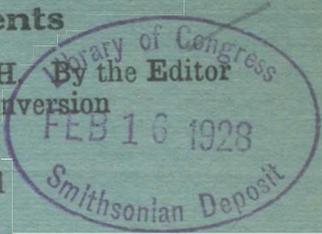


THE OCCULT REVIEW

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

FROM the nomenclature of chemistry has been borrowed a term which, in psychological circles, serves to replace the word so largely popularised by Theosophical writers, to signify the process whereby the baser emotions are purified and raised to a higher degree of refinement. Both mean essentially the same thing, although the Theosophist may talk about "transmutation" while the psychologist may speak of "sublimation." It is true that the old alchemical term implies far more than the "sublimation" of the chemist; but, after all, from the standpoint of human nature, each is equally adaptable. In its physical sense, "sublimation" is a purificatory process on a parallel with distillation, and as such is peculiarly applicable to the refining and idealising of the personal dross with which, alas, the gold of human nature is so largely intermingled.

It is a pity, however, that the term has rather unfortunate associations with the psycho-analytical system of Freud; because the first impulse of the spiritually-minded occultist or mystic is one of aversion. The memory of fanatical "new psycho-

logists" with blasphemous audacity attempting to psycho-analyse the Founder of Christianity Himself, still has power to cause a revulsion of sentiment in all decent-minded people. There is, of course, no reason why mystical and religious phenomena should not be the subject of examination, classification, and perhaps explanation in the light of physical science. While consciousness is embodied in physical form, all psychological processes, from everyday thinking to the rarest and highest mystical insight, must have some basis in physiology.

BASES OF KNOWLEDGE. It will be remembered, indeed, that some of the Eastern systems of yoga definitely seek, by inducing physiological changes, to awaken forces within the nervous system which shall result in an illumination akin to that of the mystic. There is this difference, however—the Eastern philosopher, while working on the physical body, regards this merely as a vehicle for the manifestation of the immortal Spirit; while the Western psychologist tends to mistake the effect for the cause, and to interpret every manifestation of religious or other genius as having its origin in some pathological condition of the nerves or body.

Western Science generally is severely handicapped by an incorrigible materialism. No exception can be taken to the application of the method of science to the investigation of mystical phenomena. The many writers on mystical philosophy within the Roman Catholic Church have already done much work in the way of classification; while the epoch-making researches of the late Professor James, embodied in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, bear witness to the fact that this work can be done without casting any shadow of irreverence or disrespect on the beliefs of others. It is when religion falls into the hands of self-satisfied and complacent Freudians, who fail to see in examples of mystical genius such as Jacob Boehme, for instance, little else than psycho pathological manifestations, and who cannot perceive anything anomalous in the attempt to psycho-analyse Jesus Christ, that a protest seems to be called for.

With such reflections in mind, it was not without misgivings that we approached a reading of one of the most recent additions to the literature of religious psychology, by Professor Sante de Sanctis, entitled *Religious Conversion*.* A disagreeable preponder-

* London: Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d. net.

ance of references to Freud was noticeable. Nor was the subtitle of the book reassuring, since it is described as "a biopsychological study." Fortunately the reader is to some extent disarmed in the early pages of the preface, where the author offers a personal explanation of his reasons for writing the book.

"The theme of the present work" (he says) "was not deliberately chosen. It arose from incidental motives, though powerful ones: a certain sympathy for the neglected or maltreated arguments of men of science; William James's celebrated lectures on *Varieties of Religious Experience* in 1905; the famous Congress of Religious Psychologists at Geneva in 1909; the writings of Professor Flournoy; an interest in the stimulating theories of Freud. The material was slowly but constantly accumulated on my shelves, without any idea of publication. . . ."

After much reading and thought on the subject, extending over a period of some four or five years, the idea of the book began to assume definite form, and the early chapters were commenced in 1921.

"When the book was finally written," Professor de Sanctis continues, "I began to ask myself if I were obeying some spiritual need in making a study of religion from a biological viewpoint. I had to explain why I had spent so much time in long and laborious reading, and in patient reflection, on a theme so restricted as conversion; while I recognised how little I had added to the literature of the subject.

"I came at length to suspect that my subconscious self had taken over the direction of my pen and my thoughts. I re-read the eight chapters of my manuscript to discover if my brain had been playing me some trick, but I still found the theme was not one which moved me especially.

"Here it should be explained, however, that religion in general cannot fail to interest all who are capable of rising above the pitiful sordidness of daily existence. In these times of moral confusion, of hectic search for every form of physical enjoyment, of an arrivist and overweening science, it is only persons of callous spirit who cannot feel the enchantment of those regions of the soul in which goodness and idealism rule and inspire us to struggle against vileness and scepticism. There are moments, even long periods, when we thirst for something Ideal to raise us above all controversy, when we feel the need to close our eyes from the contemplation of brutality and injustice, and to take refuge in our innermost sanctuary. Whoever

has not had such experiences can never feel the spirit of religion, or enjoy the poetry of goodness and the passion for life and humanity."

With delightful candour, however, the author puts it on record that "so absurd an idea as to constitute myself the defender of morality and religion never entered my head."

Although contending that the psychologist dealing with religion is under no obligation to make any intimate personal confessions of his own inner attitude, we are indebted to Signor de Sanctis for the following significant revelation :

"Every attempt to plumb my unconscious self was in vain. How often is the restless human mind incapable of comprehending itself? Consciousness exhausts itself in contradictions. Those individuals suffer keenly who, without being sceptics, oscillate between an unwelcome conviction that the reason cannot explain everything and an inability to believe by an act of will; who, whilst following the hard path of duty, disregard all those profound inner urgings which they consider irrational, and turn towards science for the satisfaction of their desires on a different plane.

"After re-examining all possible motives, I decided that my true motive for publication was that as a rule my scientific colleagues of the laboratories and hospitals ignore religion. They will continue to ignore it so long as it is defamed in writing, in lectures, and in conversation, even though it is still—traditionally—practised. This is an evil, for there comes a moment in every life when the questions will be asked: Can God be found by an act of pure thought; or in the energy by which the universe is moved; or in what transcends nature and the human spirit? Why is it that faith, to all appearances a thing so puerile, should in actuality be so powerful? Is rational knowledge enough to live by? What are we, and whither are we going? Why do we secretly feel that duty and love to our neighbour are right? Here are questions that have been put to me by colleagues in intimate conversations and in moments of sincerity."

It will thus be seen that on the whole the Professor brings to his task not only a scientific and unbiassed
 A SYMPATHETIC mind, but a genuine spirit of sympathy, far
 APPROACH removed from the sneering cynicism of the
 avowed sceptic on all matters concerning
 religion and the inner life. If he expresses a disinclination to

make religious psychology "a paladin of 'grace,'" the sentiment will find a responsive echo in the heart of many a reader otherwise religiously inclined. Many earnest souls find it difficult to accept the idea of divine Grace, in spite of the fact that it is a reality to which the mystical life is constantly bearing witness.

Before considering the central fact of conversion, *i.e.*, sublimation, and the causes leading up to it, Professor de Sanctis makes it pretty obvious that while he is willing to concede that the theories of Freud have an indefeasible right to a place in contemporary psychology, and that no modern student of the subject can afford to ignore them, he is by no means prepared to accept them without definite reservations.

"We shall have frequent occasion," he writes, "to refer to the ideas of Sigmund Freud, because we are convinced that to-day no one can undertake any work in individual psychology without seriously considering his theories. This does not necessarily involve the application of psycho-analysis in any partisan spirit to the psychology of religion; nor does it necessitate ignoring the work of Freud's predecessors, Janet or Paulhan, or the researches of his epigones."

À propos of psycho-analytic practice, it is interesting to note the author's comments on the difference between the methods of applying it and his estimation of their respective values.

"Psycho-analysis applied to the individual proceeds from his behaviour (his gestures, conversation, the accounts he gives of his dreams, etc.) to the psychological motivation of that behaviour—a motivation which, whenever possible, is verified by the conscious testimony of the individual himself, while being interrogated. The psycho-analyst, after the verification, bases his findings on the psycho-analytical interpretations which are fundamentally doctrinaire; that is to say, informed by a certain set of general ideas, which, although originally founded on empirical observations, have to-day almost assumed the authority of principles. Everyone will agree that this sort of application of the psycho-analytic technique, though dangerous, is legitimate and full of promise.

"On the other hand, the application of this method to the investigation of the unconscious mind of a people, through the psycho-analysis of its ritual, its ceremonies, its behaviour, its customs, and by means of the study of its cultural history, and so forth, is only a tacit application of the results of individual analysis to race psychology; an interpretation of external facts,

based upon the experience drawn from the psycho-analysis of a few individuals, and availing itself of easy generalisations."

Reverting to the main thesis of the book, a preliminary survey of the predisposing causes of conversion, and the various forms it may take, leads by logical stages to the question of the psychological aspect of the process itself. After enumerating the multifarious types of conversion, Professor de Sanctis confesses that :

"In enumerating the external and internal factors of conversion, and of the reactions of the consciousness
FACTS WHICH of the converts, we have only touched on the
ELUDE THE surface of our theme. In the convert there is,
PROBE however, something more profound, which the
psychologist must search for in the roots of life
itself."

It is refreshing to discover a scientific writer sufficiently sincere to admit that there may exist within the depths of the human soul forces of the nature of which contemporary psychology is unaware. It is not impossible, surely, that this "something more profound" may be the very "grace" about which our author is so much in doubt, working in the region of the "unconscious."

This latter term is not used by Professor de Sanctis as synonymous with "subconscious."

"We adhere," he says, "to the term 'subconscious' in spite of the objections of the psycho-analysts, including Freud. Subconscious is a term which not only indicates the level of consciousness and implies the possibility of all the contents of the subconscious mind eventually becoming conscious in their turn, but at the same time the term subconscious suggests the conception of the primacy of the activity of consciousness. In fact, for us, consciousness is the recognition of old and new situations, or of former conscious or subconscious experiences. . . ."

"But the term subconscious also possesses another merit. It implies the idea that the conscious and the subconscious are indissolubly linked together, and are in continuous inter-communication. This conception finds strong support in the anatomy, histology and physiology of the nervous system. The conscious and subconscious—or as others call it, the unconscious—are not two separate stores of contents, nor are they two different fields of action. . . ."

"The term unconscious, on the contrary, clearly implies a negation of such continuity of intercommunication, and tends to emphasise the conception of an unconscious personality, in the pathological sense, or of the 'subliminal self' of Myers."

In the light of this definition the full force of the following paragraph at once becomes apparent :

"I believe that much of the recent success of the theory of the unconscious, or the subliminal, in the religious sphere is due not to its clarity but rather to the satisfying explanation which it offers of the convert's sense of detachment, or of his certainty that he is dominated by, and even subjected to, a force external to himself. The doctrine of the unconscious was suggested by the descriptions of the mystics themselves ; and the psychologists who cannot accept transcendence as such, adhere to it with enthusiasm as a less compromising explanation than that of 'Grace.' Numbers of Catholics, especially the Modernists, do not object to this view, because it is an admission that 'grace' does not operate upon the rational faculty, but only upon the unconscious."

If we are to accept the views of our author as indicative of the trend of contemporary psychological theory, it may not be long ere we may find the more rational division of the field of consciousness into sub-conscious, conscious and super-conscious becoming general. It seems, to the lay mind at any rate, difficult to understand how modern psychology manages to evade this evidently natural division. Taking the normal consciousness as the base line, all that falls below the threshold is of the "sub-conscious," while all that invades it from above is surely adequately described as emanating from the "super-consciousness."

The admission of Professor de Sanctis that while adopting the conventional psychological nomenclature, he "does not renounce the conception that the human psyche is a form of activity *sui generis*, regarding whose essence and origin the science remains, and should remain, entirely agnostic," is not only a testimony to the independence of his outlook, but a promise of sure and steady development of the science of psychology in the near future.

One of the most interesting sections of Professor de Sanctis's work is that devoted to a consideration of the nature and action

of the process of "sublimation." "Certain fanatics," he points out, "seriously believe that the whole of the new psychology originated with Freud (in whose system the term figures largely). Sublimation, on the contrary, is a word of considerable antiquity, and still older is the conception it crystallises. *Sublimare* in Latin and Italian means to elevate by the action of an internal force."

The study of sublimation in its psychological sense is largely due to Freud. With him it becomes a specific process. The elements of the sexual instinct, according to him, are characterised by their transmutability from a sexual purpose to a more remote and higher end. "Sublimation, as a matter of fact," comments de Sanctis, "is a conception which to-day is generally accepted in the Freudian sense."

Fearing lest his leaning towards the theories of Freud should give rise to the impression that he sees in the libido the psychic product of the sexual instincts and nothing more, our author alludes sympathetically in passing, to the views of Jung.

"According to Jung and his followers, the material of sexual representations can be utilised to create the highest ethical and religious interests. But this does not necessarily imply that the force of these sexual instinct has been transformed into asexuality. Rather, these complexes are from the first more highly refined . . . and are readily interwoven with abstract thoughts which are rather in the nature of ethics or of religious mysticism. . . ."

"I do not intend here to discuss the opinions of the psychoanalysts. I confine myself to the observation that Jung with his arguments combats the specific significance of the libido by tracing its deeper current; and that his exploration is sound can be seriously upheld."

While the Freudians invariably regard sublimation as a process of the unconscious, de Sanctis rightly **SUBLIMATION** insists that sublimation is a voluntary and conscious process, operating by means of a conflict or struggle which, if it begins imperceptibly, at length becomes voluntary.

"Renunciations, temptations, conflicts, and even 'falls from grace,' are incontestable proofs of this, since it is in such situations that the consciousness can recognise the antagonism between the opposed sets of desires and the two conflicting courses of action, and in repentance can estimate defeat, as in deliberate renunciation it can value the victory."

That sublimation has a physiological basis, however, in no way negatives the fact that it is of spiritual origin. Whence comes the motive power for this incessant struggle between the lower and the higher, a struggle which characterises the whole course of human existence ?

Certain misguided occultists, perceiving the connection between the sex force and spiritual development, and realising that chastity is enjoined as a *sine qua non* in the case of any real progress, become enamoured of the practice of "conservation." Absolute and entire conservation follows as an effect of true spiritual unfoldment, and cannot be attained by mere repression. The only hope of success lies in idealising and sublimating every motive, every thought, and every feeling. This can only be done by a life of unremitting endeavour to become "an instrument for the Divine hands to work with," a life of utter consecration. Sublimation is as possible in married life as in the life of the recluse. Everything depends upon the thoroughness of the sublimating process. The endeavour to

save and hoard the sex force like a miser is in the end
IN THE futile ; for unless it can be sublimated or transmuted
ADYTUM it can only react harmfully upon the physical health.

When, however, the refined magnetic essence is consciously (or unconsciously) offered in glad surrender to the Divine, Whose presence by degrees rises more and more brightly out of the darkness of the "unconscious," then, and only then, the thrill which Jacob Boehme refers to as the "dance of the holy Sophia" will be a sign from above that the pure worshipper has found favour in the eyes of God. If the aspirant is strong enough the Secret Power will be awakened, and the union of the male and the female will take place within. Then, when Kundalini is aroused, will total chastity become a possibility but not before. Those who regard the most sacred and most secret power in the human body as merely a means of opening the psychic faculties should be warned that they stand in danger of desecrating the temple of the Holy Ghost. As the Divine Sophia says to the regenerate soul: I here quote from Jacob Boehme :

"Afford thou the essence of fire, and I will afford the essence of light, and the increase. Be thou the fire, and I will be the water, and thus we will perform that in this world for which God hath appointed us, and serve Him in His temple, which we ourselves are. Amen."

It is not often that we have the pleasure of welcoming a new work from the pen of William Kingsland. He is a careful and painstaking writer, who "WAS 'H.P.B.' A CHARLATAN?" does not rush thoughtlessly into print, so that his Critical Analysis of the 1885 report of the S.P.R. on the phenomena connected with Mme. H. P. Blavatsky is worthy of the most serious consideration.

It is a matter of regret that the remainder of the space at my disposal forbids more than a brief allusion to this able vindication of H. P. Blavatsky, as against the imputations embodied in the Hodgson report of 1885. We intentionally refrain from designating it the "S.P.R. Report" for the following reasons, which Mr. Kingsland classifies by way of introduction to his detailed defence.

- (1). The S.P.R. never investigated the phenomena.
- (2). It delegated the work to a Committee.
- (3). The Committee never investigated the phenomena.
- (4). The Committee delegated the work to Mr. Hodgson to investigate the evidence for phenomena which had taken place years previously.
- (5). Mr. Hodgson, therefore, did not investigate the phenomena.

Consequently "the phenomena connected with the Theosophical Society" were never investigated at all! No direct evidence is brought forward in any single instance by the direct witnesses for the "prosecution"—the Coulombs.

"We lay our finger here," says Mr. Kingsland, "on what is perhaps the decisive factor which would cause us to discredit totally the evidence and statements of the Coulombs. It is this: According to Mr. Hodgson, almost everyone at Theosophical headquarters appears to have been implicated in some way in a conspiracy to defraud. It would appear to have been a sort of mutual deception society. . . . How is it that out of this army of confederates, not a single one comes forward to support the statements of the Coulombs? Not merely so, but Mme. Coulomb in her published statement does not even mention anyone as being implicated in their deceptions."

Perhaps, however, the most striking suggestion in the book is that put forward by the author himself. May it not be, he conjectures, that the world at the time of the Hodgson report was not *ready* for the official recognition of occult science? There

is evidence and to spare that there may be such a thing as the premature birth of knowledge. Most of my readers will recollect the striking article by Sir Kenneth Mackenzie on this subject which appeared in this magazine some months ago.

Whether or not the Society for Psychical Research ultimately finds it possible to modify its attitude as expressed in Hodgson's utterly prejudiced report, the fact remains that, in spite of such official non-recognition, the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, as embodied in her phenomenal treatise on *The Secret Doctrine*, have made themselves felt not only in the extraordinary and world-wide dissemination of Theosophy as popularised by her disciple, Dr. Annie Besant, but have left on many branches of modern science and philosophy traces of their influence. The uncompromising materialism of H.P.B.'s time has slowly given way to the silent pressure of the deeper view of the nature of the cosmos as so startlingly put forward in the works of this mysterious and puzzling personality.

In view of the letter over the signature "A," which appears in the correspondence columns of this issue, it may be as well to draw attention to the distinction to be drawn between the vindication of the memory of one of the pioneers of contemporary occultism, to which Mr. Kingsland has so ably contributed his share, and the more potential letters centring round living personalities. There are, as my esteemed correspondent suggests, far more urgent matters than this calling for attention at the present time.

THE EDITOR.

FATAL DREAMS

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

THE not infrequent announcements in the papers that so-and-so died in his sleep of heart failure makes me wonder if the actual cause of so-called syncope during sleep is invariably physical—blood, for example, pressing on a very much worn-out valve or muscle and causing it at last to give way and burst, or some other equally natural factor that might have produced the same result during the hours of wakefulness—or whether the cause of death lies, at times at least, in something far more subtle and complex, something that may, indeed, be partially or not at all physical.

I am thinking, when I pen these lines, of dreams which are popularly termed nightmares. Now there would seem to be little doubt that obstructed respiration combined with indigestion does very often produce an aggregate of painful sensations in the alimentary canal, which, in their turn, affect the brain to such an extent that alarming and unpleasant dreams are the result; but is this always the case?

May there not be some unpleasant dreams which owe their origin to something quite outside the Known and Material; in other words to the Superphysical? Many years ago, when I was sojourning on the Pacific Coast of North America, I had an experience which made me feel quite certain the Unknown does occasionally influence the sleeper. It was in this wise. I was staying for a while in a small settlement at the foot of a spur of the Rocky Mountains. I often used to go for long rides, generally after cattle, into the neighbouring forest, and on one occasion, having been obliged to leave the main track in pursuit of a very troublesome bullock, I succeeded in very effectually losing my way. As a rule, when I was in this kind of predicament, I relied on the sagacity of my horse to put me right, but on this occasion the resort failed, the animal having only recently come into the possession of my friends and being, in consequence, but little acquainted with those parts. The darkness of the forest, the silence and utter solitude of the place, and the indistinct images of the trees, which in the gloom assumed strange and grotesque shapes, had a very disquieting effect on it, causing it, every now and again, to shy and show a marked disinclination to proceed any further. I was at my wits' end to know what to do, and had come to the conclusion I had better tether it to a tree and

lie down beside it, when a broad stream of moonlight, pouring through a wide gap in the foilage overhead, showed me a tumble-down wooden hut standing close beside an isolated tree, which looked as if it had been blasted with lightning. I had not time to observe more just then, for my horse shied with such abruptness that I was pitched right out of the saddle on to the ground. Fortunately I alighted on a bush and escaped with no worse injury than a few scratches. To my infinite dismay, however, I found my horse had decamped, and the sound of hoofs growing momentarily fainter and fainter, convinced me that attempt to overtake him would be hopeless. What was I to do? Wander on and, perhaps, get much further from the right track, or stay where I was and wait till daylight? The last alternative appearing to me as the most sensible, I chose it, and glancing once again at the hut I decided to take shelter in it for the night. It was a very derelict affair, the roof and floor in holes, the door hanging on by one hinge, and the solitary window-frame devoid of glass. There was no furniture saving an old wooden chair with half a leg and a rusty, much-battered pail with the bottom off. A pile of *débris* of every description, broken glass and crockery, kettles minus their spouts, and saucepans minus their handles and caked with rust, lay in one corner, and in the other a quantity of brushwood, which no doubt had served as a bed for some poor wanderer like myself. Wretched as the place unquestionably was, it seemed dry, however, and being very tired I lay on the brushwood and was soon fast asleep. I was presently conscious of strange noises, murmurings and wailings, at first very gentle and far away, but which gradually drew nearer and nearer, increasing in volume all the while, till they eventually sounded close beside me, and resembled the groanings and shrieking of some poor woman in the very direst mental and physical agony. Then I suddenly realised it was the wind, and that a great storm was in progress blowing through the tree-tops and whistling and howling round the hut with demoniacal fury.

Occasionally a blast, bigger than any of those that had preceded it, blew the crazy door wide open, and into the room, from the blinding darkness of the hell outside, glided a tall figure, swathed from head to foot in black. Close at its heels followed another similarly attired figure, and behind that a third, and so on, and as they each crossed the floor past me, I recognised in their white-set features the face of some dear relative or friend, long passed over. When they had all solemnly and silently paraded through the hut, disappearing through the wall facing

the entrance, there was a slight pause, and I became conscious of the advent of something indistinct and shadowy, all the more alarming because it had no definite shape or form. I got the impression, however, that it was a dark, yellow thing, spotted like a lizard's belly, with a grotesque and very terrible head, and that it was walking at a measured tread with long outstretched arms. A cold, pestilential atmosphere, under which everything shrivelled and grew rigid, accompanied it, and I heard it whisper, "Yes, I am Death, you must join the rest; there's absolutely no escaping me." I felt myself fainting, my sight grew dim, my hair rose on end, and—I awoke in a paroxysm of terror and literally sweating with fright.

For some minutes I lay absolutely still, not daring to move hand or foot, and hardly able to realise it was only a dream, so extremely vivid had it all seemed, and then gradually my fear gave way to a kind of ennui, and something sharper and more poignant than ennui as well. I became filled with a loathing for everybody and everything, but more especially for myself, and this last sentiment became at length so acute and utterly overpowering that I sprang up and rushed out of the hut. The dawn had already broken, and its grey light revealed to me a horseman threading his way along a narrow, winding path, about sixty yards distant. Hearing me halloo, he halted, and on his turning round, I perceived, to my joy, that he was someone I knew from the settlement. When I told him where I had slept he at once pointed at the tree by the hut and said, "Do you see that tree? It is known round here as the suicide tree, because several men who have occupied that hut have been found hanging on it. Mebbe if you'd stayed in it much longer you'd have done the same."

"Mebbe, I would," I replied, and I thought of my dream.

In the sixties of the last century there was a strange case of suicide resulting from a series of dreams at Bromley. The victim was a widow called Gosling, generally regarded by all who knew her as a thoroughly normal woman, happy and genial, and at the same time practical and business-like; in fact, the very last person to suffer from delusions. Well, quite suddenly she took to having very harrowing dreams about her sailor son to whom she was greatly attached. She saw him lying dead, half submerged in a pool, amid slimy rocks and seaweed, on a gloomy, desolate beach, and heard his voice in accents of indescribable agony imploring her to join him immediately in the Great

Unknown. These dreams made a great impression on her, for she was convinced they were due to supernatural agency, and after enduring them for some days, she finally resolved to take her life. With this end in view she left her home one Friday evening, and going to a part of the river Lea, known as Limehouse Cut, threw herself in and was drowned. It was subsequently learned her son was not lost at sea, so the voice she had heard calling could not have been his, unless it was a case of telepathic communication between two sleeping brains. Had he dreamed he was dead and called to her in his sleep, and had she also in her sleep received the message telepathically, or were the dreams wholly due to some diabolical superphysical agency, and very possibly associated with the house in which she was living? It is assuredly a debatable problem.

Sometimes, and, perhaps, not so rarely as may be thought, deeds of violence actually occur during sleep. Here is an authentic instance. In the early hours of the morning of May 23rd, 1844, William Sexton, son of the then landlord of the White Hart Inn, Amptill, dreamed he was walking along a dark and gloomy street in some large town, when a tall and sinister-looking policeman suddenly emerged from a doorway and said, "Come along with me, I'm going to put you in the stocks." Horribly scared, William bolted, and the policeman, with loud cries of "Stop!" at once pursued him.

Never was there such a chase. First down one street, and then another, on and on they tore, their feet creating the most appalling echoes as they pounded their way over the hard cobblestones. Sometimes the policeman seemed on the very verge of overtaking William, and then William, with a superhuman effort, would spurt ahead again and leave his pursuer far in the rear, only, however, to be overhauled again and all but captured. And so repeatedly, till William at last got thoroughly exhausted. A voice then whispered in his ear that anything was preferable to capture. "Think what a disgrace the stocks would mean to your family. Think of your own shame and the pain and insults you would have to endure. Think of all this and for God's sake don't let him overtake you."

William felt something hard and cold slipped into his hand. It was a razor, and in a frenzy of despair he slashed himself with it. The pain awoke him. Springing out of bed in horror, he rushed to the nearest room and succeeded in explaining what had happened, but before assistance could be procured he died. And

all through a dream. What prompted it? Some purely physical cause, something William had eaten late at night, and which not being properly digested weighed heavily on his stomach causing painful sensations in the alimentary canal, these sensations, in their turn, influencing his sleeping brain? If this be so, what a diabolical vengeance on the part of outraged nature! Or, once again, was the Superphysical wholly responsible for the dream? Had William in some strange manner attracted to him the horribly malignant side of the Unknown? Was the house or room in which he slept haunted by it? The vividness of the dream inclines me to the latter theory.

More remarkable than either of the cases I have quoted is that of William Wright. One morning in 1835, William Wright, a shoemaker, met one of his friends called James M'Levy in Fountain Close, Edinburgh, and asked him if he believed in dreams. On M'Levy saying "Sometimes," Wright told him he was continually having a very vivid dream about a mutual acquaintance of theirs named James Imrie. He dreamed, he said, that he and Imrie were arguing quite pacifically, when he suddenly observed an expression, which he could only describe as hellish, so utterly evil and malignant was it, come over Imrie's face, and before he could put himself on his guard Imrie snatched up a knife and stabbed him. "You ken full weel," he added, "what gude friends I and Jamie hae always been, and I'm loth to confess it, but ever since I hae had those dreams and seen that expression, which can only come from the Deil himself, it's so ugly, I am afraid of him, and that's God's truth." M'Levy told him he was sure there was nothing in it, and that he must not allow his mind to dwell on such a thing. The two men then parted.

The following day, at just about the same time, M'Levy chanced to pass through the Close again, when there were loud cries of "Murder!" and Wright came running out of a neighbouring house with a bloodstained knife in his hand. Much alarmed, M'Levy asked him what had happened, whereupon Imrie said, "I've killed him; and it was all through that cursed dream."

He went on to explain that he had the same dream again the preceding night; it had been even more realistic than any of the other dreams, and he was still thinking of it, when he met Imrie. They adjourned to a public-house and were engaged in an argument about Socialism, when he suddenly saw that same hellish expression he had so often seen in his dreams begin

to form in Imrie's face. Making sure Imrie was about to stab him, he had caught hold of a knife lying on the table by their side and struck at him. "Understand," he added with tremendous earnestness, "it was in self-defence, mon, for had I nae stabbed him, he would hae stabbed me." Imrie died some hours later. At the inquest and subsequent trial Wright told his story of the dreams, and the Court was so impressed that the capital charge was dropped and he got let off with a term of imprisonment for manslaughter.

Here is a case, then, strictly authentic, of a normal, rational man—no suggestion was made at the time of the occurrence that he was otherwise—being driven by a series of haunting dreams to an act of homicide. Could such dreams owe their origin to any other than a diabolical superphysical agency?

Unhappily there is reason to suppose that dreams of this description are not uncommon. Only the other day I read a case in a South American paper of a man accused of murdering his room-mate by stabbing him during the night. He admitted the deed, but declared most emphatically he was morally innocent, since he was sleeping when he killed the deceased. He dreamed, he said, that his friend suddenly got up and attacked him, and it was in sheer self-defence that he picked up a knife and struck a blow with it. The Court, paying no credence to his story, found him guilty, but who can say for certain that he was not speaking the truth, or deny positively that he was influenced in what he did by some malign spirit agency?

Before leaving the subject of what I may term homicidal dreams, that is to say, dreams which are directly responsible for suicide or murder, let me quote just one case, more remarkable than any of those I have mentioned, inasmuch as contrary and opposite dream-influences were undoubtedly at work. One morning, in a village in the Midlands, a certain Col. Harper and his wife sat at breakfast, with the butler, a prematurely-old man, in attendance. The idea suddenly coming to the colonel that it would be nice to have his pretty niece Effie Harper to stay with them, he made the proposition to Mrs. Harper, who readily fell in with it.

During the conversation the Colonel and his wife made several allusions to Effie's wonderful diamonds, a family heirloom.

Breakfast over, Mrs. Harper wrote to Effie, and preparations were at once set on foot for her forthcoming visit, when a letter was received from her, saying she was very sorry she could not come.

She did not give the real reason, which was this: The night she got the invitation, she had a peculiarly vivid dream. She thought that, aroused by something, she started up in bed in time to see the handle of the bedroom door give a sudden turn, and the door slowly open. There then crept into the room a man, clad only in shirt and trousers. The moonlight pouring in a broad white stream through the window facing the door, she could see him with startling distinctness. He was bald, with white hair hanging in coarse, shaggy straggling locks over large, projecting, wrinkly ears—a man prematurely old, with a very sloping furrowed forehead, an ill-shaped head and bent shoulders. The white face wore an inexpressibly evil and repulsive expression: evil and repulsive in the cruel, prominent, pale-blue eyes, gleaming from under shaggy eyebrows; evil and repulsive in the flabby, shapeless, sensual lips; evil and repulsive in every line of the head and in the massive, wolfish jaws. In one hand he held an ordinary table-knife with a white horn handle, the blade of which, worn to a point like a dagger, and showing recent signs of being sharpened, shone and glittered in the moonbeams. Petrified with horror, Effie watched him advance stealthily towards her, his light sinister eyes fixed on hers with a deadly stare. Nearer and nearer he came till he was close beside the bed, when, with a horrible smile of exultation, he raised his knife ready to strike. With a wild shriek of terror Effie threw out her arms to ward off the blow and—awoke. The dream, which for some reason or other she could not help associating with her impending visit to the Harpers, so upset her that she decided not to go, and, despite the remonstrances of her parents, who thought it was all very absurd, at once wrote to her relatives to that effect. Several months later, however, on the Harpers inviting her again, she yielded to the persuasions of her mother and went. At dinner that night a remarkable scene ensued. No sooner had they all sat down and the butler approached her with a plate of soup than she gave a loud scream and fainted. On recovering, she told the Harpers of her dream, and declared that their butler was the exact counterpart of the man she had seen in it, the man with the knife. The Harpers merely laughed and told her it was all imagination. Some hours later, long after everyone had retired to rest, the whole household were awakened by frantic screams from Effie's room, and on Colonel Harper rushing to see what was the matter, he found Effie engaged in a desperate struggle with the butler, who was endeavouring to stab her with a white horn handled table-knife. The colonel

speedily overpowered the ruffian, who, looking terribly white and haggard, made the following confession. He said that ever since he had first heard the talk of inviting Miss Harper to stay in the house, he had been haunted by a dream, always the same dream, in which he saw her lying in her bed with the diamonds he had heard so much about flashing and sparkling round her neck and on her breast. The sight fascinated him. He felt he must have them at all costs, even if he risked body and soul in the attempt. He tried to fight down the desire, but it was of no avail, each successive dream only increasing it; and when he saw Miss Harper at dinner with the exact counterpart of the diamonds of his visions round her neck, flashing and sparkling with the same wonderful and extraordinary lustre as he had seen in his sleep, he made up his mind to murder her.

That was his story, the story of a dream, or rather dreams, that tempted to robbery and homicide. He was not punished, at least by no earthly law, for before the Colonel could summon the local police he had died—died of long-standing heart disease. As Miss Harper had never seen her uncle's butler in the flesh, nor known, in fact, there was such an individual till that night at dinner, when the mere sight of him caused her to faint, can there be any doubt but that her dream was sent as a warning by some power or powers on the Other Side interested in her welfare? And if the Supernatural be held responsible for her dream, why not for the dreams of the wretched butler, too?

So far I have only touched on what I may term homicidal dreams, that is to say, dreams that tempt either to suicide or murder; but there are other kinds of fatal dreams—dreams that induce vice and wholly and utterly demoralise. For example, I see, on turning over my correspondence, that those who sleep in a certain room of a house in Gloucester run the risk of taking to drink through the dreams they experience there. My informant declares that this has been the case with person after person. Men and women, absolutely temperate before they slept in the room, have yielded to a sudden mania for drink, and have, one and all, attributed their downfall to the pernicious influence of certain dreams. It was the same many years ago with a tree in Hyde Park. "Do you see that elm, governor?" a tramp once remarked to me, indicating with a sweep of his grimy hand a tall, isolated elm. "Don't sleep anywhere near it if you value your blooming soul. Before I was like this"—and he cast a look of disgust at his rags and tatters—"I slept

under it several nights in succession—I was looking for work at the time. I am, or rather I was, a waiter, and as a result of what I dreamed I took to vice, sinking lower and lower till I finally become what you see me now. And believe me, governor, I am not the only one as 'as 'ad that hexperience. If ever anything is 'aunted, that there tree is, 'aunted by dreams, and regular bad 'uns."

TE DEUM

By PHILIP HARRISON

Thank God for every bird that sings,
For every flower and every leaf,
For every happy hour that brings
A present joy to balance grief.

Thank God for every day that's born,
Thank God for every day that dies,
For all the promise of the morn,
And all the peace of evening skies.

Thank God for courage to endure,
For those brief dreams the years have killed,
For faith that knows the end is sure,
For hope that sees the aim fulfilled.

Thank God for Life and all it brings,
Thank God for Love, which is Life's breath,
Thank God for all these many things,
But, most of all, thank God for Death!

THE THREE LAWS OF FREEDOM

By MICHAEL JUSTE, Author of *The White Brother*, etc.

EVER since the mind of man flamed into consciousness, there has been, at some period of his life, a certain altitude he has attempted to climb, a height looming clearly in the days of persecution, and attained to in the days of happiness, a height surrounded by an atmosphere of perpetual spring, lit by the light of the sun, and made clean by the pure winds of the spirit. From this summit man sees more clearly the path of his development, and finds the sieve that sifts the rare grains of Truth from the common grains of Error. It is towards this summit that souls must travel ere they can begin their conscious pilgrimage towards Godhead. And Freedom is its name.

There is only one caste in humanity possessing the true understanding of freedom, and this is composed of those who have achieved a certain illumination in the spiritual sense. One can call them mystic-occultists, an unfettered group of wise students who understand the clear, yet hidden laws, created by God. They are free because they are wise enough not to trample down the freedom of others. The rest are not free, have never been free, though all possess a certain amount of freewill. Democratic nations and autocratic nations are both bound by the same fetters. To the spiritual eye the wealthy man is clothed in the same tattered rags as the beggar; for all are thinly clothed who do not wear the royal raiment of freedom. To the spirit that is the only costume that matters; for, according to the teachings given me, the soul desires three things: Freedom, Love, Creation. Freedom is the prerogative of all souls, though few realise it; and they who would limit the freedom of man, limit, I understand, their own freedom when they pass over, living in a half-comatose state, desiring freedom, but unable to break the shell they had created. In some cases I have seen these people who have imprisoned themselves on account of their lack of tolerance. Some have been so imprisoned for centuries. I have seen them dressed in the costumes of the period in which they lived. But it may interest the student to know that many also attempt to return the evil they did by doing good, and thus repair the damage.

In the mind of the adolescent this desire for freedom is very strong, and revolt against old customs and laws signifies its appearance. After adolescence it usually disappears, but within

the hearts of a few it lingers, and they generally become the forerunners of the too-slowly moving caravan of humanity. Usually, such are in closer and happier relationship with the spirit within them, seeking to obey its commands, and so possessing a broader outlook upon life ; for the closer we are in communion with our Higher Selves, so much more freewill do we possess.

I believe our ideals and dreams of sweeter things are the invocations of our Higher Selves desiring this liberty, thus producing that restlessness within man that makes him a pioneer, a creator of the arts, a builder of new civilisations ; but also, if such a creative season comes to the soul of a man, it comes only because that soul has planted in its wintry past the seeds necessary for such a time.

Now when speaking of freedom we do not mean independence as understood by the majority ; that form of freedom is but the ego suffering from a form of mental elephantiasis. The freedom we mean is the realisation that all should be permitted to express themselves and work in harmony with the laws of Nature.

Therefore it is that the truly spiritual are free. They see with inner vision the heavy and terrible chains of the past that imprison the individual and the nation, chains created through ignorance and arrogance. My teacher once described to me how he saw with inner vision the result of a selfless deed by a friend. Immediately this friend made the sacrifice a great chain dropped from her.

Now this desire for freedom has, within recent years, brought many strange children to birth. The clumsy body and illogical mind of Democracy has been reared, holding in her arms the loudly bawling, crimson-faced infant named Socialism, and many another queer child has followed in its wake. For a great ideal is like a mental emperor, ruling the minds of many who serve and gladly obey its commands. A man in whom such an ideal incarnates has behind him a stupendous power. It is he who pours this spiritual tonic into those willing to drink, renewing them with strength and releasing them from old conditions. All this proves how deeply implanted is this desire for freedom. The democratic spirit, so strong to-day, is, we believe, the Higher Self of a nation striving to express itself, but doing so imperfectly because of the imperfections of the instrument. For this Higher Self brings with it a mental force that stirs the minds of its human atoms, illuminating and broadening their vision of things.

Now in this age this force is rapidly being freed, not by the conquerors—conquerors are rarely generous—but by the conquered; and deaf and sightless is that man and that nation who cannot hear and see these portents. The gods are unlocking the dungeons wherein Freedom has long lain manacled, and the clang of her falling fetters brings new courage into the hearts of the enslaved, and an uneasiness into the hearts of their oppressors.

There is a certain feeling abroad, felt by many sensitive and clairvoyant people, that we are entering into a new era, an era of justice, wherein freedom in all its aspects will be expressed. This, we understand, is an influence that comes at certain turnings in the journeyings of our planet, a cyclic and pre-ordained development, rather than the repair of some divine and age-old accident, as many believe.

If the minds of the past were imprisoned by narrow and dogmatic beliefs of religion and philosophy, they were but necessary experiences for the soul, forcing it to realise the value and importance of freedom, for the Higher Self can express Itself only when It is free. I think that the finest expression of freedom is to be found in children, because they are nearer to the Spirit, and are therefore protected.

Now when thinking of freedom, there is an aspect man has seldom considered, that aspect being freedom in relationship to Nature. Man has usually considered Nature to be an unconscious power, unaware of our actions, unaware of our methods of using her. If man only realised, however, that Nature also has a mind and wish for self-expression, he would work in much greater harmony, and produce results as great, if not greater, than those produced by past civilisations. To-day we think of Nature not as an entity, but as a number of unconscious forces, working, in some miraculous manner, in a perfectly harmonious fashion, a belief manifestly absurd when examined fearlessly and impersonally. Nature is only dead and unresponsive to those who are dead and unresponsive to her. There is a mind in Nature that feels the thwartings of man as keenly as the personality; and it is this thwarting of her freedom that forces Nature to rebel. And the elements all respond. We have had earthquakes, tornados, volcanos, all in great activity within the past few years, and what to us is abnormality in Nature's movements is really a return of Nature to her normal state. Nature is not a willing servant to an ignorant and unclean master, a master who in the past has interfered with her methods, denuding

lands of trees and plaguing them with alien forms of life ignorantly placed there by man.

If we glance round and question the calamities constantly taking place, and the unrest in the hearts of men, we will recognise that some hidden energy is at work besides that released from the oppression of nations and the pressure of changing environments. This energy is changing, slowly but surely, the minds of those responding to its influence. It is, I believe, the power of the awakening gods, who are the agents of the majestic consciousness of Nature, a consciousness that is slowly being freed as man repays his debt to the past, and makes himself fit to enter into the new age.

Here, then, are three aspects of the one principle that must be realised ere man can resolve the disharmony in which he lives: freedom for the soul of each being; freedom for each nation; and finally, and most difficult of all, an understanding and recognition of Nature's consciousness, and an endeavour to work in harmony with her forces.

By way of conclusion a few teachings bearing on the subject given me by my teacher may fittingly round off this article.

"In many places are those who can teach the student to enter into harmonious relationship with the great Demeter; but there is a great struggle before the student ere she unveils her face. There are specially trained beings, partly human, partly elemental, who test the aspirant, lending him filaments of their more subtle and purer bodies to help him bridge that gap between his higher and lower self which separates him from *his kingdom in Nature*. Man was born to be a sovereign ruler in these interior worlds, but he will not be allowed entry if he fails to apprehend and obey their laws.

"We have not built up an instrument sensitive enough to record Nature's finer vibrations; and to do so is the A B C of occultism. How can we enter her consciousness? How can we commune with her unless we build within ourselves those diaphragms which respond to her finer elements? We must remember that though Nature is an all-embracing mother, she will not call to us if we are to be destructive forces in her kingdoms. Her wisdom is not our wisdom, and she is strong and imperative in demand, and will not allow us to disturb her serenity.

"This is why, at times, the student becomes a hermit. He often fails for the first and second time to enter into the conscious-

ness of Nature. But sometimes he is successful, for there are many ministering beings to the soul, and at the time, when faint-hearted and discouraged, he is about to return to the normal life of man, he suddenly finds there will come to him that for which he has been seeking so long. For he had renounced all desire for this attainment, believing it impossible, or that it was not for him. And true renunciation often brings to man God's realisation. All have to follow this path. Do not be discouraged, for the great mother watches over her indolent children and smiles on their smallest efforts to regain union with her presence. But how hard a struggle it is to become an instrument for Nature's purpose. Your greatest help is that inner self within the garment you have moulded and modelled for its use. Freedom is the power to be ; to become an instrument to work in harmony and to realise the Law which is behind all things."

All the above implies that if man endeavoured to approach Nature with understanding and sympathy he would get to know of her reality, and would unlock, through sympathetic response, the elemental powers. Then would follow stupendous changes in the features of this planet. Old religions would return ; temples would be built ; and man would revert, not to a sensual and picturesquely evil form of paganism, but to a clean and holy paganism, wherein the gods would commune and help mankind in his attempt to gain wisdom and knowledge of their powers. Then, when the overpatched costumes that cloaked the simple creeds of the past have been flung aside, the clear laughter of Arcadia will ring over a golden world, and Truth and Freedom will be the acknowledged sovereigns of humanity.

HOLY WRIT.

By F. H. HAINES.

(An Essay on Symbolism by CUNNO received in Automatic Writing)

WE are able to communicate something respecting those heavenly spheres wherein the mind of man is reflected; but to extend our revelation beyond the Summer Land were to enter into a phase of description built entirely on symbolism. Already we have been compelled to use the symbolic word more frequently than you are accustomed to in your earth-writings, the effect whereof is a loss of that definite vision which men esteem as "Reality." But although some may find understanding difficult in the absence of the concrete, yet symbolism is more truly an appeal to the spiritual understanding, and will convey Truth that were never interpretable by "Reason."

Analysis of the effect of writings upon the reader will enlighten him as to their source; for in the inspired word there is a latent power to thrill which may not be mistaken for clever word manipulation. Without the divine afflatus a book may entertain the intellectual faculties, and much that is written panders by grossness to that which is lower than the intellect, with deplorable results; but the Spirit knows instantly the presence of the Spirit. "Like to like" may not be gainsaid. And in the inner mystery of the symbol you feel ecstatic reunion with "the Unseen," with the non-physical, with the untranslatable mystery which encompasses man on every side. The symbol may be incomprehensible to Reason. You may read with your eyes and not understand. But your spiritual nature nevertheless senses something esoteric, a meaning behind the symbolic word which vibrates with spiritual truth so that YOU, the "you" of Heaven and Earth, rejoice.

Symbolism is the mystical language used from the very genesis of created things to express the inner or spiritual meaning. To those uncultured ones whose vision is sense-bound, the appearance is the reality, the shadow is the truth. Others, higher on the path of Wisdom, sense mystery all around, and yet lack vision and understanding. They conform blindly to whatsoever religious teaching they may have received in their earlier years and attain their Heaven hereafter blindfold and spiritually dormant. Others, sensitive to the Light but lacking the Ancient

Wisdom, vainly seek with Reason's eye to scrutinise the inscrutable, and wander disconsolate on the physical plane, ever unbelievers, fools by nature. These take the plunge you call "death," in ignorance of that awakening when the eyes of the Spirit must perceive Reality. Then the symbols must be read aright. The Spirit unveiled of flesh soon discovers the gift of understanding; and woeful is the backward glance that knows its earth folly.

Blessed indeed is he who perceives the symbol on Earth and knows it as such, even although he lack wisdom to interpret it aright. Some symbols carry the magic of their meaning plain to your world. Such is the Cross, which inspires self-sacrifice throughout eternity. Therein you have a point of spiritual vision which has rent the physical for multitudes, and afforded them joyous moments of ecstatic adoration, when light from the Christ sphere penetrated to their momentarily sensitised souls.

That is the purpose of the symbol, to afford a point of contact between Earth and Heaven, between Spirit and Spirit. But not always is it thus used. Oft the symbol becomes the idol, the graven image, which is worshipped, venerated, and so made an active principle of evil by the thought potentialities of misguided worshippers. "Thou shalt have none other God but Me" is an injunction that were less the command of a "jealous" God than the authoritative advice of a loving father.

Man has never realised his spiritual capacities, his creative faculty. In a moment of folly he forgoes the privilege of communion with God, forgoes the right to give and receive Love, and becomes obsessed with veneration of the method of intercourse. The symbol is exalted, the ceremony is extolled without spiritual understanding: man becomes an idolater. This condition is more prevalent in these latter days than when the Israelites set up the golden calf. You worship the symbol on the mental plane where they did so objectively. But whether you raise an idol in the form of a graven image, or whether you create your intellectual concept, your theological creed, or your system of ethical perfection, the result is the same—you forgo the highest privilege of your being, communion with God.

Blessed indeed is the iconoclast in God's sight, though inevitably he is deemed accursed among men. The destruction of the idol, be it wood or word, metal or mental, is service to man and glory to God. It is a shattering of the vehicle wherethrough

evil finds life. Not yet do men realise that thoughts are things, and that worship is a tide of power that vitalises the object worshipped. In all humility, I would submit that even God Himself wins something beyond human comprehension from the worship of His faithful ones. The adoration of the Heavenly Hosts is no idle manifestation of humility. It undoubtedly uplifts those that worship, and the Spirit of Eternal Love grows richer in blessing under the stimulus. But this you should know, that the idol which is the focal centre of worship or venerating thought becomes a power for ill that grows with the multitude of its worshippers. The symbol takes to itself the power that streams towards it from its devotees. Wood or word it may be, but under the influx of such mental activity it acquires personality that feeds and grows on the adulation bestowed upon it. Moloch invested with human awe may claim any sacrifice of man. The unreal becomes reality when endowed with that life borrowed of the Spirit which impregnates every human thought. And the overthrow of the monster, the soul-destroying evil one, were an herculean task for the most resolute of iconoclasts, did not Heaven itself come to his assistance. Therefore we say, blessed indeed is he who, abetted by heavenly powers, wages war against the man-created idols that hold the multitudes in thrall.

It is only the misuse of the symbol that debases it. As a viewpoint of that which may not be perceived on the physical plane, the symbol has a function to perform which renders it necessary to man. Therethrough you can draw nearer to God and His kingdom of Spirit. Reason may not understand this mystery. "Common-sense," built up on the crudities of the five senses, lacks spiritual discernment, and is too "vulgar" to "believe." But intuitively the Soul senses the mystery behind the symbol, and if untrammelled by sense superstition may seek to penetrate into the inner meaning, may seek closer communion with God.

All God's handiwork is "Holy Writ." His symbols are within and without. Not a leaf upon a tree, not a twig twisted by adversity, but symbolize Truth for your discernment. The very fret of the bark upon the tree-bole indicates a presence which you might well worship for very wonder. The frost upon the window-pane, the mists wreathing magic upon the moors, the lichen upon the rocks, the spore of the fungi running underground, all are symbols indeed of activities that may not be

profaned by that caricature of understanding termed "Science." The stars in the heavens proclaim His Presence. Let but the Spirit exercise its inner vision and you shall see His symbols omnipresent and therethrough enter into an understanding of the Hidden Truth which shall lift your lives into a very present heaven of joyous worship.

"Things are not what they seem." The American poet only saw the material when he wrote his popular "Psalm of Life." To very many men and women "life is but an empty dream." Few make "stepping-stones of their dead selves" to attain a higher vision. Yet things are symbols, and therethrough the vision may be attained if you lack not spiritual understanding. Life itself, individually and collectively, is symbolic, a cypher which, if read aright, tells a very different story to that commonplace every-day life with which you grow so weary. The common interpretation you put upon every deed and thought is just the superficial judgment of one who, controlled by the enactments of men, must needs have no vision of divine justice and truth. Verily ye know not what ye do, what ye are, or whither ye go! How then can you judge? I tell you that your perspective is false and that your boasted successes are your failures, and the trivialities that you deem such are your appointed tasks which accomplish God's miracle. Therefore turn the spiritual vision from transcendental thoughts to the comprehensible affairs of life, to the routine and commonplaces of your environment, and read therein Holy Writ which shall more closely engross your understanding than the dogma and theology of ancient days.

Strain not to garb with false philosophy the simple symbols that abound in everyday life. The open door is indeed God's invitation to enter, and if you pause to construe it mystically the door may close against your spiritual progress. "Do what thou hast to do with all thy might." In the doing, understanding will come if your vision be uncontaminate of false glamour. The drudgery you would eschew signifies liberation in the Hereafter. The comfortable ease you crave for, indicates an unholy enslavement that may deny spiritual progress, the emancipation from which will cost the Soul anguish beyond your present conception. Poverty is a symbol of God's favour. The possession of riches is an ensnarement of the Soul, devised to test its vaunted self-sufficiency. Wordly goods negative spiritual assets. The sunray that aureoles the head of the attic worker is prophetic of future glory; and the fog that shrouds the City of Mammon

is a visitation symbolic of the spiritual darkness gathering about Mammon's devotees. All that happens on Earth is portentous of the Hereafter, although none on the physical plane possess the faculty of interpreting more than a modicum of the truth. For your sanity's preservation the meaning is ever obscure.

To the worldly wise this conception of universal symbolism is "childish." This epithet, devised to express scorn, is delightful to the spirit world. The innocent faith of a child is our symbol of holiness, and the spiritual warden of the Inner Sanctuary of the Heart of Christ. To be "childish" in thy belief is to draw nearer to God than ever Wisdom dare. Believe then this: there is a hidden truth in all that arises, within or without; that which holds the sense is but the appearance, purposed to beguile mortal man; and the secret teaching behind the appearance is a spiritual reality which can be dimly perceived if the inner sight—the eyes of the child—be opened. Think ye God creates haphazard? Is your conception of Deity so restricted by your incompetent self that ye imagine Creation pursues its majestic course by means of wanton interactivities of creatures such as ye, and less than ye? The impress of God is omnipresent. Not your interpretation of Him can limit His Being or His Will. Ye men are less than nothing. He is greater than all. And all that is expresses Him in secret cypher, the meaning of which can only be rendered completely by Masters on the plane of spirit for His Higher Purpose. You can but dimly and vaguely understand. You see in part, and can but know in part; and even so knowing must misinterpret, for to err is human.

It is this persistent impress of God's teachings in cypher that is the foundation of much of the mystic lore known unto men. Numbers, colours, the lines on the hand, the stars, have each their interpretation which, in the absence of culture, may be the ground of charlantanism and lead to the exploitation of the credulity of the ignorant. But the pretensions of alchemy do not discredit chemistry, and the "quack doctor" is not the measure of the experienced physician. You are at the beginning of knowledge in these studies of the symbol, and the future should lead to a more dignified consideration of the data on which they are founded.

Let your prayers, then, be for understanding. The hidden truth which confronts the human sense in a thousand thousand forms, and yet remains undiscovered, were too wonderful for man in its true spiritual significance. But, "seek and ye shall

find." Yes, find something of the Truth wherewith you can vision an ever-widening field of God's Presence, and so grow to a larger and closer communion with Him Who ever seeketh thee. There is no limitation to thy search for His Truth but thine own desire. And when, in the fullness of Time, the Alpha of His Revelation shall become manifest, when through some symbol, some appearance, you discover the God Presence and understand the first letter of His Will towards man, then shall the Spirit within become radiant with holy zeal to interpret the whole mystery of His Creation, and the Symbolic Universe shall become unto you a never-ending Book of Revelation,

IDEAL

By F. E. LAWRENCE

Ever the thing that no man knows,
Ever the end one may not see ;
And Truth sits high above the snows,
Her forehead veiled in mystery.

Is there no finer goal than Truth,
No surer aim, no kindlier height,
Only that dim, unconquered peak
To lead her votaries through the night ?

Courage to light the fires of hope,
Pity for all of man's distress,
Wisdom to guide the hands that grope,
And love to cast out bitterness.

We who have bared our breasts to pain,
And fought with fear and borne with wrong,
We must have strength to fight again,
And in our hearts some marching song.

REINCARNATION

BY JEAN DELAIRE

PART II (*Conclusion*).

THE doctrine of Rebirth may be said to pervade the whole philosophy of the Talmud and the Kabbala; and as the oral teaching, written down in later centuries and incorporated in Rabbinical literature, belongs to an extremely early date, it may be affirmed that, almost from time immemorial, it was part of the religious beliefs of the Jewish people. In the Talmud it is stated that the soul of Eve passed into Sarah, thence to Hannah the Shunamite, and finally to the widow of Zarepta; the soul of Cain passed to Jethro, the soul of Jael to Eli, and so forth, while the identification of John the Baptist with the prophet Elijah is one of the best known instances of the prevalence of this idea among the Jews in the days of Jesus Christ. That this belief, with them—as with so many nations of antiquity—took the form of simple metempsychosis, or the *descending*, instead of the *ascending*, spiral—devolution in the place of evolution—is shown by many a passage in the Talmud; in the book of *Emeh Hemelech*, for instance, it is asserted that the soul of Ishmael entered the body of Balaam's ass; also it is stated that "the soul of a slanderer may enter into a stone, so as to become silent."

In the *Zohar*, or Book of Light—which is part of the Kabbala—there is a fine passage on the ethical aspect of the doctrine of Reincarnation: "All the souls are subject to the trials of transmigration, and men do not know which are the ways of the Most High in their regard. They do not know how many transformations and mysterious trials they must undergo. . . . The souls must re-enter the Absolute Substance whence they emerged. But to accomplish this end they must develop all the perfections, the germ of which is planted in them, and if they have not fulfilled this condition during one life, they must commence another, a third, and so forth, until they have acquired the condition which fits them for reunion with God."

On the idea of Reincarnation among the Gnostics many volumes might be written, for not only is its ethical aspect stressed in the *Pistis Sophia*, the only Gnostic Scripture we possess, but it forms one of the most remarkable links of belief between the Pagan and the Christian world.

The great prophet of Islam, Muhammad, does not appear to have taught Reincarnation, but he undoubtedly believed in pre-existence ; and yet the doctrine of the soul's evolution, in many lives, on this as on other planes of being, may be said to be at the root of Sufism, as of other forms of esoteric Muhammadanism, finding its most perfect expression in the ecstatic poems of Hafiz and his followers

In the *Sayings of Muhammad*, collected by his disciples, we read : " The creation is as God's family ; for its sustenance is from him. . . . Souls, before having dependence upon bodies, were like assembled armies ; after that they were dispersed ; and sent into bodies Therefore, those that were acquainted before the dependence attract each other, and those that were unacquainted, repel. . . ." And in another passage the idea of *karma* seems to have been in the Prophet's mind when he said : " Verily these your deeds will be brought back to you, as if you yourself were the creator of your own punishment."

But what of the idea of Reincarnation in our own religion, Christianity ? Although the opponents of Reincarnation choose to ignore it, it is nevertheless a fact that, to quote Dr. Annie Besant, " It is a doctrine that belongs as much to Christianity as to the older religions of the world," that " in Christian antiquity it took its place unchallenged for five centuries among the doctrines taught by the great doctors and bishops of the Christian Church," and that " its revival to-day is the revival of a truth partially forgotten, and not an effort made to graft into the Christian faith a doctrine from an alien creed."

That there is a revival of this idea at the present time among Christians is proved by a little book entitled *Reincarnation and Christianity*, written by a clergyman of the Church of England ; a book in which the author seeks to prove, not only that Reincarnation is an excellent working hypothesis to explain many of the problems of life, but that it is not opposed even to orthodox Christianity, that it was taught by several of the Church Fathers, and was never condemned by a *general* council of the Church, " the synod at Constantinople in 543, at which it was denounced, being only a local synod, and not binding on the Church as a whole."

Metempsychosis, rather than Reincarnation as we understand it, was condemned by various Church Fathers. Nor has the idea ever completely disappeared from the Christian world, for we find it reappearing during the Middle Ages in many a sect

called heretical; and in comparatively modern times it was openly championed by such men as Dr. Butler, the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Henry Moore, Dr. Cheyne, the Chevalier Ramsay, and many others—to say nothing of the many poets, Wordsworth, Rossetti, Edward Carpenter, Walt Whitman, who have woven the idea in some of their most beautiful verses!

But to look at Reincarnation from another standpoint than the purely historical, let us attempt to answer at least some of the many objections raised against it in our modern Western world

And first of all, before we can possibly form a just conception of the idea of Reincarnation, we must consider one question which summarises them all: *What is it that reincarnates?*

It may safely be asserted that nine-tenths of the objections brought to bear against the theory of Reincarnation are due to the fact that we have either failed to answer this question, or, more often perhaps, have failed to realise its paramount importance in the subject under discussion.

What is it that reincarnates?

What is Man?

All religions and most philosophies have told us that man is a dual being, and in recent times psychology has proved this; and perhaps the simplest analysis of this dual nature is the time-honoured one into *Individuality* and *Personality*, an eternal individuality manifesting in and through a transient personality.

Now if we study these two words etymologically we see at once that they throw considerable light upon the problem of Reincarnation.

Individuality is derived from the Latin word *individuum* and means indivisible, thus having the same significance as the Greek-derived word *atom*—that which cannot be cut, *i.e.* divided, separated—the unit, the monad, the One that is (whether in the universe or in man) “the Changeless beyond all changes.” Personality, on the other hand, is derived from the Latin *persona*, a mask, and here alludes to the mask worn in ancient times by actors upon the stage. The personality is thus but the “mask” of the individuality: Personality is to Individuality what the mask is to the actor, something that partly reveals, partly conceals him, something he puts on to play his rôle, and takes off at the end of the scene.

Individuality is but another name for the Higher Self, and

the Higher Self, according to this philosophy, is the true, the real man, the potential Son of God. The real man, the divine *Individuality*, is the Actor that plays his rôle—his many rôles—upon the stage of life: the *Personality* is merely the character he assumes, the rôle he plays, the mask he wears. In the great world-scriptures we find many names given to this real, this higher, self in man; perhaps the most illuminating is that used in the sacred books of Hinduism—"the Dweller in the Body"; and of that inner, divine self it is written: "The sword cannot pierce it; fire cannot burn it; air cannot dry it; water cannot moisten it. . . . It is not born. It cannot die."

It is this "Dweller in the body," this "spark from the Great Flame," as it is called in the *Secret Doctrine*, that treads the long evolutionary path—from God, back to God. This is the fundamental idea at the root of all the various conceptions of Rebirth or Reincarnation. Not the *Lower*, but the *Higher Self*; not the *transient Personality*, but the *eternal Individuality*, comes to earth to learn the lessons of earth, to learn to become, or rebecome, a Son of God.

It needs but a moment's serious thought to see that if this idea, which we find at the root of every great religion—and most distinctly taught in Christianity—if this idea be true, it answers most, perhaps all, the objections usually raised against the doctrine of Reincarnation, for, setting aside the thoughtless and altogether frivolous objections often raised in the West against this theory, the serious objections may be reduced to three: Firstly, Why do we not remember our past lives, with its corollary? Why is man made to suffer for unremembered sins? This may be called the philosophic objection. Secondly, the objection of Science: The theory of Reincarnation contradicts the science of heredity, which tells us that man is, to a large extent, what his progenitors have made him, the outcome, not of any past lives, but of heredity, plus environment. Thirdly: the question almost continually asked by thoughtful spiritualists, in England and in America (for in other parts of the world Reincarnation is one of the fundamental tenets of Spiritualism): Why the repeated return to earth—to this earth—when there are other worlds, other fields of evolution for the human soul, in God's limitless universe? Why cannot man evolve towards perfection on other planes of existence, as well as on this?

Now the answer to the first objection: Why do we not remember our past lives? is contained in the theory of the

Higher and the Lower Self ; for if this theory be true, if, as the modern psychologist would express it, we have a subconscious and a superconscious mind, a normal and a supernormal consciousness, it must be in this superconscious mind, this higher self, that is stored the memory of all our past. It is not fanciful theory, but sober, scientific fact, that in reality man forgets nothing, that in the dim recesses of his brain cells, according to the psycho-physiologist—within his Higher Self, if our theory be correct—all the events of his life are registered indelibly ; every act, every word, every thought even. . . . In the words of the French savant Dr. Gustave Geley, “ In abnormal as in normal psychology, forgetfulness is only apparent ; in reality all memories remain in the subconsciousness ”—*superconsciousness* would be the more correct word—“ and may return to light under certain conditions.” It is, then, scientifically correct to say that our memories are as a vast treasure-house of which we, in our waking, normal consciousness, do not possess the key. Perhaps the psychology of to-morrow will go a step further, and say that it is in the *Higher Self* that all memories permanently inhere, and that when man will cease to identify himself with the Lower, to unite himself with the Higher Self, he will remember all his past lives, look back on all the lessons learnt in the Great School, as the full-grown man looks back on the lessons of his childhood days.

But there is another sense in which it may be said that we remember our past ; there is, even in the most undeveloped man, a connecting link between the Higher and the Lower Self, and even in the primitive man, even in the savage, some of the knowledge stored in the Higher Self, in the superconscious mind, filters down to the normal, everyday consciousness. This knowledge, in the form of latent memories, is with us always, from the moment we draw our first breath on earth, and they appear later on as character, as innate ideas, as special aptitudes in art, in science, and so forth. It might be said that the *active memory* stored in the Higher Self becomes a *latent* memory in the Lower Self

Thus it is possible that we, men and women of to-day, may be wiser and better for lessons learnt in far-off lives ; for if the doctrine of Reincarnation be true, *we are ourselves the heirs of the ages*, in a deeper, more intimate sense than we dream of. We are to-day what we have made ourselves in the past, and those lessons, apparently forgotten, have made us what we are.

"Can we be wiser," asks Professor McTaggart, "by reason of something which we have forgotten? Unquestionably we can. A man who dies after acquiring knowledge—and all men acquire some—might enter into his new life deprived, indeed, of his knowledge, but not deprived of the increased strength and delicacy of mind which he had gained in acquiring the knowledge. And, if so, he will be wiser in the second life because of what happened in the first."

Or, in the words of Dr. Besant: "All innate ideas are concentrated memories; all natural powers to respond to religion, to art, to emotions, are forms of memory. All instincts, talents and intuitive perceptions are deposits from many pasts. Practical ability, character, intellect, genius, are not endowments—they are earnings."

We come now to the second objection, that the theory of Reincarnation contradicts the science of heredity. The answer to this objection, also, is contained in the idea of the Higher and the Lower Self; for it follows logically that, if man, the real man is, not the body, but *the dweller in the body*, an immortal, eternal spirit, he may indeed be influenced by, but cannot possibly be the result of, physical heredity. Modern science, too, is coming to perceive this more and more clearly. Since the days of Darwin and Wallace, the scientific world has been divided on this question, Darwin believing that mental and moral qualities were the outcome of evolution, of *ordinary physical evolution*, while Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who with Darwin discovered the law of natural selection and the origin of species, could not bring himself to believe that "the mental and moral nature of man has been developed out of the lower animals."

In spite of the opposing school, this view is gaining ground steadily in the world of science, especially since Prof. Weissmann's studies in Heredity, and the conclusion he drew from these studies, namely, that "mental and moral and other acquired qualities are not transmitted to offspring."

According to the idea of Reincarnation, that divine spark, unborn, eternal, which is the real man, cannot, logically, be dependent on any outside will for its appearance upon earth, its manifestation in a physical body; nor can it be in the power of man and woman to transmit this divine spark to their offspring. If Reincarnation be a fact, we may say that parents do not *create* life, but only the conditions necessary for the *manifestation* of life. They lend a body to the incarnating, or reincarnating,

soul. And by the law of affinity this soul, at the time of its birth, or rebirth, will be drawn to the environment, the family, the country, best suited to its ultimate development, the one that will most surely unfold, through peace or strife, through happiness or misery, the divine powers latent within it.

The third objection to the doctrine of Reincarnation, that there is no valid reason why man should return to *this* earth when there are other planes of existence to be used as his field of evolution, may be very briefly answered. The idea of Reincarnation cannot be separated from its corollary, *Karma*, or the Law of Cause and Effect, which declares that "whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap"; that man is master of his fate; that he is to-day what he has made himself in the past. Now it seems simple commonsense to those who believe in Reincarnation that man should not merely reap *as* he has sown, but *where* he has sown; that where a debt has been contracted, there also that debt must be paid. And, after all, is this life so poor a school, so paltry a field of evolution that we should disdain to return to it until we have learnt all the lessons it has to teach? When all the lessons which *this* earth can teach us have been mastered, then it will be time for the soul to pass on to other planes of existence, in other worlds of infinite space.

But this point, as indeed the whole subject of Reincarnation, is one which each man must answer for himself. Each one who honestly and fearlessly seeks Truth, must examine for himself all the evidence, for and against, this ancient doctrine of Rebirth, and see for himself whether or not it covers a greater number of facts, answers a greater number of questions, than any other theory brought forward to solve the problem of existence. For after all, any theory that can do this must be worthy of our careful and unprejudiced examination.

Let us, then, frankly and fearlessly, study this doctrine, in the light of religion, of philosophy and of science, and see if it does, or does not, satisfactorily answer the great riddle of life.

SPIRITUALISM

By MARJORIE BOWEN

“ The World is too much with us
Getting and Spending we lay waste our powers.”

BECAUSE the cheap-jack on the market-place robs Hodge of his pig money by selling him a brass watch for gold, it is no proof that gold watches may not be bought, though in places and at a price far beyond the comprehension of Hodge; and because, down the ages, charlatans have been perpetually exposed juggling with the mysteries of the invisible world, it is no proof that such a world does not exist. No religion yet has not been betrayed by some of its votaries; it is as reasonable to blame St. Paul for the excesses of the Holy Inquisition as to blame spiritualism for the cheap and silly tricks committed under this name by those who seek an easy notoriety or feverish excitement, or even, a means to plunder the credulous.

One says the credulous, yet, since even the knowledge of the wisest of us is so rigidly bounded, must we not all be credulous? Since the miracles of yesterday are the commonplaces of to-day, your pragmatist shows the very height of daring, and those who may seem poor dupes are surely wiser than he. “ *Since one must be fooled by something,*” said Vauvenargues, “ *why not be fooled by virtue?*” The fool has said in his heart, there is no God, and perhaps God has said there is no fool, and those who seem the slaves of the impostor have glimpsed a satisfaction deeper than that of the materialist, who may be listened to when he can define what material is, and demonstrate how it is completely detached from the spiritual. The very table the rationalist thumps on in his ardour to expose the folly of his opponents had its origin in something utterly intangible—an idea.

The most matter-of-fact machinery was once evolved in some man's brain by the same process as the most ethereal piece of music or poetry. How is one more “ real ” than the other? If the human heart can literally burst, like a skin overloaded with fluid, because of some powerful emotion perhaps never expressed, is not that emotion as “ real ” as the lead bullet that could also stop that same heart?

If any responsible, honest person, against whom the charge of trickery is not valid, declares that he has beheld a spirit or

conversed with a phantom, he is called by a considerable majority either mad, delirious, or suffering from hallucination, delusion, or excess of imagination, but not the most learned of them all can tell you what madness, delirium, hallucination or imagination really are ; they will explain these things in terms of medicine or philosophy, but there always remains the drop in the bottom of the crucible that defies all analysis ; beyond a point the keenest explanation of materialism stops dead—" Oh, we know nothing about that."

" What happens after death if there is nothing but this body and this brain ? "

" We disappear, like a glass of water thrown into the air, we dissolve into the elements from whence we came."

But this explains nothing ; what are these elements, and under whose directions were they formed into human beings ?

Complete annihilation is as great a miracle as the immortality of the soul. The most practical explanation of the mystery in which we move is always the most foolish ; a vast and humble credulity is our only refuge from the blasphemy of dogmatism.

Few of us are prepared to accept miracles unless they happen in what we are pleased to call a " miraculous " fashion ; something startlingly against the laws of Nature, as we know them, must occur, even to impress, much less to convince ; and even when the spectacular miracle does occur there are many ready to " explain it away," to nullify, to argue, to take refuge behind a cloud of vague terms. " If one were to come back from the dead still would ye not believe." He who demands the dramatic miracle will never be convinced by it ; this person, conscious only of his finite bodily senses, lives in the world like a little child in his father's house, everything is ordered for him, for good or ill, his movements are controlled, his needs provided, and he never questions why nor how ; he lives face to face with the motive power of his economy, the father, and never guesses it, and never dreams of that vast outer world from which his parent draws the supplies for his nourishment.

It was probably inevitable that the great religions, beginning as spiritual forces should, in order to reach the people, become crystallised into creeds and churches ; but in doing so they lost much of their spirituality. It seems now as if the dogmas and formulas were at last outworn, and the spiritual message at length able to pierce the veils of prejudice and superstition.

"God is a spirit and those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

By discarding gross forms, materialistic symbols, we arrive at the truth behind, at which none dare scoff. The painted hell of sulphur and flames, the painted heaven of palm and harp, make no impression on the intelligent; but turn the symbols round into a spiritual significance, and we all know that there is a state as horrible as the blackest mediæval hell, and a state as lovely as the most tenderly-imagined heaven.

You do not "believe in" ghosts, phantoms, spirits, whatever you may choose to call them; nor indeed in any manifestations of any world but your own definite surroundings, because you expect to see these things translated into concrete terms, crude, gross and material, as, you might say, you do not "believe in" air because you cannot hold it in your hand, fire because you cannot put it in a bottle, or water because you cannot mould it into any fixed shape; you are judging something entirely outside your comprehension by things within (as you think) your comprehension.

You accept the nature of the elements entirely because you are used to them. The spiritual world is denied by you because you have never considered it. The man with the muck-rake went on scavenging in the gutter and never looked up to see the gold crown above his head; that did not mean that the crown was any less real than the muck.

If a man is blind physically he will accept another man's word for the shape, size, colour of some object that he cannot himself touch; why should a man blind spiritually refuse to accept the evidence of those who are not?

"Blessed are those who believe without seeing."

"Prove that there are ghosts or spirits," says the sceptic triumphantly; but that is what you cannot do, for his grossness is such that he is incapable of *perceiving* the proof, and if a glimmering of the truth is forced on him he is ready with the catch-words, "delusion," "imagination" or "imposture."

Medical science has explained much, to the satisfaction of many, under the word hysteria; visions, trances, prophecies such occurrences as the production of the stigmata, the haunting, of houses, religious exaltations, extraordinary outbursts of poetry are all covered by this word hysteria; people who see spirits are mentally unbalanced; great preachers, saints, martyrs,

poets were none of them quite sane, and an epileptic fit on the part of Saul of Tarsus was responsible for modern Christianity.

This is all very plausibly set forth, but still we go round in a circle, for what is hysteria, and what matter if St. Paul was in a fit or no if he really believed that he saw God, and founded a new religion because of that belief?

If I believe that a spirit is standing by me and you say "delusion," I only think that your unbelief is "delusion," and so the word is juggled between us, and my belief in my spirit may inspire me to perform something, or produce something that even you will proclaim as "real."

René Descartes, one of the cleverest thinkers of modern history, believed that he was accompanied by an "*Invisible Entity*." This sounds vague and dignified, but is the same as the Devil who advised Roger Bacon, on the Heavenly Voices of Jeanne d'Arc, different names for some link with, or perception of, the spiritual world; only no one ever questioned the sanity of Descartes, because of the expressions in which he clothed his experiences; while Roger Bacon may be called an impostor and Jeanne d'Arc hysterical because "devil" and "angel" are terms that provoke the opposition of the ignorant.

Wordsworth, a man closely in touch with unseen powers, says:

*"The World is too much with us
Getting and Spending we lay waste our powers."*

This truth, taking "world" to mean so-called materialism, explains much of the pathetic rejection of spiritualism by those who allow their "daily bread" to absorb them into forgetting that:

"Man does not live by bread alone."

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.]

THE LONDON LODGE OF THEOSOPHY

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In a recent issue a letter appears over the initials G. H. R., which exhibits an amazing ignorance of facts with regard to the Theosophical organisation for long [presided over by the late Mr. A. P. Sinnett, and of which I have been President now for some years. The following are the recorded facts with regard to this old and still existing organisation, which last April, for the second time in its history, severed all connection with the Theosophical Society, and changed its name for the fourth time.

This Lodge was first established in London in 1876 under the name of "The British Theosophical Society," with Mr. C. C. Massey, the well-known spiritualist, as President. When lodges of the parent society began to multiply in England, it changed its name in 1883 and became "The London Lodge" of the Theosophical Society, and Mr. A. P. Sinnett became its President after his retirement from India. In May 1906 it withdrew from the T.S., owing to the disgusting scandals connected with the notorious "Leadbeater Enquiry," when that man and his Cingalese protégé, Jinarajadasa, had to leave the T.S. It then took the name of "The Eleusinian Society," Mr. Sinnett, of course, continuing as President.

[In November 1911 Mr. Sinnett acceded to the requests of Mrs. Besant, who saw the moral support to be gained by having him back in the T.S., and the Eleusinian Society re-entered the T.S. under its former name of "The London Lodge" with an independent Charter, Mrs. Besant making Mr. Sinnett her Vice-President of the T.S.

The Lodge had been voluntarily attached for some years to the English section of the T.S. until December 1925, when it withdrew owing to that section having officially allied itself with a new "World Religion" started by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Jinarajadasa, of which the sole official on earth is a bishop in the *Liberal Catholic Church*, and having become mainly a channel for spreading the teachings of Mr. Leadbeater and his *Order of the Star in the East*, etc. The Lodge had been steadily losing many of its sincere and valued members, owing to their resigning from the T.S., and requests were constantly being made that it should again sever its connection with that Society. The more optimistic of us, however, held on, in the hope that a general reawakening might soon come about. In this we were supported by

the firm stand taken by the Canadian section, which remained true to the original ideals and absolutely refused to be controlled by members of a secret section formed by Mrs. Besant in 1899, in which strict obedience to herself is a rule.

In March last, hope was finally abandoned, and the Lodge decided to sever its connection with the T.S., there being only four votes against the withdrawal, which necessitated a change of name for the fourth time. Excepting this change of name, the Lodge remains exactly the same organisation in every respect, and it hopes to help a little in removing the public stigma nowadays attached to the word "theosophy," and to fulfil that useful mission so kindly indicated in the *Canadian Theosophist* for last October in the following words :

"We wish every success to Col. Peacocke in his task of maintaining the Blavatsky tradition. The London Lodge may yet be the rallying centre for which independents everywhere are looking."

The four members who have now left the Lodge rarely attended the meetings—one indeed I have never seen. Two of them, Major G. H. Rooke and Mr. F. V. Ferrier, are shown by your correspondent as officials of the Lodge recently chartered by Mrs. Besant under our former name, which seems to have an ulterior motive behind it. But your correspondent's claim is somewhat peculiar, that this new Lodge of the T.S., owing to its taking on a discarded name, should thereby become the organisation discarding that name; it is like saying that, were a man to register a change of his name, the mere act of registering a newly-born infant under that man's former name would thereby endow the infant with the man's personality and make it the legal possessor of his goods and chattels. By the way, I note that we have to pay the debts incurred under our discarded name, in spite of your correspondent's claim!

I trust that the members of this new Lodge, when they learn the true facts, will take the necessary steps to prevent the perpetuation of a falsehood.

Yours faithfully,

(Lt.-Col.) C. L. PEACOCKE.

(For 38 years a member of the T.S.)

RISING WATERS

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The pages of the OCCULT REVIEW have been used—to a certain extent—to voice a long and bitter controversy in which certain personalities are prominent.

Although we have not the presumption to seek to supersede the function of the Editor—or even to question his judgment, some of

us are heartily tired of seeing this long controversy. We cannot see that any good purpose is served, and we have the temerity to begrudge the space devoted to a matter of less general interest than some more urgent and more vital concerns.

Now that devastation has occurred in certain parts of London, measures are being taken to protect property and persons from this inrush of waters from the ocean.

Had these precautions been taken *before* the Deluge instead of after—much trouble and loss might have been spared.

But, with that fatal tendency in The Race to divert constructive energy to destructive purposes, these measures of protection from natural dangers are not taken "until" (as somebody always says) "something dreadful has happened."

It is the same in spiritual as in material perils.

For some time, those who know have warned us of impending disaster.

What are we doing to minimise the effects of years and years of error and casual indifference to the Karma we were incurring by unwise policies?

Look where we will, we find no unity based upon fundamental principles, but controversy, disunity, and often unbrotherly attitudes which verge upon acrimonious and contemptuous quarrels, in societies professedly based upon spiritual principles.

In the Church we find amazing and often virulent oppositions, based upon personal interpretations of profound spiritual verities, albeit those verities are never interpreted and can never be interpreted in words. It matters not that a *new* society in the field declares "there is no room for Personality." This ever-present curse finds entrance. Some dominant Personality gets itself into a prominent position. Those who will not bow their conscience and wiser judgment to the vagaries of this Personality have to leave the society, or become involved in the violation of the avowed principles. So all-pervading is this spirit that it is impossible to dissociate it from the secret occult tyranny which aims at the total disintegration of Human Life—and has pursued its dire purpose down the ages. There are many (in the words of Cowper)—

"Whose sequestered lot
Forbids their interference, looking on
Anticipate perforce some dire event."

The disintegration of society is sure, though the undermining goes on more or less unnoticed, until this rising tide of astral force will sweep away the last fragile barriers, and the disaster is complete.

The most sincere people one knows refuse to have anything to do with societies professing high aims and principles, harshly condemning them all alike as "such hypocrites." *Conscious* hypocrisy is rare, but the narcotising effect of astral fumes seems to deaden the perceptions until the professors of ethics and religion give "lip service while their hearts are far from it!"

The pressure is stupendous upon sensitive souls who cry in the pain and stress—"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness, where rumour of oppression and deceit, of unsuccessful and successful war might never reach me more. My ear is pained, my soul is sick with every day's report of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled The natural bond of brotherhood is sever'd, as the flax that falls asunder at the touch of fire." Will not the betrayers of sacred trust remember that "*It is dangerous sporting with the world,*" and realise the grave menace and the responsibilities of the present hour? Or must this appeal, with others, be "crowded out" by all these vociferous disputants—or pass unheeded? wasted effort and foiled appeal? We need the help of all sincere souls. Why waste precious time in mutual recrimination? There is no time to spare for it.

Yours faithfully,

A.

A CASE FOR THE PSYCHOPATHOLOGIST?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I am sending you the following narrative, feeling sure that it will prove of interest. I myself have read of several cases very similar to the one I am about to describe, but, although I have written and spoken to a few hypnotists, psychologists, psychic experimenters and others. I have been unable to find or hear of anyone who can give me the slightest information concerning my unusual experience. They one and all seem to consider it an impossibility that such phenomena could have been produced.

Before commencing, I wish it to be distinctly understood that what I am about to state is absolutely true in every particular.

While I was staying at a rooming house in Chicago in 1920, there came to occupy a room adjoining mine several persons, whom I may briefly describe as follows: An undersized, dark man of about forty years; an undersized, slight, fair, elderly, colourless, uncanny-looking woman, one who impressed me at the time as resembling a trance-medium; an average-sized, ordinary-looking, fair young woman, seemingly between twenty and thirty years of age; and a little girl of about eight years.

I took but little notice of these people at the time, considering them as belonging to that lazy, loafing, ignorant, ambitionless class of

misfits so often found in the lower strata of society. Although absolutely without curiosity concerning them, I could not help becoming aware that not one of them ever did a day's work. Also, that they spent most of their time in their room, where they remained talking together—so it seemed to me—from four o'clock in the morning until twelve o'clock at night. The significance of this did not become apparent to me until some time after they had left the house.

These people continued to occupy their room during the months of July, August and September 1920, leaving in the early part of October. Where they went I do not know, but I feel certain they did not go far away. Before they left, however, I became aware that they were clairvoyants.

One evening, about a month after these people had left the house before mentioned, I was at a place about three miles distant, where I was employed on some work of mine. At about 10 p.m., while still busily occupied, there suddenly came to my astonished ears the old woman's voice, seemingly emanating from the atmosphere, and about three feet from my head, asking: "What is he doing now?" Then, just as distinctly, I heard the voice of the man reply, "I don't exactly know, but he seems to be very busy."

Since that time they have continued, more or less constantly, talking to me, and also persecuting me in many different ways. At the present time I am residing in New York, over 800 miles from Chicago, yet I still hear the voices of these people as plainly, and seem to be affected fully as much as when I was but three miles away from them.

To describe the many forms of annoyance to which I have been subjected would make a long story. Suffice it to say that these people have shouted and whistled at me on innumerable occasions, often attracting towards me the attention of people who have been in my vicinity. This has also happened in the early morning, when it has been quite dark, and when I have been miles away from anybody. At other times, while I have been travelling by train, one of them has maintained a continued mumbling noise close to my head, thus causing my fellow travellers to believe that I was talking to myself. Again, when I have been passing a group of people, these persecutors have thrown their voices—strange as this may seem—among the crowd, and have made derogatory remarks concerning me, with so much effect as to cause the people to imagine that someone in the crowd had spoken.

They have caused me to experience a certain degree of deafness, which has continued for weeks at a time. They have affected my eyes so that I have not been able to see clearly. They have given me a sensation of fullness in the head and dizziness. At other times, they have acted on the nerves in the region of the solar-plexus, causing

the muscles in that part of my body to twitch spasmodically. Then again, when they have been in a kind mood, just to show me what a different feeling I might experience if I would only act nice towards them and give them the money they want, they have on several occasions induced in me sensations of a very pleasurable and exhilarating kind. Of these sensations, however, they have been by no means lavish.

But it is during the night, when I am in bed, that these torturers get in their most effective work. They are able to cause me to experience any kind of a dream they wish. The vast majority, I am sorry to say, have been decidedly unpleasant. Many times they have kept me awake for hours, talking continually at me, or else amusing themselves by singing, over and over again, such well-known nursery rhymes as "Dickory, Dickory Dock," "Hey Diddle, Diddle," "Humpty Dumpty," etc.

It can be easily understood that the effect of all this is to prevent one obtaining any sleep. On many occasions I have distinctly sensed, just before I have at last gone to sleep, the removal of what seemed to be a sort of drawing tension, such as one might expect from a powerful electro-magnet.

If some of our expert "psychic experimenters" could have viewed the pictures that have been projected for me to gaze upon, they would be lost in wonderment. Although these pictures have usually been projected at night, yet many have been shown me during the day, whilst I have been fully awake, after having first been told to close my eyes.

Now, after having suffered seven years of this torment, during which time I have been made to lose a large amount of money, one may easily understand that I am absolutely tired of it, and would appreciate a return of my former liberty. Therefore I would like to receive any information that can be supplied by those who are better versed in these matters than I can claim to be.

These black magic practitioners have often demanded money from me; but I have sworn that no matter what may happen they will never get one cent of mine, more especially as they had persecuted me for some time before demanding money. Let me state here, that I have been guilty of no wrongdoing, nor have I, to my knowledge, ever injured a person in my life.

Before concluding, I will mention that in February 1921 I made and gave the Chicago Chief of Police a statement concerning the annoyance to which I was being subjected. This, possibly, is one reason why they have been so relentless and persistent with their persecution of me. They often refer to me as "the policeman."

Understand, I have never been hypnotised, nor have I undergone suggestive treatment of any kind. I am not that kind of a man.

If there is any suggesting to be done, I am quite capable of doing it myself. But since I left Chicago, these people have often tried, unsuccessfully, to put me to sleep, and I can assure you they have tried so determinedly that the influence at times has been almost irresistible.

Sincerely yours,

J. W. SMITH.

RISKS ATTENDING OCCULT TRAINING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In the fourth paragraph from the end of my article under the above title, which appeared in your last issue, there is an accidental inaccuracy, which I did not notice till I saw it in type. "The dangers and trials we are dealing with now have *nothing to do with Karma*, etc."

This is not quite correctly put. Such attacks are not the direct action of Karma, like the conditions, adverse or otherwise, under which a person lives. But, of course, as in everything, Karma is involved, as without a Karmic tendency that way, the person in question would not be open to attack. Thus, while the attacks are a purely personal matter on the part of the attackers, they could not make them unless the Karma of the person attacked permitted such action on their part.

Yours truly,

P'SÀKI.

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Is the dread meeting with the Dweller on the Threshold an essential event in the life of every seeker on the Path?

The description of an experience by Bernard Hamilton, quoted in a recent issue, coincides exactly with two stories told me by two different people concerning the personal experiences which happened to themselves. It also resembles, to a certain extent, one which happened recently to myself, though mine was much slighter and less alarming.

If the Dweller on the Threshold has to be met by every seeker after spiritual things, is it not enough to daunt the bravest? But in the lives of the great mystics, though we read of the Dark Night of the Soul, we do not hear of this.

Yours faithfully,

R. E. BRUCE.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

DR. STRÖMHOLM, the University Professor of Upsala, continues to unfold in THE HIBBERT JOURNAL his thesis on the transformation of "apostles" or preachers of the risen Christ, who had never seen Jesus of Nazareth, into his personal disciples and comrades, and on the alleged fact that "the Gospel narrative was virtually unknown to the writers of the Epistles and of the Apocalypse." The illustrious French scholar, M. Loisy, points out in a letter that he himself had brought forward the second view some years ago in a course at the Collège de France and subsequently elsewhere. It follows for him that "the Synoptic Gospels are not books of history." More recently he has maintained that they are "ritual catechisms," concerned with Christology and "the gnosis of salvation." This notwithstanding, he thinks that the Epistles exhibit the Christ myth in process of formation, and that it had its point of departure in the idea "which Jesus Himself had left with His disciples as to the nature of His providential mission." As to the distinction between apostles and disciples, M. Loisy does not see clearly on what it can be founded. He feels, indeed, that, if once granted, it might work out in the opposite direction, or that "since Peter was unquestionably an apostle, we should know the apostles as historical persons, but not the disciples. However this may be, it must be confessed that as he proceeds further, the thesis of Dr. Strömholm becomes more and more involved and that we pass from assumption to assumption with no further pause between them than the periods which conclude his sentences. We continue to disagree with the critic who said that the latest alleged New Testament problem had been made in Sweden, but if any part of his debate answers to this description it is the "literary examination of Mark," by which Dr. Strömholm seeks to support his thesis, perhaps more especially as regards the context and arrangement of that hypothetical manuscript on which the evangelist is held to have worked. . . . Among many articles of moment which appear in the new HIBBERT there is that of the Rev. T. J. Hardy, who affirms that every member of the Church of England is a Catholic without a Church for the want of a "recognisable theory of authority," without which it is impossible for her to acquire that homogeneity which is associated with a society and, above all, with the conception of a "Church." Dr. Hugh Brown is looking for a "theology of positive vision," not only of a personal kind like that of the artist, "but the artist's power of reproducing it in the minds of others": it must strive to make visible "a God Who is a living Person." There are also three biographical monographs which seem to us of living interest. One is on Bishop Ken and the Ladies of Naish Court, Clapton, Somerset: almost it provokes us to read Kerr's forgotten poem of PSYCHE. The second is about Jean Meslier, a French curé, who performed faithfully

his church and parish duties for thirty-five years, but, dying in 1725, left a TESTAMENT behind him, in which he denounced religion and denied not only the immortality of the soul but the very existence of a God. The third is an account of John Woolman, the Quaker "mystic and reformer" of New Jersey, America, to whose JOURNAL the poet Whittier once wrote an introduction. It appealed to Lamb and Crabb Robinson, and the extracts given are more than the "fascinating" reading which the latter found them.

"The Darwinian theory of evolution is fast losing ground," says Mr. H. Reinheimer, writing in THE QUEST. He is well known as the author of EVOLUTION AT THE CROSSWAYS, and his article on "The Passing of Darwinism" is a good summary of his general position on the subject, namely, that natural selection is neither sociological nor physiological, and that what is required is a socio-physiological theory. He suggests otherwise that the central problem of life is "one of bio-chemical industry," which involves a plan from the first. It is like looking for the hand of God in Nature. "A co-ordinated study of clairvoyance and normal mental processes" is proposed by L. M. Bazett as probably leading to a more rational understanding of the former. The writer speaks with first-hand experience of the clairvoyant faculty. A study of Shelley's claim for Bacon by Alice Amy Leith might serve as a prolegomenon to a new presentation of the so-called Baconian problem, were the writer of that persuasion, or if Baconians possessed her insight. The essay is written to show that Shelley revered and loved Verulam, whom he regarded as "inspired firstly and foremostly with the spirit of poetry," comparing him with Shakespeare and commenting on the likeness between them. Mr. Mead's suggestive article on the natural and artificial affirms that "our spiritual task is to 'naturalise' the present artificiality of our outer lives by the intensification of our disciplined inner being," thus getting back to Nature by going forward on the path of spiritual development. He says also that the "heightening of culture and the deepening of religion" go and must go hand in hand, because religion is soul culture—the culture, in a word, of the "fundamental reality of our nature."

There is considerable variety of subject in the last ANTHROPOLOGY, and we note in the first place a reproduction of F. W. Robertson's translation of Lessing on the education of the human race, which presents Christ as "the first certain practical teacher of the immortality of the human soul." It reads curiously at this day, almost incredibly antiquated, at once keen of its kind and beyond all words for narrowness. Perhaps it is significant that an editorial note describes the study as of supreme "philosophical value." A few of our readers may remember it and will judge for themselves: we are glad on our own part to be reminded of it thus at full length, including its not unsuggestive reverie on reincarnation, but above

all its aphorism on time counted as lost. "Lost? And how much, then, should I miss?—Is not a whole Eternity mine?" Dr. Ita Wegman, of Zurich, expends thirteen pages to convince us that the practice of "metal therapy" must pay attention to the "threefold being of man" if it is to be exercised with success. The explanation is that the Salt, Sulphur and Mercury of our old friends, the alchemists, "are present in every single metal." Being always glad to find Alchemy justified in these "foremost files of time," we accept the dogma on faith. Another article is on the "eightfold path" and the Tchakravarti myth in a SUTTA which has been edited by Rhys Davids. We are assured that "the spiritual substantiality of the pure metals" is inherent in the nature of the planets, and that the metals are present in man "both physically and super-physically." It follows that we are more fearfully and wonderfully made than some of us may have imagined heretofore. The relation of speech and reason and of both with the "consciousness soul," otherwise "spiritual soul," is considered by Mr. Owen Barfield, who appears to agree with Blake that Sir Isaac Newton was given over to "dead thinking." The spiritual background of Iona is contemplated by E. C. Merry from the standpoint of Fiona Macleod on "the narrow way to the Divine Forges," and one of the lessons drawn forth is on "the vital necessity of a new outlook upon history." There are two articles by the late Rudolf Steiner: that upon Moses describes the Jewish lawgiver as "the herald of the God Who manifests in the human Ego," while that on exoteric and esoteric Christianity is another presentation of Steiner's familiar theme, namely, the Mystery of Golgotha.

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW opens its new volume with first instalments of two continued studies, respectively on the Witch of Endor and on the Sacred Word. The latter is not the Word of Kabalism or the Word of Masonry, lost in the Craft Degrees and discovered by the hypothesis in the Holy Royal Arch, but "the sacred symbol AMN or AUM," an alleged word of power. The theory of seven principles in man is considered in another article from the standpoint of ancient Egyptian teaching: we observe a reference to Mysteries of Osiris and to the actuality of initiation therein during the course of earthly life. But the most interesting thing in the issue is the personal explanation given by the editor of his own attitude towards several controversial subjects and debated activities within the Theosophical Society. He is content on his own part with the "Three Principles" and can offer only a detached sympathy and "friendly regard" to the Order of the Star, the Liberal Catholic Church and Co-Masonry. He is of opinion that the world needs the T.S., based as it is on the principles in question and demanding no other condition of membership. . . . THE THEOSOPHIST has an article on "The Nature of Ceremony," by an Indian writer, in the course of which it is defined suggestively that "Mysticism is the ingoing process of seeking the One hidden in the many," while "ceremony is the

outgoing process expressing the many latent in the One." We note also a study on the "Unity of the Self" by another native writer, containing the following among many dogmatic statements: (1) that "the individual soul as such is of course false"; (2) that "the Self is its true nature"; (3) that "our release consists in our discovery of our real character as Brahman"; and (4) that the whole apparent world must end in "the Unity of the Self." . . . THEOSOPHY IN INDIA has an article on Mohammed which affirms that the prophet insisted frequently on the rights of animals and commanded his followers to fear God in respect of these dumb creatures.

There are three periodicals which reach us, exhibiting by their titles and otherwise an apparent dedication to the subject of the Rosy Cross: their claims are sufficiently varied, but they have one bond of union, namely, their complete ignorance and automatic distortion of the historical side when they happen to touch thereon. It is fortunate for themselves and us that the attempt is made seldom. There is RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS, representing a Fellowship at Oceanside, U.S.A., founded by Max Heindel after dreaming that he had been initiated on some unseen plane of being. You can learn about many things—for example, Nether Vibrations and Bible Mysteries—by recourse to any current issue; you can profit by chats on astrology and obtain your child's horoscope, with a judgment thereupon; you can join a healing circle and buy a Rosicrucian Seal for use on letters at a very nominal cost; but of the authentic Rose Cross you can learn nothing, though the lucubrations of Max Heindel in volume form are long and many. It is just, however, to add that there is one practical side, there being much ado about vegetarian recipes, and for all that we know these Rays from the Rose Cross may equal in value the inspirations of Mrs. Beeton, who is a great name in households. We observe that MERCURY also is strong upon meatless diet, though it has no other analogy with its older rival. This official organ of a so-called *Societas Rosicruciana in America*, which claims to be the "sovereign source" of the pretended "art" in the United States, is a sort of occult rag-fair; but it publishes a Hermetic Chronology from issue to issue, a compilation which stands alone for the multitude of its blunders and the temerity of its inventions. The third on our list is LA ROSE CROIX, which never but once in the world—so far as we remember—attempted to give account of its subject by reference to records of the past, when it went so utterly astray that there was produced a pure comedy of errors. Its alchemy is in all men's ears, and the bids for recognition are a clamour in highways and byways. We trust that the editor will presently convince the world, so that, if not in heaven, there may follow a silence on earth for at least half an hour. Just now M. Castellot is publishing a *procès-verbal* of experiments performed by a disciple. He announces, moreover, that he is "internationalising" his discovery on the fabrication of gold, so that it may be enjoyed

by the world at large, instead of individuals making a corner in the art. He is of opinion that in this manner he will "promote the reign of justice and equality." We doubt it very much, but are content to wait and see. Meanwhile THE OCCULT DIGEST of Chicago has been moved to reprint Dr. Franz Hartmann's remarks upon False Rosicrucians under a new and sensational title. In reality it is a highly coloured account of the Masonic adventurer, Schroepfer, whose career ended in suicide; but the sub-title of pseudo-Rosicrucians is rather suggestive in the connection with which we have been dealing, for America abounds at the moment with movements and personalities which answer to this denomination.

It happens on occasion that an ordinary issue of LE VOILE D'ISIS is more attractive in its contents than some of the special numbers to which we have given frequent prominence in these pages. One of the most recent offers a case in point. There is not only a reproduction of LE SONGE VERD, which is a rare alchemical tract, but a "Messianic" fable on the Gold of Christ, by M. Fidel Amy-Sage, in which the Hermetic work is spiritualised, and the Saviour of Palestine is portrayed as the Medicine of the Spirit which fulfils as such the work of Universal Redemption. We note with regret that a recent search after the tomb of L. C. de Saint-Martin in the vicinity of Aulnay, where the French mystic passed away on Oct. 13, 1803, has proved a failure: the conclusion is that there is no hope of its discovery. . . . The JOURNAL DU MAGNÉTISME has a graphic account by M. Henri Durville of his visit to Lourdes, described as the city of miracle, on the occasion of one of the great pilgrimages, of his impressions and experiences during the four days that it lasted at the famous grotto, of the cures which took place and their scientific appreciation, and of the psychic atmosphere produced by the place and the pilgrims. . . . The PSYCHIC MAGAZINE has issued its last number and completed its fourteenth volume. The serial articles on the worship of stones and on the Stone of the Philosophers have also reached their term. It is to be replaced by a new periodical entitled EUDIA—that is to say, Serenity—which will be mainly therapeutic, as shown in an elaborate prospectus, but will include also historical studies of Magic in all ages and countries, and of eastern and western initiations—among others, those of Freemasonry, the Rosy Cross and Martinism. M. Durville is a man of many words, but he is indefatigable, and his points of view at their value are always put clearly. We wish success to his new venture and shall look with interest for the appearance of its first issue: it would seem that EUDIA is not unconnected with the proposed Therapeutic Temple and Church of Adeptship to which we have referred on certain previous occasions. The plans unfold and hopes mature concerning it, but still subscriptions linger: it is a question whether the present generation will live to see it dedicated. . . . We have to acknowledge THE CHALICE, described as official organ of the Aquarian Foundation, situated at Akron, Ohio. It is otherwise a "herald of the new age," and is looking for "the sixth sub-race" of Theosophy.

REVIEWS

THE CHRIST OF THE ARYAN ROAD. By "The Senior Tutor"
(Cantab.) London: The C. W. Daniel Company, Gresham
House, Tudor Street, E.C.4. Price 3s. 6d. net.

WHY the anonymity of the authorship of this volume? Why not "dare to be a Daniel" and have done with it? Its teachings must be very familiar to students of theosophy whether or not they are in entire agreement with the author's claims, as for instance where he says on page 53 of Chapter VIII: "The Christ—The Life of Jesus The Disciple—" In his next life Jesus the Disciple was Appollonius of Tyana, and in that Incarnation became an Adept. His next Incarnation being that of Ramanucharya in India (11th Cent.), where He revived the devotional Element in Hinduism.

"Now as the Master Jesus, He is in charge of the Christian Church and its Inner Mysteries Incidentally, we find that 2,000 years ago Appollonius was working out detailed plans for our own day, i.e., the day of the beginnings of the sixth Sub-Race and its Great teacher, who is now using the body of the Disciple Krisnaji (Krisnamurti). When once we realise this *utter certainty*, doubt and hesitation, anxiety and worry, fade away, and we gain a perfect peace and content, with that absolute confidence in the Powers who are governing the world."

If the aim and end of all religions be the ultimate realisation of the Kingdom of Heaven that is within us, every human soul must be guided heavenward by the Light which comes to it individually. There are many colours in the spectrum; yet only one light—It includes them all. This volume consists of a series of lectures given to "University Students, reading Comparative Religions, Philosophy and Science . . ." It is expressed with great clearness and in concise form. The author anticipates an open mind on the part of his readers—probably only the open-minded would read it from beginning to end. Having done so I doubt not that simple-hearted folk will remain happier in the glad tidings of the old, old story.

EDITH K. HARPER.

MORE GHOSTS AND MARVELS. Selected by V. H. Collins.
Oxford: University Press. Humphrey Milford. Price 2s. net.

It goes without saying that the World's Classics issued from Oxford appear in handy form, with beautifully clear type and paper soothing to the eye. With these three pre-requisites nothing more is required by the reader who settles down to enjoy a comfortable "Ghost Story" than a blazing fire, possibly a "storm without" and a bill of fare ranging from Sir Walter Scott to Michael Arlen. Included are eighteen of the best, such as "The Botathen Ghost," recorded by the Rev. R. S. Hawker, that famous believer in the power of the invisible whose concluding words imply an eternal truth: "And what pleasures and improvements do such deny themselves who scorn and avoid all opportunity of intercourse with souls separate, and the spirits, glad and sorrowful, which inhabit the unseen world!" Mr. Hawker's story carries its own credibility, but

some of the others stretch credulity to breaking point, while all the time they are deeply thrilling and from a literary point of view delightful reading. Such for instance is Sheridan Lefanu's "Squire Toby's Will" or Edgar Allan Poe's "Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar." Of a wholly different type is H. G. Wells's beautiful and touching sketch "The Door in the Wall," which I seem to remember Sir Oliver Lodge specially eulogising. Among the old masters we have Charles Dickens, George MacDonald, Besant and Rice, and Mrs. Gaskell. The Middle period gives us Henry James and Marion Crawford, while the distinctly modern includes Mr. Arthur Machen with his "Novel of the White Powder," and a galaxy of such luminaries as E. F. Benson, Algernon Blackwood, Maurice Baring, Lord Dunsany and John Metcalfe. Mrs. Gerould and Miss May Sinclair touch the psychic realm from different points of view. "Where Their Fire is not Quenched," by the latter, implies a self-wrought retribution, inevitable apparently, whether called by the name of Purgatory or the Astral Plane, for—"As a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The modern student of psychical research throughout the book will realise very deeply the underlying truth that exists in even the wildest of the tales which used to make our grandfathers' flesh creep.

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE RATIONALITY OF SURVIVAL, In Terms of Physical Science. By Sir Oliver Lodge, D.Sc., F.R.S. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 9d. net.

THIS is a reprint in booklet form of Sir Oliver Lodge's contribution to the volume on *Survival* by several different authors. In these twenty pages Sir Oliver treats the subject of life after death from the purely scientific standpoint and deduces therefrom several "main contentions." The electrical theory of matter has only become common property since the dawn of the twentieth century, though it had been long guessed at by a few of the pioneers of the race.

"A great unification is proceeding before our eyes; it is by no means yet complete, it is only beginning; but the ideal is to resolve all material phenomena into manifestations of ether in various types of motion. That is what is looming before us, as a representation of the whole material Universe, from stars and nebulae, from atoms and electrons, down to the homely blocks of matter with which we daily deal, including our own bodies."

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IN the symbolism of its title is indicated the moving theme of this story, in which the psychological study of a woman's soul is painfully set forth. The ill-effects of so-called religion on a passionate nature are of considerable interest in their working out. A canting but well-meaning Protestant vicar and his equally canting but not quite so well-meaning wife, have taken charge of the vicar's niece Elspeth, and their utter lack of knowledge of the intricacies of individuality renders the girl's life a veritable "hell upon earth." Elspeth's buoyant temperament, however, turns into amusement much that might have broken down a weaker nature. The real beauty of her life is expressed in its unflinching loyalty. She is as true as steel to the poor weakling for whom her peace of mind was wrecked, and we leave her just at the point at which her life has room for expansion, and where one may imagine an ultimate development of character entirely beautiful, wherein the light, not of "hell-fire" but of Divine love, has flashed into her hitherto sleeping spiritual consciousness.

In regard to the vicar and his wife, one can only hope that if the Church still holds such blatant travesties of the teachings of its Divine Founder, they may soon "have had their day and ceased to be."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE MAMMONIST. By Violet Tweedale. London: Hutchinson & Co. (Publishers), Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

MRS. TWEEDALE is well known as a novelist who, from her knowledge and personal experience of psychical matters, is able to infuse a double interest into what she writes. This lengthy book deals chiefly (apart from the usual love interest) with two themes—the anarchical secret meetings, largely of foreign malcontents striving to stir up a revolutionary spirit in the more phlegmatic English; and the influence of the dead upon those still living. The latter, however, occupies a minor place in the narrative. The main interest of the book lies in its amazing revelations of the lives and plots and teachings that go on in our midst, wholly unknown and unsuspected by most people. The characters depicted are types perhaps rather than individuals, for they are so strongly marked. Mrs. Tweedale's intention probably was to make us think, by depicting extremes of character. Her knowledge and description of what goes on behind the scenes, in political and diplomatic life, in finance, in secret clubs and meetings in the underworld is astonishing; and though the characters talk in a somewhat unnatural way, the deep interest of the story is well maintained to the very end.

ROSA M. BARRETT.

THE COMTE DE ST. GERMAIN. By Mrs. Cooper Oakley. With a Foreword by Mrs. Besant. London: The Theosophical Publishing House, Ltd. Price 8s. 6d. net.

THIS volume is a reprint of one long out of print and first published in 1912, but as Mrs. Cooper Oakley is no longer alive, an authoritative revision has been impossible. She evidently made most exhaustive

researches into the history of this half mythical puzzling personality who figured under many names and whose life is so singular that one might suspect the accounts of him to be largely apocryphal. But she gives authorities for her statements and has drawn upon and been allowed to transcribe hitherto unpublished documents kept in the English Record Office and in the British Museum, though her chief source of information is the diary kept by Madame d'Adhemar, and in the possession of that family. In her foreword, Mrs. Besant calls the Comte not only a great Occultist, but one of the recognised leaders of the Theosophical Society.

Unfortunately almost nothing is said of the Comte's beliefs, nor why he is regarded as a man of such importance among Theosophists. He believed, we are told, in the fundamental principles which all true followers of the Great Lodge are bound to teach, but this fact is dismissed in one brief sentence. The book, however, though somewhat confusing, is of undoubted interest and value, and Mrs. Oakley evidently expended an enormous amount of labour upon it.

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THE SECRET POWER: How to Win and Keep It. By Philip Beaufoy Barry. London: Rider & Co. Price 1s. 6d. net.

SOME eleven chapters on various aspects of the "art of living" are here indited in a bright and simple manner, in a desire to infuse courage and hope in those pessimistic and despairing souls that falter in their journey. The secret power, we are assured, comes to all those who will bring themselves consciously to desire and welcome it; and, once it has come, it will return with an ever-growing fulness, bringing courage and consolation to those who give it their loyalty. Devotion rather than knowledge is urged; and if here and there we observe a note of exaggeration, this is because the author realises the necessity for urgent remedial measures, in what might be termed more concentrated doses, than are needed for the converted.

W. G. R.

LIFE, LOVE AND MARRIAGE. By "Cheiro." Cr. 8vo, pp. 194. Illustrated. London: The London Publishing Co. Price 4s. 6d. net.

DEAN INGE has declared recently that the age is one of irrational superstition and not of true religion. Lord Carson has said, in the House of Lord's Prayer Book debate, that to worship the elementals would be idolatry. What these scholars would say of palmistry may be guessed; though we might equally be mistaken in hoping for rational judgment. I have myself hitherto had no satisfactory experience of palmistry. That is, I have received several mutually contradictory and unfinished readings. Nevertheless I am bound by the available evidence to admit that "there is possibly something in it." In this little book, that remarkable man Cheiro brings the testimony of quite famous people, whom perhaps the reverend Dean would class among the superstitious; such as Mr. Gladstone, Sarah Bernhardt, and King Edward VII, as well as King Leopold of Belgium and Joseph Chamberlain, among a host of celebrities whom few would accuse of mental weakness. This book is framed more as a

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W. G. R.

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Compiled and edited by William C. Hartmann. Second edition, 1927. Pp. 350. The Occult Press, Box 43 P.O., Jamaica, N.Y., U.S.A. Price \$5.

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Those who heard Dr. Besant's lectures will certainly want to secure this book. Those who did not should certainly read it.

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GREEN BERYL. Being principally a presentment of some of the Thoughts of the Persian Poet, Sadi. By Thomas Wright. With 10 illustrations by Cecil W. Paul Jones. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. \times 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins., pp. 32 + 10 plates. Olney, near Bedford: Thomas Wright Cowper School. Price 7s. 6d net. (Edition de luxe, 18s. net.)

THIS book completes a trilogy, of which the two earlier volumes, *Heart's Desire* and *Rose-in-Hood*, presenting, respectively, some of the thoughts of Omar Khayyam and Hafiz, have been noticed in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW. To present in English verse the thought of a Persian mystic, whose poetry abounds in the flowery imagery of the East, and in which the material and the spiritual are inextricably combined, is no easy task, but Mr. Wright has admirably succeeded.

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"The sand of the desert, the silt of the dyke,
The spume of the ocean, to me were alike;
I weathered the whirlpool, the rock and the shoal,
And knowledge was ever my ultimate goal."

Mr. Jones's illustrations are most interesting, especially the frontispiece, in which the Mediæval and Oriental fashion of presenting all the occurrences of a narrative in the same picture is adopted.

The edition has been limited to two hundred and twenty-five copies, which I think is a pity, as more than two hundred and twenty-five persons should experience the delight of possessing this most attractive wbook.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE KING DIAMOND. By Fred M. White. Cr. 8vo, pp. 320. London: Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THERE is nothing occult about this book except—using the word to denote all that is marvellous—the author's demands on his readers' credulity. However, those who like a quickly-moving story with a dash of mystery in it and are prepared to accept master crooks who sometimes act like foolish children, Scotland Yard detectives who overlook obvious clues, and all sorts of impossible happenings, will, no doubt, get some pleasurable thrills from reading it. The story is concerned with a wonderful diamond, fated to be stolen again and again. Ultimately it makes the fortune of the young hero, who restores it to its rightful owner, receiving half its value (I know not how many thousand pounds) as a reward.

There is a queer man of science who, by experimenting on rats, is on the verge of discovering a method of making the black races of mankind white, and who dies mysteriously from arsenical poisoning. There is an international crook of unknown origin, a wicked—but very beautiful—cinema star, and some lesser lights of infamy. Of course, there is a lovely heroine; and, finally, there is a mysterious cypher, upon the unravelling of which everything depends, but which—I have to confess—remains just as mysterious to me after Mr. White explains the reading of it.

H. S. REDGROVE.

ASTROLOGICAL INVESTIGATIONS. By W. Frankland. London: L. N. Fowler & Co. Pp. 95. Price 3s.

THE WHEEL OF LIFE, OR SCIENTIFIC ASTROLOGY. By Maurice Wemyss. London: L. N. Fowler and Co. Pp. 186.

ZADKIEL'S ALMANAC FOR 1928. London: Cecil Palmer. Price 1s.

MR. FRANKLAND'S little book is so simply and clearly written that it should appeal strongly to astrological "beginners." It is just the kind of book that is needed, for students often complain that most astrological text-books are too difficult and complicated to be of any use to those whose knowledge is small. Mr. Frankland writes wisely when he says of "failures" that "these are good for the earnest mind and soul—they stimulate further enquiry"; and that it is just when difficulties begin to be encountered that there comes "a critical test for the student." He makes a good point, too, when he remarks that Astrology was never untrue, but only incomplete—just as Geography was not untrue because places and countries now known were formerly undiscovered and unmarked on the maps then in use. The chief object of his book is to guide the student in estimating the important periods of life, and some very helpful hints are given in this connection. The book closes with some interesting specimen horoscopes.

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The Wheel of Life is a larger and more ambitious work, the first of a series of volumes that will be looked forward to with great interest. It is consequently more or less introductory in nature, and a good many pages are taken up with Tables of Houses, the writer favouring the method of Campanus. The main part, however, consists of exhaustive instructions for the judgment of personal appearance and character, a large number of qualities (vices, virtues, etc.), being considered in alphabetical order. This method has its drawbacks, and is not helpful except to those who already know what characteristics to expect in any given nativity. The novice might have to read through the whole list before coming on any information concerning the particular signs or aspects that he wished to have explained. But presumably Mr. Wemyss is not writing for novices, any more than for the conventional followers of astrological tradition, He assigns the rulership of Aquarius to Jupiter, and that of other signs to various hypothetical planets, and in other ways also departs deliberately from the beaten track. Some of the appendices promised in his future volumes sound extremely attractive.

Zadkiel's Almanac will always find its public. The portents for 1928 do not seem particularly exciting, except as regards the month of June, when Mars and Uranus in the seventh house are to produce "sudden ruptures . . . danger of actual war . . . transport accidents, and disasters in mines and among shipping." In August again there will be "talk of war," and in September a death in the Royal Family is predicted. But we are getting so accustomed to prophecies of disaster in these days that the only possible attitude to adopt is one of calm preparedness, with a strong hope that the prophets have exaggerated the evil portents and overlooked some mitigating influences.

EVA MARTIN.

A TRAVELLER THROUGH TIME. By Laetitia Withall. Obtainable from Miss Withall, 10 De Vere Gardens, Kensington, W.8, and Messrs. Percy Lund, Humphries & Co., 3, Amen Corner, E.C.4. Price 2s. 6d.

THESE "Glimpses of a Soul's Past" strive to express a sensing of past incarnations and the spirit's struggle from an earthly and passionate love to the Great Beloved of all Persian and Sufi mystics—the Undying and Unknown God.

Miss Withall suffers from an untrained pen, her pictures are not clear, and she has a tendency to use too many hyphenated adjectives. Yet it is a brave attempt which one should regard more from its spiritual than its literary aspect, as the serious striving of a mystic towards the fuller expressions of her experiences.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

PALMISTRY FOR PLEASURE. By Dean Brydon. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

MANY will welcome this concise handbook, whose main value lies in its simple lucidity, its clear illustrations and explanatory text. Though the volume is intended for those who desire to inquire into this science as a pleasure, it should serve more initiated seekers as well. At a reasonable price, and with its bright, unentangled, convincing style, it is a boon to busy folk who wish to acquire an adequate and unbiased idea of palmistry.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

TRAMP THINGS. By M. Michael. London: The C. W. Daniel Company. Price 2s. 6d. net.

Tramp Things is a true outburst of the Irish folk-spirit. It has the vagrant charm of the land wherein a myriad fairies wander, where Ueder the Elfin king decoyed Etaine into the enchanted forest, where Siddeh, leprechaun and Tyr-nan-Og dwell amid shadowy raths. The poet shares the hunger of Borrow for the highway, as "The Southern Road" and "Romany Way" reveal:

" Oh don't you feel the Romany call
When the Moon is up in the Autumn Fall,
Eerily showing in the witchway glen
Shadowy figures of Romany men,
Real, roving Romanies all ? "

His first poem to "Ireland" has the old fire of Davies, Sullivan and Yeats, and a touch of the immortal "Dark Rosaleen" of that great, if all too-little known poet James Clarence Mangán:

" You are the Mother of Sorrows, and your heart is pierced with a sword,
You have known the anguish of Mary when they crucified her Lord;
But you are holy Ireland, and near the Kingdom of God,
A thousand saints lie buried beneath your green sweet sod."

The metre recalls the heavy sweetness of Swinburne's "Dolores." There is genuine poetry in M. Michael. The volume is appropriately illustrated by M. Q. Haig.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

MAN, GOD AND IMMORTALITY: THOUGHTS ON HUMAN PROGRESS.
Passages chosen from the writings of Sir James George Frazer.
Demy 8vo, pp. xvi + 437. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd.
Price 15s.

THESE passages were chosen by Mr. Pierre Sayn under the direction of Sir James himself, who also revised and edited them. The author, feeling no doubt that his most considerable achievements are behind him, determined to preserve for posterity, in convenient compass, the more general conclusions to which his studies of early society and religion have led him. The headings under which these passages are arranged are: The Study of Man, Man in Society, Man and the Supernatural, and Man and Immortality. It must have been difficult enough to preserve the essence of Sir James's thirty odd stout volumes within one pair of covers: it would be hopeless to distil the essence once more into a review. But the reader may be assured that when he handles this volume, well worthy of its publishers in point of production, he will have before him thoughts and opinions that will not lose their weight for many decades. Of how many living scholars could the same be said?

THEODORE BESTERMAN.