

APRIL 1925

THIRTY CENTS

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE outlook of the present age has widened so enormously that we are to-day more than ever confronted with the problem of the limits of the credible. To the scientific mind of half a century ago these limits were clearly defined. For us to-day, however, the position is very different. Many beliefs relegated to what was then looked upon as the territory of superstition and idle credulity are now not only accepted by our leading men of science, but have taken their place actually in a number of instances as part of the firm basis of the practical life of the day. We cannot call in question the properties of radium because they are applied both chemically and medicinally. We cannot call in question wireless telegraphy because it is one of the conveniences of our everyday life. The water diviner is employed by numerous architects and the value of his services is widely recognized in this very practical field. The man who ridicules the phenomena associated with psychical research is regarded as possessing a defective education and being behind the times.

Even such a practical inventor as Thomas A. Edison has been

inquiring into the possibility of communicating by means of a scientific apparatus with the denizens of another plane, and as readers of this magazine are aware, experiments of a similar nature, productive of very significant results, have been recently made here by an English investigator. It is no wonder, then, that we ask ourselves in bewilderment where the dividing line between fact and fiction is to be drawn. It is no wonder that we hesitate to deny many things that are apparently incredible and contrary to reason. We know it is true, that two and two

INSTABILITY
OF
SCIENTIFIC
POSITION.

can never make five, but even at the present time the logical deductions from mathematical evidence are by no means invariably accepted by our men of science. This, however, merely serves as further evidence of the instability of the present position.

Science has already evacuated many of her most tenaciously held positions, and a change in the official attitude towards such a science as astrology can now be merely a matter of time. The modern man of science denies the essential reality of matter with a confidence and firmness of conviction equal to that with which his predecessor of an earlier generation denied the reality of spirit. It is not, then, in matters of detail that a changed attitude has been adopted, but the very basic foundations of the scientific structure of the Victorian age have been admitted by our latest authorities to have been in reality but shifting sand. How, then, is the man in the street to divide the credible from the incredible? How can he say to himself with positive conviction in any particular instance, "This is possible," or "This is impossible"?

I remember being told a story by a near relative of mine of some people with whom she had a casual acquaintance and whose name she gave me at the time, which stretches credulity to its utmost limits. And yet the story was related to me as sober fact. A family, if my memory serves me right in London society, had been staying on the western coast of Scotland. A picnic was planned to a small islet off the coast. The family and their friends set off as arranged. After taking their picnic on the island, all but one of the daughters rowed off, the understanding being that the daughter in question would be called for in the course of an hour or two. Some of the party duly returned after the arranged interval, but no trace of the daughter could be found. The islet was a small one and there were no large trees or other serious obstacles to obscure vision. Needless to say, the place was ransacked from end to

IS THIS
CREDIBLE?

end, and it was not till after it was perfectly obvious that the lady was no longer there that the search party rowed disconsolately home, assuming that in all probability the object of their search had been drowned. The accident, however, appeared so strange that a day or two afterwards some members of the family again rowed across to the island, feeling that possibly some clue might be found, by a further search, as to her fate. On arriving at the spot in question, they discovered the young lady seated where they had left her, and the words with which she greeted them were, "What a long time you have kept me waiting!" The family's medical adviser was consulted on the matter, and he had a talk with the heroine of this extraordinary incident, whose nervous condition appeared to require his care. After his interview he issued most emphatic orders to the family on no account ever to allude to the incident again in the lady's presence.

Another story which, like the foregoing, is calculated to leave the reader dumbfounded by its atmosphere of inexplicable mystery, is recorded by Mrs. Tweedale in her latest book, *Phantoms of the Dawn*.* The story, she says, was narrated to her by a well-known dignitary of the Church of England. He vouches for its truth, but desires that his name should be suppressed, as he has no time for the correspondence which its disclosure would entail. He was staying with his mother in some wild place by the sea coast and one evening took a walk with her towards the sea, over which the sun was setting "with a glorious blazonry of gold, and ruby, and orange."

We left our little bungalow [he observes] nestling in the sand dunes, and its tiny, sandy garden fragrant with the bitter-sweet herbs that flourish under the salt spray, and stepped out on the firm golden sands that the receding tide had left in exquisite purity. It was a lonely spot, that wide estuary through which the leaping tides rushed in and out with equal rapidity. Dangerous for those who took no thought for natural phenomena, but safe enough for those who knew the land and wisely chose their time.

For several miles on either side of us lay the vast expanse of level golden shore, without stain or blemish—a glorious stretch of yellow sands, pure and untrodden by human foot.

So far as the eye could reach no human being was in sight. Before us lay a firm mile or more of hard sand, at the extreme edge of which shone a tranquil ocean, no breath stirring its surface. We walked on briskly towards the sea, not talking much, but both enjoying the quiet peace of the scene, which was only broken at intervals by the cry of a gull.

* John Long, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

In this desolate spot mother and son walked together, leaving the track of their footprints behind them on the sand.

Suddenly [says the narrator] my mother stopped dead with a queer little cry, and at the same moment I saw that which instantly arrested my own footsteps. On the unbroken surface there were A STORY OF firm clear marks coming from nowhere. Graven deep MYSTERIOUS in the hard sand was a naked human footprint. Running FOOTPRINTS, my eye onwards, that footprint which had come from nowhere pursued a straight and undeviating course so far as our vision could trace it, to the edge of the water. . . . The foot mark was the imprint of a left foot, and there was no sign of a right one. The naked left foot that had come out of the void walked on and on towards the sea so far as the eye could reach, and it walked alone. Not a human being was in sight, not a sail upon the glassy mirror of the ocean that faded on the horizon into a gauze of pearly vapour. We glanced fearfully around us. There was no mark of any description on the sands to right or left of us—only pure virgin surface and behind, stretching back on the way we had come, the clear engraving of our shod feet on the golden track.

The narrator of the story begged his mother to walk back slowly, while he went in pursuit of the mysterious footprint.

I saw her [he says] make the sign of the cross, then she turned her face landwards without a word. Swiftly I walked onwards alongside that unearthly footprint, so clear, so undeviating, that ran straight to the water's edge. In another ten minutes I had reached the confines of the empty and deserted shore. Then I stood still and looked long and shudderingly at the naked footprint that had walked straight into the ocean and walked out of sight into the breast of the retreating tide.

"No man," says Mrs. Tweedale, in comment, "can really believe a truth until he has grown to the extent which enables him to see it as truth for himself. The one final test of psychical phenomena lies in the psychic experiences of seers themselves."

Here is one more story which is perhaps only less astonishing than the two already given, because it suggests that an explanation of the incidents recorded might be forthcoming even though the final test that would solve the mystery has never yet been applied. The story, which commences with a mysterious dream, was narrated to Mrs. Tweedale by a certain Miss Watling, of Hayling Island. The following is her narrative:—

I had gone to bed early, as I was tired after packing, and I had to start at nine o'clock next morning to visit a cousin, whom I had promised to be with before lunch. My night was not, however, a peaceful one, as no sooner did sleep come to me than I entered into a thrilling dream I here narrate. I found myself wandering round a curious old room whose walls were entirely of stone. The light was dim, and a stone archway gave me the

suggestion that I was in some religious establishment. What heightened

this suggestion was the presence by my side of an old monk.

STRANGE He was robed in a long dark cassock, his waist was girded
DREAM OF by a rope, and over his shoulders hung a cowl. The top

A GHOSTLY of his head was shaven, and a fringe of white hair surrounded
MONK. the bald patch. He appeared to be in a highly agitated

state of mind, and as we moved side by side round the room he kept on urgently repeating the words, "You must tap. You must tap." I had a perfect understanding of what was required of me, and I passed on sounding each stone in the walls that I could reach, whilst the old man kept on repeating like an automaton the three words—

"You must tap."

In my dream I observed that the room we were in was of a very unusual shape. It contained besides the archway numerous alcoves, two specially deep ones being situated on either side of the fireplace. It was on reaching the alcove situated on the left side that my efforts were at last rewarded.

Hitherto I had been tapping solid blocks of stone in an obviously solid wall, suddenly my knock sounded hollow.

The effect of this upon the old monk was quite extraordinary. He became a different person, full of animation and life. He reached up to the hollow sounding stone, and drew it out, though it was noticeably loose, and from behind it he produced a small rectangular box. The object of his search was clearly attained. He opened the box, which I saw was made of iron, and I had only caught a glimpse of papers within, when I came back to waking consciousness with a rush. Further sleep was impossible. My mind was full of the vivid incidents of my dream, and at daybreak I arose, utterly unrefreshed, and dressed for my journey.

The sequel was as follows. The journey was a short one, and Miss Watling arrived in time for lunch. It was suggested to her by her hostess that after lunch they should motor over to an old vicarage some twelve miles distant, the road to which passed through a very picturesque part of Hampshire. The vicar had recently passed away and the vicarage was being

A VISIT TO occupied by a locum tenens, a certain Mr. A., who
A DREAM was living there at the time with his aged aunt
VICARAGE. and son and daughter. After a short conversation they all went into the dining-room to tea.

"Immediately on entering the room," writes Miss Watling, "I found myself excitedly exclaiming, 'Why, this is the room of my dream!'" She then proceeded to give an account of what she had dreamt to the occupants of the vicarage, drawing attention to certain changes which were now apparent in the room.

"It was," she says, "no longer walled in stone, and a door had been placed in the formerly open archway." "I observed," she continues, "that Mr. A. looked deeply interested in my story, and taking up a knife he led me to a wall, and forcing apart two boards of the panelling showed me the stone walls of my

dream lying behind. The late vicar, he explained, had had them boarded over, and had also closed up the archway. He added that the vicarage had formerly been a monastery." Miss Watling implored him to remove the portion of the panelling behind the spot which she pointed out to him as being the resting place of the iron box. Mr. A., however, being merely locum tenens, did not feel himself justified in complying with the request. He narrated, however, a curious incident which appeared to have some bearing on Miss Watling's dream story. On coming to the vicarage, he said, he had ordered a keg of ginger-beer, which was placed in the dining-room immediately under the spot where, according to Miss Watling, the box lay hidden. At supper time, on the first evening, the son and daughter attempted to fill their glasses, but the tap refused to turn. Every one in the house also tried, but meeting with no success, they concluded that there was something at fault with the tap which would have to be put right before any ginger-beer could be obtained.

On coming down to breakfast next morning the family were horrified to find the tap half turned on, and the ginger-beer trickling over the floor. The tap was easily turned off, and seemed quite amenable to ordinary usage, but at lunch time it had become obdurate as ever. Greatly puzzled over this, they were again compelled to leave the keg alone, but later in the afternoon some one had occasion to enter the dining-room, and once more found the ginger-beer running over the floor in all directions.

Again the tap was turned off, but it was proved impossible to turn it on again, yet after tea it was found that the same thing had happened once more. It was Mr. A.'s old aunt of ninety and more who threw light upon the puzzling situation. She stated that with her own eyes she had seen an old monk enter and turn on the tap. My description of my old monk exactly tallied with the description she had given of the monk she had seen. The ginger-beer was removed to another part of the room, away from the alcove where the box was hidden, and from that moment there was no further trouble with it.

With regard to this strange story, Mrs. Tweedale observes: "Prejudice or lack of interest on the part of those who could prove or disprove the existence of the iron box has blocked the natural evolution of this dream." Let us hope that one day this strange mystery will be satisfactorily solved.

Another book which has reached me for review (*Adventures in Peru*, by C. H. Prodgers *), may not appeal for the most part to the student of occultism, though it is written in such a breezy and racy style, and is so full of general interest in the light it

* London: John Lane, Vigo Street. 12s. 6d. net.

throws on the part of the globe with which it deals, that it must, I think, prove fascinating to a very wide circle of readers. There is something in the candour and frankness of the writer, who unfortunately has now said good-bye to the scene of his earthly adventures, which in itself is singularly attractive. Mr. Prodgers was no dreamer, far from it, but a very practical man of the world. At the same time he was no sceptic. "Many

MR.
PRODGERS
AND THE
SEA-
SERPENT.

people," he writes, "say that the sea serpent is all humbug, and they are welcome to their opinion. On land in the temperate zones creeping things are small, but in the torrid zone they attain a tremendous size. Snakes are to be found in the Narrow Seas. Hence I cannot for the life of me see why sea monsters should not exist in equatorial waters. I caught my first glimpse of the great sea-serpent in 1901, when voyaging off the island of Fernando de Noronha situated off the coast of Brazil. Four years later, at practically the same spot, it was my good fortune to be favoured with another sight of this wonderful creature. It appeared about fifty yards ahead of the steamer on the port side. It had a head as big as a cow's head, and its body looked as large round as a flour barrel. I only saw one coil of the latter, and that was a matter of eight or ten yards away from the head and raised above the water a foot or so."

I entirely agree with Mr. Prodgers that there is no obvious reason why sea monsters should not exist. It seems, indeed, to be through some sort of caprice of fashion that we dismiss the sea-serpent as "bunkum." Certainly we believe in many things to-day which on the face of them are immeasurably more incredible. The ocean is, as we know, very deep in parts, and it is not to be supposed that the sea monsters which presumably inhabit its depths should put in an appearance except very rarely on the surface. Hence the reason for the evidence on this subject not being as plentiful as would otherwise be the case. I confess it appears to me that the converse proposition that there are no such sea monsters is the more incredible of the two, especially

TRADITION
AND
PREJUDICE
AS GROUNDS
OF BELIEF.

in the face of a very fair amount of confirmatory evidence that has reached us on the subject. Our beliefs are in truth based a very great deal more on tradition and prejudice than they are on reason, which should in reality be the sole criterion. The belief has been widely held until quite recently that our own world was the only one in the universe inhabited by a race of human beings. What, however,

could conceivably be more unlikely? If one world is so inhabited, why not others? And why should we assume the almost incredible hypothesis that among the millions of such worlds ours is so unique? There is, perhaps, just the bare possibility that this might be the case, but it would be hard to discover a possible hypothesis which on the face of it is so hard to accept. In adopting it we should, I would suggest, be stretching credulity to the farthest imaginable limits. And yet this very belief has been held through countless generations. Does not a fact of this kind show for how little reason counts in forming any given opinion? Here are a couple of records from our author's pages which, if we wish to be sceptically minded, we may find much more difficult to believe:—

About four hours' ride from Palca, a little village on top of a hill which one passes through after crossing the river that runs down the other side of the Tunani Pass, I decided to give the cargo mules a rest while I had some lunch. Near by the stone on which I sat was a big rock. I was much surprised to notice that it bore the impress of a delicate female hand.

AN
APPARITION
OF THE
VIRGIN.

As I pondered over this strange circumstance, an old Indian woman and three younger ones came down the path and stopped opposite the rock. From the old woman I learnt that about thirty years previously, as she was sitting outside her hut not far from this rock, the Virgin appeared to her. She was dressed in white apparel and had a halo round her head. The apparition lasted but a moment and as it disappeared stooped down and pressed one of her hands on the boulder. Next morning the impression was distinctly visible. One of the girls confirmed the old woman's tale. She had heard it from her father who had witnessed the occurrence. All the Indians in the neighbourhood believed implicitly in the truth of the narrative, and the village priest also vouched for it.

I heard of an incident that was equally inexplicable in the Island of Trinidad, B.W.I., in 1915. Among my acquaintances I numbered one Father Ambrose, the priest of Arouca and Tunapuna. I frequently visited him. One day he told me of a strange occurrence that had taken place

THE
WEEPING
VIRGIN.

the previous year. He said, "You have seen in our church the figure of the Blessed Virgin?" I assented. "Well," the Father proceeded, "on the Friday before the Great War commenced, I was engaged in seeing that everything was seemly and in good order, when my attention was attracted to the sacred figure. I distinctly saw tears trickle down its cheeks. I was so astounded that I hurried from the church, jumped on my bicycle, and conveyed the extraordinary news to several members of my flock. They followed me back and witnessed the same amazing spectacle. The flow of tears continued for twelve hours, and then stopped." Father Ambrose, although a man of the world, was not given to exaggerate. He told me this tale in all seriousness. I bought a photo of the sacred figure, taken at the time, and inspected a document, signed by eight or ten persons, in which the details of this mysterious occurrence were recorded.

Again our comment on these extraordinary stories must be in the form of the question: What are the limits of the possible? On what indeed do we base our faith in anything? Generally speaking no doubt on the credibility of the witnesses who vouch for the fact, and our trust in their bona fides. How little indeed of what we accept implicitly do we know the truth of through actual personal investigation or experience!

Mr. Progdgers has some interesting stories about the Incas, and their traditions. No one really knows from whence these people came, but it is stated that the Inca empire had been established some five hundred years before the Spaniards under Pizarro overthrew it. They were, of course, a conquering race, and few in number compared with the original inhabitants, who apparently welcomed and were well contented with their rule. The word Inca means "child of the Sun," in allusion, of course, to the fact that they were sun-worshippers. There are still to be seen at Cusco, the capital of the old Inca empire, the remains of the great Temple of the Sun, on the building of which twenty thousand people were said to have been employed for a period of fifty years. After their final defeat by the Spaniards, the Incas retreated into the interior of the country, and the Spaniards were too busy quarrelling among themselves to attempt to follow them. When at last they did so, they found that the trail led to parts of the country only accessible by secret paths to which they had no clue. What became of them no one knows to this day.

TRADITIONS
OF THE
INCAS.

According to Indian tradition [our author tells us], they held high court for many years in a great city, hidden away among the mountains. Here and there, one very occasionally meets with old trappers who assert that in their wanderings they have chanced upon this secret stronghold; but I am afraid one must treat these narratives as fairy tales, although I am fain to admit that for many years people refused to believe in the existence of the Aztecs. And yet I know men who claim to have had dealings with that mysterious race quite recently. As a matter of fact, I was invited to go and classify their cattle and supply new blood for their stock.

In the face of that, who shall say the Children of the Sun are extinct? Some day the riddle may be solved. Until then, one is entitled to keep an open mind. For my own part I have hopes of finding the answer in Ecuador.

Here again is another story which may tax our credulity. The sceptic will doubtless scoff at the believer, but our knowledge of the interior of the country is still so defective that he will not be able to prove the negative.

We are very much too apt to assume that when a later generation rejects the opinions and beliefs of an earlier one, these beliefs

and opinions have been rejected by a more enlightened age because that age has disproved them and found them to be unsound in the light of accumulated evidence. This may be so, and undoubtedly is so in certain cases, but in many others an examination of the circumstances which led to the rejection of the belief will show that reason and evidence had nothing whatever to do with that rejection. Writing on the subject of the rejection of the belief in magic and witchcraft in his *Rationalism in Europe*, Mr. Leckie touches on this point. "It is not," he

THE BASIS OF BELIEF. says (in cases like this), "because we have examined the evidence and found it insufficient, for the disbelief always precedes when it does not prevent examination." This disbelief is frequently due to what we call the "changed spirit of the age," i.e. an altered mental outlook which instinctively rejects many beliefs that have been long accepted, because they do not fall into the conception of the scheme of things which the later age has adopted. They are, therefore, dropped as being necessarily untrue, though this, of course, is by no means always the case. To quote Mr. Leckie again: "The general intellectual tendencies pervading the literature of a century profoundly modify the character of the public mind. They form a new tone and habit of thought. They alter the measure of probability. They create new attractions and new antipathies, and they eventually cause as absolute a rejection of certain old opinions as could be produced by the most cogent and definite arguments." The historian points out that the disbelief in witchcraft is to be attributed to this class of influences—in short, that it is "the result not of any series of definite arguments or of new discoveries, but of a gradual, insensible, yet profound modification of the habits of thought of the age."

UNFORTUNATE ASSOCIATIONS AS A CAUSE OF SCEPTICISM. The rejection of astrology by our men of science is another case in point. No one has ever yet disproved the basic facts of astrology. No one can point to any book that has ever been published which breaks down the array of evidence on which these natural facts rest. But the spirit of a sceptical age, nevertheless, has turned its back on astrology. There is, however, a further reason for this. Certain beliefs acquire undesirable associations. These associations, though in no way essential to the beliefs in question, end by giving them their death blow, just as certain individuals lose their good name, not through any bad actions or habits of their own, but through

their association with undesirable companions. Thus astrology became mixed up with all sorts of charlatanry and fortune-telling. The attempt to suppress such charlatanry brought the sciences that were employed for the purpose into disrepute, and from this cause astrology and chiromancy alike suffered. In a similar manner the rejection by the Reformed Church of prayers for the dead was due, not in any way to the fact that such prayers were found to be inefficacious, and therefore useless, but because large sums of money were paid to a corrupt priesthood to secure any benefits which might accrue to the deceased from this means of appealing to the higher powers. If prayers for the living are efficacious, there is no justification for supposing that prayers for the dead would be less so, provided, of course, it is admitted, as all churches admit, that the dead survive. The attitude of the Church to such prayers is therefore entirely illogical, but is fully understood when we realize the actual abuses that led to the rejection of this doctrine.

It is thus a dangerous habit to assume that records which the spirit of a more, in many ways, enlightened and more scientific age has rejected as necessarily false, ought to be cast aside for this reason, on the assumption that their rejection is the result of a process of rationalization which renders a faith in them now impossible. Our conclusion must be that, in the ordinary

THE PART
PLAYED BY
REASON.

developments of thought and opinion from one generation to another, the rationalistic faculty does not play the part that is commonly credited to it, and that the general mental outlook of the age and even fashion, to use the term in its broadest sense, plays a very much larger part than is generally supposed. Those who are in search of the truth and desire to apply the touchstone of evidence to all the records with which they come in contact, will inevitably have to reconsider the judgments of the past, and indeed of the present age, in very many different directions, and until the laws of nature are far more fully understood than they are at present, they will recognize the necessity of keeping an open mind in numerous cases where the first impulse will be unhesitatingly to reject.

My readers will, I am sure, be sorry to learn that Monsieur Jollivet Castlot, President of the Alchemical Society of France, and Editor of *La Rose Croix*, has lost his entire library and all business papers and addresses in consequence of the destruction of his house by fire.

He asks me to communicate this fact to readers of my magazine, so that any who may be subscribers to *La Rose Croix* may send him particulars with regard to their subscriptions, together with their addresses. Monsieur Jollivet Castelot's address for the time being is: Villerose, 114 rue du Calvaire, Sin-le-Noble (Dept. du Nord), France.

THE WELL WHERE THE WORLD ENDS

By EVA GORE BOOTH

ON the King's robe the Mother of Emerald shivered and shone,
Flashing green in the sullen glow of the sacrificial flame,
Whilst, wrapped in a vision ecstatic, the wizard Solomon
Breathed from the height of his glorious hour the Everlasting
Name.

The people fell prostrate, the trumpets shrilled, the priests cried
aloud,

In vain, in vain, for the Face of the Lord was hidden behind a
cloud.

When the Pilgrim spoke to the woman tired by the sun's hot
glare,

As, seeking the well at noonday, o'er burnt-up grass she trod,
Love sang through the rustling corn in a little wind of prayer,
And Truth came gently into her soul, radiant, the Son of God
Reflected in quiet waters, strange-coloured and clear outlined,
She found the Face of the Lord in the deep of her inner mind.

As she drew water from the well, the Living water ran
Shining among her thoughts, singing the heart-breaking song
divine,

Of the spirit that seeks the hidden desolate soul in man,
As a miner seeks for a sapphire deep in a perilous mine,
And she fled away triumphant to bring the news to her friends,
That Spirit and Soul shall meet at last at the well where the
world ends.

THE DIVINE VOICE OF SOCRATES

By THEODORE BESTERMAN

I

THE figure of Socrates (470-400 B.C.) has been immortalized in the dialogues of Plato. He is there shown to us as a wise, kindly old man bent only on the instruction and upraising of humanity. That figure has come down the years to us, and will go down the ages, as a man who was not only himself a great and noble-minded thinker but also one who inspired others to reach heights of thought and intuition almost as elevated as those reached by himself.¹

II

Socrates, we know, considered his mission to be divine,² and he thought also that he had been given a divine monitor to guide and direct him such as had been given, in his own words, to probably no other man.³ His faith in and respect for this divine power were commensurate with these bold claims. He willingly subordinated his own judgment and inclination to a prompting from his internal voice. We may judge his attitude to this voice from the following series of passages which occur during the course of a conversation between him and Alcibiades.

"I dare say," says Socrates to Alcibiades, "that you may be surprised to find, O son of Cleinias, that I, who am your first lover, not having spoken to you for many years, when the rest of the world were wearying you with their attentions, am the last of your lovers who still speaks to you. The cause of

¹ Contemporary evidence for Socrates is to be found in Plato's dialogues, in Xenophon's *Memorabilia* and *Apology*, and, in a less degree, in Plutarch's *De genio Socratis*. It should be noted that the authenticity of the Platonic dialogues *Theages* and *Alcibiades I* is not certain. See also Dr. Knauer, *Die Vision im Lichte der Kulturgeschichte und der Dämon des Sokrates* (Leipzig, [1899?]); L. F. Lélut, *Du Démon de Socrate* (Paris, 1856); Cardinal H. E. Manning, *The Dæmon of Socrates* (London, 1871); R. Nares, *An Essay on the Demon or Divination of Socrates* (London, 1872); C. R. Volquardsen, *Das Dämonius des Sokrates und seine Interpreten* (Kiel, 1862); Augustus Willing, "De Socratis dæmonio quæ antiquis temporibus fuerint opiniones," *Commentationes Philologæ Ienenses* (Leipzig, 1909), VIII. ii.

² Plato, *Apology*, 30 A, E. For most of the quotations from Plato Jowett's translation has been used.

³ Plato, *Republic*, vi. 496 C.

my silence has been that I was hindered by a power more than human, of which I will some day explain to you the nature; this impediment has now been removed; I therefore here present myself before you, and I greatly hope that no similar hindrance will again occur." ⁴

Later in the same conversation Socrates adopts an arrogant tone concerning the power of his voice over the concerns of others. He replies to Alcibiades:

"... All these designs of yours cannot be accomplished by you without my help; so great is the power which I believe myself to have over you and your concerns; and this I conceive to be the reason why the god has hitherto forbidden me to converse with you, and I have been long expecting his permission." ⁵

And again he says:

SOCRATES: "I have a guardian who is better and wiser than your guardian Pericles."

ALCIBIADES: "Who is he, Socrates?"

SOCRATES: "God, Alcibiades, who up to this day has not allowed me to converse with you. . . ." ⁶

We can judge from these sayings how much Socrates allowed himself to be led by his voice in his relations with his pupils. This impression is confirmed by his explanation to Theages, a prospective pupil, who came to Socrates asking to be allowed to associate with him. At the conclusion of much else Socrates says: "I have said all these things to you because this divine power is able to effect anything concerning the conversation of those that associate with me. For it is adverse to many, nor can those be benefited by associating with me whom the dæmon opposes; so that it is not possible for me to live with them. With many, however, he does not prevent me from conversing; and yet they are not all benefited by associating with me. But those whose conversation with me is favoured by the divine power, those are they whom you have noticed; for in a short time they become proficient." ⁷

A similar passage occurs elsewhere; some of his pupils, not understanding his teaching, left Socrates too soon: "The truants often return to me, and beg that I would consort with them again—they are ready to go to me on their knees—and then, if my familiar allows, which is not always the case, I receive them, and they begin to grow again." ⁸

⁴ Plato, *Alcibiades I*, 103.

⁵ Plato, *Alcibiades I*, 105 E.

⁶ Plato, *Alcibiades I*, 124 C.

⁷ Plato, *Theages*, 129 E.

⁸ Plato, *Theætetus*, 151 A.

Not only did Socrates allow this internal prompter to control his relations with his pupils and friends, but he even submitted to it in matters affecting his public life. We also learn from the following passage that the voice first came to him when he was a child:

"Some one may wonder," said he during his trial, "why I go about in private giving advice and busying myself with the concerns of others, but do not venture to come forward in public and advise the state. I will tell you why. You have heard me speak at sundry times and in divers places of an oracle or sign which comes to me, and is the divinity which Meletus ridicules in the indictment. This sign, which is a kind of voice, first began to come to me when I was a child; it always forbids but never commands me to do anything which I am going to do. This is what deters me from being a politician."⁹

Still more, it appears that on one occasion the voice accused him of having been guilty of faulty reasoning! After an unusually long discourse, Socrates paused and asked:

"And now, dear Phædrus, I shall pause for an instant to ask whether you do not think me, as I appear to myself, inspired?"¹⁰

He then continued his exposition, and being about to depart at the conclusion he was held back by his voice, as appears from the conversation that ensues:

SOCRATES: "Your love of discourse, Phædrus, is superhuman, simply marvellous, and I do not believe that there is any one of your contemporaries who has either made or in one way or another has compelled others to make an equal number of speeches. I would except Simmias the Theban, but all the rest are far behind you. And now I do verily believe that you have been the cause of another."

PHÆDRUS: "That is good news. But what do you mean?"

SOCRATES: "I mean to say that as I was about to cross the stream the usual sign was given to me, that sign which always forbids, but never bids, me to do anything which I am going to do; and I thought that I heard a voice saying in my ear that I had been guilty of impiety, and that I must not go away until I had made an atonement. . . ." ¹¹

Finally, Xenophon cogently remarks concerning the faith that Socrates placed in his divine power: ". . . whereas men ordinarily speak of being turned aside, or urged onwards by birds, or other creatures encountered on the path, Socrates suited his language to his conviction. 'The divinity,' saith he, 'gives me a sign.' Further, he would constantly advise his

⁹ Plato, *Apology*, 31 C-D.

¹⁰ Plato, *Phædrus*, 238 D; cp. *ibid.*, 262 D.

¹¹ Plato, *Phædrus*, 242 C.

associates to do this, or beware of doing that, upon the authority of this same divine voice ; and, as a matter of fact, those who listened to his warnings prospered, whilst he who turned a deaf ear to them repented afterwards. Yet, it will be readily conceded, he would hardly desire to present himself to his everyday companions in the character of either knave or fool. Whereas he would have appeared to be both, if his vaunted manifestations from heaven had but revealed his own proneness to deception. It is plain he would not have ventured on forecast at all, but for his belief that the words he spoke would in fact be verified."¹²

III

We must now give an account of the authentic incidents on record in which Socrates was able to use the prompting he received from his voice to good purpose in precognition. But before doing so it will be interesting to show, what I think has never yet been stated, that Socrates placed as much faith in his dreams as he did in his divine power. On one occasion he quoted a philosophical argument concerning pleasure and wisdom, saying that he was unable to remember whether he had heard it awake or in a dream.¹³ He thus implied that the ideas he obtained in his dreams were as valuable as those which came to him in the waking state.

In prison, before his death, the following conversation took place :

CEBES : " I am glad, Socrates, that you have mentioned the name of *Æsop*. For it reminds me of a question which has been asked by many, and was asked of me only the day before yesterday by *Evenus*, the poet. He will be sure to ask it again, and therefore if you would like me to have an answer ready for him, you may as well tell me what I should say to him. He wanted to know why you, who never before wrote a line of poetry, now that you are in prison are turning *Æsop's* fables into verse, and also composing that hymn in honour of *Apollo*."

SOCRATES : " Tell him, *Cebes*, what is the truth : that I had no idea of rivalling him or his poems ; to do so, as I knew, would be no easy task. But I wanted to see whether I could purge away a scruple which I felt about the meaning of certain dreams. In the course of my life I have often had intimations in dreams that I should compose music. The same dream came to me sometimes in one form, sometimes in another, but always saying the same or nearly the same words : ' Cultivate and make music,' said the dream. And hitherto I had imagined that this was only intended to exhort and encourage me in the study of philosophy, which has been the pursuit of my life, and is the noblest and best of music.

¹² Xenophon, *Memorabilia*, I. i. 4-5.

¹³ Plato, *Philebus*, 20 B.

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The dream was bidding me to do what I was already doing, in the same way that the competitor in a race is bidden by the spectators to run when he is already running. But I was not certain of this; for the dream might have meant music in the popular sense of the word, and being under sentence of death, and the festival giving me a respite, I thought it would be safer for me to satisfy the scruple, and, in obedience to the dream, to compose a few verses before I departed." ¹⁴

Such a punctilious respect for a dream, or even a series of dreams, was unusual even in those days, and will appear ridiculous to-day; but Socrates evidently had good reason to place faith in his dreams, for there is an instance on record in which, through a symbolic dream, he was able to foretell the exact day of his death:

CRITO: "I come to bring you a message which is sad and painful; not, as I believe, to yourself, but to all of us who are your friends, and saddest of all to me."

SOCRATES: "What? Has the ship come from Delos, on the arrival of which I am to die?"

CRITO: "No, the ship has not actually arrived, but she will probably be here to-day, as persons who have come from Sunium tell me that they left her there; and therefore to-morrow, Socrates, will be the last day of your life."

SOCRATES: "Very well, Crito, if such is the will of God I am willing; but my belief is that there will be a delay of a day."

CRITO: "Why do you think so?"

SOCRATES: "I will tell you. I am to die on the day after the arrival of the ship."

CRITO: "Yes, that is what the authorities say."

SOCRATES: "But I do not think that the ship will be here until to-morrow; this I infer from a vision which I had last night, or rather only just now, when you fortunately allowed me to sleep."

CRITO: "And what was the nature of the vision?"

SOCRATES: "There appeared to me the likeness of a woman, fair and comely, clothed in bright raiment, who called to me and said, 'O Socrates,

'The third day hence to fertile Phthia shalt thou go.'"¹⁵

CRITO: "What a singular dream, Socrates!"

SOCRATES: "There can be no doubt about the meaning, Crito, I think."

CRITO: "Yes, the meaning is only too clear."¹⁶

IV

The various instances in which Socrates made prophetic utterances are now to be noted. These instances will serve to show that the faculty possessed by Socrates did not by any

¹⁴ Plato, *Phædo*, 60 D-61 A.

¹⁵ Homer, *Iliad*, ix. 363.

¹⁶ Plato, *Crito*, 43 D-44 B.

means show itself on rare occasions. This much we can assert even if the examples which have come down to us form the whole of such previsions, which is very unlikely. Thus we find on one occasion that, by way of illustration, he quotes a couple of instances of his prophecies which are not otherwise known to us: "Still further you may learn from many in Sicily what I said concerning the destruction of the army. And with respect to things that are past, you may learn them from those that know them; but you may know best whether the divine signal tells truth. For Samnias, the son of Calus, went with the army; and on his going I heard the divine signal. He is now gone with Thrasyllus in order to wage war with Ephesus and Iona; and I think that he will either die or that some misfortune will befall him. And I very much fear for the rest of the enterprise."¹⁷

We have no information concerning Samnias, but the Greek army under Thrasyllus, in accordance with the premonition of Socrates, was defeated at Ephesus.¹⁸

In the following dramatic illustration of precognition we learn also more of the manner in which the relations between Socrates and his pupils were governed by the former's voice:

THEAGES: ". . . . I know some of my own age, and others who are a little older, who were of no worth before they associated with him [Socrates], but in a very little time after they appeared the best of men and surpassed those whose inferiors they had previously been."

SOCRATES: "Do you know, O son of Demodocus, how this comes to pass?"

THEAGES: "Yes, by Zeus, I do; I also should become such as they, if you were willing."

SOCRATES: "Not so, O excellent youth; but you are ignorant in what manner this takes place. However, I will tell you how it happens: there is a certain divine power which, by a divine allotment, has followed me from childhood. This is a voice, which when it comes signifies to me that I should abandon what I am about to do; but it never at any time incites me to any action. And, if one of my friends communicates anything to me, and I hear the voice, it intervenes and does not allow me to do what is proposed. . . .

"If you are willing, ask Clitomachus, the brother of Timarchus, what Timarchus said to him when he was about to die through having despised the admonition of the divine power. For he and Euathlus, who was famous for running races, and who received Timarchus when he fled, will tell you what he then said."

THEAGES: "What did he say?"

¹⁷ Plato, *Theages*, 29 D.

¹⁸ See G. Grote, *A History of Greece* (4th edition, London, 1872, 10 vols.), vi. 352-353.

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SOCRATES: "'O Clitomachus,' said he, 'now indeed am I about to die because I would not be persuaded by Socrates.' But I will tell you why Timarchus said this. When Timarchus rose from the banquet, together with Philemon, the son of Philemonides, in order to kill Nicias, the son of Heroscomander, for none but they two were in the conspiracy, he said to me, 'What say you, Socrates? Do you continue drinking? I must go out somewhither; but I will return in a little if I may.' And the voice came to me, and I said to him, 'By no means rise from table; for the accustomed divine sign has come to me.' Upon this he stayed. But after a time he again got up to go, and said, 'I must be gone, Socrates.' But the sign came to me again, and again I made him stay. And the third time, determining that I should not see, he rose and said naught to me, when my mind was turned elsewhere. Then he went forth and did that which was to be his doom. Whence he said to his brother what I have told you, that he was about to die because he had not believed me."¹⁹

On another occasion Socrates was able to have profitable conversation with two of his pupils owing to his having been held back by his voice when he had been about to leave the place where he had been teaching.²⁰

An amusing case of prevision on the part of Socrates is related by Plutarch in the following words. Theocritus is made to speak:

"... What shall we think of the spirit of Socrates? Was it a lie and a fable, or what? For my own part I think that, as Homer declares that Athena ever helped Odysseus in all his travels and perils, so from the first this divine spirit gave to Socrates a certain vision which went before him and guided him in all the actions of his life; it was a light to him in all those obscure affairs which cannot be understood by the reason and wisdom of man, for this spirit spoke to him many times, divinely inspiring and directing his intentions.

"Those who want to have proofs, and marvellous ones at that, should listen to Simmias and to others who were his familiars. For myself, I will relate one example which I saw with my own eyes and at which I was present. One day when I went to consult the soothsayer Eutyphro, Socrates went up (as you will remember, Simmias, for you were there) to a place called Symbolon to the house of Andocides, all the way playfully troubling Eutyphro with many questions. But suddenly he stopped, pondering within himself for some time, and then turned back and went along the street in which lived the joiners who make chests, calling back those of his familiars who had gone before, because his spirit had forbidden him to continue the road he was going. The greater part of them returned and went with him; among whom was I myself, still following Eutyphro. But some of the younger men insisted on keeping straight on, as if to cross the spirit of Socrates, and drew along with them Charillus, the flute-player, who had come to Athens with me to visit Cebes. Now as they went by the shops of the statuaries, near the courts of justice, they saw before them a great herd of hogs, as crowded together as they could

¹⁹ Plato, *Theages*, 128 C-129 C.

²⁰ Plato, *Enthydemus*, 272 E-23 A.

be, very filthy, and bearing down all before them because of their great number and because it was impossible to turn aside. They overthrew some of the young men and altogether befouled all the others. So Charillus returned home, with his legs, thighs, and all his clothes covered with mud and dirt to such an extent that we often think of it and laugh heartily to think how the divine power of Socrates never forsook him, but cared for him in all places and occasions." ²¹

V

Socrates held fast to his belief in his voice, as his divine guide throughout his life. Joan of Arc retained her faith in her voices even when they led her to the stake, just as Socrates, nearly two thousand years before, still believed in *his* voice even when it led him to his death. It appears that the claims of Socrates concerning his voice did in fact play a large part in procuring his indictment.

"Indeed," says Xenophon, "that saying of his, 'A divine power gives me a sign,' was on everybody's lips. So much so that, if I am not mistaken, it lay at the root of the imputation that he imported novel divinities." ²²

And elsewhere a pupil of Socrates comes to the same conclusion:

EUTYPHRO: "But in what way does he say that you corrupt the young?"

SOCRATES: "He brings a wonderful accusation against me, which at first hearing excites surprise: he says that I am a poet ²³ or maker of gods, and that I invent new gods and deny the existence of old ones; this is the ground of the indictment."

EUTYPHRO: "I understand, Socrates; he means to attack you about the familiar sign which occasionally, as you say, comes to you." ²⁴

And Socrates himself, as we have seen, speaks of "an oracle and sign which comes to me, and is the divinity which Meletus ridicules in the indictment." ²⁵

But not only did the voice play a large part in his indictment; it was also the principal agent for his condemnation. For, as he tells us, it was owing to what he looked upon as the approval of the voice that he made no serious attempt to defend himself at his trial. In his concluding speech at that trial, after he had been condemned to death, he turned to those who had been in his favour and said:

"Friends, who would have acquitted me, I would like also to talk

²¹ Plutarch, *De genio Socratis*, xv-xvi.

²² Xenophon, *Memorabilia*, I. i. 3.

²³ Poet, Gk. ποιητής = maker.

²⁴ Plato, *Eutypbro*, 3 B.

²⁵ Plato, *Apology*, 31 D.

with you about the thing which has come to pass, while the magistrates are busy, and before I go to the place at which I must die. Stay then a little, for we may as well talk with one another while there is time. You are my friends, and I should like to show you the meaning of this event which has happened to me. O my judges—for you I may truly call judges—I should like to tell you of a wonderful circumstance. Hitherto the divine faculty of which the internal oracle is the source has constantly been in the habit of opposing me even about trifles, if I was going to make a slip or error in any matter; and now as you see there has come upon me that which may be thought, and is generally believed to be, the last and worst evil. But the oracle made no sign of opposition, either, when I was leaving my house in the morning, or when I was on my way to the court, or while I was speaking, at anything which I was going to say; and yet I have often been stopped in the middle of a speech, but now in nothing I either said or did touching the matter in hand has the oracle opposed me. What do I take to be the explanation of this silence? I will tell you. It is an intimation that what has happened to me is good, and that those of us who think that death is an evil are in error. For the customary sign would surely have opposed me had I been going to evil and not to good.”²⁶

Previously Crito had visited Socrates in prison; he then uttered words to the same effect and with which we may well leave that great man; he is explaining why the voice appears to tell him that he should die, and concludes:

SOCRATES: “This, dear Crito, is the voice which I seem to hear murmuring in my ears, like the sound of the flute in the ears of the mystic; that voice, I say, is humming in my ears, and prevents me from hearing any other. And I know that anything which you may say will be vain. Yet speak, if you have anything to say.”

CRITO: “I have nothing to say, Socrates.”

SOCRATES: “Leave me then, Crito, to fulfil the will of God, and to follow whither he leads.”²⁷

VI

I do not believe it to be, as a rule, a profitable thing to formulate theories concerning facts of which we know little. In the present case, however, an exception may well be made. For we have now before us the actual words (fully quoted, not summarized or garbled) with which Socrates, as reported by his contemporaries, told the various incidents relating to his voice. Moreover, these incidents have now been discussed for over two thousand years, and so we ought to be beginning to understand them. What, then, was this voice of Socrates? The ancients were of

²⁶ Plato, *Apology*, 39 E-40 B; cp. Xenophon, *Memorabilia*, IV. viii. 6, and *Apology*, v.

²⁷ Plato, *Crito*, 54 E.

the opinion, with Socrates himself, that it was divine, that it originated with a divine being or power. This view had been unpopular for very many years when it was revived by the modern spiritualists, who, in the words of A. R. Wallace, think that the voice was "an intelligent spiritual being who accompanied him through life—in other words, a guardian spirit." This view is an interesting one, though, of course, there is no evidence for it. The spiritualists often compare the voice of Socrates with the voices of St. Joan, which they hold to have been of the same nature. But it seems difficult to find any similarity: Joan not only heard, but saw and touched; Socrates only heard, and it is even very doubtful whether he did really ever hear physically or merely experienced an internal feeling when he said that he "heard" the voice. Further, Joan's voice always gave positive directions or warnings, saying, for instance, "Go to the church, where you will find a sword," or "You will be wounded at the siege." Whereas the voice of Socrates was always negative, saying, for instance, "Do not go yet, for somebody is coming," or "Do not go along this street, or you will encounter some swine."

We cannot linger over the theory of Cardinal Manning, according to whom the voice was the reason *or* conscience of Socrates²⁸; this seems to be rather too comprehensive a method of argument. Similar theories have, however, been expressed in a more acceptable form. Thus, Meiners says that in moments of reverie Socrates took for the voice of an attendant genius "what was in reality an instantaneous presentiment in regard to the issue of a contemplated act." And Schleiermacher says somewhere in almost identical terms that the voice "denotes the province of such rapid moral judgments as cannot be referred to distinct grounds, which accordingly Socrates did not attribute to his proper self. . . ." In other words, these theories mean that the voice of Socrates was the result of an extremely rapid flash of reasoning or of an intuition. At first sight this idea appears to have something to recommend it, but a closer examination shows it to be worthless. For they are based on preconceived notions rather than on a close examination of the facts.

Before we proceed to consider these theories we must refer to a further set of suggestions; these were first put forward by Lélut (*op. cit.*) and added to by Littré,²⁹ according to whom Socrates was mad, suffered from delusions, and cannot be taken

²⁸ Cardinal H. E. Manning, *op. cit.*, p. 33.

²⁹ M. P. E. Littré, *Médecine et Médecins* (Paris, 1872), pp. 82 *sqq.*

seriously. We cannot do better than retort by refusing to take this theory seriously. It has, however, been modified by an English scholar, who only claims that Socrates was liable to "hallucinations of the sense of hearing, but that there is no reason to believe that he was subject to delusions, or that his mind was deranged."³⁰ So much we may readily admit; for, unless we hold the spiritualist view that he heard a real voice, we must agree that when he thought he heard a voice he heard only an hallucinatory representation of one. In this manner we are only explaining the mechanism of this voice, not its rationale. Let us therefore consider in a little more detail the theories that have already been put forward.

First, it is asserted that the voice of Socrates was his conscience. This suggestion we must dismiss on the ground that, as Zeller judiciously points out,³¹ the conscience deals only with the moral value or worthlessness of an action, whereas the voice of Socrates concerned itself largely with altogether trivial and non-moral things, such as which road to follow on a walk.

According to the second group of theories we have it that the voice was the result of reason or intuition. This may have been so when Socrates announced the result of a race or when the voice told him that his argument had been wrong, but this explanation by no means covers all the facts quoted above. No process of mentation, however subtle, could have told Socrates that Timarchus was about to commit a murder, or that something unfortunate would happen to Samnias with the Greek army, or could have foreseen the date of his death. For an understanding of these phenomena we are driven to theories of quite a different nature, and I think we may with justice conclude that, in brief, Socrates was clairaudient. We must, however, remember that the suggestion that Socrates had hallucinations of the sense of hearing does not apply to all the cases, for some of these took place as visions in dreams. All these considerations show that we are not entitled to say with confidence anything more than that Socrates possessed some unknown premonitory sense, or, in more scientific language, that he was endowed with a precognitive cryptesthesia.

³⁰ H. Jackson, "The δαιμόνιον σημεῖον of Socrates," *The Journal of Philosophy* (London, 1874), v. 233.

³¹ E. Zeller, *Socrates and the Socratic Schools* (3rd ed., London), p. 92.

LIGHT

By BART KENNEDY

IT is the shining soul of the worlds. It goes on and on, piercing into all places. It is before and behind all things, illumining, encircling, here, there, everywhere, a radiance at once softened and blazing, a thing with voice universal speaking in distances so profound that they are outside the imagination even to conceive of.

It shines and blares down in the deep centres of worlds. Down in far blacknesses. It pictures all things. It limns all the worlds and all the beings of all the worlds.

The element of elements.

You see it from the ocean darkness as you stand on the deck of a moving ship at night. You see the light shining from distances profound. Shining from the worlds of the Beyond. And if your eyes had the keenness you would read the myriads upon myriads of messages that it sends forth. For light sends forth all things to all things.

It tells the story of all the worlds of God. It imprints their absolute images. Had man the eyes he would see the beings strange and dread and glorious and wonderful that live and pass and throng in the worlds of the Afar. For all these worlds have their beings even as the earth-world has.

The light illumines the splendid thunder-march of suns and suns and suns. It illumines them above you and below you. It illumines them in all directions. If your eyes had the power to pierce through the darkness beneath you, you would see them even as you see them above you. Fire-worlds attended by worlds. Moving on and on and on. Going in march ordered and profound.

Light is the central principle, the soul of life. Light is the Infinite God. Light is the Intelligence.

It goes, sounding with a sound that is not for you to hear. Sounding in soundlessness. Sounding and blazing and passing and piercing. The living, wondrous God.

Glorious is it to see in the dawning of the day. It shoots up in a soft splendour of gold, and lo! blotted out are the far worlds. Here is your light—the light of the sun around which

your earth goes in its march. Your light! The light of your sun! The fire-world that gives your earth the life that is given to you!

We, earth-men, are compounded out of light. It is the inner essence of the life of all earth-beings. If it came not to earth there would come the stillness of death.

The earth turns, meeting it joyously as it turns. It is greeted with a chorus of gladness. Birds meet it with bursts of song. This coming of light! All beings take joy in its approaching. Turning and turning. How wonderful is the move of the earth to the light! Turning and turning. How splendid is this move of the world upon itself as it goes on its journey of wonder around the sun! Turning and turning. Always going to meet the light.

Say not to me that there is no God. Say not to me that there is no Central Intelligence. Say not to me that the Universe is a chaos without meaning.

For light is God. Light is the Central Intelligence. Light is the soul. The shining souls of the worlds.

Often I think of the places whereon it shines. I think of the worlds out in the Afar and of the worlds that are even behind these. I think of the strange and splendid and terrible revealings of the light. I think of the magnificences upon which it shines. I think of the glorious beings of glorious worlds. I think of their works and their pomps and their splendours. I think of them as they are being revealed by the light. True, I see them not with my dim, human eyes. But I know that they live.—Splendid, splendid beings in splendid, splendid places. The light reveals them.

Courts, and pomps, and glorious magnificences! They are out on the far worlds that turn and turn to meet the light, even as does our earth-world. Sublimely grand places. Places of mystery and strangeness inconceivable. How wonderful it would be to travel out to them. We, earth-men, who are confined here on this small world! It is given to us that we can be but the puniest of travellers. How glorious it would be to go out and out to the strange worlds where shines the light in the Afar!

Surely there are on these worlds beings who greet the coming of the All-Master with songs of joy and adoration. Surely there are beings who give forth the matin-songs even as do the beings of air that dwell here on our earth. Surely there are upon them singers such as our divine singers. And well may it be that they sing a like thrilling song.

Well might the man of old fall and adore the light. For the light gives all things, is all things. It is the soul, the spirit, the intelligence of the worlds and the stars, and the stars behind the stars. The giver of life. It is the Power behind the powers. The Intelligence supreme that informs all things. The radiant, eternal thing of splendour and glory. The shining, transcendent, Infinite.

Well might the man of old erect temples in its honour. For to honour the light is to honour the Being who is behind all.

This glorious element of elements! We, the beings of earth, are of it. Its strange and splendid shining gives to us the life. We come and go and pass and pass in the midst of its radiance. We move in its midst in an endless chain. We are its creatures. It brings us to our day of life. We live for a space in the midst of its transcendent shining. We come into it, and we pass.

Whence one knows not.

WAYFARING MAN

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

MY life is narrow. Though the sky is wide,
 Steep walls converge above my head, and hide
 All but a thread of blue; behind my back
 A door stands locked, with lions in the track;
 In front, kept by the angel of the sword,
 Runs a sweet stream that I may never ford:
 Beside me, overhead, before, behind,
 Is no escape that I may force or find . . .
 And so, to live while it is called to-day,
 I must dig deep within: there is no other way.

DIVINATION AS PRACTISED IN THE OLD TESTAMENT

By H. C. EVANS

MAN has always been curious and inquisitive. Self preservation is a trait that is always present in the character of every human being; caution, and the inherent desire to be prepared for whatever may happen in the future; the desire to shape his actions with the view of being in a favourable position to meet any unexpected turn in fortune's wheel; these considerations have tended to concentrate his efforts on attempts to pierce the veil, and to look into the future. The methods he has resorted to are very numerous, and it would be a hopeless task to try to cover the whole field they offer. It is here proposed to limit the inquiry to those methods spoken of in the Old Testament.

Joshua on one occasion reminded the Israelites that their fathers dwelt of old time beyond the river, and served other gods. This points to the fact that Terah, the father of Abraham, and probably the patriarch himself in his youth, worshipped the Babylonian deities. Magic had a strong grip on the Babylonians, while the populace were deeply impressed by the darker side of their religion as represented by the propitiation of malignant spirits. There is no doubt that many of the Babylonian superstitions and idolatrous practices were followed by the Israelites.

The methods in general use can be roughly divided into two classes, legitimate and illegitimate. The former consisted of the pronouncements of the prophets, the consulting of the Ephod, and the Urim and Thummim, the casting of lots and dreams. In the second category we find necromancy, witchcraft, sorcery, the observation of omens, and the passing of children through the fire of Moloch. All forms of divination and magic were to be eschewed by the Israelite rank and file. The Prophet was to take among them the place of the heathen soothsayer, and implicit obedience was to be rendered to him.

The position assigned in the law of Moses to the prophet is a noticeable one. He appears in it as the representative

in Israel of the heathen diviner, and is presented as the appointed agent for satisfying, in so far as they are legitimate, the cravings of humanity to unlock the secrets of the future, or to discover, in some critical situation, the purpose of the Heavens, which gave birth in other nations to the arts of the diviner. The prophet thus becomes a bulwark against the encroachments of the heathen. The very fact that the prophet's position was thus carefully described, and strong injunction issued against the illegitimate forms of divining, goes to show how prevalent the latter must have been among the Israelites.

It is only intended to touch lightly on these illegitimate forms of divination. No other course is open, for each one of them is of extreme interest, and even a superficial investigation would lead us very far from the real scope of this article.

The passing of children through the fire was adopted by the Israelites from the Canaanites. It is extremely probable that the latter learnt the custom from the ancient Babylonians, whose influence was very strong in Canaan in pre-Abrahamic days. The allusions in the Old Testament do not show distinctly either the nature or the object of the practice. It is mentioned in Deuteronomy xviii. specifically as a superstition, not as a form of idolatry. It was supposed to be used as a form of oracle, or to avert a great calamity, like the sacrifice of children to Kronos resorted to by the Phœnicians and Carthaginians. Frequent mention of it is made in the Old Testament as being very prevalent among the Israelites at various periods of their history.

Necromancy was frequently practised, and the visit of Saul to the Witch of Endor is the best known example. The ease with which "a woman possessing a familiar spirit" was found proves that she was not an isolated professor of that art.

The obtaining of oracles was also forbidden. The term means the obtaining of an oracle from a god, or some method of drawing lots. The Hebrew word used for this is the one that is most commonly used for divining in general.

The Arabs have a custom of procuring a divine decision or award by drawing lots at a sanctuary with headless arrows. The arrows, inscribed with the possible alternatives contemplated, are placed in a quiver, and whirled about. The one that first falls out is supposed to express the decision of the god. They often have recourse to this mode of divination before any important or uncertain undertaking, especially before a campaign. In the Old Testament a very similar procedure is ascribed to Nebuchadnezzar by Ezekiel, when the king stands where the roads

to Jerusalem and Rabbah of the Ammonites diverge, and consults the idol by shaking arrows to and fro for the purpose of determining which place he shall attack first (Ezek. xx. 21 *et seq.*). It is to be noticed that images are mentioned in this passage. These were the Teraphim, which are referred to in various passages in the Bible, and were of Babylonian origin. It is very hard to get any clear idea of what these images were from the Bible text. Rachel steals those of her father Laban, who on discovering his loss asks for "his gods." Later Jacob buries these "strange gods" under the sacred terebinth of Shechem. Here Teraphim signifies small statues representing strange gods. Micah had in his sanctuary an Ephod and Teraphim, which were used in the worship of Jahweh (Judges xvii, xviii). Hosea also mentions the Teraphim, connecting them closely with the Ephod, as one of the indispensable elements of the Israelite cult of his day. Michal assisted her husband David in his flight from Saul by putting the Teraphim in bed in his place. The success of her artifice points to the fact that these images must have had the size and appearance of a man. This story also shows that these images formed part of the normal furniture of an Israelite house. On the other hand, in all texts belonging to a later date than the eighth century B.C. Teraphim are condemned side by side with divination, necromancy, and idolatry. Nebuchadnezzar, hesitating between two ways, as related above, consults Teraphim among other methods of divination. Here these images appear as a pagan means of divination, as they also seem to do in Zechariah x. 2.

The suggestion that Teraphim should be identified with Seraphim, or serpent worship, is not well supported. Others think they were statuettes used as "sortes," and enclosed in the Ephod. This theory will not fit in with Michal's Teraphim of human size. It would not be beyond the bounds of possibility, however, to so arrange figures of less than human size in a bed as to give them the appearance of a full grown man, for, after all, the figures themselves would be entirely covered by the bedclothes. Nebuchadnezzar, also, when he consulted the arrows and the idols (Teraphim) was not at home, but on a campaign. The transport of life-sized idols would offer some difficulty, and it can fairly be suggested that the idols referred to were statuettes.

Perhaps the most satisfactory explanation is that they were images of ancestors, and, if this is accepted, the fact that they appeared as domestic idols (Laban and Michal) and were used

in various countries (Laban and Nebuchadnezzar) would be explained. On the other hand, seeing that women could not partake in ancestor worship, why should Laban's daughters have stolen their father's Teraphim? And why should Rachel and Michal have treated these ancestral images with such scant ceremony?

Another suggestion is that they were the familiar spirits of the house, and were analogous to the Lares and Penates of the Romans. In Babylonia each place had its tutelary genius, each individual had his own god or goddess. The cult of the "genius loci," or the Fortune of the house, was continued by the Jews down to Talmudic times.

The explanation of the difficulty of finding any agreement between the different contexts in which the word Teraphim occurs may be that the word, for which no satisfactory etymology has been found, is one of the opprobrious terms used by the Jews of recent times in Biblical texts as a substitution for the abhorred names of idols and false gods.

A form of divination by means of a cup is found in the history of Joseph (Gen. xlv. 5). To judge from later parallels the practice must have consisted in filling a cup with water, or wine, and gazing intently on the surface till the beholder saw all kinds of images. The method of divining by cups has not been entirely lost. Allusions to it are made indirectly in the Talmud, where the princes (demons) of cups and egg-cups are mentioned. Traces of the divination by the cup and finger nails have been preserved, though no longer understood, in the ceremonies connected with the cup of wine, and the lighted candle, used at the outgoing of the Sabbath, at the service called Habdaleh. When the blessing is said over the cup filled to overflowing the man performing the ceremony, at a certain time, shades the cup and looks into the wine. When the blessing over the light is said it is customary to let the light of the candle fall on the finger nails, and look at them intently. There is no doubt these are remnants of divination. Clearly allied to this is the following practice. To find out whether a man will survive the year. Take silent water from a well on the eve of Hsha' amah Rabba, fill a clear glass with it, put it in the middle of a room, then look into it. If he sees therein a face with the mouth open he will live, but if the mouth is closed he will die. This must be done in the hour of the domination of the moon. Some do it on the Day of Atonement with a vessel filled with oil instead of water.

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Cup-like bowls with magical inscriptions, found in Babylon and elsewhere, seem to have been used for divination, and not for purely therapeutic magic as hitherto believed. The conjurer, or person who wishes to divine, or detect a crime or anything of the past, present, or future, looked, no doubt, into the bowl filled with water or oil, and divined from it; or the suspected person drank the contents, and according to the result was declared innocent or guilty. There was a similar operation laid down in the law of Moses in the case of a woman suspected of adultery (Numb. v. 12 *et seq.*).

Instead of peering into bowls filled with shining liquid, we find it recorded in Talmudic literature that it was customary to gaze into brass or glass mirrors for the same purpose. This is distinctly different from throwing metal pieces into cups, and watching the movements of the water, or divination by means of molten wax, or lead, poured into a cup filled with water, by which a conjurer, who attends on a patient, endeavours to find out from the shape the wax or lead assumes the real cause of the illness, a universal practice among the nations of the Near East, Jews and non-Jews alike.

Though there is no text in the Bible which refers directly to augury from the flight of birds, the passage in Ecclesiastes x. 20, "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter," is allegorical. The reference to ravens in the history of Elijah (1 Kings xvii. 6) is not explicit enough to allow of any definite conclusion to be drawn, but, on the other hand, Noah's sending the raven out of the ark on a kind of errand of divination (Gen. viii. 7) no doubt lent colour to the belief so widely spread in the significance of the mysterious movements of the raven. In Hebrew legends Solomon is credited with the knowledge of the language of birds.

Under the term of augury can be classified the following incidents: Samuel calling on God to bring down thunder and rain at the time of the wheat harvest (1 Sam. xii. 17). Elijah telling Ahab (1 Kings xvii. 1): "There shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word." Gideon's request for a sign with regard to the fleece being wet with dew while the surrounding ground was dry, and vice versa (Judges vi. 37 *et seq.*); Joshua commanding the sun and the moon to stand still, and hail and storm to destroy the enemy (Joshua x. 12 *et seq.*); Elijah calling down lightning to destroy the messengers of the king of Samaria (2 Kings i. 10 *et seq.*).

There was among the Israelites a Kosem, or professional seer

(priestly), who went into a state of trance, or ecstasy, brought on by one means or another, in which he spoke words of divination (oracles) concerning future events. This state of trance was brought on by bowing down to the earth, evidently like the attitude of Elijah (1 Kings xviii. 42), and crying aloud, or looking into a brass or glass mirror, or taking a stick in the hand and leaning heavily upon it, or striking the ground with it, until he loses consciousness, and talks. Balaam is the first Kosemin mentioned, and it is clear from the description given in Numbers xxiv. 4 that after certain magical operations had been performed, such as the building of altars, walking in a definite way, and using no doubt other means, he falls into a trance. As far as can be judged Balak expected some tangible results from Balaam's divination, such as a curse, or a blight, or a direct intimation of the best means of overcoming the power which protected Israel.

The Philistines consulted their Kosemin as well as their priests with the object of finding out the cause of the plague (1 Sam. vi. 2, 9) and the former advised a divination by means of cows walking in a definite direction.

Closely connected with this means of divination is Rhabdomancy, or divining by means of a staff, rod, arrows, etc. The earliest example of this occurs in the incident of Jacob's peeled rods (Gen. xxx. 37 *et seq.*). If this account is read with Genesis xxxi. 10-12 it makes it easier to understand that the peeling of the rods and putting them in the trough was an act of divination, which was explained to Jacob in a dream. Otherwise it is difficult to understand how the peeling alone could have produced such widely differing marks as are recorded in the text.

The shooting of arrows, in so far as it falls under this head, is mentioned several times in the Bible as a form of divination. Jonathan used it (1 Sam. xx. 20 *et seq.*), as also did Joash (2 Kings xiii. 15 *et seq.*).

Charmers (Hôber) are not often mentioned in the Bible. They are supposed to have been the men who had power to bring or avert, or to foretell, the coming or disappearance of obnoxious animals. To this category would belong the priests who were asked for by the Cutheans from the King of Assyria to be sent from Babylon to Samaria to drive away the lions that infested the land (2 Kings xvii. 25-27). Then, again, Elisha, upon whose curse two she-bears appeared to destroy the children who had mocked him, acted as a kind of Hôber (2 Kings ii. 54). So also a certain man of the sons of the prophets (1 Kings xx. 35 *et seq.*), at whose bidding a lion killed a

disobedient fellow prophet, acted as a Hôber, who had power over animals for good or evil. In 1 Kings xiii we see the lion turning against the prophet (charmer), whose spell is broken through disobedience, although his power is still shown by the animal's standing quietly by the corpse next to the ass without hurting the latter. Samson tears a lion to pieces (Judges xiv. 8), in whose carcass bees swarm, contrary to their nature, for they never hive in dead bodies. He also collects 300 foxes single-handed in one night, and puts firebrands between their tails (Judges xv. 4). This is a characteristic act of the Hôber, who could gather animals together for good or evil purposes.

Dreams can be considered as forms of revelation in all religions. Consequently men endeavoured to induce prophetic dreams by sleeping in places supposed to be favourable, or by taking potions. Such practices were followed by the Babylonians and Egyptians, as well as other nations. Since the dream pictures, when they came, were obscure, the art of interpreting dreams came into existence. In the Bible dreams appear to have been the means by which God spoke to man, warned him of danger, gave counsel, and directed the future. Closely allied to dreams were the dream visions of Solomon (1 Kings iii. 5) and Daniel (Dan. vii. 1.)

Dreams were not explained physiologically, or psychologically, but were ascribed to intercourse with spirits or taken to be the inspiration of the gods. As spirits and gods were supposed to be conversant with things that were hidden, or yet unborn, dreams were looked on as their whisperings, having the value of predictions. Since the language of the spirits and gods, however, was not like the speech of men, it became necessary that dreams should be interpreted, which was only possible to the "wise men," who had intercourse with these spirits and gods. Hisda, a Babylonian of the third century, laid down rules as regards dreams, showing thereby that the subject had been studied in Babylon for many centuries previously.

There are numerous examples of dreams in Genesis, and the historical books of the Old Testament. The forecasting of future events appears in Joseph's own symbolical dreams, as well as in the dreams of Pharaoh's butler and baker, and in the dream of Pharaoh. In Numbers xii. 6 we have the statement that God speaks to his prophets in a dream. The book of Daniel is full of dreams and prophetic visions of the future. These lie outside the immediate scope of divination, for the human initiative is practically eliminated. The interpretation of

dreams was a divine gift among the Hebrews and many other nations.

The Urim and Thummim were worn by the High Priest, borne "upon his heart" in the Breastplate "when he went in before the Lord." The highest authorities agree that the Urim and Thummim were twelve precious stones on which the names of the twelve tribes were engraved, and the manner in which the oracle was given was by the illumination simultaneously, or successively, of the letters that were to make up the answer. The Talmud explains that it was called Urim because it gave explanatory light to its utterances, and Thummim because it made perfect, or complete, its declarations. The several letters that were intended to form the words of the reply were raised from concave to convex.

The prophet Hosea speaks of a time when Israel would be left "without king and prince, without sacrifice and pillar, and without ephod and teraphim" (ch. iii. 4). The juxtaposition of Ephod and Teraphim is noticeable, and, as the latter were idols, and were used in divination, it is reasonable to conclude that the Ephod was in some way associated with the Teraphim for purposes of divination. It does not, however, follow that the Ephod was any kind of image; rather, as the Teraphim were idols, the Ephod will have been something different. The sword of Goliath (1 Sam. xxi. 9), was preserved at Nob, wrapped in a mantle, "behind the Ephod," which, therefore, would seem to have been something having a fixed place by a wall, but standing free from it. In the books of Samuel the Ephod is several times mentioned as a means of ascertaining the will of God. The verb used in connection with it when thus employed is not "put on," but "bring near." Abiathar brings it down with him "in his hand" to David in Keilah (1 Sam. xxiii. 6). These passages seem to imply that it was something moved about, or carried, rather than something worn as a garment.

There is insufficient data to decide the controverted question of the Ephod with any certainty. There is, however, a decided probability that at least in Judges viii. 27 the term Ephod is used for the gold casing of an oracular image. And, if it has this meaning in addition to that of a priestly linen waistcoat in one passage, the presumption against its having the same second meaning in other passages is lessened, though it is not proved that such is the case.

When Saul and David wished to question Jehovah through the oracle, they commanded the priest to "bring hither the

ephod" (1 Sam. xiv. 18 (A.V. ark of God); xxiii. 9; xxx. 7). The connection between the Ephod and the oracle may also be seen very clearly in the combination of the Urim and Thummim with the Ephod in the official robes of the High Priest. It was the prerogative of the priests to carry and question this Ephod with the oracle.

The juxtaposition of "Ephod" and "Oracle" has led to the assumption that the Ephod originally meant a kind of receptacle for the sacred lots. This interpretation is impossible in 2 Samuel vi. 14, and is not very suitable in the stories of the Ephods of Gideon and Micah. It might be adopted, however, where Ephod is mentioned in connection with the oracle, for the image called Teraphim is associated with the oracle in the same way. Ephod would then refer to a portable image before which lots were cast.

After the disappearance of the Urim and Thummim another inspired oracle took its place—the Bible oracle, or the oral recitation of Bible verses. Infants were asked to tell a verse to a man who met them quite unexpectedly, and from the verse, which the child repeated innocently, the questioner drew his own conclusions, for he saw in it the oracular answer to his own inquiry. The following passages offer the oldest examples of divination from the opening words of the enemy or the interlocutor; Genesis xxiv. 13 *et seq.*; Judges vii. 11; 1 Samuel xiv. 8–12; and 1 Kings xx. 33. This is the origin of Stichomancy, or Bible Oracle, by means of a written or, later, of a printed book. It consists in opening the book, and looking at the first verse that meets the eye as a means of divination; or in putting in a pointer, the passage where the pointer rests being taken as full of significance and prognostication.

The final stage of Divination was by the use of the mysterious and ineffable Divine Name. This was a dangerous mode of divination. From the second century downwards magic and divination centre in the mystical name of God, angels, etc. The last stage of the development of the art of divination was reached when the place held by the Kosem in ancient times was finally taken by the Ba'al Shem, the possessor of the ineffable wonder-working name of God. He is the exact counterpart of the Ba'al 'Ob, the female possessor of the 'Ob,—the woman of Endor. He also could conjure the dead, and foretell the future.

THE UNKNOWN

BY J. M. STUART-YOUNG, Author of "Who Buys My Dreams?" etc.

STANDARD dictionaries define the Supernatural as that which exists or occurs through some agency above the forces of Nature.

But does any single event, no matter how insignificant, exist outside the sphere of natural law? We have watched Science pierce solid matter with the Röntgen Ray, by exciting phosphorescence. We have seen the law of gravitation flouted by the (partial) conquest of the Air. And wireless telegraphy makes such giant strides that millions of people now nightly "listen in."

Even the miracle of rejuvenation is promised. Short of raising the dead, man's future dominance of the world around seems to be assured.

In essential fact it is only the Unknown that we fear. But the Unknown lessens its frontiers hour by hour. Until we have thoroughly mastered the secrets of Nature, it is futile to talk of a suspension or violation of her laws. For what are those laws? Nobody knows—not even the wisest of modern investigators.

When our great-grandparents proposed the floating of iron ships, they were derided. To-day we build *Mauretania*s by the dozen. It is only a score of years since Blériot crossed the English Channel in a monoplane. We may soon have an air service for mails which links Europe to Australia and India. The phonograph is practically new. The kinema is in its infancy. We are only just discovering how to transmit sound waves over great distances.

What was "unknown" is rapidly becoming "known." It is stupidity that keeps the unthinking man complacent in the face of such marvels of advancement. For knowledge is essentially a comparative term. The Supernatural of one man may well be the Normal of another!

Three-quarters of a century ago, Oliver Wendell Holmes could write in this strain—"Anything that is brutal, cruel, heathenish, that makes life hopeless for the most of mankind, and perhaps for entire races—anything that assumes the extermination of instincts which were given to be regulated—no

matter by what name you call it—no matter whether a fakir, or a monk, or a deacon believes it—if received, ought to produce insanity in every well-regulated mind.”

The safety-valve of modern Science is its reverence. Reverence makes Science the highest known form of Religion.

When I was a lad I had a great deal to do with dabblers in the Occult. Both Spiritualists, Theosophists and Christian Scientists were my familiars. What I have learned and seen of the After Life may, or may not, be due to fraud. I reserve my own opinion. But I have never once become so discouraged as to cease my studies of Mysticism.

The powers of telepathy; the projection of protoplasm that functions with apparent intelligence (ectoplasm); the intuitive perception that is induced under Hypnotism—these three revelations alone have sufficiently convinced me of the indestructibility of Man's Spirit.

For the continuity of life beyond the grave I have evidence as direct as that vouchsafed to Robert Blatchford, Arthur Conan Doyle, or Oliver Lodge. Further proof in my case would be superogatory. The Known and the Unknown have been revealed to me as terms of varying content, according to the earnestness of the mind operating upon their phenomena.

Perhaps it is in contact with children, to whom the dividing wall of Natural and Supernatural is so very thin, that we may best realize the truth of this dictum.

Let me introduce you to a little friend of mine named Kicksie, a sandy-haired cherub with eager grey eyes, and a tongue that prattles unceasingly. Kicksie is not his baptismal name. We call him so for sufficiently lucid reasons. For his outdoor passion is Football; and at six years old he could show as sturdy a pair of calves as the average boy of twice that age.

One night he was heard talking to an invisible playmate. The event was so unusual that his mother asked with whom he was holding this animated colloquy.

“It's only Peter,”

“Who is Peter?”

“Why, Peter Pan, of course!”

Kicksie had been reading Barrie's delightful Kensington Garden romance, in the edition illustrated by Rackham.

“But Peter Pan,” protested the mother, “doesn't exist. He is merely a character in a book. Mr. Barrie, the great author, made Peter out of his head. I thought you knew that?”

Kicksie laughed, as at some huge joke.

"Peter told me all about Mr. Barrie," he declared scornfully. "And Peter says just the opposite. It was Peter who made Mr. Barrie out of *his* head!"

Perhaps the creator of Tinker Bell and Sentimental Tommy will be kind enough to explain? Is he so very sure that he is alive? Would he concede, do you think, the remote possibility of his life on this earth being merely the outward and visible sign of a Peter Pan day-dream?

On another occasion, Kicksie was found talking very sternly to himself: "Three is a figure, and not a word! Put it at that side, over yonder. And bring all those weeny little names over into this corner, will you? Put that long one there—just *there*, you big silly! And now bring me. . . ."

On this occasion it was his father who was present. He looked up from his desk in amazement; for Kicksie had asked permission to do his lessons in the same room as his "dada"—a notable maker of fancies. My friend, by the way, is a rising young novelist.

"Why, what on earth are you doing, Kicksie?" the father asked.

"I'm just sorting out all the different things I have learned this year. I am finding the right places for them in my mind."

And Kicksie went on with his mental stock-taking, exactly as though his consciousness were a store-room, into which he placed his knowledge after patient acquirement in the school-room.

Kicksie is growing. When I was home on leave two years ago, I stayed with his parents. It was my privilege to share a room with the boy, then about nine and more of an individualist than ever.

As a souvenir of my African tour, I carried with me a large cottonwood idol. It represented a leopard—one that could not, without immense difficulty, "change its spots": for the said spots were bitten deep into the body with red-hot irons. With its white skin and its smoke-delved markings, it seemed the most grotesque beast imaginable; and distinctly "away from type."

Kicksie thought it amazingly fine art. It went to join the menagerie in his play-room: an apartment already occupied by the teddy bears, the gollywogs and the yellow monkeys of his youth. The new arrival was promptly christened Pongo.

I was awakened in the darkness by the touch of a moist little hand.

"You awake, Uncle Jack?"

"I am now—but I wasn't a moment ago!"

"I'm afraid."

"Afraid? Whatever of, Kicksie?"

"There's a 'norrible noise in the play-room."

The night was very still, and a shaft of moonlight lay across the floor. I pretended to listen.

"I can hear nothing, Kicksie. Perhaps you were only dreaming. Or, maybe, you heard a noise outside—the passing of a motor-car, or the rumbling of a train."

"But it w'oa'ed—it wo'a'ed quite loud, it did!"

"Roared, Kicksie? That's not possible. What could roar at this time of night. Let's go to sleep again."

The boy moved restlessly. He was quite clearly not satisfied with the dogmatism of my maturer wisdom. A better explanation must be found. The minutes drifted by, and yet all remained quiet. Perhaps the boy had gone safely to sleep again?

I was just on the verge of unconsciousness, when Kicksie's voice roused me to a new wakefulness. There was a thrill of triumph in its piped eagerness.

"You asleep, Uncle Jack?"

"I might have been, if only——"

"I'm not afraid now."

"No? Well, that's some consolation, isn't it?"

"Not one teeny weeny little bit!"

"Why not, then?"

"Because I know at last what that noise was!"

"Do you indeed? What was it?"

"It was Pongo eating his supper, and w'ao'wing at the teddy bear!"

I recalled then that Kicksie used to leave at night, right under the idol's nose, a single lump of sugar. (What on earth a real live leopard would have to remark to a tiny cube of Tate's Best, *en passant*! is beyond my limited intelligence.)

Comforted by his "simple" explanation—knowledge having at last won the contest against ignorance!—Kicksie went peacefully to sleep.

But he had left *me* to accept a statement, so stupendous in its implications of the miraculous, that the mind stood appalled at its mere possibility.

Suppose that the inanimate piece of cottonwood, torn from a tree which had stood for several centuries in the heart of a tropical forest, could be so impregnated with the life of the

fauna basking in its shade. . . . Oh, the thought was too utterly ridiculous!

I returned to sleep! Middle-age is always cowardly!

But we are brought back to our beginnings. We learn anew that the Known functions only through the material senses, while the Unknown is comprehensible by spiritual powers that transcend normal blood and brain and nerve. . . .

And once again we echo Wordsworth's inspired fancy:

Our birth is but a Sleep, and a *Forgetting*. .

A Forgetting?

This side of Eternity, there is no perfect Truth. We change, as it were, from weaker to stronger lights. Each more powerful ray of Revelation pierces the opaque foundations of our being, lifting them to higher levels, but—at the same time—showing different “opacities” below.

I was once becalmed in a tropic sea. It was as though the surface of the water had become sick of a dreadful fever. Miasmatic vapours arose, and on the lips hung the dews of decay.

Then from the incalculable depths came eerie fish that had never before approached the light of the sun. They flitted to and fro, just beneath the surface, phantom-like shapes that were nightmarish in their weird outlines.

And sometimes, in their rush to the light, jelly-fish, with vari-coloured coverings of their intangible centres, came wriggling to the surface. The sun touched them—and they were no more!

Ghost-like they came—ghost-like they vanished. The ever-hungry sea absorbed them, sluggishly, insatiably, without pity or remorse.

So with what we call Natural and Supernatural. Who can tell the dividing line between Expression and Being—where individuality begins and the communal-soul ends? There is no exactitude in Science, even as there is no Positivism in Religion. The foundations are indestructible—but the superstructure changes with every new wind of discovery.

What then have we to do to acquire the real life? This frenzied world of telephones, wireless, and tinned music is doubtless Imitation. It reeks of “Shoddy.”

To enter the Divine Realm, all that we have to do is to—remember!

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[*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 PERSECUTION OF SENSITIVES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. E. V. Hayes, in his account of the persecution of Mdlle. Berthe Mrazek, has stated a condition of things which is, unfortunately, far from rare. At the present time the persecution of sensitives is not realized as it might be, and is widespread. The trouble usually originates with an unsympathetic environment and with the ignorance of the medical profession as to the meaning of certain nervous disturbances.

Anyone who has taken some interest in the lives of the great saints and mystics knows that their spiritual unfoldment was usually attended by a series of critical periods, of a transitory nature, during which the conventions of daily life were frequently ignored. Such was the transcendental nature of these experiences that they were usually quite unable, or unwilling, to offer at the time any explanation of what was happening, even to those who might have comprehended to some extent.

I am much in sympathy with the idea that there should be some kind of combination for mutual protection, and I recently approached a well known mystical organization for suggestions. I was informed, however, that although the subject was of much interest, there was no definite policy and the question seemed to be one for the individual. There is little chance for the sensitive who is subject to the opinions of alienists, the crude methods of lunacy administration and the barbarous treatment given to inmates of our so-called mental hospitals.

Yours faithfully,
GEO. E. P. CLARK.

SPIRITUAL HARMONY IN PRAYER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your January "Notes of the Month," you comment on Dr. Klein's contention that "no prayer must be for anything personal" (p. 2).

To the Yogi the only allowable prayer is for "knowledge and light." But that this belief must have a wider interpretation than we sometimes put upon it is borne out by Jesus' words: "And all

things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive" (Matt. xxi. 22).

Is it not that the moment our desire expresses itself in a prayer which is an actual belief, communication between ourselves and the infinite is brought about? There is a quickening and strengthening of our vibrations, and a heightening of our rhythm, until these enter into complete harmony with the rhythm and vibrations of the spiritual universe.

Yours faithfully,
R. E. BRUCE.

IS THERE AN OPTION IN REBIRTH?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—It is possible "to believe in Reincarnation" without being a member of the "Theosophical Society" and to use the ordinary sense of logic in relation thereto.

May it not be true that *no* Ego can take itself out of the ranks of evolution, and break, merely for the gratification of its own personal self-will, the law of the universe? If this were possible, one must conceive of a mere personal will and desire, not only alien to, but superior to the universal will. If the universe itself is evolving, then every atom in that universe must be included in the law of evolution. If one Ego can "avoid or postpone" further lives, it can retard not alone its own Evolution, but that of numerous other Egos linked by Karma with it. Can one *imagine* such an interference with the progression of individuals as either desirable or permissible? Such retardation, were it possible, could only recoil upon the recalcitrant Ego, and a terrible penalty would be incurred. Those who think that being "fed up" with life is a reason to avoid re-birth are transferring "that tired feeling" from the physical plane to the spiritual. One cannot conceive of the *Spirit* being weary in the *Great Adventure*.

Is it possible to conceive that the "memories" of incidents that occur on the material plane and are cognized only by the lower faculties on this plane, would affect us when the inner is substituted for the outer? When the material brain (*which limits our perceptions*) is left behind, shall we not see things from a different point of view? There may be no "unhappiness" possible when we see the event that caused "unhappiness" here *in its entirety*. In fact, even in mundane life we see an event, in later years, as "the best thing that ever happened to me," although we shed many bitter tears over it at the time it occurred. If it be that the absorption of the lesson learnt in the period of incarnation be the object of the "rest" time, the process of assimilation need cause no "unhappiness." We may "make a note" never to make "that stupid mistake" again. It is difficult to imagine any Ego "choosing the least of two evils"! In the *Spirit* realm, does the conception of "evil" exist? Or do we not

see the whole, "perfect as planned," and *gladly acquiesce* in that *Perfect Plan*? Something has to be said also, probably, on the "draw" of the bond of love. If one Ego has such deep bond in love with another, the choice of incarnation is a mutual one. The impulse to re-enter this "school" here in *one* will inspire the impulse toward rebirth *in another*. What inspires them but the desire to experience further modes and opportunities for *love's expression*? Will this be regarded as a *penalty*? Who that *loves* will concede it?

"Reluctant acquiescence" in the Divine Plan belongs only to these limited brain-minds. There can be *no* "dragging back willy-nilly." It is unwise to seek to put *our* concepts even into Madame Blavatsky's words, but we *may* assume that her use of the words "nolens volens" applies to the "illusory human entity," which, in its blindness, protests against a law it does not comprehend, but whose protest is *not* shared by the true individual, which acquiesces in a Plan it *sees to be perfect*.

Yours faithfully,

"A."

PROBLEMS OF REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to your notes on Re-incarnation on p. 144 of March number. Many of the problems of this subject are dealt with in *The Survival of the Soul and its Evolution after Death*, by Pierre Emile Cornillier, a book of research, containing communications by a highly developed spirit, Veltellini, who was occupied both on earth and in the spirit world with philosophical problems. It is alleged by many spiritualists that there is no need for reincarnation, that God has plenty of spheres of existence for the post-mortem development of the soul. But it seems this depends on the temperament and its refinement: of one spirit Veltellini says (p. 168):

He has preferred to continue his evolution in the Astral rather than come back for another incarnation: it is more difficult, but for souls of fine temper it is more attractive than a new life on earth.

For those not of requisite temper or patience, it would appear to be needful to be re-confined to the prison-house of the physical body; just as many lads of uncontrolled temper need to be sent to a reformatory in juvenile days. On passing over, the soul is faced with the issue:

The soul, having left the body, is conducted by a messenger-Spirit, before an assembly of white Spirits, in whose presence he takes a complete and conscious view of his past life and of his responsibilities in it. At this degree of evolution, a disincarnated Spirit is able to accept with understanding and resignation the ordeal of his future life, for he himself realizes the necessity of it (p. 186).

This harmonizes with the message of W. T. Stead in *The Blue*

Island, p. 96. He also corroborates what I myself have been told, that to re-incarnate a soul must go far away from the Astral plane:

In this sphere you will again come in contact with your *whole record*. A record in full of all your former states: and from this sphere, if your record has qualified to the point of allowing it, you will be given the choice of returning to earth again—Reincarnating. If your record does not qualify for *choice* in this matter, you will be *directed* either to return or to continue according to what the Teachers—the Purified—consider will afford you most opportunity for re-creating yourself and cleansing yourself in the necessary way. It is from this sphere that spirits return to earth, but by the time the most progressed spirit has reached this state he has forgotten in detail his association with earth (p. 148).

Another interesting point, stated by the Communicator in Cornillier's book, is as to violent deaths (p. 205):

Violent deaths are always predetermined: it is never a matter of chance. They are decided by Fate [? Providence] to hasten the evolution of certain people who are not advancing normally, and who would certainly have to begin over again successive reincarnations. The shock caused by a violent death is such that it produces a strong reaction in the Spirit and causes an immediate forward movement. The Spirit revolts, tries to understand, and *to try to understand is to evolve*.

Yours truly,
J. W. MACDONALD.

A PREDICTED REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The subject of reincarnation has come up for discussion fairly often in the OCCULT REVIEW of late, and I would like, in this connection, to communicate to you a statement which cannot fail to be of the highest interest to the genuine student and for the truth of which I can be personally responsible. Through the mediumship of a personal friend, unusually gifted in this direction, I have been privileged of late to have many most interesting and instructive conversations with many whom I can call my friends in spirit-life, my sittings differing from those of most spiritualists in that they are generally entirely private and strictly limited to conversations with *authorized* controls. One of these is a little boy called Teddy, who passed over, so he has told me, at the age of seven, as the result of injuries to his back received in a fall off some steps, in the early part of last year. Teddy has been telling me much of interest about his present and his earth life, and is often very amusing. He cannot, however, tell me his surname, though he has had plenty to say about his daddy, whom he dearly loves, and his Auntie Minnie, and the doctor who attended him after his fall. Teddy does not know that he has passed over, and thinks that he has been having a long holiday to get his back well again, and has been counting all the time on going back to his daddy as soon as he should be quite well. Now, quite

lately, it has been told me that Teddy *is* going back to his daddy. I have received this information both from Teddy himself, who says he has a long, long journey to go, perhaps by steamer, to his daddy ; and also from one of his playmates, a little girl, who has given me the same information on the authority of her teacher. Teddy was going back to his daddy, she said, in response to my inquiries, in about two of our moons. (That was said nearly a month ago.) I am left practically certain that in about a month's time Teddy will reincarnate, I will not say in the same family, but as the child of the same father from whom he was separated by death less than a year ago.

Teddy is a well-educated and very thoughtful little boy who speaks very slowly and deliberately and has a way of criticizing everything of which he disapproves with the phrase "there's no sense in it." My note-taking during sittings is one of the things of which he expresses himself in this way, and almost the first thing that he does on taking control is to confiscate my writing materials. (Of course, Teddy does not know that he is controlling a medium.)

Of late, Teddy has not been so anxious to return to his daddy. He has been going about in the spirit-world and seeing some lovely places where the people are "perfectly splendid," and the urgency of the call to his old surroundings in earth-life is less. But I understand that the matter is now arranged. Teddy's love for his daddy is taking him back to earth-life for a period which may be brief ; as Teddy understands now, I think, that he is better off where he is.

I wonder now if there is any likelihood of this letter being read by Teddy's daddy. If so, if he will communicate with me, I think I can undertake to convince him that it is really his Teddy that I have been talking to in spirit-life, and that it is the same Teddy who is very shortly to be his child once again. Teddy's father is, I think, a literary man, as Teddy speaks of him as writing all day long. He has a car and lives, I believe, just out of town, as there is a farm near by where they get their milk and where Teddy has been with his Auntie Minnie to watch a Sunday-school treat. He also (a small matter, but worth mentioning) wears dumb-bell-shaped cuff-links ! So Teddy told me once as he was fingering my sleeve.

To me it would be a privilege to meet in earth-life the little boy to whom I am an adopted uncle in spirit-life, and to make the acquaintance of the one who both was and is again shortly to be Teddy's daddy.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

BOSTON, LINCS.

A. ARUNDEL.

Jan. 29.

ANOTHER THEORY OF REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am always interested in the remarks you make from time to time on reincarnation, and I have noted particularly the question you raise in the February number of the REVIEW as to how

far it is possible to avoid or postpone further lives on earth. If you can spare me a little of your valuable space I should like to state my view of the matter.

In the limited consciousness of the personality there may be a disinclination to return, which may have no place in the larger consciousness of the ego. This feeling, I consider, belongs exclusively to the personality. Cases have been stated of the ego dreading reincarnation, but I hold that such a feeling arises only in the ray which the reincarnating ego has sent forth into the physical. It is only a part of the ego—a ray, which incarnates at a time, and it is at the point where the ray is entering physical limitation that the disinclination may arise. It cannot choose, however, but obey. This, of course, applies only to the average man. One who is highly evolved, and is free, may take up or leave physical manifestation at will. The physical is part of the natural life of man—that is, man in his complete being, which includes all that we in the personality call natural and supernatural. All these divisions of man's being into planes are the creations of the intellect. Man is physical, etheric, astral, mental and spiritual, and when he has lost, even temporarily, one of these degrees, he is incomplete. What we call death—the deprivation of the physical vehicle of consciousness—has to be overcome ere man can attain his full stature. The physical is not less important than the other planes. Of what good is the astral without the physical means of expression? Of what use is the mental if there be no way of expressing thought? The mind is the receiver of the spiritual vibrations which are ever seeking to bring the Divine truth into manifestation and must eventually directly contact matter, and when that has come to pass, man will be made whole, and by means of a unified and more glorious body will become conscious on all planes at one and the same time.

The knowledge of man's true destiny is there in the ego, and there is no other inclination but to go on, notwithstanding the shrinkings that may be apparent in the little rays that are shot forth from time to time.

Yours faithfully,

DAVID LEARMONTH.

[My correspondent has evidently not read my observations on the "ray" or "octopus" hypothesis in my Notes of three months ago. The theory, as I have shown, will not hold water.—ED.]

LEMURIA.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—It may be of interest to some of your readers to know that the old Pacific continent is mentioned in *Oahspe*, the Faithist Bible, where it is called Pan. It states that Ja-pan is a remnant of the old continent, and occupied its north-western edge prior to its submergence. Pan seems a more natural designation than Lemuria, which is purely arbitrary, being derived from the Lemur. This latter

name was, I believe, originally adopted by the Theosophical Society to designate the old Pacific continent.

Lewis Spence states in his latest article in the OCCULT REVIEW that "the theory of a former mid-Atlantic continent has at least as many opponents as it can boast supporters. But, paradoxically enough, the belief that a great land mass once occupied the basin of the Pacific is accepted by the majority of modern geologists." As far as I can remember Atlantis is not mentioned in *Oahspe*. In one edition, there is a map of the world, which shows the continent of Pan, but there is nothing to mark the existence of Atlantis, which is shown as water. Is it possible that a portion at least of Pan remained above water after the submergence of Atlantis?

Yours faithfully,

W. P. SWAINSON.

PSYCHIC INSTINCT IN ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The interesting account of the wolves and their strange instinct in Mr. Grahame Houblon's article in the OCCULT REVIEW for last month, recalls the fact that many animals possess strange psychic faculties. For instance, dogs generally know, by some unerring instinct, when a death takes place in any house they are attached to (though there is no visible evidence of the fact), and manifest their knowledge by weird howling. Cats often know when danger is threatening those they love, and have sometimes been the means of saving human lives. Horses are keenly sensitive to supernatural influences, and will often refuse to pass places, or spots, alleged to be haunted. Both dogs and cats detect the presence of "ghosts" before human beings, and show their terror, or other emotions, in various ways.

Birds are sometimes the harbingers of death in certain families, and show wonderful prescience in this matter. In one family, I have known of robins flying into the house at any open window shortly before the death of a member of the family.

A strange death warning occurs in the ancient Irish family of Gormanstown. Before the death of every Viscount Gormanstown a number of foxes will congregate just outside the house, and often come right beneath the windows of the room where the fated man lies. These foxes come from all the country round, and have been seen approaching the great white mansion of the Gormanstowns, and if driven away will very soon return; in fact, it is impossible to keep them away until after the death of the Viscount, when they at once disperse and disappear.

This weird spectacle has been seen several times, and is too well authenticated to leave any room for doubt.

Yours sincerely,

REGINALD B. SPAN.

THE NEW ORGANIC FORCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Those who read Miss Fulleylove Hamel's most interesting article on "The New Organic Force" will, I feel sure, like to see the following quotation from a book by Mr. W. Barbroke Grubb on *The Lengua Indians of South America*.

"Their whole mythology is founded upon their idea of the Creation, of which we know only the bare outlines. The Creator of all things, spiritual and material, is symbolized by a beetle. It seems that the Indian idea is that the material universe was first made. The Creator, in the guise of the beetle, then sent forth from its hole in the earth a race of powerful beings—according to many in an embodied state—who for a time appear to have ruled the universe. Afterwards the beetle formed man and woman from the clay which it threw up from its hole. These were sent forth on the earth, joined together like the Siamese twins. They met with persecution from their powerful predecessors, and accordingly appealed to the creating beetle to free them from their disadvantageous formation. He therefore separated them, and gave them power to propagate their species, so that they might become numerous enough to withstand their enemies. . . . That the Indian should regard the beetle as the symbol of creative power is, perhaps, the most remarkable feature in their mythology, for it closely resembles the Egyptian scarabæus and the ideas associated with it."

Yours sincerely,

M. OLDFIELD HOWEY.

THE GOSPEL STORY AS ALLEGORY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The remarks you make in your Notes of the Month in the current issue in connection with the Gospel narratives, seem to offer the opportunity for placing before your readers a different point of view from which the New Testament and the Scriptures generally may be regarded.

A century ago there began a rationalistic movement in the Church which struck at the doctrine of Divine inspiration of the Scriptures, and the logical outcome of which is very evident in the views of Dr. Couchoud and other rationalists. All Christendom believes that the *Word of God*, and not history, is the foundation of the Christian faith, but the "higher criticism" practically rejects this foundation, and builds on pre-Christian history instead. "Educated Christians," says Dr. Henson, Bishop of Durham, "are perplexed on the matter of what is called the 'inspiration' of the Bible. They know that 'inspiration' is no longer allowed by scholars any influence on interpretation. It cannot establish the truthfulness of any statement against the verdict of historical critics." And again: "If you ask me what, in my own belief, constitutes 'inspiration,' I confess to you that I do

not see my way to a satisfactory answer" (*Value of the Bible*, pp. 26, 66). There cannot be one on such terms, and consequently large portions of the Scriptures are rejected as incredible, because they are found not to be the history on which scholars try to build.

Now, there is not the faintest reason for rejecting any part of the Bible if the mode and meaning of Divine inspiration is understood, and history is not put in the place of God. The method of this inspiration is indicated in the New Testament (2 Peter, i. 21): "No prophecy of Scripture ever came by the will of man: but man spake from God, being moved by the Holy Spirit." This implies a submental influence directing trance speech or automatic writing, in which the mind of the writer is passive and not responsible for what is written. The Gospel story, we may be sure, never came by the will of man, but came at a period when the Divine Wisdom ordained that a new outpouring of truth was required by mankind.

If the Gospels are regarded as God's Word, then the parts rejected by the higher critics are the witnesses against them that their criticism is erroneous. The narratives of the Virgin Birth, Temptation, etc., being parts of a consistent whole, indicate clearly that the whole Gospel-story is not in the least history, but is that kind of allegory called *Parable*, of which kind there are about ten professed examples in the Gospels. The step is therefore easy to the conviction that the whole story of Jesus is a God-given mode of instruction respecting things unseen.

The historical theory is controverted by the prodigies and miracles which are integral to the Gospels, and this theory is now breaking down completely, as can be seen in the halting and confused utterance of every apologist for the destructive criticism of the schools.

It would be a mistake to suppose that any religious knowledge or feeling is lost by regarding the Gospels as Parables rather than histories. "Jesus" is the indwelling Saviour of the soul, and exalted above all that we know. It is no gain for us to imagine that God had a body of flesh long ago, for we have in that case to face the insuperable difficulties of reconciling this view with the Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension stories, and other wonders deemed historical.

The conviction that the Gospels are Divine Parables sweeps away all the distracting and confusing historical discussions about Jesus that are constantly cropping up, and which never lead to any satisfaction or agreement among those who engage in them. The solution of the enigma of Jesus lies in Divine inspiration and the recognition that this inspiration is perfectly consistent with the belief that the Gospels are Parables, while it is thoroughly inconsistent with the theory that they are historical.

Yours faithfully,
G. A. GASKEILL.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE REVUE MÉTAPSYCHIQUE gives account in the first place of the Annual General Meeting held by the International Metapsychical Institute—of which it is the official organ. We learn in this manner that Professor Rocco Santoliquido, Italian State Councillor, has been elected President for the next year, and that certain retiring members of the Committee have been reappointed, including Sir Oliver Lodge. Dr. Joseph Maxwell, of the Bordeaux Court of Appeal, has joined the Committee, and Dr. Eugène Osty has accepted the position of Honorary Secretary in succession to Dr. Geley, whose untimely loss was again commemorated, by word of mouth or by letter, on the part of Professor Santoliquido, M. Jean Meyer—founder of the Institute—Charles Richet and Dr. Osty. The next contribution is from the papers of Dr. Geley, and reports two further remarkable séances with the medium F. Kluski, in the summer of 1924. In addition to lights, tactions and so forth, there were materializations of heads, busts, arms and hands, Dr. Geley testifying otherwise to a sense of presences in his immediate vicinity. As regards test conditions, the hands of the medium were held and he formed part of the circle; but it is to be presumed that had Dr. Geley lived to prepare his account for publication he would have given fuller details of precautions taken. M. Gabriel Delanne maintains the hypothesis of reincarnation on the bases (1) of heredity and infant prodigies, (2) of memory in the matter of anterior lives, (3) of things revealed in hypnosis, and (4) of ethics. They are obviously familiar grounds, and it might be impossible rather than difficult to find others; but the manner of their presentation will be familiar also to those who are acquainted with the writings of M. Delanne during a long period of years. He is always clear and trenchant, while his personal conviction is persuasive, if it is not infectious; but he is unable to carry us further than he has attempted on other occasions, and it seems to us that the old difficulties remain. Supposing that we choose to accept the doctrine of anterior lives, we can only regard it as explaining the extraordinary precocity of certain children if we think on the subject loosely. The cases of extreme precocity are much too rare, while the men and women of genius who, by the hypothesis, are in course of reincarnation are much too numerous for the examples to support the doctrine. The alleged remembrance of anterior lives is rarer still, is usually to be explained by the self-deceptions of vanity and folly, while in the best cases—take that of Laure Raynaud, cited by M. Delanne—it presents nothing evidential. We have failed to follow the argument with reference to hypnosis in the article to which we refer, but it appears that a particular subject spoke Sanskrit in

the trance-state and knew no word of the dead language in her normal condition. It does not seem to us that pre-existence is the only court of appeal for an explanation of this phenomenon. The moral argument scarcely needs stating: it will be in the minds of all our readers, namely, that reincarnation alone, "with its doctrine of successive expiations and purifications," can account for social inequalities and the apparent injustice of human destiny. But why the field of expiation is on this earth and no other, in the body of flesh and not in the spiritual body, is what those who expound the doctrine of Allan Kardec do not seem to explain. We are not in the seat of judgment; we do not deny the doctrine; but it seems quite certain that so far it has not proved itself, while we are disposed to consider that the ways of God to man may be justified in many states of being. It is right to add that M. Delanne cites one case which is not a little curious, though we do not pretend to think that it is evidence of reincarnation in the particular instance, not to speak of establishing it as a general prevailing law. A French lady was in despair at the loss of her daughter—age not given—in 1910, and she dreamed twice that the daughter appeared to her, saying that she would return and again become her child. Thereupon the mother began to read about reincarnation, but owing to an operation was practically certain that she could not conceive again. Some subsequent rappings, however, prompted the family to make experiments in table-turning, when the daughter communicated, confirmed what had happened in dream and went much further, declaring not only that she would be reborn before the next coming Christmas, but that she would be one of two children, the second being her father's deceased sister. The prediction of the table was fulfilled, for the lady bore female twins in due course, one of them receiving the name of her previous daughter on account of a recognized likeness. The story is not too clear in respect of dates, but this event appears to have occurred in 1910: we hear nothing of the father's sister in her new life on earth, but in habits and tendencies the daughter is held to exhibit a perfect resemblance to her previous self. One episode of the past life is also said to be remembered—under what circumstances and whether with or without undesigned prompting there is nothing to show. On the assumption of good faith, that which emerges as fact is that messages through typtology foretold the birth of twins and that against all expectation twins were born within the stated time.

LE VOILE D'ISIS begins a new volume and yet another year of life, facts which are commemorated by a glance back upon the past. We are told that the review was founded in 1890 by Dr. Papus as a companion of L'INITIATION, but more general and popular in character. The appeal of the older periodical was especially to the élite of students, while that of the new venture was to all and sundry who were drawn towards occult subjects. It will be remembered by many that L'INITIATION appeared monthly, but LE VOILE D'ISIS

began as a weekly journal and so continued for a time, both being issued by LA LIBRAIRIE DU MERVEILLEUX. It is said that the weekly journal failed in its struggle for existence and was suspended at an unspecified date, while the vitality of L'INITIATION declined. There came, however, a day when the Library was taken over by Henri Chacornac, who revived LE VOILE, and on the decease of L'INITIATION in 1912, its original spirit and intent was transferred to the surviving review. The War suspended activities for six years, and since its rebirth in 1920 we have borne witness frequently to the interest and excellence of its contents, its reproduction of old texts being an especial feature of value. The new volume will deserve well of its readers on this account as on others, for it is to contain a very rare tract on LE GRAND ŒUVRE PHILOSOPHIQUE by Louis Grassot, originally published in 1784. This is practically unknown in England and appears to be concerned with the Hermetic doctrine and symbolism of the Universal Medicine. There is also an astrological forecast of the year 1925. As regards our own country, it speaks of signs indicating (1) the death of a beautiful and beloved royal princess; (2) external and internal difficulties throughout the great empire—but these are always with us; (3) an unfavourable aspect of Mars, so far as London is concerned, in April and December. M. J. Bricaud, Grand Master of the Martinists, being personally well acquainted with a mysterious being who appeared at the end of the nineteenth century and was generally known as Maître Philippe, begins the story of his life. We learn that his real name was Nizier Anselme Vachod; that he was born on April 25, 1849, of simple peasants in Savoy; that he began to cure the sick at the age of thirteen; and that he opened a consulting-room for magnetic healing in 1872, apparently at Lyons. He is described as *un des plus puissant thaumaturges du XIX^e siècle*: for Papus he was a "spiritual master," while M. Bricaud terms him "our guide" and promises an account of his teachings, so far as he is "permitted" to make them known.

The first issue of the PROCEEDINGS OF THE BLAVATSKY ASSOCIATION, printed for private circulation, is a substantial octavo of nearly sixty pages and contains in the first place an account of the Inaugural Meeting, when the chair was taken by Mr. William Kingsland, who explained that the Association was being formed on the basis of the ideals and teachings represented by the name and personality of Madame Blavatsky. We learn elsewhere that it has been made possible by the work and initiative of Mrs. Alice Leighton Cleather. The activities will be directed by a Council, no President being elected and no fixed subscription being charged. It is proposed (1) to have a working centre in London; (2) to hold meetings for lectures, discussions and study-classes; (3) to form a lending library; and (4) to publish suitable editions of H. P. B.'s works. There is further a Defence Committee for the vindication of the deceased lady when she is attacked by the press: an example of its zeal will be found in

a sheaf of letters which have passed between Mr. Kingsland, some others and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who had reflected unfavourably on H. P. B. in the well-known PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. The editor of THE MAHA-BODHI JOURNAL of Ceylon gives an interesting account of his relations with Olcott and H. P. B. in 1880.

Considerable interest attaches to the second issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW—which replaces THEOSOPHY IN ENGLAND AND WALES, as we explained last month. We have been attracted by an account of the Adyar Library, for it takes us back to the days of our old friend Colonel Olcott, who turned the first sod of the site on which the building was to be erected in January, 1886, and opened it officially in December of that year, amidst “priests of Advaita and Vishishthadvaita Hinduism, of Southern Buddhism, of Zoroastrianism and of Islam,” no Christian minister being apparently present. There was little use for such at that day in the Society: the Library, moreover, was to be especially Oriental and dedicated to the revival of Sanskrit learning. Olcott hoped that it might become as a second Alexandria, but the article from which we derive shows that “the support given to it is unsatisfactory.” There are studies of colour in music and the place of colour in healing, while lovers of animals will find a strong appeal in Mr. G. Colmore's consideration of Man and Animals. Dr. Herbert Snow's testimony on the subject of vivisection in the NINETEENTH CENTURY is cited separately. . . . A writer in THE THEOSOPHIST defines symbolism as “Knowledge hidden in signs” and part as such of an old mystery-language which was once universal. . . . We learn from THE CANADIAN THEOSOPHIST that Miss Christabel Pankhurst, of quondam suffragette fame, has issued—presumably in America—“a book in which she predicts the end of the world and the coming of the Christ.” We hear also that she has been “following it up with lectures and addresses.” It occurs to us that in the event of her being correctly informed she might have saved herself and us some of her previous activities, in view of the event to come. . . . THEOSOPHY in Los Angeles has articles on “metaphysical” healing, a subject which is in evidence everywhere under one or other of its many denominations. . . . There is also THEOSOPHIE of Leipzig, which contrasts its own dedication with the mystic side of Christianity as exemplified, for example, in the writings of Meister Eckehart. It is publishing also a series of studies on Jacob Böhme.

Among Masonic periodicals, which reach us from several quarters, LE SYMBOLISME of Oswald Wirth has entered on its eighth year of publication and looks back upon its past, like LE VOILE D'ISIS; it also was compelled to suspend while the War lasted. It has faith in itself and the future; but much as we respect the zeal and sincerity of the editor it is a hard task to impart an aspect of living import to Latin Freemasonry.

REVIEWS

GHOSTS HELPFUL AND HARMFUL. By Elliott O'Donnell. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Pp. xii. + 260. Price 5s. net.

GHOST stories may be divided into two classes: those relating the strange experience of Mr. A. at Number Blank, Dash Street, and those which go about wearing their data with justifiable pride. Fortunately for his readers Mr. O'Donnell, being a ghostologist who looks for psychic phenomena in the actual world, is able to patronize the algebraic anecdotes of yesterday without the imputation of being a Hobson among choosers. The fifty-six "cases," which he relates in his well-known easy style, contain *inter alia* some interesting examples of his sensitiveness to the occult—not unique in his family, for Miss Petronella O'Donnell, the admired poet, has it. He tells us what he saw at the Crumbles, of his dream that should have warned a fellow-creature not to come into conflict with jaguars, of his escapes from occult strangling; and when such a man points horrifically at Berkeley Square we feel that even there may be a crack invisible to architects but dreadfully potential as an open door in —.

Yes, printers, let me have a blank instead of a word, for my duty is not painfully geographical but genially critical of a work which is valuable as a wakening influence besides being a more or less veridical entertainment. "The Pig-faced Phantom of Chelsea," for instance, pathetically suggests the feebleness of even complete sensuality to erect a perfect form through which to allure. Yet after this narrative and "A Wicked Ghost's Romance," I find myself speculating that the fervid gaze of the Unapparent may somehow wake the eye which is so shut in mundane daylight that its very existence is doubted.

The occult side of crime naturally interests Mr. O'Donnell. A medical friend of mine remembers a case where the patient, having thought that the devil vocally commanded him to mutilate himself, obeyed him with horrible literalness. There are criminals on record whose deeds seem to require some such explanation as an egging elemental or whose spirits seem to have got accidentally into human form; Crippen, however, does not strike me as essentially non-human. I incline to think that he could and did love, though he condemned his love to the obloquy incurred and deserved by crime. But it is time now to drop my reader at the nearest bookseller's (in these days of "net" prices any bookseller will serve as well as another!) to buy a capital crown's worth.

W. H. CHESSON.

NAMES AND THEIR NUMBERS. By Mabel L. Ahmad. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Pp. 56. Price 2s. 6d. net.

OF systems of Numerology there is no end, and no doubt each system has its own circle of adherents who hold that it is the only reliable one in existence. Mrs. Ahmad certainly makes out a very good case for the "practical Law of Numbers" as expounded in her little book, and claims that its operation was proved to the Western world by her husband in 1903,

for the first time in history. The system differs from most others in that it takes the values, not of letters, but of *sounds*, and though it is a little difficult at first to grasp the principle on which these sound-values are based, the directions are very clearly given, and practice soon makes the coding of names, etc., quite an easy process. Still, one would rather like to know why the vowel-sounds in, for instance, "London" and "flood," are termed *mute*, and of no value, for if other vowels were substituted for the o's the sound would be completely changed. To say that these words are pronounced "Lndn" and "fld" seems a little arbitrary. The chapters on the relation of numbers to the planets and the signs of the Zodiac will have a special interest for astrologers; also those on the numerical influences of the days of the week, and the hours of the day. Some very remarkable instances are given of the harmony, or otherwise, of certain names and addresses, and the consequent success, or failure, connected with their association. As the author remarks on her final page, "it is a vast subject applying in all directions of activity."

E. M. M.

CREATIVE EFFORT: AN ESSAY IN AFFIRMATION. By Norman Lindsay. London: Cecil Palmer. Pp. 292. Price 10s. 6d. net.

IN this trenchant and intensely provocative book a distinguished artist attempts to define the nature and function of true creative effort, to show that his definition holds within it an answer to the deepest and most elusive problems of life, and to readjust in accordance with it our estimate of some of the most notable contributions to the world's great treasury of art. The thesis is brilliantly conceived and stated with extraordinary vigour and pungency, but the author has a trick of facile epigram that is often more spectacular than convincing. Like his pictures, Mr. Lindsay's book lacks nothing in courage and frankness. It is a work of passionate sincerity and tremendous intellectual force; but there are few, and Mr. Lindsay is not among them, who can sustain with equal success the exacting rôles of artist, philosopher, and critic. Unfortunately for his art and for his criticism, it is in the larger domain of philosophy that Mr. Lindsay is least successful. He is an intellectual aristocrat with a Nietzschean view of life; and from it he derives a conception of art which separates him from the imagination of mankind in general, and a standard of critical judgment which blinds him to the value of the greatest of all achievements in genuine creative utterance. With such a standpoint as his, he can have neither that affinity with the universal which is the hall-mark of genius, nor that insight into the sacred mysteries which alone gives authority to absolute valuations in the domain of art.

Notwithstanding the faults here briefly commented upon, the book should be read and re-read by all who lay claim to a cultivated appreciation of art. It is extraordinarily stimulating and suggestive; and on the subject of the vital difference between creative effort and the mere exercise of craftsmanship it says with overwhelming effect something that urgently needed to be said as a corrective to the sterile scholarship and insipid æstheticism which seem to be the only ideals of most modern artists and critics. In this respect the book is undoubtedly of the highest value. For the rest, it is perhaps enough to say that Mr. Lindsay must

find his own salvation. We respect the honesty of his iconoclasm. But, as an artist, he should know that there is virtue in restraint; and much that he has to say on the subject of religion might have been read with more patience if it had been uttered with less violence.

COLIN STILL.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE, NEW YORK, AND OTHER POEMS. By Hewson Cowen. London: Arthur H. Stockwell. Pp. 77. Price 4s. net.

HERE is a poet who holds that poetry should be a great spiritual force, with "a message for humanity in keeping with its noblest traditions"; a poet who looks upon men and women as "the incarnate agents of Divinity," and pleads for "a grander and more *festal* outlook on all created things"; in short, a poet with a definite belief in, and philosophy of, Life. This belief he expresses in a vigorous and spirited manner, which makes his verses interesting reading, although they vary in poetic quality. The nature-poems are perhaps the least successful, for Mr. Cowen is more at home when dealing with such subjects as "The Soul of London," "Woman Emancipate," "Tut-Ankh-Amen," or "The Aquitania." The two last-mentioned show touches of real imaginative power; so do the verses called "Lest We Forget," and "On Seeing a Bust of Homer"; but he reaches his highest point of attainment in a long poem entitled "A Vision of Reincarnation," which breathes a sense of joyousness, of wonder, of ecstatic communion with the marvels of creation, that lifts it far above any of the others, and can only be illustrated by quotation. Here are two verses—not consecutive:—

"And I shall wander, slow, through Times unborn,
Along the flower-pathway of rebirth,
Insatiate, till love and wine and corn,
Springtime, the song of bird, the smell of earth,
June roses, scarlet lips, allure in vain,
And immemorial thrills shall fade and wane. . . ."

"Bid me not mourn, when upward springs the lark
To shower song, joy-drunk in wild delight,
Or when God's golden bees swarm in the dark
To hibe the wonders of the skies of night,
With dawns and sunsets blossoming through space,
And myriad lovers lock'd in Love's embrace!"

These extracts show Mr. Cowen at his best, and rouse pleasurable anticipations of another book from his pen; though it is to be hoped that it will be free from the many misprints—both in spelling and punctuation—that unfortunately mar the pages of this one. E. M. M.

THE COMING LIGHT. By Mary Bruce Wallace. London: John M. Watkins. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS little book is described as a sequel to an earlier record of psychic experiences, called *The Thinning of the Veil*; and, for the benefit of those who have not seen that record, the writer, in her preface to the present volume, gives some interesting details of how psychic communications first came to her, "unsought, and as a great surprise," in the early years of the Great War.

"We have continued to receive similar communications ever since, and

those recorded in the present volume are but a few chosen from a considerable number that have come to me, between the years 1918 and 1924."

Mrs. Wallace, who writes with evident sincerity, is to be congratulated on the uniform pleasantness of her experiences.—"I have never heard or seen anything psychically that was not beautiful."—The first part of her book is concerned with messages from a great Teacher or Master; the second, with communications from a dead friend; and the third, with symbolic visions of joy and peace which came to the writer at certain favourable moments of tranced meditation or devout prayer. All are, without exception, of a most cheering and consoling character! This artless little record of the milder side of psychic life can be safely recommended to the most nervous reader.

G. M. H.

LIFE NOW AND HEREAFTER. By Col. Octavius Rowe, late Royal Artillery. London: Geo. Routledge and Son, Ltd. Price 6s. net.

THE writer of the Foreword to this little book suggests that the arguments of its author, Col. Rowe, should "tend to satisfy those intellectual beings who long for the assurance of a continuity, and yet do not see how to get it and at the same time to preserve their intellectual honesty."

In other words, neither the findings of strictly orthodox religion nor of Psychical Research are chosen by the author for his own standpoint, but he appeals to accepted biological data throughout, "to prove the necessity of continuing a development for the individual life," and in this way he arrives at a more or less satisfactory conclusion. Indeed his concluding chapter might well have been written by a convinced spiritualist, except that its somewhat tentative note would be replaced by a joyous certainty. As when he hazards our next state of consciousness, or future life, as being in all likelihood: "A continuation of conditions of an absolutely different character in all its features, yet the surroundings and the inmates still retain sufficient traces of their previous identity and personality to render recognition possible. It is a neighbouring zone, marking close at hand a further—not necessarily a final—stage of successive development. Another step nearer perfection. Another march towards infinity."

EDITH K. HARPER.

ASTROLOGY IN EPIGRAM. By Maud Margesson. London: Theosophical Publishing House. Pp. 95. Price 2s. 6d. net.

How the author of this little book must have enjoyed making it! And how other astrologers will envy her for having been the first to think of it! It was a delightful and original idea, to illustrate the various zodiacal signs, and the planets in the signs, by means of quotations; and though every reader will naturally want to add others of his own choice, Miss Margesson has provided a very good selection from a wide range of sources. It is quite true, as Mr. Vivian Robson points out in his short preface, that the book, in addition to being an ingenious novelty, also has a definite value for serious students. No one can fail to glean from it some real insight into "that mysterious influence called planetary vibration." How suggestive is this of Taurus: "We don't be druv." Of Sagittarius: "Energy is eternal delight." Of Sun in Cancer: "Home-keeping hearts

are happiest." Of Venus in Scorpio : " And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me." Of Mars in Capricorn : " Either I am the foremost horse in the team, or I am none." Of Uranus in Virgo : " This disease is beyond my practice." Of Neptune in Gemini : " Honey and milk are under thy tongue." Many of the quotations in their aptness will draw an appreciative smile from the reader, and many will " by acting as a centre for meditation enable a fuller grasp to be obtained of the inner truth underlying the outer expression." The book should form a part of every astrologer's library ; its purchase will never be regretted. E. M. M.

WHEN IT WAS LIGHT. By Henry Lee Stoddard. Published by The Yogi Publication Society, Chicago, U.S.A.

THIS volume, which bears the sub-title of *The Message of the Stars*, and aims at disclosing the prehistoric mysteries, is an important and erudite work of the kind which those brilliant mystics, Dr. and Mrs. Homer Curtiss, produce in America. Mr. Lee Stoddard is versed in astronomical computations, and by dint of figures, drawings, and much patient research he unveils the deeper meanings underlying the zodiacal signs, their relations to Israel and the camp of the Twelve Tribes, the twelve sons of Jacob and the holy city of St. John. He also shows how the Egyptians reckoned out the calendar year in the architectural design of the Great Pyramid, and points out similar plans in ancient American archæological remains. The author is a most ingenious etymologist. His explanation of Ariel, or the Lion of God, coincides with that given by a modern initiate, Eliphas Levi.

Mr. Lee Stoddard yields us food for reflection, and is himself a new luminary in the sphere of our lost inner Wisdom.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

POEMS OF LOVE AND THE UNKNOWN. By E. Hall Hains. London : Arthur H. Stockwell. Pp. 72. Price 3s. 6d. net.

A CLOUD OF SINGING THINGS. By Honor F. Leeke. London : Erskine Macdonald, Ltd. Pp. 59. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE first of these poets has an extremely facile pen, and it is a pity that she wearies the ear with so many commonplace metres reminiscent of Longfellow and the hymn-books. Her saving grace is a sense of humour, which she uses with good effect in such verses as those entitled " The Judge's Daughter "—

" And even down the garden path a straying pig can stroll,
Yet here she sits in punishment for cakes her brother stole,"—

and in the rousing lines headed " Don't Grouse ! " Her more serious poems often suffer from " wordiness," but a few of them are free from this fault, notably the fragment called " Convent Walls," which tells of what might happen—

" If Love would leave her dreaming world behind,
And all her hidden tenderness would show."

Miss Honor Leeke is not wordy, neither does she indulge in jingling metres, but she is very fond of the trick of repeating the two first lines of a poem at the end, and her work lacks variety. The same tone, or mood, predominates throughout, and though some of the verses written in " Olde Englyshe " have an attractive quaintness, it is a device of which the reader soon tires. The great merit of Miss Leeke's verse is its

songful light-heartedness; it has no trace of the morbid self-analysis which is the bane of so many modern writers. Perhaps her most successful efforts are the really original lines beginning—

“Dusk creeps up with velvet paws and golden eyes,
Silent, mysterious, like a beautiful cat”;

the “Child’s Spring Song”; and the charming colloquy between the sparrow who wished to be changed into a “byrde of Paradise” and his wiser spouse.

Both these writers have a gift worthy of cultivation, but the first should beware of too great facility, and the second of artificial aids to quaintness, which is not always originality.

E. M. M.

THE PARLIAMENT OF BIRDS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Elise Emmons, Author of “Songs for All Seasons,” etc. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, U.S.A. Price \$1.50 net.

THIS book contains a selection of favourite verses by Miss Elise Emmons, many of which have already appeared in the several previous volumes inscribed by her to every season of the year. They now for the first time appear in an American edition, which is dedicated to the authoress’s father, and prefaced by a sympathetic Introduction from the pen of her gifted friend, Lilian Whiting.

Among the best in this large collection are the poems entitled “Spirit Friends,” “Mary Magdalene,” “St. Paul,” and to “Shakespeare.” In spite of unequal metrical value—on occasion—sincerity and ardent good-will illumine all Miss Emmons writes. It is interesting to note her confession that she was unaware until after publication, that she had unconsciously adopted part of Chaucer’s title: *The Assembly of Foules*: or *The Parliament of Birds*. But may I not suggest that some soul akin to Chaucer himself was perchance behind the happy choice? We know he loved “The Small Foules Jargonings.”

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE CRYSTAL AND THE SPHINX. By Douglas Sladen. London: Stanley Paul & Co., Ltd. Pp. 344. Price 7s. 6d. net.

A POETRY is implied in this wildly surprising romance for anyone who remembers Mr. Sladen’s long association with a certain reference book odious to jealous and neglected geniuses and freaks. The wings of fancy have borne him far from the dull desk where any K.C. is more eligible for publicity than “Siamese twins.” He has contrived a remarkable series of surprises for a reader who forgets, under pressure of prosaic life, the pleasure which ingenious deceit can oftentimes innocently afford. Miss N. St. John Montague, an expert crystal gazer, contributes a “foreword,” which shows that she impressed Mr. Sladen with the value of the crystal as an instrument for picturing absent reality, and though Mr. Sladen restricts his fictional use of the crystal to business phenomena (as if it were a highly superior private detective), the mystic mirror richly earns its eponymy.

One may get from this romance reminders of Tutankhamen’s tomb, and recent alchemical discussion, but they do not dislimn a portrait that one cherishes of Mr. Sladen as an original. Beginning with a sort of calculated crudity suggestive of pantomime, he makes us sympathetic with some of his characters, and genuinely interested in the marvellous

inventions to which he attributes the power controlled by the ancient Egyptians in their palmy period. There is a bit of dialogue between a parlourmaid and a Major on p. 326, which is highly ridiculous, but Mr. Sladen understands how to make a love affair delicately pleasing, and to give a harsh egoist's "redeeming feature" a certain charm. In the story a lust for magically guarded power is the cause of grave offences against the Egyptian law concerning old tombs. The author makes a considerable show of knowledge about modern Egypt and an undercurrent of organized lawlessness. He appeals to a wide and a rather naïve public (the "film" public perhaps), but his native shrewdness and humour peep out nevertheless, unintimidated by the catastrophes which he has devised.

W. H. CHESSON.

GAMME SIDÉRALE ET GAMME MUSICALE. By Ernest Britt. Paris: Editions de "Aux Ecoutes," 9 rue Volney. Pp. 47.

IN this small booklet M. Britt presents an interesting and suggestive study of the analogies between the musical and astrological septenary scales, and claims to have rediscovered in their original forms the seven antique "modes," thus proving the Greek and Egyptian diatonic systems to have been identical. He writes, obviously, with knowledge, and though the lay reader may find his argument a little abstruse, there is a good deal in it to interest students of astrology, as well as some musicians. I say "some," because not all musicians, by any means, are occultists, and the appeal of this booklet is primarily to occultists. But almost every one would be attracted by the fascinating and beautiful diagrams with which M. Britt illustrates his theories; while the table setting forth the analogy between the fundamental harmonic scale and the sevenfold constitution of man is worthy of more than casual attention. E. M. M.

IN CONVERSE WITH ANGELS. By Irene Hallam Elliott, Joint Author of "Angels Seen To-day," etc. With an Introduction by the Rev. Robert F. Horton, M.A., D.D. Obtainable from the Author, Snitterby Rectory, Kirton-in-Lindsey, Lincs. London Agents: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

MRS. HALLAM ELLIOTT introduces her book, *In Converse with Angels*, now in its third edition, by quoting from Father Hugh Benson's exquisite work, *The Light Invisible*, these words so clearly descriptive of certain supernormal experiences: "It is not faith that I mean; it is only an intense form of the gift of spiritual perception that God has given me; which gift is common to us all in our measure. It is the faculty by which we verify for ourselves what we have received on authority and hold by faith. Spiritual life consists partly in exercising this faculty."

Mrs. Elliott adds with earnest emphasis that in her own case no such experience has ever "even seemed to contravene Divine Revelation." And in the thirteen beautiful chapters of her book this is abundantly manifest; it is in a way like reading the experiences of some cloistered saint, translated into modern terms. Dr. Robert Horton, who writes the Foreword, adds his assurance that "there are those to-day, as there were at the beginning, who have had 'visions of angels,' and it is their privilege to bear testimony that these holy messengers of God are everywhere at work in the world."

All who have had in some measure a glimpse of that world which lies beyond our curtained senses can enter into the transcendent scenes so vividly yet so simply depicted in these pages. Especially in the *White Watch Tower* does the soul escape for a few brief moments from its earthly fetters and realize the wondrous loveliness of an encompassing Spirit Land, "*having seen something of the joys that await us, and knowing that they are all much more real than we can possibly comprehend. . . .*"

The book is inscribed to little Dorothea, the child whose miraculous story shows her to have been in a very special sense the Gift of Heaven.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE MEN'S HOUSE : Masonic Papers and Addresses. By Joseph Fort Newton. Cr. 8vo, pp. 261. London : George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. Price 8s. 6d. net.

It is said in one of the advertisements attached to this volume that the earliest Masonic publication of Dr. Fort Newton, entitled *THE BUILDERS*, is "the most widely read Masonic book of modern times," and he mentions himself that it has been translated into four or five languages. I was the first to make it known in England, in the pages of this magazine, and have never modified the high opinion which was expressed then concerning it. There is thus no need to say that to me, as to others, a second contribution on the same subject from the same pen is sure of its welcome beforehand. The papers which make up the present issue represent a selection from a more considerable group which Dr. Fort Newton has written for the American periodical press, but they have been so classified as to form an ordered whole. The first part deals with principles, the second with practice, and this is followed by studies of five notable personalities, including Albert Pike. At the end are four papers, brought together under the subtitle of Prophecy, because they look forward, whether it be to the harvest of an earthly life well spent ; to the solemn presages of death and the faith that sees it through ; to this same faith in its other aspect, contemplating those who have gone before on the soul's great adventure ; or that which stands for all, the eternal hope, the radiant bow of promise, communicating in the least degree its precious intimations of immortality, but realizations at the highest of resurrection to everlasting life. Enough has been said to show that here is good work and true, such as is required for the building of temples not made with hands, and such as their overseers have orders to receive and deliver to the builders. It will be better for those who are concerned to read for themselves rather than to hear further by way of enumeration on my part. There are essays on the mission of Masonry, considered as a great "league of sympathy and justice" ; on its higher ministry, setting the feet of man on the Rock of Ages, with his face towards the City of God ; and on Masonry as one of the forms of religious life, resting on spiritual realities and initiating into the eternal things that are here and now. If the best kind of books are those that make us feel better because we have read them, this story of the "Men's House" must be counted one of them. Moreover, there is not one line or word which would not apply and appeal equally to any House of Women built up on the same principles ; nor is it necessary to be entered, passed and raised in order to accept its message.

A. E. WAITE.

MAJJHIMA-NIKĀYA OF GOTAMA THE BUDDHA. Translated by Bhikkhu Silācāra. Oskar Schloss Verlag, München-Neubiberg. Pp. 317.

THIS work contains the first fifty pieces in the Collection of Gautama's Medium-Length Discourses, now done into English from the Pāli by the Bhikkhu Silācāra. It is not merely a work of translation in the most limited sense of the term: it is rather a paraphrase—a free and abridged rendering, with portions of the Commentary incorporated where such additions are helpful to the primary purpose of conveying clearly and concisely the exact meaning of the original. It should, therefore, be of unusual interest and value to the student. How far the Bhikkhu Silācāra's method has led him from the strict letter of the original text may be judged by reference to the close and full rendering of the first three Discourses which is given as an Appendix for this purpose.

The volume in hand is a second edition. It is beautifully printed and produced, and is a credit to the publisher. There is no indication of the price of the book, nor of any source from which it may be had in England; but doubtless full particulars on these points can be obtained on application to Munich.

With the Discourses themselves it is neither necessary nor possible to deal critically here. They are essays in metaphysical discussion through the medium of Socratic dialogue; and, while the reasoning does not always carry conviction and the repetitions are often highly irritating in their fullness and detail, there is little in these pieces that the modern mystic will reject. Such difference of opinion as they may provoke will be mainly a difference in terminology: for their essential substance is the common basis of all mystical doctrine. COLIN STILL.

THE HEART OF THE NEW THOUGHT. Written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Twentieth thousand. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C.4. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is a new and improved edition of what ought to be one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's most popular works, as it is one of her most characteristic. It will carry its appeal to her own particular public, and maybe the seed will blow into farther fields and gardens also.

From the opening page with its cheery slogan, "Let the Past Go!" to the closing paragraph urging the value of deeds rather than words, she rings the changes on her bright and genial philosophy. She shoots arrows of scorn into hoarders and wearers of old clothing, saying: "It is useless to say that you cannot afford new garments. It is because you have harped upon this idea that you are still in straitened circumstances."

This will be good news to many "dress-artists!" Her remarks on the general tendency toward over-eating are very much to the point. But the advice to drink three or four quarts of milk each day is counsel that certainly could not safely be followed by every one. For milk is emphatically an item of diet which is "one man's meat and another man's poison." Perhaps this is a question of electrons!

A strong thread of common sense runs through the whole book. Life's influences are cumulative, and, in the author's own words: "We must first make ourselves over; after absolute control of our minds has been obtained, then, and only then, may we hope to influence circumstances and health."

EDITH K. HARPER.

AN ARTIST IN THE GREAT BEYOND. By Violet Burton. Published by Hutchinson. 142 pages. Price 4s. 6d.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE BURTON received, in 1851, the gold medal of the Royal Academy, and his "Wounded Cavalier" was hung on the line in 1856 (though without his name), next to Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat." He lived to the age of ninety, and, though always frail and ultra-sensitive, produced much important artistic work even in extreme old age. He seems to have been, as Mr. Spielmann writes, a "noble spirit with a holy mind." So close was the spiritual tie between him and his daughter Violet that he was able to write through her these very illuminating experiences of his in the hereafter, first through the Teacher known as Father John, later on directly from himself.

Burton describes with deep remorse how he became conscious of the faults of his old self, and how he undertook the task of helping a very unprepossessing man, stunted in mind and body. Both helper and helped slowly progressed upwards—not without effort, but when most despondent, help always came, sometimes in the radiant form of Father John, sometimes through other Teachers.

One of the Radiant Teachers sent was St. Francis of Assisi, who had much power, as on earth he had loved all, but his decisive voice surprised Burton, until he realized that it was because St. Francis was so absolutely sure that "God must be right, must know best and could *not fail* to carry

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ROSA M. BARRETT.

GHOSTS AND MARVELS: A SELECTION OF UNCANNY TALES. Edited by V. H. Collins, with an Introduction by M. R. James. 6 in. x 4 in., pp. xvi+506. Oxford University Press. 1924. Price: Cloth, 2s. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net.

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CONCERNING CHRIST. By A. H. McNeile, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, &c., &c. Author of "He Led Captivity Captive," &c., &c. Second Edition. Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

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EDITH K. HARPER.

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