

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE "ghosts of animals" prize competition has been somewhat disappointing as regards the number of competitors, but still more so as regards the evidential value of the records sent in.

The only one which I consider has any claim to the prize is that signed "Thanet" and "Rügen." The two records having

reference to the apparition of the same animal  
THE PRIZE should, I think, be treated as one from the point  
AWARD. of view of the prize award. "Thanet" is the

*non de plume* of Miss Marten, of 78, Vanbrugh Park, Blackheath, S.E., and "Rügen," of Fraülein Müller, of the same address. "Iona," who writes to confirm the record, is Miss Rücker, of 4, Vanbrugh Terrace, Blackheath. I propose, therefore, to divide the cheque for £5 offered for this competition between Miss Marten and Fraülein Müller.

I hope to publish in the October number some further authentication of the stories appearing this month.

I should add that Mr. E. T. Bennett, of Port Isaac, Cornwall, whose long association with the Psychical Research Society seemed to me peculiarly to fit him for the task, has been kind enough to go through the competitions and to give his opinion

as to the award. His views are substantially in agreement with my own, but I think it will be clear to my readers, as it was to Mr. Bennett and myself, that this is a case where there is certainly "room at the top," that is to say, that the evidence in the winning competition hardly entitled it on its own merits to secure the prize. The time evidence is especially vague, and varies from three and a half to four years. Surely some recollection of the season of the year or mental reference to concurrent events should have made it possible to time the incident more exactly. Again, apparently no effort has been made to obtain the cook's testimony, a manifestly important omission. "Munster" (Captain Humphries') record is decidedly interesting, and is an exact parallel to that recorded by the late Mrs. Chesson, as a personal experience of her own in an earlier number of the OCCULT REVIEW. But here again Mrs. Humphries' signed evidence and that of her maid should have been sent up in corroboration of the narrative, and, if possible, something in connection with the boy's own recollection of the incident.

THE IMPOR-  
TANCE OF  
BEING  
EVIDENTIAL.

It is manifestly impossible in most cases to obtain adequate corroboration of psychic experiences. There is all the more reason, therefore, to give every scrap of evidence that is obtainable. I hope I may rely on the assistance of competitors on this and future occasions, so that no links of value to confirm the *bona fides* of narratives may be omitted through mere oversight or a failure to realize their importance.

It is a somewhat curious fact that quite half of the competitions sent in have reference to cats, and those who have a familiar acquaintance with this animal will perhaps not be inclined to attribute this circumstance to pure accident. The association of cats with witches and nightmares are doubtless not undeserved tributes to the "occult" attributes of the domestic pet.

THE OCCULT  
CAT.

In the new Prize Competition I shall revert to the "Prize Essay," and, taking my cue from a discussion that is going on in the daily press, "Are we becoming less religious?", I propose to ask what this word *religious* connotes to the Christian of the present day, and how far being religious in the orthodox Christian sense means following in the footsteps of the Great Master. I therefore offer a prize of £5 to the competitor who sends in what in the Editor's opinion is the best reply to the following question:—

*Judging Jesus Christ by the New Testament narratives, what are*

*we justified in assuming would have been His attitude towards the orthodox Christianity of the present day?*

The wording of the question, it will be observed, strikes out all argument that throws doubt upon the substantial accuracy of the Biblical narratives. The character of Jesus Christ is to be taken to be as it is portrayed in the Bible. There are, of course, discrepancies between the various Gospel narratives, but these are in the main of a non-essential nature. The non-acceptance of this position would, I consider, lead to grave confusion, as it might be argued that the Christ of the Gospel narratives is not a truly historical figure, and such an argument would invalidate the premises on which the discussion rests.

Competitions must not exceed 2,000 words in length, and must reach the editorial office not later than October 20. It will not be possible to give the award before the December issue. I shall take responsibility for the award myself, but not without consulting authorities of weight.

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I would remind readers of this magazine that binding cases for the half yearly volumes (green and gold cloth) are obtainable at the publishing office on payment of one shilling, and will be despatched post free on receipt of remittance.

I am asked to draw attention to an error which occurred in a letter from Miss Spender under the heading "Dream Places," in the July issue. The place referred to should be "Anzio," not "Aurijio," as in the text.

## RECORDS OF THE APPARITIONS OF ANIMALS AFTER DEATH

### PRIZE RECORD.—THAT OTHER CAT.

#### MISS MARTEN'S ACCOUNT.

One evening about four years ago I was in my drawing-room with two friends ; we were all standing up on the point of going to bed, and only waiting till the old cook had succeeded in inducing the grey Persian cat to come in for the night. This was sometimes difficult, and then cook came up as on this occasion and called him from the balcony outside the drawing-room. She was standing outside on this balcony, and the French window was wide open, when a cat rushed in at the window and through the room. "What was that?" we said, looking at one another. It was not Kitty, the grey Persian, but darker—and was it really a cat, or what? My friend "Rügen" has written the account of what she saw before seeing what I have said. "Iona" confirms our description. What I saw seemed dark and shadowy yet unmistakably a cat. It seemed to me like the predecessor of Kitty, which was a black Persian ; he had the same habit of coming in at night by this window, and he constantly rushed through the room, and downstairs, being in a hurry for his supper.

A minute or two afterwards the grey cat walked slowly in, and though we searched the house we could find no other.

"THANET."

#### FRAÜLEIN MÜLLER'S STORY.

Three or four years ago Thanet, Iona and I were sitting in the drawing-room on a Sunday evening, when cook came in to ask for Kitty (a silver-grey Persian cat), to settle him in the kitchen for the night. Kitty was still in the garden, and cook went on to the balcony calling him.

Suddenly I saw a black cat flying in and disappearing behind or under a seat. First, I did not take much notice of this. But when a minute after Kitty slowly and solemnly stepped in, followed by cook, it struck me that the dark something before could not have been Kitty, and Thanet and Iona made the same

remark simultaneously. Now we began to look for the dark one all over the place without any result. Cook had not seen any cat passing her on the balcony but Kitty the grey one. Thanet had had a black Persian cat, which died before Kitty came.

“RÜGEN.”

I can entirely corroborate the accounts written by “Thanet” and “Rügen.”

I remember that I saw something like a dark shadow move very quickly and disappear in front of a cottage piano. I exclaimed simultaneously with my friends, “What *was* that?” and shared their surprise when no black cat was found, and the grey Persian walked in unconcernedly through the open window.

“IONA.”

#### WHAT KITTY SAW.

##### STORY II.

Cook said: “I wish you would come downstairs and see how strangely Kitty behaves as soon as I open the cupboard. There is nothing in it but the wood; I turned it all out to see what might be the reason—not even a mousehole can I find.”

Some days previously cook had told me that nothing could induce Kitty to sleep in his basket, and one day he would not eat any food in the kitchen, and his meals had to be given him outside.

So I went down to please cook. Kitty was picked up, and while cook petted and stroked him, she knelt down and opened the cupboard.

Kitty, stretching his neck and looking with big frightened eyes into the cupboard corner, suddenly turned round; struggling out of cook’s hold and rushing over her shoulder, he flew out of the kitchen.

Getting up cook said: “That’s always what he does, just as if he was seeing something horrible.”

Next day I encouraged cook to talk of Ruff, the former black cat, which had been a great favourite of hers, and which she had been nursing when dying.

“Oh, poor thing, when he was so ill, he would creep into dark corners, so I put him in his basket into the cupboard, making it very comfortable for him, and there he died,” pointing to the very corner which caused such horror to Kitty.

“RÜGEN.”

(Stories I and II occurred within a few weeks of one another.)

## CAPTAIN HUMPHRIES' STORY.—A MATERIALISED CAT.

Myson had the following experience at the age of four years in our Worcestershire home.

He was an only child and spent much of his time in the company of a cat who shared his tastes and pursuits even to the extent of fishing in the river Weir with him, the cat being far more proficient at the sport than the boy. When the cat died we none of us dared to break the news to the child, and were much surprised when he asked us to say why his cat only came to play with him at nights nowadays. When we questioned him about it he stoutly maintained that his cat was there in bodily form every night after he went to bed, looking much the same but a little thinner. At about the same age, one evening after being in bed about an hour, I heard him cry out, and going upstairs (his maid also heard and ran up) and asking him what was the matter, he said that an old gentleman with a long grey beard like his grandfather came into his room, and stood at the front of his bed. At the very moment the former lost consciousness through having a seizure in his carriage while driving through the streets of Birmingham, from which he died without regaining consciousness; later on he recognized a photograph of his grandfather as being the person he saw at the foot of his bed.

My wife, the maid, and myself, can vouch for the accuracy of these statements, also friends to whom we have related these facts.

“MUNSTER.”

## MRS. E. J. ELLIS'S STORY.—THE OLD WOMAN'S CAT.

My wife, writes Mr. Ellis, who was brought up in Germany, and who is not sufficiently confident about her English to attempt to put down anything for publication in that language, tells me the following story for the OCCULT REVIEW.

“When I was a little girl living with my family near Michelstadt in the Odenwald, I remember an old woman, like an old witch, whose name was Louise, and who was called ‘Pfeiffe Louise,’ because she exhibited pipes for sale in her cottage window, along with the cheap dress-stuffs, needles and thread and simple toys for children which were her stock-in-trade. She had a favourite cat which was devoted to her, but its attachment doesn't seem to have been enough to make her happy, for she married a young sergeant named Lautenschlager, who

might have been her son—or indeed her grandson—and who, as every one said, courted her for her money. She died as long ago as 1869, and during her last illness the devoted cat was always with her. It kept watch beside the body when she was dead, and refused to be driven away.

“In a fit of exasperation Lautenschlager seized it, carried it off, and drowned it in the little river Mumlung, at a place where the road from Michelstadt to the neighbouring village Steinbach runs near the water’s edge. It was bordered with poplars then, but chestnut trees shade it now.

“Soon after his first wife was buried Lautenschlager married again, and opened an eating-house in Steinbach, where he established his second wife. He had a sister whom he placed in the cottage of poor ‘Pfeiffe Louise.’ She carried on the business and every day Lautenschlager used to walk over from Steinbach to see how she was getting on, returning in the evening to his wife, who used to relate to my mother that he frequently came home terrified and bathed in perspiration, for as he passed the place where he had drowned the cat its ghost used to come out of the river and run beside him along the dark road, sometimes terrifying him still more by jumping in front of him.

“After a few years of married life the second wife died, and Lautenschlager married a third. The little cottage business had prospered, and in its place he now had a considerable draper’s shop in Michelstadt. He continued to walk over from Steinbach, where now the third wife lived in the eating house, and the ghost of the cat continued to frighten him by appearing at nightfall as he walked beside the river. I can remember hearing his third wife describe his dread of it, and my mother has told me how both the sister and the second wife used to say the same thing, though I was too young then for them to tell me about it.

“Lautenschlager used also to complain to the country people who came to dine at his eating house. He considered himself an ill-used man, and felt that the supernatural powers were treating him very hardly and subjecting him to a real persecution.

“I have only the conversation of his wife and the gossip of the village to vouch for his sincerity, and the genuineness of the apparition is supported only by Lautenschlager’s word, but his evident anger and agitation were accepted as genuine and no one dreamed of doubting his word.

“He was not at all a dreamy or imaginative man, and he did not drink. His passion was merely money-making. He was

not only a draper and caterer but a usurer, and realized something of a fortune by lending money on good security to peasants and farmers who, it was said, did not consider how they bound themselves when they signed the papers he put before them.

“Lautenschlager continued to be haunted by the cat-ghost at irregular intervals for more than twenty years, and it made a marked change in his character. He became serious, and during the latter part of his life would only talk about religion and read sacred literature. He died about ten years ago.”

“FELINE.”

#### A SPECTRAL FOX-TERRIER.

Two or three years ago I visited a medium (Mrs. Davies, of 44, Laburnum Grove, Portsmouth). I had only been seated a few minutes when a little pug-dog of hers looked up in the direction of my knees and down towards my feet, growling and howling in a most strange manner. “What on earth is he looking at?” I exclaimed. “Oh,” said the medium, “there is a little fox-terrier lying across your feet; one half of his face is quite dark and the other half white, but he has such a peculiar black patch over the eye that one would almost think it was a black bruise.”

Now, sir, I had such a little dog in India, but this lady did not know of him, and would never have known, had he not, as I afterwards found, died out there.

This is not only a case of the appearance of an animal after death, but also a case in which it was seen by another animal, as also by the medium.

I am also told that the pug-dog who had this vision of my dog was once seen to pounce upon what seemed to the medium to be several cats, near the copper in the scullery of the same house. The medium asked a neighbour if the previous occupants had had any cats. “Oh, yes,” replied the neighbour, “and badly the poor things were served, for they were cruelly thrown into the copper which was full of boiling water!”

“SIMLA” (M. CONDER).

#### KILLED BY A STREET CAR, BUT WALKS IN AT THE FRONT DOOR.

Some five years ago we had a little puppy about six months old. I used to train him to always go around the back way to come in the house. One day he got hit and run over, being



instantly killed by a street car. A day or two after the accident I was going in my front door and I saw the dog go up the steps in front of me, as plain as I ever saw him in life. It seemed he knew that I had taught him he must not go in the front way, because he would go a few steps and then turn around and look at me, as though he wanted to see how I was taking it, and I positively saw him go the full length of the hall into the house, a distance of about twenty feet, before he disappeared. I saw him do this at least three times in two months that we stayed in that flat. I told at least a half dozen people of the incident at the time it happened, and I can vouch for its authenticity.

I remain, yours truly,

MAJILTON.

(CHAS. A. THOMPSON,  
CHICAGO, ILL. U.S.A.)

MRS. VINCENT TAYLOR'S EXPERIENCE.—A SPIRIT  
PURR.

One evening in February 1906, my son and I were quietly reading, in full gas light, our small grey cat lying on the sofa, a short distance from where I sat. Suddenly I saw on my knee a large red and white cat, which belonged to us in India, which was a very dear family friend and as fond of us as a child.

On leaving India we were obliged to give him to a friend, and in the end he shared the usual fate of pets in that country, making a meal for some wild animal.

"Rufie-Oofie" in his spirit shape, purred vigorously, rubbing his head against me and giving every sign of delight at seeing us again. I did not speak, but in a few minutes my son looked up and said, "Mother, Rufie-Oofie is on your knee," when the spirit cat jumped down and went to him to be petted. Then he returned to me, and walked along the sofa to where our present cat "Kim" was asleep. The spirit cat, with a look of almost human fun, patted Kim's head, the latter awaking with a start. Rufie-Oofie continued to make playful dabs at Kim's ears, Kim following each movement with glaring eyes, distinctly seeing and realizing that another cat was invading his sofa, but not in the least angry with him and quite ready to play. After a few minutes, the spirit cat came back to my knee, whereupon the earth cat displayed jealousy which Rufie-Oofie resented, but before they came to actual "words" the spirit cat retired "behind the veil."

"ARJUNA."

A PHANTOM HORSE AND RIDER.—MRS. GASKIN  
ANDERSON'S STORY.

The following story is, I think, very remarkable, and I give it exactly as it was told to me, and written down at the time.

A number of members of a gentleman's club were talking and discussing, amongst other subjects, the possibility of there being a future state for animals. One of the members said "I FIRMLY BELIEVE THERE IS. In my early youth, I had a practice as a medical man in one of the Midland counties. One of my patients was a very wealthy man, who owned large tracts of land and had a stud composed entirely of bay horses with black points—this was a hobby of his and he never would have any others. One day a messenger came summoning me to Mr. L— as he had just met with a very bad accident and was at the point of death. I mounted my horse and started off without delay. As I was riding through the front glades to the house, I heard a shot, and to my amazement the very man I was going to visit rode past at a furious pace, riding a wicked-looking chestnut with one white forefoot and a white star on its forehead. Arrived at the house the butler said: 'He has gone, sir; they had to shoot the horse—you would hear the shot—and at the same moment my master died.' He had had this horse sent on approval, whilst riding it, it backed over a precipice injuring Mr. L— fatally, and on being taken to the stables it was found necessary to shoot it. ALPHA.

[I insert the the following letter here as it bears upon the subject of competition.—ED.]

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—The following notes of psychical experiences with animals may be of interest, though they do not come within the limits of your prize subject.

I had a collie who lived to a good old age. She was deaf and infirm, and one hind leg was paralysed, so that it dragged as she walked. I was taken ill, not seriously or so as in any way to affect my brain, but as my poor old dog would insist on coming and lying in my room, the doctor insisted on her being destroyed. I felt that her life was no pleasure to her, and she was killed with chloroform. For three days afterwards, in the afternoon, I heard her come upstairs with her dragging hind leg; I heard her steps come along the long passage which had my room at the end, and lost them about half way up. On the third day I called her and spoke to her, putting out my hand

as if she could come and put her head under it, and told her all was right. I never heard her any more.

I believe that on one occasion she told me by thought-transference that she had no water in her pan. The pan was always filled, and I saw that she wanted something, but thought of all other wants but water. She made her eyes protrude and looked at me intently, and "water" flashed into my mind; I looked and found the pan empty. It is, of course, possible that the suggestion came from my own subconscious mind.

I never saw the aura of a human being, but I once had a kind of vision of this dog, which experts have told me was his aura. I was sitting by the fire, somewhat somnolent, and he was lying on the hearthrug. All at once his golden brown coat disappeared, and I saw a mass of reddish brown, or perhaps I should say, brownish red; and on one side of it was an irregular patch of pearly white, bordered with sapphire blue. I was told that the brownish red represented the dog's animal instincts, the pearly white his animal innocence, and the sapphire blue his devotional instinct, in his case directed to me as his deity. Whether any of your readers have had similar experiences and explain them similarly, I do not know.

I had to go abroad one summer and my dog was ill with eczema, and as I did not very much trust the maid I was leaving in charge, I sent him to the vet.'s to be treated. As soon as I reached my destination I wrote to a friend to go and inquire how he was. She replied that the dog was perfectly miserable and that he had an enormous wound on his back, that he had eaten nothing for a week, that he was too weak to stand, and that, if he were hers, she would have him put out of his misery at once. I wrote at once to the vet., telling him to telegraph "Curable" or "Hopeless," and to act accordingly. Meanwhile, I sat that afternoon in the Bürgerpark by myself, and imagined the dog upon my lap, and myself stroking and healing him. After this I found myself fully believing that he would get better. The telegram I received was "Curable," and my friend wrote a second letter and said it was a "miracle," for the dog was quite convalescent. He recovered perfectly. Here, again, however, it may have been that he was breaking his heart for a friend, and that my friend's visit cheered him. Or may not both causes have had their effect?

AMBROSE ZAIL MARTYN.

# SCIENCE AND THE OCCULT AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION

BY W. L. WILMSHURST

A PERUSAL of the proceedings of the parliament of British scientists recently held at York makes it of interest to consider the bearing that the progressive results of official science have upon the recondite problems which belong to the domain of the superphysical and form the subject of psychical research. The inter-relation of the two spheres of investigation is and must needs be very intimate, and the official findings and even tentative pronouncements of either side entail examination, and, if need be, assimilation by the other. As a tunnel bored from opposite sides, Nature may be probed from different points. Sooner or later a juncture will be effected; a nexus established between the obvious and the obscure.

It is a commonplace to observe that within the last twenty-five years physical science has revolutionized philosophical ideas in regard to the constitution of Nature. A quarter of a century ago a materialistic gospel seemed to many people to be the inevitable heritage of succeeding generations. In the famous presidential address at Belfast in 1874 Tyndall had proclaimed: "The confession I feel bound to make before you is that by an intellectual necessity I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of experimental science and discover in matter itself the promise and potency of every form and quality of life."

By 1898 the wheel had come full circle. The then president, Sir W. Crookes, reversed the terms of Tyndall's conclusion and confessed that closer investigation of physical material constrained him to "see in life the promise and potency of all forms of matter." Matter had come to be, demonstrably, a product, not a cause; a temporary resultant or equilibrium of forces, not a reality or thing-in-itself; it was force, of some description, made manifest and sensible.

In 1904 the hypothesis of the electronic constitution of matter and the new problems of thought it involved tempted Mr. A. J. Balfour to make a philosophical survey of the newly-achieved results and to indicate the intellectual position one had been driven to assume in consequence. Scientific results, he said, had shown the utterly illusory nature of our sense-

faculties which, while true to reality upon the physical plane where they had been evolved to perform utilitarian ends, stood in contradiction and were a positive obstacle to the apprehension of realities beyond the reach of sense. "In order of logic, sense-perceptions supply the premisses from which we draw our knowledge of the physical world; but, in order of causation, they themselves are effects due to the constitution of our organs of sense; are themselves the product of evolution." What we see and hear depends not merely on what there is to be seen and heard, but on our eyes and ears. By their help indeed we have attained to science, but in nowise to a self-sufficing system of beliefs, which must be the product of other faculties in us than the purely sensual. Hence it has come about that

the beliefs of all mankind about the material surroundings in which it dwells are not only imperfect but fundamentally wrong. It may seem singular that down to, say, five years ago, our race has, without exception, lived and died in a world of illusions and that its illusions have not been about things remote or abstract, things transcendental or divine, but about what men see and handle, about those plain "matters of fact" among which commonsense daily moves with its most confident step and most self-satisfied smile;

a conclusion which constrains one to the belief that, "as natural science grows, it leans more, not less, upon an idealistic conception of the Universe."

The trend of scientific thought, then, as revealed by the foregoing utterances, makes it probable that the emergence of phenomena of a metaphysical and metapsychical nature from the condition of ostracism to which they have hitherto been relegated is but a question of time, and that at no remote date they will take their place in the ranks with other problems recognized as legitimate subjects of scientific examination. It was the inevitable tendency of modern physical science to eliminate from its enquiries, and even from its beliefs, everything beyond the reach of sense. To borrow an expression of the mediæval alchemists it sought to "fix the volatile." Stern adhesion to this principle has ended in a result the converse of what was to be expected; it has "volatilized the fixed." Agnosticism in regard to the supersensual is slowly, but perceptibly, becoming displaced by a condition of open-mindedness in which further knowledge of the physical and the accumulating evidence in regard to the superphysical may be trusted to make their own impressions and serve for the construction of a larger and surer philosophy than any the human mind has yet been capable of formulating.

Meanwhile note may be taken of some recent contributions certain departments of recognized science have just made to the general stock of information from which the larger synthesis will eventually be made. It was not to be expected that at the recent meeting of the British Association at York the presidential address, coming as it did from one who has ever been the arch-foe of experimental transcendentalism, would be specially illuminative to those whose views upon the more recondite side of Nature differ from his. Yet Professor Ray Lankester gave an admirable summary of the progress of science in its various branches during the last twenty-five years, and, speaking under the shadow of York Minster, closed upon a pleasing note in claiming that "men of science seek in all reverence to discover the Almighty, the Everlasting. They claim sympathy and friendship with those who, like themselves, have turned away from the more material struggles of human life and have set their hearts and minds on the knowledge of the Eternal." On referring to progress in psychology, his combative spirit could not refrain from hurling a dart at those of his eminent colleagues who have felt it their duty to undertake the investigation of psychical problems. "Whilst some enthusiasts have been eagerly collecting ghost stories and records of human illusion and fancy, the serious experimental investigation of the human mind, and its forerunner the animal mind, has been quietly but steadily proceeding in truly scientific channels. The science is still in an early phase—that of the collection of accurate observation and measurements—awaiting the development of great guiding hypotheses and theories"—a remark equally applicable to metaphysical science. It is improbable, and unnecessary, that the jibe should meet, as some of the London press anticipates, with a reply from those at whom it was cast; one of whom recently announced that he had ceased "to shout to the congenitally deaf." One is tempted to repeat the criticism made upon Southey by a venerable methodist clergyman after reading that author's *Life of Wesley*: "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with; and the well is deep."

Two other papers read before sections of the Association appear to contribute information that is of interest to psychical enquirers. In one, Mr. E. Sidney Hartland, the President of the Anthropological Section, addressed himself to the study of the relations of magic and religion. It is unnecessary here to consider his conclusions or his views as to the means by which the religion of civilized races of to-day (referred to as "a social

secretion ") has been evolved, but some of the facts he employs are of interest as showing the correspondence between certain beliefs of races living nearer to Nature than we, and some of the results of modern research into human personality. One of the latter is the demonstration of the *aura* surrounding the human body, a phenomenon claimed to be visible to clairvoyant sight, but the assumption of which appears to be warranted by various methods of experiment. This *aura*, when in a static, quiescent state, is comparatively colourless and would seem to be the physical vehicle of the subliminal self ; it is the agent by means of which are received or communicated those subtle impressions involving sympathy with or antipathy towards other persons, or become translated into presentiments of impending events ; and which operates, generally, as might be expected of an apparatus constructed by Nature for the purpose of human wireless telegraphy. Under the stimulus of volition, strong thought or emotion, it becomes dynamic and energized, and is coloured according to the nature of the stimulus and the effects of its intense vibration are communicated to our surroundings and even to great distances. It is the factor which makes possible the phenomena of mesmerism and hypnotism, and its presence is indicated by the response which patients in the somnambulant state are wont to make to touching or pinching at some distance from their physical persons. By a trained and adept wielder of will-power obviously considerable influence of either a beneficent or malignant character might be exercised over his fellows and even upon material objects, and indeed it may be assumed that all "miracles" and feats of genuine magic are performed by the employment of this medium, as well as many of the abnormal physical phenomena that occur in the presence of trance mediums. Mr. Hartland indicates that the knowledge of this latent side of personality is quite familiar to certain primitive races who put it to practical use. With some (e.g. the Iroquoian tribes of North America) this fluidic atmosphere surrounding every personality is known as *Orenda*, a word suspiciously akin to *Aura*. With others (the Melanesians) it is termed *Mana*, mind power, again a close resemblance to the Sanskrit *Manas*, and the Latin *Mens*. "A fine hunter was one whose *orenda* was fine, superior in quality. When he was successful he was said to baffle or thwart the *orenda* of the quarry ; when unsuccessful the same was said to have foiled or outmatched his *orenda*." Again, the *Mana* "is what works to affect everything which is beyond the ordinary power of men outside the common process of nature ; it is present

in the atmosphere of life, attaches itself to persons and to things and is manifested by results which can only be attributed to its operation." It underlay the use of amulets and the practice of Taboo; and one may imagine that the origin of notice boards upon private property bearing the familiar legend, "Trespassers will be prosecuted," was the practice of infecting the prohibitory signposts with the owner's aural fluid so as to produce instant punitive effect upon transgressors.

When a Malagasy stuck up in his field a figure or scarecrow to keep off robbers, it was not that they might dread prosecution with all the rigour of the law. What was threatened was sickness, mysteriously induced by the power of the owner of the field, or by the power which he had caused to be conjured into the scarecrow.

The transference of sickness from one person to another by means of bringing the garments of the diseased into contact with healthy people is one of the favourite methods of "black magic" adopted by unscrupulous orientals to-day; \* as the transmission of health is, in like manner, practised among ourselves at the present time, in precisely the method adopted in Apostolic times, when "from his (Paul's) body they brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, so that their diseases departed from them and the evil spirits went out of them" (Acts xix. 12). Mr. Hartland traces all magic, witchcraft and priestcraft to superior ability to put orenda to practical use.

By his orenda a man bewitched his enemy (or for a consideration some one else's enemy), caused rain or sunshine, raised and protected the crops, gave success in hunting, divined the cause of sickness and cured it, raised the dead, spelt out the future. All Melanesian religion consisted in the getting of mana for one's self or getting it used for one's benefit. The professional magician was he who had acquired the most powerful orenda. The professional priest was he who by study and practice or by prayer and fasting had acquired the favour of the imaginary personalities believed to influence or control the affairs of men—who had, in a word, possessed himself of their orenda.

And hence the division of magic into black and white; "black magic" being the use of occult power for selfish personal ends, "white" for beneficent altruistic purposes. The scriptural miracles and the healing, exorcising and ordaining powers employed, chiefly by the imposition of hands, by the leaders of the early Christian Church, were clearly due to the conscious utility to transmit beneficent power by application of the human aura or personal electric fluid (the *Od* of Reichenbach, du Prel and de Rochas), an appropriate mental condition of receptivity or

\* For examples, see OCCULT REVIEW, 1905, pp. 124 and 216.



"faith" being an essential on the part of those who solicited its remedial properties.

Of the eternal memory of Nature and the perpetuation in inanimate matter of its past associations we have much evidence to-day through the practice of psychometry. The veneration of relics is based upon sound scientific fact, with which Mr. Hartland shows that the most primitive races are quite conversant.

Detached portions of the person, as locks of hair, parings of the fingernails and so forth, were not dead inert matter. They were still endowed with the life of the original owner. Nay, garments once worn or other objects which had been in intimate contact with a human being were penetrated by his personality and remained, as it were, with him for good or ill.

Mr. Hartland's paper might appropriately have been read to an audience of psychical researchers. Its significant feature is the evidence of the existence in man, however primitive, of subtle potencies and attributes of which civilized races have lost the sight but not the use. Those potencies and attributes must needs be, in their physical essence, of an electric or magnetic nature. How are we to explain their existence? From the fact that living organisms are continuous generators of electricity, the radiations of which necessarily impinge upon and convey impressions to other organisms.

This seems to be the conclusion to be drawn from the important paper read before the Physiological Section of the Association by Professor Gotch, whose main purpose, however, was quite alien to furnishing explanations of occult phenomena. His paper was a powerful criticism of the views of those who assume that living organisms are actuated by an indwelling directive vital force existing independently of the forces automatically generated by chemical and physical processes in the organism. The professor's views savour of Haeckelianism and are obviously directed against those expounded in Sir O. Lodge's recent work *Life and Matter*, which place life in a separate category from matter and regard it as a controlling and directive force as opposed to a mere product of automatic processes. The hypothesis of "vitalism"—the assumption of "animal spirits" or anything amounting to a soul as an entity distinguishable from the body—has been the bugbear of most scientists for some time past. The heresy was thought to have been scotched, but latterly, the Professor complains, a school of "neo-vitalists" has arisen which cannot reconcile "events of a peculiarly mystic character" and certain "transcendental phenomena" with the dogma of ortho-

dox physiology, and who have most unjustifiably "fabricated for them, out of their own conceit, a special and exclusive realm." There is no more justification, the Professor urges, for branding as hopeless all further physical and chemical investigation of these phenomena, by attributing them to vital directive forces, than there was formerly for the opponents of evolution, who discredited that hypothesis in favour of that of special creations, because of gaps and imperfections in the palæontological record which more recent research has filled up. The Professor's conclusion is that the sum of the phenomena constituting life arises from "a purely physico-chemical process of an electrolytic character," and that the difference between "life" and "not-life" was not due to the presence in the former of a new form of energy,

but to the circumstance that a mode of energy, displayed in the non-living world, occurred in colloidal electrolytic structures of great chemical complexity. There was a natural prejudice against the adoption of this view, but such prejudice should surely be mitigated by the consideration that their full admission of physiology into the realm of natural science, by forcing a more comprehensive recognition of the harmony of Nature, was invested with intellectual grandeur. If objective phenomena formed the subject-matter of the physiologist, then the "legitimate materialism of science" must constitute his working hypothesis, and his well-defined purpose must be to adapt and apply the methods of physics and chemistry for the analysis of such phenomena as he could detect in all physiological tissues, including the nervous system. The trend of such a strictly physiological analysis was towards a conception in which the highest animal appeared as an automaton composed of differentiated structures exquisitely sensitive to the play of physical and chemical surroundings.

Whether future physiological research will confirm this conclusion and adequately explain, not alone mystical and transcendental phenomena, but the deep problems of consciousness and will, factors which now preclude many thinkers from accepting the Professor's view, time alone will show. His address assuredly makes out a strong case for the contention that "nervous processes do not in their essence differ from processes occurring elsewhere in both the living and non-living worlds," a contention that may well be true, but that is apt to lead to materialism those who do not perceive that physiology and biology can at most present but a partial explanation of life, and that the testimony of other branches of science must be heard before a final estimate is made. Meanwhile, even though the evidence of any given branch is apparently adverse to idealistic conceptions—for the hearts of humanity will not be satisfied merely with spectacles of "intellectual grandeur" offered by an

impersonal, automatic universe—it is possible to note the trend the analytical examination of objective Nature is taking.

Physics demonstrates that so much of it as is inert is but the temporary and sensible expression of a force which for the present we are content vaguely to describe by the term electricity. The various sciences treating of organisms and the phenomena they exhibit point to precisely the same conclusion; their corporeality is electrically constituted, and their actions, whether elementary and utilitarian, or mystical and transcendental, are, physically considered, due to motion of an electrical character. Both the inert and the organic are modifications of one and the same force, but in the organism that force is endowed with consciousness, and in the case of man, with personality. Now force whether personalized or depersonalized is, we know, an expression of will, and will, in turn, is unimaginable except as an attribute of personality. Unification, then, of the material and the immaterial, of the manifest and sensible, and of the occult and elusive, in a Personality in which all things must needs live and move and have their being, is the goal to which all science is, unconsciously and by various paths, progressing. Backward eddies, appearing here and there upon the surface of the stream, only serve to mark the intensity of the general forward-moving current, and indeed are a part of it. Men of science specializing in certain work and blinded to other phases and phenomena of Nature than those they are immediately concerned with, none the less advance the tide of knowledge. They check indulgence in extravagant and premature assumptions, and often

By indirection find direction out.

The very antagonism displayed by some of the distinguished scientists to occult and psychological problems indicates that the latter are "knocking at the door" and clamouring for consideration. By the time the British Association next meets under the shadow of York Minster it is not improbable that they will have gained admission. A significant hint was thrown out to its members by the Bishop of Ripon, who, as one equally conversant with official science and the adumbrations of truth disclosed by psychological research, could effectively quote Huxley's caution, that "in contemplating the all-enveloping mystery of life we know little of the forms of existence and that perhaps in time we shall be flung into contact with forms of life of which we now can have no possible conception, and know no more about than the worm in the flower-pot on a London balcony knows of the life of the great city around it."

# FOX, THE PASSIVIST

BY W. GORN OLD

HERE and there among the sturdy limbs of the English oak have sprung forth branches of wonderful luxuriance but of strange suppleness—branches which have seemed to take all the wind and weather upon themselves, so tossed and swayed and beaten about were they, and yet never broken. Of such were the Passivists, and notable among them was George Fox, the founder of the evangel of those who “quake and tremble.” Other nations and other times have produced men of the passive mind and heart. There was Laotze in China, Gautama Sakyamuni in India, Ishva Pandira in Palestine, Jacob Boehme in Prussia, Emanuel Swedborg in Scandinavia, and a host of others of equal merit but of lesser note, and of saintly women innumerable. These gave themselves over and abandoned themselves altogether to the impulses of the Spirit, being moved and stirred by it into a state of ecstasy, carried by it into the light of heaven, where they “saw and heard things unutterable.”

Born in the year 1624 in the month “called July,” as the \* *Journal* informs us, at Drayton-in-the-Clay in Leicestershire, George was sanctified from his birth, so to speak, by the fact that his parents were people deeply imbued with the religious spirit. His father Christopher—“Righteous Christer” they called him—was a weaver by trade, and a honest man. His mother was Mary Lago, who came of the stock of the martyrs. Thackeray was among those who have insisted that character is destiny, and from what is said of the parents of George Fox it would appear that he was right, and further that, in this sense, destiny may be transmitted. For George was among the number of those who were “reviled and persecuted for righteousness’ sake” more than was ordinary even in those days of religious intolerance and narrow-mindedness. He has been justly called the St. Paul of England, and there is a passage in the record of the evangelist (2 Cor. xii. 24-28) which applies very closely to the experiences of Fox, and would more nearly do so were the afflictions there recited increased in some considerable measure. Twenty-one times was Fox arrested

\* This *Journal* has recently been republished in cheap form by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., London.

and on thirty-three occasions brought before the judges, who heckled and remanded him when he refused to take the oath, and often enough convicted him on evidence which was nothing but a conspiracy of lies and perjury. Frequently he was beaten with staves and stoned to within an ace of death. Thus we find him circumstanced throughout his painful but resolute life, "in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings," but never dismayed. "Persecuted but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

Fox was a man of fine physique and of agreeable countenance. His voice was wonderfully powerful and vibrant. Frequently he slept under hedgerows and haystacks—it was all in the manner of his self-imposed training that he should add to the infictions and privations that others imposed upon him; occasionally he maintained long fasts; and many were the nights he spent in silent vigils and walkings to and fro in fierce strivings with the Spirit.

It must be agreed that Macaulay wrote with prejudice of Fox in his review of the *Journal*, and in a spirit which he would not have held towards Milton, nor Ellwood his pupil; and Thomas Ellwood it was who first knocked the autobiography into something like literary shape. Macaulay thought his English more obscure than the most corrupt passage in Hebrew; but Coleridge, who somehow succeeded in reaching the man through the words, wrote with more sympathy and expressed the doubt whether among all the folios which have been written on the human understanding and the nature of man, "there could be found as much fulness of heart and intellect as bursts forth in many a simple page of George Fox."

Like all mystics, Fox was brought into spiritual communion through deep religious exercises and prolonged meditations. Then followed the exaltation of his faculties, and the opening up of the interior senses, together with a degree of interior respiration, which Swedenborg calls the divine-natural respiration. This opening up of the interiors towards externals, and the spiritual afflatus which followed, was the cause of that peculiar shaking and trembling—which in effect is like nothing more than a continual sobbing of the heart—so commonly associated with religious ecstasy and the earlier stages of the spiritual unfoldment.

The Friend himself tells us how he was afflicted with a great and unutterable grief, and then he heard a voice: "O then I heard a voice, and when I heard it, my heart did leap for joy."

And after the hearing there came a seeing of spiritual things, and

(again quoting Fox) "As the light appeared, all appeared that is out of the light; darkness, death, temptations, the unrighteous, the ungodly: all was manifest and seen in the light. After this a pure fire appeared in me . . . the spiritual discerning came into me. . . That which could not endure the fire nor abide in the patience, in the light I found it to be the groans of the flesh that could not give up to the will of God . . . The Lord showed me that the natures of those things which were hurtful without were within, in the hearts and minds of wicked men. The natures of dogs, swine, vipers, Sodom and Egypt, Pharaoh, Cain, Ishmael, Esau, the natures of these I saw within, though people had been looking without."

This statement is in singular conformity with all that other mystics have taught and with the principle of Yoga philosophy in the East, which involves the production of the external or phenomenal world from the internal or noumenal, and hence a correspondence between all venomous and hurtful things with thoughts that are hateful and cruel. And when Fox cried out "Why should I be thus, seeing that I was never addicted to commit those evils?" it was revealed to him that he must have a sense of all conditions, or how else could he speak to all conditions? Then he was admitted to the full knowledge of the law of Correspondences, and recounts how, being taken up in the Spirit through the flaming sword into Paradise, he saw all things new and all creation gave another savour to him than he had before known, "beyond what words can utter." The creation was opened up to him and it was shown him how all things were named, "according to their nature and virtue"; that is to say, he perceived the correspondence of the external forms with the internal natures of all creatures.

Turning for a moment to the results of his inspiration, the evidences of his clear hearing and clear seeing by the opening of the interior senses, it must be allowed that we are entitled to regard them critically. The good works admitted, the intolerances overlooked as privileged, we are still lacking any evidences of a superior degree of illumination, while there remain more than enough indications of a zeal and enthusiasm almost amounting to a mania, together with a remarkable degree of reponsiveness to environment so far as it was perceived by him and reflected through the particular coloured spectacles of his adoption.

In the Lichfield incident recorded in the *Journal* we have the sight of the steeples and the question as to what place it was, before the word came to him to go there. It is explained that after-

wards he came to understand that in the Emperor Diocletian's time a thousand Christians were martyred at Lichfield. Thus it was that he saw "a channel of blood running down the streets, and the market-place a pool of blood." Granted the subconscious memory of the "ancient records which testify how many of the Christian Britons suffered there," the prejudice against the steeple-house, as such, and an overwrought zealous mind, there remains the fact that Fox came of the stock of the martyrs, all of which might well conspire as factors in the production of this particular form of the afflatus. Even in trivial circumstances Fox was led to discern the miraculous hand. On another occasion when he and his friend Judge Fell were in company with Justice Benson, they were talking the news of the day and of the Long Parliament then sitting, when Fox was moved to tell them that "before two weeks from that day the parliament should be broken up and the speaker plucked out of his chair." A fortnight later Benson returned from town with the news that Oliver Cromwell had broken up the parliament. From this, which is a conspicuous instance of premonition, he gained great credit. His prophecy regarding the Fire was not by any means so clear and perspicuous. It appears that he was walking his prison chamber at Lancaster and "saw the angel of the Lord with a glittering sword stretched southward, as though the court had been all on fire." Presently there occurred the war with Holland, the Plague and then the Fire, which broke out the day after Fox was released from Scarboro' Castle. And Fox complains that although the people of London were forewarned of the disaster (which by that sign was doomed to happen), "they did not lay heart to it nor believe it, but rather grew more wicked and higher in pride." So the question is forced upon us as to what would have been the course of events had they believed and repented, and the prophecy remained without fulfilment? For there was a Friend from Huntingdonshire who went about the streets scattering his money, and turned his horse loose in the highway, unbuttoned his doublet and let his stockings fall down about his heels, saying that so the people should scatter their money and goods and run about half-dressed like madmen, as he was "a sign to them." One must not forget, in this connexion, the quatrain of Nostradamus, written fully a hundred years before the Great Fire, in which it is said: "Le sang de juste à Londres fera faut bruslez par feu de vingt et trois les six," nor yet the perspicuous hieroglyphic of William Lilly in which the Gemini (Gog and Magog), as the patrons of the city, were represented to be falling headlong into a

blazing fire ; and against this cartoon was set the prophecy of the great conflagration. But Nostradamus claimed only a knowledge of "astronomical affections" and Lilly gives his own explanation from the same sources. The event was in the womb of Time and the astrologers derived it from "astronomical affections"; but Fox appears to have psychometrised it.

In recounting the fate of his persecutors, Fox accounts for them individually as cut off under the judgments of God, the common fate of all of them being that they presently died, or fell upon bad times, or fled the country : and of the Lancastrians he says : "When I came into the country again, most of those who dwelt in Lancashire were dead, and others ruined in their estates ; so that, though I did not seek revenge upon them for their actings against me contrary to the law, yet the Lord had executed His judgments upon many of them." In no other way than this does Fox give us the benefit of his illuminations ; and though his epistles are virile and strong they cannot, as to any feature, be favourably compared with the Pauline epistles, as some have attempted. Nowhere does he give us any the least glimpse of the spiritual world into which he was privileged to gaze. It was left to his successor, Emanuel Swedenborg, to complete the revelation by a recital of his own experiences of the state after death from psychic perceptions of his own. Yet even that was the heaven of Swedenborg, the world-to-come as seen through the eyes of a Christian seer, and that seer a Protestant moreover.

In effect there is nothing metaphysical about the mysticism of Fox, nothing that is profound in his interpretations of scripture. He was simply a zealous, energetic and sincere reformer among Protestants, possessed of a childlike faith, a kindly heart, an indomitable will, and a firm belief that whatever presented itself to his mind as a truth was the unqualified revelation of the divine Being. He advocated non-resistance to evil, and charity to all living creatures. Fox with the iron will and the tender heart, although a seer and a mystic, was no dreamer, but a thorough-paced indomitable reformer of men and manners. It is easier to class him among the Ishmaelites than among the sons of Levi, and it is very difficult to read the *Journal* attentively and not to feel that he stood alone, a strange, conspicuous figure, a blazing comet amid the ordered stars, a firebrand in the night.



## MORE GLIMPSES OF THE UNSEEN

BY REGINALD B. SPAN

SOME years ago considerable sensation was created in South Devon by a tragic occurrence which was shrouded in mystery, and to this day has never been explained.

The wife of a well-known country gentleman was found drowned in a pond on their estate, and it was impossible to say how she came by such a death, whether it was murder, suicide, or accident. Some were inclined to suspect foul play, as there was no reason why the unfortunate lady should have committed suicide, and her accidental falling into the water seemed highly improbable.

I was staying at the house of a friend, a Mr. W——, a few miles from the scene of the tragedy (several years after it occurred) in that wild and beautiful tract of country between Dartmouth and Salcombe; and one afternoon we rode over to B—— Hall to call on the owner, who, however, happened to be away from home. On our return journey we passed through the part of the grounds where the pond in which the lady was found drowned is situated. The scenery there is lovely and romantic in the extreme—a deep glen (or coombe) densely wooded, with open grassy spaces here and there, traverses the estate, and a pretty stream flows down the centre, forming at one spot three large ponds, with the trees overhanging the waters in a most picturesque way.

We dismounted near the water, and, tethering our horses, walked along the edge of the largest pond, admiring the quiet beauty of our surroundings. Suddenly, I saw a shadowy form—like a woman dressed in white, but very ethereal looking—glide swiftly past—like a flash of light—and disappear over the water. I called out to my friend, who was a little way off, exclaiming: “Did you see that?”

He replied that he certainly saw something fly past, like a shadow, but could not make out what it was.

I then told him what I had seen, but Mr. W——, who is most sceptical where the “Supernatural” is concerned, refused to believe me, and thought I must have been deceived by an optical illusion, though he admitted having seen some unaccountable shadow himself. However, I was quite certain my eyes had not deceived me, and that I had seen the form of a woman.

It seems that the lady who was drowned was found at that very spot.

I never had an opportunity of revisiting the place, so did not see the phantasm again.

The old monastery de l'Annonciata (close to which I am at present staying) has been closed and uninhabited for several years, since the last of the monks were driven out. It is a very ancient building, dating back to the ninth century, and is picturesquely situated on a rocky eminence at the extreme end of a mountain ridge, 600 feet above the pretty little town of Mentone (Alpes Maritimes). A rough narrow path leads down the steep mountain side from the monastery to the town—through vineyards, and groves of olive, orange, and lemon trees. It is one of the most beautiful spots on the Riviera, and shows the proverbial good taste of the monks in choosing such a site for their abode.

A few months ago, a workman employed on this estate was going down to Mentone along the mountain path. It was late in the afternoon, and almost dark (being winter time). As he reached a turn in the path just below the monastery, where the way is very narrow, with a precipitous descent to the Carrei valley (several hundred feet below) on one side, and a high bank and wall on the other, he saw a procession of seven nuns, arrayed in white, proceeding in single file along the path in front of him. He was somewhat surprised, and wondered what they could be doing in that locality, but concluded that they had probably come from the neighbouring principality of Monaco to see the monastery, and were then returning to Monaco. He was looking full at them, when suddenly, as they reached a little stone shrine built into the wall, they one after the other turned quickly to the right and entered the shrine, with heads bowed and hands clasped in front of them in the attitude of prayer. Amazed beyond measure, he hurried to the gate of the shrine to find it closed and locked, as usual, and no sign of anyone having entered it, and certainly no one within it. He was then so terrified that he took to his heels and ran, as fast as the rough, steep condition of the path would allow, the whole way to Mentone, and when he returned to the Annonciata, came round by another route. The seer is a young French artisan named Etienne—a bright, intelligent man, employed at present on the funicular at the *Hotel Annonciata*. He told the same story to several people, and I have no reason to doubt his word or consider that his vision was due to hallucination.

Some strange nuns which disappeared mysteriously were seen

on another occasion by a peasant girl on a vineyard terrace, just below the monastery courtyard.

The shrine into which the spectral nuns disappeared is one of several which stand on the side of the path between the Annonciata and Mentone. They were erected in the sixteenth century by a Princess of Monaco, in accordance with a vow she had made—her life having been miraculously saved.

Personally, I have never seen anything ghostly, though I am constantly about the monastery grounds, and have traversed the path where the nuns were seen hundreds of times, in the dark as well as the daylight. It is said that the monastery is haunted by some phantom monks, but I have never met anyone who has seen them.

Extraordinary psychical manifestations occurred in a building adjoining the monastery, which I recorded in *Light* last year.

Those who have had experience of Spiritualism are well aware of the Unseen dangers which surround us, and lie in wait for the unwary and those who transgress—especially the awful peril of obsession by evil spirits.

In the time of Jesus, the Christ, demoniacal possession was a well-known and dreaded fact, and several instances are recorded of the Master using His Divine power in casting out the evil spirits which had obsessed unfortunate human beings. Nowadays the world ridicules the idea of Unseen beings being able to control the organisms of mortals—in fact, doubts if there are any Unseen intelligencies—but the fact remains that the Spirit World is very close to this one, and is the only real and enduring world, and the inhabitants thereof can and do control and influence human beings for good or evil, happiness or woe. We are surrounded by all sorts and conditions of spiritual beings, from the highest Angels of Light to the most debased and brutal demons of Darkness, and there is an unceasing conflict between the Powers of Good and Evil, Light and Darkness.

In the annals of Spiritualism and Psychical Research there are well-authenticated instances of obsession by evil spirits, some of which are very horrible.

When I was in New Zealand there was a case of obsession at Auckland, a young man being possessed by a spirit which caused him much bodily harm by throwing him into the fire, when he was badly burnt, and on another occasion into the sea, when he was nearly drowned. When under this influence his language was fearful, and he had no control over himself at all, whilst a strange voice used his vocal organs, stating that it intended to

ruin the young man body and soul. Fortunately for the victim, there were some friends who recognized his condition as one of obsession, and instead of having him certified as insane and sent to a lunatic asylum, they called in the services of a clergyman, a good and saintly man, who became also convinced that it was a case of diabolical possession; and after constant and earnest prayer, the evil spirit was eventually exorcised by the name of Christ and the symbol of the Cross, and the young man was never troubled by it again.

A strange thing occurred when I was in South California ten years ago. When staying at San Diego I used to attend many Spiritualist lectures, meetings and seances, and had just discovered that I possessed mediumistic powers. One night I had an extraordinary dream, or vision, which seemed very real at the time. I thought I awoke from a deep sleep with a feeling of horror and impending danger, and noticed that the darkness of the room was faintly illuminated by a lurid radiance which was growing gradually stronger, and then several dark forms became visible moving from the other end of the room slowly towards me. Instinctively I tried to jump up and cry out, but found myself incapable of moving or speaking. There were four or five of these figures, all arrayed in long dark cloaks with hoods drawn over their heads, which, however, did not conceal their faces, which were indescribably horrible and malignant. I was seized with an agony of fear, and prayed with an intensity of feeling I have never before or since experienced, "O Christ save me! Christ save me!" As I did so a brilliant flash of white light shot through the room, and the figures quickly retreated and vanished, while the awful feeling of oppression and paralysis left me also, and I came to my full consciousness, trembling violently and feeling weak and ill, as if I had passed through some great mental and physical strain and spiritual crisis.

The next morning I considered I had had a bad nightmare, and wondered what physical cause could have produced it, as I was in good health when I retired, and had not partaken of a heavy supper. I might not have thought much of it again had it not been for what followed.

That afternoon I called to see some friends, a Mr. and Mrs. T—, who were well known Spiritualists in San Diego. They remarked that I was not looking well, to which I replied that I was all right, only I had been rather upset the previous night by a horrible nightmare; and then proceeded to relate it. We were sitting in their small drawing-room, Mr. and Mrs. T—

on one side of the room and I on the other. I was just finishing my short account (we often discussed dreams and kindred subjects together), and Mrs. T—— was laughing and saying that I could not have been very well, when Mr. T——, who had been staring intently at something beyond me, and had become very white, suddenly gave a cry of alarm and rose quickly to his feet, at the same time throwing out his arms in front of his head as if to ward off a blow.

The next instant he fell to the floor in what appeared to be a fit of some kind, as he was writhing convulsively and moaning and gibbering "like one possessed." We picked him up and placed him on the armchair, and then shrank back in horror, as Mr. T——'s face was quite transfigured, altered beyond recognition into the most repulsive, awful face imaginable. *It was the countenance of a devil.* The features were so strangely contorted, and the half closed eyes gleamed with a peculiarly baleful, sinister expression. It would be impossible to describe such a countenance. Mrs. T—— was beside herself with terror, and kept calling her husband frantically by name, and then threw her arms round his neck as if to try and drive the evil creature out of him.

I knew it was a case of obsession, but did not know how to act beyond praying that he might be delivered from it. Fortunately, the spirit had not gained full possession, and after a short, violent struggle, in which Mr. T—— was thrown foaming on the floor, the spirit came out of him.

Mr. T—— felt very weak and unwell for a time, and could hardly speak at first. When he was better he told us that as I was relating my dream, he suddenly saw clairvoyantly several figures emerge apparently from the wall behind me, and recognized (from my description) that they were the same beings who had appeared to me in my vision of the night before.

They came straight towards him, and he was filled with a great horror, and sensing danger of some kind, he jumped to his feet, instinctively throwing out his hands to ward them off, and then in an instant one of them had gained possession of him. He was particularly liable to anything of that kind, being a good trance medium. It was two weeks before he quite recovered from the shock and strain he then underwent.

I have had several years' experience of Spiritualism, but have never since come in contact with anything unpleasant, though I have been closely in contact with the Unseen; on the contrary, I have received much benefit, kindness and consolation

from spirit friends, but we must not forget that we are also surrounded by spheres of Darkness, in which dwell powers of evil, who at times, under favourable conditions, are able to gain easy access to this mundane sphere and come in close contact with human beings—and then our great safeguard is in prayer to the Author of all Good, the supreme Ruler of all spirits, who is ever ready to help and deliver those who seek Him.

An incident, somewhat similar to one I have already recorded, was narrated to me a short time ago by a friend of mine (Lady T—), who had this strange experience when staying in an old house near Dinan, in Brittany, a few years ago. This house had formerly been a monastery and had the reputation of being haunted, but the people who lived there had not been much disturbed, and so had no great objection to the ghost. There were several unoccupied rooms in the house which had never been used by the occupants, and the largest of these was given to Lady T—. It was a spacious old-fashioned apartment—far too large for one person—and was gloomy and eerie-looking. There were two beds—one on either side of the room and a long way apart. On the first night of her residence there, she was awakened shortly after midnight by the sound of heavy footsteps outside her door, then some one tried the handle, and she heard the click of the lock (as if it had been forced back), and the door flew open. Some one seemed to enter, as the same heavy footsteps crossed the room and paused by the unoccupied bed. There was dead silence for a moment, followed by a horrible gurgling, gasping noise, as if some one was being strangled. The footsteps then returned to the door, which was softly closed, as the unseen intruder passed out, and the sound died away in the long corridor.

Lady T— at once lit a candle and searched the room, especially examining the vacant bed at the other side, which, however, was quite undisturbed.

The door was closed, but curiously enough it was unlocked, and she was quite certain she had locked it before retiring.

Nothing further occurred that night, and in spite of her alarm, she slept soundly. She said nothing about her experience the next day, and, being a strong-minded person, very little troubled with "nerves," stayed on in that room.

The following night she was again awakened at exactly the same time, by the door being thrown open (although she had locked and securely fastened it), and the footsteps crossed the room as before, to the unoccupied bed, where the unpleasant noise of the previous night was repeated. Lady T— was not in the least

frightened this time, but felt incapable of doing anything until the footsteps had left the room, when she again struck a light and had a look round, but could find nothing to account for the mysterious occurrence. Being much interested in Psychical Research and occult matters, she decided to remain in the haunted room and investigate the case as far as possible, and so night after night she was a witness of some horrible tragedy enacted over and over again by the ghost of a murderer on the phantasm of its unfortunate victim, carried out with unvarying precision and regularity. After a time, however, even her iron nerves gave way, and she was obliged to leave the room, but she discovered that a young nun (a novitiate) had been strangled in that room by a monk, in the olden times, when the house was a monastery, and on making inquiries she found out that such was indeed the case. The nun appeared to her one night as distinctly as if alive, and begged her to pray for her. She was never able to see the monk, though his footsteps and actions were so plainly audible.

This house stands on a hill outside the little village of Le Hon, a few miles from Dinan (North France).

Another incident of a strangling ghost was told me by a Miss F—— recently, and happened at the house of some friends of hers where she occasionally stays (R—— Hall, in Norfolk). One of the rooms is quite untenable, as it is haunted by an unseen creature which attempts to strangle any one sleeping there. One of her friends, Mr. L—— tried the experiment of occupying the bed in that room one night, being rather sceptical about the reports current concerning it, and whilst fully awake, with a night-light burning near by, a large hand came from behind the curtains and seized him by the throat, and nearly choked him before he could disengage its terrible grip. He was a strong man, but in the struggle with his unseen assailant he felt a mere child.

Needless to say he did not try the experiment a second time.

Black marks of fingers were plainly visible, indented on his throat, the next morning, and he was quite unstrung by his adventure.

I heard of a house in California (San Francisco), where a man was actually killed by a ghost—having been strangled. Such cases are the worst "Glimpses of the Unseen" I have to record, and prove that mankind has some very dangerous and powerful enemies "behind the veil."

# A PSYCHIC DRAMA

By HELEN BOURCHIER

TO give the recital of this drama its true value I must go back some time, to the beginning of my acquaintance with the Brahmin Pundit who is one of the prominent actors in it.

I met him first in an obscure Native State in India where he held the appointment of private secretary to the Rajah, while I was medical adviser to the Rajah's family and household. Our respective positions necessitated my seeing a great deal of the Brahmin, and for about six months we met nearly every day; and, apart from our official business, we held long conversations on occult subjects in which the Punditjee, as he was called, was much interested and in which, like most Brahmins, he was deeply learned.

Then I left India and returned to England, and for eight years I quite lost sight of the Punditjee, and his personality faded out of my mind. At the end of this time a great friend of mine, a retired Anglo-Indian who had spent nearly all his life in India, became very seriously ill of a mortal complaint. He was a man of high principles and upright life, who absolutely disbelieved in the immortality of the soul and in the existence of any spiritual life whatsoever.

One day, when I had just returned home after a long visit to him and his wife, I was sitting in séance with another psychic (not a professional medium) when we were both taken clairvoyantly to a place we had never seen before, by a dim and rather dreary-looking lake with a level sandy shore, on which stood three or four little arbours which reminded me of the shelters used for consumptives in the open-air treatment, being closed in on three sides and open in front, looking on to the lake. Lying on a bench in one of these shelters I saw my friend I—— L—— fast asleep; and I was told that his spirit slept there and that unless he awaked before the end of his life he would have to go on sleeping there till his next incarnation and would come back then no further advanced in spiritual life than he had been in this incarnation. But that if, before he died, he desired spiritual knowledge, his spirit would awake and he would be taught many things



during the interval between the two incarnations and would have great opportunities of spiritual advancement.

We, the psychic and I, then left the lake and returned to the séance room, where we sat with our hands on the little table we always use as a means of communication to receive messages and instructions. We were immediately aware of a new presence at the table, and while the table was swaying and rocking my memory took me back to the room in which I had often talked to the Punditjee, and showed him to me sitting in the chair he always used, although I can safely say I had not thought of him for years and had no reason to think of him at that moment. There was no connexion of ideas between him and I—— L——, as I—— L—— had never met him and had never lived in the same part of India. After swaying and rocking for a few moments the table rapped out his name and I became very strongly aware of his presence standing near me.

Besides some other matters which do not concern this particular episode, he told me that I had to help to wake I—— L—— from his sleep by the lake, and that he, the Punditjee, would be able to direct me how to do so and to join me in the effort. Nothing further occurred at that séance, but repeatedly after that when the same psychic and I were sitting together we went for a moment to the lake and always saw the figure still sleeping in the shelter.

Very shortly afterwards I had a telegram calling me to the house of my friend I—— L—— who had become rapidly worse. Before I went I had another séance in which the Punditjee gave me definite directions as to what I should do while I was in my friend's house. Every morning and evening I was to repeat a certain *mantram* or verse, which is the *mantram* used by all Brahmins at their devotions at sunrise and sunset ; and whenever I found myself in the sick-room I was to repeat the same *mantram* in a whisper, and this would enable the Punditjee to come to the room and to help me.

These directions I carried out, and one day when I was saying the *mantram* in the sick-room where I—— L—— was lying in bed, I was aware of a strong Oriental perfume and I saw the Brahmin standing beside me. Every day while I said the *mantram* I went to the lake and looked at the sleeping figure, and one day while I looked he opened his eyes and looked back at me.

The next time I went he was sitting up, on the bench, leaning back against the wall. I saw him as a very feeble, emaciated old man, with hardly strength enough to sit up. For several

days I always saw him sitting there, exhausted, but with his eyes open and always the Punditjee stood beside him.

Then one day I saw him standing up, very bent and shaky, leaning on a staff and with the Punditjee supporting him. Then there came a day when I saw him walking away from the shelter, very slowly and feebly, still leaning on the staff and supported by the Punditjee. I thought then that he had done with the shelter by the lake, and I had no power to follow him where the Brahmin was leading him.

A few days later I found myself again beside the lake, and in the shelter there was a figure, but how changed! A strong, dark, upright man of about five and forty stood squarely in the opening looking out over the lake. The grey had gone out of his dark hair, the pathetic droop out of his tall figure, he looked patient and serene and strong, and he waited. When I saw him again it was as a young man, full of fire and eagerness, leaning against the side of the shelter, very keen and a little impatient, waiting for the moment when he might leave that grey place and go forth into a new life of energy and action.

At about this time, when I was seeing the strong young figure by the lake, I was sitting one day in the sick-room, repeating the *mantram* in a whisper as usual, when I again noticed the Oriental perfume. My poor friend had been suffering very much that day and was very restless and miserable. As I noticed the scent I saw the Punditjee in the room, leading in an old lady in a widow's cap, whom I recognized as I—— L——'s mother, who had been dead some years. She went close up to the bed and took his head upon her shoulder and stroked and smoothed his hair. The Punditjee turned and flashed a smile at me. For a moment they were more vividly present to me than the actual material objects in the room.

I remained for eight weeks at my friend's house and hardly a day passed in which I did not see his spirit by the lake, first as the old man, then as a man of middle age, and finally, many times as a youth waiting for his release, giving me always the same impression of buoyant vitality and eagerness, so strangely in contrast with the worn, emaciated, suffering figure on the sick-bed. At the end of the eight weeks I was obliged to return home.

The day after my arrival I had a *séance* with the same sitter as before, and we went again together to the lake. There we both saw the figure of the young man. This time he came out of the shelter, across the sand to the edge of the lake, where a canoe was waiting for him; he sprang in and began to paddle the canoe swiftly across the lake; at the opposite shore we saw him get out

and go up a broad flight of marble steps into a beautiful white palace where we could not follow him. What he saw there we cannot tell, but on the terrace at the top of the steps he paused for a moment and looked up and down himself, at his straight young figure and lithe limbs, and he said aloud: "Ah! This is life!" Then he went into the palace.

"He must be freed from his body now," we said; "we shall hear that he died to-day."

But he had not left his body. Whatever was shown to him there in that beautiful white palace must have been an experience of his dream consciousness.

Two days later we sat again in the séance room. And the table spelt out to us: "Go to the lake." We went there together, and this is what we saw, in a séance that lasted three hours.

The lake itself looked very dark. On each side of the shelter we could dimly make out a line of figures standing facing towards the lake, the shelter being between them. At the opening was the young man, with the Punditjee beside him. They were all looking at something that was happening on the sand between them and the lake. And after a little while we made out that there were two wrestlers struggling with each other on the sand. They were dark, nude figures, locked tight in each other's arms, bending and swaying together in their efforts to conquer each other. We watched them drag each other up and down the strip of sand, and bend each other backwards and forwards till their heads almost touched the ground in the strenuousness of their struggle. And all that silent motionless company watched them.

"What does this mean?" I asked, and the answer came: "The good and evil influences of his life are struggling together, and he knows it, and watches the struggle. According to which of them wins he will take the higher or the lower path. He has to decide now, and until his final decision is made he will not be released from his body. He may decide to-day or he may wait for weeks or even months, but until his decision is taken he will not altogether leave his body."

After a little while the young man went inside the shelter and sat down on the bench and the Punditjee sat beside him on his right hand. On his left hand we made out dimly a shadowy figure that seemed indeed to be nothing but a black shadow. Looking long and closely at it I was able to distinguish that it had the form of a colossal brown woman with bare arms and shoulders and a massive statuesque face; and I understood that she and the Punditjee were carrying on a silent and secret struggle

for the dominating influence which should fix the young man's decision, just as the wrestlers outside were wrestling with the same object.

And the Punditjee, explaining, told us that that dark colossal form was the embodiment of certain qualities in his own nature which had kept him back through this incarnation, and that these qualities were trying now to draw him on to the lower path. And we both understood that the Punditjee stood for the higher part of the young man's soul and the dark figure for the baser part.

Then I saw the young man turn away from the woman and hold with both hands to the arm of the Punditjee, and, so holding, he got up and the two came slowly out of the shelter, but the dark figure of the woman remained behind and did not follow them.

Out on the sands the wrestlers had ceased their wrestling. One of them lay motionless, prone where he had fallen, the other stood over him with arms lifted to the sky. On the dark surface of the lake the moon was brightly reflected, and all the grey dimness of the place was changed to a soft light, and in that light we saw a strange spectacle, for the two lines of silent onlookers who had stood watching the struggle of the wrestlers, showed up clearly before us.

On one side stood a long line of angels—those angels that have been seen by many psychics standing round death-beds—very tall and white, with great white wings folded round them from their shoulders to their feet, with arms crossed upon their breasts, with bowed heads and eyelids closed, the angels whose eyes are never seen, who stand calm and still and impersonal, waiting to carry the soul, released from the body, to its appointed place.

On the other side there was a file of Indian warriors, dark, wild, half-naked figures with red plumes on their heads, with faces and bodies grotesquely and horribly painted, and with long spears in their hands. As I looked at them the one at the end of the line turned and began to glide quickly away, the others followed, all passing very swiftly and noiselessly, in single file, away into the distance.

The angels came forward and took their stand, as though to guard it, across the front of the shelter, and down by the lake I saw the young man and the Punditjee pacing very slowly along the shore, the Pundit seemed to be expounding to him as to a disciple, and the young man's head was bent towards him, listening gravely.

## SOME LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A PSYCHICAL ENQUIRER

BY A. GOODRICH-FREER (MRS. H. H. SPOER)

*(Continued)*

[THE following, signed Emily Elliott, reached me through the kindness of W. Thurtell, 13, Monmouth Road, Bayswater, dated June 25, 1886.]

“ Last year, in the month of September, sometime about the 12th or 14th, whilst staying in the country with friends, who had rented, for shooting purposes, a very large and ancient house built in 1617, during the second or third night I passed in it I was disturbed by a very peculiar and unmistakable sound, which appeared to me like a loud rattling of a brass-handled door—why I thought of brass, I do not know. I was alarmed, for I thought some one was trying to get in, and for some minutes I lay expecting to see my own door open, for my room was the last one in the corridor, and another one just outside it shut off the most ancient and unused portion of the house. Hearing nothing more, I determined to get up and see if I could discover anything, and accordingly lighted my candle and went into the corridor. For a second or two I heard nothing, when again, just beneath me, there came the rattling noise. Knowing there was an entrance door in that wing, I became desperate, and aroused my hostess in a great state of terror. When she opened her door and heard my story, she laughed and told the governess to pass the rest of the night with me; but not ten minutes after she had left us, I again distinctly heard the sound—this time at the principal or grand entrance. Sleep was impossible for me after that; and I lay wondering what next would come until the morning.

“ Afterwards I heard the tradition of the house ran thus :—

“ That Sir A— C—, one of the ancestors of the present owner, had married a very beautiful wife, who ran away from him, but, after many years' absence, she returned to beg for—

giveness of her husband, who refused her admittance to his house. In despair, she wandered about the grounds all night, tapping at the drawing-room windows and rattling the door handles in turn, finally dying from cold and misery. The tradition runs that Dame E—— is supposed to haunt the grounds and walk the terrace at night.

“ I myself caused great surprise to the household by venturing into the flower garden, which was by the terrace, at dusk ; but as, at the time, I knew nothing of the story, I felt no apprehension, and certainly *saw* nothing. At the same time the place felt uncanny, and without being able to assign any reason to myself, I hurriedly gathered what flowers I wanted, and hastened back to the house, where I found my hostess waiting for me in some anxiety. Whether I offended Dame E—— by intruding on her premises after sundown, I do not know ; but it was that night I heard the noise, and as I was unable to get rid of the unpleasant sensation, it caused my visit to come to an abrupt conclusion.

“ I must add that I ascertained the handles of the outer doors were brass, and that the sound made when rattling them tallied with that which I heard.”

[The following story was written down from the narrative of the percipient, Anne Brady, by the Hon. Mrs. Greville Nugent.]

“ BELLAMONT FOREST, COOTEHILL, CAVAN.

“ On ‘ Patrick’s Eve,’ 1875, the family being away, Anne and her husband were sleeping, as caretakers, in the housekeeper’s room here. She had a small gas-jet left burning. About 1 a.m. she heard ‘ cringing ’ (? creaking) slippers come up the passage, and then a sound as if some one were rubbing the panels of the door (which was locked) with the flat of the hand. She tried to wake her husband, but could not rouse him. Then it seemed as if force were being used to break open the door. Anne reached to the stoup hanging by her bed, and, horribly frightened, splashed holy water in the direction of the sound ; and the steps instantly withdrew to the accompaniment of horrible and melancholy cries, which Anne imitated most realistically.

“ At 6 a.m. her husband woke, and she told him what had passed. He then got up, and said that as it was St. Patrick’s Day and a holiday, he should go down and have it out with the new Protestant steward, who, in the family’s absence, was trying to make the men work on holidays. He came back

directly, with a white face. 'Well,' said Anne, 'have ye got the row over already?' 'No row at all,' said he, 'but word has come that the master died last night in England.' 'We don't have a banshee in this house,' she added; 'the family bring their own news when they die.' His successor, on taking possession, and hearing the story, had the house blessed by a bishop before he would live in it."

[The following story was sent by Colonel Le Mesurier Taylor, whose name is among those most highly respected in Psychological Research, to Mr. Myers, who, five years later, handed it over to me, endorsed "no coincidence." I find it interesting as representing just that side of the question so often ignored in stories of Hauntings. One reads, "the servants refused to stay," or "we did not choose to question the servants." Here is a case in which the servants did not question the masters. It is good to hear both sides of all things.]

Colonel Taylor's record is dated March 15, 1893. He appends a note asking that all names may be withheld from publication.

Edith W——, a servant in his own employ, aged 21, states—

"About a year ago my sister Emma, aged 24, and myself were engaged as servants at A—— Rectory, Basingstoke. We were sent to sleep in a room which was somewhat cut off from the rest of the household, and felt a little nervous, but had heard no rumours of anything taking place of the nature of what followed.

"We were in bed but awake. We simultaneously heard the window open about 12 o'clock. We saw the fingers of a person part the curtains and the figure of a man enter the room. I sprung out of bed. The figure, which looked like a parson, went up to the bed, raised its hands and fell forward across my sister, and then disappeared. My sister felt nothing.

"About three days after, again we simultaneously saw the same figure enter in the same way. It went and inspected our dresses which were hanging up, and vanished. Again, about seven days after, the figure entered as before, and lifted the lids of our boxes and vanished. After this the figure came several times and parted the curtains, sometimes standing there for a while and then disappeared. We remained nine months in the place but could not stand more and left.

"(In answer to questions).—The figure was not self luminous,

but the whole room seemed to light up when it entered. The vanishing of the figure was caused by the light in the room going out.

“The gardener, William W—— (no relation to me though of the same name) had slept in the room for some days on one occasion and said he had been disturbed, but declined to say how.

“People about the house would not tell us anything for fear of frightening us more, but we learned that nine servants had left this place during the previous twelve months. Neither I, nor, I believe, my sister, have ever seen anything of the sort before.

“*(Signed)* EDITH W——.”

[The following reached me through Mr. Myers, though the letter containing the story is addressed to Mr. E. Westlake, whose name is honourably known in connexion with the S.P.R. and who, like the narrator, Mrs. Theodore Fry, of Darlington, is a member of the Society of Friends.]

*February 15, 1888.*

“As you request, I am very glad to tell you the facts of the matter, which you must take for what they are worth. Seeing we are a very large and active family, much more practical than sentimental, we do not seem very likely to have supernatural visitants, and certainly have not paid much attention to such, except when the noises Mr. C—— told you of were forced upon our notice.

“This is a new house (twenty years) and never inhabited by any one but ourselves, and it is rather curious that, although we have sometimes said, there was a good deal of noise, which we attributed to airy windows, etc., and which I do not think myself was anything else, we never heard anything that arrested our attention until after last autumn (1886) we imported a quantity of old oak from a house we had for a time in the Lake District, William Ball’s house at Rydal. We took it from W. Ball’s executors, and about it there were sundry traditions, to which we never gave any heed, as it was very full of rats.

“Our billiard room is off an upstairs landing, which is perpetually traversed, and most of our family have, at times, heard the sound of billiard balls, generally like a cannon (in the game) and one other stroke, never continued, but sufficient to make us look in, to see if any one could be playing. The most authentic case perhaps was Arthur Lucas, son of W. H. Lucas, who had



never heard us speak about this, and came up one day, not very long ago. When walking past to see our sons, he stopped and went in, from the same cause, and was much surprised to find no one there. I have sought diligently for any explanation, in a loose window or bolt of any kind, but none of us can find anything to account for this, and as we always hear it unexpectedly, there is no tendency in our minds to listen for it, as we come past the door constantly, and perhaps only hear the noise once a fortnight.

“Certainly some other noises we have heard have been very strange. The first was on Christmas Eve, 1886, when Mr. Fry and I, before going to sleep, suddenly heard three sharp knocks in the wall above our room. We had no hesitation in thinking one of the children was hammering up a picture, but as it was a very improper time for little girls to be so occupied, rebuked them in the morning, but found they had been fast asleep, and that one of our elder daughters heard exactly the same. I have once since heard it, early in the morning. And two of our sons, who are twenty and twenty-three years of age, and most unlikely to care for these things, have been really annoyed with the noises and knockings in their room, being often awakened at night, till one night the eldest called out, ‘Are you the ghost?’ when there was another great bang and it subsided. The odd part seems to be that a collie dog sleeping with them was very much annoyed at these noises one night, barked and whined, and finally wished to rush out of the room.

“We once had an exactly similar instance to the one you gave me, of a sound like some one throwing down a sack. It roused me very suddenly in the night, also our governess and a laundry-maid, in different rooms, but of course it might be caused by some reverberation, though, I must say, the circumstances were odd and definite. With this exception no noise has ever occurred so far as I know in any room in the house that has not had a portion of the Rydal furniture in it.”

*(To be continued.)*

## REVIEWS

STUDIES OF ENGLISH MYSTICS. By William Ralph Inge, M.A.,  
D.D. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London, W. Crown  
8vo. 1906.

I ASSUME that a word of explanation will be welcome to isolated readers, as apart from the frequenters of assemblies, and it may be mentioned for this reason that there is here collected into book-form the substance of certain lectures delivered by Dr. Inge at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, during Lent, 1905. He was also Bampton lecturer in 1899, and the two series of discourses are connected by similarity of ground. It could be wished that this volume was in the hands of every person who has at any time acknowledged, from what distance soever, the call to the mystic life, but of those, above all, to whom that appeal has come rather through the intellectual gates than those, more withdrawn and secret, which open the paths leading through the life within. It is so gracious, so liberal, so just, so entirely sane and indeed, so even throughout. As a series of lectures to a mixed congregation, it is no doubt, and that of necessity, slight, but it is full in respect of its conversance; and although it seems necessary to say that several important points could have been put otherwise, and that more fully and deeply, this is rather in illustration of "how it strikes a contemporary," than in the common spirit of criticism. It is much, in any case, to have the elements available and so expressed that those to whom technical language would constitute a real difficulty can have no warrant to excuse themselves on that ground. I suppose that it is good to take examples as the framework of a thesis in the illustration of mystic doctrine and experience, but it is at least true that, failing these at the beginning, one tends continually to look for them. If I may speak for myself, the most rigid determination to avoid all reference to St. Martin, the admirable Ruysbroech, Gregory the Great, or St. Thomas, would be speedily stultified, even in a summary account, and it might be doing better to set out from them at the very beginning. However this may be, Dr. Inge has founded his lectures on five examples, of whom two are Catholic mystics of the minor rank; one is the non-juror, William Law; and the two others are the poets Browning and Wordsworth. He has drawn from all his material and his

lessons. The lessons are good and true, and if those who have taken the great mysteries into their heart of hearts may feel a little dubious at the selection, having regard to the occasion and the audience, it is reasonable to believe that the lecturer could scarcely have done better.

There is no opportunity here to review the book, because all that would be pertinent in its criticism must presuppose the reader's acquaintance with the contents at first hand, a course which has been commended, and at this I must leave it. Of special points there are certain alternatives possible which are not in the sense of substitutes, but rather the expression of different aspects which might be offered to prospective readers, and would not perhaps be unwelcome to the author himself. I believe that I have noted some scores on the margin of my reviewer's copy, but a few at most can be recited in this place. There are not only many definitions of mysticism already known in its literature, but it seems always possible to add to them, as the point of view varies from which we approach the subject. Dr. Inge has realized this, and has at need re-expressed some, with results that are wholly excellent; but, in so doing, he himself suggests others, after the manner of *additamenta*; again, as the matter is seen in the mirror of a different mind, I do not know that the aim of the mystic can be more truly or shortly described than as the term of union by the path of love. As regards the paths, since we must return any way to God, there is no road sacred which does not lead to Him, and there is none which takes us to our end that is not of the divine order. Intellectual mysticism is the recognition of the law of unity as between God and the Soul, and its process is the integration of the Soul in God. On one side of it, there is the aberration of old pantheism; and, on another, the false doctrine of dualism. The direction towards mysticism is at the beginning, or, for the most part, an intellectual consequence. In its higher state, it is the work of the heart, and in that work we recognize the same thing everywhere, without detriment to the distinctions and varieties of all things on their external side. The intellectual recognition is assuredly a great advance, but its characteristic is insufficiency. The mind of man goes in quest of the great things, and this is well; but there are conditions of grace and sanctity when the great things come down to the soul—that is to say, after all the excursions of thought, after the intentness of ordered thought, we have, in the last resource, to admit that there are moments when truths, which naturally exceed us,

descend in part, and are certainly in no sense of our own making. We are attuned at these times to attain the communication of the universal harmonies in some exalted condition of receptivity. We know, then, that to see all things in God and to see God in all things are not so much opposites as correlatives—both sides of the sphere which symbolizes the all being true sides, and this equally. Unfortunately, in our partial inhibition, we meet with many complications, as, for example, those instances, so numerous as they are, wherein the grace of understanding seems to go before complete sanctification. It is these, in addition to sin, which make the way to God a *via dolorosa*. That is assuredly the way through sin, but it is only a way to God in the sense that sins are trodden down—like rough stones on a road.

Let me say, in conclusion, that in the deep heart of true mysticism there is neither change of doctrine nor vicissitude of church and sect, because the same men have at all times said the same thing everywhere. Herein, therefore, is the true Catholicism and the peace of all the parties. There is a kinship to be found very often in doctrines which are apparently in conflict, and this kinship has been the basis of more than one transitory armistice; but the principle of an eternal concordat is in the heart of the mystic, and he, if I may adapt something from a brilliant French writer, is in some things more Protestant than Luther, but in some he is more Catholic than the Pope.

A. E. WAITE.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. Edited by John Sampson. Clarendon Press, Oxford. 1905.

THERE cannot be two opinions about the fact that every reader of Blake should possess this volume. It was a stroke of luck that the late Prof. York Powell suggested to Mr. Sampson to edit the collection for the Clarendon Press. It is to be regretted that the edition does not contain what Blake unfortunately called his books of "prophecy," though their inclusion would have required a second volume and must have doubled the price—12s. 6d.

Mr. Sampson has some peculiarly valuable qualities that make him an almost ideal editor. He keeps cool. He does not grudge work. He does not patronize his author. He seeks far and successfully for original sources of text. He notes every possible variorum reading, and even records the slips of previous editors. He decyphers difficult and hastily written MSS.,

correctly, reading many words that the present writer gave up long ago as hopeless. The only point in which he may possibly be wrong is in thinking that the poem called "Vala" by Blake was to have ultimately been named "The four Zoas," which he would probably have seen to be an early and rejected title if he had examined the MS. for himself. It lay a little outside his sphere, as the poem, though a long and fine extract is given, is not included in the present collection. He is not an interpreter at all, and does not attempt to give even the briefest outline of Blake's meaning and mythic method or of his symbolic system. The notes contain, however, some well-chosen passages from the prophetic books which shed light on isolated phrases. It is going rather too far, however, to claim that this amounts to causing Blake to interpret himself.

Of interpretation he has, one suspects, a suspicion and perhaps a contempt. He says of the Ellis and Yeats edition of the complete works (Quaritch) that it "contains a somewhat confusing arrangement due to the editor's scheme of interpretation." Here the words "due to" mean logically following from and explained by. But to Mr. Sampson, the explanation was only one mystery more. He says that those editors "claim special knowledge produced by the evocations of symbolic magic." But though Mr. Yeats' early knowledge of the rudiments of this subject were of use in enabling references to it to be detected in Blake, neither he, nor the present writer (who has no practical knowledge of it), employed any magic at all in understanding Blake, but that of reading his works carefully and sympathetically.

There still remain many expressions not wholly understood, and the OCCULT REVIEW is perhaps the place to note that occult means might rightly and hopefully be employed to carry on the task that Mr. Yeats and the present writer began, in their interpretation, which, though filling many pages, is admittedly very incomplete, and has no merit but that of being the work of pioneers. Mr. Sampson says of it "an elaborate attempt to expound Blake's system in detail is contained in Ellis and Yeats edition of the works and, more concisely in Maclagan and Russell's introduction to their reprint of 'Jerusalem.'" This sentence is enough to show that Mr. Sampson is not in sympathy with Blake's methods and meanings. "More concisely" is a misrepresentation of the fact that Messrs. Russell and Maclagan, writing ten, or more, years later, briefly referred to only one or two points of the previous interpretation with a word of general acknowledgement of the source. It was probably enough for

Mr. Sampson's taste, and he did not notice that excision rather than concision was its characteristic.

The work done in the present volume is, however, of high importance, untiring industry, and admirable lucidity, and includes references to more than one slip and inaccuracy in the editing of Messrs. Yeats and Ellis, in which Mr. Sampson is perfectly in the right. His book is henceforward indispensable.

EDWIN J. ELLIS.

ON THE DOCTRINE OF PERSONAL IDENTITY. By C. Comyns Tucker. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 39, Paternoster Row.

THIS essay is a serious attempt to supply philosophical reasons for a belief in a future existence founded on the doctrine of personal identity, or what is otherwise known as the continuity of the Individual. The word "personal" in this connexion is hardly apposite, for it is consciousness and character—individuality in fact—which is argued for, and only personality as involved in the process of presentment or externalization of that character.

Mr. Comyns Tucker has in view the finding of a foundation for a belief in continued conscious existence after death, irrespective of the moral and intellectual changes which take place in the process of growth, development and regeneration. For, as the author points out,

the continuity of Being regarded by itself has no moral complexion. It is neither good nor bad. It does not remain because of moral improvement or deterioration, but *in spite of it*. Some, indeed, of the most awful passages in human experience, as in human literature, turn upon the sudden revelation to the consciousness of deteriorated moral character co-existent with continued sameness of Being.

It is further shown that the permanence of Being does not depend upon intellectual quality. Through all vicissitudes of experience, through all intellectual changes and moral phases, there persists the consciousness of being one's own self. This personal identity may not be susceptible of proof, but it is "an universal fact of consciousness, and nothing that does not destroy consciousness can divest a rational being of it."

Needless to say, there are countless problems involved in this doctrine of personal identity. There are phases of insanity, of multiplex personality, of trance, and of other more or less persistent or recurring conditions, which have to be taken into

account. In the instance of a sudden moral regeneration, it is a question as to what persists in the hereafter—the helot or the master soul. And, granting that the law of natural selection is at work here, and that the phase of existence where the individual attains (in this world) his perihelion of intellectual, moral and physical existence, is fittest to survive, there remains the fact that neither for himself nor others does he stay at that point in his career. Indeed, he may never reach that point at all, but may be cut off in infancy, in which case it is a question whether he persists hereafter as that infant personality, or, while surviving as such in the memory and recognition of his mother, thereafter attains to fulness of development and consciousness. These and similar problems are not lost sight of by the author, and it is with considerable interest that the reader will follow Mr. Comyns Tucker in his attempt to deal with them.

SCRUTATOR.

THE NEXT STEP—WHITHER? By Rev. H. Mayne Young, M.A.  
London. *Church of England Pulpit Office*, 160, Fleet Street, E.C.

THIS pamphlet deserves a careful reading. The writer shows a keen critical faculty and much breadth of mind. He opens by showing that the mission of Christ was misunderstood as much by His immediate followers in His own day as now among professed Christians. Yet He impressed them deeply, and although most of His followers forsook Him at the crisis, their thought adhered to Him and to His teachings. To-day, as Renan said, "Jesus remains to humanity an inexhaustible source of moral regeneration." What of the Church and its teachings?

The great transformations through which Christianity has passed have not been very many, but they have been strongly marked, and they have left a deep impression on its character. Briefly they are these three—the *Dogmatic*; the *Ecclesiastical*; and the *Mystical*.

It is said in all sincerity that there is "not a single confession of faith which serves to express the actual belief of even the most conservative members of any Church which is supposed to accept such a confession." The writer believes that we are entering on a phase of the Christian religion when it will no longer be an important matter what you profess to believe, nor even what you actually do believe, but what you do and to what degree your actions are conformable to the principles of the original statement of Christian duty.

SCRUTATOR.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE magazines for last month seem to be in a mood for storytelling, and one or two selections may be welcome. The *Theosophical Review* contains some examples of "Village Witchcraft," collected by Margaret Hourston, who, finding that a man had been lying ill for five years in a country cottage, and was supposed to be bewitched, gains the confidence of the villagers by professing her own belief in witchcraft, and hears some strange tales. One woman said—

We had an old woman as a lodger once ; she took that big room upstairs, and there she'd sit smoking a pipe and doing nothing. My little boy there fell ill. He wouldn't eat, he wouldn't play, he couldn't sleep, but he'd wake up screaming that the old woman was at him. We got the doctor to him, but he didn't seem to do him no good. We didn't know what to do. So at last my husband and I, we never said a word to a soul, but we just did what everybody does for that. We put the Bible under the child's pillow, and we hung the fag hook in the doorway. Well, we felt a bit foolish, but I'll just tell you this. The boy, he picked up wonderful, and we had no more trouble with him from that night. But the old woman, she was in her bed for a week, and then she cleared out of this.

Another rite of a cruel character is described, which had the following effect in the case of a sick girl—

We heard a cat mowling a long way off. It came nearer and nearer, till at last it was mowling round the house. It jumped up on to the window sill and scratched on the shutter. It came to the door and caterwauled and scratched there fit to tear the place down, and the girl's father went quietly over and undid the lock and bolts. Then we all rushed out in a body on to that cat. We hit it and wounded it, but it got away in the end. After that there was no more trouble. The girl got well from that day and never saw the gipsy woman again.

As in the previous case, the sufferer had declared that she saw the supposed witch in the room, a gipsy woman with her basket of tins. The moral of all witchcraft stories is that when the counter-spell is applied, the witch always suffers in some terrible way.

Under the heading "A True Ghost Story" *Prabuddha Bharata* relates an instance of so-called obsession, but more properly of involuntary trance-mediumship or "spirit control." The son of an educated Hindu (who narrates the occurrence) was



recovering from high fever brought on by sunstroke at Allahabad. He had been very delirious, but suddenly he began to speak quite rationally in the character of an English officer, telling of his exploits and of a code telegram in which he reported the capture of the enemy's fortress. This officer said that he was greatly attached to the boy through whom he spoke, because the boy was the reincarnation of his former commander. He promised to cease controlling the boy, and to protect him, if specified articles of food for himself and five other spirits were put into a certain well near the house. The narrator, the boy's father, lowered the food down the well in a basket, when he felt somebody snatching the basket so forcibly that his finger was hurt, leaving the mark. The boy, meanwhile, who up to that time had been so weak that he had to be carried, had gone into the bungalow to eat a hearty meal, and came out as well and strong as ever. He was several times spoken to, and controlled, by the same spirit, who told him stories to amuse him, and sometimes asked for a few rupees to be placed under a tree in front of the house, which was done, and the money disappeared. The form of a military man with a sword-cut on his forehead was seen by the boy and some others. The same spirit promised that a number of sick people should be cured, and the next morning they were all well.

*The Hindu Spiritual Magazine* for July relates some Poltergeist phenomena ; the occupants of a house near Calcutta were annoyed but not hurt, by showers of stones, and an unseen person performed puja to Kali in due form with offerings of flowers and a water jar daubed with vermilion. This ceremonial was enacted during the night on a terrace-roof only accessible through the rooms occupied by the family. The "ghost" finally drove the people away by setting fire to their private papers. It is all very well, the writer says, to talk about "mysterious forces," but can a "force" be intelligent enough to know how to make offerings to a Hindu goddess in prescribed form?

"Consciousness in Sleep" is the subject of an article signed "Ephoros" in the *Metaphysical Magazine*. The writer reminds us that recent researches indicate that the thinking and perceptive power is not bounded by the body ; instead of the mind being inside the body it actually contains the body, and in sleep this relation is even more apparent, for the image of a person may leave the body and be seen by persons at a distance, and may perceive those persons. Suggestions can be received, and even work accomplished during sleep ; the following story is told of the late Professor Agassiz—

On one occasion when in Paris he spent two weeks unsuccessfully in the endeavour to obtain a full and correct knowledge of the parts of a fossil fish at the Jardin des Plantes. Finally, as he was about to give up the attempt, he dreamed that he saw the fish with the missing features perfect, but could not remember it when he awoke. He dreamed the matter over again a second night, but with no better result. The third night, however, he took the precaution to place a pencil and paper beside his bed. The dream came again, and he traced the desired outlines on the paper. The figure was more complete than he had seen the fossil itself. Going to the Jardin des Plantes he was able, with his drawing as a guide, to chisel away portions of the stone. Under them he found the parts which they had hidden. The fish corresponded with the drawing which he had made from his dream, and he was able to assign it to its proper class and order.

The writer thinks that sleep may even be an aid to worship, because "the worshipper is then separate from the world, and may be receiving some reinforcements of a kind not dependent on time or space for their efficacy," as in the case of those in ancient times who slept in temples when seeking revelations and oracles, or as a means of cure.

*The Annals of Psychological Science* for August contains an interesting account, by Professor Hyslop, of a case of what purported to be "spirit communications" describing the planet Mars and its inhabitants, with reproductions of illustrative drawings made by the "planchette." It is an analogous case to the one described by Professor Flournoy, of Geneva, with a further development recalling some features of the Piper case. In the same magazine Colonel de Rochas describes various cases of apparent "bilocation," in which the conscious self appears to travel to a distance in the astral vehicle. There is also a suggestive inquiry, raised by Mr. F. C. Constable, as to whether recognized science or "metapsychical research" approaches most nearly to the consideration of "things in themselves."

*The Open Court* for August contains a comparative study, by the Editor, Dr. Paul Carus, of the "Zodiacs of different nations," exhibiting a remarkable unity of conception between the astronomers or astrologers of such widely separated countries as China, Babylonia, Egypt, and Central America.

## CORRESPONDENCE

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

### MAGICAL METATHESIS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Under this head I submitted one or two physical examples of the same order as those referred to by Dr. Hartmann in his weird article bearing the same title. There was an error of some consequence in the experiment I suggested for physical metathesis, "sulphuric acid" having by some printer's magic been substituted for sulphate of sodium. There is, of course, an enormous difference between the metathesis of organic bodies (human and others) as related by Dr. Hartmann and that of inorganic bodies to which I have referred, but this difference is seen to disappear when we refer the human organism back to its chemical and inorganic constituents.

It has been suggested that considerable acidity is developed in syrup of violets under certain conditions by fermentation, and a litmus solution should preferably be used for the experiment. It is to be observed, however, that there is no soda product, sodium carbonate or chloride developed in fermentation of syrup of violets.—Yours, etc., W. GORN OLD.

### CHILDREN PSYCHICS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—*The Notes of the Month* of the August number of the OCCULT REVIEW contain some interesting instances of telepathic records in which the child's mind has *sensed* the ideas in the brain of an adult. As such an instance (though in my case it was *vice-versa*) occurred only a fortnight ago between my ten-year-old daughter and myself, I venture to relate it, though the transfer was quite of an unimportant and extremely simple and domestic nature.

One night, as usual, I kissed the child "Good-night," about 11 p.m., just before retiring myself, and as I bent over the bed it suddenly came forcibly into my mind to tell the maid to give her a dose of magnesia next morning, and I thought to myself

"I must remember when I am called to tell her the first thing." Accordingly, on waking, my first thought was this, and I told the maid and thought no more about it. On going into the child's room later in the day, I saw pinned to her coat which was hanging behind the door a mysterious bit of paper on which was scribbled "Give me fizzy medicine in morning." I asked her when she wrote the paper and why, and she replied, "Oh I did that last night because I wanted some fizzy stuff to take this morning, and wrote it for Nurse to see first thing." There had been no talk of this medicine or suggestion of its being needed, and the idea only came to me, as I say, when at the child's bedside.

This may not indicate any psychic susceptibility on the child's part, only my own sensitiveness to the thought forces around me (which increases daily), but it seems a clear enough instance of the fact that telepathy exists between sympathetic entities without regard to age or experience of thought transference.—Yours faithfully,

C. FARMAR.

39, LEE ROAD, BLACKHEATH, S.E., *August 4, 1906.*

[This incident hardly seems to require a psychical explanation.—ED.]

### OCCULT REVIEW PSYCHOMETRIST.

ANY reader desiring to have questions answered by the OCCULT REVIEW Psychometrist, must cut out, and send up, not less than four coupons such as that given below, and dispatch the copies from which they are cut to friends who may possibly be interested in the subject-matter of the magazine. Each querent will be entitled to ask not more than two questions. Any reader desirous of having his, or her, character and general conditions psychically diagnosed, will be required to send up not less than eight coupons, and double space will be allotted to these diagnoses. Readers who desire to avail themselves of this offer should send either a glove or tie, or piece of ribbon that they have worn constantly, or failing this an ordinary letter. Whatever is sent must be done up in a separate parcel, marked with the name or assumed name of the inquirer, and sealed. This separate parcel should be sent under the same cover as the letter containing the inquiry and the necessary coupons. Care must be taken that the article or letter is kept away from contact with other influences previous to its dispatch, as these tend to confuse the Psychometrist. The articles thus sent will not be returned.

**PSYCHO COUPON.**

*September, 1906.*

# PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS AND ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS

BY THE "OCCULT REVIEW" PSYCHOMETRIST

## DELINEATION (HAFED).

This tie is worn by a man who is quick and active. He has had many difficulties in his life, and has had to depend on himself. He is usually very decided, but just now he is uncertain, and this is the fault of circumstances. He is anxious to make a change, but the time does not seem favourable at present. I think next year things that are at present very difficult will be easier, and then it will be the right time to make the change. Also next year his financial conditions are made better and his responsibilities are less. I do not find he severs himself entirely from his present business in *M.*, but he certainly does eventually come to London and gives more of his time to his business there. The general conditions are good, and with more concentrated effort there will be *considerable* success. He should be more certain of himself; more confidence in his own powers would take away much of the present uncertainty. This may be a condition of the moment as I consider he is really a strong-minded man. He should not allow influences in his life to weaken him. He has lost opportunities through doing this in the past, and has seen, when too late, the mistake. He is kind-hearted and good-natured and always ready to do what he can for others.

## DELINEATION (MAIDSTONE).

This is worn by a woman, young, and as a rule, very bright. I get a bright, rather happy disposition; but there is some friction or irritation going on at present. This, I think, concerns her home life; she seems to think she is being unjustly interfered with, and she resents it. I feel she is leaving her present surroundings shortly after she wears this tie; and this change is good, because it brings her to a meeting with some one she has not seen for some time, and this gives a very happy feeling, as if some misunderstanding is cleared away.

I sense marriage for this woman very clearly, but she will have to be careful not to let her independence ruin her happiness; for I certainly get a somewhat self-willed wayward woman here, and yet she is tender, loving and true. She is very sensitive and reserved, and will find it difficult to express her feelings. She is in many ways more of a boy than a girl. She has a fearless way of looking out on life, but the desire always to do things in her own way and time often gets her into trouble. I think as she grows older she will overcome this. She has a strong personality and can be very tactful when she likes; she should try hard to control her impulses, as she will make people think she is headstrong and careless, whereas she is really a lovable woman.

## DELINEATION (T.H.).

*Question 1*: Can you tell me when I or any one belonging to me will derive any benefit from some shares or bonds in which I am interested?

*Answer*: The bonds or shares are, I think, to do with an investment

some distance from you. I should not be surprised if it was abroad, as I sense some success coming to you, and a man in whom you are interested, through the development of some scheme which seems to be floated in a foreign country. I don't think you will have any success this year; but towards the end of next there is a decided improvement in your financial conditions.

*Question 2* : Can you see any change in my life in the near future ?

*Answer* : No. I do not find any change at present, life seems to go on for you in a rather humdrum way, without being actively unhappy it gives no great success or happiness, but it improves very much next year, and then I get your ambition reached. You come into close contact with an influence which is in your life now, but at present you cannot be as much to each other as you wish.

#### DELINEATION (MOLLY).

These gloves are worn by a woman, young and attractive; she is quick and active, fond of out-door life and usually gets on well with people; she is rather impulsive but very ready to help others. At the time of wearing these gloves she is with some people she is very fond of, but I sense a great change coming into her life during the next year, and should say she marries next year, and goes away from her present surroundings. I feel the influence of the man she marries very clearly, but I do not think she is married to him yet, as I sense some slight delay and there is some difficulty with regard to the man. I also sense two children very clearly in her life, but these children are brother's or sister's children I think.

I consider this woman will inherit money; a considerable sum from some one who is now abroad, and it will be a great surprise to her.

She is really clever, but she lacks application and perseverance, and she is easily discouraged. She can manage well, but hates interference.

I am sorry to say I cannot answer either of the questions asked. I get vaguely the sense of the man being abroad, but I cannot find out by whom the house was built.

#### DELINEATION (HELEN B.).

This is worn by a woman who has had much in her life to worry and sadden her; she has lately passed through some trouble and is still rather depressed. She is a good woman and one who will do her duty at all costs, and though life has made many demands on her she has always done her best. She is kind and tender and can look after and take care of others, but she has had to live her life in that of others, and she does not seem to have had much opportunity of doing things to benefit herself.

I get a certain amount of self-confidence and though there is quick thought and intuition she is not impatient. I believe she has been married, as I get an influence in her past life, but I do not feel this man is in her life so closely now.

The present difficulties will pass, and the desire of the present moment will be granted, but I feel there is some delay, owing to an influence which seems to prevent her life going forward on the lines she wishes. She will be very anxious during this winter over the illness of a man, and after that I find her life going on in a much happier and brighter way.

She should not allow the present sadness to depress her. The future will give her all she wants and two lives will be made happy.