some suggestion of the incarnations which gleamed through her. Something large—unfinished as a symbol. It need not look at

all as she did yet be all she was. George Sand who much resembled Madame may never have been like her statue in the Luxembourg Gardens. But she is that to the lovers who have never seen her. Alfred de Musset, Swinburne, Chopin, Shelley must be sculptured as they are to the Muses not as they were to the mob. Spurgeon would not let his extempore sermons be taken down in shorthand. He always revised as he wittily said—
“Altering to keep the same.”

The Real of the Real is the Sun-behind-the-Sun. In India a shrine may contain but a shapeless stone daubed with paint. It is God to the worshipper. If red, *Mahadeo-Shiva* stands in awful glory. If blue, *Shri-Krishna*, night-born, lifts his enchanted flute and calls to enchantment.

* * * * *

She was of noble birth and relation. Her grandmother one of the celebrated Princess Dolgoroukys. Five of her uncles at court. I remember well her sister Madame Jelihowsky who used to visit her for long periods. *Très grande dame*, a grey-haired woman of aristocratic poise and dignity well-known to the highest Russian society. Madame herself could be most elegant of manner when she chose, but seldom gave herself the trouble. She had the simplicity of those who knowing they are royal do as they please.

It is said that as a child she could mount the fiercest Cossack horse. A dramatic raconteuse, she lived the events she related and would have been a great actress, but enjoyed holding a sceptre more personal. Once she told me some stories of her childhood days. Her relatives owned a *chateau* where the children of the different families used to spend the summer. The central hall was a museum of Natural History. At night when they were all tucked in their dormitory cots they would beg little Héléne to “make the animals talk.” Bringing to life the forms below, she would speak as from their mouths: “I swam the frozen deep—I roved the jungles of Assam—And I——” “Mlle. Héléne! Mlle. Héléne!” the voice of the governess in the next room would cry: “If you do not stop exciting the children I will come in and punish you.” Silence for a time, then the man-eating tiger would begin to prowl again, the little heads cover beneath the sheets in terror. Once she dragged the polar bear from the hall and propped him up against the door so when the governess opened he would fall on her, then talked her worst—and waited.

In the Park their favourite game was bandits and captive-maiden. “I always wanted to be one of the bandits. One day

they said I must be captive-maiden sometimes. Bandits never had such work to capture a maiden. I fought, I kicked, I bit, and after that they were glad enough to cast me for bandit the rest of the year. As a child I loved to fight. You know the Russian hatred of the Jews. How often have I crossed the street to slap some Jew boy in the face, saying—'How dare you look at me, a Christian?' I wish I could find that little boy to beg his pardon and tell him how short lived was my secular pride after I went out into the world."

* * * * *

Conflict and combat were always with her. She would have been a great force in the new awakening of this war to-day. Legend said she fought with Garibaldi dressed as a man through his campaign for the liberation of Italy—even that she carried a never-healing wound in her breast.

I have read many articles about Helen Petrovna Hahn-Blavatsky and from most of them would never dream the writers had so much as seen her. They write with as little appreciation of personal qualities as the African hunter for the quarry he slaughters, mad in the endeavour to trap the beast. Everything suppressed in the effort to prove her a charlatan. Which emphatically she was not. Or a divinity which as emphatically she refused to be. She was indeed big game. It is easy to glean from books. Especially with a nature of many facets like hers one is tempted to have recourse to apocryphal stories. Of these there are thousands.

* * * * *

She worked like a Balzac. At her desk six o'clock in the morning she wrote till six at night—lunch being brought to her there. Often she did not go out of the house for half a year. Not even for a walk in her garden. The influence of such example was the secret of the astonishing growth and expansion of the Theosophical Society. Four or five magazines of which she sometimes wrote the contents, cover-to-cover, as many books and her great Secret Doctrine piled their proofs around her.

After dinner she would move to the big drawing-room and spread her cards. She always played the game of "Patience." I do not quite understand this accompaniment to thought, but very great people play it and I have never known an insignificant one to do so. Does it occupy the *manas* that the *buddhi* be left free to soar.

Thus she welcomed a constant stream of guests every night of

her life. Saturday afternoons were more general receptions. Thursday evenings reserved for her personal Esoteric Circle, of which I was a member.

She analysed with keen-probing scalpel, not maliciously, mere vivisection. She only interpreted good and evil as pairs of opposites, from the teachings of Krishna in the Bhagavadgita, and had no conventional idea of "sin."

Utterly indifferent to gossip, she never bothered to deny. She once said to me :—" Mud has rained down so long I do not attempt even to open an umbrella." On a lady remonstrating that she let some damaging stories go on without denial she replied :—" I have never posed as an example of feline cleanliness." Questioned about the so-called *exposé* at Madras, she simply said :—" I asked the gods to perform for him and they refused."

I am careful only to record what I heard from her own lips, instead of miracles reported by others. Whatever her purpose or interest in the material wonders of early years when dazzled by the glamour of symbolism, in later days she took a very different and definite stand, and my testimony must be only as I knew her. She changed and grew and outgrew mystification for mystery, neither apologised for mistake, nor change, nor growth. " Magic was, and is, an endeavour to recover the state of primitive-consciousness once prevalent in the dawn of the world." What we call unitive-consciousness belongs to the dawn of the church. In grasping one we lost the other. She searched the secrets of both. Creative-consciousness she did not claim, or even attribute to man.

Samadhi or god-consciousness was her ideal. She knew all *yogas*. In the *Jana-yoga* or right-discrimination she had attained the first state of super-consciousness. She was the bar of iron heated red-hot which becomes as fire, forgetting its own nature. Most people occupy themselves with the needs or pleasures of the lower all the time. She seemed not to have needs or pleasures of her own. To live only in the glow of the furnace by which she gave light.

To the fashion of the moment in thought or form she was indifferent. It mattered not to her if the bow were pinned high or low. If one wore one bead or forty. All she cared for was truth.

It seemed as if she were holding three threads. That game of Patience. The chatter of life around. Some deeper communion within. She was like a Marconi wire, all the time receiving vibra-

tions others knew nothing of, though the waves played around all.

At her work she was very serious. There she battled for and throned with the gods—the conquering heroine. But in her play-time all the world was a joke and the joke began at 6 p.m. She felt deeply the tragedy of life. How little we have really learned in this existence. How little our much-strived-for attainments can possibly count. This because they are not based on anything in the divine spiral of ascent. They are mere tangents—flea jumps. She liked nonsense for a change, and never going out or taking any form of physical exercise, the evening gatherings were her only form of relaxation and diversion. Then she seemed to say with Disraeli :—“ I'm not thinking now, I am enjoying myself.” She frolicked as in the château-park of her childhood. Let off steam in profane explosions. Rode on all the merry-go-rounds of the village fair and was her own Charlie Chaplin. Perhaps she was cruel. The dog tears the object he plays with. But she contradicted the saying that the great leader laughs never or seldom. The pendulum swings both ways. The world should not weep all the time.

Some left thinking they had passed an hour with the devil, but their vision was ever after clearer, their hearts more open. One of the worst enemies “ knowledge ” ever had, she carried little respect for the *corpus dogmaticum* and was indeed a *saccageuse de rêves* and pitiless in these evening gambols. Especially when some keen journalist or foxy professor thought he could play with her. He found a greater openness of mind than he had allowed for. I have seen her stop suddenly, strike her forehead with her fist, and cry :—“ What an old fool I am ! Dear friend [she had never met him before perhaps] you are right and I am wrong. Forgive me and come to dinner to-morrow.” She might shake the rat, but for anything she took she more than gave. Her roars were only part of the game. She enjoyed the whipping, whichever side got it. We used to revel in her parry with the lean mental cross-examiner who had come to trap her. At such times she would put on that stupid look Loie Fuller uses so effectively, as if only a *little* brighter she might be called half-witted. Then, leading him to play out all his rope, she would regain her trenches step by step, dropping her bombs till she wiped up the floor with him ! She forgave everything but stupidity. With that the gods themselves contend in vain. She had the quick transition of the Oriental from radiant sunshine to convulsive storm. But there was nothing mental and evil in her tempests. With some a

passion reveals undreamed-of depths of malignity. You never think the same of them again. She was the child who lays on the hearth-rug and screams and kicks. One picks it up, kisses, and all is as before.

Self-control is neither of animals nor of angels. She was both. Our respect for the artificial and the arbitrary was not for her. It would have stunted her powers, and it stunts ours, while perhaps keeping us more useful members of society. Her rages—tantrums one might better say—were purely animal and physical. She ruled by love not fear. The recipient of a blast might be shell-shocked for the moment. He soon found it was quite impersonal. She appreciated the real affection she aroused and expected her friends to understand her slabs of comic relief.

In her first public years she gave herself up to the charm of lifting veils, but as I have said, much was changed, for she realised that the more veils lifted the more secret do the mysteries become.

One Thursday evening I witnessed an explosion before her Esoteric devotees which should set at rest for ever her attitude towards vulgar mystery-making. The words are exact and never to be forgotten. They ring in my ears as if of yesterday. Some one had tried to recall the materialization, the *yogamaya* of earlier days. Blavatsky arose in her Isis robes, apoplectic, apocalyptic :—

“I beg of you never to repeat those stories in this circle. They have done me enough harm already. If at that time you had given my explanations instead of your impressions I should not stand before the world the old fool I do now. I told you they were tricks on the psychic plane, as the juggler performs his tricks on the material plane. But no, you wanted to make me out a goddess which I never pretended to be. I may as well let you know though that there *were* spiritual things happening too at that moment which passed right under your nose and you could not see them.”

Frank, brutal—Blavatsky !

CONCERNING MANDRAKES

By MADELINE TATE

THE Mandrake has been called "the Insane Root that takes the reason captive!" Shakespeare says: "Like Mandrake torn out of the earth, that loving mortals, hearing them, ran mad." This mysterious and extraordinary plant, called the Mandrake, is mentioned in the Bible (Gen. xxx. 14), where we read about Reuben finding and plucking the fruit and taking it home to his mother Leah, and how Rachel begged Leah to "give it her," etc. On the herbal of John Gerarde, 1636, is a passage relating to the belief held by some ancient writers, that the Mandrake was supposed to possess the property of restoring life to the dying; some believe it to be aphrodisiac, and it is unquestionably held to possess occult properties; some think it is engendered under earth of the corpse of a person put to death for murder, and it is said to possess medical properties of a peculiar order; again, it is said to bring love, health and fortune to its possessor. It is of a quasi-human appearance—a vegetable monstrosity. There is a legend that "if a man plucks a Mandrake he calls down a curse upon himself and evokes the Devil."

In the Secret Doctrine, the Mandragora is the Mandrake of the Bible of Rachel and Leah, and the Hebrews call it Dudaim or Love Fruit. They are the roots of a plant, fleshy, hairy, and forked below representing roughly the limbs of a man, the body and even the head. Its magical and mysterious properties have been proclaimed in fable and play from the earliest ages—from Rachel and Leah, who indulged in witchcraft, down to Shakespeare. The Mandragore or Dudaim was a magical plant. These roots, without any stalk and with large leaves growing out of the head of the root like a gigantic crop of hair, present little similitude to man when found in Spain, Italy, Asia Minor or Syria, but in the Isle of Candia or Crete, and in Kavamonía, they have a wonderfully human form, being very highly prized as amulets and worn by women as charms.

The Mandrake Dudaim found in the field by Reuben, Jacob's

son, and which excited the fancy of Rachel, was the Kabbalistic Mandragore ; it was a plant having a rudimentary shape of human creation, with a head, two arms and two legs forming the roots. The root when pulled out of the earth cries with a human voice. " It produces a squeaking sound, on account of the resinous substance of its roots, and it has more than one hidden property unknown to the botanist."

Professor Bain, of Aberdeen, says :—

" The Mandragore seems to occupy a point upon earth where the animal and vegetable kingdom touch, like the Zoophites, or Polypi of the Sea, the boundary in each case so indistinct as to make us wonder where one ceases and the other begins ; they are sometimes called Homunculi ; and Paracelsus gives quite a long discourse on the subject. It is a root of narcotic qualities and is given in cases of madness."

The ancient Greeks ascribed to the Mandrake the power of exciting the passion of love, and also they called the Mandrake " the Plant of Circe," after that famous sorceress who turned men into swine through a magic draught. In German folk-lore the Mandrake root is treated as a familiar spirit who brings treasures both of wisdom and of wealth to its fortunate owner. One of the articles of accusation against Joan of Arc was that she carried a Mandrake in her bosom, hoping by its means to enjoy prosperity and riches. The notion that the Mandrake, if properly treated, was an inexhaustible source of wealth to its lucky owner must undoubtedly have caused the possession of that plant to be greatly coveted, and the amatory properties of the plant are still articles of popular belief in Greece, for in Attica young men carry pieces of Mandrake about with them in satchets as love charms. The Jews still believe in the power of the Mandrake to induce fertility.

The belief in the distinction of sex in the Mandrake is as old as Dioscorides, who says that the male Mandrake is white and the female black. In English folk-lore the two sorts are known as Mandrakes and Woman-drakes. The virtues ascribed to these roots are not always the same ; some, as stated above, maintain that they act as infallible love charms, others would have it that they make the wearers invisible or invulnerable. Some again ascribe to them the property of revealing hidden treasures under the earth, etc.

The Arabs call the Mandrake the Devil's Candle, on account of its shining appearance in the night from the number of glow-worms which cover its leaves. It is said by another writer to be of

flame-like appearance, shining only at night, also that it had to be uprooted by a dog, which was killed on coming into contact with it, thus showing that it was charged with electricity and had magnetic powers.

Pythagoras lends his authority to the qualities of the Mandrake.

Another writer says, "Any one familiar with the East will be aware of the superstition that the possession of a Mandrake root ensures fortune and love to its owner, and in mediæval times in Europe witches made familiars of this vegetable. Greek and Roman physicians had a special ceremony for the gathering of the Mandrake in harvest, when its virtues were most efficacious, and they used it as an anæsthetic, a narcotic, and a stimulant; taken in large quantities it produced insanity, and one particular kind of Mandrake was believed to have the power of restoring the dying. In the Lebanon, its chief home, the root is held in deep awe, and so potent a reality is the shriek of the Mandrake torn out of the earth that dogs harnessed to the stake are employed to drag it out of the ground so that man may be guiltless of this sort of murder." A very singular story is told of a man who, after long and dangerous wanderings, came upon a Mandrake root, and knowing of its weird and mysterious properties, pulled it out of the ground; on examination it seemed as though the creature lived and pulsated with life, for its tiny tendrils twined around his fingers, and its face puckered into a gruesome grimace as if it resented being taken from its mate. Its mate was in the semblance of a female with a tiny baby in each arm. This one he left. The root seemed to shriek as he pulled it forth. It was soft and succulent and well nourished. The man took it home, and after placing it in a special case, left it; on looking at it the next day, he found it dried up and seemingly with no life, but he himself gained an unnatural vitality and pulsated with fresh and renewed energy. Wherever he went women went mad for love of him, fortune favoured him in every way, and all things desired by him were touched "by a magic wand," while all his desires were fulfilled. Years rolled on and occasionally this man would peer at the Mandrake, and still it appeared lifeless and dried up. Certainly he made it his fetish and felt its power, but he knew that by-and-bye he would have a price to pay, when his time came. At last the man fell ill, and he felt "the touch of death." He called in a doctor, a clever man, who, after great patience, brought him back to apparent health; yet he knew in his own mind that he was doomed, and he felt afraid to

look at the Mandrake. When at last he did summon up courage the Mandrake, instead of being dried up, pulsated with life. In spite of all the physician's skill, his patient died soon after.

There are numerous references to this mysterious plant "that shineth by night," and possesses such wonderful properties, and there is no tradition without some truth, for Nature, the ever mysterious, contains, and ever will contain, mysteries unsolved by man. Were it not so, she would lose her power and charm, because we humans ever seek that which eludes us.

TO A. M. S.

By JESSIE E. P. FORELAND

GIVE me your hands to hold.
Time and the world are old,
And the wearisome tale of Life is told.
Give me your hands to hold!

Give me your hands to hold.
See where the sunset gold
Dies o'er the sea, and the wind blows cold.
Give me your hands to hold!

Give me your hands to hold.
There, on the lonely wold,
The shepherds are gath'ring the sheep to fold.
Give me your hands to hold!

Give me your hands to hold.
The mantle of Night's unrolled,
And the River of Sleep runs dark and cold.
Give me your hands to hold!

Give me your hands to hold.
My story is well nigh told,
But I see the Light on the gates of gold,
And I'm nearing the land where Love grows not old.
Love! give me your hands to hold.

SPIRIT PROTECTION : A VERIFIED MESSAGE

By EDITH K. HARPER

THE following example of a spirit-message that was immediately verified, will, I trust, be of interest to many readers of the OCCULT REVIEW. From time to time we hear of special instances of protection by unseen guardians of our fighting men at the Front. Here is a case which has just occurred within my knowledge, the officer concerned, Major —, D.S.O., being a personal friend of my own. He has been for nearly four years almost continually in the hottest part of the battle zone, and during those four strenuous years he has been sustained through many a dark hour by his strong faith in the power of his friends in the Beyond to carry out their oft-repeated promises to "see him through." One of these friends is a much-loved younger brother who died some years ago, and the link of strong affection between them has undoubtedly helped to keep "the line" clear and to intensify the ability to give and receive protection. I could quote several instances in which the aid of these invisible helpers has seemed little short of miraculous, but one particular episode will give a good idea of the rest. It offers a "concrete example" of the direct and immediate verification of a message received through the humble instrumentality of the Table. Readers of *Raymond* will remember that Sir Oliver Lodge has put in a good word for that useful but much disparaged means by which our spirit friends can, when conditions are favourable, transmit their thoughts to us denizens amid the slower vibrations of earth. Indeed I venture to claim for the table that in my experience it has been one of the most successful ways of receiving brief direct messages from the other side.* At the same time let me emphatically add that in careless or frivolous hands nothing can be more likely to delude or lead astray than this simple little "telegraphic" machine.

Now for my story :

On the *evening* of Saturday, 14th September (exactly one

* See *Stead : The Man*, chap. xvii. "A Prophetic Message." Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 8-11 Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

fortnight ago to-day, at the time of writing), my mother and I felt a simultaneous impulse to sit at our own little table. We occasionally sit together in this way, in order to give our friends an opportunity to speak with us, though we never "invoke" (as it is called) or appeal to any one in particular. On the Saturday evening referred to, however, I felt strongly impressed that we should sit at once, and I am very glad I yielded to the impulse, for we had no sooner put our fingers lightly on the table than it began to move, and slowly spelt out the name of our friend's brother above mentioned. I will give the name here as "Frank." We welcomed him, and he replied in his usual courteous way "Thank you," then proceeded without further remark or question from us to spell out the following words :

Frank: "N— has been in a turmoil. . . . He has been near death. . . ." My mother at once removed one hand from the table and wrote the words down, while I remarked :

"I fear he is very near death all the time, Frank." Immediately the table spelt out the word "*Special.*" I asked, "Do you mean he has been specially near death, more so than usual?" The table with great emphasis twice replied "YES," then added, "*We were in time. . . . It will be a greater victory than ever.*" "Is your brother really all right now?" I asked. "YES," came the answer, "*I must return.*" And apparently he did so, for no more was said by him. Another friend came then, on earth a veteran warrior, a great leader of men, and assured us of Major ——'s safety, saying, as he has often said before, "*I guard him. My hand is on his shoulder. . . .*"

Next morning, 15th September, I at once wrote to Major ——, sending him a verbatim copy of his brother's message, and asking him if he could confirm it. Had he or had he not been in the way of special danger greater than usual on *Saturday, 14th September?* His reply from France reached me on *Monday, 23rd September*, and I quote here exactly what he wrote. It speaks for itself :

"19th September, 1918.

"Very many thanks for your letter of the 15th to hand to-day. . . . Now about the messages. How strange he should say these things on Saturday night last, the 14th, as you will see by the following. I had my men up very near the line excavating for a bridge, and as there was danger about I went up in the car to see how they were getting on and dismissed it at a point near to the line and walked forward. Things were a bit noisy, but the

shelling was far enough to one side to allow them to work and I left them to return to the car, and was about 200 yards from it when I saw a shell burst right amongst my men. I saw them all run, so knew that none were down. I was with another officer at the time who had signalled for my car to come—it had sheltered in some trees at a short distance,—a moment after two more shells came over and fell close to me. The officer near me jumped and disappeared in a hole close by and was safe, but I was tired and stood to signal the car to remain, when another shell fell and burst close to my feet and down I went. I got myself gathered up and made for the protection of an old wall not far off, and before I got there two more burst close to me, yet I was not hit or hurt beyond feeling somewhat mauled. I found that all my men were safe, then got the car to rush past and jumped in and away. This was from 12.30 to 1. About 4 p.m. I went up again in the car, but, as I could not see a soul about, decided that they had cleared, and was about to return when two more shells fell and burst within five yards of me. I got away but ran up against two more which burst close to me. I regained the car and cleared back to camp. Sunday I felt ill, but by Tuesday I was normal again. These are the plain facts, and the officer who was with me at midday says he does not know how I escaped. I do! . . . I am fortunate to have such powerful friends always at hand to protect me, and I feel grateful to Providence for making me so fortunate."

INVOLUTION AND EVOLUTION

By E. F. MAYNARD

" Help Nature and work with her ; and Nature will regard thee as one of her creators and make obeisance.

" And she will open wide before thee the portals of her secret chambers, lay bare before thy gaze the treasures hidden in the very depths of her pure virgin bosom.

" Unsullied by the hand of matter she shows her treasures only to the eye of Spirit—the eye which never closes, the eye for which there is no veil in all her kingdoms."

(*The Voice of the Silence.*)

" Spirituality is the realization of the One.

" Psychism is the manifestation of intelligence through any material vehicle."

(*Intro. to Yoga*, p. 26, by Annie Besant.)

FOR all purely mental processes, comparison is a necessity, because the actual nature of mind is dual. Duality is the very principle of its being—no mental conception can be arrived at without the use of opposing terms—to grasp the meaning of light we set against it the conception of darkness, good implies evil. This duality repeats itself in all manifestations of physical forces ; electric phenomena require an interaction of two currents, positive and negative, and so on, *ad infinitum*. " Spirituality is the realization of the One."

Immediately the mind postulates the Many as opposed to the One, we realize that its dual aspect enables us to look upwards to the One, downwards to the Many.

Creative force, or energy, is manifested in the world of matter, or the Many, by different planes, spheres or qualities of matter, each of these differences being represented in Man. Man, in his inherited nature, is divine spirit, which manifests in the material world in and through material vehicles or instruments ; these are all focussed and represented in his physical form with its various organs and capacities ; they are each definitely connected with the sphere or world of which they are symbols, physical forms being reflections in grossest matter of force or energy coming from life or spirit.

Psyche, or intelligence, therefore, puts forth powers and attributes in the material world, showing themselves as Many in a world of forms, but, because Man is inherently a Unity, or

One, he is able to perceive One, or Spirit, lying beyond matter, and yet penetrating and permeating matter, or the Many. Spirit or the One finds its analogy in white light, which contains all colours in itself, and yet is none of them.

Can this white light be found among men, amid the many colours of differing minds and personalities?

We find in the Hindu Scripture that the spiritual faculty in Man is defined as the power to look on all things with "an equal eye"; the *Bhagavad Gita* says, "He who seeth the One everywhere, he seeth"; *The Voice of the Silence* speaks of "the Eye of Spirit which never closes; the eye for which Nature has no veil in all her kingdoms."

It might be well, therefore, to consider the symbology of the eyes, as representative of the twin forces, Intuition and Intellect.

Speaking in the ordinary phraseology of everyday language, the expression, "I see," is used to convey clear, definite, actual comprehension. "I see," implies certainty. The reality of objects seen with the eyes is never questioned by the seer; the expression, "I have seen it," is used to show first-hand knowledge of a subject, knowledge independent of other testimony. The expression "I hear," suggests knowledge gained second-hand, and doubt may be implied as opposed to certainty—possibility, probability, gaining of information through some other channel than direct personal perception. To answer "Yes, so I hear," by no means contradicts a statement, but it shows the matter has not been directly contacted by the speaker; knowledge has been acquired by means of a go-between. "To hear what is said," can never give the same absolute certainty as "to see for myself": "I tell you what I have seen" gives certainty for the seer inasmuch as he has perceived accurately. This, too, brings us further, for we realize a consciousness perceiving through the medium of an eye—beyond intuition and intellect, the eyes of the spirit, lies Spirit, the One, unity underlying diversity, One transcending the Many.

Consciousness is one, the forms—through which it acquires experience, bringing knowledge in its train—are many. They come into being, they are born, they die, but the consciousness—perceiving, investigating, acquiring knowledge, building these forms for its use—remains. A human body is built up out of innumerable lives, its material constantly changes, the body of a child is quite different to the body of an adult; the ego, the consciousness of self, remains as one.

In that great body of teaching known as the Scriptures of the

World, one definite object is always sought—*viz.*, development of the spiritual aspect of humanity, and much instruction may be found as to training of the different bodies, for hastening mental and moral growth. All this, however, converges towards one goal; we find that knowledge and devotion alike lead to consciousness of One lying hid in the heart of all. Different vehicles are built up in order that the life of the spirit may show forth its powers, different faculties being expressions of one life, and with instruction for organizing the vehicles so that emotion and intellect alike may unfold, cautions are often given, which all have a special note of warning; the aspirant is told never to lose sight of the goal—which, when attained, means the broadening out of the inner sense of unity till self-consciousness, as a separate I, has been expanded so as to contain the consciousness of All, or the One: *Light on the Path* says, "All steps are necessary to make up the ladder . . . the *whole* nature of man must be used wisely by the one who desires to enter the way." *The Voice of the Silence* says, "When waxing stronger, the soul glides forth from its secure retreat; and breaking loose from the protecting shrine, extends her silver thread and rushes onward: when beholding her image on the waves of space she whispers 'This is I.'"

This specially applies to extension of intellectual faculty. When man "became a living soul," the sense of *I*, as distinct from others, was the gift bestowed. The Genesis story of creation says that the form was made of the "dust of the ground"—"and the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

In his Epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul, the Christian Initiate, tells us:—

"The first man, Adam, was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit."

What a wonderful description in few words of the whole process of involution and evolution! A "quickenning spirit" brings before the mind's eye a vision of the perfected man, the master, the adept, with every power in full fruition. The principles or centres, latent powers in every one having been brought into activity, harmonized, and related to the universal principles, are now creative forces. Man is veritably a God; a Creator.

St. Paul says further on:—

"Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual."

" The first man is of the earth, earthy : the second man is the Lord from heaven.

" As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy ; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.

" And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly " (1 Cor. xv. 46, 47, 48, 49).

Warnings are given too when the astral world, or region of emotion becomes objective. If the character is not steady, self-controlled, self-reliant (at the same time possessing humility, which goes with all true wisdom), blunders and self-delusion become inevitable, for here the personality and sense of *I* as a separate entity become so intensified that great clearness of vision, of intuitive perception, is necessary to recognize the One Reality through illusory forms brought into being by the thought and feeling, both of human and non-human entities, all of which in this region have objective existence.

Intuitive perception of truth, which is born from absolute sincerity of thought, feeling, action, is the only safeguard against deception by these illusory appearances—the only deception, indeed, is self-deception through illusion woven by intensified personality. If you would explore these worlds of thought and emotion, think truth, feel truth, speak truth, act truth, and you need then fear nothing in earth or heaven. As *The Voice of the Silence* says:—

" The name of hall the second is the Hall of Learning ; in it thy soul will find the blossoms of life, but under every flower a serpent coiled. . . . If thou would'st cross the second safely, stop not the fragrance of its stupefying blossoms to inhale. If freed thou would'st be from Karmic chains, seek not for thy Guru in these mâyâvic regions."

These warnings need never prevent any one from using powers they possess in the mental and astral worlds: " The *whole nature* of man must be used *wisely* by the one who desires to enter the way " (*Light on the Path*). Here again is shown the need for wisdom, which is the key-note of the intuitional faculty ; intuition, " the eye of the spirit." When that is open, illusion in any world can be but a temporary mistake caused by limitations of vision—imperfect knowledge, not self-deception. In all spiritual teaching, we find this key-note : develop the spiritual nature, merge the small self in the great Self, and the pathways leading to knowledge, which is power, may be safely trodden : " Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

In order to gain a mental perception of the way in which spirit must inevitably rule matter, mould it, form it into vehicles that

shall in the future adequately express its faculties, we must consider the way in which principles and ideas permeate everywhere.

Do you wish to march straight to a given point? Keep that point in sight. Do you wish to cover the least possible ground in crossing a field with no pathway? Fix your eye on something in the direction in which you wish to go, and you will go straight ahead; lose sight of the object, and your steps waver from the direct line, you will not cross by the shortest way. Spirit first becomes an *ego*, or separated self, when a filmy sheath of matter in the world of cause and idea is held together by a ray put forth from the One, or All. In process of time, this tiny sheath grows into the causal body which is the source or cause of all action in the various worlds into which the life of the spirit enters. This is where ideas are created, their birthplace. It is the world of abstract thought. Further on, matter becomes denser and the life penetrates the world of form; an idea or principle may inspire, or mould, many forms; here abstractions become concrete, separate forms with definite shapes. For example, the idea of a triangle is a three-sided figure containing three angles, but a concrete triangle may have many shapes, it may be right-angled, isosceles, equilateral; shape and size differ, but the idea triangle, or three-sided figure, is common to all—there you find the permeation of an idea. Use this analogy with the conception of unity—it is sensed by the mind, seen by the intuition, realized in the world of spirit where the Many is merged in the One; there the *I*, the *ego*, the separated self, is transcended, it becomes the All. As the *idea* of the triangle permeates, belongs to, all triangles, so does spirit permeate, belong to, all worlds: in the world of mind, the mental world, it is conceived of, imagined: in the world of intuition, it is perceived and known, but in its own world, it *is*; the One actually identifies itself with All.

This One lies behind, beyond all worlds; they are all *in* the One, they proceed *from* the One, and the One *is*. Many flames arise, but the One flame, from which all proceed, remains, unaltered, undiminished. As the One lies behind and beyond all, so does it permeate all, and in all is It equally present, therefore It may be perceived everywhere. An old Persian scripture says:—

“There are more roads to the Divine than there are created Beings.”

This power to perceive the One is the end and aim of evolution, of all experience: when the “Eye of the Spirit” is opened,

so that the Microcosm perceives its identity with the Macrocosm, the end of evolution is attained, the Drop knows itself as a drop in the ocean, sensing the whole of the ocean in itself because they are one and the same: this state of consciousness might be attained here and now—if we had strong enough wills to will, eyes clear and penetrating enough to see.

The all-seeing, all-knowing spark from the Divine Flame, hidden in every human being, does not yet shine clear and steady like the parent flame. In many it is but smouldering, perhaps barely alight, in the midst of its material wrappings. We begin, however, to realize that this divine flame is a creative potency, and that these wrappings are so much material to be made into garments, or bodies that may be made instruments for self-expression in all worlds, in every region of the universe. Before any world can be understood or seen objectively, perceived as being without, as well as sensed within, the life, or spirit needs an organized body made of the same material and quality as the world or region it desires to perceive, to move in, as a self-conscious individual. The physical senses are representations of principles, or potencies, belonging to all worlds. It is said that the "eye of the spirit" must be opened: this embodies a literal fact. Eyes are necessary for sight, ears for hearing, nostrils for smelling, mouth and tongue for speech. Carry this analogy into the astral and mental worlds. Just as the physical body has sense organs enabling it to differentiate between hearing and sight, smell and taste, so must the subtler bodies, emotional, mental, intuitional, be organized, formed, built up, so that consciousness may perceive, differentiate and discriminate, objectively as well as subjectively, in every region: in each world the spirit needs an instrument, a body, for self-expression. By means of imagination it is possible to pass in thought from concrete facts to the ideas underlying them, creating them, because imagination is itself a creative faculty.

In the physical world, we contact our surroundings by means of sense organs; in the emotional world, with emotional perceptions; in the mental world, with mental faculties; in the intuitional world these perceptions and faculties become creative powers.

The action of life within, playing in and through certain arrangements of matter, makes up our physical senses: so in the other worlds. Withdraw "life" from an organ and it is dead or paralysed, it can no longer perform its functions, the "sense" has departed, leaving a useless form, an eye without sight, an ear

without hearing. When life, in its desire for experience, shapes the subtle matter of the super-physical worlds into organized bodies, these worlds are objectively perceived, seen as the not-self by the spirit using them, and they become as objectively "real" as the physical world.

Those who desire to see truly, to acquire the faculty of accurate perception, must develop the sense of proportion, the power of placing objects side by side and comparing them in order to understand relation and value.

A painter or sculptor trains his physical eye by comparison, he knows by practical demonstration that if you want to understand quality, texture or size, these must be put together, "seen" together; technically one thing "helps" or "hinders" the other, as the case may be.

Certain principles or ideas permeate all worlds, all the subtler forms of matter interpenetrate each other, and limitation of perception, the shutting off of one from the other is a condition of consciousness; the vehicles or instruments have only a certain range of contact, consciousness for many people in the subtler worlds is still turned inwards, it is aware of self but not yet fully aware of the objects surrounding it—the not-self.

In the physical world the outward-turned consciousness answers to a certain series of vibrations called light, to another called sound, but neither light nor sound can be perceived until the necessary organs for answering to and reproducing these vibrations have been formed. Consciousness requires physical eyes and ears to see and hear physical sights and sounds, and so with the other bodies, corresponding centres have to be formed through which the consciousness contacts the astral and mental worlds.

The special faculty in man that may be defined as Spirituality denotes the progress of the individual in *Yoga* or Union, the Union of the less with the Greater, of the human with the Divine.

It is expressed in the *Bhagavad Gita*, the Scripture of *Yoga*, or Union, as follows:—

"The self, harmonized by *Yoga*, seeth the self abiding in all things, all beings in the Self: everywhere seeing the same.

"He who seeth Me everywhere, and seeth everything in Me, of him will I never lose hold, and he shall never lose hold of Me.

"He who, established in unity, worshippeth Me, abiding in all things, that *Yogi* liveth in Me, whatever his mode of living.

"He who through the likeness of the Self, O Arjuna, seeth identity in everything whether pleasant or painful, he is considered a perfect *Yogi*."

(*Bh. Gita*, vi. 29, 30, 31, 32.)

EXTRAORDINARY NEWS TRANSFERENCE

BY CYRIL CAMPBELL AND R. M. BLOCH

SOME years ago my attention was drawn to a peculiar code of news transmission current among the aborigines of certain non-European nations and tribes. It is a certain fact that the news of the Mutiny was known among the natives from one end of India to the other within two hours' time. And this before the days of telegram or telephone and when the mails were carried through the jungle or to distant hill stations by runners hung with bells to scare the wild beasts from their path. One may call it telepathy or clairaudience or what one will, but no explanation to satisfy the purely scientific minded is forthcoming to elucidate the mystery of the swift transference of news from one tribe to another across the enormous distances of such continents as Africa, America, or Asia. I have heard similar tales from the lips of travellers among the Japanese, the Mexican Indians and also from an engineer who carried out extensive operations in Nigeria.

My curiosity being aroused on the subject, which I now call "The Ear of the Great Mother," I wrote to my friend, Mr. Cyril Campbell, a great traveller and former war-correspondent of *The Times* during the Balkan troubles, who is now in Africa, with the result that he sent me the following authentic instances which I have left perfectly untouched and just as they reached me some time ago.

INSTANCE OF DIVINING BY A NATIVE DOCTOR (*Isanusi*) OR OF EXTRAORDINARY NEWS TRANSFERENCE.

(Recorded by MR. DAVID LESLIE, S.A. hunter and trader.)

I had sent out my native elephant hunters with instructions to meet me on a certain date at a selected spot. I arrived there at the appointed time ; but none of my hunters had put in an appearance. Having nothing much to do, I went to a native doctor who had a great reputation, just to amuse myself and see what the man would say. At first the doctor refused to tell anything

because, as he said, he had no knowledge of white men's affairs. At last he consented and said he would "open the gate of distance and would travel through it," even though it would cost him his life. He then demanded the names and number of the hunters. I demurred at first but finally did as I was requested. The doctor then made eight fires, one for each hunter, and cast into them roots which burned with a sickly-smelling smoke. The man took some medicine and fell into a trance for about ten minutes, his limbs moving all the time. When he came round from the trance, he raked out the ashes of his first fire and described the appearance of the man represented by it, and said, "This man has died of fever and his gun is lost." He then said the second hunter had killed four elephants, and described the shape and size of the tusks. He said the next had been killed by an elephant, but that the gun was coming home all right. Then he described the appearance and fortunes of the next, adding that the survivors would not be home for three months, and would travel by a route different from that agreed upon. The affair turned out correct in every particular, and, as the hunters were scattered over a country over two hundred miles away, the man could hardly have obtained news of them from other natives. Nor did the diviner know that he was going to be consulted.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF "NATIVE TELEGRAPHY."

Some years ago I was up in the interior of Ashanti, a goodish distance from civilization, as represented even by a stray magistrate. On the Monday evening I and my partner had a difference of opinion, and we agreed to part, so next morning I made tracks for Cape Coast Castle, about 150 miles distant. Now, with the exception of Government runners, a white man, travelling light, i.e., without much baggage or a hammock, covers the ground considerably faster than any native, and I got down to the little town a little after Saturday noon. I dropped into the first store and had a drink, when to my surprise the man in charge remarked, "Sorry to hear your partner pegged out." I replied it was nonsense, since I had left him only five days before perfectly fit, but the store keeper assured me the news had come through on the Thursday evening, X— having died the day before. And within a week his boys struggled down with his kit.

The amazing part of this case is the fact of the news coming down to the coast, without filtering through to the boys who accompanied me, for, had they known it, they would infallibly

have told me, and I naturally would have turned back. This obviously precludes the possibility of runners carrying the news, while even if we suppose drums or other forms of signalling, it seems strange that I should only hear of the tragedy at the end of the journey, and not at any of the intermediate villages where I stopped the night. Altogether, like David Leslie (see preceding case) I am at a loss to explain the incident.

OTHER WELL-KNOWN "COAST" CASES.

Massacre at Benin was told by a native to white men on the Gold Coast within two hours.

Loss of the *Victoria* was talked of among the natives before the news was wired out.

AUTHENTICATED INSTANCES OF "NATIVE TELEGRAPHY."

1. A magistrate at King Williamstown during the Border wars told me that one day the son of the chief we were fighting against came into court with his head shaved. (This native was a clerk in the office.) The magistrate quickly recognized the sign of mourning, and asked what relation was dead. The youth stated his father had at last been killed in the war, and even mentioned the spot where the body was lying. The magistrate thought the whole thing strange, for he had heard nothing by telegraph: but, soon after, a telegram came, giving details of the news, which fitted in with the description given by the native.

2 and 3. (Investigated and recorded by Mr. Blackburn.)—
2. At 9 a.m. on a Monday, a Kafir herd-boy was attacked by a bull. He defended himself with a crowbar. Kafir and bull were dead by 10 a.m. At 12 the same day B——, a farmer residing forty-two miles from the scene of the tragedy, wrote to A—— a business letter, appending this postscript: "My Kafirs are saying your herd-boy stabbed your red Devon bull with a long knife and that both are dead. Hope it is only a Kafir yarn." That letter was dispatched by mounted messenger before 12.30 the same day.

3. A Kafir was being tried for manslaughter at Johannesburg. At 5 in the afternoon an old Kafir woman on a Boer's farm thirty-eight miles from Johannesburg told me and others that the boy had been acquitted, and that the principal witness against him had been taken to prison. As the Kafir had pleaded guilty at the preliminary hearing and was to be undefended, this result seemed extremely improbable. Later we learned that the Kafir

was given counsel at the last moment, the plea of guilty withdrawn, and he was acquitted at 3.15 p.m. At 4 that afternoon the principal witness was knocked down by a cab in the street, and taken to the jail hospital, where he died.

In each of these cases the accurate news travelled in less than half the time that would have been required by the fastest horse, bearing in mind the broken, almost virgin, and roadless country that would have to be traversed.

Mr. Blackburn sums up, "That news is sometimes transmitted under conditions unknown to Europeans is, I am satisfied, a fact; but the explanation lies neither in the legs of a horse nor the lungs of a Kafir." *

SOME THEORIES AS REGARDS NATIVE TELEGRAPHY.

Indubitably, the commonest theory put forward to explain this mysterious telegraphy is that the natives pass it on by shouting from hilltop to hilltop, or by signalling with drums. The former supposition is that derided by Mr. Blackburn in his remark already quoted *re* "the lungs of a Kafir," and I fully agree with him. That a native can carry on a conversation on the most intimate and personal details at an amazing distance, is perfectly true: but after all there is a limit to the penetrating power of the human voice, and to accept this theory we must admit the existence of a pre-arranged chain of receivers. In a time of great excitement this might well be, and for that very reason I have refrained from mentioning other well-known cases of news transmission (e.g., Buller's defeat at Colenso was known eighty miles away in two hours: incidents in the Native Rebellion of 1906 were related to white men at various stations far from the scene of the conflict the same day), and confined myself to cases where the news was unexpected or trivial—conditions under which such pre-arrangement becomes an absurdity.

As regards drumming Mr. Blackburn is equally contemptuous, and he dismisses it with the remark that it is never put forward by real Colonials. This is not strictly accurate. I have known many Colonials, as well as men who have spent twenty years among the natives, admit the existence of drum signals, but with this qualification—it is only used for events of importance. Furthermore, I have heard myself the tom-toms signalling a score of times on the West Coast, while this system is still in vogue along the Zambesi for various things, such as the passage

* See paragraph dealing with attempted explanations of this "news transmission."

of a white man through the country. When we remember that the Bushmen admit that in earlier days they signalled to their friends with smoke, it is ridiculous to deny some similar arrangement to other tribes.

On the other hand, many people are so averse to admitting the existence of something which cannot be proved by hard fact, that they will rather talk of drums carrying forty miles, Kafirs yelling across the veldt, *et hoc genus omne*, than concede some mysterious power to these despised natives. Such a one would say that as soon as the herd boy was killed by the bull, his friends sat down and drummed the news East, West, South, and North. Fortunately Mr. Hugh Clifford had greater moral courage than these gentry, and he submitted a theory (I believe in a letter to the *Spectator* some years ago) of mental telepathy. He postulated the existence of a sixth sense, lost to us whites from centuries of civilization. In a most able and ingenious way he showed the power of "mind impressions" generally, by taking the analogy of what is known on "the Coast" as "going Fantu." This descent to primitive life is not always the result of laziness or drink: it really seems as if the white man, flung suddenly into the strange atmosphere of the West African bush, sheds off his civilized instincts and allows his artificial refinement and fastidiousness to be overwhelmed by a "psychic-tide" of the purely animal and sensual influences that surround and dominate him. Atmosphere has conquered education: and, granted the existence of "psychic-tides" and "mind-impressions," it is only another step to argue that some savages have the power of impressing a vivid image on the mind of some one far away.

That many natives possess instincts quite lost to civilized nations is undeniable; and there is no need to quote "spoor-tracking" (which may be acquired by lifelong habit) to prove the case. Blindfold a Bushman, and take him any distance, over stones and water, and he will return straight to the starting place. He has the homing instinct of the carrier pigeon. Similarly, Mr. Lerche (an engineer with wide South American experience) has told me that while surveying the primæval forests in the hinterland of Brazil, his Indians, no matter how many twists and turns the little party may have made during the day, would locate the site of the base camp as unerringly as the compass needle points to the magnetic north.

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.*]

“ HURT IN A DREAM.”

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I read in the September number of the OCCULT REVIEW “Hurt in a Dream.” I would like to tell you what happened to me recently, and would be glad if any of your readers could throw any light on the subject. I know *very* little of occult matters, indeed until recently had never heard or thought of these things.

This is what took place. I woke up one night and looking at my watch found it was 12 midnight exactly. I turned over and went to sleep again. The next thing I remember is struggling hard with some one who was grasping my right arm and wouldn't let go, and fighting and struggling I woke, and looking at my watch found it was just 12.30 a.m., therefore it had taken place within the space of half an hour. I thought it was a nightmare, and that I had been foolish to eat meat for supper, a thing I never do as a rule. The next day I mentioned it laughingly to a friend, saying I would take good care to have a lighter supper in future, but she, being versed in occult matters, took it quite seriously and said that some one living or dead had come to me, and to make a note of time and date in my diary. I thought no more about it until the following morning, when, as I was washing, I saw a large bruise on my right arm, *exactly* where I had felt the fingers of the hand grasp me. It was on the *inner* side of the arm, and where it would have been almost impossible to give myself a knock of any kind; still, I thought I must have done so inadvertently; but now, I think, comes the strangest part, which looked as if my friend's theory might be correct. The morning after this, when washing, I looked to see what the bruise was like, and there was a second bruise showing up beside the first one!! Now, though I *might* have given myself a knock the first time (though as I say it was almost impossible—it being on the *inner* side of arm) I am *absolutely positive* that there was nothing of that kind to account for the second bruise. This second bruise was much slighter than the first and disappeared very quickly. The first bruise has not quite gone, and is still visible, and at the time I write you it is very nearly three weeks from the date of my dream. Can any of your readers enlighten me? I should dislike to think any evil spirits were round. My friend does not think so, and always says I am well “protected” and surrounded.

Yours truly,

A NOVICE.

THEOPHANY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—As a theosophist, occultist and spiritualist may I say a few words on Theophany.

When a being on the Buddhic plane seeks expression by incarnating in a mature physical body in order to either teach or do anything on this earth the process is called Theophany.

The reason the Masters prefer this means of communicating with people on this earth is because the persons to whom they are manifesting are in full possession of all their intellectual and perceptive faculties at the time (not in a trance state) and can therefore immediately sense the aura and know the visitor to be from a region higher than the astral.

There are various phases of Theophany and it depends on the purpose of the Great One as to which method he will use and the duration of such a manifestation.

When Christ came to earth He accepted the voluntary offer of a most perfect body from Jesus.

The latter then passed on into the Heaven world and because of that great sacrifice and His love for humanity He is now in incarnation on this earth as a Master.

Then, take the changeling. An ego is born into this world, and just before incarnation sees the circumstances and surroundings into which it is about to be born, and should they not be pleasant and the ego be but young in wisdom, it may "kick." As a result he may be born an idiot or be one in whom two of the bodies are not cocentric at all the chakras. When his body has reached the age of maturity the ego looses its hold on it; then begins the fight, astral entities wish to assume control over it, but one higher up takes it, and by his tremendous magnetism, or by words of power, remedies the defect and uses it for the carrying out of his work.

With regard to H.P.B., whom we all revere.

Sometimes her teachers fully materialized to teach her of their philosophy. When they had gone she sat and arranged the facts given her, thought out the ideas and wrote some of her works. That is different from automatic writing, and is essentially the recording of constructive philosophy, insomuch as it is not a verbatim report.

I am, yours faithfully,

S. F. JACKSON.

THE MORALITY OF KILLING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The questions raised by Mr. Walter Winans in your October issue can only be answered by the apparent fact that what is right for one person to do is wrong for another. Personally, I do not believe

in taking animal life, though I might take it in a case of emergency. On the other hand I have known creatures in human form so utterly corrupt—sometimes physically as well as morally and mentally—that in the interest of the community it would have been a praiseworthy act to have destroyed them.

The comparison of one's own indifference to (or welcome of) physical death and the slaughter of deer is, I think, a poor one, as I take it the average deer is living in a natural and happy state, and has no immediate wish to rejoin the group soul. On the other hand if, say I for the past few years would have been obliged to any one who would have killed me instantaneously, I would not welcome such a service if I was in congenial circumstances and suitably maintained, like the deer. Again, it is hardly likely that the wild bear or boar enjoys the fight against human beings equipped with firearms, as the contest is so unfair. It would be just as sensible to suggest that the ordinary citizen enjoys being assaulted by a fully armed soldier. The former in the desperate situation might put up some defence, which would be hopeless, and the statement that he enjoyed the affray would only be regarded as cruel mockery. Perhaps, if some supermen should rule the earth in the future, and pursue Messrs. Winans and Co. with weapons unknown to the latter, the present day advocates of the blood sports would not agree that they enjoyed the supermen's holiday stunts.

The suggestion by Mr. Winans that Mr. Metcalfe eats oysters alive, and has lobsters, calves, etc., tortured, may be utterly untrue (I hope it is). The writer, like many other OCCULT REVIEW readers, can truthfully plead "Not guilty."

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR MALLORD TURNER.

6 TREWANCE ROAD,

WIMBLEDON, S.W. 19.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Winans states very clearly his conviction that animals possess souls; yet I notice he ignores the point made by Mrs. Metcalfe that the stags' souls may strongly object to being deprived of their bodies. Mr. Winans so expresses himself that one might easily imagine the eighty stags he tells of, sent for him themselves to come and kill them. But he may find himself greatly mistaken when he has, in his turn, no longer a body, and no longer the advantage over the stags of being in possession of a gun. If, as he believes, and as I believe, the stags have souls, they will be more than likely to give him a bad time when he meets them again, when it will be eighty to one and no gun.

Very truly yours,

MABEL COLLINS.

PROBLEMS OF TIME AND SPACE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I beg your permission to make a reply to what you have stated in your courteous reference to my little book.

In the first place I do not suggest that on death the transcendental subject is free from all form and all known or unknown laws. Indeed (cf. p. 59), I suggest in the book itself that it *may be* making an unending pilgrimage from the form of an oyster to that of man and thence on to higher forms! In truth, the question of *form* is outside the theory. All I suggest is, that whatever the form the *really* real self is the soul of man.

Again, transcendence of time does not spell absence or destruction of time, but *subsumption* of time. I have found support, no reply offered, to my theory of memory (cf. Personality and Telepathy). If that theory be sound, each one of us has a storage of memory transcendent of time which we *use arbitrarily in time*.

And time itself? Surely it is merely phenomenal? You can "play" with it in the most amusing way, as I did in *The Limits of Human Experience*. You can, for instance, dream a life-time in a second, or drag out a *mauvais quart d'heure* into eternity. More than this, you can think backwards in time! Think backwards not only in memory, but by imagining *yourself* travelling in space faster than light! And in a crisis of life (near death by drowning, for instance) you can think in a moment of *time* all your past *successive* experience of a life-time. And, if time be a reality, we must reject all telepathic information which gives us information in *present time* of what really occurs in *future* time. I suggest some of this information is veridical.

And what about thought itself? Surely, if we are mere subjects of thought we cannot function outside the boundaries of thought: a personality conditioned *absolutely* within limits can, by no possibility, function outside those limits. This I not only admit, but rely on.

But we, as *personalities*, do travel beyond the limits of thought. There is a power in us to determine thought as merely relative, and as having existence *only* between limits of contradiction. This is so generally admitted that we have the commonplace terms, "knowledge is relative," "Our universe is one of contradictions."

This awareness (which I term insight) *transcends thought*: this power of insight we exercise. But, in the exercise, thought is not lost, it is merely subsumed.

And space? Does the statement that we are conditioned in space mean that our bodies condition our personalities in space? If not, what does it mean? And if our personalities are conditioned in space by our bodies, how is it that one personality may appear, at the same time, at many different places?

Again, when space is referred to, is this space of three dimensions? Then, if space be a reality, how can we possibly *limit it* as of three dimensions? Surely Kant is right in holding space as phenomenal.

And matter? What does it mean? I really can find no definite reply. Kingsland seems to go so far as to hold that for the self what is non-self is matter. This is so vague that no objection can be raised to it. For, by such a definition, matter may be a subject purely of mentality (cf. Swedenborg's philosophy).

But if matter be held to be something which, to *some* degree, has form and power of resistance, we are landed in a bog of thought when we give it reality. For in space of any dimensions, say space of x dimensions, matter has form and resistance *only* for personalities existing in the same dimensional space—the matter (?) of two dimensional or four dimensional space, for instance, has *no* form and *no* resistance for a personality-conditioned in three dimensional space.

Kant suggests that the brain inhibits full spiritual functioning. Why, on death, relieved from the brain, should we not function with insight—with insight that does not destroy but includes, subsumes thought?

Though I agree largely with your criticism, I cannot agree that the idea of eternity is the negation of time. I hold that eternity *subsumes* time. So I do not suggest that telepathy is an instantaneous process outside conditions of time and space. Telepathic impressions and ideas are certainly manifest in time and space. What I try to prove is that such *human experience* invokes the assumption of our communion as souls: the *foundation* of telepathic impressions and ideas must be referred to the spiritual.

What I have written explains away rather than opposes your criticism.

F. C. CONSTABLE.

[I am glad to note that Mr. Constable's letter shows that we are not so far apart in thought as I had imagined. As regards his reference to drowning experiences, I should not be willing to admit that these were otherwise than successive, though they occur doubtless with amazing rapidity. I am inclined to postulate a 'transcendental measure of time, on the lines of du Prel's theory. I readily admit, however, that duration in time is the most illusory of phenomena. I do not quite follow Mr. Constable's argument about our bodies conditioning our personalities in space. Surely every one has at least two bodies in which he is capable of functioning—an astral and a physical. I should not, however, be willing to admit that the consciousness could be present simultaneously in both. What, moreover, is there to prevent some one else con'uring up the wraith of a person by the power of their own imagination, without the person concerned being present at all? The problem of matter, of course, is an extremely difficult one. To my mind it only has *real* existence

to the extent to which consciousness in some sense may be said to underlie it. Surely the reason why we do not in a normal way see "ghosts" is not because they are immaterial, but because our consciousness on the physical plane is not related to the type of matter of which they consist. I quite realize that this is not an adequate reply to Mr. Constable's contentions, but I am afraid my Correspondence columns do not allow sufficient space for this.—ED.]

REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In a notice of *La Revue Spirite* in your September issue, your reviewer asks why the doctrine of reincarnation is affirmed by all spirits in France, and but in the most casual, rare and spasmodic manner all over the English-speaking world. He can recall but a single instance on his own part.

His experience is very different to mine.

In many quarters in London I find the doctrine an article of faith, and often taken for granted as a common belief.

Several recent books received by automatic writing and published here confirm the truth of it, such as Lady A. Paget's *Colloquies with an Unseen Friend: Recorder's Do Thoughts Perish?* I. Hoey's *Truths from the Spirit World*—to mention those that occur to me at the moment, as well as Theosophical books. I have dealt with it in *The War in a New Light*, and given a former incarnation of the Kaiser's which is more and more fully confirmed as the War progresses.

Some spirits profess ignorance of the doctrine, but they are the least advanced, and a spirit new-born on the other side has to acquire knowledge as we have here.

Reincarnation is a truth held by a majority of mankind, and how your reviewer can hear so little about it is perplexing.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR TREFUSIS.

[To the list of books given by Mr. Trefusis might be added *Letters from a Living Dead Man*.—ED.]

PECULIAR COINCIDENCE IN DREAMS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In an apartment house in the City of Washington, D.C., a friend occupied a room directly opposite to mine across the corridor.

One night, after having been in a sound sleep, I was suddenly awakened by a very real dream that I (or one of us—this was not quite clear) had lost the latch-key, and the person who found it,

knowing the door it would open, was at that moment trying to burglarize the apartment.

It was so vivid I hastily arose. By the time I reached my door, which was open, as was my friend's, in order that we might each secure more air, I could see that she too was up. Quickly I crossed the hall to where she was standing in front of her dressing-table, and before I could tell her of my dream she exclaimed: "I just woke up with the strangest dream that I had lost my latch-key, so I got up this moment to hunt for it in my purse, but fortunately it is here." Whereupon I proceeded to tell her about my own dream. Naturally both of us were astonished and intensely interested. She knows nothing about the occult, nor is she a believer in dreams. Neither had we discussed anything concerning keys previously.

The query is, did each of us see on the astral plane the same occurrence where a lost latch-key was the central theme, or did both of us merely sense an event which cast its shadow before, because on the following evening, when we left our apartment, each forgot our key and subsequently locked ourselves out and had to sit outside and patiently wait for our landlady's return.

Can the Editor or any readers of this magazine explain the mental processes of these two dreams, which were alike and which each of us experienced at the same instant?

Yours faithfully,

MIRIAM MILNER FRENCH.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers could offer an explanation to the following incident?

One summer's night in 1917, about midnight, being unable to sleep, I was astonished to hear some strange music coming from outside. It was bright moonlight, and I arose, and, leaning out of the open window, found that it came from the direction of a pine-wood near our house. It was not very loud, and in the room could only be heard faintly, although quite distinctly. This music was of such a strange quality, only a few notes repeated in a little monotonous tune over and over again without a break, on what sounded like a very treble flute; it went on and on, sometimes seeming to be far away, sometimes quite near. It was a quick, sad little tune in a minor key.

I lay awake for some time listening to this strange music, and fell asleep only to wake after a few hours to find it still continuing as before, only now the tune was slightly altered.

For some days I half expected some misfortune, of which the music was a warning, but nothing happened.

Six months later I again heard the music from the pine-wood, but have never heard it again. I cannot explain it myself, as no ordinary solution seems possible. One can hardly think that anybody

would repair to a dark and lonely pine-wood at the dead of night to practise the flute for some hours ; besides, never have I heard so weird a tune, or any instrument quite like this one : its tone was so unusual.

Yours faithfully,
L. T.

MORE DREAMS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—A few months ago I had two dreams which impressed me so much that I venture to enclose them, and would be grateful if any of your readers would care to give me an explanation, as I have none myself.

One of the dreams had a sort of sequel. The first dream I had was about the end of March and the second about ten weeks ago.

No. 1. I found myself in a kind of carriage with dark blue blinds with white borders. I was travelling backwards with my mother on my right. The carriage was going at a great speed ; we crossed a field of short brown grass, very solitary. On this field were what I thought were nuns dressed in black with a white band round their heads. They were about eleven or twelve in number, standing in a semicircle ; they gave me the impression of bats with their dark dresses, as they raised and lowered their arms, wailing and whispering. As we came up to them I saw that the faces wore an expression of extreme evil, and although quite young their faces were hollow and their hands half-skeletons. In the centre a man was lying, over whom they raised and dropped their arms. (Here I felt a strange feeling that they were gradually sucking his life from him.) Suddenly, the man disappeared and another man in rags came stumbling towards them holding his hand over his eyes.

No. 2. The dream I had ten weeks ago is still very vivid. I found myself in a crater with a black pool at the bottom in which human beings were struggling. Round the crater were ledges about a foot wide on which more people were clinging.

Pointed rocks like pinnacles were round the top of the crater on which goats were scrambling. I was told in a manner I cannot explain that I could not get out unless I caught fifty goats. I tried till my feet were cut with the stones ; every time I touched a goat it sprang away. I gave up the chase. I looked down and saw a man I had known before the war, clinging to a ledge beneath, raise his arm for help. I lay down and gave him my hand so as to pull him up, but I overbalanced and we both fell struggling into the black pool. Then I awoke.

Yours truly,
WINIFRED CASSON.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

PROFESSOR L. DE LA VALLÉE POUSSIN, who is Sanskrit professor at the University of Gand, has the first place in *The Quest* and provides an initial lesson in Buddhist philosophy. We are brought to a pause at once by the Buddha's definition of "my doctrine"—which is "to do good and avoid evil." Professor Poussin of course points out that this is not "explicit philosophy," though philosophy is implied by doctrine. The rule of conduct in question is the way of escape in Buddhism, and its rendering into life is the only mode of liberation, the kind of deliverance offered being from the aeonian law of transmigration, or round of births. There are births in the form of humanity, births in the god-forms, births as brutes, and something which seems undemonstrable and is called birth as a ghost—one would think, the saddest and most forlorn of all. As to these, the doing of good leads into happy being, while he who does evil becomes a bad and unhappy creature. This looks, however, like a path of amelioration and its opposite, not the way of emancipation. We learn, therefore, that no permanent beatitude attaches to either mode, for merit acquired in this manner is merit which exhausts itself and is followed by rebirth into lower states. Of such are the ups and downs of transmigration. The latter connotes suffering, and the way of bliss is to emerge therefrom. So is attained the state called Nirvāna, where the individual is free at last, alike from birth and death, free in essential being, free from the successive permutations of fluidic personalities—one cannot say free in God, because there is very little corresponding in the height of Buddhistic teaching to the connotations of this word in the West. The path of Nirvāna is in the suppression of desire ; in the attainment desire is quenched. "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy House," is no title to the House of Buddha. So much it seems possible to postulate concerning the Dharma or Doctrine. But the definition of Nirvāna is purely negative. The truth of transmigration rests (a) on a faith of the ages which preceded Buddha and (b) on the affirmation of the Master, who refused to explain the state reached in liberation. While there was of course compassion in the system, because it revealed the way, the latter was not a path of love, though devotion was one of its modes. The conventional system of rewards and punishments in Catholic and Protestant theology—and their continuation to everlasting—is more forbidding than the Buddhistic eschatology, but we may call to be delivered from both ; existence is not an evil, for the mission of love is followed through the whole universe, and the Western mystics know that the desire of God does attain fruition, which is better than the loftiest asylum of indifference.

Léon Denis continues to discuss the future of Spiritualism in the pages of *La Revue Spirite*. He has sketched its development and progress during the last fifty years in its relation to the world of science, as a light on independent psychical research, in literature, and even in or over against the Churches. And now in the last issue he glances at the subject from the standpoint of contemporary philosophical thought. It is inevitable that the name of Bergson should be evoked, so to speak, at once, not only because he is the most eminent among philosophers of the moment but one who is familiar in a direct sense with things psychical. It is interesting to learn that so far back as 1904, when—at least outside of France—he was practically unknown, Bergson was writing on matters of the psychical order, in a certain *Bulletin de l'Institut Général Psychologique*. Léon Denis dwells on the important place which intuition holds in the French philosopher's system, and claims to find therein: (1) a spiritistic conception of universal life; (2) the seat of the principle of evolution in the unseen rather than the seen; (3) the coincidence of human consciousness with the principle from which it derives; in a word (4), the most striking analogies throughout with what is claimed to be the doctrine of spiritism. However this may be, there is one dictum formulated by Léon Denis on his own part which is not only worth quoting but keeping in mind, for it summarizes—as it seems to us—the standpoint of *La Revue Spirite* through all its later years: "Spiritism is not only a way of physical phenomena, centring in the tilting of tables, as some folks seem still to believe, but is an effort from beyond to raise up the human soul from unbelief and its moral diseases, obliging it to take thought upon itself and to realize its glorious ends." . . . *The Harbinger of Light* has been debating in the editorial chair concerning that last enemy which shall be destroyed, according to St. Paul. In what sense is death an enemy, and after what manner shall it be overthrown, abolished, or taken out of the way? It is not, in our contemporary's opinion, an intimation corresponding to the dream of Prentice Mulford, that we shall enjoy some day immortality in the flesh. It is rather "such a close and palpable commingling of the natural and spiritual worlds that spirits in the flesh" shall be in continuous visible communication with spirits discarnate; death in this manner will be "robbed of all its dread," and may thus be said to be destroyed. Here is no doubt a millennium to come from the standpoint of many spiritualists. We are certain, however, that it is not St. Paul's meaning. If we take the context of the passage under notice, in 1 Corinthians xv., there is no question that he is speaking of the resurrection of the dead—however he meant it to be understood—and is indicating that thereafter death shall be no more, because the risen body will be imperishable. . . . *Light* in a recent leader recognizes that "there is that in man which is greater than his mind," and its office is to impose obedience on the more material faculty of reasoning. It is termed intuition most frequently, and the

word is good within its proper measures, but it has a loose and popular meaning which by no means covers the vast realm of inward being to which it belongs. The reference is to that higher part of mind which is in touch with the infinite and the eternal, the part which sees, and realizes in the act of seeing, with a perfection of certitude which is as much above reason as it is above debate. But the seeing and the realization are inward, apart from all objects and all images.

A writer in *The Vahan* gives expression to an opinion—and is by no means alone therein—that the term Thought-Forms, which has become familiar amongst us—chiefly through theosophical writings—is inappropriate and misleading. He proposes to substitute Psychic Forms as an alternative that will cover “a great variety of psychic and mental phenomena.” He considers that Prentice Mulford’s continually reiterated and now famous affirmation, “Thoughts are Things,” can impress only “grossly materialistic souls.” He objects also to Thought-Power, and prefers the Power of Understanding. The discussion is a little academic but useful for a clearance of issues. Without pretending to rule in the matter, we are inclined to question whether Psychic Forms would not be misleading as replacing Thought-Forms. When the latter is used by theosophists there is no question that it means mental images produced objectively, while the former belongs to the hypothesis of spiritualism and the manifestation of distinct entities in more or less subtle vestures. . . . The Los Angeles publication *Theosophy* continues to remind us from month to month of early personalities and early views connected with the movement which bears its name, both in England and America. Very few of us have files of *Lucifer*, *The Path*, and other periodicals, most of which have now passed away; and it is interesting to compare the notions of 1880 and onward with things as they are at the moment within the same circle. If it is not very often that the selections from old articles call for special notice one is still glad to see them. In the last issue we have some remarks on Shankara and his “Awakening to Reality,” by realizing the distinction between that which is permanent and that which passes away, by the attainment of peace—with the graces which follow thereon—and by the longing of the soul for liberation. . . . *Divine Life* opens a discussion on the aphoristic doctrine of Vivekananda and his master—that Religion is Realization. This is compared with the religion of intellect and sentiment, and there is an attempt to define realization for the purpose of understanding what is involved therein. No doubt the Indian teachers designed to enforce the truth that religion in its proper acceptation and true nature connotes the conscious presence of the Divine within us, the barrier being broken down which divides subject from object. It is otherwise the condition of knowing even as we are known. . . . *Azoth* has begun what appears to be a series of articles on the Yi-King Tao in its alleged connection not only with the Hebrew Kabbalah but with analogous systems allocated to Egypt and India. The first instal-

ment deals with numbers and letters, considered as symbols of forces, and has a good deal to say on the vibration of names. It appears to understand the Word—metaphysical and literal—as Sound, and proceeds thence to the curious definition that words are with God and that words or sounds are God. Moreover, every word produces a form, and the uttered name is therefore a form produced—whether permanently or not does not appear at present. These things are phantasy and far away from the power of the Word in Zoharic Kabalism. . . . It is interesting to note that *Ultra*, the Italian theosophical review, continues publication at Rome with no change of form. It has been edited always with considerable care and thought, though—the sub-title notwithstanding—it is more largely devoted to phenomena than to speculative research. Spiritism and psychical experiments loom largely in its pages, not excepting the latest wonders on psychic telegraphy, the relation of sound to colour, and so forth. A study on synthesis in the last issue to hand occupies, however, the place of honour, and papers on the unity in created things are appearing in serial form. . . . The Spanish periodical *A Verdade*, being a new venture which we have mentioned on a previous occasion, is devoted frankly to propaganda. It appears monthly and is distributed gratuitously. It is concerned more especially with spiritism and is disposed towards the philosophical views of Allan Kardec. . . . *Le Spiritisme Kardeciste* continues and has several interesting features. It tells us that all things are interlinked in the grand march of Nature, and that all things tend towards unity. The soul of the beast unfolds according to the law of reincarnation and arrives ultimately at the human stage, when it enters the domain of free will. Nothing is stationary, all transforms and is modified, save only God. The liberation of man is by integration in Divine law, which is a law of goodness, charity and love. . . . *The Vedic Magazine* notices a new translation of the Holy Quran, now appearing in the Punjab in serial form. It is of opinion that Mohammedanism has been “much too tight and close in its beliefs and convictions during the last thirteen centuries of its undisputed sway.” Religions must adjust themselves continually to the changing conditions of human life. An introductory note prefixed to the version offers an opportunity to enlarge upon this theme, because of its affirmation that “no book on the surface of the earth enjoys the peculiar privilege of everlasting life, except the Holy Quran of Islam.” That is an extreme statement and the view of a zealot; yet we have heard on a rival authority that the Vedas are uncreated and eternal. While we agree therefore that “the peculiar privilege of everlasting life which the Holy Quran enjoys” cries loudly for defence and explanation, we should like the still superior claims on behalf of the older sacred books to find—if that be possible—their reasonable expositors. All these enthusiasms are of course in the melting-pot, and to any question what is the truth concerning them no one is likely to get an answer from the remaining zealots, or to wait and hear it if they do.

REVIEWS

THE MOUNT OF VISION. By Charles H. Brent, D.D. Cr. 8vo, pp. xx+124. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. net.

DR. BRENT is of the American Episcopal Church and Bishop of the Philippine Islands. His book was written at the solicitation of the Bishop of London for a Lenten series, and Dr. Ingram says that it should give us the inspiration which we need to-day. The author's point of view is expressed at the beginning, when it is affirmed that "above the confusion and bewilderment of the moment sears God's ordered plan for His creation," and that our need just now is to exercise our powers of vision from "the highest vantage ground." We have to "rearrange the true factors of life on a larger plan and in a truer perspective." It comes about therefore that Bishop Brent gives us what he terms "a study of life in the terms of the whole." He tells us that "spiritual vision is in inverse ratio to the ease and calmness of prosperity and peace," and that we need a "whole conception of God," whereas we have been accepting a national interpretation of Him. I have made several literal quotations, lest I should perchance create misconception over a work for the sincerity of which I can feel only deep respect. It has come to me rather with surprise that our conception of God is national: one would have thought that the designation belongs to the false German god. Otherwise the statements are so true that they seem more familiar in expression than perhaps they actually are. But Dr. Brent proceeds to tell us that "the cross is the groundwork of God's being" and that to manifest the unity of Himself and His universe He became part of it in Jesus Christ. I must confess that these views speak to me a strange and unintelligible language. I write as one who knows something of what has been said by the great men of old, the men of vision, from Jacob Böhme back through the ages, concerning the height and the depth in God; I know something both for and against what can be and has been said on the unity of God and the cosmos, but I have not met with this language and can draw no light out of it. I begin to wonder somewhat anxiously what it is that divides me from numbers of thoughtful and religiously disposed people who find help in this kind of doctrine. And yet it is not taken out of a common devotional discourse, but from one of close reasoning and real thinking, as the Bishop of London says. Of course, when Dr. Brent speaks of the War and of lessons which must be learned by the Churches the concurrence of all must be with him. So also on "the great adventure of death" there are some illuminating words, if I may distinguish them from their apocalyptic setting.

A. E. WAITE.

WHAT IS THIS SPIRITUALISM? By Horace Leaf. London: Cecil Palmer & Hayward, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, W.C. 1. Price 5s. net.

MR. HORACE LEAF, the hon. sec. The Spiritualists' Education Council, has compiled a most useful and interesting volume in answer to the ques-

tion embodied in its title. He summarizes much that is already known on the subject—such as the never-to-be-forgotten experiments of Sir William Crookes, and adds to them something of his own experiences and observations. Mr. Leaf has had the privilege of sitting in Dr. W. J. Crawford's circle in Ireland, with Miss Kathleen Goligher, and has there witnessed some of the demonstrations of that mysterious psychic force described in Dr. Crawford's own book. In speaking of the suggested dangers of Spiritualism, the author shrewdly remarks: "Just as spirit is the last thing the materialist will acknowledge, so many people object to the explanation of an after-life that leaves out the unpleasant bogies they were taught in childhood to believe constitute the most active inhabitants of the unseen world. The very denial of this pet idea is sufficient to bring Spiritualism into disrepute as actually holding intercourse with devils and even aiding them in their nefarious work." The concluding chapter, "The Antiquity of Spiritualism," contains some brief but interesting details concerning the spiritualistic beliefs of the Ancients. Chinese Ancestor Worship is apparently neither more nor less than a reverent realization of the helpful ministry of friends in the unseen. Especially "To Christians it speaks with a direct appeal. The spiritual world which they believe exists and which they believe acted on the material world two thousand years ago is no figment of the imagination. Modern Spiritualism proclaims it to be even a demonstrable fact. . . . Already it convinces us that with the persistence of consciousness there is the persistence also of love and justice; a strengthening of all that in the best sense mankind has agreed to call good."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE WORLD'S BANE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Phyllis E. Bentley.
London: F. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., Adelphi Terrace. Price 3s. 6d.
net.

THIS volume contains four short "stories," somewhat symbolical in character, of which the first gives its title to the book. In it the author actually wishes to show that disdain for conventionality and the common things of life may be carried beyond the limit of common sense. The moral would appear to be that on the whole "Perduna" dropped the substance for the shadow by over-indulgence in self-centred reveries. She represents the defects of the idealistic and psychic temperament, and one feels that for her the best antidote might have been a course of "domestic science." The other three stories are entitled respectively, "The Art of Government," "The River of Passion," and "The Judgment." The latter is a dream of the end of the world, and the dreamer sees every soul standing in the "Judgment Hall of God." She declines, however, to acknowledge this particular Deity, a God of mere religious symbols, and she declares rather incoherently that "if at the Last Day, when God fully reveals Himself, all do not instantly acknowledge Him and feel that He is good and *they are wicked*, then He is not the true God, and there is something higher than He is." EDITH K. HARPER.

IDEAS OF GOD. By A. L. Wareham. 7 ins. x 4½ ins., pp. 46. London: C. Maurice Dobson, 46 Kensington High Street, W. Price 1s. 2d. net.

THIS is an interesting and thoughtful little contribution to speculative philosophy, though within its very brief confines the author is hardly able

to do justice to his ideas, and some of them are necessarily presented in a rather dogmatic form. His theory is a pantheistic, or rather, panpsychic, one, everything that exists being asserted to be, in its degree, alive, and God being identified with the ether of space. Such a theory, of course, suffers from very serious defects. In the first place, it leaves quite unsolved that very fundamental philosophic problem, the relation between the subject and the object, merely thrusting it back from man to the atom; and, in the second place, the author, seemingly, fails to realize the full significance of the fact that as the denotation of a term is increased, its connotation is correspondingly diminished, hence to attribute life to every form of existence is to deprive the word "life" of meaning; to say "this being lives" has meaning and significance only if it is possible to add "but that does not." On the other hand, however, most readers will sympathize with Mr. Wareham's criticisms both of the concept of God to be found (on the surface, at any rate) in the Old Testament and that prevalent amongst the majority of professing Christians to-day—concepts which have much, unfortunately, in common. And there is certainly an element of truth in his assertion, even if it is not the whole truth, that "we are passing, at the present time, through trouble caused from teaching to children the old Hebrews' conception of God." "It is high time," he adds, and who will not agree with him? "that the Churches realized what they are doing, and determined to make themselves, not only nominally, but actually, Christian; and to instil only the Spirit of Christianity into the minds of the young. That spirit is necessary for the salvation of the world, and is sufficient for all purposes, if understood and acted upon. The immense power of right thought and right feeling is being recognized to some extent by a few; and if those few could be made the many, the world would indeed become a place of joy. To conquer our evil desires, and to live in active usefulness and good-will towards all, brings us happiness, and imparts it to others."

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE HARVEST AND THE VINTAGE: AN INTERPRETATION OF THE TIMES. By C. D. H. McMillan, M.A., Vicar of Malmesbury and Hon. Canon of Bristol. London: Robert Scott, Roxburghe House, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1s. 6d. net.

FROM a purely literary point of view Canon McMillan's book *The Harvest and the Vintage*, is extremely interesting as an exposition of Biblical prophecies relating to Armageddon. He searches into the question whether this war is in very fact Armageddon, or merely the first part or "Harvest" of the Tribulation, as set forth in Revelation, or whether after this war a still more terrible one will sweep the earth as the second part of the Tribulation, which will correspond to the "Vintage," when the doom of the utterly wicked shall be pronounced consigning them to everlasting perdition. The Canon speaks of "that day of crisis which appears to be so fast approaching, when the number of God's elect shall be complete and the door shall be shut," a doctrine surely too dreadful for contemplation by those who believe Love to be the supreme attribute of the Father-Mother God, and that the essence of the Master's teaching is expressed by the tender mercy of the Good Shepherd in the parable of the Lost Sheep.

Egyptologists will find material for discussion in the author's ingenious theory regarding the symbolism of the Great Pyramid. Two curious

illustrations of a section of the interior of the Great Pyramid add considerable interest to this chapter. The Canon's summary of the present situation and the outlook of the immediate future is masterly. None can doubt the truth of His significant words—"Unless the Central Powers of Europe are completely defeated we must expect that another attempt will be made some time in the future to break up the British Empire." Nor will many cavil at his assertion that (assuming religion to mean the Golden Rule) there is "one force which, if it could have free play, would eventually set all things right, even in this strangely disordered world, and that is the force of true religion." EDITH K. HARPER.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY. By Guy Fleming. Cr. 8vo, pp. vi+325. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Price 5s. net.

MR. GUY FLEMING has written a number of novels which have not come my way, and the loss is mine, for he is an artist after his own manner. I have read this "old story," as he calls it, under its old title, and have enjoyed its living pictures. It belongs to the eighteenth century and to that part of Scotland which borders on the Solway Firth. The hero tells it himself, unfolding the mystery part, by the solution of which he comes at length into his own within the castle walls, as a lawful son of that house in which he has dwelt previously under another character. The best witness that I can bear is to say that the whole impression conveyed is utterly veridic, and were I told that it is as literally and historically true as it is true to the ethics of story-writing, I should no doubt accept it implicitly, for the soundest of all considerations—that there is no reason why it should not be. I hope that the star presiding over such kinds of happenings will bring Mr. Fleming's next book into my hands. There is nothing more utterly apart from my own ways of thought and concern in literature and life, for which reason it has been perhaps the more convincing. In its way also it is what may be called a wise book—wise after the manner of insight, wise in saws and adages, all characteristic of place and period and person. *Ave, frater.* A. E. WAITE.

RECENT WORDS FROM CHRIST UPON THIS WAR, AND UPON OUR COMING DELIVERANCE. Taken down by A Scribe. London: Palmer & Hayward, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THE anonymous author of this pamphlet—which will doubtless be welcomed by followers of Joanna Southcott and other believers on similar lines—states that certain messages reached her in 1916, "through a chosen instrument" bidding her to "listen in the stillness," for teachings of deep and awful import were to be revealed. Their substance may be gathered from the statement that: "The keys given to St. Peter, namely, 'one day is with the Lord as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day,' are also the Keys to the references in the Scripts made by the Lord to the 6,000 years of Satan's rule on earth. Few people realize that there are only 82 years left to complete God's week of 6 days or 6,000 years." The conclusion of these so-called inspired communications is a warning to all to acquaint themselves "with My Plan of Redemption, for . . . even My Love cannot save such as join in upholding the rule of the devil." EDITH K. HARPER.

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