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THE
OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."

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VOL. XLVI NOVEMBER 1927 No. 5

NOTES OF THE MONTH

WITNESSES bearing testimony to the reality of the spiritual world not only deliver their messages in divers forms, but sometimes come forward from the most unexpected quarters. By way of illustration take the case of the well-known novelist, Bernard Hamilton. Hitherto, in the mind of the present writer, as doubtless in the minds of many readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, the name of this author has been more especially associated with the title of his brilliant historical romance of the French Revolution, *The Giant*, now, I believe, in its sixth edition. Others may remember him for equally interesting if somewhat less popular earlier novels, for he is no stranger to the fiction-reading public. It was therefore only natural that when my attention was drawn to the announcement of another work from the pen of Bernard Hamilton, *One World at a Time*,* I should at once have concluded that this was the title of a new novel, probably one more attack, in the guise of fiction, upon the long-suffering investigators of occult and psychical matters. On this occasion, however, the author has ventured into an entirely fresh field.

*London: Hurst & Blackett, Ltd. 15s. net.

The present volume is apparently one of a projected series. The publishers in their announcement on the flyleaf classify it as the first of a collection under the title of "Books of Truth." This, in itself, does not offer much of a clue as to the nature of the contents. Truth is a diamond of so many facets that almost any aspect might come within the scope of the author's theme as indicated by his title. As it is, the three hundred and twenty pages which comprise the volume cover so much ground that the work is subdivided not only into Books I to VII, but these Books are divided into parts, and these, again, into chapters. The work constitutes, in fact, a comprehensive survey of the whole field of occultism, psychical research, religion and philosophy—a tall order. "I began to indite a brochure," says Mr. Hamilton. "I find I have written a book—some attempt to link together—to co-ordinate most Western religions by the light of the cardinal fact—that there exist, fundamentally, only Spirit and Matter."

It is confessedly on account of the undue preponderance of matter in the consciousness of modern civilized humanity that the author found his incentive to undertake his present task. That he deals with the follies and facts of religion "in a manner more facile than usual," while it may jar the sensibilities of the serious student, is nevertheless admirably contrived to catch the eye and hold the attention of those who seek entertainment rather than enlightenment, and who would otherwise turn from the book as being dull and without interest. It is this class which it is more than ever desirable to reach.

Even the title is likely to be challenged by the more critical mind. It suggests nothing so much as concentration upon the material world in which we find ourselves, and a call for each to make the best that he or she can of it, and leave the rest to fate. The purpose of the author, however, is far otherwise, as will duly become apparent.

The title is based on the recollection of a conversation which Bernard Hamilton had some twenty-five years ago with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in the course of which the famous creator of "Sherlock Holmes" remarked, in reference to Spiritualism, that "one world at a time" was quite sufficient. Conan Doyle was not, then, convinced of the facts which Spiritualism sets out to substantiate.

"One world at a time. . . . Now Conan Doyle has made a *volte face*. He wants two worlds in one. This is not good."

Here is the motif of that section of the author's comments which deals with modern Spiritualism. Bernard Hamilton stands in no need of being convinced of the actual facts. He had contacted psychical phenomena before he met Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. "I never mentioned them to him," he explains, "because he obviously would not at that time have taken any interest in them. About then was the Boer War, and we were more keen on the foundation of a rifle club."

Like many others, Bernard Hamilton gravely questions the policy of broadcasting Spiritualism, and in his view Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has incurred a serious responsibility. He calls for co-ordination, restraint, and wisdom in the direction of the movement, and deprecates what he terms the mixing of the planes. "One world at a time."

So far as this particular branch of his subject is concerned, there is a little need to traverse the author's ground, which has at different times been covered already in the editorial columns of this magazine.

THE MENACE OF LUXURY.

The publicity campaign on behalf of Spiritualism carried on so zealously by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, however, was only a partial factor in determining Mr. Hamilton to break the silence in regard to his own experiences and views, which he had kept for upwards of forty years. It was the menace of "an enormous oncoming tidal wave of sensuous, luxury-loving materialism" which decided him to speak whereof he claims to know. "I enter the witness-box," he says, "as Evidence for the existence of the spiritual world. I do not care a jot whether I am believed or not. . . . But it is time the public had some sense of order about the 'things of the Spirit.'"

Looking around him he found on every hand those extravagances and excesses which are symptomatic of the impending decay of an over-cultivated civilisation—Cubist and Futurist art, so called, inspired by mental aberration; music degenerating into jazz; the theatre "catering for the money-spending public with a taste for jingles and female flesh"; the artist driven to find a market in advertisement; literature the servant of sensationalism; everywhere excitement and hysteria.

Fortunately there is the other side of the picture.

"We shall get back to type. Externals never matter. Essentials matter. A public consciousness of this prime fact is becoming increasingly evident.

"The East has ever seen essentials more clearly than the West. They assess riches, display, and pleasure at their true worth. A poor man is not despised because he is poor. And this is now the tendency in the West too. It is the secret of the campaign against Capitalism. The East is not all supine, nor the West all-wise.

"The Western world is waking up to the fact that reason is very limited, that 'shibboleths' are meaningless, and that within, not without, lies the Kingdom of God."

One of the most interesting sections of the book is that devoted to an account of the author's inner life—his psychic history, as he calls it. The experiences involved have hitherto been regarded by him as private, even sacred. There is still a proportion which he is unable even now to reveal, having been imparted to him under the seal of secrecy.

In his college days Bernard Hamilton became a Moody and Sankey convert. He supposes that he was hypnotised, although he did not recognise it as such at the time. Apparently the effect lasted about a week, at the end of which period, he writes, "I came to my senses, and out of my first sincere adult religious illusion. I suppose, if there had been someone more tactful to handle me, the hallucination would have lasted much longer."

Perhaps there was indeed nothing more in it than hypnotism, although an experience of the present writer at a very tender age with the same evangelists raises the question whether something more might not have been involved.

MOODY AND SANKEY

I was a child of not more than eight years at the time. Nevertheless, the peculiar circumstances in connection with the incident are indelibly impressed upon my memory. Two boys rather older than myself persuaded me to go with them, more for amusement than anything else, to a Moody and Sankey meeting at a local chapel. We paid little or no attention either to the singing or address. I have, in fact, no recollection now of either of these evangelists, so slight was the impression which the service made upon me.

Apparently, at the conclusion of the meeting, the preachers invited converts to the penitent form in the vestry. It is at this point that my memory remains extremely vivid. To my consternation I found myself the victim of a conspiracy on the part of my youthful companions, who jointly hustled me, in spite of my protests, out of the pew. A young lady noticed the disturb-

ance, and taking pity on one whom she believed to be a shy little convert, took me by the hand, ignoring my frantic efforts to free myself, and led me to the vestry. My childish plight was terrible ! I had neither the slightest wish nor intention of being " converted." Indeed, it would have been difficult to find a more harmless and unsophisticated child. I was given into the charge of a zealous young man who invited me to kneel beside him while he prayed. Utterly confounded, I obeyed, when I was immediately overwhelmed by an irresistible feeling of contrition. I shed copious and genuine tears ; and finally, after pledging myself to God in some formula which I have since entirely forgotten, I surprised my parents by telling them, when I reached home after the episode, that I had been " saved." Again I forget the details, but I still remember clearly the glow which suffused me for two or three days afterwards, and my efforts to be " good." In some manner, for which to this day I have been unable to account satisfactorily to myself, my consciousness was undoubtedly intensified and raised above the normal. It was *not* mere hallucination. Evangelistic doctrine or belief had no part in it. Nor was it all emotionalism. May it not be that the sensitive, unsullied vehicles of children sometimes register impressions which the deadening effect of time makes it almost impossible to recover in later years ? I think that most of us, if we look back, will find in the days of early childhood, some trace, however slight, of those " clouds of glory," trailing which the poet says we come into incarnation. To remember such occasions, to dwell upon and cherish the memory of such incidents, to endeavour as far as may be to reinstate the mood, is to follow a line of least resistance, and to facilitate the realignment of the lower with the Higher Self.

The natural bent of young Hamilton was in the direction of " holy orders." He was unable, however, to find what he wanted in organized religion, in regard to which he has some extremely blunt criticisms to make. He sees the Church as a great modern industry retailing salaries to its staff. Systems of religion, he contends, are the most important monopolies in the world. Many men live by their means in palaces, deaneries, rectories, and so on. The great ones of the Church are really Chairmen of Boards of Directors. Various ancillary trades are dependent upon them : newspapers, printers, papermakers, architects, masons, carpenters, artists, and many others. " They are alike freeholders, holders of advowsons, incumbencies, and cemeteries. On this real estate they have employees ; faithful

females flock to them, especially to the curate, and for them boys play pranks in choirs."

The great barrier in young Hamilton's case, however, was his inability conscientiously to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, which, he says, he found a matter more of disappointment than disgust.

" Can any clergyman," he asks, " believe, literally, the Thirty-nine Articles, now that there is so great an advance in thought ?

" Surely there must be some loop-hole—some private ' mental reservation.'

" Is perjury, by the connivance of the obliquities of ecclesiastical etiquette, openly permitted ? Or is it that ' the end justifies the means ? ' "

As the author points out, the honour of a gentleman would not permit him to condone doubt on such a point. He goes on to remark that the circumstances under which the oath is now administered and received do not come within the meaning of the Thirty-ninth Article. " Does the Anglican Church," he continues, " deliberately allow ' terminological inexactitudes ? ' " He would, he says, sooner " sign on " to the real Catholic Church of Rome, if he had to sign with any mental reservation. Almost he is persuaded to become a Roman Catholic. He compares the priesthood of the Anglican and the Roman Churches, to the decided advantage of the latter. " Look," he exclaims, " at what this great Church of Rome has recently done.

" She has emerged from the anarchy of war triumphant ! Her priests, psychologically, have become spiritualised. The rigidity of her doctrinal discipline does not seem to matter. ' Faith ' has won the day.

" It is the Protestants who have to account for themselves. They are stunned, for their root is in ' reason.' And this basis of ' reason ' is shattered.

" The Mass is a miracle. It is held also by the Anglo-Catholic Party in the Church of England. You can at all events respect, if you cannot credit it.

" Can we accept the commands of Mother-Church ? Personally, I cannot. But I should like to. For once certain dogmas are accepted, the Holy Catholic Church is not only freely intellectual, but mystic and comforting. I am now ' remembered in the mass ' in a certain Benedictine Abbey, for

which Brotherhood I have a profound affection. But the dogmas are the difficulty.

"The Soul of Rome revived is very great. Who would deny to Holy Church enormous power? It is a world-wide concentration of spiritual force.

"I believe that if the Holy Catholic Church would allow —by Bull from the Holy Father—that the mysteries of Holy Church could be taken in a philosophic or symbolic sense, as well as in a literal sense, she could re-establish her rule over nearly all Christendom, with ease."

To enter the Church, however, was not to be our author's destiny. Whilst in a state of what might almost be described as agnosticism, he made the acquaintance of a mysterious "Mr. X," who indicated to him that a certain society was on the right line. "No more than that. Just that." The allusion, presumably, is to the Theosophical Society.

X. was a man of remarkable powers, to judge by the few hints that Bernard Hamilton throws out in regard to him. All he is able to say of him, even now—for he was sworn to strict secrecy—is summed up in his statement that he was possessed of powers which "with perfect justice could be termed 'white magic.'" Without any hocus-pocus or apparatus whatever, he says, his spiritual eyes were opened, and he was shown himself, his own soul, and the souls of others, and this under quite ordinary conditions. Presumably X. was the instrument for bringing him in contact with Theosophy, "as it was in the beginning."

THEOSOPHY IN EARLY DAYS.

To the student of Theosophical origins the present work, if for no other reason, is valuable for the additional light it throws upon the remarkable and puzzling personality of the mysterious H. P. Blavatsky.

It should be remarked, before proceeding further, that it was the philosophy, not the phenomena, which attracted young Hamilton. A reading of *Esoteric Buddhism* brought him in touch with the late A. P. Sinnett; but his first impressions of the Theosophical Society were not altogether favourable. "At first," he says, "I am sorry to say that the Theosophical Society bored me to tears. It seemed as if one was in for the well-mannered, harmless, tea-fighting sort of amiable ladies' societies. But there posed a dark-skinned prophet sunning himself in their midst. Was it for profit?"

"The dark-skinned prophet," of course, was Mohini M. Chatterji, a reputed chela. Hamilton, however, grew tired of London drawing-room meetings, and determined to seek wisdom at the fountain-head. H.P.B. herself was then at Ostend with her devoted companion, the Countess Wachtmeister, so thither he arranged to go.

If the attraction for Bernard Hamilton had indeed lain in the phenomena, this visit to Ostend would have disillusioned him. "My first visit," he frankly admits, "was very disappointing. Beyond the statement that she saw certain things and people in my 'aura,' I saw nothing miraculous in the squat figure and Tartar eyes of H.P.B. No flowers floated from the ceiling for me—no occult bell tinkled—nothing. Being still an enquirer without being a disciple, perhaps I was considered one 'of little faith.'

"But when Captain T. also arrived, a burly Guardsman, reputed rich, there was a 'miracle' forthcoming—to which I was witness.

"Madame Blavatsky, the Countess, the captain, and I had just finished lunch when the stout H.P.B. arose, all in a tremor. She moved about in an agitated way, giving it to be understood she felt a message from the Master.

"She nosed about like a questing hound, making search here and there, for all the world like Mrs. Kendal in *The Scrap of Paper*.

"At last her face lit up. She made a dash at getting on a chair; she was making for a gasolier over the centre of the luncheon-table.

"She scrambled on to the table itself, and put her fingers into the central cup then usual in T-piece gasoliers. From this cup she plucked a piece of tissue paper.

"With manifest delight she took it down to read. One could see that it was a cigarette paper.

"'Ha!' said she. 'I was right. Of course I was right. I knew I could not be mistaken.'

"She read the message out. It was quite trivial, and imported nothing, but I think it was addressed to Captain T. From a Mahatma. Certainly not to me.

"All abuzz with excitement, she said, 'Look you! I could not have put it there—possibly. Could I?'

" Poor dear! She forgot that she had that very instant taken it down from 'there.' And, corpulent as she was, what she had taken down from the gasolier hurriedly she could certainly have put up at her leisure."

Naturally Hamilton's faith was severely shaken; but he came to know H.P.B. extremely intimately as time went on, and he is convinced that it was nothing but her eager, impulsive desire to gain converts that made her commit such foolish errors.

When Madame Blavatsky came from Ostend to stay at Norwood, the society showed signs of languishing. At this juncture the Blavatsky Lodge was formed. " It was somewhat exclusive," Mr. Hamilton admits. But " the new group was desperately in earnest. . . . We were, in sober fact, the Re-founders; we were the new living force. The credit is chiefly due to the two Keightleys, Bertram and Archibald. This movement was the real foundation of all that has come after. There is no doubt of that. Mrs. Besant was not of it, and had nothing to do with it."

When H.P.B. took up her abode at Lansdowne Road, the three disciples, with the Countess Wachtmeister, established a sort of lamasery there. The members of the little community were abstainers from alcohol and meat. Bertram Keightley had a cabinet in which he shut himself up, permitting no one to enter, and in which he was supposed to cultivate his personal magnetism. There they remained for some seven months or more, the closest of disciples of H.P.B. But Bernard Hamilton confesses that they did little more than absorb atmosphere.

Nevertheless, it was evidently a period of training, of tutelage. The subject of these reminiscences himself, at any rate, found his inner eye " getting uncannily open." It was scarcely possible to live for several months in contiguity with the aura of Madame Blavatsky without noticing some effect. " For months," Hamilton tells us, " I had been under conditions of tutelage. Not of H.P.B., but in her current. The current of some power which obviously lay behind her. She was a link, a conduit. . . . H.P.B. was no *dea ex*, but occult influence was hidden behind her."

At last came a time when our author, to use his own words, effected a friendly separation from the lamasery, in order to take up normal life once more. This period turned out to be one of the main crises in his career. Two remarkable experiences befell him.

The first was a terrifying encounter with that astral entity familiar to the student of occultism under the name of the Dweller on the Threshold.

"At night, in the black dark," he writes, "I woke up suddenly, surprised, in utter horror.

THE DREAD "DWELLER."

"Fierce fingers were at my throat. They tore and clung and struggled to throttle me.

"I had desperate difficulty in releasing myself. The obvious intention was to strangle.

"It was anything but a dream. I bore the marks in the morning—the claw-marks of the 'Dweller on the Threshold.'"

In the absence of any comment on the part of the author as to the significance of this dread experience, it would appear, from what subsequently followed, that it was necessary for the subject of this ordeal to overcome once for all this malignant creation of a forgotten past before freedom of the subtler planes could be his.

The next happening occurred on the following night. The author is emphatic on the point of its being an actual fact. "Be sure," he insists, "first of all that this vision was no delirium. And please do not run away with the idea that it was only a blinding flash of self-illuminating introspection. It was real as a table or a toothache. It is sane fact—hard fact."

Frankly, the record leaves one with the impression that the experience was of a psychic rather than a spiritual nature. Its significance appears to lie rather in the author's subjective reaction than in the phenomenon itself. Baldly put, he found himself one night free of the physical body. But let him tell his own story.

"I was lying on my back, in bed, in the dark. I was fully conscious and clear-headed, and attentive."

"Suddenly I became aware that, from the region of the diaphragm, there was arising a milky film, which, in almost pyramid-shape, concentrated densely about three feet above my body as it lay supine. . . .

"At the top of these diaphanous filaments, and knitting all (as it might be the top of a bell-tent) was a strong light. Into this node of light my consciousness passed. My identity was no longer with the body, my real self was hovering—floating in mid-air.

As already intimated, the significance of this experience lay rather in the author's reaction, in his inner choice. He knew, intuitively, that he was offered the opportunity of passing out of the normal life—to "pass out" or "die" Bernard Hamilton himself believes, although we think personally the choice lay really between the "old" life and the "new." However that may be, he decided to stay where he was. "I was," he remarks, "conscious that the decision rested all with me. But I could see it no other way. I must, with sincere regret, remain."

The decision made, the consciousness instantly returned to the physical body. "For me," he continues, with all candour, "the issue was now clear. I resumed the normal life and diet. I had solved the problem. I had no special 'call,' no 'vocation.' There remained only a life-long, silent devotion to my own private spiritual 'Mentor'—so I will call Him."

Thus was concluded a memorable episode. On the path of occultism as on that of mysticism, there is room for no half-measures. These lead only to disaster. The Spirit of man cannot serve two masters. "The real disciple gives up his personality to God for good, for ever."

But once the choice has been made, the old life never satisfies. The sacrifice, if it can so be called, is well worth while.

THE EDITOR.

OBSESSION

By **HORACE LEAF, F.R.G.S.**, Author of *The Psychology and Development of Mediumship*, etc.

PART I.

WITH the advancement of modern civilisation, insanity and nervous disorders have increased with alarming rapidity. Apart from improving the conditions in which insane people are confined, and to some extent removing the terrible stigma under which they have for so long laboured, medical science has, on the whole, been unable to cope with the increase.

The reason for this unfortunate state of affairs is obvious. A large number of mental and nervous disorders are not accompanied by any observable change in the brain and nervous system. To a branch of science mainly empirical, and which nearly always seeks for physiological explanations of psychological states, this presents grave difficulties; and unless it is finally established that every psychical change is accompanied by a physiological change, little alteration in the present state of affairs can be expected.

An alienist connected with one of the largest public asylums in the West Indies recently informed me that he had held post-mortem examinations on hundreds of individuals who had died insane, and in most cases he had been unable to discover, after the closest microscopical inspection, the slightest abnormality in the cerebral structure. The difficulty became more complicated when he found that those who died suffering from the most acute manias frequently had the most healthy-looking brains.

Insistence on a physical basis for mental derangement has led to the belief that where there is no apparent cause it must be attributed to perverted metabolism, primarily toxemia, a poisonous condition of the blood. Evidence in support of this is sought for in cases where the removal of bodies such as decayed teeth, giving rise to toxins, has been followed by a restoration of mental health. But this by no means accounts for all instances, as cures have been made where toxic bodies have remained undisturbed until after recovery, and in many cases of acute insanity no defective organs have been found.

Where insanity suddenly develops and suddenly disappears, toxemia must remain a doubtful cause. It is difficult to account

for so great a change in metabolism as is necessary to induce a grave mental unbalancement, and an equally striking recovery therefrom. As a rule, considerable toxin can be maintained in the bloodsteam without in any way affecting the mind—a fact which appears to apply to perverted metabolism generally.

It may eventually be necessary for neurologists to become more definitely psychologists, and to seek for mental causes in mental diseases. Even if it should be established that physiological changes invariably accompany psychological changes, the cause may be found to be in the mind, and the present habit of regarding the body as primary, and the consciousness as secondary, should be reversed. To do this would impose no strain on either reason or logic. A consideration of the relative qualities of mind and body seems almost to demand the recognition of their fundamental independence of each other.

Two more unlike things are inconceivable. Body possesses none of the attributes which belong to the mind. No physical object, for example, can be thought of that does not possess size, weight, form and colour, while no mind can be rationally conceived as possessing them. The mystery is how such different substances ever came together to function so effectively. One is almost disposed to agree with the philosopher who considered this fact alone as sufficient to prove the existence of God. It is a miracle.

Probably the greatest objection that can be raised against this point of view is that it shifts the enquiry into the cause of insanity from the visible to the invisible. We cannot see the mind ; but we can see the body. The argument is a strong one, if only by virtue of having the whole trend of science behind it. Man always feels more at home among objects of sense than among objects of thought. One almost instinctively feels uncomfortable when attempting to face the problem of Life itself. Science tightens up this prejudice in favour of matter ; but the severity of a legitimate task is a poor reason for shirking it. In view of the present condition of psychiatry it seems imperative that such an effort should be made in an organised way. The medical faculty's acknowledged duty is to explore every avenue to help those who put almost slavish confidence in it.

The present situation in psycho-pathology is so deplorable that one is forced to conclude that so long as the physiological theory is adhered to, little further progress is likely to be made. Dr. William Hanna Thomson, whose whole life has been given

up to the practice of medicine and diseases of the nervous system, referring to Tuke's *Dictionary of Psychological Medicine*, points out that the contributors to this great work are some of the most eminent professors in the world, almost every country having been ransacked to obtain the opinions of the leading authorities. Yet in the articles on kleptomania, dipsomania, chronic mania, melancholia, puerperal insanity, homicidal insanity and epilepsy, not one word is said about pathological anatomy, " for the simple reason that none of these forms of insanity shows any pathological or diseased condition in the brain different from the sound brain of a healthy man killed in an accident."

Merely to describe the symptoms of disease and to classify them is no great help to their cure. There is plenty of evidence that qualified diagnosticians often fail to cure by orthodox means, while unqualified ones succeed.

One theory of the cause of insanity that has been almost completely dropped in the Western World in that of obsession. Only here and there is found a medical man bold enough to suggest that this may account for some mental disorders. It has grown out of fashion largely because of the prevailing habit of the Westerner to think that the opinions of older civilisations must be wrong. Although a large percentage of insane people positively assert that obsession is their trouble, no attention is paid to them. Being insane, they are not supposed to be able to form a correct judgment on most things, least of all on the cause of their own disorder. If they state that they are the victims of invisible persecuting intelligences, this is immediately regarded as one of their illusions, and treated as such.

In many instances the doctor may not have the slightest idea of the cause of the disorder, and could not if he tried prove that the verdict of the patient was wrong, although persistence in his orthodox methods may fail utterly to improve the patient.

This is something of the point of view taken by Dr. Carl A. Wickland, Principal of the National Psychological Institute, Los Angeles, California. Dr. Wickland is a qualified alienist who for nearly forty years has devoted himself to the study and treatment of mental and nervous disorders. During most of that period he has believed obsession to be a pregnant cause of insanity, and by acting in accordance with this theory has restored numerous patients to health when all other methods have failed. So convinced is he of the value of his theory that he is travelling through Europe with a party of other medical men, some of

whom, knowing the nature of his work, are as anxious as himself to attract the attention of orthodox science to his method.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a qualified doctor of medicine, was so impressed with what he witnessed of Dr. Wickland's system, that he believes if Dr. Wickland succeeds in gaining the favour of the medical world he will rank among the foremost medical benefactors of the race.

It would also be a testimony to the common-sense of our primitive ancestors if it should ultimately be proved that mental abnormalities may arise from the influence exerted by some of the " millions of spiritual creatures " that Milton tells us " walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

Dr. Wickland is in good company even if orthodox neurologists refuse to listen to him. Numerically that company numbers millions even to-day, and has included in its ranks many of the world's most celebrated characters. Among the ancients may be mentioned Homer, Socrates, David, St. Anthony and Christ ; among the moderns, Professor William James, Professor James Hyslop, and Dr. Webster, of the medical section of the American Medical Association, who declares that he has " often seen the spirits who cause insanity. At times I hear their voices. Insane persons who are spoken of as hopelessly insane are frequently lost under the overwhelming control of a spirit or crowd of spirits. We frequently find by post-mortem examination that no physical disorder exists in the brain or nervous system of such persons."

Dr. Wickland's method appears to contain nothing really original, except perhaps the way in which he dispossesses the patient of the obsessing influence. This part is mainly performed by Mrs. Wickland, who acts as the " psychic sensitive," while static electricity also is used. All that he claims to have discovered about the obsessing entities has been known since prehistoric times by those who claim to have spoken on the subject with authority. He maintains that many people when they die do not immediately quit the earth, but continue in some way to keep in touch with it, endeavouring to gratify their desires which are essentially of a terrene nature. Many are in a state of sleep, others lost and confused. Most are unaware that they have died.

Ordinary living people are surrounded by an emanation or " magnetic light," which appears to attract the disembodied, who, lacking physical bodies through which to satisfy their earthly propensities, attach themselves, consciously or unconsciously,

to these magnetic auras, and through them find means of gratifying their desires. When this attachment becomes very strong the luckless individual is in danger of being obsessed. He becomes susceptible to the thoughts, emotions, and feelings of the obsessing influence, and may in turn react on it in a similar way.

No one is immune from this danger, purity of life and high motive being no real safeguard. This, no doubt, is meant to account for the large number of decent people who suffer from insanity, often showing in their unbalanced state characteristics quite foreign to their normal conduct. Dr. Wickland claims that recognition and treatment of obsession are the only real safeguards against this kind of mental disorder. There are, however, conducive conditions, including predisposed susceptibility, a depleted system and sudden shock. When the vital forces are low access becomes easier for the invading spirit. Nobody seems safe. One is tempted to ask where any person's consciousness ends and that of invisible entities begins, even with the best of us. Dr. Wickland's explanation is bold and comprehensive: "A great portion of unbidden thoughts, emotions, strange forebodings, gloomy moods, irritabilities, unreasoning impulses, irrational outbursts of temper, uncontrollable infatuations and countless other mental vagaries," which afflict most people, may spring from this invisible source!

The interaction is extremely subtle, neither subject nor object necessarily being aware of the operation, although we may reasonably suppose that the obsessing spirit is more likely to be conscious of what is taking place than the afflicted person. This may, of course, not be so, as in our ordinary life various reactions take place constantly in our own persons without our being aware of them.

Dr. Wickland was first led to his conclusions by observing that people who interested themselves in psychical research often suffered from mental derangement. These people were generally ignorant of the proper way to conduct psychic experiments and usually began by seemingly harmless indulgence in automatic writing and the ouija board. This, he declares, frequently resulted in wild insanity.

The first of these cases was that of a lady whose attempts at automatic writing altered her whole personality. From being amiable, pious, quiet and refined, she became boisterous and noisy, romping about and dancing and using vile language. In this condition she claimed to be an actress and insisted on dressing

for the stage. Finally she became irresponsible and drifted into an asylum.

More interesting is his account of how he discovered that his wife was a psychic sensitive and able to be obsessed by spirits without harm befalling her. This immunity he attributed to the influence of other invisible entities whom he designates " Guiding Intelligences."

He left home one day without any intention of immediately beginning his first dissecting work. On arriving at the college, however, he found that he was required to help in the dissecting of the lateral half of the body of a man. Dr. Wickland set upon dissecting one of the legs. Returning home in the evening his wife was taken suddenly ill, and complaining of feeling strange, staggered as though about to fall. As he placed his hand on her shoulder for the purpose of steadying her, she drew herself up, and, assuming the air of another intelligence, demanded with a threatening gesture to know, " What do you mean by cutting me ? "

The doctor answered that he was not aware of cutting anybody.

" Of course you are," declared his wife indignantly. " You are cutting my leg."

Some parleying took place, and the doctor concluded that his wife was possessed by the spirit of the man whose body he had just been dissecting. The strange personality did not at first realise that it was acting through another individual's organism and that it was dead. Eventually a more friendly attitude seems to have been adopted by the spirit who, after asking for a chew of tobacco and stating he was dying for a smoke, took his departure. On being restored to her normal condition, Mrs. Wickland knew nothing of what had taken place, and had no knowledge that her husband had been dissecting a man's leg that day.

This is only one of many equally impressive cases, the data of which have been carefully collated during the last thirty years.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CASE FOR REINCARNATION

By CHARLES WHITBY

NOT stark justice merely, but infinitely bounteous love is the supreme law of the universe. This being true—and what can be more certain ?—we should not say, as is often said, that the doctrine of reincarnation *must* be accepted, because otherwise God is unjust. But this much we may properly say, that since the reaping in this of what we have sown in previous lives appears just and reasonable, since it contradicts nothing we know, since it accords well with the observed methods of Nature, since the belief in it must make for a higher morality, since it has been taught by many sages and denied, I think, by none, therefore there is a strong presumption in its favour. "In countries where incarnation and karma are taken for granted by every peasant and labourer, the belief," says Dr. Annie Besant, "spreads a certain quiet acceptance of inevitable troubles that conduces much to the calm and contentment of ordinary life. A man, overwhelmed by misfortunes, rails neither against God nor against his neighbours, but regards his troubles as the results of his own mistakes and ill-doings." Of this karmic process, which, weighing good and evil, requites each with utter justice, the Lord Buddha, in Arnold's *Light of Asia*, says :

> Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
> Which none at last can turn aside or stay ;
> The heart of it is Love, the end of it
> Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey !

Some good folk, zealous for the purity of doctrine, look askance at the theory of reincarnation, as not explicitly sanctioned by the New Testament. But we should seek there the essentials of the Christian *life*, not a compendium of super-physical knowledge. We have the Master's own word for it that even His disciples were told only what they were ready "to bear." And *they* may have been told more than they were permitted to publish to the world. So, too, the Buddha answered only questions he deemed relevant to progress in his path. In the days of our Lord, it may well have seemed inopportune to moot this problem of rebirth, until the stubbornly-material Western mind had been familiarized with the idea of a future life of *some* kind, happy or miserable, according to one's merit or default. But now that the fear of hell has lost much of its

deterrent power, some such disciplinary belief as this of the karmic doctrine is needed to replace it, and therefore I believe it will return. Return, I say, because, after all, rebirth and karmic retribution are integral factors of that wonderful body of transcendental wisdom, the *Vedânta*, which, ante-dating Christianity by who knows how many centuries, is the bedrock of our Indo-European civilization.

To many, including so unlikely a sympathiser as the late Prof. Huxley, one of the strongest arguments for reincarnation is its analogy with other rhythmic processes in Nature. Perhaps the best, as it is the nearest, example, is that of our own lives, with their sequence of days of wakeful activity, severed by nights of slumber and dream. The resemblance of sleep and death is a commonplace of poetry: every night when we close our eyes we rehearse that greater surrender. Every day is a short life, every life but a longer day. Sleep and waking, birth and death, ebb and flow, contraction and expansion: such rhythms pervade the universe.

One hears now and then of people who claim to remember their last earth-life. My late friend Mr. Montague Powell, in his *Studies in the Lesser Mysteries*, says that an officer he knew remembered how, being a functionary at the Court of a Pharaoh, and having fled with a dancing-girl into the desert, they were overwhelmed by a sand-storm, despite his efforts to protect her. One night at a conversazione of the Royal Society, seeing a girl staring at him, he felt impelled to move towards her. She advanced to meet him, and putting out both hands, exclaimed, "Suffocated!" "What!" he said, "Do *you* remember?" "Yes, indeed," she said, "and how you tried to wrap my burnous round my mouth." They were subsequently married.

Less picturesque, but perhaps more convincing, are the Burmese cases noted in Fielding Hall's *Soul of a People*, and the following Japanese one, abbreviated from Lafcadio Hearn's *Gleanings in Buddha Fields*. The bald facts, officially verified, are, that Katsugorō, the nine years old son of Genzō, a farmer, repeatedly confided to his sister his recollection of having been formerly the son of Kyubei, also a farmer, in another district. The sister at last repeated all this to her parents, and the story having caused much talk, a certain Hanshirō came from the village, and the very house claimed by the boy as his former birthplace. Katsugorō's story was confirmed by him in every detail: Kyubei was dead, and Hanshirō had married his widow.

Katsugorō was taken to visit her, and she and others saw in him a strong likeness to her son, Tōzō, who had died years before, at the age of six, of small-pox.

Reincarnation involves no undue reiteration: any progress made is maintained as the point of departure in the next earth-life. Thus, in the *Song Celestial*, when a disciple asks his Lord (Krishna) whether a soul is lost which has vainly striven for union with Deity, the Master reassures him:

> Son of Pritha, neither in this world nor the other is there any loss for him; nor does any doer of fair deeds, friend, enter into the evil way.
>
> Entering the worlds won by holy deeds, and dwelling for long ages there, he who fell short of Union is reborn in the house of pure and holy folk;
>
> Or indeed he may be born in a family of seekers for Union, full of wisdom, for such a birth in this world is harder to obtain.
>
> There he possesses the same soul-vision that he won in the former body, and thenceforth strives again for the perfect attainment.
>
> Even without any wish of his own he is taken in hand by his former effort.

Now what could be fairer than this?

THE HOUSE OF DURGA

By SIDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH

FOR the twentieth time I flung down my pen, mopped my forehead and remarked to Rask that the room was growing unbearably warm. Outside it was a raw night at the end of September—and upland at Punjshair in Afghanistan it can be cold—but although we had not yet ventured upon the lighting of fires, the atmosphere of our writing-room was as sultry as that of a July afternoon.

" Rask," I said to my colleague, " we must really get at the meaning of this intolerable stuffiness. Why, there is a frowst in this room that would frighten a factory-inspector in England, yet it's as chilly outside as I ever knew it to be at this time of year. What's it mean, in the name of Allah ? If this wasn't a one-storied house I'd be certain that this room was above the kitchen and that the cook was capable of beating any boilerman at his own job."

Rask grunted and went on with his work. He was a phlegmatic Norwegian who had been my second-in-command in the great trans-Turkestan expedition. Thoroughly weary of being lionised, we had come to rusticate in what we had been told was the quietest part of Afghanistan, partly to rest our travel-tired bones, partly to complete our book, *The Tents of Turkestan*, for delivery of which the publishers were pressing.

The rather large and rambling cottage, built after the Paghman houses in English fashion, was an unpretentious enough dwelling, a one-storied, sprawling stone house, almost of a bungalow type, such as one finds by the hundred in any Eastern country.

We had no lack of space, and the room we had selected for writing was a pleasant place enough. It had, however, one peculiarity which jarred upon me most decidedly, although it did not seem to affect my stolid companion. Its walls, which seemed to be composed of a hard and uncommon kind of cement, were painted in the colours and similitude of fire, so that they had the effect of a mass of leaping, yellow-topped flames, so painfully realistic in appearance, that at night and in the vagaries of lamp light one was hard put to it not to believe that it did not dance and writhe in the sinuous movement of real fire. To heighten the

illusion, the roof had been painted to resemble whirling smoke-clouds. The walls were pictureless, and it was obvious that any attempt to decorate them in this manner would have resulted in an effect of the most hopeless incongruity.

I am one of those people upon whom the bizarre leaves more than a passing impression, and the fantastic background which daily confronted me began to exert an influence the reverse of what I had hoped for in this quiet place.

As I laid down my pen and rose to open the door, Rask wheeled in his chair and confronted me with a grim smile of amusement. "I fear, my friend, that your surroundings are beginning to influence you unduly," he said. "You are becoming neurotic. This rather unusual colour-scheme has got on your nerves."

"Nonsense," I snapped. "I certainly don't like the genera effect, but as to its having the least influence on my nerves, you're mistaken."

"I think not," he said dryly. "I'm positive, indeed, that your complaints regarding the temperature of this room are due to nothing else than the effect of its colour-scheme on your imagination. You're a sensitive man, Shah. You must check your fancy. You must say to yourself, 'This heat is reflected from the painted walls upon my mind. It is not real, only imaginary.'"

"Fiddlesticks," I roared. "That psychological hobby-horse will gallop away with you in the end, my most sententious Rask. There's more distorted imbecility in an ounce of that Gottingen-made balderdash of yours than in a ton of common or garden superstition."

"Yet I feel no intense heat," he said, with his everlasting smile. "How do you account for that?"

"By the fact that by nature you're ticketed among the cold-blooded animals," I retorted.

Rask laughed good-naturedly, and saying that he was tired and would go to bed, left the room. I continued at my desk, as I was behind with my part of the work. I toiled away, unconscious of the time and surroundings. For at least a couple of hours I continued to transcribe from my diary, too much occupied to feel any real inconvenience from the temperature of which I had complained. At length, however, it became painfully apparent to me that if the heat of the room had been

uncomfortable and even stifling before, it had now reached the bounds of human endurance.

Gazing around, as if seeking some solution of the inexplicable condition, I started from my seat with a cry of amazement, for the counterfeit flames with which the wall directly in front of me was covered, appeared to be writhing in the first slow movement of gathering conflagration. I looked at the lamp. It certainly jumped and flickered as most lamps do when their oil supply is nearly at an end, but by no means in a manner to create such an illusion as I had witnessed.

I swore with all the irritable feebleness of the unstrung, that kind of wavering profanity which in man takes the place of an hysterical outburst in instances feminine, and turning out the lamp with shaking fingers, hurried from the room. Was it a trick of the eye, bred of recent illusion and sudden gloom, or did I really see a dull, red glow, as out of the heart of smouldering ashes, glimmer from the wall ?

I spent an almost sleepless night, and next morning announced my intention of dropping work for the day and taking a rather prolonged tramp, on the plea that I felt shaken and upset by the occurrence of the night before. I struck westwards, my objective being a mosque to which the local guide laid the somewhat extravagant claim of Abbaside origin. The air was clear and crisp, and held the chill promise of October, from the advent of which, indeed, we were only a day removed ; and as I tramped between bronzing hedgerows, and noticed how the ripeness of autumn had mellowed the quaint Afghan country, I felt how good was the outside of even the cosiest cottage for a man whose tastes have never run to the flatness of rooms. I covered the three miles to the little old mosque like a lad in training, and passing through the garden gate walked up the overgrown drive and cast about for a means of entrance to the low-domed, time-honoured building, which seemed to hold promise of rare inner beauty.

As I prospected, the Mullah, a soldierly, middle-aged figure, with little resemblance to the ancient whom one usually associates with such an office, made his appearance, and under his guidance I was well rewarded for my walk by the sight of the wonderful arched building that would have aroused envy in the hearts of many keepers of lesser places. He proved as inquisitive, however, as if he had boasted the eighty-odd years of the average Mullah, and had soon wormed himself sufficiently into my confidence to

learn whence I came and where I was staying in the neighbourhood. "A comfortable house, Sir, 'The Den,'" he said, "though it wasn't built yesterday. Are you staying for long, Sir?"

"For three months only," I replied.

"Yes, it's usually a short let," he chattered on. "It's a summer-house, so to speak. I never remember seeing it occupied in the autumn months,"

"You say it is old," I remarked, "How old would you say?"

"Oh, not so old as houses go," he replied, "a hundred years mebbe. They say as how one of the Kafir Princes built it for his house. She was a foreign lady, an Indian, if I remember rightly, and the story goes that Ramat Khan, who was a John Company man, before he became a Moslem, went to India and brought the woman with him, but could not put up with her heathen ways, so built 'The Den' and housed her there: for the clergy would always frown upon them."

"Perhaps she was responsible for the painted rooms," I said, more to myself than to my informant. "You've heard of that, I suppose?"

"Oh, so there's that fool's talk!" he laughed. "Some of the folks about here believe that the window of that room glows red at times, as if the inside were on fire. It's wonderful. They even fix the time of the year in which it is supposed to blaze, if I'm not wearying you."

"What time of the year?" I asked, deeply interested.

"Oh, some time near about now; but I take little heed of such talk."

When I returned at lunch-time I entered abruptly and found Rask poring over a sheet of paper covered with some unknown script. So occupied was he that he did not notice my presence until I spoke to him, when he started almost guiltily.

"Ah, Shah," he said, "back already! I am just hammering away at the inscription. Can't quite make it out."

"What inscription?" I asked.

"The inscription over the door," he replied, looking rather foolish. "Haven't you noticed it before?"

"I certainly noticed something of the sort," I admitted, "but I always thought that it was a part of the decorative scheme of the room. What does it say?"

"I really can't tell," he muttered confusedly. "It's in a very ancient form of Sanskrit, but I cannot discover the precise purport."

"In Sanskrit, you say. Why, it must be the work of the lady who stayed in this house." And I told him what the Mullah had said. "I say, old man, let's have that translation," I begged. "Sanskrit, old or new, never bothered you for long. You are keeping something back, Rask. Out with it, like a good fellow. I'm simply consumed with curiosity."

His face grew determined and grave.

"No, Shah," he said, in his deep, slow voice, "it's not good that you should know this thing. You must keep your mind at rest, and ask me nothing more about it."

"Rubbish," I rapped out. "Don't be mysterious. You know how I dislike it."

"No," he said decidedly, "I am not going to tell you. Why, you're as pale as death, man. You're shaking all over. You should have had a real rest before commencing work down here. You have really never got over the hardships of our expedition. You're worked out, and on the verge of a breakdown. We must leave this place at once as it does not suit you."

"Rask," I said angrily, "you must tell me what you mean by this. There is something queer at the back of your mind. I insist on knowing what it is."

We were deliberating over this when my servant came in and told me that an outrider had arrived post-chaise from Kabul, where my presence on business was urgently requested.

"Capital," exclaimed Rask, "it is a godsend. Get on the saddle, stay a night or two at Kabul. Go with a shooting party. Better still, don't come back at all, and I will join you in a couple of days, and we will write in the mulberry avenue."

"I can't give up a three months' tenancy for a whim," I replied with a grunt. "I will return to-morrow evening."

"No, Shah, not to-morrow evening," said Rask impressively. "I have good reason for speaking as I do."

"Well, the next evening then," I growled, and went to my room to pack my kit-bag.

When I came back to the writing-room, I was surprised to see Rask removing the furniture from the room. Desk chairs littered the hall, and a great pail of what looked like a whitewash

stood in the corner, on the floor, from which the carpet had been removed.

"What on earth are you up to now?" I asked. "You speak of leaving the place, and I find you making preparations for a sort of pre-Christmas clean-up."

"Please ask no questions," he replied in his quaint manner. "Something has got to be done here, Shah, something that should have been done long ago. That's all."

"Well, I haven't time to argue about it," I snarled, looking at my watch, "but I don't think you're treating me fairly."

"You must trust me, my friend. Am I not worthy of your trust?"

"Oh, that's all right," I said, in a shamefaced way, and pressing his hand with perhaps more perfunctoriness than usual, I hurried away.

Under the star-lit sky I pondered on Rask's extraordinary preparations. That they were undertaken in view of what I had told him and of what he had gleaned from the inscription, I was positive. His insistence that I should *not* return the following night had the precise effect of making me resolve to do so. Then I began to muse upon his predisposition to the mysterious. That he had "discovered" some mystical mare's nest in connection with that uncanny room, I felt certain, but I promised myself that I should not miss the *dénouement*. I would return in good time to surprise him in the midst of his recondite absurdities.

My business at Kabul was soon transacted, and a little before afternoon prayer next day I saddled my horse to return.

The evening seemed to hold a deeper quality of darkness than it had done of late, as, dismounting, I quickly breasted the slight rise that I knew would bring me in sight of "The Den." As I approached, I became conscious of an odd feeling of restlessness, to which I had been a stranger during my short stay in Kabul. Try as I might, I could not shake off a sense of foreboding for which it was impossible to account. So dark had it grown that for a moment or two I failed to discern the house, but at length I made out its dim, straggling shape lying beyond the tall, old trees that partially screened it from the east. At once I noticed that the window of our room was brightly lit. Perhaps Rask had guessed at my return, and had left the windows open to guide me.

As I drew nearer, I was at first astonished, then alarmed to notice that what I had taken for a mere brilliant illumination now seemed to my straining eyes like the glow of a furnace. I broke into a run, the blaze seeming to grow more intense with every step I took. When at last I came within some four hundred yards of the cottage, I could see through the unshuttered windows the furious glare. The room resembled a seething cauldron of flame. I rushed up the little drive and dashed into the hall, the riot and the tempest of consuming flame surging in my ears like the noise of a high wind.

" Rask ! " I shouted. " Rask, where are you ? "

There was no answer. From behind the door of the painted room came the roar of a great burning. I beat upon it with both hands, calling upon my friend. That he was inside some pitiless instinct assured me. In an agony of terror I tore at the handle and wrenched the door open.

As I did so, the surging clamour ceased with startling suddenness. I dashed into the room. There lay Rask, or what at first seemed a charred heap in his likeness. I carried him to his bed, and tore his smouldering clothes from his poor, scorched body. Again and again I called on the servant, but afterwards learnt that, full of what he was to do, my friend had given him permission to stay with some friends for the night. With infinite difficulty I succeeded at last in getting him to bed, and then ran for a local Eastern " medicine man " half a mile away, who returned with me, and gave it as his opinion that Rask's injuries were serious.

During the next few days I nursed him sedulously, and I had the opportunity to examine the painted room. It bore not the slightest trace of burning, but I noticed that the walls had been drenched with lime, and that the painted flames which had covered them were now only partly visible.

Weary weeks passed ere Rask recovered sufficiently to be able to tell what happened. I will let him tell his own story, just as he did to me, propped up in bed, his hands and head still swathed in bandages.

" At first I was sceptical regarding the genuineness of the inscription," he said with a painful smile, " but when you told me what you had heard from the Mullah about the occupation of this cottage by an Indian lady, and the local legend, I could not help feeling that the extraordinary heat from which you suffered in that terrible room, and which I myself experienced in a

lesser degree, was not a thing of imagination. I became more suspicious after you told me that you saw the walls glowing on the night before you went to Kabul, and resolved to probe the matter. The inscription, when translated, ran as follows: 'Nalla, the pious, the servant of Durga, makes this gift of painted walls to the goddess, so that it may bless annually on the day of her festival, and may consume any who dares to defile the sanctity of her shrine.'

"The goddess Durga is a form of the terrible Kali, the 'Black One,' wife of Siva, whose impure worship is accompanied by picturesque but sanguinary rites. She is the special deity of the Thugs. At once it became clear to me that the Hindu lady in question must have been one of her devotees, and had probably been repudiated by her husband because of her irregularities, which such a religious connection would undoubtedly involve. Desirous of propitiating the goddess in the manner peculiar to her caste, that is, by lighting a great fire in her honour once a year, and consuming within it human beings or animals, and unable to accomplish her pagan intentions in this country, she adopted magical means of doing so."

"Magical means?" I stammered. "I don't follow you."

"I am not surprised, Shah," he replied with the ghost of a smile, "but you must bear with me. As you know, in many countries, and specially in ancient Egypt and India, that which is painted is believed to possess a latent quality of reality, which only requires the urgency of a spell or incantation to render it actively existent. Nalla piously prayed that the painted walls may flash into flames at a stated period each year, that is, on the anniversary of the fire-festival of the goddess she adored. I took the trouble to ascertain the precise date of this festival, and found it commences in the last days of September, and continues during the first two or three days of October. As you absolutely refused to leave the house, I feared disaster, and therefore conceived it a duty to counteract the spell. I recollected that one of the most favoured of the ancient methods of cleansing a heathen shrine and ridding it of malign influences was by the application of quicklime to its walls, and once I had you out of the way I proceeded to apply a mixture of that substance, which had been used to treat the soil in the garden.

"I noticed that as the duration of the fire-festival period advanced, the manifestations of heat became more apparent, and on the first evening of your absence the temperature of the

room grew so unbearable that I was forced to abandon my work.

"All the next morning I applied myself to the task, but so intensely hot the walls became, that no sooner did I place the brush upon them, than the lime dried up and fell off in flakes. I persevered, however, and it must have been about a quarter of an hour before you came that I found the temperature growing so intolerable as to make my further presence in the room impossible. I remember staggering to the door, but as I reached it a flame flashed from the wall before me, and I lost consciousness. Why I should have been burnt and the fabric of the room remain undamaged, is, I think, explained by the magical character of the fire; and we must remember that as I had defiled the shrine of the goddess, the malign influence by which the room was permeated was probably determined to destroy me."

"But all this does not explain why the fire ceased so suddenly when I entered the room," I said.

"That does not perplex me much," replied Rask. "All students of the occult know that a manifestation which may persist in the presence of one person usually ceases if another enters the sphere of its operations. Thus you had not witnessed the glow shine from the walls that night until I had left the room. Probably the reason that the phenomenon did not become visible before it did, was that we were almost constantly together in the room with the painted walls."

AMONGST THE THOUGHT-READERS

By DAVID GOW

MY first experience of thought-reading (so-called) was when, as a youth, studying the life of the great metropolis, I visited a little entertainment at a hall in the Tottenham Court Road. It was a "variety show," and the "thought-reading" was so obvious a fake that I suppose any intelligent observer in the audience could easily have detected it. The thought-reader, or "subject," was the young lady pianist, and she gave the dates on coins handed to a male performer who posed as the agent or transmitter. It was quite evident that the "transmitter" juggled the coins (usually pennies) handed to him so that no dates inconvenient for the trick should come in.

When, in later years, I saw the more famous performers at work it became quite evident that if they used codes and signals these must have been so extensive as to involve an immense tax on the memory, for the articles submitted included hundreds of different things, some of them quite outside the regular kind of pocket miscellanea. Many of the people who visited these shows took care to provide themselves with the most unlikely objects, and when they got an accurate description they were rather staggered. It must have been a wonderful code to include such improbable things!

I listened to many theories as to how the marvels were performed, but although some of these explained part of the performance, I never met with one that quite covered all that was done. I talked with several professional conjurers, who showed how a quite successful performance could be carried out by codes and signals of wonderful subtlety; but even these did not explain everything I saw. My scepticism on the point was confirmed by some of my conjuring friends, who in certain cases confessed themselves baffled.

The first gleam of light on the mystery came many years ago when I attended a little "thought-reading" show at Kew. The performers were a man and wife—both "variety artistes" and very intelligent people, although very little known. I was much impressed by the lady, who acted as the "subject," while

her husband took the part of the operator or transmitter. She was a youngish woman showing all those marks of sensitiveness—especially in the eyes—which one is accustomed to associate with clairvoyants and psychics.

She closely and accurately described many articles handed by members of the audience to her husband, who moved amongst them often at a considerable distance from her. I watched closely for any appearance of code or signals, but could detect nothing. My first clue came when a lady tried to open her handbag to take out some article for description. The operator assisted her, but before he had quite got at the contents his wife started describing them. It was evident that the husband was a little disconcerted, for he had several times explained that he would first have to see any article before he could transmit its description to his wife. Something like this happened several times, and more than once he had to call to his wife to stop until he was ready! Then another curious thing happened. A soldier produced a small official document—a military warrant or certificate—and asked that its number should be given. He pointed out the number to the operator, but the wife gave entirely different figures. Both men exclaimed that she was wrong, but she persisted that she was right. And so she *was*, for on another part of the document were the exact figures she had given. There were two sets of figures, and the soldier and the operator had been looking at the wrong one!

At the close of the entertainment I obtained a private interview with the performers and remarked on what I had observed as being quite inconsistent with the theory of codes and signals. And then the male performer made a clean breast of it. "It isn't 'thought-reading' at all, except to a certain extent," he said. "My wife has had this power for some years and we don't know exactly what it is. She can read things in my mind and she does so at these shows. But very often, as you saw, she is seeing things *not* in my mind, and describes an article before I have myself seen it. She gets ahead of me, and I have to pull her up. It is a great strain on her, and often she is quite exhausted at the end of a show. We don't know what the power is, but we have to treat it as a trick and keep the audience guessing how it is done. That is what makes it interesting for the people who watch it. If we said it was real clairvoyance, or telepathy, or whatever you call it, it would never do. People generally don't like that sort of thing. It brings in a supernatural element.

They like to think it is a trick, and exercise their ingenuity to discover what it is."

When afterwards I happened to meet some of the more famous performers—like the Zancigs—and discussed the matter with them, I found their testimony was very much the same. But some of these people, I found, actually employed codes in case of a temporary failure of the "power," very much as the acrobats on the high wire or the flying trapeze have nets underneath to catch them in case of a fall. They provide, as far as possible, against all contingencies. I learned also that a long training is necessary so that the minds of the two performers concerned shall act together in the mind-reading, for that is what it mainly amounts to.

A private demonstration with the Zancigs when they gave their performance before a society of professional conjurers—who, by the way, admitted themselves baffled—gave me sufficient proof that actual clairvoyance may occasionally come in. Mrs. Zancig was blindfolded, her head enveloped in a sack, and she sat on the stage with her back to the audience. She read concealed letters and gave correctly the dates on coins, etc., these having first been shown to her husband to "transmit" to her. But when I produced a newspaper and pointed out a passage I wished Zancig to transmit to his wife she not only read the words, but other words near it which neither Zancig nor I had intended her to read! That settled the question for me. It was not only mind-reading but actual clairvoyance. When I discussed the matter with some of the magical fraternity later, although they would not admit the clairvoyance, they frankly admitted that they could offer no other explanation.

" E PUR SI MUOVE "

By ROSA M. BARRETT

GALILEO'S immortal words—whether legendary or not—are but an illustration of the truth that all through the ages martyrdom has been inflicted for the luxury of freedom of *thought;* it is not for what they did or did not do that Jesus Christ, Stephen, John Huss, Joan of Arc and many another suffered. Stephen was stoned for saying that he saw the heavens opened, and Joan of Arc martyred, not because of her victories over the English, but because she would not concede that her guiding Voices were imaginary. People do not submit to torture and death for an imagination, yet most of Joan's biographers try to explain away her truly miraculous life and her undoubted inspiration. Yet " What men affirm as a fact within their own experience is always worthy of consideration, and negations are of no value when confronted with the affirmative evidence of trustworthy witnesses." * In an intensely interesting and moving volume by the Rev. Dr. Lamond, Joan of Arc has found a more worthy biographer †, and the publishers have done their share in making the volume attractive and worthy of its object. We hope, however, that an index and list of authorities consulted may be given in the next edition.

Joan of Arc, like many another fearless leader, suffered the extreme penalty for her courage and selflessness, but the history of this young illiterate girl, condemned alike by the English (against whom she fought with amazing skill, courage and success) and the French (whose despairing army she led to victory after victory), with a public life crowded into a few short months, and burnt to death before she was twenty years of age, is surely unique. Nothing but direct inspiration can account for the marvels she accomplished, as Dr Lamond, himself a student of the occult, emphasises again and again.

An uneducated peasant girl, Joan's early years were spent with her parents at Domremy. Always devout, she first became conscious of the power of God when thirteen years old. She then heard those Voices that for the future constantly guided her—St. Michael, the warlike patron saint of France; the martyred St Margaret, the protectress of peasants; and St. Catherine, also

* *Religion of Health.* Sir William Barrett, p. 1.

† *Joan of Arc and England.* By John Lamond. Messrs. Rider & Co. Illustrated. 254 pp. Price 10*s.* 6*d.*

a martyr, who had confounded the most learned men at Alexandria. It is impossible to explain the subsequent events in Joan's life, her unswerving confidence, her skill alike in war and in her prolonged examination by the most learned men of the day, and her correct predictions of the future, except by acknowledging her supernormal gifts. She shrank from the mission to which her Voices called her, but she was obedient to them, and it is noticeable that it was those who knew her most intimately who believed the most firmly in her—her own brothers enlisting under her banner.

For over eighty years the English had known no defeat in France, until the only towns of importance left to Charles, the pleasure-loving Dauphin, were Orleans and Bourges; yet Joan's Voices insistently told her to go, raise the siege of Orleans and lead Charles to Reims to be crowned. Was ever such a hopeless task set before an ignorant young girl? But prophecies were current that France could only be saved by divine intervention and that this would be given through a virgin. At length, after Joan had been examined and exorcised for fear the devil might be aiding her, she was given an escort and sent, on Feb. 23rd, 1429, when only seventeen years old, through a country in a state of anarchy to the Court at Chinon—over three hundred miles away. She had learnt to ride while waiting, so a horse was given her, and for her better protection her hair was cut short and male attire provided. When Joan reached the Court and at once recognised the Dauphin, in spite of his disguise, and when she further told him of a secret prayer he had made of which no one knew (which she always spoke of as the King's secret and refused to reveal even when threatened with torture), he was wise enough to believe in her gifts, but there was still delay. He was deeply in debt and, fearing Joan's gifts might be from the devil, she was examined again by priests and learned men and exorcised. Their verdict is worth recalling. They said that no evil, but only good, was to be found in her, and "to reject her, is to reject the Holy Spirit."

Then began Joan's amazing task. Clad in armour, she was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the French Army. At her request search was made behind the altar of a certain church for a buried sword. It was found as described and given to her. Joan would have no swearing in her army, and religious services were held regularly. She reached Orleans to find it starving and on the point of yielding after its long siege of 209 days.

Placing herself, as always, in the forefront of danger, she so re-animated the terror-stricken French Army that the tide of victory turned: the siege was raised and the English driven out, not only from Orleans, but from other towns on the Loire. Military authorities say that the campaign could not have been more skilfully conducted. She soon realised the value of artillery in place of the bow and arrow, till then used. Her military career only lasted eleven weeks, yet in that time Joan created a national spirit in France, unifying it, again and again defeating the English. France, she constantly said, was for the French, as England was for the English. Orleans being relieved, a service of thanksgiving was held in the cathedral on May 8th, and Joan was known henceforth as the Maid of Orleans.

Joan now felt free to carry out the second part of her mission —the coronation of the Dauphin at Reims, the Westminster Abbey of France. Charles, however, was weak and afraid to cross the hundred and fifty miles of hostile territory, while many jealously tried to frustrate Joan's plans. But her language of authority never faltered. "Messire sends me," or "Messire wills it," she would reply to doubters; and when asked who was "Messire," she confidently answered, "God." Hopeless as it seemed, she quite correctly prophesied that various hostile towns that had to be passed *en route*, would surrender within a certain number of hours, so at length, Charles' faith being thus strengthened, he started, Reims was safely reached, and on the following day, July 17th, he was crowned King of France.

Joan knew that time was precious (her Voices had told her she had only a year in which to act), and urged Charles—but in vain—to press towards Paris, which he could then easily have taken. Sadly she hung up her armour, knowing well that she would soon be treacherously betrayed and taken prisoner, as her Voices told her, before June. Refusing to save herself by flight, she was taken prisoner by the Burgundians, allies of the English, on May 24th. Imprisonment was dreadful to her, and many times she tried to escape, even leaping from her room, 60 feet above ground; yet Charles made no attempt to ransom or rescue her or to exchange her, as was the custom of the time, for another prisoner. At last she was literally sold to the English, who had openly said, as Charles well knew, that they would burn her as a witch if ever taken captive.

Moved from one fortress to another, she was at length brought to the Castle at Rouen, where the youthful Henry VI (called

King of France) was staying, and the Earl of Warwick was Governor. He earnestly desired Joan to be condemned as a witch by ecclesiastical law, so explaining her victories over the English. Her trial was to be conducted legally according to the rules of the Inquisition. Both clerical and legal assessors, varying in number from forty to sixty, were present at each session of her trial, which lasted for four long months, sitting for some hours both in the morning and afternoon of each day. It is owing to this trial and to the subsequent proceedings for her rehabilitation, both fully recorded, that the details of Joan's life are so fully known. Weakened by her long imprisonment, by illness, by fasting—for it was Lent—by the incredibly harsh treatment she received in prison, faced by the most learned men of the day, and allowed no advocate, she confounded them by the wisdom, aptness and fearlessness of her replies. They amaze us to-day, and can only be explained by belief in her inspiration. She had already been in prison eight months when the trial began, and as she would make no promise not to attempt again to escape or to fight any more against the English (though offered freedom on this condition), she was chained to a heavy beam (it is said in an iron cage for some time) and never left alone for one moment day or night, but guarded by coarse soldiers, nor was she even allowed the consolations of religious observances. When the final articles condemning Joan were drawn up and she was told she would be excommunicated and lose her life, not only now, but hereafter, and be burnt to death—most ghastly fate—the following day, then, for the first time, Joan faltered. It is uncertain whether she fully understood the recantation she was induced to sign ; for two papers were prepared, one merely promising submission to the Church, the other giving complete abjuration of her claims. Her life was thereupon reprieved and she was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. When the Bishop of Beauvais (her judge and avowed enemy) visited her a day or two later, Joan declared, " I signed, because I feared the fire, but my Voices have told me I was wrong. It is indeed the truth that God sent me and I have been guilty in making that abjuration. I never understood that I revoked my statements as to my Voices and my Visions." Her Voices had indeed told her that glorious victory was before her, and now she understood it was no earthly victory, but the complete victory over sin and death, that she was promised, like her beloved Saviour and St Catherine.

This was final, and Joan, not yet twenty years old, was summoned to appear on May 30th, 1431, to be excommunicated and

dealt with as a heretic. Her last words, pleading for forgiveness and prayers, moved to tears many of the thousands assembled to watch her death. Continually crying out, "My Voices *were* God," and calling upon Jesus, her soul at last was freed. Every possible indignity was heaped upon her poor burnt body, the very ashes being thrown contemptuously into the Seine. Hence every year the maidens of Rouen scatter flowers upon the river. "We are lost, we have burnt a saint," an English official said. He was right. Among the many prophetic utterances of Joan was a most unlikely one that, within seven years, the English would lose and Charles gain the kingship of France. Within a few short years of her death France indeed became a united nation for the first time, and one of the leading nations of Europe, while the English had entirely lost all their French territory.

The final events connected with Joan came about partly through the entreaties of her mother, who longed to have the character of her daughter vindicated. After six months' trial, and the examination of many witnesses, a verdict was pronounced on June 7th, 1456, that the former decisions were revoked, and to be torn up as being full of iniquity and errors in fact and in law, and that Joan was purged. A tablet on the Old Palace at Rouen states that here the Rehabilitation sentence was pronounced. A further step was taken when, in 1919, Parliament decreed that her Fête should be celebrated everywhere in France on the first Sunday after May 8th—the date when the siege of Orleans was raised —as a Fête Nationale and Obligatoire. Mainly through the influence of the present Bishop of Orleans, Cardinal Touchet, an authority on the Life of Joan of Arc, she was beatified in 1908 and became a recognised Saint of the Roman Catholic Church in 1920. No actual portrait of her exists, but many statues have been erected in her honour in France and also in Winchester and Westminster Cathedrals, as well as in the United States.

This peasant girl, whose whole life only lasted twenty years, is known and revered over almost the whole world, while the mystery of her life continues to baffle the wisest. They are only explicable by acknowledging that she was the channel of a divine inspiration. It was the consciousness of her mission that inspired her with power—a power felt by all who came near her. "God has a book," she said, "in which no cleric, however learned, has ever read." Again, "One is often hanged for speaking the truth." Joan of Arc remains unique, both in herself, in her work, and in its consequences.

THREE TEMPLES

By HILDA M. WESTROP

I sat in a hushed cathedral dim,
A sweet boy's choir sang an evening hymn ;
There were stained glass windows of shaded hue,
Soft purple and rose, and the tenderest blue ;
The organ pealed forth in most glorious strain,
It swelled out, and echoed, then died down again ;
And it seemed, as I knelt in that temple to pray,
That the King of Kings was not far away.

I knelt once again in God's Holy place,
To seek His forgiveness and ask His grace ;
This time 'twas not a cathedral tall,
But a country church, unpretentious and small ;
And the children's voices like silver bells rang,
As sweetly their praises to Heaven they sang,
And it seemed, as I knelt in that temple to pray,
That the Prince of Peace was not far away.

A third time I stood in a temple fair,
A deep Sabbath stillness pervaded the air ;
The roof was formed by the branching trees,
And the music made by the summer breeze.
The bluebells sent out their incense sweet,
While the moss made a carpet for weary feet,
And it seemed, as I knelt in that woodland to pray,
That the Father of All was not far away.

ON THE FOURTH DIMENSION

By C. H. COLLINGS

MANY years ago a delightful booklet manifested in this three-dimensional world under the title of *Flatland, a Romance of Many Dimensions* by " A Square," the writer being (to the best of my recollection) a Revd. Father Abbott. It was an attractive setting-forth of the ideas familiar to every student upon the conditions of first, second, third (and by inference) of fourth dimensional space. The author, as a clergyman, took the opportunity to deride the Pantheistic conception of the Deity as " It " instead of " Him " : his essay, otherwise, confined itself within the strict boundaries of reasonableness. Since then the subject has been popularised and discussed extensively, and the object of this article is to controvert the idea of the fourth dimension as set forth in such literature, and to offer a variation upon the usual method of illustrating the argument.

Everyone knows, of course, that the (seemingly) invariable method is to postulate a point in space, to start with. This moves and creates a straight line (one dimension) : the line moves at right-angles to itself and creates a square (two dimensions) : this is repeated and a cube results (three dimensions). So far, so good ; though no reason is usually offered for successive movements being made at right-angles. Any angle of movement would, of course, bring the next-dimensional figure into existence. However, by the conventional process we reach a cube, and according to the argument, by an obviously impossible further movement—also at right-angles to its every dimension (!) a hyper-cube, or tesseract, is evolved from the cube. This four-dimensional figure contains, according to the mathematicians (who certainly ought to know), sixteen corners, thirty-two edges, twenty-four square faces, and eight bounding cubes. Moreover this apparently is not a hypothetical figure, for a fairly recent writer, named Leadbeater, buttresses its actuality by the following quotation : " I can at any rate bear witness that the tesseract, or four-dimensional cube, is a reality, for it is quite a familiar figure on the astral plane."

Well, what the tesseract buds out into in the fifth dimension, deponent sayeth not, though I should judge that its capacity for much further movement at right-angles to its every (fourth) dimension must begin to wear a bit thin. For, I will ask you

to observe, there is—according to the general line of argument—no limit to the series of dimensions. And this is exactly where the process begins to assume the air of incredibility. Obviously a line has to be drawn somewhere, and why not early in the game as later? We need not be shy of small figures. There can be, *e.g.*, only one Infinite. The primordial Powers of Cosmogenesis shelter behind a modest 3. Even that complexity known as Man boils down to something relatively simple both numerically and de facto. Hence a stern and critical eye may not be at all out of place as regards this question of possible dimensions. In fact, is it altogether unreasonable to postulate that the primordial Trinity may be mirrored in the Trinity of necessarily three-dimensional Space?

Let us, at this point, turn to a book of considerable interest, the *Secret Doctrine*, and see what H. P. Blavatsky may have to say on this moot question. In (as a matter of accuracy) the original edition, or the United Lodge of Theosophists' reproduction thereof, we find at page 251, Vol. I., the following, which I venture to think by no means irrelevant.

> "The processes of natural development which we are now considering will at once elucidate and discredit the fashion of speculating on the attributes of the *two*, *three* and *four* or more dimensional Space; but in passing, it is worth while to point out the real significance of the sound but incomplete intuition that has prompted—among Spiritualists and Theosophists, and several great men of Science, for the matter of that—the use of the modern expression, the Fourth dimension of Space. To begin with, of course, the superficial absurdity of assuming that Space itself is measurable in any direction is of little consequence. The familiar phrase can only be an abbreviation of the fuller form—the *Fourth Dimension of MATTER in space.* But it is an unhappy phrase even thus expanded, because while it is perfectly true that the progress of evolution may be destined to introduce us to new characteristics of matter, those with which we are already familiar are really more numerous than the three dimensions. The faculties, or what is perhaps the best available term, the characteristics of matter, must clearly bear a direct relation always to the senses of man. Matter has extension, colour, motion (molecular motion), taste and smell, corresponding to the existing senses of man, and by the time that it fully develops the next characteristic

—let us call it for the moment PERMEABILITY—this will correspond to the next sense of man—let us call it NORMAL CLAIRVOYANCE ; thus, when some bold thinkers have been thirsting for a fourth dimension to explain the passage of matter through matter, and the production of knots upon an endless cord, what they were really in want of was a *sixth characteristic of matter*. The three dimensions belong really but to one attribute or characteristic of matter—extension ; and popular common sense justly rebels against the idea that under any condition of things there can be more than three of such dimensions as length, breadth, and thickness. These terms, and the term dimension itself, all belong to one plane of thought, to one stage of evolution, to one characteristic of matter. So long as there are foot-rules within the resources of Kosmos, to apply to matter, so long will they be able to measure it three ways and no more ; and from the time the idea of measurement first occupied a place in the human understanding, it has been possible to apply measurement in three directions and no more. But these considerations do not militate in any way against the certainty that in the progress of time—as the faculties of humanity are multiplied—so will the characteristics of matter be multiplied also. Meanwhile, the expression is far more incorrect than even the familiar one of the Sun rising or setting."

The above may, I think, be left to speak for itself. Allow me now to outline a variant upon the conventional scheme of developing a given dimensional figure out of another less than itself, as follows.

We begin with the usual "point" which we will regard as fixed, and the permanent centre of all subsequent operations. We next assume that by indefinite multiplication of itself this point radiates a straight line of convenient length in any one direction. This ubiquity of direction is also, necessarily, inherent in the conventional scheme, but writers thereon invariably and conveniently overlook the fact that such ubiquity of movement or of direction to create the line, lands us at once into three dimensions.

Well : now assume that our one-dimensional figure, the straight line, rotates 360° in one plane on the point as centre of movement. Thus a plane figure, two-dimensional, is traced out ; *i.e.*, a disc. Now assume, further, that the original line be

produced in the opposite direction to its first formation, to meet the circumference, thus transforming the radius into a diameter of the circle, and that the diameter thus evolved, be figured as upright, or N. and S. ; further, that the disc now revolves 180° on this diameter as an *axis* of movement. We thus have a three-dimensional figure brought into being, a globe. And for convenience we will assume that this globe continues to revolve on its N—S axis at any speed we fancy.

At this point we pause. The actual projection of a globe in the " fourth " dimension would be, I fancy, remarkably globular. As a globe, infinitely expanded, it fulfills our idea of limitless space : as a globe, infinitely contracted, it rebecomes the point from which it sprang. The inconceivably great and the inconceivably minute meet in this figure. The serpent swallows its own tail.

Here, however, we can pick up the parable hinted at in the *Secret Doctrime*, and go further. Let us try.

Let us, momentarily, lose sight of the revolving globe we have thus created and, returning to the parent central point from which by orderly process it emerged, repeat the process, with the new axis of the second globe at (say) right angles to the first. We now have a second globe, rotating, its axis coinciding, at two opposite points, with the equator of the first globe, and (automatically) identical relations subsisting between the first globe and itself.

This process may be continued, of course, indefinitely. Suppose we repeat the creation of the first globe six times, the axes being non-coincident, except at the centre. We shall then have a congeries of seven revolving globes of the same size, independent of one another, yet interpenetrating, each with its axis at a different angle to the rest, each rotating independently of the rest ; seven worlds, as it were, occupying the same space, yet with no direct mutual relationship except a common origin, a common centre, a common size, and together forming a common sphere.

Let us now suppose that these globes are so constituted that on directing our attention to the sphere we can be aware of only one globe at a time : each, in fact, answering to and educing a special *mode of consciousness*. Then if we label them A, B, C . . . G, we can refer each in turn to a special form of perception, of life and existence. In short, we have here a simple and convenient working model, in a certain aspect, of our own Earth—

and in fact of any septenary planet—wherein, to quote the *Secret Doctrine* once more, the different Globes A, B, C, and the rest, exist within the same form in *coadunition, but not in consubstantiality*. And if a planet, such as the earth, be thus regarded, we may readily conceive of different forms of existence interpenetrating, occupying (as we say) the same space, and yet each independent and unconscious of the others: each globe a world to itself, with its own subjectivity and objectivity, its own beings and laws.

Such is my interpretation of that hackneyed expression the "fourth dimension," and its application in simple form to the Doctrine of the Seven Earths. I trust that my fellow-students will find this elucidation as useful and to the point as in the course of my studies I have found it myself.

RECURRENT DREAMS

By TOM LEON

THE problem of the significance of recurrent dreams has probably at one time or another puzzled the great majority of thinking people. I think my own experience may cast some light on the question, and suggest, though it does not prove, that the answer is to be found in the venerable doctrine of Reincarnation. How else account for the extraordinary double life I am about to describe? As a little child I had a narrow, sheltered existence, and was trained in the tenets of what even then appeared to me to be a barbarous theology. During my waking life my whole heart and mind rebelled against the presentation of God as Creator of Hell. I had never heard of Tennyson, but that God should have "made us, foreknew us, foredoomed us, and does what He will with His own," made me firmly determined I would never bow before one who in truth could only be described as an Arch-fiend My second waking trouble was my small, contemptible stature, my tender years, which gave those older the opportunity to remind me continually that I was "only a child," my feeblestrength which placed me at their mercy, however bravely I might fight, and my complete isolation of intellectual outlook. These causes made my childhood's days pass bitterly enough.

But I had a double burden to bear, for when my body slept, I was still a conscious, though a totally different person, leading a totally different life No longer was I a helpless child, I was a full-grown man, and a convinced adherent of the very faith my waking self rejected. I lived in an age of bitter intolerance, and belonged to a persecuted sect. All through my dreams I was hiding in caves or underground passages, or wildly fleeing with hair-breadth escape from those who sought my life, nay, my very soul's destruction. Sometimes in these dreadful visions I was caught and imprisoned. Then the torturers would come to the dungeon where I lay, and occasionally the impending horror would awaken me and leave me trembling in every limb, uncertain still if the experience were real or no, so vivid had it been the moment before. But often no such merciful release veiled the sequel of the story from my eyes. Distracted by terror, weakened in will from long confinement, at the last moment I would deny my faith. The fatal words pronounced, the torturers would leave me. But did peace follow in their room? A

thousand times no! Left alone, the realisation of what I had done, the thought of my incomparable baseness became overwhelming. Awful was my remorse, and harder to bear than all that had gone before, for from the fact of my action there seemed no possibility of escape. At last my heavy sobbing would awaken me; my pillow wet with tears, my heart and head throbbing, afraid again to close my eyes, for often when I did so the dread vision would reappear and the awful drama had to be re-enacted. Such was my dream life as a little child. These ghastly nightmares were my almost constant visitants at the earliest age I remember dreaming at all, but happily, as I grew older recurred at ever increasing intervals, until, in my early "teens" they totally ceased to trouble me. Since nothing in my waking life suggested them, does it not seem probable they were a memory of a life gone by, a karma that had to be borne and effaced? My very childhood sometimes seemed to me a symbol of the degradation my failure under trial had brought about. For I knew I was not a child, except in outward form, and the limitation this imposed; and I felt to the full the humiliation of my lot. I give these recollections in the hope that they may be of service to those who have to deal with little children, lest, unable to see the hidden springs of action, they fail to realise the magnitude of their task. "Only a child!" The phrase is even now too often heard. What mysteries does not that tiny body veil? What vistas lie behind the soul which finds a lodgement there?

CORRESPONDENCE

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

"FACTS" ABOUT THE SECRET DOCTRINE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Since my last letter on this matter I have lighted upon a very important piece of evidence concerning the much discussed Vol. III, S.D., which Messrs. Mead and Jas. Pryse have been so assiduously endeavouring to explain away, or, rather, reduce to mere "fugitive articles" and "*disjecta membra.*" In Jan., 1889, directly after the first edition appeared, meetings were held at the then Headquarters in Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, W., Mr. T. B. Harbottle presiding, at which all sorts of difficult questions were put to H.P.B., all of which she answered in a manner which impressed us with the vast stores of her knowledge. A stenographer fortunately recorded her replies, and they were printed as "Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge." At p. 42, H.P.B. makes a statement which I will place beside Mr. Mead's about Vol. III:

H. P. Blavatsky, Jan. 31, 1889.

Q. *Do the Dhyani-Buddhas and the Planetary Spirits in charge of the globes go into Pralaya when their planets enter that state?*

A. Only at the end of the seventh Round, and not between each round, for they have to watch over the working of the laws during these minor pralayas.

Fuller details on this subject have already been written in the third volume of the *Secret Doctrine*. . . .

G. R. S. Mead, Feb. 15, 1927.
Occult Review, p. 250.

Next, I come to Vol. III. With this I refused to have anything to do whatever. I judged the *disjecta* or *rejecta membra* from the manuscript or typescript of Vols. I and II not up to standard, and that it would in no way improve the work. They could, I thought, be printed preferably as fugitive articles in *Lucifer*, but could not possibly be made into a consistent whole.

I leave the reader to judge whether H.P.B. is here referring to the same thing as Mr. Mead. Mr. Jas. Pryse has contributed a series on the subject to the *Canadian Theosophist*, and in the August number he goes out of his way to try and discount my testimony by saying that I was not on the headquarters staff, like, for instance, Mr. Mead and himself; and that I mention in my regular letter to the *Theosophist* of Feb., 1891, that "another edition of the 'Secret Doctrine,' too, is in course of preparation. . . . Moreover, H.P.B. has already started on Vol. III," adding that "some of the news items . . . are quite

inaccurate." If this was so, it was due to the faulty information of the headquarters staff themselves, from whom I got it. But he omits to mention that he is speaking of the *later* headquarters at Avenue Road, N.W., whereas the S.D. was completed and published at Lansdowne Road, in October, 1888. I was there constantly from 1887 onwards as one of H.P.B.'s pupils, often sleeping in her workroom (see *H. P. Blavatsky as I Knew Her*), when kept past train time. Mr. Pryse was not a member of the working staff at that time ; and Mr. B. Keightley was her secretary, not Mr. Mead, who therefore had nothing to do with the first edition and reprint of the S.D. in 1888. Naturally, we all knew what both the Keightleys assert in Countess Wachtmeister's *Reminiscences* (1893), cited in my *Great Betrayal*, that the S.D. MS. had been divided by them into *four* parts, two of which were printed in 1888, the third was "ready for the printer," and the fourth "almost so." Therefore what I wrote in my letter probably meant that, as the two 1888 isues were quickly exhausted, H.P.B. was being called upon for a third edition, and was revising the MS. of Vol. III, as was her custom, with a view to adding it to that issue. For it should be remembered that she says at the end of Vol. II (deleted in the Besant-Mead "Third Edition"), that those two vols. "form a fitting prelude for Vols. III and IV," and that "it entirely depends upon the reception with which Volumes I and II will meet at the hands of the Theosophists and Mystics whether these last two volumes will ever be published, though they are *almost* completed."

ALICE LEIGHTON CLEATHER.

Peking,
September 25.

LONDON LODGE OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—On several occasions, lately, statements have appeared in the public Press and elsewhere, to the effect that the London Lodge had severed its connection with the T.S., or had changed its title.

There is no truth whatever in these allegations.

Not only is the Lodge still in existence as such, attached direct to Adyar, as it has always been during the lifetime of its founder, the late Mr. A. P. Sinnett, who until his death was vice-president of the Society, but the committee have for some time past had under consideration an extension of its activities for the benefit of the many *unattached* members of the T.S.

Recently, and quite unexpectedly, through the generosity of one of the older members, the necessary funds for carrying out this scheme have been placed at their disposal.

An arrangement has accordingly now been made with a well-

known social club of old standing that has only lately taken over fresh premises within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament, under which it will be used as Lodge headquarters, while a limited number of unattached T.S. members resident within the London area, on becoming Associates of the Lodge, will, *eo facto*, be entitled to use the club as "town" members *without further payment or any increase of their present dues.*

Every such member, however, will be selected by the committee of the Lodge and must also possess certain specified qualifications. Their number is not to exceed 50 in all, but a slightly larger proportion of those who reside more than 15 miles from London may be accepted as "country" members. For these latter it is hoped to provide (also free of charge) a quarterly Journal, for private circulation only, containing Lodge transactions, occasional essays and philosophical discussions, answers to questions, lists of books, etc, etc. The present officers of the Lodge are:

President: F. V. E. Ferrier, Esq.

Hon. Treasurer: Major Rooke.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. Terrell Garnett, 5, Shepherd Market, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W. 1, to whom all enquiries should be addressed.

Faithfully yours,

G. H. R.

HAVE I LIVED BEFORE?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I read with much interest the article in the last issue of your review by Maud Nisbet on "Have I Lived Before?" I now describe what happened to myself. In about the year 1911 I took the shooting over two small farms near Hay, Breconshire, where I was then residing. There was a long cover or dingle between these farms which was included in the shooting. One day when I was shooting in this dingle for the first time, I was standing by myself, waiting for the cover to be driven towards me, when suddenly I seemed to be convinced that I had been there before. There was a high fence on one side where I was standing, and I seemed to know exactly what was on the other side. The shape of the dingle also seemed familiar to me, and I knew it would contract to a small size just above where I was, and then expand again before it finally came to an end, it being quite impossible for me to see over the hedge. When I walked on up the dingle and got over the hedge I found it exactly as I expected to find it. Now I am perfectly positive that I had never walked up that part of the dingle or seen it before.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN WILLIAMS VAUGHAN.

MAN IS A SPIRIT.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Sir A. Conan Doyle writes in the Correspondence Columns of your last issue: "Since the spirit within is the essential thing, that term is used in descriptions."

Apparently he means by this, descriptions of individuals on "the other side" who are then functioning in their etheric or astral bodies, which he admits are merely "temporary coverings"; as of course is also the physical "covering." But why should such individuals be called "spirits" any more than those who still retain the additional covering of the physical body? Surely he does not deny that "the spirit within is the essential thing" in the one case just as much as in the other. According to his logic, then, we ought to be called "spirits" now, since that is equally "the essential thing." Or does he mean that we drop *all* our "temporary coverings" at the same time that we drop our physical body, and at once become "pure spirits"?

Sir Arthur asks me to gain some idea of what it is that spiritualists teach before I lecture them. This appears to imply that they are unanimous in their teaching—which is by no means the case. I suppose, however, that he really means what he himself teaches, and therefore I shall be glad if he will instruct me—and your readers—in the above matter.

Yours faithfully,
W. K.

THE SUFI MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a mention, in your Periodical Literature section, of the SUFI QUARTERLY. Will you allow me to set right some apparent misunderstanding with regard to our activity?

Exception seems to be taken to the fact that this publication is issued in English from Geneva, yet in Geneva are the Headquarters of the whole Sufi Movement, an international organisation with branches in many parts of Europe and the United States.

Your reviewer suggests that we lack a proper distributing agency in London, but, if he will examine our advertising pages more carefully, he will find that we have London agents in Messrs. Luzac, the well-known firm of oriental publishers in Great Russell Street. I may add that we are represented in India, America, Holland, and Switzerland by equally reputable firms, and that, contrary to your reviewer's statement, there must be "an elementary business knowledge" to be found in our arrangements, since the success, both moral and financial, of the QUARTERLY during these first two years of its existence has been considerable, and its readers have multiplied more than six times.

With regard to the content, I may say that our endeavour has been partly to provide an international public—which has little time or opportunity to consult innumerable rare and costly volumes—with the finest translated material dealing with the Sufism (either so called or in other guise) of the past. Partly we have tried to give space to such modern expression of the Sufi ethical spirit as has been available. Later, since much generous support has been forthcoming, we hope to assist the most exacting, if they will have patience, to a thorough comprehension of the various aspects of Sufi literature, history, and metaphysics. To that end I shall be glad to consider at any time for publication suitable matter dealing with the ideas for which we stand.

Yours very truly,

RONALD A. L. MUMTAZ ARMSTRONG,
Editor of the SUFI QUARTERLY.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In the article on Christian Science by E. J. Mills, which recently appeared in your magazine, the statement is made that " the Christian Science Church can never progress " because the Bible and the Christian Science textbook are the only preachers of the Church. Mary Baker Eddy rediscovered the divine Principle of the spiritual universe which Christ Jesus demonstrated in healing the sick, reforming the sinner, raising the dead, walking on the sea, multiplying the loaves and fishes, etc. The study of this Science is the study of the infinite, so that a perpetual unfoldment of Truth will go on throughout eternity. It can never be exhausted, limited, or curtailed in any direction. Christian Science therefore holds the key to the knowledge of true existence.

Christian Science teaches that evil is the supposititious opposite of good, but since good is infinite there can be no reality in its seeming absence.

In reply to a letter appearing in your last issue, let me say that Christian Science teaches one how to obtain the Mind of Christ, which transcends all materiality and comprehends the things of Spirit.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.
(Committee on Publication.)

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE HIBBERT JOURNAL has completed twenty-five years of its existence as from October, 1902, and in the current issue, which opens the twenty-second volume, there is a delightful editorial foreword by Professor L. P. Jacks, reviewing the past of the quarterly in the light of its main object, "The Search for Truth," more especially in the domain of Religion, Theology and Philosophy. We offer it our God-speed in and throughout its next epoch, assured beforehand that its exploration of "the things that matter most" will not fail in the coming time to bring us precious results, as it has done assuredly in the time that is behind. Professor Strömholm of Upsala approaches his "Riddle of the New Testament" from another standpoint in his third article on the subject, the present thesis being based on the fact that there is "little or no reference" in the Epistles to Acts and teachings of Jesus "prior to his Passion and death." The explanatory hypothesis offered is that these writers were acquainted with a "Passion story" —though it differed widely from the synoptic version—but not with "the sayings and doings," as these appear in the Gospels. It is advanced that if Peter, James and John, to whom some of the Epistles are referred, had been the contemporaries of Jesus, they could not fail to know about both, and then it would be incredible if such knowledge failed to appear in their letters. The fact that it does fail is part, and the main part, of a further hypothesis which affirms that they "and the apostles generally" who were contemporaries of Paul "had never been the followers of Jesus in his lifetime." In other words, they were on the same level as the apostle to the Gentiles, owing like him their intercourse with the risen Christ to visions, revelations and apparitions. The transformation of the apostles into contemporary followers of the Lord was the work of Mark; but the evidence under this head is to be the subject of a fourth article. As regards the Pauline Epistles, "Jesus is spoken of throughout in a manner appropriate to one who lived long ago, but with no attempt to fix the exact period." Professor Strömholm's views have been the subject already of strong criticism on the part of two scholars in the HIBBERT, as we noted at the time in these pages; but while admitting the force of their objections, our feeling is that the "riddle" is not as they suggested, of the Swedish writer's creation, but rather his discovery, and that on the present occasion he, too, made an important contribution to the New Testament problem, whether or not his hypothesis offers a desired key. . . . Professor B. W. Bacon, of Oxford and Yale, who is well known in the ever widening circle of New Testament criticism, has a long study on "the Eusebian theory of an Elder John at Ephesus," arising from "the general admission by modern scholars that the Fourth Gospel cannot in any direct sense be ascribed to the Apostle John." Our readers will remember that two of the Johannine

Epistles are addressed by "the elder"—otherwise anonymous—respectively to our "elect lady" and to "the well-beloved Gaius." For early views on the identity of this elder we must have recourse to Dionysius of Alexandria, Papias, Eusebius and Irenæus, for some of whom he was a possible author of the Apocalypse, and to be distinguished as such from John the Evangelist. Papias tells of an "Elder John" from whom he derived traditions; and a considerable section of modern scholarship regards this personality as one and the same with the elder of the two Epistles. Eusebius follows Papias, but goes further and locates this other John in Ephesus. There is an expanding literature on the subject, and Professor Bacon terms the Eusebius theory a ghost which "must either be 'materialised' or laid," if we are to reach "any satisfactory conception" as to the origin of the Fourth Gospel. The design of his study is to show how and why he regards the elder of Papias and of the Epistles as two and not one. So long as they are identified he believes that there will be little progress with "the vital problem of the Fourth Gospel." . . . The proposition that "reason is faith cultivating itself" is unfolded by Mr. R. G. Collingwood in a brilliant article which occupies a place of honour in the JOURNAL; but it is just a little difficult to follow because there is some uncertainty as to when the author is speaking for himself and when he is stating a position of Kant or Descartes. Moreover, a keenly sympathetic reading leaves us curiously dissatisfied and inclined to question whether we have not been dealing with an argument which proves too much. If faith is that by which "we apprehend the infinite," then it is a clear and overmastering intuition, and our only position concerning it is whether we have it or have it not. But if "it is only reason that can display to faith the nature of its own object," then faith is not an intuition by which we "grasp reality," for intuition reveals its object. We are placed, moreover, in a pure dilemma when it is affirmed (1) that faith is "not so much dependent on reason as the ground and source of reason," but elsewhere (2) that "faith cannot be the product of reason."

The position of religion in the light of science and philosophy, otherwise, "the relation between scientific knowledge . . . and the theory of values," is considered by Dr. William Brown in the new issue of THE QUEST. Religion is understood as "a mental attitude towards the entire universe" for which God is the concretion of all values," even as we ourselves find the foundation of our individual world of values within us. . . . In a study of Modern Indian Mysticism, Mr. Edward J. Thomas says that one of the most remarkable parallels to some Western forms of religion is found in the worship of Vishnu, incarnated as Krishna, the reason being that it belongs to the Bhakti cult, in which love is "directed to a personal being who is the object of worship." The analogy, of course, is the Christian love of God centred on Christ. Vaishnavism came forward as a "reaction against the absolute idealism of Vedanta, with its doctrine of cosmic illusion," and not only presents

God as the Great Reality, but regards as real all that emanates from Him. It rejects asceticism and seeks the realization of all life's activities in the union of the soul with Krishna. As the idea of this union is "expressed in terms of sexual love" there arises the very difficult question of the sex aspect of Mysticism, which is obviously common to the Eastern and Western schools, as the records of both exhibit, and the problem, whether it is pure symbolism, like the Sufi "intoxication of wine." Does it "rest on contact with a transcendent Being," or is it "a sublimation of feelings due to certain physical conditions of the body, and simply misunderstood by the devotee?" Mr. Thomas decides that the feelings "can scarcely be said to be fully sublimated" in Vaishnavism, and we remember on our part that in some Western mystics—*e.g.*, Francis Rouse, to quote no greater name—the same judgment might be pronounced in the same terms. . . . To-day is a time of transition and a time also of test, in the view of Mr. G. R. S. Mead. "We are being tested as never before," he tells us; but he says also that this is "precisely because 'the Day' of a more general righteousness is nearer to dawning." These are the last words of a study on "the novelties and newness of our times" and an examination of three among many signs of fundamental change by which these times are characterized. They are Democratism, which he regards as a solvent, not as a constructive principle; the Emancipation of Woman, which has given her the power—if she has also the will—to work and help manfully in "the threatened chaotic upheaval that seeks to divide society; and the rising tide of Psychical Knowledge, which connotes a vast stirring in the depths of the soul of man. We think that Mr. Mead is disposed to look in this direction for the dawning of that day which is mentioned in his concluding paragraph. Dr. Moses Gaster examines certain problems of the Genza, or chief book of Mandæan literature, and affirms that its true title is Sedra Rabba, *i.e.*, the Great Compilation. He proposes that it shall be called henceforward the Mandæan Book of The Mystery. . . . We believe that Captain Neil Gow's "Angel in Trafalgar Square" will be read by many with interest, though he explains that it is "purely fanciful."

It was mentioned last month that LE VOILE D'ISIS had announced for publication another of its occasional special issues and that it would be devoted to the Rosicrucian Mystery. We ventured also to hope that it might indicate some acquaintance with ascertained facts on the historical and bibliographical side of this obscure subject. It has appeared in due course, which means somewhat belated as usual, and extends to more than one hundred pages. They are in part disquisition and reverie, in part historical sketches and, for the rest, translated matter. Among the last is included a first French version of *The Golden Age Restored*, an alchemical tract by Adrian de Mynsicht, who belongs to the early period of Rosicrucian debate and claim. The translator has furnished numerous annotations on his

own part, some of which pretend to be "complementary explications," when such can be supplied "discreetly and without danger"; but it happens, as might be expected, that they are without evidential value and do not elucidate the symbolism with which they are supposed to deal. The version is made from a Latin edition of 1678, the *literateur* who is responsible being unacquainted with the bibliography of his subject. He may be told that his Latin text appeared previously in 1625, that Mynsicht wrote it in German and that this original was reprinted with an interpolation in the well known Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucian, 1785-88. That the Golden Age is also in modern English we should not expect a French occultist to know. But if this is some part only of the critical position regarding a mere translation it is difficult to speak of the rest in terms approaching tolerance. The reviewers can pass as such. There is a certain "Ian Mongol" whose translations appear from month to month in the form of notes, and on this occasion he gives us the benefit of his views on the Rosy Cross, mis-stating almost every point of alleged fact which he cites from early pamphlets. There is also a talk on Elias the Astral, whose coming was foretold by Paracelsus, and seeing that he still tarries we are proffered intimations about him and his estate in the hiddenness: he is said to know his own and to reward their studies by illumination. We are told, moreover, of a Rosy Cross which is so unknown and secret that it is by no means easy to give account of what it actually is. The headquarters, however, are a certain Temple, to which access is obtained at an advanced state of evolution and after sufficing proofs of merit. The state is said to be "Christic," and the Brethren are a spiritual Israel gathered in from all nations. This little fable is in obvious but unacknowledged debt to Eckartvhausen's *Cloud upon the Sanctuary*; though the latter is not a discourse concerning the Rosy Cross. Passing now to the historical side, there is a sketch of L'Ordre Kabbalistique founded by Stanislas de Geraita, and the concluding lines certify that the writer has not heard of its work continuing after the death of the French marquis, when still in comparative youth. We have heard, however, that M. Johanny Bricand holds the Rite in his custody. He is to the fore on his own part with an historical notice of the Rosicrucian movement at large, and of this it must be said that it is full of old errors, long since exploded, on points of fact. Finally, there is a biographical essay on J. V. Andreas, which is bent on maintaining that his *Chemical Nuptials* of C. R. C. is a serious work, instead of a *ludibrium* written at the age of sixteen, and attempts accordingly to make void his own testimony. We have the utmost respect for French metapsychical research, the leaders of its great movement and all the records thereof, but for current French occultism, as represented by its popular organs and their contributors, we have no brief whatever.

As announced beforehand, THE HERALD OF THE STAR is occupied throughout with the sayings and doings of the Congress held at Ommen in August last, one of the contributors observing that "the last

evening seemed to be the most wonderful of all." It occurs towards the end of an account in which things that took place externally are seen through a glass of vision. We note on our own part that Mr. Krishnaji sought to dissuade his hearers from debating whether it is the "Beloved," meaning the "World Teacher," or Mr. Krishnamurti —that is, Krishnaji—who is present on a given occasion. The question is "of little matter." We venture to signify our concurrence in a sense which is scarcely intended. It is added that those who may raise such arguments will not have seen "the face of the Beloved." . . . A brief contribution to THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW says that the world is now entering upon "a new evolutionary era," being the Aquarian Age, so called by astrologers. By this time it is of course a familiar story. But we learn further that the sign Aquarius is ruled by the planet Uranus, the influence of which is recognised "in every experience of a cataclysmic nature "and in the rupture of existing conditions. We are asked to believe, however, that the planet's vibrations are in reality purifying and revivifying, that they open the inner vision in the direction of spiritual truth. The application made is to the individual soul, but that which obtains in the microcosm must obtain also presumably in the greater world. . . . THE LIBERAL CATHOLIC has articles on Devotion, the Purpose of Life, the Angels from our Oriental standpoint, the Religion of China and the great Church musician of the sixteenth century, Palestrina. . . . We have received some issues of THE SERVER, an official magazine of the Star in the East, published at Los Angeles and now in its tenth volume. There are articles on the Law of Thought, Relativity and Esotericism, the Christ of Prophecy, and criminals here and hereafter. . . . Having left the Theosophical Society, Dion Fortune has founded a Community of the Inner Light, and in place of her previous periodical has produced a first number of THE INNER LIGHT, which is in typescript, like the former venture, and is quite readable. It has an article on the Inner Side of Religions and another on the Inward Quest. We observe that the Comminuty is claimed to have teaching from "the Elder Brethren of Humanity"; but some specimens of the communications—however received—offer nothing distinctive either in thought or expression.

There are some excellent things in THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT REVIEW, which is edited by Mr. H. T. Hamblin and published at Chichester. It is described as devoted to "the teaching of applied right thinking" and is now in its sixth volume. The current issue has papers on Thomas More, regarded as one of the "mighty men of mind," on the Way of God in His strength, the distinction between spiritual and natural intelligence, and on Helps to Spiritual Healing. But we have been interested perhaps especially in a few words by an American writer, Mr. H. V. Morgan, on "super-psychology," an attempt to describe a state of consciousness in which all limitation disappears, and we are in the presence of "the inexhaustibleness of God," not however as spectators but as those who share therein.

REVIEWS

CHRIST AND A MAD WORLD. By the Rev. Walter Wynn. London: Rider & Co. Price 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

MANY of us would agree with the assumption, from which the author of this book starts, that the world has gone mad. In all directions it is possible to discover evidence of this tragic condition of affairs. And the tragedy is made more profound when we consider the directions in which men are looking for redemption. They have forgotten the wise advice of the old Psalmist, and are putting their trust in princes and in the children of men. Mr. Wynn sees this, and in vigorous, forceful writing seeks to turn men to the only solution of the world's ill: the spirit of Christ and of the brotherhood of all men in Him. The author would have us be optimists and workers, striving to let the spirit of love solve our difficulties, and weld us all into a living corporate Body. This is a work to hearten the sad, and to quicken the energies of the despondent. We cannot be too grateful to Mr. Wynn for his outspoken and vivid book.

JOHN NORTON.

SPIRITUAL GRAVITATION. By Miss Dew-Smith. Cambridge: W. Heffer and Sons, Ltd. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE author of this work possesses a charming style which, combined with a mildly pantheistic outlook on life and its problems, gives her book a soothing influence which is wholly delightful. There are three essays in this volume: *Nature, Man and His Art,* and *Religion,* and each is shot throughout with the spirit of peace and quiet. It is not easy to discover any very fresh ideas or inspirations in Miss Dew-Smith's book, but we are very grateful for the delight which comes from reading the work of one who is a veritable dreamer of dreams. Let those who are immersed in the fret and turmoil of contemporary life and activity read these reflections of one who sees in our life the working out of a calm and unruffled purpose.

JOHN NORTON.

THE ETHICAL BASIS OF REALITY. By the Rev. E. E. Thomas, M.A., D.Litt. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE main thesis of the Rev. Dr. Thomas's book is the dependence of the world, in respect of both existence and order, upon the individual minds which inhabit it. "The material forming the basis of the world lays claim to existence," he says, "not in virtue of being the stuff out of which things are made, but because, proceeding from minds, it forms the medium through which these minds can communicate one with another, and even enter into one another's being." Objects gain the predicate of existence only when the qualities they manifest are assigned to them by other minds. "Whatever finds existence in the world does so because consciousness suffuses it, penetrates it, moves through it and from it; and both selves and objects are subject to this law." Nature neither creates nor produces

anything, but is the manifestation of a creative activity taking place through innumerable souls. As to the writing and ideality which we find in the world, these are our own gifts, for even in the simplest mathematical calculations, such as form the basis of scientific knowledge, the author detects elements of purpose and value, i.e., concepts proper to spirituality. The ever-increasing stores of beauty, meaning, complexity which we find in the world are, on this view, not mere discoveries, but products of the creative co-operation of human and sub-human souls.

Pan-psychism and pluralism are not new things in philosophy, but Dr. Thomas has given them all up-to-date form and treatment, and his book is eminently worth reading. Particularly keen and trenchant is his criticism of the work of other modern thinkers, from neo-Hegelians like Bosanquet and Henry Jones to the present-day Realists, Russell, Alexander and Santayana. The chief defect of this able book, as of most other modern philosophers, is the comparative weakness of its constructive as against its critical achievement. The lack of architectonic power is emphasized by rejection of the majestic edifice of the great Masters. What is true in *The Ethical Basis of Reality* would readily find its niche in the system of Plato or Plotinus. For them, too, the transition from potency to act was mediated by Soul. but individual souls do not enter manifestation in haphazard fashion, but are marshalled by guidance of a Universal Soul, of which they are, in some sort, members and organs.

CHARLES WHITBY.

EVIDENCES OF SURVIVAL. By Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, K.C. London and New York; G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 9*d*. net.

IT is an excellent idea, this separate re-issuing of the essays by various authors which were published together in a volume entitled *Survival*. The famous King's Counsel, who was not afraid to testify openly to his belief in the survival of human personality, obtained his most "convicting evidence" through the automatic writing of a friend, Miss Wingfield. This pamphlet gives in brief the remarkable story which turned him from stubborn scepticism into sound and confident belief. To quote his own words, "all I know is that I believe in my heart in the truth of what I state, and to me it has been a source of great happiness under circumstances of often great difficulties."

Now that Sir Edward Marshall-Hall has himself passed into that realm where belief has become knowledge, may we express the hope that he will have the power and means to contribute his own share of evidence from the Beyond? Perhaps he has already done so.

EDITH K. HARPER.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS. By Camille Flammarion.

ECTOPLASM AS ASSOCIATED WITH SURVIVAL. By Felicia R. Scatcherd, Editor of *The Asiatic Review*. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, 9*d*. net each.

THE late M. Camille Flammarion's contribution to the volume entitled *Survival*, by various authors, was one of the most attractive chapters in the book, thanks to the lucid and fascinating style in which the famous French astronomer invariably wrote. It is good to have it now as a

separate reprint. His opening sentence: "The question under consideration is, what light does psychical research throw upon the problem of survival, a problem which human intelligence has sought to solve ever since there were thinking men on this planet of ours?" gives the gist of his thesis. He answers it by referring to the spiritual and divine revelations on the acceptance of which all the religions of the world have been built, and after this summary survey, turns his critical searchlight upon psychical research for a still further elucidation. Not only is the reader here led along fresh lines of thought, but two specially convincing examples of survival are given. In this *brochure* M. Flammarion has left a valuable legacy.

MISS SCATCHERD'S contribution to the same volume deals principally with the mediumship of "Eva C.," and the conclusions drawn by Miss Scatcherd from her own experiences in that connection (in Paris, 1906).

Miss Scatcherd quotes from Prof. Richet, Baron von Schrenck-Nötzing, M. Camille Flammarion, and Dr. Gustave Geley, and concludes her evidence with a brief account of a séance with a "Mrs. Z." at the house of Sir William Crookes, when, in her own words, she "finally verified certain surmises as to the use made of ectoplasm as a means of demonstrating survival."

EDITH K. HARPER.

A TRUE RECORD OF PSYCHIC ADVENTURES. By Hylda Rhodes, B.esLs. London: The Caxton Book Shop, 28 (Basement), Victoria Street, S.W.1. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

MISS ESTELLE STEAD contributes a foreword to this little book of Personal Experiences, and remarks that all such Records of "well-authenticated evidence and experience are valuable to the student."

As with many others, the two girls who here relate their testimony, were apparently led to investigate psychic matters because of certain weird happenings in their own surroundings, for which they could find no normal explanation. Though close friends, their outlook was very dissimilar, and it is interesting to see that both were brought to the same conclusions in the long run. No doubt they proved what spiritualists call "a good battery." There can, however, be no question that the value of testimony is in general enhanced by the avoidance of pseudonyms. Let us by all means boldly defy the enemies, Ridicule and Unbelief! There is an ever-increasing accumulation of evidence that the faculty called "Psychic" is an inheritance of the human race; it is the great link between the Seen and the Unseen.

EDITH K. HARPER.

HOW TO GO TO A MEDIUM: A Manual of Instruction. By E. J. Dingwall, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

DR. MAURICE B. WRIGHT in his Introduction to this book remarks on the harm that is being done, within his own knowledge and almost daily experience, "by the uncritical, unscientific approach to the study of supernormal phenomena." Undoubtedly the more widespread becomes

the interest in what is popularly known as "spiritualism," the more widespread the possible confusion arising from its many complexities and problems. For, as Dr. Wright adds: "It is harmful to be confirmed in any of our cherished beliefs, by fraud and trickery: it is more harmful still when those beliefs, which may in themselves be perfectly valid and based upon truth, are shattered by the exposure of fraud."

I remember once being told by two most sincerely religious people that before attending a séance they had *prayed earnestly* that nothing might come through that was not absolutely genuine. The sitting was a complete blank, and they were thus confirmed in their belief that "evil spirits" were at the root of it all. On my asking the medium casually why, in her opinion, Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So should have had no results, she replied, with some asperity, that "they were two of the worst sitters she had ever had; they did nothing but talk, and drained her nearly to death!" So that is another point of view.

Needless to say, from his long and varied experiences in many lands, Mr. E. J. Dingwall is able to act not only as interpreter, but as guide, philosopher, and friend to the puzzled and eager inquirer, and this most useful volume should be indeed all it sets out to be.

It touches on all those phases of mediumship which are open to investigation under the headings, "Mental Phenomena" and "Physical Phenomena." It is in no sense propaganda, but a series of helpful hints for the average intelligent person. I therefore strongly recommend it, for I have seen only too much that shows me how very necessary is its salutary counsel.

EDITH K. HARPER.

SWEET GRAPES. By D. H. S. Nicholson. Messrs. Arrowsmith, Ltd. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*

MR. D. H. S. NICHOLSON, whom some of us recall as the author of an extremely thoughtful and fascinating life of St. Francis, is also a subtle humorist, and the book now under discussion is his third witty novel.

It should, apart from all its other merits, attract readers of *The Occult Review* for its brilliant description of a higher or new-thought community, the queer folk composing it, and the heavy-faced female materialist, Miss Harvey, who rules as its self-styled teacher and Master-Initiate. It is extremely amusing and well done.

The central characters of the book are an unconventional and very human heroine of high mettle whom her misguided parents have named Patience, with the usual irony of fate, and the hero, who is a kindly young lawyer whom she eventually marries. It is not a novel dependent on plot, but on scintillating wit, fresh, clear sketches of character and family life, as clean and wholesome as they are diverting.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

WITH THE YEARS. By Cecil French. London: The Richards Press, 90, Newman St., W.1. Price 5*s.*

I remember reviewing Mr. French's last volume of verse entitled *Between Sun and Moon*. The book now under discussion contains

the same polished, rather precious writing. Mr. French's muse is restrained, and he is at his best as a translator of the wan subtleties of Mallarmé, Baudelaire and Verlaine. He is a fine woodcut artist, and has embellished his text with several of his own designs. His closing poem, "Retrospect," voices a genuine and appealing sentiment:

After thirty years of dreams
I would tell their measure.
Formulate the intangible,
Bring to light my treasure!
Long-remembered, sudden gleams—
Mysteries, even mysteries—
After thirty years of dreams
What is it I have to tell,
Fain to tell your measure?
What but this?
I have looked on mysteries . . .
After thirty years of dreams
I can tell but this.
. . . .

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS UNVEILED. By Leonard Bosman. London: The Dharma Press, 116 Oakfield Road, Clapton, E.5. Price 3*s.* 9*d.* post free.

MR. LEONARD BOSMAN is a mystic writer to be reckoned with, and all his works bear the impress of the true *savant*. I have had the great pleasure of perusing his previous volumes on ancient lore and mysteries, and of being amply repaid for my studies. The book now under discussion can but enhance the author's high reputation, and should prove a boon to all who favour the occult sciences. Mr. Bosman has searched the heart of Rabbinic, Brahmanic and Gnostic lore, and his elucidations of the problems in Genesis are illuminating to a degree. As he quotes from the Rev. J. B. Lightfoot, D.D.: "Reason and reverence are natural allies," and on this basis he proceeds to expound the inner meaning of Biblical statements. For "the Qabalists, the students and interpreters of Divine Wisdom, whether called Freemasonry, Brahma Vidya, Mystic Christianity, Sufism, or Gnosis, read the Scriptures in a peculiar manner. They had four ways of reading and interpreting that collection of symbols known as the Old Testament, each symbol having four (some say, more correctly, seven) meanings. The first of these, the literal, superficial manner, was called *Pshat*, or simple; this was the way for the ordinary folk. Next came *Ramaz*, literally a *hint*, for the student; and *Darash*, meaning *inferential*, or, perhaps, *institutional*, for the Disciple. For the *Sage*, there was a final method called, literally, *Secret* or *Sud*. In this estimate, the sage is thus the true Past Master."

Alas! how far has the majority fallen from the true reading. How have narrow theologians obscured the golden altar-fire! Mr. Bosman re-institutes the high-priest in the Holy of Holies, and reveals much of his sacred office. I am happy to note that the book is inscribed "First Series," for many will desire to learn more from his subsequent discussion of these valuable and venerable matters.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

"THE MYSTERIOUS KUNDALINI" (The Physical Basis of the "Kundali (Hatha) Yoga," according to our present knowledge of Western Anatomy and Physiology). By Vasant G. Rele, F.C.P.S., L.M. & S. With a Foreword by Sir John Woodroffe. Pp. xiv. and 111, 4 diagrams and 4 plates. Published by Taraporevala Sons & Co., Bombay. Price *Rs.* 3.8.

Kundalini is a subject of perennial interest to a certain class of occult student, though it has so many phases that it is not yet possible to find them all described, much less explained, within the covers of any one book. Dr. Rele has combined his examination of *tantra yoga*, as practised in Bengal for many decades, with his knowledge of anatomy as given in Western text-books. Unfortunately the materialism of current medical biology has overpowered the Hindu grasp of the invisible and occult forces of nature, so that he has come to the rather original conclusion that *kundalini* is the vagus nerve of the human body. Sir John Woodroffe, in a sympathetic foreword, plainly disagrees with this, as does the present reviewer. To accept the vagus, or any other nerve or plexus, as *kundalini*, is to confuse the electric current with motor or dynamo. The force we term *kundalini* moves daily through every part of the body: by direct and diffuse action in its zodiacal course. The purpose of *Hatha yoga* is to bring it under conscious control, but without *jnana yoga* it may well be useless, as an athlete is useless if he becomes a criminal. Nevertheless, Dr. Rele has made a thorough and useful study of nervous mechanism, with the advantage of having a young *chela* who had attained a measure of control, and who showed his power under scientific observation.

Dr. Rele does not, however, show the normal processes of the body, by which *kundalini* is first "secreted"—if we may use an inadequate term—from the grosser and finer forces moving in and through and around each vital body. The vagus or chief sympathetic is in fact the conductor of one vital force—that termed *libido* by the psychoanalysts (another inadequate term), a force which repeatedly changes in index (+ & —), and at last is used when at its optimum; or "sublimated" by will or unconscious concentration, to yet another form. The *bandhas* or poses, are *hatha mudras* designed to facilitate absorption or use of *kundalini*: they are often used unconsciously by athletes and others though not in the same manner. They are illustrated here very well. This work should be read in conjunction with Rama Lrasad's *Nature's Finer Forces* (now out of print). It is impossible to develop *hatha yoga* without direct instruction, which is necessary for the mental side even more than the physical: merely to use the "three breaths" will not suffice. Knowledge of many subtler rhythms is essential; they are not to be gained from physiology unaided.

W. G. RAFFÉ.

HOW TO ENTER THE SILENCE. By Helen Rhodes Wallace. (New and Revised Edition). London: L. N. Fowler. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

"ALL systems, all methods are of value only as they serve the one great purpose, the capture of automatic, random, unproductive thought," so says the author in her admirable book. She adds that different methods appeal to different temperaments and there are some who require all and

every possible means to arouse the body consciousness. In the opinion of this reviewer, Mrs. Wallace's book is an invaluable contribution to the literature of the subject inasmuch as it gives clear and rational instruction on how, through spiritual exercises, one may arrive, like Brother Lawrence, to a state " suspended in God." Her methods may well be described as " Christian Yoga," for she maintains that there are two centres to be used in Meditation, the Heart and the Brain, and by the fixing of the inner eye upon these " positive Voluntary Centres " spiritual development will be quickened. There may be many who cannot countenance such a *modus operandi*, yet to those who feel drawn, this book should prove of much enlightenment and value. Mrs. Wallace cites the Bible and such other authorities as Dionysius, Brother Lawrence, Mme. Guyon, Ruysbroeck, and St. John of the Cross in substantiation of her ideas.

JOHN EARLE.

THE TEMPLE OF SILENCE. By Salome Isabel Lakeman. THE DIVINE MESSAGE by Dinshaw S. Paowalla. London: L. N. Fowler. 6*d*. net each.

To those who feel the need for thoughts for meditation, this little book may be helpful, though it must be confessed that in view of the wealth of material already available, the demand for such works must be correspondingly small. While written with obvious sincerity, Miss Lakeman's slender book, however, possesses no outstanding merit and tends to be platitudinous.

The Divine Message is similar in format to the preceding book, and purports to be a Divine Message which is now to be given to a long-suffering world. It is suggested that the author needs more spiritual ballast—a firmer grip upon his easily-excited emotions. This is the sort of thing.

> " Oh! my suffering brothers and sisters! rejoice! rejoice! I bring you now a Bowl of Nectar in my hands to soothe your suffering hearts and to give you a new hope and a New Life! The Bowl of Nectar is the Infinite Mercy of God! Drink it! Drink it! Drink it! "

The author should learn economy in the use of exclamation marks, too.

JOHN EARLE.

THE TRUTH ABOUT OSCAR SLATER. By William Park. With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, M.D., LL.D. London: The Psychic Press, 2, Victoria Street, S.W. Price 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

MR. WILLIAM PARK has for many years been at pains to collect all the available information regarding the trial and conviction of Oscar Slater, and regarding all the circumstances connected with the crime. There appears to be no doubt whatever that the case of Oscar Slater presents one of the gravest miscarriages of justice which can possibly occur. There was not even sufficient *bona fide* evidence for Slater's arrest, let alone his conviction.

It is to be hoped that the publication of this book will prevent the recurrence of similar tragedies.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE KNIGHTSBRIDGE AFFAIR. By Carlton Dawe. London: Ward, Lock & Co., Warwick House, Salisbury Square, E.C.4. Price 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS rather commonplace story of crime is considerably redeemed by the pathos of the ending and by the clever characterisation of Detective Penbury and Black Q., an offensive but amusing negro. The interest of the reader is sustained partly by the curious automaton of a Penbury, with his wide staring eyes and his relentless pursuit of persons indirectly concerned with the murder of Poppy Wilton, and partly because the murderer's identity is effectively concealed till the final chapter. It is also rather refreshing to discover that Penbury is a human being after all, capable of inspiring a love which understands and forgives everything.

I think Mr. Carlton Dawe has a greater future as a romantic novelist than as a contributor to the fiction of crime.

MEREDITH STARR.

AN OPEN DOOR. By a Member of a Small Circle. Cr. 8vo. Pp. 82. London: Charles Taylor. Price (paper cover) 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE sincerity of the author of this little volume is beyond question; but his book is one of a type which I think has no useful purpose to serve. He is a member of a small Christian Spiritualist circle and his book is a plea for the formation of home circles for the purpose of communicating with loved ones that have gone before. It is written entirely in a spirit of religious sentiment and is totally devoid of evidential value from a scientific point of view.

The investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism by trained observers in a strictly scientific spirit is one thing—a very important thing. The formation of "Home Circles" by uncritically minded persons is another. Easy is it for such, on the flimsiest of evidence, to become convinced that they have obtained contact with some dear departed, and from that is an easy step to the blind acceptance of everything thought to come from the same source. Moreover, apart from the dangers of self-delusion, the tendency to concentrate attention overmuch on thoughts of the future life is distinctly unhealthy.

The phenomena of spiritualism demand investigation, and no limits can be set to the bounds of human knowledge. But not in the way indicated by the author of this book is truth to be gained or progress in human happiness to be made.

H. S. REDGROVE.

LIFE, CONSCIOUSNESS AND PERSISTENCE: or Religion, Universal and Timeless. Demy 8vo, pp. viii. + 53. London: The Kosmon Press, 31, Macaulay Road, S.W.4.

THIS book is Kosmon Manual No. 1, and a very interesting book it is. The author starts with the assumption (the truth of which few will deny) that a re-statement or a new statement of the relation of man to the whole universe of Being is urgently necessary. The old religions are dead or dying—the falsity of their dogmas has been exposed by materialism, and their formulæ no longer answer the requirements of the day. But Materialism fails to satisfy man's need for Religion. And to meet this need the

author has written this book, in which he puts forward certain suggestions embodying a doctrine suited to present-day thought. The pivotal theory of his doctrine is that there is One Life—the ultimate Fact of the Universe to which all other facts are relative—ever active in an infinite variety of graded manifestations. This theory is developed in a number of short chapters dealing with such subjects as Purpose, Personality, Consciousness, Persistence, Revelation, Individuality, Harmony, Worship, etc., in an interesting manner.

Answering the objection that the mind cannot comprehend so great a self as this One Life, the author points out that "the mind can at least think of so great a conception, and," he asks, "if the mind can conceive an idea greater than is possible—well, are we not lost in our own greatness?" And the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood, with its unqualified condemnation of war, to which his theory leads on its practical side, is emphatically of a salutary character.

For some not very clear reason, the author has bestowed the name of JEHOVIH (not Jehovah) on The One Life, and this introduces just an element of fantasy in a book which in other respects is remarkably sane.

H. S. REDGROVE.

HUMAN PERSONALITY AND ITS SURVIVAL OF BODILY DEATH. By Frederic W. H. Myers. Edited and abridged by S. B. and L. H. M. $7\frac{1}{4}$ in. $\times$ $4\frac{3}{4}$ in., pp. xi. + 307. London: Longmans, Green and Co., Ltd. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*

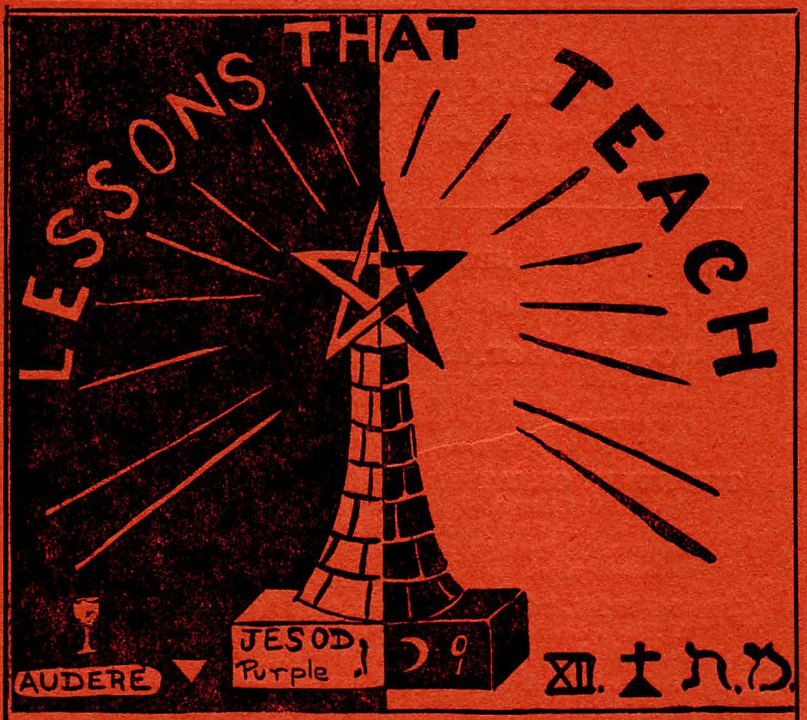
THE first reflection that occurs to me on considering what to say about this book is that the public cannot after all be so stupid as we all like to think in our blacker moods, if it keeps calling for more and more impressions for so solid, though immensely important, a book as Myers' *Human Personality*. The present reprint of the abridgement has just been added to the St. Paul's Library of Fact and Fiction. What better commendation can there be for a book that was published a quarter of a century ago at two and a half guineas? THEODORE BESTERMAN.

LIFTED TORCHES. By Evelyn M. Watson. London: Erskine MacDonald, Ltd. Pp. 153.

MISS WATSON is an American writer who has published a considerable amount of verse, and a book on Christian Mysticism. If we say that she is of the Ella Wheeler Wilcox school, it is with no disparaging intention, for verse which expresses the "New Thought" attitude towards life, and sings the beauty of the commonplace, has its own part to play and will find its own public. Miss Watson is perhaps too facile; her crowding thoughts and fancies adopt too easy and careless a mode of expression; and we find it hard to forgive her for sprinkling her verses with meaningless italics and for comparing the stars to "girls who know they must be charming, or be forgotten." But she delights us now and then with a touch of real imagination, as in *Three Children* and *The Lady of the Illusion*, whose last verse we quote:

> I heard her laugh, and hum a little strain—
> The singing of her silks was music rare:
> The doctor said, "Delirium in pain"—
> They did not see her hair.

EVA MARTIN.



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