

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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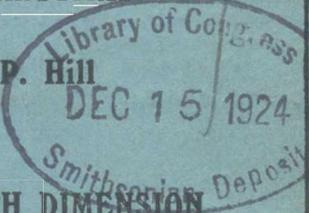
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PERIODICAL LITERATURE

REVIEWS



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OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

“Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri”

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

“PRAYER,” says the author of the *Universal Telephone*, “is the individual soul trying to express itself to the Universal Soul.” A similar thought runs through the chapter on the *Power of Prayer* in Mr. Sydney Klein’s latest work, *The Way of Attainment*.* Mr. Klein puts it in this way. He asks us to accept the following postulates: Firstly, that nature was made by nature’s God; so that the forces contained in phenomena must be regarded as emanations from that God, and the whole universe must be considered as the manifestation or materialization of what may be

called the thought or will of God. Secondly, that our real spiritual personality is akin to and indeed part of the Great Spirit. It follows that, being spiritual, our real personality is not limited by time and space, and being akin to the Deity may be said to have no freewill of its own, outside that of its fountain or source. Its will, in short, must always be working towards perfection in the form of a recognition of the prayer, “Let Thy will be done”; that is to say, by bringing it more and more into perfect touch and sympathy with the Universal Spirit. It must also be capable of

* London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. 5s. net.

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making its petition felt by already having gained a knowledge of what that eternal will is.

By examination of the phenomena around us, we find that the power to influence by sympathetic action is the very basis of survival and progress throughout the universe. All the organic world, in short, appears to be praying in one form or another, and the organism that is not in *sympathy* with its environment, and cannot therefore derive help and nourishment from its surroundings, inevitably perishes. The action of our

COSMIC SYMPATHY. sense organs is based upon the appreciation of vibrations of greater or less rapidity, according to

the presence in those organs of processes capable of responding in sympathy with these frequencies. This capacity of responding under sympathetic action is universal, both in the organic and inorganic worlds. Prayer, our author contends, is but another instance of this universal principle of sympathetic action. All divine thoughts and desires emanate from the spiritual, and true prayer, Mr. Klein contends, is not asking for earthly favours, but is in the nature of communion with God, and is only possible when we have thrown open the windows and doors of our being, so that his love may find entrance thereto.

Prayer, then, involves the act of submission entailed in attaining to a state of mind in which it is possible for us to vibrate in spiritual sympathy with the source of our being.

PRAYER AS AN ACT OF SUBMISSION TO THE DIVINE WILL. "The act of submission," says our author, "to a higher will, carries with it a wonderfully consoling influence when that higher will is known to be the All Loving." Hypnotized by the appalling immensity of the universe, we may think that our prayers to One who comprises all space, time, power and

knowledge, must needs be inefficacious ; but, in fact, "every atom in the universe is in such intimate connection with the whole that it actually pulls every other atom towards it" through the force of gravitation. No atom can be moved, however slightly, without every other atom in the whole universe being influenced by that displacement. Mr. Klein contends further that no prayer must be for anything personal, but merely the expression of the desire of the petitioner to be placed in communion with the Universal Spirit of Life. That this form of prayer is the highest and most ennobling may well be admitted. And yet, in spite of Mr. Klein's contention, the records which reach us of answers to specific petitions in prayer are strikingly numerous. How is it, we may ask, that such

prayers are answered, if, indeed, this is so? Take the case which a lady friend who was present on the occasion narrated to me. It has reference to an experience of the late Mrs. Mary Davies. I give it exactly as she wrote it out for me.

During the second year of the War, I went, one Sunday evening, to a service in the "Steinway Hall," held by the "Marylebone Spiritualist Association." Towards the end of the service after an excellent address and some clairvoyant descriptions by Mrs. Mary Davies, this lady advanced towards the front of the platform with an open letter in her hands, saying:—

"I have just received this letter from the Westminster Hospital, and I should like to explain it to you as I feel sure you will all rejoice with me.

"Three weeks ago at the close of this service a nurse came to me telling me that there was a patient (lady) in her Hospital who was in a very grave condition through excessive drug-taking. Nothing more could be done for her, and the doctors could not entirely stop the drug, as her condition was even worse when this experiment was tried.

"She then asked me if I could do anything for her, and I promised to try. That evening my husband and I knelt down and prayed earnestly for an hour. At the end of that time we looked up, and there stood the form of Jesus Christ, with a lamb under His arm. He said nothing, but we both felt that our prayers would be answered. That was three weeks ago, and to-day I received this letter from the nurse telling me that the same vision that we saw appeared to the patient at the same time in the Hospital, and from that moment all desire for the drug had disappeared and the lady is now almost well, never having once gone back from that time.

"She adds that she would not write before lest the cure should be only a temporary one, but as she improved steadily each day could wait no longer before telling the good news.

"She also adds: Anybody doubting the veracity of this statement can inquire at the Westminster Hospital for themselves."

What is the explanation of a case like this? Is it not that in response to the prayer, spiritual forces on the other side were brought into action, and thus the fulfilment of the petition was brought about? Prayer, in short, acts as an incentive to min-

MINISTER-
ING
SPIRITS. istering spirits, who are thus enabled to serve the needs of suffering humanity. The response, that is to say, comes from divine agencies being set in motion, and we need not, therefore, trouble our

heads as to the sort of difficulties that are so frequently raised, as to the impossibility of answers to personal prayers by an omniscient Deity. This difficulty has very often been felt and is evidently felt also by Mr. Klein, and yet, as it appears to me, it is in reality no difficulty at all. It is put in this way by Mrs. Annie Besant in *Esoteric Christianity*. "The religious spirit," she says,

" finds its very life in prayer. Yet even the religious man sometimes feels uneasy as to the rationale of prayer. Is he teaching the All-Wise? Is he urging beneficence on the All-Good? Is he altering the will of Him in whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning? Yet he finds, in his own experience, and in that of others, definite sequences of a request and a fulfilment."

THE
RATIONALE
OF PRAYER.

Many of these instances, Mrs. Besant continues, do not refer to subjective experiences, but to hard facts of the so-called objective world. A man has prayed for money, and the post has brought him the required amount. A woman has prayed for food, and food has been brought to her door. Though, of course, this is far from invariably the case, the instances of it are sufficiently startling to make anyone pause before maintaining that there is no response to specific appeals from the superphysical worlds. Though the form of prayer which puts the petitioner in communion with the divine and asks for nothing of a worldly nature may be the highest of all, it is surely shutting our eyes to a vast body of evidence to deny the efficacy of that other form of prayer which calls in to the aid of man those spiritual intelligences, the ignoring of which has sapped so effectually the vital essence of the Protestant creed. The loftier the nature of the prayer, the higher will be the grade of intelligence that responds, and may we not also say that prayers of an evil or of a purely worldly and selfish kind, call in also a lower order of intelligence, whose response may bring, in the long run, more evil than good to the petitioner? Surely at least the Roman Catholic religion did well in encouraging prayers to saints and angels, even though the response may be held in most cases to come from some other source than that of the particular saint or angel invoked.

There are many prayers, of course, of which the futility is sufficiently obvious. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." And the prayer in many of these cases is the index of the heart's desire. A certain Archdeacon preaching once on prayer to a congregation that included a boys' school, told a story for the edification of his hearers, of a boy who had died at school, and about whose destination in the other world his parents had some reason to be anxious. After his death a search was made through his papers, in the hope of finding that he had more leaning towards the spiritual side of things than he had ever shown to his school companions or his family. All, however, they were able to discover was a dirty piece of blotting paper on which he had written in large scrawling characters the words,

“ May God made me good—at cricket ! ” In a somewhat similar way it was observed at a school which shall be nameless that the captain of the school football team neglected saying his prayers except on certain specific occasions, these occasions always coinciding with the date of some particularly important match. Incidentally it may be remarked that his prayers appear to have been answered, for he was uniformly successful.

Even apart from prayers answered by individual super-physical intelligences, may it not be possible to draw aid, in the hour of need, direct from the Universal Reservoir of Life ? It

FOCUSING
THE WILL. may be argued that this can be done rather by concentration and focusing of the will power than by prayer pure and simple, but is not this after all

one of the many forms of prayer, and in fact, just as much a prayer as the self-surrender of the individual to the divine will ? The former, indeed, may be the safer and purer method, inasmuch as the concentrated will, unless free from selfishness and personal motive, may attract a response from lower levels ; but in practice, both methods may be held to be efficacious in their own degree and kind. Many would argue that prayer is after all only a form

DIVINE
GRACE OR
AUTO-
SUGGES-
TION ? of auto-suggestion. A man may pray for divine grace to enable him to conquer a certain bad or undesirable habit, and believing that he receives this grace, he will find strength to conquer it. The orthodox Christian will contend that it is truly the fact that he is the recipient of an influx of this

divine grace. The man of science will at once pooh-pooh this contention and point to the result as a typical instance of the force of auto-suggestion. Perhaps there is a certain truth in both standpoints.

In connection with the problem of prayer, it is impossible to omit reference under present circumstances to the alleged cases of healing by prayer and the laying on of hands through the mediumship of Mr. J. M. Hickson. Such incidents necessarily arouse a considerable amount of scepticism, and in many cases there are doubtless exaggerated accounts of the benefit received. There is again the fact which must be taken into consideration

MR.
HICKSON'S
HEALING
MISSION. that the number of those healed, even accepting the cures as recorded, bears a very small proportion to those who have attended the services in the hope of obtaining some physical benefit or alleviation of their complaints ; and it is only natural

that among the multitude of those who go away no better than

they came, considerable disappointment should be caused. All these things must be allowed for, but it can, I think, plausibly be contended that the percentage of cures is infinitely higher than that obtained through pilgrimages to Lourdes and other healing shrines, and there has been no strong public criticism raised as to such pilgrimages, in spite of the fact that they appear to entail much greater hardships and to involve much less in the way of benefit to the pilgrims than do Mr. Hickson's services.

A book dealing with Mr. Hickson's missions to various parts of the world has just been published by Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.,* and the evidence contained in it is certainly very striking. It may be said, of course, that the book, looked at from one point of view, is in the nature of an advertisement for Mr. Hickson. On the other hand, we must bear in mind the altruistic nature of the work done, and it must surely be also admitted that if the facts are as stated it is only right that they should be given to the world. It is noteworthy that in the majority of cases the facts are vouched for by people of repute on the spot, who should be in a position to know. Thus, Dr. Long, Bishop of Bathurst, N.S.W., writes :

My own acceptance of the claims for the revival of the healing ministry in the Church has slowly passed in a few years through the stages of resistance, doubt, and inquiry, to frank and open recognition. I had felt the force of every objection that has been raised long before such were raised in our midst. Ultimately it was the cautious investigation over a period of years of the work and phenomena of Christian healing in all parts of the world that compelled me to revise and then recast my preconceptions and my misconceptions. . . . The first fact that impressed one was the manner in which people rose to the call of prayer. Week after week our services of prayer in the Bathurst Cathedral grew. There were no "attractions." The service was of the simplest form. The people just wanted to get on their knees and pray. A great deal of the praying was done in the silence of a great throng of a thousand people. It was almost incredible that so many people could keep such a breathless silence. The next remarkable fact was the uprush of sympathy in the whole community. . . . What are the results of the mission? It is readily understandable that sympathetic people should feel a great and crushing disappointment to fall upon many who have had no immediate manifestation of healing. The fear was natural, but experience in every part of the world has proved that it is groundless. The sick receive an amazing spiritual uplift. What of physical healings? I cite now but a few of such cases, and I write words of truth and soberness. I have looked into the eyes that were badly

* *Heal the Sick*, by J. M. Hickson. Methuen & Co.; 7s. 6d. net.

crossed of a lad and so weak in sight that he could hardly see by the aid of thick lenses. I have seen that boy two hours later with eyes perfectly straight and discarding glasses. . . . In two other cases I know of children's eyes becoming straight and normal. I have seen a child that has not walked for eight years walk quite steadily along the cathedral path to its father and mother. . . . The last person upon whom we laid hands on Wednesday morning was blind in the left eye, and as she passed from the vestry the sight returned in full. On Tuesday morning the first person upon whom we laid hands looked to be at the door of death. He was so weak the night before that it was impossible to take him to the private house to which he had been assigned. For years he had been bedridden. Two hours later he was dressed and walking about, and doing physical exercises, to show his recovered powers. He walked to the Cathedral in the afternoon to return thanks. . . . Another woman of some thirty years of age, on the evidence of the rector and her relatives, had never spoken in her life. A doubting friend rushes up and says, "Can you really speak?" and is transfixed with wonder upon receiving the answer, "No, not much."

This is only a selection from the cases vouched for by Dr. Long. And Dr. Long is only one of many in similar positions whose testimony appears in the present volume.

The following story recorded by the Rev. W. Parker, of Park Town, Johannesburg, is one that may arouse a rather special interest:—

One of the stewards at the Cathedral noticed a poor woman coming out carrying a baby, and holding on to her dress was a small girl of four or five. The mother was tired and the baby was heavy, and she spoke crossly to the little girl, who was trying to say something. The steward caught the child's words and stopped the mother.

"Why are you in such a hurry?"

"Oh," she answered, "it's late, and here's the whole morning been wasted. Ever since she heard of this Mission she's pestered me to take her to Mr. Hickson until I had to bring her for the sake of peace."

"What's wrong with her?"

"Why, she's been blind in the left eye since she was born. Now I must get home, and not waste any more time."

"Wait a moment," said the steward, "she's trying to tell you something," and turning to the child, he said, "What are you saying, my dear?"

"I can see," cried the child; "I *can*, really!"

Placing his hand over the child's right eye, the man tested her, and found she could see perfectly with the hitherto blind left eye. He turned to the mother. "She is quite right," he said quietly, "she *can* see." There was a moment's pause, then the mother snatched the child closely to her. "Oh, my God!" she cried, "will He ever forgive me?" "Go home," said the steward, "and get your husband and family together, and get on your knees and thank God for what He has done, and ask Him to help you all to serve Him from now onwards." In this case, through a little child's healing, a whole household was converted.

It is impossible not to feel impressed by such records, though of course opinions will differ widely as to the source from which the healing came. Since the War was over there have been a number of cases recorded in the press of soldiers who were blinded through shell shock or otherwise recovering their sight through a sudden shock, or accident. And it is beyond doubt that intense

emotion may in certain circumstances produce an effect upon the nerves which makes good some lesion that medical skill has been unable to touch, and these cases may not unnaturally be pointed to as parallels in a certain sense. Instances like this may help us to understand the manner in which the cure in many of the cases cited came about. But it hardly serves to diminish our wonder at the sum total of results obtained through this singular healing mission. I do not think it is open to doubt that Mr. Hickson has some very special natural magnetic gift of healing, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that many of the cures effected would have taken place equally well had Mr. Hickson treated his patients from the commonsense standpoint of an ordinary medical practitioner, merely making use of his magnetic personality, apart entirely from any religious service or ceremonial. Had he gone about his work in this manner, would he have achieved more or less striking results? Many people will doubtless ask themselves this question. But it is clearly the opinion of numerous witnesses that the spiritual and emotional side of the mission was a large factor in the results obtained. As the poet tells us:—

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.

And this saying need not, surely, be limited to any particular form of prayer. Whether this praying take the form of an act of submission to a higher will, or a definite appeal for active assistance in the hour of need from the super-physical worlds, both surely are valid, and the poet who wrote the lines, I am convinced, meant his verse to apply no less to one than to the other.

No conception of the super-physical worlds which denies gradations innumerable between the human and the divine, is consistent with what we know of natural law. The crude ideas which postulate a divine being unapproachably distant from common humanity and no Jacob's Ladder with its ranks of graded intelligences in between, opening out illimitable vistas of greater power and greater spirituality, is surely one that may at length finally be dismissed

JACOB'S
LADDER.

by the more scientific spirit of the present day, along with its kindred delusions of the "bliss unending" and the "eternity of woe," with which our obsolete hymnologists have made us so regrettably familiar. It is well, also, to remember, "HE THAT DOETH——", for those who prefer the more impersonal form of prayer, that the Great Master who taught us to say "Our Father which art in Heaven," while He inculcated the duty of spiritual submission to the divine will, taught this not as an act of submission only, but as a prelude to *doing* the will of the Father. "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord! Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but *he that doeth* the will of my Father." He did not say, as some people seem to imagine, "Pray first, and then wait and see."

A further volume of the fascinating script obtained in relation to the Abbey at Glastonbury and its early history has just been published under the title of *The Company of Avalon*,* and the author (or editor) is, as before, Mr. Bligh Bond. The main body of the script in the present instance has been obtained through a lady whose name is not given, but who is merely described under the initial S. In August, 1919, this lady received automatically a curious script which had reference to Winchester in the days when there was an abbey adjoining the cathedral. Ambrosius, the communicator, apparently entered his novitiate under the last of the Saxon abbots of Glastonbury, and remained there under his Norman successor. He seems to have been not only a monk but an architect, a not unusual combination in those days. The lady in question is told in this script that she herself in those early days was sub-prior of Winchester Abbey under Prior Godfrey, and also that he, Ambrosius, "lived again when men spake a tongue like unto that whyche ye speke now, but now I can remember mee of yours somewhat."

Sub-prior Symon under Pryor Godfrey ye were and were Maister of Novitium (master of the novices). There were but eight. Thou didst from Flanders come in the yeare before the Kinge was slain in the Boldrewood (this would be 1099). Laus Deo! Much ill didde hee, and ill did hee bringe on ye Minster—ye Towre all tobrocane on him after! Yfande were thou ever mooche ylearne of boke (very book-learned) for ye monkes of Sanct Swithun. No man thowte of the olde chirche of Sanct Ethelwoldes save to brake and to fallen in our dagen, but ane Kapella ad fontes (Maister Autel above) now in cryptes in ecclesiam minorem.

* *The Company of Avalon*. By F. Bligh Bond, F.R.I.B.A. Oxford: Basil Blackwell; 7s. 6d. net.

Brother Symon himself, it appears, spent much time at Glastonbury, with whose abbot, Robert, he was very friendly. Hence the connection with the Glastonbury script. It is noteworthy in connection with these communications that the lady

BROTHER
SYMON. in question is constantly addressed as "Brother Symon," and invariably in the masculine gender.

The fact that she is now a woman is ignored, and indeed, as far as one can gather, it is not even realized. It appears that S. in her earth life as a monk was very severe with the novices and also with the young children, and took special exception to the other sex. This is what Ambrosius writes in the script of September 12, 1921 :

AMBROSIUS speaketh. Thou art in truth, brother hee whom wee say thou art. For, as thou thinkest, some there bee who ayen in earth dwell. And thou wert over stark and stern towards ye littel novices and children : aye, and loathed women-folk as if they childer of Satanas were himself. Never knew I one to speke as thou didst atte times. Now hast thou muche ylearnt, but how, I know not, save that I see thee in grete pitie for all poore sicke folk and littel yonge childer. I see thee among them, and near thee, childer in white, in choro. But many women-folk too, and none clad as we saw in past days.

The point is obviously that it has been S.'s karma to be reborn into the sex which she treated with such contempt (woman-haters please note !) and to spend her days giving help and assistance to the children with whom heretofore she had been so harsh and stern. Herlewyn, who was second abbot of Glastonbury under

THE
DOCTRINE
OF REBIRTH.

Norman rule, also, we are told, has been born again as a worthy priest, and Galfridus, a monk of the same days, and also architect at Glastonbury, was, if we may accept the script, born again and lived another life in the same capacity of architect, so that obviously rebirth according to the views expressed in the script is no unique occurrence. "These things," we are told in the script, "be hard and strange to those yet hid in the dark mists of earth." And again :

The soule cometh to earthe again as babe and yonge childe—as manne or woman, and lyveth a ryghte true human life in the wyrld. Onlie, ever is there a chaine fine and lyghte as ayre which bindeth ye soule—spirit—back to our wyrld here, and by it ye spirit oft passeth back, and a part of it ever dwelleth after a tyme. Rede ye not in Holy Gospell that Our Lorde sayeth—I will it in Englisc tongue write "LO ! I PRAY YATT THOSE WHOM THOU TO ME HAST GIFAN MAY WITH MEE BEE WHERE I AM."

See ye not that part of Oure Lorde ever in Heofan was ? Soe is it with Hys holie ones. Ever part dwelleth with Him, but ylinked up with human soule and bodie on erthe.

S. is moreover informed :

Thou art indeede SYMON, and have too lived before as other. And in many ways hast thou trodde : and wee see afar others. Yet thy chaine holdeth sure. And thou, once our Abbat, ryght surely art thou with us here and thy wyrke hath been grete, for thou hast loved Glaston and hast loved human kynde, and back to erthe wentest thou gladly as knight goeth to war. Yet years past ere thy Quest came to thee and many trials didst thou meet.

Thus, though reincarnation appears to be the usual order of things, and S. appears to have been remembered in two previous lives, it is stated, "Not all souls again to earth from us go. Many learn here and in regions we see afar, so it is part of a plan so great that we can it not see all." It looks, according to the monk's account, as if a time came when there was no further need to return again to this planet. Other lessons have to be learned in distant worlds. It is clear that the author himself is anxious that his readers should not regard him as personally committed to the doctrine of reincarnation. He quotes the following passage from Sir Oliver Lodge, with approval :

As regards reincarnation, it is probably a mistake to suppose that the same individual whom we know in bodily form is likely to appear again at some future date. . . . What may happen, however, is that some other portion of the larger self becomes incarnate, and if so it would be likely to feel a strong affinity though often in a vague and puzzled way, with some other portion which had been embodied previously.

Obviously the trouble of such an hypothesis lies in the association of karma with reincarnation, as exemplified, for instance, in the case of Brother Symon. Brother Symon has been a woman hater, and has been hard on the children. She returns to earth in the sex she scorned, and has to atone for her previous harshness by ministering to the very children to whom before she showed herself so unsympathetic. If we accept Sir Oliver Lodge's standpoint and look at this larger self as, to put it crudely, some huge octopus with numerous tentacles that reincarnate one by one (for this is practically what it comes to), is it not a little absurd that one of the tentacles should pay the penalty for the misdeeds of another tentacle in a future life? and how would tentacle number one's moral character be benefited by such vicarious atonement? Such a conception would obviously do away with all the aim and point of reincarnation. It would be the doctrine of vicarious atonement carried to its extreme logical absurdity. Is it not rather the

SIR
O. LODGE'S
VIEW.

THE
MONK'S
TEACHING
ON
"KARMA."

case that the reincarnating ego is dependent on the physical form in which it reincarnates for its fuller or less complete expression, and that in one body certain sides of the character may find means of expression that are denied to them in another, and also conditions in life where opportunities missing in the last incarnation may be made good? This is a very different matter from what I venture to describe as the octopus hypothesis. If Sir Oliver Lodge's theory had any foundation in fact, the main arguments advanced in favour of reincarnation would go by the board. This is not, however, to say that the entire potentialities of any individual are incarnate at one time. Surely the monks of Avalon have put the matter in a far truer and more spiritual manner than Sir Oliver Lodge in saying, "Ever part dwelleth in Him but linked up with human soul and body on earth." Is not in reality that larger self of which Sir Oliver Lodge speaks partly an ideal of the future and partly a thing in process of becoming, the means to the building of which are those many personalities which are in the end destined to constitute a "une being"? Surely, too, as time goes on, and the soul is perfected, the intimacy of relationship between one personality and another in the succession of lives becomes merged in absolute identity.

In the thought of Ambrosius, I would suggest that by "the part which dwelleth in Him but is linked up with human soul and body on earth" is intended the highest spiritual part of man which is never actually incarnate on earth but overshadows the ego during earth life, that part to which Socrates refers as his "Daimon." Perhaps also we may place in the same category the children's guardian angels, who "ever behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."

I have already published a review of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's latest work, *Memories and Adventures*, a book, I may mention by the way, of many-sided interest. My attention has been drawn in this connection to the author's remarks on the subject of Theosophy (see pp. 86-87). Sir Arthur admits that he was at one time deeply interested and attracted by this cult, and he gives as his reason that "while Spiritualism seemed at that time to be chaos so far as philosophy went, Theosophy presented a very well thought out and reasonable scheme, parts of which,

THE
"WHIPPING
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THE DIVINE
PLAN.

THE OVER-
SHADOWING
SPIRIT.

SIR A.
CONAN
DOYLE AND
H. P. B.

notably reincarnation and karma, seemed to offer an explanation of some of the anomalies of life." What Sir Arthur expresses here has, I am quite sure, been felt by many others besides himself. But like many of these others, Sir Arthur was put off by exposures, or alleged exposures, of Madame Blavatsky's trickery, and in addition to this, by the dogmatism and lack of scientific spirit of Theosophists generally. Surely, however, he goes too far when he says that "Theosophy will be in a stronger position when it shakes off Madame Blavatsky altogether." It seems to me, I confess, that in spite of all H.P.B.'s shortcomings and admitted frailties, Theosophy without Madame Blavatsky would be uncommonly like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.

With reference to a review that appeared in my last issue of Bennett's *Philosophical Study of Mysticism*, price 12s. 6d., we are asked to state that this is published in England by the Oxford University Press, Amen House, Warwick Square, E.C.4, as are also all the other Yale University books.

A CHINESE MEMORY

BY PHYLLIS M. JAMES

CENTURIES past, in China, you and I
Loved and were parted—you to bleed and die
Beneath the swift sword of a brother's hate—
I to remain alone and desolate,
Sighing my sorrows to the midnight sky.

Can you remember now the magic hours
Of moonrise, when the dim-lit lotus flowers—
Stars in the misty heaven of the lake—
Opened their eyes on us, and watched us make
Our lovers' vows beside the willow bowers?

Or is it all forgotten—the delight
Of dawn upon the red and rose and white
Of peach and plum; and the acacia trees
Swinging their snowflake blossoms in the breeze,
Tinted like opals in the early light?

We were so young in China long ago—
Not yet grown tired with the to and fro
Of hurrying days and dreads and desperate fears
That brought us through these intervening years
Till now . . . and even now *you* do not know—

You do not feel that strange remembering thrill
That comes with moonlight when the lake is still,
Where beds of iris, faintly glowing, stand
Like water fairies linking hand in hand,
Longing to dance because the wind is chill.

Within your soul no far-off echoes ring
When through the cherry orchards in the Spring
You walk, and breathe the incense they distil,
That, centuries ago, would often fill
Our hearts with maddest, sweetest suffering.

Your busy mind recalls no mystic lore,
No thought of mighty Buddha and his store
Of wisdom ; or the Temple cool and dim
Where at his shrine we supplicated him,
Laying our faithful offerings at his door.

No ; it is lost—the flitting memory
Of love and violence and philosophy
That made our world in distant China then.
Now we are moderns, and with modern men
We must forget our ancient dignity.

Yet still the living brightness of your eyes
Reveals the secret that within you lies ;
My soul's deep knowledge shows me once again
That early love that led us through its pain
Into affinity which never dies.

SAINT FRANCIS AND CHRISTMAS.

BY EDITH K. HARPER, Author of "St. Francis of Assisi: The Troubadour of God," "The Coming of the Franciscans," etc., etc.

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!

EVERY day of the year had for the Seraphic Francis some lovely spiritual meaning. But none was so full of glory as that Day of Days whereon the Star of the East first shone over the Manger at Bethlehem, when Divine Love came to earth in the form of a Little Child.

And as he ever longed to share his own gladness with the whole creature kingdom, it is told of God's Troubadour by those who were most with him in those days, and have left their memories of him on record, that oftentimes they have heard him say he would fain that: "All the mayors of the cities and the lords of the castles and towns be bound every year on the day of the Nativity of our Lord, to compel their men to throw wheat and other grain along the roads beyond the cities and walled towns, so that our sisters the larks* may have whereof to eat, and other birds also on a day of so passing solemnity, and that for reverence of the Son of God whom on such a night the most Blessed Virgin Mary did lay down in the stall betwixt the ox and the ass, whosoever hath an ox and an ass be bound on that night to provide them provender the best that may be, and in like manner also that on such a day all poor folk should be given their fill of good victual by the rich." †

We are told indeed that it was to the inspiration of the Poverello that the first "Christmas Crib," or representation of the Manger, owes its existence as we see it now in Catholic churches at the Christmas season, though Father Cuthbert reminds us

* One can imagine how St. Francis would have regarded the reported ceremony of the reopening of Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, when the *pièce de résistance* was the famous "pudding" composed, it is said, among other dainties, of "our sisters the larks."—E. K. H.

† *The Mirror of Perfection*. By Brother Leo of Assisi.

that "Nativity representations" were already known in France and England in the twelfth century, but not in Italy until so instituted by St. Francis in Umbria. And thus it befel:

One winter, some time after his return from the Holy Land, the Saint had repaired for a time to his hermitage at Greccio, a retreat in a mountain fastness above the valley of Rieti, given to him by his devoted friend and follower,—“a certain valiant and veracious soldier,” as St. Bonaventura describes him,—the knight Giovanni, a man of great riches and of noble lineage, who some time before had become a “Tertiary,” or Member of the Third Franciscan Order. This Third Order, it will be remembered, embraced both men and women whose duties in the world would not permit of their absolute withdrawal from it, but who followed the life of “poverty and simplicity” in their hearts, and held in all things the Ideal of the Poor Christ.

Francis had come to Greccio in sore turmoil of spirit, he had been fighting for the honour of his Lady Poverty. He had battled with worldly policy and expediency. Victory indeed was his, but it had left him bruised and wounded in heart and soul, and he longed for the peace and silence of the “everlasting hills.”

Soon, under the sweet spell of nature, to whose benign influence he was so susceptible, the Heavenly Messengers made their presence felt, and as he gazed across the wind-swept valley to the distant cities where men strove among themselves for the things of this world, he reflected how near they were to losing altogether the sense of an encompassing world of angels and ministering spirits, those unwearied Messengers between God and man. As he thus mused he bethought him yet again of that Angelic Host which on a night of long ago brought to certain shepherds,—abiding with their flocks on the hillside near Bethlehem,—tidings so glad in music so joyous that its echoes have never fully died, even amid the strife of tongues and the clamouring war drums of this restless world.

About a fortnight before Christmas, Francis sent for his friend Giovanni, that gallant knight whom he “loved with special affection,” and told him of an idea he had for celebrating at Greccio the Festival of the Nativity. For this he had already, with all due courtesy and respect, obtained the permission of Pope Honorius III, as St. Bonaventura is careful to remind us.

“Make haste to go before,” said the Blessed Francis to Giovanni, “and diligently prepare what I tell thee. For I would make memorial of that Child who was born in Bethlehem, and

in some sort behold with bodily eyes His infant hardships ; how He lay in a manger on the hay, with the ox and the ass standing by."

Then the Chronicler, Thomas of Celano, who tells the story, relates with what zeal Giovanni "made haste and prepared in the aforesaid place all the things that the Saint had told him of." And with characteristic fervour Celano thus continues his tale :

"The day of gladness drew nigh, the time of exultation arrived. The brethren were summoned from many 'places'; the men and women of that town with exulting hearts prepared tapers and torches, as they were able, to illuminate that night which with its radiant Star has illuminated all the days and years. At length the Saint of God came, and finding all things prepared, beheld them and rejoiced. The Manger had been made ready, the hay was brought, the ox and the ass were led in.

"There Simplicity was honoured, Poverty exalted, Humility commended; and of Greccio there was made as it were a new Bethlehem. The night was lit up as the day, and was delightful to men and beasts. The people came, and at the new Mystery rejoiced with new rejoicings. The woodland rang with voices, the rocks made answer to the jubilant throng. The brethren sang, yielding due praises to the Lord, and all that night resounded with jubilation. The saint of God stood before the Manger, full of sighs, overcome with tenderness and filled with wondrous joy. The solemnities of the Mass were celebrated over the Manger, and the priest enjoyed a new consolation . . . and with sonorous voice chanted the Holy Gospel—an earnest, sweet, clear and loud-sounding voice, inviting all to the highest rewards."

Then Francis preached lovingly to the assembled folk, "and uttered mellifluous words concerning the birth of the Poor King and the little town of Bethlehem. . . . There the gifts of the Almighty were multiplied." Then happened a wonderful and beautiful thing. To Giovanni, the loyal knight, was granted "a vision of wondrous efficacy." For his spiritual sight was opened and there before him in the Manger he saw a little Child lying as though asleep, which, as Francis bent over it seemed to wake and stretch out its little hands towards the saint. "Nor," adds Celano, "was this vision incongruous; for the Child Jesus had been given over to forgetfulness in the hearts of many in whom, by the working of His Grace,

He was raised up again through His servant Francis, and imprinted on a diligent memory."

"At length the solemn vigil was ended and each one returned with joy to his own place."

Three years later the Poverello spent his first Christmas with the richest of the rich in Paradise. But every year the friars made a "Crib" for the blessed Festival. We are told how, nearly thirty years afterwards, the Lady Clare lying at San Damiano in her last illness, was sorely grieved that she could no longer be present with her Sisters at the Holy Christmas Mass. But as she lay in her bed very sorrowful, it seemed to her, while she prayed, that she was actually present in the Church of San Francesco, and there heard the music, saw "with her bodily eyes the Crib" the friars had made, and shared in all the sweet solemnities of the Feast in which earth and heaven are united.

A church at Greccio marks the place where the Manger stood when Francis kept Christmas and Giovanni's eyes were opened to the presence of the Christ Child.

The story has never been forgotten in Italy. The people cherish the tradition of that glorious night under the watching stars at Greccio, and everywhere in Umbria it is spoken of with faith and reverence at Christmas-tide. In particular at Assisi is the Nativity of the Poor King associated with the joyful memories of His servant Francis.

HAUNTED HOUSES

By P. HILL

HAUNTED HOUSES

DURING the course of a lifetime extending over a period of fifty years, I have only come across four cases of haunted houses which could in every way be called authentic, and two of these four instances were houses we occupied ourselves. The circumstances connected with the remaining two cases were related to me at first hand—one by the lady who subsequently became my wife, the other by a close personal friend.

I will take my own experiences first.

I

THE GIRL AT THE WINDOW

To avoid disappointment I will state at once that there is nothing blood-curdling or dramatic about this first experience, it being merely the record of an occurrence of which no satisfactory explanation was ever forthcoming.

I was a boy of fourteen at the time, living a boy's normal, healthy life—outdoors most of it—as fishing, shooting and kindred pursuits were the main factors of existence in those days. Certainly I had no predisposition either to see, or believe in, ghosts.

My home at the time was in Ireland—a large, rambling old house in the cathedral town of Tuam, County Galway. The house stood some way back from the road, and was approached by a carriage drive. I was subsequently told by my father—who was senior curate of the Protestant Cathedral—that he was aware that the house had a very peculiar local reputation, but that the very moderate rent asked for it far outweighed in his estimation its reputed supernatural disadvantages. The negotiations for the house were naturally concluded before we—his family—arrived upon the scene, and he never enlightened us as to its local repute until after we had left it. My mother, however, came to hear something about it, owing to her utter failure to obtain a maid locally—and ultimately we had to get a girl from

Dublin. For quite six months, however, nothing in the least abnormal, or supernormal, occurred to disturb the even routine of our lives, and if my father had had any qualms, he must by that time have forgotten them.

It was a lovely sunny afternoon in June when my first experience occurred. It was just before tea-time, and I ran upstairs to wash my hands and make myself generally respectable before joining the others at the tea table. The bedrooms all opened out on to a long corridor, which ran the whole length of the front of the house, and this corridor was lighted by four bay windows—so that on this sunny June afternoon it was brilliantly illuminated. On coming out of my room to go downstairs I saw the maid, as I thought, standing looking out of the window immediately opposite my bedroom door. I thought nothing of it, and ran downstairs just in time to see the maid carrying the tea-tray into the dining-room.

I inquired casually who was upstairs, and my mother said "No one," for she and my younger sister were in the dining-room, and my elder sister superintending tea preparations in the kitchen, while my father was out visiting in the parish. I was now so curious to find out who it was that I went straight into the kitchen and asked my elder sister if she had just been upstairs. She said "No," she had been in the kitchen the last half-hour. On this, I ran upstairs again to see who it really was, but this time there was no one there—though I searched all the rooms. The whole affair, though taking some little time to describe, did not actually take more than a couple of minutes from the time I saw the girl at the window to the time I went upstairs again to search. We were all a bit puzzled over it, and related the incident to my father on his return, but he merely said "Rubbish," and told me not to let him hear me talking such nonsense again.

So the matter ended for the time, but two days later a lady coming to call upon my mother asked who it was standing at the window upstairs, as she thought it must be one of us and had waved her hand, but her salute had not been returned. Again it was proved that no one was upstairs at the time. I could see my mother was getting a little uneasy about it, especially as two days later another friend coming to the house had an exactly similar experience.

There were, however, no further developments, and though the incidents can hardly be described as uncanny, no explanation was ever found of them. The most curious thing about

them was that they all occurred in broad daylight, when ghosts are generally supposed to remain secluded.

II

THE HAUNTED DOOR

My next experience happened about nine years later, when we had returned to England and were living at Colchester, and was of a more eerie character.

I suppose not many people are acquainted with Mersea Island, a flat desolate island at the mouth of the river Colne. I did a good deal of boating in those days, and often used to run down from Colchester to Wivenhoe by train, and there take a boat down to the mouth of the river, cruising about between Brightlingsea and Mersea Island, landing sometimes on the island and at other times at Brightlingsea. It was on one of these occasions that I first heard of a reputed haunted cottage on the island.

The cottage had stood empty for some years, and was gradually falling into decay, as no tenant could be found bold enough to live there.

I was greatly interested in the stories I heard about this cottage and determined if possible to ascertain for myself whether there was any foundation for them. So I mentioned the matter to a friend of mine who was also keen on boating, and we made arrangements to camp out in the cottage for a night, in order to gain some first-hand knowledge of the ghost, if there was one. I may at this point mention that my friend was a medical student, on holiday at the time, and about as devoid of "nerves" as a man could well be. In fact he was hugely amused at the whole affair, and chaffed me unmercifully for attaching any importance whatever to the rumours.

To make a long story short, one summer's afternoon we dropped down the river from Wivenhoe and arrived at the cottage about four o'clock. We were equipped with provisions, rugs, etc., for camping out all night, and finding a still useful grate in the kitchen of the cottage, we determined to make a cup of tea first of all. We soon had a cheerful fire going, and then remembered that we had no milk. So I volunteered to go out and get some, if possible, and left my friend to get on with the preparation of our meal.

I was away some little while, as houses are few and far between in that part of the world, and on getting back to the cottage was

surprised to see my friend walking about outside. He seemed curiously upset, and on inquiring what was wrong he replied, "Come inside and see."

I said, "Have you seen the ghost?" But he only repeated, "Come inside, and judge for yourself."

So we went in together and my friend shut the door after us, taking particular care to see that the latch had caught properly. Then we sat down on our rugs, lighted our pipes and awaited events. We remained like this perhaps five minutes, and then I distinctly saw the handle of the door turn, the latch lift and the door open. But there was no one there! I went up and examined the latch—tested both latch and catch thoroughly—and found everything in proper working order. It was an impossibility for the latch to lift itself or to come unfastened when once engaged.

Well, I re-fastened the door, making quite certain that the latch was properly engaged, and then, instead of returning to my former place, I took up a position close to and parallel with the door, so that I should be able to see outside the moment the door opened, even if it only opened half an inch. I had not been watching more than a few seconds before I saw the handle turn, the latch rise up out of the catch and the door open. We both rushed outside—I went one way round the cottage and my friend the other, meeting at the back without having seen anyone.

It must be remembered that this happened, not in the night, but in broad daylight, with the sun shining. We therefore decided that as we were unable to fathom the mystery in the daylight, it was unlikely we should have any greater success after dark—and home seemed much more enticing and comfortable than this lonely cottage. Therefore we shouldered our traps and made for our boat, arriving safely at our destination.

I must confess, at this distance of time, that our action does not appear particularly brave, but at the time the occurrence seemed so absolutely supernatural that a lengthier stay appeared to offer no chance whatever of finding any reasonable explanation.

This occurrence appears to be devoid of any possible object, unless the ghost concerned was a deceased practical joker.

III

THE OLD RECTORY

The third haunted house of my acquaintance is an old country rectory in Warwickshire. An old, old house, long, low and ivy-covered. A charming old place, with roses climbing about it—

inextricably mixed up with the ivy—with low-pitched rooms and great oak beams, with long corridors and quaint attics. But always a something about it that made one a trifle uneasy. It was a curious fact that although the dining-room was the general living-room, no one ever seemed quite happy in it. It was never comfortably warm; even in summer time there was usually a fire going, for a curiously chilly air pervaded it. And one fact always struck me as strange—no one ever sat with his or her back to the far end of the room, the end opposite the fireplace. We never drew our chairs up in front of the fire—always they were more or less sideways, so that we could keep an eye on the far end of the room. A stranger would occasionally sit squarely in front of the fire, but sooner or later would alter the position of the chair, and edge round a bit.

A lady who was visiting the house for the first time remarked, "What a pretty room! But it is haunted, and that"—pointing to the end opposite the fireplace—"is the haunted part!" We did not enlighten her as to our own sensations, nor had she heard anything about the house before, as she came from another county, and it was her first visit.

I was not very often at the Rectory, for I was engaged in business myself in another part of the country, but I used to spend my holidays there every year with my parents and sisters.

It proved an unfortunate house for my people—my mother's health broke up there, my father died there, and there the family circle was broken up and separated into units. Disaster befell each member who had lived in the house. But I will relate briefly my own experience of the uncanny character of the house.

It was on the occasion of my father's death. I had been summoned home by telegram, but arrived too late. Everything naturally was at sixes and sevens. The maid refused to sleep in the house that night, scared lest my father's spirit should "walk," as she explained. My mother and sister, broken up with long watching and nursing, both slept in one room, and I had some blankets and rugs in another, as there had been no opportunity of preparing a bed for me. I shall not forget that night in a hurry. I was tired out by the long journey by rail and road, and naturally upset by the sad event that had just happened and at arriving too late to see my father alive. I tried to sleep, but sleep would not come. I heard footsteps pass and repass my door and go hurrying along the corridor. I wondered what on earth my mother and sisters were about, and why they did not

settle down and rest now that the need for watching was over, but I was too tired and wretched to get up to inquire. Hour after hour the footsteps echoed along the corridor, until at last I fell into an uneasy sleep and dreamed some of the most ghastly dreams that have ever fallen to my lot.

When I woke it was broad daylight, and I went downstairs. I said to my sister :

“What in the world were you all doing last night, and why need there have been all that running about when all was over?”

She replied :

“You heard them, too, then?”

“What do you mean?” I said. “Were you not all running about for hours after I went to bed?”

My sister answered :

“We none of us left our room after you had said good-night. You heard the ghosts—we have heard them on two occasions before.”

I don't attempt any explanation—all I know is that the sounds I heard were most undoubtedly *footsteps*. No doubt on that point has ever entered my head. And that night the house was resounding with them.

IV

THE CHARWOMAN'S STORY

The fourth haunted house to come under my notice was quite unlike the other three, which were all old houses. This was a comparatively modern villa in a much-frequented road near Bushey Park.

I was a constant visitor at this house for some years before I became aware that there was anything unusual about it, though it always struck me as being a gloomy house inside.

About this time I became acquainted with a lady (now my wife), and the house in question was occupied by a married sister of hers.

In the course of conversation my fiancée told me a good deal about this house which greatly interested me. She said that although she had often stayed there with her sister, there was one room she could never sleep in, and it so happened that this was the room usually given her as a bedroom. She would never tell her sister of her great horror of it, as she knew she would only be laughed at, but the dread was so real and so great that

rather than spend the night in this room she used to take the blankets into the children's day nursery and camp out there until daylight, when she would return to the dreaded apartment. So it happened that her married sister never discovered my fiancée's dread of the room.

She also told me that every night, almost exactly at ten o'clock, they always heard a noise—like a thump on the floor—which appeared to come from this particular room. When she first noticed it her sister told her that it was the horses in the adjoining stable, and said that her husband, when they first came to live in the house, used to run upstairs when he heard it—under the impression that one of the children had fallen out of bed, but that now they never took any notice of it. My fiancée asked why it always happened at ten o'clock, but no satisfactory reason was ever given. And the noise was so regular and punctual that they used to check the clock by it.

Well, time went on, and we had been married over twelve years, when my wife's sister came to stay with us. We were sitting round the fire talking over old times, when the subject of the house and the odd noise cropped up. My sister-in-law said:

"Such a very extraordinary thing happened only last month. I had been having a lot of trouble with my maids—could not get one to remain with me—and we had been without one at all for nearly a fortnight before I was able to engage one from a distance. It so happened that the afternoon this girl was due to arrive we were all going out to a dance, so my husband and children started first and I waited for the girl to arrive before following them. The new maid duly turned up about five o'clock, and I let her in, showed her to her room (which was the one you used to occupy, Alice) and told her to get herself some tea and do odds and ends of things until our return, which would be about ten o'clock.

"She seemed a very nice girl, simple and pleasant in her manners, and I went off to join the others, well pleased with my first impressions of her.

"We returned home punctually at ten o'clock, and my husband opened the door with his latch-key. The gas was alight in the hall and in all the downstairs rooms. I went straight to the kitchen and opened the door. I saw the new maid cowering in a chair by the fire, and as soon as she saw me she went off into a violent fit of hysterics. It was a long time before she was able to speak rationally, but eventually we got from her

the following account of what had happened after I left her at five o'clock.

She told me that after she had had her tea, she busied herself doing the little odd jobs I had asked her to do, and then went upstairs with the intention of unpacking her box, but for some reason or other could not bring herself to do it, so decided to leave it until she went to bed. As by this time it was getting dark, she went down and lighted the gas in the hall, dining-room and kitchen, and then settled down to read. She read on until about nine o'clock, and then thought she would have her supper and prepare for our return. She was having her supper when she heard a knock at the front door. She opened it, but there was no one there, so thinking it was a runaway knock she re-fastened the door and went back to the kitchen. In a few moments there was another knock, and feeling a bit annoyed at these interruptions to her supper, she jumped up and opened the door again.

"It was not by any means a dark night; the moon was shining outside and the gas alight in the hall. On the step she saw a goat standing, but to her unspeakable horror the goat had a woman's face. She immediately tried to shut the door, but before she could do so the animal pushed past her and rushed straight upstairs. The girl fled to the kitchen and banged the door to; she had no recollection whatever of shutting the front door, though it was closed on our return.

"We were naturally disturbed at her story, but tried to reason out to her the impossibility of it—but to no purpose. She refused absolutely to stay the night in our house, and my husband had to take her to the nearest hotel, and the following morning she returned to her home.

"We searched the house, but of course did not find the goat. But in the coverlet of the bed in 'the room of thumps,' as we called it, there were four deep indentations which might have been made by some animal standing in the bed.

"Now the most curious part of all occurred next day. Being without a maid again I went hunting for a charwoman, and after much trouble found one who could come in at once.

"Just before she left that evening the old woman asked me if I had ever heard the story connected with our house. I said 'No, I was not aware that there was a story about it.' So she proceeded to tell me that our house was originally two houses (a pair, I think she called it) and had since been made into one, and that about forty years ago one of them was occupied by a

woman who lived quite alone. No one ever visited her and, so far as was known, she never went out. She evidently had money, for tradesmen called regularly and were always punctually paid. She had one pet, and that a strange one—a goat. The animal lived in the house, and whenever the woman came to the door this goat was always with her.

“One day the neighbours noticed that the milk was not taken in as usual, and the few tradesmen who called knocked in vain. Next day also the house was silent, and at last on the third day the police were informed, and eventually the door was forced open and the house searched. Upstairs, in the very room of which we have been speaking (‘the room of thumps’), the police found the old woman dead in bed, and the goat standing on the bed. As they opened the door it jumped to the floor, bolted downstairs and out into the street, and was never heard of again. The cause of the woman’s death remained a mystery—there were no marks of violence upon her—and the post-mortem showed her to have been absolutely sound and healthy. ‘All this,’ said the charwoman, ‘you can prove for yourself, for the records are still kept at the police station.’

“It is rather curious,” said my sister-in-law, hesitatingly, “that, since the night that poor girl thought she saw the woman-faced goat, we have never once heard those familiar thumps!”

RATIONAL MYSTICISM

BY MEREDITH STARR

THERE has probably been more confusion of language and thought concerning Mysticism than concerning any other subject. As Mr. William Kingsland very rightly states in his recently published work,* the term "Mysticism" has been almost entirely associated with ultra-religious emotionalism, having no acknowledged ground in science or philosophy. This view, however, though substantially correct for earlier ages, is now no longer so, for "the present age demands that religion should not be the great exception to rational knowledge and experience, and Mysticism must come into line with this demand." Though Mysticism may find a preliminary basis in a rational psychology, it should from thence pass to philosophy and metaphysics for co-ordination with our existing knowledge in other aspects of life and consciousness. It will be recalled that Baron von Hügel strongly champions this less individualistic and more cosmic view.

"An entirely new order of thought is gradually coming into existence, one which implies a radical change from the old order . . . a new outlook upon the world; a new consciousness of the immanency of the spiritual as both cause and active principle of the material and physical; not as something which stands apart from the physical, or which is to succeed the physical in order of time, but as something of which the physical is an integral and intelligible part during all time." † Hence we do not require a religion "which shall pilot us as individuals safely to Heaven," but one which shall enable us to realize the divine powers which rightly belong to our deeper nature in its oneness with the Cosmos; "one which shall enable us to realize in actual consciousness and quality of life that unity of the individual with Man, and of Man with the Universe, which we have already apprehended in a scientific and intellectual manner." ‡

Though Mysticism is essentially religious in its nature, as Mr.

* *Rational Mysticism*. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Price 16s. net.

† *Rational Mysticism*, p. 51.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 52.

Kingsland shows, it is also *an added quality of religious life*, as distinct from that taught by the man of only one religion, as is Religion itself from Philosophy or Science within their proper limitations. "It is in fact," he says, "the natural and legitimate advance into the next stage of our evolution, an advance in which man becomes more than human, a stage in which he definitely awakens to a realization of his divine nature and powers."

The dawn of the mystic faculty is in many cases an exquisite surprise, like the dawn of love in a maiden's heart. "It is so wonderful, so fearful, so full of tremulous joy, so real in the immediacy of its knowledge, that no intellectual analysis or justification is asked for." When manifesting like this, it usually becomes identified with the particular religion to which the devotee belongs.

But there is a more rational Mysticism which rises above this early stage; "a Mysticism which can stand aside from its own emotions as well as from its objective visions or experiences, and which demands a balanced judgment of these in order that proper values may be assigned to them. It is towards this that modern Mysticism tends. . . . The modern mystic will hardly be satisfied with the bare emotional element, either as proof of a traditional theology, or as sufficing to fill up the measure of his search and effort." * He will have his moments of ecstasy, of union with the Beloved, in which his emotional nature will ripen and become perfected and respond to the secret life-rhythms that pervade the Cosmos; moments of Devachanic bliss, from which he will rise like a giant refreshed, with renewed youth and vigour. But this spiritual sun-bath will not be obtained by world-abandonment, but rather by world-fusion, by "that inner sense which penetrates beneath the mere outward appearance of things and sees the One Divine Life operating in and through all, and which thereby fills each moment, and every point of space, with the fulness of the Whole."

As Jacob Böhme, that great objective seer and mystic, clearly taught, the inner "spiritual" perception is not a mere subjective "state of consciousness," but also opens the mind to a clear perception of the true value, relation and proportion of the phenomenal world. He taught, moreover, that the "light of nature" (the natural mind) will only reach its proper attainment by the development of the spiritual faculty:

"Wherefore seek the Fountain of Light, waiting in the deep

* *Rational Mysticism*, pp. 53, 61.

Ground of thy Soul for the rising there of the Sun of Righteousness, whereby the Light of Nature in thee, with the Properties thereof, will be made to shine seven times brighter than ordinary. For it shall receive the Stamp, Image, and Impression of the super-Sensual and Supernatural; so that the sensual and rational Life will hence be brought into the most perfect Order and Harmony.”*

Plotinus also says:

“He, however, who receives that light which is the fountain of truth, beholds, as it were, more acutely visible objects; but the contrary is not true.”†

In regard to the philosophical aspect of Mysticism, Mr. Kingsland shows that, just as we are compelled to ascribe absolute motion to Primordial Substance, so must we ascribe to it absolute Life and Consciousness. For “if there is one thing more certain than another about our own life, it is that we are here, in this complex of matter which is our physical body, vastly limited and constrained. Psychical research shows us that when freed from physical sense perceptions, consciousness expands to such a degree that it has been termed ‘cosmic.’” If, then, we regard physical matter, and our physical body as the “lowest” plane of differentiation of the One Substance, it follows that any other vehicles of Consciousness which we may have, short of the One Substance, must possess the attributes of Life and Consciousness in ever-increasing degree as they approach nearer to their Root; each departure from a “lower” plane being a throwing off of limitations. Finally “we must ascribe to Primordial Substance itself the attributes of Life and Consciousness, not in any *degree*, but in an *absoluteness* of all that we know and find within ourselves as the characteristics of these.”

Again, though our manipulation of “natural” forces may appear to be purely mechanical, this does not make the forces themselves mechanical in their origin or substance. For example, no life could exist on our earth were not the Sun itself a Life; and though science does not yet view our Sun as the physical manifestation of a Cosmic Life (Logos), differentiated and individualized from the One Life, Occultism has taught this for ages. And within the Sun’s life exist the lesser lives of the Planets. The World Soul of the Ancients is no mere poetic fiction. As Mr. Kingsland well says: “The recognition of the existence and action of the One Life is the Key not merely to many of the problems of Life and Consciousness, but to the problems of

* *The Supersensual Life*, quoted by Kingsland in *Rational Mysticism*.

† Enn. V, iii, 8, quoted by Kingsland.

physics also. Matter could not *evolve* into atoms and molecules without a Life to evolve it, any more than protoplasm could evolve into our present bodies."

In regard to the phenomenal side of Life, Mr. Kingsland holds that any individual thing only exists as such on account of the limitations of time and space to which it is subject. There is no such thing as a "thing in itself." Thus the mystery of the "*Ding-an-sich*" which, since Kant, has caused such dissension in the Forum of Philosophy, turns out to be identical with the mystery of the hollow chamber in the Sphinx.

We also commonly conceive of a "thing" being separate and individual because we see it in definite outline and shape. But that is only because our eyes are limited to a certain range of vibrations. Had we X-ray vision we would see each other as skeletons, instead of in our present forms. And as regard our deeper selves we do actually possess X-ray sight, for our physical body by no means contains or limits the Man.

Mr. Kingsland's theory of mind mediates the two extremes of Realism and Idealism, allowing on the one hand for the existence of a "real" objective world apart from the *individual* thinking subject, and on the other for the fact that the real ultimate unitary Self creates its own (objective) universe. In other words, "Truth is not to be found in any extreme, but in a mean which includes both extremes."

The mystic, Mr. Kingsland rightly remarks, is one who *par excellence* has opened his mind to the reception of transcendental truth. "The true mystic, the rational mystic, is one who can recognize and harmonize both worlds, and make a wholeness of them, not a separation; and while some of the deepest mystic experiences may be, and indeed must be, in the words of Plotinus, the flight of the Alone to the Alone, we may perhaps venture to suggest that the soul of man can only truly lose itself in the ONE when thereby it finds itself in all its fulness in the Many. 'Foregoing self, the Universe grows I.'" Indeed, he asserts—and all earnest students will agree with him—"the whole secret and process of Mysticism, is and has been from time immemorial the getting rid of the 'sense of separateness' . . . If Man, Humanity as a whole, could only realize His origin and source, and the fact that in spite of His 'fall' and His present nescience He still *remains* in that source, He would very quickly transform this world of His false imagination of separateness into that 'Kingdom of Heaven,' which appears to be such a far-off vision, yet even now stands in our midst, could we but open our inner eye to perceive

it. . . . It is because we remain in our root and source, although we have gone out from it, that mystic attainment is possible."

Life is like a jig-saw puzzle composed of innumerable scattered parts. The parts by themselves may appear to be meaningless, stupid, or even evil. They are not understood or rightly appreciated until they are seen in relation to the whole picture which they compose.

As Professor Royce says :

"All finite life is a struggle with evil. Yet from the final point of view the Whole is good. The Temporal Order contains at no one moment anything that can satisfy. Yet the Eternal Order is perfect. We have all sinned, and come short of the glory of God. Yet in just one life, viewed in its entirety, the glory of God is completely manifest." *

In a happy analogy, Mr. Kingsland points out that the Ether does not cease to be Ether, *qua* Ether, when it differentiates into physical matter ; and moreover it is only the minutest portion of the whole Ether which thus differentiates. Similarly, Cosmic Mind does not cease to be Cosmic Mind, as such, when a portion of it differentiates into individual minds, nor can we conceive that it is thereby emptied of its content.

"However small, or low, or mean or outcast we may appear to be in our individual aspect in the world of Appearances, we have behind or within us, as it were, the other pole of our being ; the infinite potentiality of the transcendent and inconceivable richness and fulness, and glory, and ineffable bliss of the eternal and immeasurable Perfection of the ONE LIFE in its Absoluteness." †

Though in this age it is necessary that the mystic should develop instead of neglecting his intellectual faculties, he remains essentially a lover. "None have ever experienced the immeasurable bliss of love to the same degree as the mystics," writes Mr. Kingsland, "and none ever have or can suffer as the mystics have suffered, as, for example, in 'the dark night of the soul,' where the *response* of the Infinite to their ardent and burning desire for union which has already been to some extent satisfied, appears to cease, and they conceive that they are utterly and for ever abandoned by the object of their love."

I do not, however, agree with Mr. Kingsland's assertion that the "dark night" is chiefly characteristic of the Christian mystics, being largely a product of the theology and doctrine which the Christian mystic imparts into his higher

* *The World and the Individual*, vol. ii, p. 379.

† *Rational Mysticism*, p. 228.

mystical consciousness from the region of the lower mind. I have never met a mystic who has not suffered the anguish of that "night," whatever his religion or views of life may have been. I hold this experience to be inseparable from the path of the devotional mystic, whom it attacks much more intensely than the intellectual type of aspirant; in the latter it tends to take the form of "spiritual dryness," intellectual aridness, a weariness of the will and spirit, and sometimes a distrust of mankind and a disgust with life. I believe the "dark night" is an invaluable part of the education of a mystic; a test which tries him to the uttermost and which arouses all his latent manhood, if he would pass it; it is moreover a searching and purifying spiritual fire which burns up the dross of his lower nature and transmutes it into virgin gold, and it is this alchemic process which is really the cause of his suffering, though the mystic does not realize it until he has passed through the ordeal.

The mystic and occult paths are complementary, and both are necessary for our full development. The mystic is mainly concerned with Being—the Consciousness side of Reality; the occultist is mainly concerned with Becoming—the Substance or Form side. Both are one-sided, and in spite of Miss Evelyn Underhill's contrary views, each is a complement of the other. Much of what is ignorance and a matter for faith in the mystic becomes intelligible to the occultist, thereby increasing the latter's sense of the illimitable wisdom and grandeur of the Cosmos, not only as regards its Life, but also as regards its structure.

As Mr. Kingsland aptly remarks, the mystics do not care a brass farthing for the structural facts of the Universe, and the classical mystics have contributed nothing whatsoever to our knowledge of those facts. They not merely ignore the Becoming side—so far as any knowledge of its laws are concerned—but endeavour to escape from it; in some cases, through a mistaken asceticism, seriously injuring their physical bodies—those "temples of God." The occultist avoids this error, as he realizes that all his vehicles of consciousness must be carefully trained and perfected if he would reach his goal.

Both mysticism and occultism are legitimate methods of transcending the phenomenal world, and their adherents should assist and enlighten instead of obstructing and antagonizing each other. Personally, I think that either path, if pursued far enough, leads at some time into the other. Böhme, who began as a mystic, penetrated very deeply into occult knowledge.

There are two principles which both the occultist and the

mystic have in common, as Mr. Kingsland shows. (1) The identity of the individual with the Absolute in the totality of his nature; and (2) the belief in an unbroken continuity of Life, represented by various orders of beings, from the "lowest" to the "highest," and in an unbroken line of communication through all these.

Freedom is the goal of both mystic and occultist; freedom from illusion, from "separateness," and union with the Transcendental Whole. "What then is the path and the method?" asks Mr. Kingsland. "It may be summed up in one sentence: *the rational use of the natural laws of our whole being.*"

First and foremost in the achievement of our freedom we must place "the conquest of our own lower nature in its tendency to go out into physical life and sensation"; and this can only be done in proportion as we "transfer our centre of interest, of will and desire, from the lower to the higher." The first step is to realize as our deepest conviction that the higher does exist; not only as a power to conquer the lower, but also as the only permanent *reality*, the only source of all we should value most in life.

As Mr. Kingsland says, "We have to *conquer* matter, not to ignore or abandon it. The body should be the facile, adaptable, easily controlled instrument of the self; and as such should be as perfect as possible. . . . Man can only *manifest* Spirit in proportion as he conquers Matter." Before we can overcome the world, we must first conquer ourselves. Jesus conquered himself, but Christ overcame the world. The Path is really one, in spite of appearances, and all who tread it are helping, each in his way, to "lift the heavy Karma of the world." It is their privilege to assist, however humbly, in deliverance of the human race from the purgatory of separateness, from the bonds of delusion and ignorance.

FAITH AND THE FOURTH DIMENSION

By J. C. JOHNSTON, Author of "The Book of the Beloved"

FAITH is perhaps one of the least understood, as it is one of the most used and most misused, words in the English language. On the one hand we have the smiling schoolboy with his "Faith is believing what we *know* isn't true!" or Saint Augustine's *Credo quia impossibile* (I believe, because it is impossible): on the other we envisage numerous extravagant claims, bolstered too often with dubious—to say the least of it—metaphysical ratiocinations, put forward by all and sundry, the rag, tag and bobtail, the allies, more dangerous as friends than as foes, of modern Occultism. Having himself during many years been deafened in this clamour of tongues, and having painfully discovered that for nine-tenths of the time these formulæ of faith-healing, auto-suggestion, mental hygiene and what not, emphatically do not work, whereas for one-tenth of the time as emphatically, unequivocally and quasi-miraculously these same formulæ do work—far beyond the possibility of ready-made explanation by spontaneity or coincidence—and having failed to find in any book, pamphlet or treatise, whether theological, mystical, metaphysical, occult or other, any rational justification of the miraculous tittle of successes, justification, that is, based on the known occult constitution of the universe—in the face of these difficulties the author was compelled to evolve his own theory of the matter, which is now most diffidently offered to the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW.

What is this mysterious Faith which heals the sick, rescues the drowning, raises the dead, provides unexpected funds for the indigent, recovers lost or purloined valuables, and performs innumerable marvels to which tens of thousands at this day can bear witness? What are the conditions of its exercise? With what is its success bound up? Can any particular sect or religion or thought-system, any race or country or age, claim exclusively its possession? On the island of Saint Bartholomew in the Tiber at Rome there is a church the walls of which are covered with votive offerings, with pictures, crutches and waxen limbs, hung there by grateful patients of the Saint: in the courtyard of the

church one may dig, and it is likely that one will find terra-cotta models of human limbs, offered long since by the faithful in thanks for healing received ; since on the site of Saint Bartholomew's church stood in Imperial times a temple of Æsculapius.

All systems based on Faith, whether mystical, religious or scientific, all have their authentic, duly advertised miracles, all have their uncountable and unrecounted failures. What, then, is Faith ?

Is Faith belief ? No ! Is it religious fervour ? No ! Is it imagination ? No ! Is it auto-hypnosis ? No ! Is it affirmation of the oneness of God, or of the non-reality of matter ? No !

What, then, is Faith ? Faith is knowledge—knowledge of the Fourth Dimension !

Man is a four-dimensional being who, according to the universal Occult tradition, has, for reasons and causes variously described, evolved into, or, it may be, retrograded into, who has been tempted into, has erred into, or accidentally has fallen into ; who, at all events, has somehow reached, a condition of three-dimensional consciousness. But although his consciousness is of three, his body is of four dimensions. Whatever may have been man's errors, his evolutionary self-sacrifices or his crimes, whatever may have caused his present limitation of consciousness, man cannot and may not in any case forfeit his birthright. Let him eat husks with the swine, he remains none the less a son of God, and as such may return at any moment to his Father's house.

In the fourth dimension the miraculous is, of course, the norm—if by the miraculous is meant that which appears so to the three-dimensional consciousness. In the fourth dimension, parallel straight lines meet, rectangles have the properties of curved figures, curved figures of rectangles ; and two solid bodies may and do frequently occupy the same (three-dimensional) space without mutual interference : objects may therefore pass without hindrance through other objects, objects may be duplicated, may be in two different places at once or in two different centuries at once, may possess at the same time all manner of mutually exclusive qualities. To the three-dimensional intelligence it becomes rapidly wearying to contemplate the normal properties, three-dimensionally conceived, of matter in the fourth dimension.

Whoever touches the fourth dimension, touches the miraculous ; but the miraculous only in terms of our three-dimensional consciousness. If our bodies were three-dimensional merely—

as in our ignorance we conceive them to be—they would not be affected by the fourth dimension; neither saints nor devils, neither prayers nor invocations, neither affirmation nor suggestion nor magnetic healing, could possess the slightest influence over them. But they are four-dimensional, these strange, clumsy, disease-ridden, death-doomed bodies of ours, and, being such, belong naturally to the kingdom of the miraculous.

If we could but shake off this age-long habit of three-dimensional self-limitation, if we could but forget the space-bound and time-bound entity which we have learnt to identify with ourselves, and remember that Son of the Morning who laughed in his exultation when the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy—then, in an instant, so the writer believes, would this earth be once more a garden, watered with the four rivers of the four dimensions, and the people in it immortal with the immortality of eternal youth.

If we have Faith, we are free of the fourth dimension, and we have returned to our rightful consciousness; and if we have returned to our rightful consciousness, or to righteousness, we have returned to ourselves; and if we have returned to ourselves, we have returned to God. Such at least is the firm faith of one who, having long dwelt among the tents of Kedar, has at last found peace in some glimpse from afar off of the Kingdom of the fourth dimension.

SAILING IN SIEVES

By W. N. NEILL

WITCHES of all nationalities possessed the power of putting out to sea in egg-shells and cockle-shells, but it was only those of Scotland who had the much more difficult knack of going down to the sea in sieves, an accomplishment which was duly noted by Shakespeare in his *Macbeth*. Unfortunately, however, very few cases are on record where this extraordinary method of voyaging was employed.

It is probably more than a coincidence that the most notorious case of sailing in sieves should occur just at the very time the dramatist, planning his *Macbeth*, should be looking around for local colour. In the year 1589, king James VI of Scotland brought his bride, the Princess Anne of Denmark, home to his own country. In the course of the voyage an unusually violent storm arose, scattering the vessels composing the royal escort. By some curious chance the king's ship was driven by a wind that blew directly contrary to the one filling the sails of the rest of the fleet, and the royal pair were distinctly in jeopardy. James, with his well-known obsession, "Dæmonologie," was firmly convinced on landing safely at last that his danger had arisen through some person or persons practising magical arts against him, and immediately there began a rigorous investigation. Culprits were easily found, and numerous men and women, hailing mostly from East Lothian, were arrested and tortured in presence of the king himself.

It was during the progress of this notorious trial that it was discovered that these warlocks and witches were in the habit of crossing the sea in sieves. In the Justiciary Records, preserved by Pitcairn in his *Criminal Trials*, the witch who confessed to this incident was Euphame Makcalzane, daughter of Lord Cliftonhall, one of the Senators of the College of Justice. "Item 25.—Indited and accused for a convention held by you and other notorious witches, your associates, at Brymehoillis (Broomhills), where ye and they took the sea, Robert Grierson being your admiral and master-man, passed over the sea in riddles to a ship, where ye entered with the Devil, your master, therein; when, after ye had eaten and drunken, ye cast over a black dog that

skipped under the ship, and thereby, ye having the Devil, your master, therein, who drowned the ship by tumbling : Whereby the Queen was put back by storm."

Shakespeare would have no opportunity of examining the records of the trial, but the contemporary black-letter pamphlet on the subject may have fallen into his hands. It is entitled *Newes from Scotland*, printed at Edinburgh in 1591 and reprinted, this time in London, in the year following. It has lately been published in the Bodley Head Quartos. There can be no doubt that on the accession of the famous demonologist, King James, to the English throne there must have been a tremendous boom in occultism. Shakespeare's *Macbeth* is one proof of it ; Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens* and Middleton's *Witch* were also probably both due to it. Witchcraft would be the fashionable study with courtiers and place-expectants immediately Queen Elizabeth drew her last breath.

In *Newes from Scotland* it is Agnes Sampson, "the wise wife of Keith," who "confessed that upon the night of Allhallow Even last she was accompanied with a great many other witches, in the number of two hundred, and that all they together went by sea, each one in a riddle or 'cive,' and went in the same very substantially with flagons of wine, making merry, and drinking by the way in the same riddles or 'cives,' to the kirk of North Berwick in Lothian, and that after they had landed took hands on the land, and danced this reel or short dance, singing all with one voice—

Cummer go ye before, cummer go ye,
If ye will not go before, cummer let me !

At which time she confessed that Geilles Duncan did go before them, playing this reel or dance upon a small trump, called a Jew's trump, until they entered into the kirk of North Berwick."

Agnes further "confessed, that at the time when His Majesty was in Denmark, she, being accompanied with the parties before specially named, took a cat and christened it, and afterwards bound to each part of that cat the chiefest parts of a dead man, and several joints of his body, and that in the night following the said cat was conveyed into the midst of the sea by all these witches sailing in their riddles or 'cives,' as is aforesaid, and so left the said cat right before the town of Leith in Scotland : this done, there did arise such a tempest in the sea, as a greater hath not been seen : which tempest was the cause of the perishing of a boat or vessel coming over from Burntisland to the town

of Leith, wherein was sundry jewels and rich gifts, which should have been presented to the new Queen of Scotland, at Her Majesty's coming to Leith."

Mr. T. A. Spalding, in his *Elizabethan Demonology* (1880), where he traces the sources of *Macbeth*, adds: "It is worth a note that this art of going to sea in sieves, which Shakespeare has referred to in his drama, seems to have been peculiar to this set of witches. English witches had the reputation of being able to go upon the water in egg-shells and cockle-shells, but never seem to have detected any peculiar advantage in the sieve." Had Mr. Spalding been acquainted with W. Grant Stewart's *The Popular Superstitions and Festive Amusements of the Highlanders of Scotland*, first published at Edinburgh in 1823, he would have come across another example of sieve-sailing from Scotland.

Even so late as the eighteenth century the witches of Strathdown were wont to assemble on Polnain, or the Birdspool. Speaking of one who was a spectator of their orgies, Grant Stewart says: "On reaching the pool's side he saw abundance of hags steering themselves to and fro in their riddles by means of their oars, the brooms, hallooing and skirling worse than bogles, and each holding in her left hand a torch of fir, whilst at other times they would swirl themselves into a row, and make profound obeisance to a large, black, ugly tyke, perched on a lofty rock, who was no doubt the 'muckle thief' himself, and who was pleased to acknowledge most graciously those expressions of their loyalty and devotion, by bowing, grinning, and clapping his paws."

The Peeping Tom managed to drown two of these witches, who were returning home in their riddles, by uttering the sacred name.

The Rev. J. Gregorson Campbell gives two cases from the Hebrides in his *Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*. "A witch, who left home every night, was followed by her husband, who wondered what she could be about. She became a cat, and went in the name of the devil to sea in a sieve, with seven other cats. The husband upset the sieve by naming the Trinity, and the witches were drowned. So the Skye story runs. In the Sound of Mull the witches went on board the sieve, 'against the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost'; and the husband upset the concern by putting his foot on board in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. In Tiree the unfortunate women were passing

Kennavara hill in egg-shells on their way to Ireland, when the husband of one of them, seeing the fleet, wished them God-speed. Instantly the egg-shells sank, and the women were drowned."

Although cases of sailing in sieves are comparatively rare in Scotland, over in Flanders they are quite frequent, but there the sieve is not used for skimming across the water but as a sort of magic carpet such as we read of in *The Arabian Nights*. The following story is typical. A farmer in Flanders was in the habit of leaving his horses out in a field all night. He was amazed to find them every morning covered with sweat, and weary, as if they had been ridden for hours at a gallop, and he resolved to watch. At midnight he espied an old witch floating slowly along on a sieve. She descended in the field where the horses were, hid her vessel in the grass, then mounted and rode the poor creatures one after the other till they nearly dropped with fatigue. In the meantime the farmer had surreptitiously taken possession of the riddle. At last the witch closed her riding-school and came back for her sieve, which, of course, was missing. The farmer now made his appearance with the article in his hand, and at once the witch began to plead with him to return it to her, saying she lived a thousand miles away and must be home by cock-crow. It was only when she had given her solemn promise never to molest his horses again that the farmer handed it over. Seating herself upon it, she slowly ascended and flew away out of sight. The witch kept her word, for she never came back. This magic sieve—the "heksenzeef" or "heksenteems," as it is variously called—is as familiar an object in Flemish folk-lore as the witch's besom in other countries.

The sieve was never in Scotland the comparatively innocuous instrument that it was in England. The oracle in Scotland corresponding to the sieve and shears was known as "turning the riddle," though it was manipulated in the same fashion. The Scottish phrase is possibly borrowed from the French "tourner le sas," which means the same thing, and may be a relic of the "Auld Alliance" between the two countries. But the riddle was also a diabolical thing, and the turning of it could raise the devil himself.

A woman at Cortachy, in Angus, was, in 1661, accused at Forfar, the county town, of witchcraft, and one of the points in her "dittay," or indictment, was that "by turning the sieve and shears she raised the devil, who, being very hard to be laid

again, there was a meeting of witches for laying of him." Which is ample confirmation of Thomas Ingoldsby's couplet :

But ah, well-a-day ! The Devil, they say,
'Tis easier at all times to raise than to lay.

Another case of the same ceremony is recorded by the Rev. Robert Law in his *Memorialls*, under the date February 1682. A servant-maid in the house of Major-General Robert Montgomery at Irvine, Ayrshire, was accused by her mistress of having stolen some silver. The girl, protesting her innocence, swore she would find the real culprit, even if she had to raise the devil and ask him. Her master and mistress regarded this as a silly threat uttered in the heat of temper, but the girl resolutely "goes down to a laigh cellar, takes a Bible with her, and draws a circle about her, and turns a riddle on end, twice, from north to south, or from the right to the left hand, having in her hand nine feathers, which she pulled out of the tail of a black cock." After certain ceremonies, such as reading the fifty-first Psalm backward and the nineteenth verse of the ninth chapter of the Apocalypse—backward or forward, Law does not say—the devil "appears in a seaman's clothing with a blue cap, and asks her what she would."

The girl's magical apparatus presents a curious conglomeration—the sacred volume of the Christians, together with the sieve, one of the emblems of the Egyptian Isis and so pictured on Gnostic gems, for it was on a riddle that she gathered the dismembered remains of her husband Osiris after he had been torn in pieces by his enemy Typhon. On the old Christian principle that the gods of the Gentiles were devils, the sieve of Isis would be transferred to Satan, who in his own person absorbed practically all the pagan deities, both male and female, from one end of Europe to the other. A homely article with such a history was thus especially suitable both for raising Satan himself and for bearing his devotees across the waves when they went forth on his unlawful business.

THE RATIONALE OF HAUNTINGS

BY HESTER TRAVERS SMITH

INVESTIGATORS have, so far, been unable to offer us any solution of the problem presented to us by what are commonly called "hauntings." We need scarcely discuss the question as to whether such phenomena exist. Evidence in this case is so definite that we may assume that all reasonable people accept the fact. Apparitions and noises are attached to certain localities: in some cases these are apparently inexplicable, but more usually some deep emotion or potent passion seems to provide a basis for conjecture. Not in all cases, however. Hauntings are varied both in their nature and in their expression: they are not necessarily attached to places, they may be attached to persons; their coming and going seems entirely erratic. The question arises, do hauntings provide an argument in favour of human survival? Not in themselves, perhaps, but taken with other evidence they are important and they help us by the suggestions they present.

Psychometry shows us that inanimate objects seem to retain either their own history or the history of the persons who have handled or possessed them. This fact, which is indisputable, seems linked up with hauntings—the hauntings of localities. The hauntings of persons is an entirely different matter. We may conclude that if an inanimate object can reveal the history of a human being, the place in which he lived should hold more definite and vivid memories of him, more especially if dramatic and emotional events have taken place there.

We have seen that the same applies to personal hauntings: "poltergeist" cases, as they are called. These curious visitations are of a temporary character as a rule, and no reason can be assigned for them; they seem to be the work of some external influence, mischievous and without any ostensible purpose. Poltergeist hauntings do not throw any light on the problem of human survival, they are not connected with special localities, but cling to certain persons for a time, and are troublesome and futile. Their doings suggest merely the work of impish and whimsical sprites who take delight in playing practical jokes on their victims.

The hauntings of localities is a more interesting problem.

Our séance work does not help us here. In the séance room the medium is the key to all phenomena. In the haunted house anyone may witness or hear apparitions or sounds. In fact it seems impossible to suppress them; twenty different people may sleep in the same room and be conscious of abnormal phenomena though they have heard nothing of the haunting beforehand.

Let us take any evidence we possess, which comes to us first hand, and attempt to explain these occurrences.

The following example is apposite.

Miss De Robeck of Dublin was in South Africa at the time of the Boer War; she was engaged to an officer there. She had had prophetic dreams all her life of a very remarkable nature. One night she dreamt that she was walking with her fiancé along a country road; they came to a place where roads crossed, and presently a large vehicle came along and stopped beside them. Miss De Robeck looked at the passengers and realized that they were all familiar faces of persons who had died. Her fiancé turned to her, kissed her, and took his place in the vehicle. She was convinced when she woke that this was a warning that he was going to die. He was ordered to the front shortly afterwards and was killed. After this Miss De Robeck returned to England heartbroken. She went to stay with some friends in a charming country house, and was given a particularly bright and pleasant bedroom. Her grief, however, was overwhelming, and soon she found it unbearable and left the house, where she had spent her nights weeping. Two years after, she visited the same house again. Her host and hostess were away on the evening of her arrival and she was received by the governess, whom she had not met before. Miss De Robeck had asked that she should not be given the room in which she had suffered so much. In the course of conversation the governess told her that she believed the house was haunted. Miss De Robeck was surprised as she had never heard anyone say so. The haunting the governess suffered from was in her own bedroom, the one Miss De Robeck had occupied formerly. She could not sleep, she said, because of a continual sound of sobbing and weeping and now and then gun shots.

Here was undoubtedly a haunting of the living; grief and emotion had left a material impression in the room. Miss De Robeck was entirely unconscious of the fact that she had created a phantom of her sorrow. A case such as this throws a light

on the solution of the haunting of houses. Apparently, if a poignant emotion expresses itself with sufficient vitality and energy, its material surroundings can become impregnated with it and emit the impression to such an extent that its vibrations become audible or visible. It is precisely the same process which conveys the history of an inanimate object to the psychometrist. If this is proved (and there seems little doubt that it is a fact) we need not speculate as to why the criminal hangs about the scene of his crime, or why the weeping of the grief-stricken lover can be heard many years after his body is dust. Hauntings, then, throw no light on the problem of human survival except that they demonstrate the possibility that the vibrations of emotion can take a tangible shape or produce an audible sound.

There are hauntings which appear to have a definite purpose, though these are rare, I believe, and I do not happen to have come across one in my own experience which could be said to be well attested. Here, again, thought being centred on some special secret circumstance creates a form which if seen may reveal the mystery.

The materialized form seen in the séance room has no parallel in the haunted house. Materializations are deliberate attempts to produce phenomena which project themselves from the medium. Whether the ectoplasm shapes itself from the thoughts of the sitters, or whether these forms are the work of external influences, remains at present a debatable question. In either case, they have nothing in common with the "ghost" which haunts a locality and appears haphazard to any stranger who may enter in.

Ghost stories are usually regarded as a social asset, which helps to pass an evening pleasantly, and occasionally in this way interesting evidence may be obtained first-hand. The tales which I record here were all related to me by trustworthy persons, some of whom had no interest or faith in psychic phenomena.

Visual and audible phenomena rarely occur together, where noises are heard forms are seldom seen, though occasionally both may make themselves felt. Miss Marion Dawson, of 64 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, London, lives in a house which probably dates from the late seventeenth century. This house has the reputation of being haunted by the figure of a woman, who stands at a window looking out on the river. Miss Dawson has never seen the figure herself, but many people, who did not know of the haunting, have seen it from time to time. Shortly after one of these appearances, Miss Dawson was painting a picture: it

was the figure of a woman in an old dress of the eighteenth century which had been picked up in Chelsea. When this was finished she felt dissatisfied with the head: the model who had sat to her did not seem to suit the dress; she therefore scraped out the head and painted one from imagination. On visiting the studio one day, the lady who had last seen the ghost started visibly when she saw the picture. "You have painted the ghost," she said, "you must have seen her, that is the dress she wears." This was a strange coincidence. About a year after this had happened, my daughter was staying in the same house. She is very psychic and is, no doubt, possessed of mediumistic power, though she has not developed it. While she was there, noises began: footsteps tramping up and down the stairs, coming into the drawing-room, and then retreating down stairs into the yard. The haunting was exceedingly unpleasant, and nothing of the kind had occurred there before. I was asked to have a ouija board sitting in the room, to ascertain whether anything could be done to quiet these trappings. My guide, Johannes, performed some form of exorcism, the nature of which was quite unknown to me, with the result that the noises disappeared entirely. This was a case of visible and audible haunting in the same house, the noises were heard by five or six people at the same time. They seem to have been connected with my daughter's presence.

Professor Richet can find no solution of the haunted house. He does not reject the evidence offered, but considers that well-attested cases are rare. He, of course, is inclined to believe that the phenomena are subjective, it fits in with his faith in cryptesthesia that we should create our own hauntings as we create all our other phantoms. He is not dogmatic on the point, however. I respectfully differ from him there. I think that, so far as we can judge, hauntings are objective. I believe that they are emanations from certain localities on which some deep emotion has left an impression. I cannot put any faith in the doctrine of collective hallucination. When several persons hear or see the same thing, either separately or together, hallucination does not explain the occurrence. The alienists have found no ground for the supposition that several persons may suffer from the same delusion. The fact that in haunted localities many persons may see the same phantom or hear the same noise seems to show that the phenomena are external. We cannot assume that, if twenty persons tell the same tale in connection with a special house, they are all possessed of unrecognized mediumistic

power. This is highly improbable; neither is it probable that they are all the prey of an hallucination. The haunting does not belong to them, it belongs to the locality where it is seen or heard. The two tales which I have related were told me by persons who were eminently sane and trustworthy; in each case the haunting was seen and heard by several people at different times, each of whom had an exactly similar experience. This seems to me to settle the point as to whether the phenomena were subjective or objective. No theory, however ingenious, can convince me that souls who have passed into another existence hang about the places in which they lived and after death enact a dim and painful mummery of events which stirred their emotions when they were alive.

The haunted house is a problem which, so far, has not been vigorously tackled by investigators, partly because it is very difficult and experiment impossible. Hauntings are rare and seldom will parade when they are required to do so; like all the most interesting evidence we possess, they come uninvited, when they are least expected. Except in wonder-tales disappointment awaits those who sit up in haunted localities awaiting results. We can only draw our conclusions from observation.

I cannot boast of having seen or heard any haunting myself except on one occasion, when undoubtedly I attracted certain influences which followed me from a haunted house to my own. The circumstances were curious. A relative of mine had bought a house, including all the furniture, pictures, ornaments, etc. I had vaguely heard this, but as I was in Ireland and she in London I knew no details of the purchase. Shortly after I came to live in London, and on the occasion of my first visit, gave my cousin a sitting. She produced a very pretty little table with a sheet of glass on top as a ouija board. This was part of the furniture she had purchased. When the sitting began, my control (an Indian woman calling herself Shamar) stoutly refused to do any work for me because, she said, the table was full of evil influences. I was annoyed and bade her drive them away if this was so. Shamar went through an exorcism similar to that by which Johannes expelled the noises at 64 Cheyne Walk and the the sitting proceeded. After it was over my cousin asked Shamar to describe the evil that was in the house. The reply was, that bestial things had happened there, and that the house was full of the thoughts of two evil persons. My cousin then told me that she had heard that the former occupants of the house had behaved in the most dis-

orderly manner : the neighbours said the house had had a bad reputation.

I went back to my flat in which I had been staying for about two months and where there had been no sign of haunting. The night after this sitting I was wakened by loud noises which seemed to be above my head. I concluded that the people in the upper flat must be moving heavy furniture about at a very unsuitable hour. I was unable to sleep. The same thing happened the next night, and the following morning at breakfast my daughter, who slept in the next room to mine, complained that she was kept awake by noises, trappings and walkings in her room. I had not mentioned the disturbances I had had to her, nor did I connect them with the sitting at my cousin's house. I consulted my guide, Shamar, and she said that the evil influences which had been cast out of the table had followed me to my flat. I begged Shamar to exorcise them again, which she did, and there was no further trouble. Here was a haunting from the living; audible sounds caused apparently by influences created through the evil thoughts of two living human beings. There was no normal explanation of these disturbances, they occurred in the middle of the night, and in my daughter's room they took the form of loud footsteps and trappings which she could locate in the room, though no one was there. This case throws further light on the haunted-house problem, and goes to strengthen my belief that the "soul" does not hang about localities, but that passion and desire may actually create phantasmal forms if they are sufficiently powerful, permeating a locality with their essence.

Evil, apparently, is more inclined to give birth to phantoms than good; we seldom hear of benign hauntings. Sex and passion obviously play an important part in them, sex desire more especially. Miss Marshall went on a visit to relatives at Melbourne; she had never been there before. Her aunt, with whom she stayed, took her into town a few days after her arrival; they walked, taking the shortest and most direct road. After this walk, Miss Marshall, on all future occasions when she went into town went by another and less direct way; she made every possible excuse to avoid the usual street leading into the city. Her aunt asked her why she preferred the longer route. The girl was confused, and at last confessed that on the first walk she had an irresistible desire to speak to every man she met; she had never experienced such a sensation before and was very much shocked by this strange impulse. That particular street had

been for many years a favourite promenade for the prostitutes of the city; they had only very lately been expelled from it. This tale was given me by Dr. Ross of Greystones, County Wicklow, Ireland; he vouches for the truth of it. It shows that a locality may hold the evil desires of a crowd of persons; in my cousin's house, two persons had left a similar impression.

Sex and crime are certainly the roots from which many hauntings arise. The following case was given me by Miss Molly de Morgan, niece of Mr. William de Morgan, the well-known novelist. This occurred in 1898 at Grahamstown, Cape Colony.

Miss Molly de Morgan with her sister and brother went to stay at an old military hospital, called the "Drostdy." The building was two-storied, the lower story being used as a shed or barn. The living rooms were upstairs, all on one floor, a series of rooms leading one into the other, a bedroom at either end at right angles to the other rooms. Miss De Morgan slept at one end of the building, her brother at the other. On the first night they spent there the moon was brilliant, a South African moonlight night. Miss De Morgan woke up suddenly to find the room flooded with light. Her bed was an old four-poster, and she felt instinctively that some one was standing at the head of it. She sat up and saw a figure pass from the head to the foot of her bed, then turn facing her, holding the bedpost. The figure was a woman's, dressed in a black evening dress, the head was invisible, it seemed to melt into a nebulous haze. The figure stood in this manner for a few minutes, then quietly walked towards the window and disappeared through it. Miss De Morgan was surprised, but not at all alarmed. She awoke her sister (whose room communicated with her own), saying she believed some one had got into the house. They searched everywhere, but found nothing.

They did not speak of this next day, nor for several days afterwards. At breakfast one morning Miss De Morgan remarked to her brother that she had seen a ghost. He was visibly agitated, and asked her not to speak until he had written down something. When he had finished writing, she told him her story. He then read aloud what he had written. A few nights after she had seen the apparition, he woke up in a state of abject terror, to see a woman in black evening dress standing at the foot of his bed. She had a magnificent necklace of red stones round her throat. He could see her head hanging off, attached only by a scrap of skin, blood streaming from the neck. He managed to light a match and the figure disappeared.

The circumstances were so remarkable that Mr. Campbell de Morgan made inquiries and discovered that a woman had been murdered in the Drostdy Hospital for her ruby necklace. Her body had been found in the barn below, part of which had been used as a mortuary for the hospital. During the De Morgans' stay there, they discovered a trap-door in the bedroom in which Mr. De Morgan slept, which was exactly on the spot where the figure appeared. It was immediately above the mortuary.

This case, which is a very remarkable one, points very definitely to the fact that locality, the actual walls of the house, projected the phantom. Miss De Morgan did not see either the head or the necklace, which were the key to the tragedy. Mr. De Morgan, sleeping in the room where it actually occurred, received the complete impression, including the horror of the situation. Curiously enough neither of them saw any apparition again, though they stayed in the Drostdy for some time after. Hallucination is ruled out. Two persons saw the apparition at different times unknown to each other; they had not heard of any haunting there, so suggestion was absent.

Now this is a typical "haunting"; what light does it throw on human survival? None whatever, I should say, except that it emphasizes the fact that passion and emotion are creative forces, which are capable of leaving a material impression behind them under circumstances which we cannot understand at present.

What are our conclusions, then, as to the nature of hauntings? We have seen that monitions of illness and misfortune occur while we are still alive; they also occur before death, at the moment of death, and after death. These apparitions are manifestations of the life force which may scatter itself, taking on a semi-material and semi-objective form when emotion or desire is strong enough. Thought is a creative force. War and crime are born in the brain, which is the medium through which they materialize. The work of the artist likewise is the objective image of thought. The poem, the picture, the symphony, the cathedral, all spring from the immaterial idea: they are merely its expression. The apparition projected by the dying is the half-materialized expression of an intangible desire. Psychometry shows us that what we call matter can absorb fragments of the life force of the human being, likewise localities can absorb it if it expresses itself with sufficient passion, and from these fragments semi-material sounds and forms arise. We must in no sense confound these thought expressions with the presence of

the discarnate soul of man. For the proof of its survival after death we must look elsewhere. Hauntings of localities then are apparently materializations of emotion and desire; we cannot go further than this at present. We are entirely baffled by the problem of their illusive appearance. They may be continuous or spasmodic or absolutely regular, coming at the same time every twenty-four hours. They cannot be said to be due to the presence of a medium except in poltergeist cases, which, we take it, are of an entirely different nature from local hauntings. They manifest themselves either by noises or visually, occasionally both forms occur; they are usually connected with some sensational story, but not invariably. They have no connection with materialized forms which are produced at séances, in that these seem to be an attempt on the part of the soul to give proof of its existence by using the ectoplasm in the body of the medium and are voluntary, whereas the spectres connected with localities seem to follow the round of certain happenings on earth involuntarily.

Passionate emotion, it appears, has a life of its own. It is born in the human soul and takes shape in the fulfilment of human desire. Its life continues longer than that of its parent in some cases; its existence being confined to the locality in which it was conceived. We know little or nothing of the powers of exorcism which seem to disintegrate it; but it is possible that forces exist which can destroy it, or drive it away from its birthplace. Local hauntings considered as 'emotion-forms' in connection with psychometry, appear less irrational than as providing a proof of survival. It is difficult to regard them as the souls or astral forms of the dead.

Our proof of human survival through psychic science lies in evidence which is swelling in volume every day. From the séance room we have such abundant records which show that the dead are in daily converse with the living. Those who devote time and consideration to the subject regard the life to come as an established fact. The soul, we are sure, is a living entity, apart from the body and brain, and yet we are barely on the threshold of our discoveries. Our duty is to link up such evidence as we possess and find some secure basis for our conclusions.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE PROBLEM OF NUMBERS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have observed that when figures connected with the events of my life are either added (+) or Divided (\div), that the figure 5 persistently presents itself.

It is said by mathematicians that the odds against numbers turning up consecutively are very great, therefore it would appear an extraordinary coincidence when certain numbers connected with the events of a person's life continually present themselves.

So far as my personal experience goes the figure 5 or a multiple of 5 persistently results as will be seen from the following particulars :—

I was born at 5.30 a.m. 17/7/1867 in St. Dunstons, Canterbury, and the Rising Sign at my birth was Leo.

It will be observed that the hour is 5, the minutes 30 ($30 \div 6 = 5$).

St. Dunstons has 10 letters ($10 \div 2 = 5$).

Canterbury has 10 letters ($10 \div 2 = 5$).

The Date 17/7/1867 = 37 letters ($3 + 7 = 10 \div 2 = 5$).

The sign Leo is the 5th sign of the Zodiac.

The principal events of my life are as follows :—

Right leg injured in 1877 at age 10 ($1 + 8 + 7 + 7 = 23$; $2 + 3 = 5$) ($10 \div 2 = 5$)

Right leg amputated at age 14 ($1 + 4 = 5$).

Married 24/6/1890 ($2 + 4 + 6 + 1 + 8 + 9 = 30 \div 6 = 5$).

Only son born 21/3/1891 ($2 + 1 + 3 + 1 + 8 + 9 + 1 = 25 \div 5 = 5$).

Sailing.

I sail to South Africa on the 24/10/1924

($2 + 4 + 1 + 1 + 9 + 2 + 4 = 23$. $2 + 3 = 5$).

The name of the ship is "Edinburgh Castle," which has 15 letters ($15 \div 3 = 5$).

The tonnage of the ship is 13,330 ($1 + 3 + 3 + 3 = 10 \div 2 = 5$).

The number of the berth I shall occupy in the ship is 316

($3 + 1 + 6 = 10 \div 2 = 5$).

The owners of this boat are "The Union Castle Mail Steamship Company Limited" which consists of 41 letters ($4 + 1 = 5$).

The instruction card sent me states :—

"Embark at Southampton" which consists of 19 letters

($1 + 9 = 10 \div 2 = 5$).

"Destination Cape Town," which consists of 19 letters

$$(1 + 9 = 10 \div 2 = 5).$$

The return fare is £9 (9 + 1 = 10 ÷ 2 = 5).

My name with prefix as written in my passport has 19 letters
(1 + 9 = 10 ÷ 2 = 5).

My pen name, "Caxton Hall," has 10 letters (10 ÷ 2 = 5).

The name of my host at destination is Alban Hamer, which consists of 10 letters (10 ÷ 2 = 5).

His wife's name is Fanny, which has 5 letters.

His only child is named Betty, which has 5 letters.

My most useful letter of introduction is from one named Mullineux, which consists of 10 letters (10 ÷ 2 = 5).

My mother, two brothers, two sisters and only son all have first names consisting of 5 letters.

My consecutive residences since marriage have been respectively numbered:—

10 Kent Road (10 ÷ 2 = 5).

82 Central Beach (8 + 2 = 10 ÷ 2 = 5).

384 Lytham Road (3 + 8 + 4 = 15 ÷ 3 = 5).

The following particulars produce the figure 9:—

Passport No. 311382 = 18 ÷ 2 = 9.

Ticket No. 11034 = 9.

No. of ship's voyage stated as 54 = 9.

Blackpool = 9.

When the frequent 5 is added to the 9 which is not so frequent we have 14 (1 + 4 = 5).

Is this more than a coincidence?

Yours truly,
CAXTON HALL.

TRAVELLING IN SLEEP.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—On reading the article in your December number entitled "A Dream Experience," I was reminded of a dream I had some years ago. For a year or two I had been wondering what the house and garden were like a little distance away from where we were then living. Not knowing the people, there seemed no possibility of finding out. But one Saturday night (that is important) I had a dream: I entered that garden and walked up the drive, and thought how different it seemed to what I had previously thought. I had no idea that there was such a large lawn, for one thing, and the plan of the garden too was not what I thought it would be. Then I went on to the house and went inside, and found a large square hall much larger than I thought was possible judging from the outside. While considering this it struck me that the house was empty; when I say empty, I do not mean devoid of furniture, but without inhabitants. I

remember thinking "How funny, I thought the house was occupied." As a matter of fact it had been taken by a Captain and Mrs. W. some time previously. A few days later Mrs. W. called at our house to ask if we found her Persian kitten in our garden would we kindly bring it back. Of course we promised to do so, and a few days after, finding it on the drive on my return home, I carried it to its home. Now comes the strange part of the story: it was getting dusk, and as I walked up the drive it looked exactly as I had seen it in my dream, and on reaching the house, when the maid came to the door she turned on the light, and I saw the hall was also the same. This struck me so forcibly that I made inquiries, and discovered that the week-end I had had the dream they were all away from home and the house was closed!

Yours faithfully,
EMMA PEMBERTON.

THE DOCTRINES OF SWEDENBORG.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—It is difficult to deal briefly with a letter such as that over the signature *Frank W. Britton*, based as it is on an "assumption," regarding which the writer "would very much like to be instructed further."

Emanuel Swedenborg declared that in 1743 the Lord appeared to him and commissioned him to publish, by means of the press, the teachings that would be revealed to him while he read the Sacred Scriptures; and to describe the things he should see and hear in the Spiritual World. So far as is known Swedenborg never sought, either before or after this Divine visitation, communication with the inhabitants of the Spiritual World although he enjoyed such communication for twenty-eight years. In his published writings he repeatedly affirms that nothing was revealed to him, concerning the doctrines he was commissioned to make known, "by any angel or spirit but by the Lord alone while I was reading the Word."

In 1757 (not 1759) Swedenborg avers the Last Judgment, described in the Apocalypse, chapter xx, was effected in the Spiritual World; that that marked the end of the First Christian Dispensation; and that the re-statement of the Christian Religion revealed through Swedenborg constituted the Second Coming of the Lord and the commencement of the New Church or Dispensation signified by the New Jerusalem.

Swedenborg very plainly teaches that all angels (and demons) were once men. No beings are created, none ever were created, in the Spiritual World. The natural world or physical universe is the theatre of creation. "Angels are men in lighter habit clad."

The doctrines set forth by Swedenborg are all drawn from the sacred

Scriptures. They affirm that there is ONE GOD, Who became manifest in this world 1920 years ago, as JESUS CHRIST: that by that Incarnation GOD redeemed mankind from the power of evil that had attained to such magnitude that the very existence of the human race was threatened: that the Holy Spirit was then and is still breathed upon all, who would be earnest disciples, by JESUS CHRIST—the LORD JEHOVAH, THE ONLY GOD IN HIS DIVINE HUMANITY: and that a truly Christian life is that which results from a living endeavour to obey the precepts of the Divine Word exemplified in the Gospels as love to GOD and charity towards the neighbour.

"Swedenborgians" know nothing of "spiritual revelations" produced by any variety or form of "invocation." They accept the doctrines taught by Swedenborg on purely rational grounds; and they find they are exceedingly illuminating and helpful in interpreting not only the Old and New Testaments but also the history of the world's religious experiences, and particularly the history of Christendom with special regard to the last 150 years.

I am, yours faithfully,

WOOD VALE, S.E.23.

S. J. C. GOLDSACK.

THE PROBLEM OF REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In the article titled "Professional Controls" by E. B. Gibbes in the October number of the OCCULT REVIEW, the question is asked of Johannes, the control, "Why are idiot children born into this world if it is only to suffer?" and Johannes replies: "Idiot children do not suffer. They are only shells in which the yolk of the egg has not been perfected. It is just as if you had an egg that would not hatch. They are sent back here and prepared for a future life. Their life on earth is not wasted. They are just imperfect articles turned out by the great factory over here." To another question Johannes answers that reincarnation is "not for the fully formed, only for the people who have not had the chance at this stage of development."

Now this doctrine as given by Johannes seems to be in perfect accord with the teaching of Madam Blavatsky. I quote below from *Isis Unveiled*, page 351:

"We will now present a few fragments of this mysterious doctrine of reincarnation. Reincarnation, that is the appearance of the same individual, or rather of his astral monad, twice in the same planet is not a rule in Nature, it is an exception. If reason has been so far developed as to become active and discriminative, there is no reincarnation on this earth, for the three parts of the triune man have been united and he is capable of running the race. But when the new being has not passed beyond the condition of monad, or where, as in the idiot, the trinity has not been completed, the immortal spark which illuminates it has to reincarnate on the earth plane as it was frustrated in its first attempt."

A plausible answer to your query in the footnote to the Gibbes article can be found in the teaching of Andrew Jackson Davis that man is of planetary origin and, being born a complete organized spiritual entity, death may claim him at any age without in any case seriously affecting his future development and progress.

Box 80, HOLLYBURN,
WEST VANCOUVER, B.C.
CANADA,

Yours truly,
D. S. SMITH.

[As is, of course, well known to all Theosophists, H.P.B. completely changed her views on this matter.—ED.]

“THE OCCULT REVIEW.”

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—With the present number are concluded the first forty volumes and the first twenty years of publication of the OCCULT REVIEW. During the whole of this time the OCCULT REVIEW has been edited by yourself and issued by your present publishers. Its general get-up and the high standard of its contents have remained the same throughout this period. From issue to issue your Notes of the Month, your comments on current publications, and your reviews of new books, have constituted a complete record of what has been most noteworthy in the spheres of occult, religious, psychical and kindred studies. Such a record would be sufficiently remarkable in any kind of periodical publication, but in such a journal as the OCCULT REVIEW, dealing as it does with subjects which remain to this day unpopular and looked down upon, and which were much more so twenty years ago, such a record is, so far as I know, absolutely unique. This fact, and the constant manner in which you have upheld your maxim of “Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,” have induced me to write these few words of congratulation, with the hope, may I add, that many more volumes of the OCCULT REVIEW will see the light under your care.

I have the honour of remaining, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

[I thank my correspondent for his kind appreciation. I do not shut my eyes to the fact that the Magazine has fallen short of the ideal I set before myself; but I trust that, in spite of its defects, it has done something to help forward the cause of truth and right thinking.—ED.]

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

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

AN extraordinary personal interest attaches to the new issue of *REVUE MÉTAPHYSIQUE*, as it contains a very careful study of Dr. Gustave Geley and his philosophy by M. René Sudre, his friend and coadjutor in research. The account is the more valuable because, although M. Sudre owes his existing convictions on the actuality of metaphysical phenomena to the opportunities for experimental verification afforded him by Dr. Geley, he is by no means committed to all, or even most, of the philosophical and religious views and theories cherished by his instructor. Having said this and having explained further that the study is highly sympathetic throughout, the reasoned panegyric of an acute mind, we can turn to the purpose in view of the present summary, which is to offer a picture of the mind and man that was Geley. It is said that he was an idealist, whose conceptions were "great and winged," that he held to them with absolute faith, as things which enlightened all incertitudes of actual science. Moreover, the simplicity and clarity of ideas were for him as tests of their truth: a monist after his own manner, he rejected divisions of personality, and evolution for him proceeded like a straight line ascending from the unconscious to the all-embracing consciousness which is God. It emerges indeed that as evolutionist, biologist, psychologist and ardent psychical researcher he was always and only on the side of God, though by no means on that which is understood as official religion. As an idealist, he was also an optimist, adhering to a moral explanation of the universe, as our fundamental hope and consolation in life. As a psychologist, he distinguished between an inferior and superior subconsciousness, the one a product of the automatism of nerve-centres but the other independent of organic functioning and being that which constitutes "the veritable immortal individual." Finally, the sense of logic led him in admitting survival to recognize also pre-existence. The fact does not signify that he was either a modern theosophist or a follower of Allan Kardec. M. Sudre proposes that if the philosophy of the latter may be regarded as the primary teaching of spiritism, that of Geley is the higher teaching, representing the best effort of rationalism to satisfy age-old desires in the heart of man—"desire of survival, desire of justice, desire of love." The hypothesis on which he based pre-existence and reincarnation was: (1) that all psychic subconscious elements have been previously conscious psychic elements; and (2) that those attributes of the subconscious which are not referable to actual sensorial sources and consciousness are referable to anterior sensorial sources and to successive states of consciousness anterior to the actual. In the event of *LA REVUE*

SPIRITE discussing this interesting speculation from the standpoint of the original school of Kardec, we may recur later on to the subject. Meanwhile the REVUE MÉTAPSYCHIQUE has other good articles, as—for example—on ACTIVE AND PASSIVE TELEPATHY and on CLAIRVOYANCE INTO THE FUTURE AND FATALISM. The latter is by Ernest Bozzano. It distinguishes between fatalism, which connotes the operation of an extrinsic will—the classical *Fatum* and the Providence of Christendom—and the modern determinism which regards all human events, even the most insignificant, as prearranged or determined already by laws of Nature. After a careful review of the alternatives, based on the comparative analysis of premonitory phenomena, the conclusion reached is that “the incarnate existence of spirit is neither ruled by free will nor by fatality, but by a conditional liberty.” We applaud M. Ernest Bozzano, who is at least on the side of good sense.

There are some excellent articles in PSYCHE, but that which is most closely in touch with our own subjects is an INTERPRETATION OF TRANSMIGRATION by Prof. A. K. Sharona, who is Principal of the Mohindu College, Patiola, and thus knows at first hand the eastern doctrine of the subject, as distinguished at need from that of Allan Kardec, or French spiritism, and from views of modern theosophy. He differentiates in the first place between the doctrine of transmigration itself and that which is known as Karma. The latter is “ethical in character,” is based on “a theory of value,” and involves questions of “merit and demerit, of reward and punishment.” It is comparable in short to a philosophical formulation of the Pauline doctrine concerning sowing and reaping. The former is said, on the other hand, to be the statement of a natural law, which law is defined as a tendency on the part of a soul “to pass through certain experiences, under certain circumstances.” There are people who believe only in Karma and some in transmigration alone: there are people who accept both doctrines and others who reject both. It is pointed out, for example, that Buddhists believe in Karma but not in transmigration, though it is on the latter as a psychological basis that the former seems to be founded, while the former is an application of the latter in the sphere of moral life. This notwithstanding, it seems to be suggested that there is not in reality an intimate connection between the two doctrines, meaning presumably that they do not stand or fall by and with one another. The “natural law” of transmigration is “erected on the principle of the conservation of desires.” It is desire which brings back the soul and earthly desire which causes return to earth, the term desire connoting an idea of “calculated profit.” It is this which generates action, otherwise the activity of coming back, and those return only whose desires are relative to this world. There is, however, “disinterested action,” and the kind of desire which prompts in this direction has not self-profit at its root: it is this which the East prescribes to overcome the process of transmigration, because such desire is worked out and consummated in the act itself, leaving

apparently no residue behind it. Rather curiously, there is no allusion to the possibility of the soul's return for the world's sake, or motivated, that is to say, by desire at its highest, the need of others being substituted for a need postulated at the self-centre.

Leaving the hypothesis at its value, this at least is a clearance of issues, and there is one of another kind. The soul does not, as commonly supposed, move from body to body in the long course of its transmigrations. That is an impossible supposition, because the new body must in the nature of things be either a corpse or an embryo: it is obviously not the first, or this world would be one of perpetual resurrection, and it cannot be the second because a living human embryo is already in possession of a soul. According to Hindu psychology, the soul has a subtle body, or inner sheath, which comprises not only subconsciousness, consciousness, self-consciousness, mind, the sense organs and organs of action, but also "the proto-elements out of which the physical body is evolved," as the snake develops an epidermis and the spider produces a web. At death the subtle body relinquishes the gross body, but only to produce a new material structure. The analogy is plausible, but it is of course highly figurative, for the snake-process takes place, so to speak, in full view. When the soul, with its subtle body, has withdrawn from a given gross structure and begins to produce a fresh body it has to seek and find "the appropriate time, place, circumstances, parent . . . in short, every detail necessary for a fresh evolution." Such then is the Hindu story of the soul in its travels and metamorphoses, and it reads not a little differently from popular presentations of eastern teachings according to western minds. It has been worth while to present it at this length, because of its inherent interest, whether or not more thoughtful readers may conclude that it has remained for some thousands of years in the region of pure hypothesis and seems unlikely to emerge therefrom.

Camille Flammarion continues in *LA REVUE SPIRITE* to publish notable examples of apparitions at the moment of death, the accounts of which—in the great majority of cases—have come to him at first hand in private letters from all parts of the world. They are likely to be collected later on into one of his welcome volumes, but they constitute meanwhile an important feature of the magazine to which they are contributed. M. Leon Denis concludes his papers on Socialism and Spiritism with an affirmation that the latter offers to the former at once a foundation and sanction, by its demonstration of solidarity, brotherhood and justice as the principles of universal laws and the rule of superior worlds. A brief article on spiritism and Celtic tradition is of interest, if only as a reminder of many things connected with old Gaulish belief, especially on the immortality of the soul. But we are told that Allan Kardee was himself a Celt and, moreover, the reincarnation of a bard of Broceliande, one of the enchanted lands of Arthurian romance. . . . M. Henri Durville con-

tinues his account of Egyptian Mysteries in *PSYCHIC MAGAZINE*, but the initiations and advancements of the Postulant are proving—as might have been expected—those of the disembodied soul, from which it follows that the compiler's introductory words—which have been cited previously—would have profited if expressed more clearly. . . . The *JOURNAL DU MAGNÉTISME* gives the first instalment of a study on natural somnambulism, from a note-book of the late M. Hector Durville, and perhaps the last contribution which we shall meet with under his signature. He was an earnest worker, and a sad interest attaches to such posthumous words.

THEOSOPHY IN THE BRITISH ISLES discusses the wisdom of Socrates and occultism in astrological study, but so briefly that they have the air of extracts or jottings, a criticism indeed which applies to most articles in the last issue. . . . *THEOSOPHY* of Los Angeles makes its studies in the Secret Doctrine an important item of many successive numbers. . . . *THE HERALD OF THE STAR* is reminded of great World-Teachers, past and future, by the traditional birthday of Krishna, celebrated last August by Hindu India. It believes that we are on the threshold of a new era in the history of man, that we have therefore to look forward, because the past is over and done with, if not exactly dead. There is a time of vision to come, but the seers of the day are few, and there are few also to hear them. It is said that "nations perish for want of vision as well as individuals." The counsel is therefore presumably to take heed lest we also die. When India lost her spiritual vision we are told that she lost also her greatness. . . . *THEOSOPHY IN INDIA* has something on its own part about the coming of a great Helper. It speaks also of Theosophy in Islam, but without bringing any conviction, as it is a matter of special pleading. Our English Robert Fludd was a theosophist of the seventeenth century and a little earlier there was Jacob Böhme, bearing the same title in Germany. But they can only be classed uncritically with the School of Adyar. It is the same also with Islam. That there may be certain root analogies in all the cases but it offers only graver reasons for maintaining distinctions between things that are really different. Modern Theosophy proclaims the brotherhood of man and so does Modern Freemasonry, but the Freemason for such reason is not to be termed a theosophist.

The question of the Subconscious is always with us, and there is hence a certain relief, not apart from expectation, when a paper on Superconsciousness is found in *THE KALPAKA*, a Southern Indian magazine of now old foundation. It offers unfortunately very little in the way of fulfilment, being little more than a tirade of words, in the course of which it emerges that Superconsciousness is the state of *Samadhi*, understood as an "ineffable ecstasy of self-realization." We question whether authentic eastern teaching would agree to this definition, at least in the terms proposed. *Samadhi* is devotion at the highest, and this is love.

REVIEWS

SPANISH MYSTICISM: A Preliminary Study. By E. Allison Peers.
London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. Pp. xi + 277. Price 12s. net.

Not only is this scholarly volume from the pen of the Gilmour Professor of Spanish in the University of Liverpool, a joy to read in itself, but it opens up long vistas of unexplored territory in the realms of historic Spanish Christian mysticism. Of the treasures that await the patient explorer Professor Peers suggests a little, but, as he confesses himself, many of the greatest treasures still lie hidden and unsuspected even in Spain itself. His own country is almost always the last to honour a prophet: it is frequently the fate of the mystic to be forgotten altogether by his countrymen.

Professor Peers has written a book which is a model of what an introduction should be. He begins with an historical sketch of the Christian mysticism of Spain. Very interesting and illuminating is his analysis of the peculiar temper of Spanish mysticism with its passion, devotion to the ideal of the Cross, and its ever-recurrent element of ascetic sternness. He sees in the early history of the Spanish nation the origin of this. In her wars with the Moors the nation was the protagonist of Christ, and this sense of the "holy war" has made Spain a Catholic stronghold ever since, and has given her that stern, ascetic ideal which is so prominent in the writings of such mystics as San Juan de la Cruz.

For the sake of the convenient arrangement of his material the author takes Santa Teresa as a fixed point, and begins his historical survey with a chapter on the precursors of Teresa. For the most part these early writers were ascetics rather than mystics, and concern themselves primarily with the life of virtue rather than the development of the mystical union of the soul with God. The Carmelite saints, Santa Teresa and San Juan de la Cruz, are given a chapter to themselves, and their mysticism is subjected to a searching, if brief, examination and analysis. We are glad to find that the author recognizes San Juan to be not only a most profound mystic, but also a lyric poet of singular sweetness and charm. Two of his lyrics "Noche Escura del Alma," and "Llama de Amor Viva," are given, both in the original and in Mr. Arthur Symon's translation. The post-Teresan mystics are represented in Professor Peers' introductory section by Pedro Malón de Chaide, Juan de los Angeles, and Diego de Estella, whose influence is to be found in much of the work of St. François de Sales.

In what is, perhaps, the most important chapter of the whole book the author deals with the basis of Spanish mysticism. He shows how singularly free it is from any metaphysical bias, and suggests that, for this reason, the Spaniards were supreme in the delicate work of directing souls. They were intensely practical, and their mysticism was always of an active order. Theirs was no vague day-dreaming: but a practical application of the mystic secret to the affairs of every-day life. Some critics, notably Vaughan (a singularly unreliable guide to Christian mysticism), have tried to suggest that Santa Teresa, for example, was a quietist and a pantheist.

Professor Peers' reply to that criticism is worth quoting: "The saint who told her sisters in religion to 'be as strong men' is not likely to preach Nirvana. Her 'quiet,' and the quiet of those for whom she stands, can only be 'a rest most busy.'"

The second, and largest, portion of Professor Peers' book consist of a number of extracts from the writings of thirteen Spanish mystics. These are given both in the original and in an English translation. Each mystic is introduced by a brief biographical sketch, and many readers will find this part of the book most to their taste. The omission of Ramon Lull (whose *Book of the Lover and the Beloved* was edited by Professor Peers and published by the S.P.C.K. last year) from the selected mystics in this section of the book is accounted for by the fact that he was a Majorcan who wrote in Catalan.

It is to be hoped that Professor Peers' work will find many enthusiastic readers, and that it may be but the precursor of much diligent research among the mystical writers of Spain. Such research will certainly not go unrewarded.

JOHN NORTH.

SURVIVAL. Edited by Sir James Marchant, K.B.E., LL.D. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE contributors to this volume are, in order of place: Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. Stanley de Brath, Lady Grey of Falloden, M. Camille Flammarion, Sir Edward Marshall Hall, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Miss F. R. Scatcherd, Mr. David Gow, the Rev. Drayton Thomas, Mr. J. Arthur Hill, Prof. Charles Richet, and the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.

From this galaxy of well-known names, it will be seen that the question of Survival is studied, defined, and analysed from very many standpoints, each one of which will make special appeal to the reader most in accord with its views.

Whether we are fascinated and awe-stricken by the Master Alchemist's discourse on the Atom of Matter; touched by the deeply human fervour of a Minister of Religion; edified by the Greek detachment and reserve of the Editor of *Light*; dazzled by the scintillating brilliance of the most famous of French astronomers; riveted by a description of the gymnastics of "ectoplasm" in which Edgar Allan Poe would have revelled; impressed by the legal acumen of a prominent K.C.—it is difficult to lay down the book until we reach the last page. Mr. Stanley de Brath discusses with much care the supernormal faculties possessed by many persons, in relation to human survival, and his concluding paragraph finely expresses the *raison d'être* of the whole matter:

"The peace and good will that are so earnestly desired will return when the conviction of survival is general and when men are convinced also that the surviving soul by its visible character, its faculties, and its preferences reaps exactly as it has sown and learns that the Law of Spiritual Consequences expresses Divine Justice and the Eternal Mercy, which are one and the same." The negative views of the eminent *savant*, Prof. Charles Richet, are too well known for further comment here, but one may hope that some day full light will come to him, as it has come to so many others, and in that light he will assuredly have the joy of "shaking hands with Socrates."

This book having already been noticed by the editor of the OCCULT

REVIEW in his December "Notes of the Month," my space is necessarily limited, but I should like to refer with grateful appreciation to Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's very beautiful contribution. Many who have watched the passing of a soul "from the great deep to the great deep" can enter with the heart's acutest understanding into her inspiring words, and echo her conviction that:

"From the side of the living can come the assurance of faithful love and memory and hope; from the side of the dead an affirmation of life and courage—and a triumphant vindication of love."

EDITH K. HARPER.

SPARKS AMONG THE STUBBLE. By Constance Maud. Pp. x + 310 + 8 illustrations. London: Philip Allan & Co. Price 10s. 6d. net.

THE author of this work, while careless of details which one would expect to find in formal biography, gives us sketches of eight interesting personalities, namely Basil Wilberforce, Agnes Weston, Abdul Baha, César Franck, Frédéric Mistral, Mary Slessor and W. T. Stead. Charming vivacity characterizes the papers on the sailors' "mother" (Miss Weston) and the missionary of Calabar (Mary Slessor). The intrepid Scotchwoman who devoted herself to the good of a race reeking with horrible superstition is not as famous as she deserves to be. She was at once heroic and funny, amazingly competent yet every inch a person. Good, too, is the chapter on Abdul Baha with its sidelight on Stead. We learn that Abdul Baha believed that the law of reincarnation did not permit a human being to be born more than once on this earth. Needless to say this alleged prohibition contradicts the intuitions of various living people—Miss Eva Gore-Booth for instance. Abdul Baha was a prophet of the Great War, and if Paris realizes his vision it will be "bathed in the Light of the Holy Spirit."

Stead is defined as "a truly cosmic being." He had heroism and immense industry, but one does not expect the gestures of a tin chapel from a cosmic being, and for my part I regarded his antagonism to the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke as a symptom of narrowness at strife with other folks' dimensions. Stead's spiritualism, however, was a veritable lighthouse over the sea of doubt.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE HAND OF GLORY, and Further Grandfathers' Tales and Legends of Highwaymen and Others. Collected by the late R. Blakeborough. Edited by J. Fairfax-Blakeborough, M.C. With decorations by Wyndham Payne. London: Grant Richards, Limited. Pp. 269. Price 7s. 6d. net.

If eulogy could be expressed by the sign! and the reverse by a crude drawing of half a brick, I should be inclined on the present occasion to utilize the former symbol, for a critic could easily find material for a dozen articles in this fascinating collection. Richard Blakeborough was a true lover of the romance that springs into existence by a spontaneous contact between fact and imagination. He had Yorkshire for his rich hunting ground, and his industry and intelligence are both well exemplified in the choice made by his son—himself no mean judge of the narrative art.

In the title story we see some robbers trying to keep their intended victims asleep by the magic of a lighted candle held by the severed hand of a gibbeted criminal. Milk can extinguish it and destroy the present efficacy of the evil hand, and a girl is bold enough to be the souser required. In another story the astral of a murdered maiden allies itself with that of a dog to bring retribution on an atrociously cruel giant. Another story presents the spectacle of six knights convicted of unchaste thought dying valiantly in conflict with three witches in the form of dragons, all of whom are killed by a spotless virgin and her spotless lover!

The stories occasionally amuse one by emphasis of punishment on the physical plane. Sometimes they fascinate by an artfully obscure prophecy duly justified. Murderer and thief display a cunning artistically admirable, as for instance when a villain starts a robbery after giving a guinea apiece to the persons whom he deprives of their all.

Accounts are given of Nevison and Turpin, two celebrated highwaymen, and it may be noted that Mr. Blakeborough is kinder in his verdict on the latter than was the late Mr. Seccombe in the D.N.B.

Enough has been said to show that, with this book in his hand by a good fire, a reader should keep dullness and boredom away—unless he is a super-folklorist.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE SECRET OF ANCIENT EGYPT. By Ernest G. Palmer. 7½ ins. × 4¾ ins. pp. viii + 103 + 1 plate. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE recent discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen has aroused considerable interest in matters relating to ancient Egypt. Nor is this interest misplaced. For certain is it that modern civilization owes much to ancient Egypt—some scholars, indeed, though I think this is an exaggerated view, would say everything. And so far as the interests of the serious student of Occultism are concerned, there is little doubt that what is called the Secret Doctrine has its roots there also. Mr. Palmer's interesting little volume is mainly an exposition of the theory of the late Mr. Marsham Adams, which attempts to correlate the structure of the Great Pyramid with the book known as *The Book of the Dead*. It is generally agreed that the Great Pyramid is a tomb, but it does not follow that it was nothing more than this, and Mr. Palmer, following Mr. Marsham, maintains that it was also a temple of initiation. Therein selected novitiates underwent a course of initiation whose various stages represented what, in accordance with the ideas of the ancient Egyptians, was experienced by the souls of the dead in the realms of Osiris. *The Book of the Dead*, it is maintained, was not only a description of the experiences to be anticipated in the future life, but was also a handbook of initiation, sealed from the sight of all save initiates, and the Great Pyramid was constructed in such a way as to symbolize the various processes described in the Book. It may, of course, be said that no final proof of this theory has been offered; but at any rate it is a plausible and very interesting one, and some very striking correspondences between the Book and the Pyramid are traced in the volume before us.

There is also an interesting chapter dealing with the Sphinx, and another one in which certain of the symbols of modern Freemasonry are shown to have their origins in ancient Egypt.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE SOLAR EPOCH, OR HOROSCOPE OF DESTINY. By Sefharial.
London: W. Foulsham & Co., Ltd. Pp. 90. Price 3s. 6d.

THE reputation of "Sefharial" as an astrologer is such that any new work from his pen is sure to be read with interest, and all who are acquainted with his researches concerning the Lunar Horoscope, or Prenatal Epoch, will be eager to study the new astrological thesis which he now presents. His theory is that as there is a horoscope of birth, and a Lunar Horoscope directly related to it, there must also be a further horoscope answering to the solar principle in man; and he believes that this Solar Horoscope, in addition to representing the Monad, or spiritual entity, will prove to be the key to a better understanding of the problem of sex-determination. He certainly makes out a very good case for his theory, and his logical and clearly worked-out arguments are worthy of close attention. Detailed instructions are given for the finding of the Solar Epoch, and several remarkable examples are quoted, among them being the late Tsar, the Kaiser, King George, and Mr. Lloyd George. Anyone who is sufficiently acquainted with mathematics to be able to erect an ordinary nativity can test the new theory, accepting or rejecting it in accordance with the results obtained. Probably a good many will come to agree with Sefharial himself, who holds that "the Solar Epoch, when thoroughly explored, will hereafter hold a place no less important than that accorded to the Lunar Epoch in the estimation of all progressive students of the science of Astrology."

E. M. M.

THE ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE. By Dion Fortune. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Pp. 132. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS book has long been badly needed, and a more opportune time than the present could scarcely have been chosen for its appearance. The author takes the bull by the horns, stating clearly and forcibly the "facts" of love and marriage as understood by the occultist, and all who read the book through carefully will find their ideas on the subject considerably clarified. The esoteric doctrine, as here explained, shows the why and the wherefore of success or failure in marriage, and offers a sure guidance to those who have gone, or are likely to go, astray in their choice of a life-companion.

The esoteric philosopher, we must remember, does not use the term "sex" in the ordinary limited sense. He speaks instead of "life-force," and knows this "life-force" as a radiating energy which functions on all the seven planes of existence, and bears fruit of the spirit, the mind and the emotions, as well as of the body. The physical phenomena usually classed under "sex" are merely one aspect, and not the most important aspect, of the universal working of this mighty force. Dion Fortune shows very clearly how man, a sevenfold being, develops his various "bodies" successively, and how fatal are the results when two who are at widely different stages of development try to live together in married harmony. His description of the various possible types of union is of extreme interest; also his teaching concerning the Karmic Tie, the Cosmic Tie, and the "Twin Soul" doctrine. In holding, however, that souls are not created as "twins," but only achieve such supreme union through the fidelity of many successive incarnations, he seems to differ from other occultists,