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JANUARY
1907

EDITED BY
RALPH SHIRLEY

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THE MAHATMA SRI AGAMYA GURU PARAMAHANSA.

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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VOL. V.

JANUARY 1907

No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

THERE are apparently certain people who regard a literary reputation, when once obtained, as a sort of *carte blanche* to write whatever nonsense comes first into their heads. Perhaps

THE ABUSE
OF A
REPUTATION.

this is the fault of an age which demands of the worn-out brain an ever-increasing output when, as a matter of fact, it has nothing more to say that is worth saying. We ought, therefore, probably rather to sympathize with Mr. Andrew Lang for having perpetrated the following under the heading "At the Sign of St. Paul's" in the respectable columns of the *Illustrated London News* :—

An astrologer's advertisement says that "The number of people seriously interested in astrology is now very great, and grows greater every day." "There is a sane spot in everybody's brain," and I cannot easily conceive the existence of a brain which has not a sane spot where astrology is concerned.

The stars have names—ancient names—given for obvious reasons. The planet Mars, being red, was named after the red God of War*; Venus, being beautiful, was named after the Goddess of Love, and prehistoric idiots conceived that they knew the nature and influence of the stars because they knew their names. Born under Mars, you are martial;

* Astrology proves conclusively that the reverse of this was the case. The red god of war was merely a personification of the planet, and of course took his attributes from the planet he personified.—ED.

born under Venus, you are amatory, and so on. But in ancient Mexico, the stars had quite other names—Rabbit, Humming Bird, and the rest. So, where Mars was called Rabbit, a person born under Rabbit (who is Mars) was not destined to be martial, but to be of a timid and fugitive disposition.

I would apologize to my readers for wasting time in criticizing these two paragraphs which apparently have no reference to the context in which they appear, and which it would be affectation to dignify by any name but "twaddle," were it not that they serve as an extreme instance of a mental attitude which it has always been a main object of the OCCULT REVIEW to show up in its true light.

The fact—if it is a fact—that Mars is called a rabbit in Mexico does nothing to refute the constantly recurring coincidence of martial traits with the closely ascending position of Mars at the birth hour, nor would the conclusiveness of the evidence—and it is overwhelmingly conclusive—be weakened in the smallest degree if Mars bore the name of a different animal in every country under the sun. To people, however, of a certain intellectual temperament the fact that Mars is called a rabbit in Mexico appears to invalidate the most weighty array of facts that can be adduced in evidence to support an unacceptable scientific contention. One would have thought however, that the recent discussion in the press which arose on the death of the late Dr. Garnett might have prevented Mr. Lang in common decency from dubbing so distinguished a fellow-literateur as the learned Keeper of the Books at the British

MR. ANDREW
LANG, DR.
GARNETT, AND
MEXICAN
RABBITS.

Museum "a prehistoric idiot." But at least Dr. Garnett laid no claim to advanced mathematical knowledge. The height of absurdity is reached when a writer whose mathematical attainments are, I understand, something below mediocrity, takes upon himself to ridicule the mathematical conclusions of such intellectual giants as Lord Napier of Merchiston (the inventor of logarithms) and Johann Kepler. The latter of these, it is well to remember, was brought up to regard astrology as a survival from an era of superstition, and nothing, as he himself admits, but the ever-recurring testimony of facts of unmistakable

MR. LANG AS
MATHEMATICAL
CRITIC.

significance compelled his reluctant and unwilling belief. Report says that the ex-President of the Royal Society shares Kepler's opinions in this matter. If so he is by no means the only eminent man of the present day who has studied the subject

and who has arrived at the only conclusion possible to the scientific mind on the evidence of the facts before him. Mr. Andrew Lang is an accomplished Greek scholar. He has written (or collaborated in) by far the ablest translation of Homer that has been given to the world. But one Greek hexameter appears to have escaped him. It is my privilege to refresh his memory :—

πᾶς τις ἀπαίδευτος φρονιμωτάτος ἐστὶ σιωπῶν.*

Is not this line as true to-day as when captive Greece led captive her conquerors ?

There is a danger to-day of psychical research degenerating into a fashionable society amusement without practical aims, and there are prominent members of the Society for Psychical Research who do less than little to discourage this tendency. But the fact remains that literary dilettantism is about the worst possible form of qualification for serious scientific work, and this is equally true whether the subject investigated is physical or psychical. The recognition of the compelling force of evidence, however unlikely the conclusions to which it may point, is just simply the one absolutely indispensable preliminary to all genuine scientific research. People who try to drag a red herring or a Mexican rabbit across the trail are *ipso facto* disqualified for the investigation.

It is a matter for regret that more than one of the leaders of the present movement in favour of psychical research have adopted an attitude the reverse of broad-minded towards studies which have been not uncommonly classed under the general name of Occultism, that they have shown a disposition (if I may paraphrase a well-known quotation) to

A ONE-SIDED
ATTITUDE
AND ITS
DRAWBACKS.

Compound for facts they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to,

apparently through fear, that the discredit attaching to ancient forms of belief should react on their own efforts to obtain recognition for psychical phenomena. In doing this they have gravely weakened their own position. For it at once becomes apparent that their plea for a recognition of evidence is just such another plea as scientists have always adduced in favour of their own pet hobbies, not a plea for the recognition of facts as such, but a plea for just that selection of evidence which will serve to

* Every man who is uninstructed is wisest if he remains in silence.
—ED.

prove their own case. The leaders of the new movement must recognize that a broader and more scientific line will have to be adopted before they can hope to gain the ear of the world for facts which on the face of them make a far greater demand on man's powers of belief than any astrological theory, and therefore require the support of a far stronger array of evidence.

Some very sensible observations are made on this evidential difficulty in *Studies in Mysticism*,* by Mr. A. E. Waite, which

MR. WAITE
ON THE
EVIDENTIAL
DIFFICULTY.

has just been issued by the publishing house of Hodder & Stoughton, a book which requires more space than I can give it in the present number and to which I hope to recur next month. Mr. Waite's breadth of mind and sympathetic

yet dispassionate attitude are admirably qualified to secure a fair hearing for opinions and points of view which a generation ago would have met with scant respect. "Preach the gospel and put down enthusiasm," said the Archbishop of Canterbury, as he dismissed Bishop Reginald Heber to his new diocese of Calcutta. Mysticism and Occultism have suffered far too much from the violence of the partisan. The tree of Truth does not flourish in a tempest, nor can the still small voice be listened to amid a whirlwind of words and the clamour of disputants.

Phenomena (writes Mr. Waite) of the psychic order are not to be judged by what is termed the normal standpoint. No man of science thinks of proclaiming the discovery of a new star or new element either from the love of deception or with a view to personal profit or as a result of careless observation, because it is possible to verify the accuracy of his announcement; that is to say, in things physical the same set of circumstances will always secure the same effect, although it must be admitted that there are processes of chemical research which are so delicate in their nature that it is not invariably possible to reproduce the same results under conditions which appear to be the same. It is quite otherwise in the region of psychology; we are here dealing with the phenomena of life; we find that we are not able always to reproduce the circumstances which resulted in certain phenomena with such accuracy that we can be sure of realizing the same effect, and this creates naturally a doubt as to the original result. It is, moreover, not, at least in most cases, a result that remains, and this opens the door to every variety of deception, conscious on the part of those who are impostors, unconscious on the part of those who are hallucinated. . . . To this we must add a further warrant for reasonable scepticism from another standpoint, namely, that such manifestations most abound among those impressionable natures which are least capable of observing, recording or distinguishing between them.

* *Studies in Mysticism and Certain Aspects of the Secret Tradition.*
A. E. Waite. 10s. 6d. net.

Add to all these considerations two more summed up in the words "the dark séance" and "the payment of mediums," and we do not need to be told how thorny is the road to proof positive in this direction.

A study on the other hand such as astrology suffers disadvantage from one of these objections only, that fact that here also we are dealing with the phenomena of life. From other points of view it is an admirable subject for rigorous scientific investigation. Exactitude and accuracy are indeed of the utmost importance, but so also are they in any chemical experiment. A figure once drawn is subject to the check and countercheck mathematical, and if the acquiring of the theory on which astrology is based in its mathematical details means labour and patience, so, too, does science of whatever branch involve preliminary spadework. That this is not the case with psychical research has always seemed to me to be an absolute disadvantage as it opens the door to any one, however incompetent, who chooses to fancy himself a psychical researcher.

COMPARATIVE
VALUE OF
SCIENTIFIC
EVIDENCE.

Why then ignore astrology in favour of less scientific investigations? Because it is outside the current of modern thought, a bypath, so to speak, of the intellectual wayfarer—I beg Mr. Lang's pardon—of the "prehistoric idiot?" I would submit that the very reverse of this is in reality the case, and in support of this contention I will venture to recapitulate a few observations of my own addressed to a much smaller audience than that to which the OCCULT REVIEW has the honour to appeal.

The recently expired nineteenth century has been looked at for criticism or for praise from a great diversity of standpoints. There is one standpoint from which it can hardly fail to impress the historian of the future. For better or for worse it has been the great age of revivalism. The leaders of thought, who are invariably, in the end, the leaders of action also, have awakened to the realization of one fact which has had an enormous bearing on the history of the age. In

THE
IMPORTANCE
OF THE
HISTORIC
SENSE.

grasping more fully than any of their predecessors the many-sidedness of life, they have recognized how often their fathers have failed of accomplishment through tacitly accepting what was uppermost at the moment, through looking upon whatever views had obtained predominance at the particular epoch at which they lived as those after which all creation had been groping

blindly and aimlessly until then, and as the criterion by which they were at liberty to judge (and where they thought fit, to condemn) the past. This attitude of self-satisfied pride, of which the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth centuries were more particularly guilty, resulted frequently in heavy loss to their own and subsequent generations. The valuable knowledge that one generation heedlessly cast away as being out of date, merely because it did not chime in with their own attitude of mind, was not readily recovered by their successors—perhaps was not recovered at all. But at length we are beginning to feel, even if we fail to appreciate what our forefathers admired, that this may not prove so much *their* want of intelligence as the difference of *our* standpoint. In that which diverges farthest from our own personal opinions we are—most of us—ready to admit an element of truth.

It may be stated as a general truth that every step in advance gained by mankind is gained at the expense, or the sacrifice, of

PICKING
UP THE
DROPPED
THREADS.

something else. We win, it is to be hoped, more than we lose. That we always lose something in making fresh conquests there is ample evidence in the past history of mankind to show. It has been the business of the present age to pick up a few of the precious things that earlier generations have dropped in the hurry of their onward march. We have sought inspiration for our art in the genius of the past. We have readopted their principles of architecture. We have recalled to political existence ancient peoples. We have made a nation of a geographical expression. In the religious world, we have seen Christianity awake from her slumbers to renewed life and activity. We have revived the wisdom religion of the East in the form—is it a bastard form?—of Theosophy.

Thus, in looking back over the pages of the past history of man, over the beliefs, thoughts and modes of life, which were realities to them, but which are no longer realities to us, a feeling comes over us that “the past is not utterly past,” and that where life appears to us extinct the spirit may yet revive; that what looks like death is perhaps but a deep trance, and that it only needs “the fated hand” for which the ages are expectant to “smite this sleeping world awake.”

But it is not enough to reanimate these faiths of our fathers into the mere semblance of life. It is not enough to caricature mediævalism, or to adopt as a quaint conceit in the present an attitude of thought which sprang from the very inmost depths

of the soul of the past. And so, in looking at such renewals of ancient forms, one is tempted to ask oneself with doubt and misgiving, "Can the spirit re-awake in the form, or is this merely a clever trick whereby it is galvanized to life?"

CAN THESE
DRY BONES
LIVE ?

This is a question to which each case must find an answer on its own merits, but at least we may fairly claim that in attempting to reawaken to life one more of the giants of the past—a belief which played no mean part in the story of the earlier days of the world—the belief in the direct influence of the apparent motions of the Sun and Moon and planets upon the life, character and actions of men, we are not in disaccord with the Spirit of the Age.

But the case is far stronger than this, for, as a matter of fact, whether they realize it or not, our scientists are being slowly but surely borne along by that irresistible current which leads mankind on from point to point of knowledge, until they will be forced to face the question which Astrology claims to solve. There is one thing above all others, the truth of which the development of Science has tended to establish, and which each fresh advance of Science only goes to emphasize more strongly. This truth is the universality of the reign of law, unbroken and unvarying throughout all Nature.

ASTROLOGY'S
PLACE IN
SCIENCE.

There is no room for caprice in the Universe so far as Science has been able to observe it; no room for caprice except it be in the actions of man. But for all Science knows to the contrary, the history of mankind upon this earth may be the result of a series of accidents. Science advances no theory which explains the rise and fall of nations, or the rise and fall of individual men. It may indeed admit with the poet that—

We, in some unknown power's employ,
Move on a rigorous line;
Can neither, when we will enjoy,
Nor when we will, resign.

—but that is all.

It is here, then, that Astrology steps in, and extends this theory of the universality of the laws of Nature to the domain of man. Born into a world where natural law holds universal sway, it shows that man, in entering this world, must subject himself to this law, and cannot hold himself apart, an isolated single instance to disprove the harmonious ordering of the Universe.

He must needs, sooner or later, admit himself no exception,

but only another and a more marvellous instance still of that law of universal sympathy whereby

The whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Many scientists would doubtless be willing enough to admit the probability of the existence of a natural law, under which the destinies of mankind are played out. What they fail to recognize is, that in Astrology the rudiments of this natural law, which for Science is yet to seek, have been already found out for us by the wise men of old. The field which Astrology occupies lies thus immediately in front in the exact line of the forward march of Science. It is consequently *primus inter pares* among the many branches of Occult Research that await investigation.

But while fully recognizing the necessity for specializing in this age of specialization, it is well to bear in mind that only he can specialize effectively who has first got a firm grip of the whole. Here again the New School has been found wanting. It has tinkered with petty details and failed to read even these aright through lack of just this comprehensive grasp. What then is this *whole*? What in short is Occultism? If I were to describe it as the science of the realities that underlie phenomena I should not, I think, be far wrong. But in its first and deepest significance is it not the secret thought of God, and is not the phenomenal universe the vesture in which He has clothed it? Occultism is indeed a word that is universal in its significance. The politician may have no place for it in his vocabulary, but it is the touchstone of all true statesmanship. The Scientist may ignore or denounce it as clap-trap, but it none the less surely unlocks the key to the riddle of creation. The ecclesiastic may poo-poo it, but for all that it is in Occultism that will be found the essence of all true religion. It is the one only clue to creation—mankind—life—death. It is in fact the key to the meaning of all things that are, and to know it is something a very great deal more than a liberal scientific education.

I would remind my readers that an additional shilling added to their subscriptions will entitle them to the handsomely designed green and gold binding cases for the two annual volumes, that is to say, the volumes January to June and July to December, 1907. These binding cases will be on sale as before to

THE TRUE
MEANING
OF OCCULTISM.

VOLUMES AND
BINDING
CASES.

non-subscribers at a shilling each. The bound volume July to December is now on sale at four shillings and sixpence net, post free, in England, or four and ninepence net, post free, abroad, within the limits of the postal union. I have again omitted the Psycho-coupon this month, as the run on the OCCULT REVIEW psychometrist is too great to allow of its reappearance. I must apologize to those whose replies have been held over, but the delay is unavoidable. It has also been found necessary to hold correspondence over till next month.

I should like to draw my readers' attention to the fact that my firm has taken over the publication of Mr. E. T. Bennett's

MR. BENNETT'S Shilling Library of Psychical Literature, formerly published by Mr. Brimley Johnson. This
PSYCHICAL Library at present consists of three volumes:
LIBRARY.

(1) The Society for Psychical Research : its Rise, Progress, and Work ; (2) Twenty years of Psychical Research ; and (3) Automatic Speaking and Writing : a Study. These excellent handbooks may be obtained at one shilling each net, or two shillings net in cloth, and will be posted direct to purchasers from this office for an additional penny to cover postage.

The frontispiece to the current number is a portrait of the celebrated Mahatma Sri Agamya Guru, Paramahansa, who is

THE MAHATMA now once more in London, and is bent on taking
SRI AGAMYA steps to give practical effect to his teaching for
GURU. the spiritual as well as temporal welfare of the human race. I trust, should the occasion arise,

that I may look to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW for cordial co-operation in this good work. Next month's issue will be a special number, and will contain a comprehensive article by Mr. Eric Maclagan on the Poet and Mystic, William Blake, and will be illustrated with reproductions from a selection of his principal pictures and engravings.

THE MAHATMA SRI AGAMYA GURU PARAMAHAMZA

By L. H.

THE Mahatma Sri Agamya Guru Paramahamza, the chief of all the great teachers of the Vedas in India, has again set forth on a period of travel which is to belt the world, and is now in England for the third and last time.

His first visit to Professor Max Müller at Oxford in 1900 is remembered, and the sensation caused by his well authenticated demonstration at that time in the presence of Professor G. Estlin Carpenter, and at Cambridge as attested by the late Frederick Myers, Dr. Hodgson and others, of his power to suspend at will the vital functions of the body and remain for a period apparently lifeless, even under strictest medical examination, voluntarily re-animating his body and causing the stilled blood in the veins to resume its normal flow.

The Mahatma's mission, however, is not to stir the Western mind to marvel at any seemingly miraculous effects of the command over physical nature, which comes as a natural phase of attainment to the student of this "Practical Science" during the stages of its development; the great Indian teacher comes to the Western man with a message from his Higher self, calling upon that Divinity within to awaken and assert its supremacy, its exclusive reality.

The Mahatma says that this is his last incarnation, as he has reached the full knowledge of his real and eternal self; and exists solely and singly in that self, having freed himself from every claim of the illusive-visible.

Mâyà is a reflection of the Highest Bliss and is Divine Love, and the visible world is a creation of that reflection; the infinite dream of infinite mind, but dimly figured forth, in the shifting finite dreams during sleep of the finite mind. Otherwise stated, "the creations in dreams are the finite phenomena of finite mind; the never-ceasing creations of the visible universe are the phenomena of Infinite Mind."

The solidity of matter in view exists through a mutual close relation of the atoms of extension in a narrow space. Consequently the Cognition, Emotion, and Emanation, which are the main cause of this extended

SRI AGAMYA GURU PARAMAHAMZA 11

world, exist in an atomic nature of the original Mâyâ, which appears to the illusive atoms—its parts—as extended throughout unlimitedly. In the same way the same Mâyâ is an atom in the general power of God which is extended without beginning or end, bearing the Unfathomable Bliss of the stage of Ecstasy.

In answer to the questions, “Where shall you be when you have put off the body?” and, “What will become of the finite mind?” he answered: “I shall be where I already am; in eternal union with the Divine Spirit; as to the finite mind, that is as a bright lamp, needed to light up the darkness of this time-serving objective world, but is not any longer useful or even perceptible, in the midst of the dazzling glory of immortal light and sublime wisdom.”

When asked, “Having, as you say, completed your full course of incarnations and attained to sublime wisdom, why should you not for the sake of all those souls on the earth whom you call ‘your children,’ and in whom you yearn to awaken knowledge of their true eternal selves, voluntarily return again to earth until you have reached them all? Why should you abandon them for immortal felicity?” The Mahatma answered: “Because, by going, I can be yet more intimately and truly with them. On the earth I am limited to earth conditions, time, place, means, and limitations of the material plane. But when freed from this world and in full union with the Divine, I can work through the spirit without restriction, and with the force of Omnipresence.”

The Mahatma says: “Many come to me for satisfaction—to all I give according as they seek. Some seek only leather, and only set store by that; they would have no eyes for the native diamond, would pass it by as a dull stone. To those I can only give leather. Others seek the stone of great price, and know the diamond even in the rough; those also take what they seek—to them I give diamonds.”

In a short book of eighty-seven pages, the Mahatma has put into English—an English of singular scientific clearness and dignity—the essence of his teaching, synthetized from vast stores of ancient and pure Vedantic lore—lore handed down through time from the dawn of human days.

The booklet takes the form of a supposed conversation in Socratic fashion between himself and a student who asks questions. After complaining of the fleeting and unsatisfying nature of enjoyment from fame and sensual pleasures, the student asks to be shown a better way.

He answers: "This world is a delusive charm of *Mâyà*. Your real Nativity is the land of Eternity. You are ensnared in this net, and have forgotten your origin. I am a stranger here, because I am a resident of that Eternity. As I am ever-conscious of eternal happiness in my native land, I cannot be entrapped in the net of delusion."

The student is led in the way of that more excellent knowledge towards the attainment of true bliss. He is taken by instruction in "Practical Science" (Yoga) through three schools of learning: "*Phenomenology* (Science of the World); *Synecidesis* (Science of Mind); *Teleology* (Science of the Original *Mâyà*), and on up to Transcendental Reality—the Supreme Truth.

Kindness and helpfulness are enjoined as a first duty.

To become a beginner in the science the student should try to purify the mind by shunning all sins, thereby abolishing them. "Live as calmly as the mountains on the earth, and when any sin is committed, feel as other men do over the loss of reputation and wealth."

"*Satyajnanam dukkhak'shayah*": "The Knowledge of Truth is the Destroyer of Pain."

The "Practical Science" aims at *the absolute control of the vibrations of the mind*. For through these vibrations of the mind the creative force works. The many progressive stages in Yoga are to be attained by practice only, and under the sure guidance of a competent master. "This Practical Science," says the Mahatma, "requires the synthesis of all the mental forces in an atomic nature."

Of love, he says, "The close relation of love in the force of mind with the different objects of the visible plane, gives rise to the liking of worldly objects which is held to be the cause of impurity in the mind. When this love is severed from all such objects on the material plane, it becomes pure, so you should change the worldly love in the direction of the Eternal plane, whereby you will be able to recognize the Efficient Truth, which is the real nature of that Force."

The nature of love is three-fold: Preservative, leading to recognition (exercised during wakefulness); Creative, leading to interchange (changing during the dreaming state); and Destructive, inducing forgetfulness (which works during sound sleep). The mind in these stages is one and the same.

"Vibrative love is the cause of all illusive presentation."

Vibrative love evolves phenomena; the suppression of the

vibration involves them. He says : " You can see in the dream state during sleep a reflection of this force of Mâyà in excessive vibration, evolving and then involving all substances—solid things, for instance, like stone and iron.

" In like manner, the power of imagination in Mâyà, which involves the powers of creating and destroying the world, can evolve such things naturally.

" You will behold this when you have made your mind identical with the true existence of the imagining force, working in the original Mâyà as you do now in your own mind in dreams, during sleep."

We are at present in the realm of evolution, therefore we easily grasp truths relating to material nature, but with gradual purification the working will be involution, and bring forgetfulness of the gross body and realization of the true blissful and eternal existence.

On the way, in the exercise of this " Practical Science," come steady successive discoveries of the powers latent in man. At one point he finds himself master of physical forces to the extent of being able to produce so-called miracles. The development of that faculty, however, is not in itself an end, and its curious over-exercise is hindering to true progress. Another stage brings to the student the power to discover facts concerning his previous incarnations.

The analysis of the many thousands of forces of mind whose synthesis is totally engrossed in objects, can only be made by practising a suitable process of Yoga under the strict guidance of a competent teacher or Yogin, who will show the means by which command over these forces may be attained. Not only will command be attained, but through the given process the forces themselves will become refined and provide added power, such as that to have vision of objects or events at great distances, to behold other countless worlds, etc.

Among these forces of the mind there is one which always sees clearly the whole past. Those who have gained command of that force are able clearly to see the soul after death passing into another body.

For as the soul is tied up with the claims of body, it takes no rest in existence separate from body, but is dragged at once by those claims to another " presentation of hidden qualities "—that is, a new birth into material existence.

These austere processes of Yoga, or Practical Science, thinks the Mahatma, would find little favour with the Western world,

“whose people seem willing to sacrifice themselves for objects only.” To them he would give easier methods, through which they could gain control of the mind, and by making it subservient could come to knowledge of the forces and their workings.

When complete control shall have been gained of the vibrations of the mind, and mental vacillation entirely overcome, mental fickleness departs, the claims of the things of this world lose their hold, the obscuring darkness of worldly desire is dissipated, the mind becomes stable, and to its clear, undimmed radiance comes calm perception of truth and inspiration.

The teaching is that here and now we are always creating, even with the means at hand on the crude gross plane.

All exhibitions of beauty, artificially made gardens, all buildings, art-works, contrivances of utility, all inventions, all the works of man whatsoever, exist through modifications in the ideas of man; “whereby it is demonstrated that the glory of the world depends on the existence of ideality in the mind.”

MODERN MAGIC

By SCRUTATOR

IT has more than once been asserted by advocates of the Higher Ritual embodied in the ancient system of Thaumaturgy, that had there never been a true science of magic in evidence before the world, there had never been evolved the modern art of conjuring ; in a word, "No gold, no pinchbeck." There are those who see in the magic rod of Aaron nothing more than the wand of the commonplace professor of legerdemain whose *Ephrah* or "budding" is but the bringing forth of miscellaneous marvels, too well known to need description. Even the miracles of the Christ and of the Saints in all ages suggest nothing more to the critical mind than the intelligent use by them of a more intimate knowledge of natural laws and natural forces than is enjoyed by the uninitiated. Be that as it may, it is assuredly the fact that modern science embraces a range of phenomena—all more or less understood and under control of the human will—which a brief century or so ago would have been regarded as purely magical. With this equipment at his disposal and with a full appreciation of the imperfection and limitation of the senses, the worker of modern miracles has a very fair chance of accomplishing something altogether beyond the record of magical operations. Yet I would pit any Brahmasiddha of India under equal conditions to outdo the finest conjurer that ever faced an audience, and the least of the Yogis, under any conditions, to bring mystification into the mind of a Houdin or a Maskelyne. On this point I would cite the evidence of Mrs. Besant contained in an article contributed to the *Annals of Psychic Science*, which coincides with my own experience in regard to the super-normal powers exercised by the Yogins of India. Our modern "Ching Ling Soo" is second to none among stage wonder-workers, but the difference between this man with his stage mechanism and a van load of paraphernalia in the way of accessories and the Yogi who sits on your own pial or verandah with nothing save a loin-cloth about him, using nothing but his hands and speech to work his wonders, is so manifest, that a comparison of their methods would show in favour of the European professor at every point—and yet the Yogi remains absolute master of the modern miracle,

and incomparably the better of the two exponents. The two could never stand on the same platform nor be judged by the same standards.

But "when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war!" It has only recently been suggested that Mr. Maskelyne, of Egyptian Hall fame, should act as expert judge in the proposed trial of skill in which those wonderful "Thought-readers," the Zancigs, have been challenged to engage, that he may, forsooth, discover if their performance be genuine. And this brings me to a recital of two remarkable performances I have lately witnessed, one of which was given by the Zancigs and the other by Mr. Maskelyne.

Having ascertained that the Zancigs would be "on" at 10 o'clock, I contrived to secure a special coign of vantage at the Alhambra, and, efficiently primed with all the "codes" and mnemonic systems to which I could find access, settled myself to critically observe the performance and, if possible, discover the trick.

The curtain rose upon a drop-scene, in front of which stood a small oblong brass frame mounted upon a standard and inset with a German composite blackboard. This board could be reversed at will by turning it upon the upright standard. Two attendants threw a simple bridge from the platform to the auditorium across the orchestra. That was the complete apparatus. Mr. Zancig walked on, shortly followed by his wife, the former dressed in a tightly-fitting drill suit of white, while Mme. Zancig wore a black silk dress. Describing his exhibition Mr. Zancig avowed that they do not claim to read your mind, but merely to interest and amuse you. He said that from twenty to thirty letters were received every day by them, some suggesting an explanation of the phenomena, some hinting at the Black Art, and some of them very terrible. In the way of test conditions one ingenious correspondent had said he should be submerged in a diving-bell while Mme. Zancig was placed on board a steamer to receive the messages he sent to her. While claiming nothing supernatural in his performance, he was bound to make as much mystery as possible. It was a telepathic coincidence that first revealed the fact that what he thought Mme. Zancig also thought, and what he saw she saw—when he meant her to—as he was careful to add.

Descending among the audience he took articles in quick succession from members of the audience, glancing at some, scrutinizing others, and returning them to their owners the moment they had been named by Mme. Zancig, who retained her

position on the platform, giving her replies with marvellous alacrity.

"What is this?"—"A pen." "And this?"—"A case." "And this?"—"A pencil." And the monosyllable This? . . . This? . . . This? was followed immediately by a brief but correct description of the article then in hand. Most frequently Zancig's back was turned to the platform; often he was hidden among the audience as he stooped between the rows of eager enquirers who pressed him closely with their several tests. A card—the name upon it is given without hesitation. A bank-note—the number is read with equal alacrity and written with chalk by Mme. Zancig on the blackboard. The mottoes upon rings, the numbers upon keys, watches, tickets, etc., were correctly given after the articles had been rightly named. There was no perceptible code in use. To the simple question "What is this?" came the ready answer: "A ticket." "Its number?"—"16857." The figures were recited and then written on the board. Mme. Zancig is not hypnotised, nor is she blindfolded; but her alert look, her close attention to her questioner, her keen appreciation of the delicate nature of some of her revelations, and here and there a sly touch of humour, amply testify to the full enjoyment of all her normal faculties. It was noticeable that she even avoided looking in the direction of her interrogator, addressing her replies now to one wing, now to the other, and again in the direction of her feet. It is all very marvellous and inexplicable, a unique performance.

Presuming the use of a code, the theory breaks down at the first attempt to apply it. Even supposing the code to be in the nature of a prearranged order of the articles selected, it would surely be discounted by any one article of the series not being forthcoming at the right moment, and severely routed by the presentation of a card bearing such an unlikely name as "M. Zequidton," which was read correctly at the second attempt. For it must be understood that in no case, except the reading of the foregoing name and the omission of a final cypher from a ticket number, did Mme. Zancig make a moment's hesitation in correctly naming or reading whatever was submitted to her husband. Despite the use by both performers of somewhat abnormal spectacles, the theory of flashing by Morse code with the eyelids is obviously at fault when applied to this case, and even the use of electric wires, the *dernier ressort* of all baffled investigators, is seen to be out of the question. The only theory I am capable of formulating in view of all the conditions is that of

wireless communication by means of syntonised pulsometers, and theoretically again, I can suggest no instrument of this nature more efficient than the human brain.

Of quite another order is the "One Thousand Pounds Challenge Ghost" evolved daily by Mr. Maskelyne for the amusement of his audience and the edification of those who are almost persuaded to a belief in the phenomena of modern spiritism. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the *modus operandi* is ridiculously transparent, and under the same conditions fifty "spirit forms" could be produced as easily as one. But these are *not* the conditions recited by Archdeacon Colley, and the "form," when once materialized, could not advance to the centre of the stage, turn about in a circle, and then go back and be re-absorbed by the "medium" (a rôle played by Mr. Maskelyne), without great risk of severing the ties which exist between it and "those above." As a study in black velvet and red fire, it forms a spectacle interesting enough, but as a trick by a master hand it is little short of gross bungling, and if we are seriously to regard it as an answer to the challenge of Archdeacon Colley, or an exposé of the phenomenon of materialization, vouched for by the distinguished members of the Dialectical Society, I affirm that it falls to the level of farcical travesty. The popular mind regards a screen of black velvet only as hanging, while yet one section of it may be standing. To the normal eye it is nevertheless all-of-a-piece. The modern magician has there the advantage. In just the same way, those who regard all psychic phenomena as depending upon the action of superior powers from above, and neglect the alternative that they may be but the up-springing in ourselves of natural forces, will fail to penetrate the black screen of that great magician—the human Soul, behind, beneath and above which lie all the possibilities of psychic heredity, spiritual evolution, and physical adaptation, the three keys to all the magic of Nature, compared with which the shifts and make-believes of the conjuring art are as the motley and tinsel of the mountebank to the royal robes of a king.

JAN VAN RUYSBROECK

By CARL HEATH

SAID Denis the Carthusian, speaking of the mystic Jan van Ruysbroeck :—" I call him the divine Doctor, he had no teacher but the Holy Ghost." And this accords with Ruysbroeck's own declaration on his deathbed that he had written nought save by the divine impulse. Elsewhere he writes :—" The understanding of a contemplative man is, as it were, a living mirror on which the Father and the Son pour forth Their Spirit of Truth." When Ruysbroeck wrote, it would seem that he was always in this mediumistic state, waiting for the voice of the Spirit. The Abbé Gratry, than whom no purer soul was produced by the Liberal Catholicism of the Second Empire, in his book full of spiritual beauty, *Les Sources*, gives advice to those seeking to know and to write of the truth to wait in silence for the inspiration which comes by way of the Inner Voice of the Spirit. As surely as the Soul, disentangled, waits, the moment of illumination comes. "Imagination" (that is the exercise of the intuitive faculty) "is the divine vision," said Blake. It is the Inner Voice, the voice all the mystics have known and Ruysbroeck so well that the ardent children of his soul could name him no other than Ruysbroeck the admirable.

Not much is known of his early life. He was but a simple Flemish youth, born in 1293, who became a secular priest and served the Church of St. Gudule in Brussels till his sixtieth year, when he left the world and retired to Grönendal (the Green Valley) on the outskirts of the Forest of Soignies and with other kindred souls founded the monastery of Grönendal. The remainder of his days were passed in peace and contemplation, writing down the thoughts which came to him by inspiration and joining in the simple life of the quiet brotherhood. To his eighty-eighth year he lived thus and then, in vision, his mother came to him telling him his end was nigh. A fortnight later he died of fever and dysentery. This was at the end of the year 1381.

If ever a century was a stormy one it was the fourteenth. The Hundred Years War between England and France raged throughout the greater part of it. In Brabant the wild reigns of the three dukes John were full of furious bloodshed and of battle even in

the forest hard by. The popes had lost half their power and influence by their quarrels with the Emperor and their residence at Avignon for seventy years with its consequent subjection of the papal power to the kings of France. The Knight Templars were suffering destruction through the combined greed of Philip and the Pope and a few years was to see the Church rent in twain by the election, in 1378, of rival popes, Urban VI, at Rome and Clement VII, at Avignon. In the midst of this wild period it is a relief to turn to the quiet monastery of the Green Valley, with its humble hermit and the large and luminous spiritual life which was his. The souls of such men were as oases in the human desert of the mediæval age. Bonaventura, the great Franciscan, and Thomas Aquinas had given light to the thirteenth century ; and in the fourteenth Gerhart Groot was to be so struck by the life of the inspired monk of the Grönendal Convent, whom he visited in 1378, that he would presently found the lay Community of the Brethren of the Common Lot at Deventer and thither would come Thomas à Kempis as pupil and gain lasting fame in the religious world by his inimitable work the *Imitation of Christ*. It was men such as these, veritable coals of living fire, that redeemed the violence and brutality of the Middle Ages. Not the least in this spiritual republic was Ruysbroeck *the admirable*.

His it was doubtless to experience from time to time that inner vision which we may translate into terms of Cosmic Consciousness, but which he called by another name—the presence of the Holy Spirit. He was constantly entranced and in a state of ecstasy and then experienced that peculiar illumination or Cosmic Sense—the “Brahmic Splendour” of the East, the “Beatific Vision” of Christian Theology. Many stories are told of him. One day the brotherhood was much troubled. The venerable father was missed, he was sought for and could not be found, but one brother, more successful than the rest discovered him under a tree in the forest and to his eyes the tree appeared surrounded by fire like a fortress surrounded by a moat and the good father lay within the ring of fire like one intoxicated. He was wrapt in a spiritual ecstasy.

Yet another story told of him relates to the visit of some priests from Paris, who wished to gather from him some spiritual insight with regard to themselves, and which illustrates his humility and simplicity. Ruysbroeck answered them only with the words : “You are as holy as you desire to be,” and left them. They were offended, thinking he but mocked them, and finding little of worth in the phrase. Hearing this the mystic called them and

said: "My very dear children, say if I have deceived you. I said your holiness was that which you desired it to be; in other words that it is proportioned to your goodwill. Enter into yourselves, examine your goodwill and you will have the measure of your state."

Ruysbroeck was no scholar. His knowledge of Latin was so imperfect that he wrote always in the Flemish tongue. His writings are probably not much read and the more so that they are very uneven—"jets of flame and blocks of ice," says Maurice Maeterlinck.

But Maeterlinck has given us an excellent translation in French of Ruysbroeck's book, *The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage*, and a portion of this together with Maeterlinck's masterly introduction has been done into English by Miss Jane Stoddart. Also Earle Baillie has given us some of Ruysbroeck's thoughts in his *Reflections from the Mirrors of a Mystic*, so that some idea of his teaching may be obtained by those who can neither read the original Flemish nor the Latin translations of Surius.

Ruysbroeck's writings are many. The more important of these are:—*The Book of the Twelve Beguines; the Mirror of Eternal Salvation; the Book of the Spiritual Tabernacle; the Sparkling Stone; the Book of Supreme Truth; the Book of the Seven Steps of Spiritual Love; the Book of the Seven Castles; the Book of the Kingdom of the Beloved; the Book of the Four Temptations; the Book of the Twelve Virtues; the Book of Christian Faith and the Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage.* "These books," says Maeterlinck, "all treat exclusively of the same Science; a theosophy peculiar to Ruysbroeck, the minute study of the introversion and introspection of the soul, the contemplation of God above all similitudes and likenesses and the drama of the divine love on the uninhabitable peaks of the spirit."

"*The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage*," Maeterlinck warns us, will be judged by most men as,—“a wild dark dream, crossed with vivid lightning flashes, nothing more.” This may be true, but then the judgment of most men is not of much import. The mystic is, as says Plotinus, “like a man who, on reaching the summit of a rock, perceives with his eyes objects which are invisible to those who have not made the ascent along with him.” He cannot be troubled by the judgment of such of his fellows as have never experienced the “Divine Vision.”

A few quotations from some of his writings will illustrate the tendency of his thought, and in the light of modern-day theories they are of interest because they show a peculiarly bright example

of that higher faculty which seems to be growing in the race and which has been called cosmic consciousness as distinguished from self consciousness, that special faculty which marks off the human being from the rest of the mundane creation.

Ruysbroeck's language, it is true, is often difficult to follow, and his writing, as has been said, is very uneven in quality. But, as Dr. Bucke has well pointed out in his great work on *Cosmic Consciousness*: "Paul when he was 'caught up into paradise,' heard 'unspeakable words,' and Dante was not able to recount the things he saw in heaven. 'My vision,' he says, 'was greater than our speech, which yields to such a sight.' The fact of the matter is not difficult to understand; it is that speech is the tally of the self-conscious intellect, can express that and nothing but that, does not tally and cannot express the Cosmic Sense—or, if at all, only in so far as this may be translated into terms of the self-conscious intellect."

The following are selected as showing the main thought of Ruysbroeck's vision—the fusion of the soul in the super-essential life of God. His vision is none other than the realization of the Cosmic Sense by whatever name it may be called. It is that condition in which, in his own words, "the spirit becomes vast as that which it comprehends."

In the *Book of the Twelve Beguines*,* he tells us that—"those who have raised themselves into the absolute purity of their spirits by the love and reverence which they have for God, stand in His presence, with open and unveiled faces."

In the *Book of Christian Faith*: "This measureless delight, in that super-essential rest, is the ultimate source of blessedness, for we are then swallowed up in satisfaction beyond all possibility of hunger. Hunger can have no place in it, for there is nothing here but Unity; all loving spirits shall here fall asleep in super-essential darkness, and nevertheless they shall live and wake for ever in the light of glory."

In the *Book of the Sparkling Stone*: "He (i.e. the contemplative man) sees the eternal light revealed, and in that light he feels an eternal craving for union with God."—"If the spirit observes itself, it finds a distinction and a difference between itself and God, but where it burns it is pure and has no distinction, and that is why it feels nothing else but unity." Again in the same book: "There will be an eternal fusion and transfusion, absorption and per-absorption of ourselves in God"—and "That is why in this

* The Beguines were lay orders of women founded in the thirteenth century.

pure vision we are one life and one spirit with God." Compare this with Blake's words :—" For one must be all and contain within himself all things both small and great."

Again—" In the presence of God," says our fourteenth century mystic, " we shall surrender ourselves and all our works, and, dying in love, we shall pass beyond all creation into the superes-sential kingdom of God. There we shall possess God in an eternal death to ourselves." It is interesting to compare this last phrase with Dr. Bucke's attempt to explain the meaning of the Buddhist Nirvana, an explanation based very largely on the work of Rhys Davids. " Nirvana," he says, " implies the ideas of intellectual energy, and of the swallowing up of individual in universal existence " and " to the Buddhist, Nirvana (the Cosmic Sense) is all in all ; as to Paul, Christ (the Cosmic Sense) is all in all."

In the *Book of the Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage* are the following passages :—" The Spirit of God gives chase to our spirit, and the closer the contact the greater the hunger and the striving. This is the life of love in its highest development, above reason and higher than all understanding ; for in such love reason can neither give nor take away, for our love is in touch with the divine love. And I think that once this point be reached there will be no more separation from God." The same thought is expressed by Bucke in other words. " The man who has had the Cosmic Sense for even a few moments only, will probably never again descend to the spiritual level of the merely self-conscious man."

The other passage has already been referred to. I know no words that more truly express the illuminating nature of the Cosmic Vision :—" The comprehension of the spirit is so widely opened, as it waits for the appearance of the Bridegroom that the spirit itself becomes vast as that which it comprehends."

I have called Ruysbroeck a peculiarly bright example of cosmic consciousness, for he was possessed of all those elements of soul development—the vision of the cosmic order of the Universe, the intellectual illumination, the quickening of the moral sense and the consciousness of immortality here and now, which, gathered up together constitute what we call the cosmic sense—the sense of an absolute unity with the universal life. This sense is, as has been said, " le sentiment des grandes choses de la vie," and marks the next step in Man's upward growth.

The psychical revolution of these days in which we live and move and have our being is fraught with no greater change than the change in men's minds in the West, towards the religions of

men other than those called Christian. Just as Judaism, the religion of a nation gave birth to Christianity, so for the modern man a larger and more inclusive concept will eventually replace the orthodox teaching of Christendom. It is doubtless no question here of terms and creeds but of the underlying reality of all religious faith. Surely with truth it may be said that the linking up of every portion of the habitable earth by modern means of communication together with the rapid advance that is being made in psychical research, are bound to bring about a mental revolution in the inner, religious life of *all* mankind. And that revolution, to what will it mainly give expression? Will it not certainly be to a vastly increased sense—a *new* sense to most men—of underlying, fundamental, living Unity.

Modern science speaks of the Unity of Life in no uncertain tones, and Religion, East or West, sets forth the same great thought on the psychic and spiritual plane.

The glory of such a soul as Ruysbroeck's is, that, living as far back as the fourteenth century he should have realized this unity so fully, should have perceived the cosmic vision and been so conscious of his essential oneness with all that men call God. For him there was no longer distinction—"nothing but unity." To him, as to Gautama the Buddha, to Christ, to Paul, to Mahomed—God, the Universal life, became all in all.

And have we no "open vision" in this later age? Surely this, too, was the vision of Walt Whitman. In no narrow sense he wrote that wonderful *Prayer of Columbus* :—

Thou knowest my manhood's solemn and visionary meditations.
 Oh, I am sure they really came from Thee,
 The urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will,
 The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than words,
 A message from the Heavens, whispering to me even in sleep,
 These speed me on.

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand ;
 That Thou, O God my life has lighted,
 With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,
 Light rare, untellable, lighting the very light,
 Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages ;
 For that, O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees,
 Old, poor and paralysed, I thank Thee.

My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,
 My brain feels rock'd, bewilder'd,
 Let the old timbers part, I will not part,
 I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves buffet me,
 Thee, Thee, at least I know.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE

A DREAM

BY NORA ALEXANDER

A SAPPHIRE sky flecked with dream-like clouds; a sunlit sea rippling lazily against the yellow sands of a deserted fore-shore; far out, the white curve of a woman's arm moving with slow, unconscious grace through the buoyant waters; above them, a woman's face, full of the Everlasting Idyll, and framed in an aureole where entangled sunbeams seemed to linger.

Then the change—sudden, swift, appalling—the drop of the rounded arm; the vanishing of the softly smiling face; its re-appearance a moment later, white, terror-stricken, agonized, while up through the blue vault of Heaven there swept the voiceless cry of youth's unutterable and limitless despair.

And I was there at that self-same instant beside her, though how or why or whence I knew not, drawing her into my arms and whispering the comfort I had come to bring.

"Don't be afraid. It is all so easy. And afterwards there is no evil to fear."

"But I *am* afraid!" It came like the moan of a helpless spirit, for no spoken words passed between us, only a swift and subtle sympathy that made her thoughts my own, and mine hers so soon as they were born. "And the waters are so cruel, so horribly cruel—and the struggle—oh! and the darkness, the horrible, horrible darkness!"

Then I murmured of how the Light lay beyond, the Golden Light of Immanent Love, of how the struggle was but for a moment, of how she must not fear since there was no Death but only Progress, of how the change she had to pass through was no more than the dropping off of a garment no longer needed.

"But I want my garment," she cried, "It is Life, and I want it."

"Nay, it is but a fragment of Life," I told her pityingly, for she seemed to me like a child weeping over a broken toy, and all the pathos of childhood, with its limited outlook, clung about her. "You are like the seed in the ground, ready to break through its cramping sheath and push its way upward to a higher and a wider life. See, give me your hand and let me lead you

through the Gates that you call Death, and into that wider, fuller Life."

But she shrank back sobbing.

"No, no, I will not come. I am afraid, and I am not ready yet. I don't want to die. I am so young. And I want Life, I tell you, I want Life."

"Dear," I pleaded, "it is Life that I am sent to take you to. And there is no room for Fear in it."

"Ah! but save me! Save me just a little longer! Let me tell you!"

I drew her gently upward till the golden tangle of her hair rested once more on the surface blue of the waters for she must not go until she understood, until that blighting fear was dead within her.

"There is some one," she whispered, and up into her death-pale cheeks there swept the crimson flush of Life and Love. "I love him. And he loves me. I know it. But he has not told me yet. Let me go and hear him say it. Ah! if you ever loved yourself, if you ever listened to love's pleading, remember it now and take me back to him. Could you have borne to die with love unspoken? Could you have left your happiness untasted and untouched? Life is so beautiful! Take me back to Life and Love!"

"You will go back—some day."

"Some day?" she echoed wildly. "But he may forget. Ah, God, if he should fail me!"

I laid a hand across the hot agony of her eyes, shutting out that vision of a future hell born of human weakness, existent only in human fear, while to her heart I whispered, with the certain foreknowledge that is no part of Waking Life, "He will not fail you. Love never fails. It is not for Time alone, but for all Eternity. There! poor, tired child, rest your head so, and sleep awhile, and when you waken to the sunlight again, all will be well."

"I cannot rest," she moaned. "Oh help me! help me!"

"Child," I answered sorrowfully, "I have been sent to help you, but we may not choose the kind of help we give."

"Then he will help me!" she cried. "If I can but reach him, he will help me!"

So for herself she found the easiest way out.

* * * * *

At the far end of the deserted strip of foreshore a man lay beneath the shelter of the overhanging rocks, with an open book before him.

"Quick!" she cried, "Oh, quick! it is drowning!"

He sat up, dazed and bewildered, and rubbed his eyes.

"It?" he echoed blankly, "It?"

She wrung her hands in impotent despair.

"Maude! Maude is drowning! Ah, come quick, or it will be too late! Over yonder!" and she pointed to where, caught in the on-rush of the treacherous undercurrent, that discarded "garment" of hers was already being swept far out to sea.

He sprang to his feet, then rubbed his eyes again, and stared, stared at the empty air where a moment before a woman had stood, or had seemed to stand, a woman with dripping garments and glistening yellow hair.

"How extraordinary," he muttered uneasily, "I must have been dreaming of course."

Then he shivered a little, for it had been a horribly realistic dream. He could have sworn—— Suddenly a cold fear gripped at his heart. What if he *had* seen her? He had heard of such things, of apparitions at the moment of death, especially when love—— Suppose——?"

In two seconds he was beside the little boat that lay high and dry upon the narrow strip of beach and was pushing her down to the water's edge. For it was a time for action, not thought, and he rowed with swift, steady strokes out to sea in the direction she had indicated, his keen, blue eyes sweeping its rippling surface in all directions lest a gleam of gold should lie upon it.

* * * * *

"Ah, help me!" she turned to me as he drew near, "help me to find it — my 'garment' as you called it. For my eyes are blinded by Fear and I cannot see."

"And mine are blinded by Pity," I answered chokingly, for it was unspeakable, the pain and the pathos of that eager futile search, as backwards and forwards she swept, now hovering above the sunlit surface, now plunging down into the darkness of the quiet depths, searching, searching, searching—until at last,

"It is too late!" she wailed, "it is too late! He cannot find it either. Oh, why was I ever born? Why is God so cruel? Why should He deny me love and happiness?"

Then dimly, as I watched with aching heart a pain I could not still, a new knowledge came to me.

"God denies us nothing," I answered slowly. "It is we who deny ourselves. It is you yourself who have made love impossible—for now. I cannot tell you all, because I know so little,

and I have not learned myself to see clearly yet, but once, long, long ago, you did a wrong to love."

"Never," she interrupted swiftly. "I love him. Ah, how I love him! I would not hurt one hair of his head. I would even die if dying could help him."

"But it was not always so," I reminded her gently. "And this wrong of yours—it all happened long ago—not in this last short life, but once when——" I hesitated, for pictures began to grow before my eyes, as it were, pictures shadowy, vague, indistinct, that seemed to move in a kind of swift procession.

"I cannot see clearly," I said perplexedly at last, "the pictures are so shadowy and so confused, for one seems to blot out another before it is complete. Yet I know that they are telling the story of that bygone life of yours. Ah! now the outlines are growing sharper, more definite. There is a road with tall, bordering hedges, winding through green and fertile uplands, and you stand, high up towards their summit, with a background of brilliant sky. You wear a simple, white garment falling in long, straight folds from shoulder to hem. Beside you there is a man, pleading earnestly, passionately with you. He is bareheaded, dark, with close-cropped curls, and sun-tanned features, and he wears a brown tunic fastened with a jewelled stone upon his shoulder. You listen, half-relenting, it would seem. No, you have bidden him go, after all, for he moves quickly away. Yet he holds his head proudly, almost scornfully, and there is anger as well as pain in his face.

"And now there is another picture. A scene of dazzling colour, of huzzaing crowds, beneath a gorgeous sun. He is there in the front rank of the sightseers—I see now he is a soldier, and you sit in your chariot beside another man, a man not good to look upon. Your eyes move across the surging masses till they meet his, and then you turn away with a little half-scornful, half triumphant laugh, and speak to the man at your side. But you are not happy, and in the heart of the soldier the bitterest resentment burns. He steps forward, in front of your chariot—No! I cannot see clearly—but one thing I know—in that dead past you thought there were other things that mattered more than love, so you flung it aside, and stabbed it because it stood in your path. And this is your day of reckoning. Between you and love there stands an unpaid debt. Pay, dear, pay, and do not grudge the payment. Courage matters so much, whether it be courage to do the right, or courage to accept consequences. Atonement must be made; there is no appeal against The

Law ; but it is for us to choose whether we will be goaded into obeying it, or whether, we will rise and work with it."

"What is The Law?" she questioned, and I knew that Peace had laid a soothing hand upon her pain-wrung soul.

"Some call it the Law of Cause and Effect ; others, the Law of Progress ; we call it the Law of Love, because we know that it leads to Happiness and to Perfection."

"And if I obey?"

"You will sooner reach the goal."

"You mean, I shall sooner reach him?"

"That will be one step upon the path."

"But," she questioned once more, "why should he suffer?"

"I do not know, except that it is justice. But he will know—some day. Maybe, in those other days, he was not patient. Maybe his love had the taint of self."

"Ah," she entreated, "if I might but tell him! If I might but speak one word of comfort to him, make him know that I shall be waiting, when once I have paid Love's debt, that I go now only that I may the sooner return."

I shook my head in sorrowful negation.

"Listen. Some day it will all be well. But to-day, you have already, though all unconsciously, crossed the bourne. The link snapped when you spoke to him upon the shore over yonder."

Into her face there flashed the light of a swift, indomitable purpose.

"And who are you," she cried, as her spirit, light, buoyant, free and luminously beautiful, rose and floated across the rippling waters to the deserted foreshore, "who are you, who do not know that Love is stronger than Death?"

I knew what she meant. Others had done it before.

* * * * *

He was just drawing the little boat up upon the sands when he saw her coming towards him. And because he knew that the time had come when he must lay bare the secret of his heart, and because he was young, and strong, and clean-souled, he went to meet her with unhesitating gladness.

"Dear," he said, with the perfect simplicity that is Truth's hall-mark, "do you know that I love you? and that I have just had a horrible and totally irrational nightmare of having lost you?" For one brief instant she lifted to his a face radiant with the radiance of perfect attainment, but she did not answer in words, only as she leaned against the sun-warmed rock, put out a hand and touched his. And hers was icy cold.

"Why," he exclaimed, as his own closed over it, "how cold you are! You have stayed in the water too long. You must take more care of yourself, or," the instinctive note of protecting manhood crept into his voice, "or you must let me do it for you."

A faint, soft smile, a smile of unutterable sadness curved her lips, but her face was turned away, and how indeed, even had he seen it, should he have guessed that behind it lurked the tragedy of Death, the sorrow of unavailing regret?

"Do you wonder," he asked presently, "why I never spoke before? Or did you understand? Somehow I think you did. Life has been so new and so beautiful to me since you came into it, that I was half-afraid lest mere words should break the spell of it all. It *has* been very perfect, hasn't it?"

But she was still gazing seaward and only the clear, pale oval of her cheek was visible to him.

"Dear heart," he pleaded, "say something to me. Tell me in your own dear voice and your own dear words, that you, too, want life's best gift."

"*Want* it?" The echo came like the wail of a despairing soul. She had not known how hard it would be, and all youth's hunger for love and happiness lay in the eyes she turned to him now. "*Want* it? Dear God! How I want it! But it is too late. This is the end."

"No," he said, and drew her into his arms, "this is the beginning." But as he bent and kissed her lips, a sudden chill seemed to go through him, a vague fear to still his heart, and he became conscious of a change in her, of a certain curious aloofness, of a barrier whose meaning he could not grasp, of a sadness whose cause he could not divine, so that he cried out, even as his arms closed about her in defiance of that Intangible Something, "Maude! Maude! what is it?"

Her face, wan and drawn, and tortured by the pangs of renunciation, lay against his shoulder, and his hand rested a moment with infinite gentleness on her troubled brow, as he whispered, "Dear, I will help you, whatever it is."

"No," she made answer, drawing away from him, "it is I who must help you. Listen," and as she spoke the pain seemed slowly to fade from her voice and a strange, dream-like quality of perfect quietude to take its place. "Listen, for my time is almost past, and there are things that I must say to you before I go. When I was out yonder," her eyes moved seaward again,

“and before the link snapped, a spirit came to me, and she told me many things. Once long ago, I did a wrong to love—Ah no,” for he had made a quick motion of dissent, “not here, but somewhere else, in some other life. I know somehow that it is true. Dear, if any wrong lies between us, I would rather wipe it out before I come to you. It *has* been very perfect, as you said, what little we have known of Love, and I would not mar it now by grasping at what I have not yet earned the right to claim. Love’s debt, she called it. And it will not be hard to pay if I remember always that it is bringing me nearer to you again, with a nearness of which, as yet, we may only dream. There are no words to tell you the shadowy thoughts within my soul, the shadows, I think, of a Truth that I shall find beyond when I find you again. And then—O dearest one, I know it will be worth it all, all the waiting for you, all the pain for me, for the Path of Atonement is the Path of Attainment too.”

She leaned towards him, and her touch was like driven snow, while into her voice there stole once more the note of human pain and human longing.

“You do not understand now, but bye and bye you will know that for Love’s dear sake I came back, even from Death!”

Dumb, incredulous, amazed, uncertain, yet awed withal, though he knew not why, his eyes rested on the strange, ethereal loveliness that seemed to be fading . . . fading . . . fading . . .

Then suddenly he stretched out his arms in impotent appeal.

“Maude! Maude!” he cried, voicing in that one call the whole gamut of human emotion.

But only a cloud of rosy light remained where she had stood.

* * * * *

Though she lay, near yet unutterably far, trembling and sobbing in my arms, till wrapped about in the mantle of Love, I bore her swiftly away to the Land whose name I may not know, the Land at whose gates the Wise and Tender wait.

* * * * *

Time is not, outside this world of ours, and it may have been hours, or months, or years after that I came back to the little strip of foreshore.

He stood bareheaded, gazing seaward, and his hair was tinged with grey. And his lips were set and rather stern. But when I breathed her name, and told him all was well with her, he smiled, and I saw that beneath the sadness of his eyes, there lay the Peace of Understanding.

PSYCHIC RECORDS

MR. J. A. KERR sends the following record which he entitles—

THE MYSTERY OF THE ARMLESS HAND

I HAVE never been in the least superstitious—quite the other way, in fact. All my life I have experienced real difficulty in postulating a supernatural. The incident to be related has therefore the merit of being absolutely and critically authentic.

When a boy at home I shared with my eldest brother a room known as the back attic. It was the quietest part of the house.

Being some years younger, I was not privileged to wait up till the family hour for retiring, but was supposed to turn in not later than nine. The time, usually about two hours, till my brother came to bed, I spent in devouring all the fiction I could lay hands on, more particularly any volumes sternly proscribed by my betters.

These forbidden sweets I kept secreted beneath my mattress.

One night—I shall never forget it—I grew tired of reading and pushed the book safely back into its hiding-place, intending to go to sleep. As often happens, the drowsy feeling passed off, and to my disgust I felt quite wide awake.

The lamp had been turned low, and I was lying with my face towards the wall. The weather must have been foggy, for the sirens and foghorns in the harbour sounded incessantly.

How I knew I do not profess to explain, but all at once I became aware of a strange presence in the room. The door had not been opened, but I felt no doubt whatever on the matter. I sat up with the idea of investigating, when the sight of something stirring at the side of the bed near the wall caught my eye. I leant forward, and, to my horror, beheld a human hand extended from beneath the bed. The bedclothes hanging down were slightly pushed out. I noticed that it was a fine, well-shaped hand, and that it was the hand of a man. A peculiarity of the hand was the fingers, which were abnormally long. The hand, with the long fingers extended, was moved about for a moment as though feeling for something and then withdrawn.

I was so horror-struck by the uncanny spectacle that I felt powerless. Half-smothered and bathed in perspiration I lay for a long time with my head covered, in a regular paroxysm of fear.

At length I became calmer, and gained courage to draw down

the clothes. Craning my neck, but fearing to move, I looked over the side of the bed.

There was nothing.

I sprang noisily out of bed and turned up the light. Then I advanced with, I confess it, a horrible fear, and lifted the bed-hanging.

Nothing!

Seizing the lamp in an unsteady hand I examined beneath the bed. There was absolutely nothing.

Had I been dreaming? No such thing. The appearance was far too real for any doubt. I felt positive, and am perfectly certain now, that the hand was there, that it pushed out the counterpane, and that it moved and looked exactly as described. I saw the hand as distinctly in the dim light of the room as I can now see my own.

When my brother came in I told him what had happened. He did not laugh, or show any sign of doubting my story, but gazed at the spot with a look of concern, and finished by crawling under the bed to satisfy himself that nothing was there.

I never saw the hand again, nor, I think, did any other member of the family.

A LONDON correspondent, who wishes her name and address treated in confidence, sends the following record of a personal experience—

A NOCTURNAL VISITANT.

“This happened in February, 1906. I was living alone in our London house with one servant, my mother and sister being abroad. I woke up suddenly one night and wondered why, as I am a very sound sleeper. The room was pitch dark, but, as I heard traffic in the street, concluded that it could not yet be morning. I then suddenly heard the door open; I say ‘heard,’ for I do not know what other word to use; but no sound reached my ears; I only knew that the door was being opened. I at once thought it was the old servant come to tell me she felt ill, but as I heard no voice, I jumped to the conclusion that it was a burglar, and I determined to feign sleep. It also flashed through my mind to hope that he would overlook an old heirloom brooch on my pincushion, which I valued immensely.

“These thoughts took only a few seconds to pass through my mind, as I speedily realized that it was no human personage entering the room, as the room being pitch dark no person, or

even myself familiar with the furniture, could enter without stumbling or groping. The thing entered the room quite without noise and walked around a screen, and made straight for the head of the bed and bent over. My eyes were tightly closed and my breathing suspended, and I lay on my back like a stone. I was seized with a species of paralysis and could not move. What I saw, though not with my eyes, was this: A very tall, big man's form, dressed in a long cloak, with an expression which seemed to be amusement, bent over me, and with one hand made such rapid passes over my upturned face, that I felt the air of the quickly moving hand. The other hand he passed through the bedclothes, as if they had been liquid like water, and laced his fingers in and out of my fingers, while making the passes with the other hand. All this took about a minute or a half a minute, and then the personage straightened himself and glided out of the pitch-dark room, and I knew he had gone through the door, although I heard no sounds.

"Can any of your readers tell me what this can mean? The house is not a haunted one: it is an ordinary little London house."

A lady who prefers to conceal her identity under the pseudonym "St. Georges" sends the following:—

A CURIOUS DREAM.

A "DREAMER OF DREAMS" from my earliest years, I can truly say that every remarkable event of a not commonplace existence has been predicted to me by dreams, either symbolically or literally. Some years ago, during a conversation with a member of the Theosophical Society, "London Lodge," who had passed through somewhat similar experiences, we were united in our regrets that no way had ever been found of evading, or even modifying, the force of the prophecy—if so it may be called. Whatever interpretation the symbols bear, for good or evil, that force can never be averted, and by certain indications one learns to know whether the fulfilment will be speedy or delayed. In my own case, in several important instances, several years have elapsed, but the fulfilment at last was inevitable. Fortunate or unfortunate, the events came to pass as foretold by the dreams. For a long time I recorded all dreams of importance, but in a somewhat wandering life the habit was discontinued.

The dream I now relate as briefly as possible and as simply as may be, avoiding all scientific terms and attempts at flowery

language, is quite of another order—not in the least prophetic, nor can it be called retrospective.

On reading Messrs. Sidis and Goodhart's important work on *Multiple Personality*, I have wondered which of my "personalities" brought up such an unaccountably silly and imaginary incident—curious only because of its connexion with another existing "personality," then unknown to me.

It cannot be called a "hypnoidic state" which consists in the recurrence of outlived phases of one's personal life. As I dreamt of events taking place long years before, without my knowledge, and quite unconnected with me or mine, this theory is indefensible.

But to my dream.

In 1892 I made the acquaintance of two American ladies then living in Paris, and a warm mutual attachment sprang up, but I met none of their family, as they were not on this side of the ocean, except one or two sisters who were in England and whose first names I did not even know.

These ladies returned to New York in the following year, and since then have resided in Germany, so that we rarely meet, although a constant correspondence and warm friendship are maintained.

Several times during our personal intercourse I saw (clairvoyantly) an elderly gentleman standing by my friend (the elder of the ladies), who was, I presumed, her father; but as it is not my habit to mention such "hallucinations," as the S.P.R. would term such an appearance, I did not speak of this to her. I learned that her father had passed away many years ago.

The month of August, 1901, I spent at a summer resort in North Italy, and it was hoped that afterwards I might join these friends in Switzerland. I knew that one of the sisters was to be of the party.

One night towards the latter part of August, my plans for joining my friends being still undecided, just before waking in the morning I dreamt of being in a room quite familiar to me, but also quite forgotten, for only by an effort of memory could I have reconstituted the room, with doors, windows, closets, etc., and outlook on the garden. It was the nursery in my father's old country house near New York, where we always spent the summers of my childhood. This house has long since been demolished. The room had never been used as a dining-room, and was quite unsuitable for such a purpose. In my dream a large table filled the small room. At its head was seated my

friend's father, at one side my own father, who also passed away many years ago. The other seats were occupied by younger persons, all unknown to me, though I carefully scanned each countenance.

All the gentlemen were dressed in coarse working clothes—knitted jerseys, such as they surely never wore when on earth; the table had no cloth; the viands were coarse. I noticed *cabbage*, peasant's bread, etc., and even the odour of the cabbage. All the appointments were of the commonest description—black-handled knives and forks, earthen bowls and platters, etc., etc. Nothing recalled the days of my childhood except the sprigged muslin curtains at the windows, the matting on the floor, and a large blue chintz covered lounge, or "sofa bed," dear to the days of my youth.

I looked at all these objects minutely, and spoke to my father, but he seemed quite unaware of my presence, and although I moved around the table and put my hand on his shoulder, then on his brow, he paid no attention to me, but went on talking to the other members of the party about a method of *grinding grain*. A publisher and banker during earth life, he had never to my knowledge interested himself in agricultural pursuits.

Still *dreaming*, I recognized that I was in my astral body, but still seemed unaware that the others were spirit forms, thinking them living human beings.

While I was sadly perplexed, a young girl rushed into the room in very excited manner, crying out, "It is too bad; you go on eating and drinking, and the *chicken* is nearly dead!" with great stress on the word *chicken*.

I went up to *her* and tried to make her conscious of my presence; the whole thing faded away. I stood by my bed in the hotel at the Italian baths, looking at my sleeping body on the bed. I presume I passed while asleep through the usual process of re-integration in my body, for I was unconscious of it, and shortly after awoke as usual.

A few days later I decided on my visit to Switzerland, where I arrived on September 1, I *think*. As it was not possible for the entire party to find rooms in one house, I did not see the elder lady until the day after my arrival. In the course of conversation she alluded repeatedly to "the chicken," and on my asking explanation, replied, "I mean my sister—from her childhood she has been called 'the chicken,' because——" and she narrated *exactly* the events of my dream.

In reality the occurrence took place in my friend's father's

country house, in another state of the U.S. My father, who was never acquainted with, nor even met, any member of her family, was of course not present, and the table was in all probability elegantly laid and served, the viands more *recherché* than the cabbage, etc., of my dream.

I have never told my friends the details of this absurd dream, but in our rare meetings we often laugh and wonder how and why I should have dreamed of "the chicken" in 1901 when the occurrence took place perhaps in the sixties. I do not know the year.

Which of my "personalities" (I am conscious of only two) could have wandered back so many years in order to connect itself with "the chicken's" "personality," for no conceivable use, and on such a ridiculous errand! As it never occurred (at least, as to details) it could not have been an astral reflection coming to my notice on that plane.

It is more foolish and inane even than some of Dr. Phinuit's and "G. R.'s" utterances through Mrs. Piper, though I am far from intending irreverence to the memory of my kind and excellent friend, Dr. Hodgson.

A contributor to the columns of the OCCULT REVIEW sends the following striking

STORY OF HOME THE MEDIUM.

THE following incident, which I received first hand from a friend, will, I think, in some measure disprove the charge which many clever and excellent people are apt to bring against Spiritualism, or Occultism, in any shape or form, viz.: "that they do no good, and never help any one." The moral conveyed by the narrative is so obvious, that, like good wine, it "needs no bush," and can afford to stand on its own merits.

"My mother, Mrs. B—— lived in a large house in London, she was extremely sociable and fond of entertaining, and being interested in all matters pertaining to Spiritualism and Occultism, she possessed a magnetic power to attract and collect around her people who were similarly interested.

It was at a large luncheon party given by her in 1863 that the events I am about to relate took place. I was present. After so long a time I cannot remember who were there, with the exception of Miss D——, a lady long past the meridian of life, and in fact not far from having reached man's allotted span of three score and ten!

Miss D—— was the daughter of General D—— of the Indian Army, and had lived in India with her father, during his term of

service. The old general had long since passed away. Towards the end of lunch, Home, the celebrated spiritualist-medium, came in and sat down next to me. We talked for a few minutes, and then I noticed that a curious change came over his face, he breathed in gasps, and leant back in his chair, as if he felt ill.

Presently he asked me if I saw anything moving behind him ! At first I could see *nothing*, but almost immediately a large chair that was at the far end of the room left its place and glided along round the table, and finally tried to push itself in *between* Miss D—— and her neighbour.

Home, by this time, was off in one of his trances, wrapped in profound sleep. After a few minutes he began to speak as follows : . . . “ I see an old gentleman in that chair ; an officer, in a very old-fashioned uniform, and (now addressing Miss D——) he says that he is your father ; he is very glad and thankful to be able to communicate with you, and to be able to *right a wrong*, or rather to be able to tell you that your lover was not, as you have imagined, faithless to you.

“ You are to look in his desk, which you have at home, and there you will find the letter for which you waited and waited for so many years. Your father now bitterly regrets his action in having withheld this, but at that time, not wishing you to leave him, he intercepted and suppressed your lover’s promised letter, and allowed you to think that he had proved false ! Your father adds, as a proof to convince you that this communication comes from him, ‘ Ask her what it is that she *still wears* on her arm above the elbow out of sight of all, but in remembrance of the man who placed it there.’ ”

As may be imagined, poor Miss D—— was terribly agitated and cried bitterly. There and then she told us that she *had* been engaged to a certain officer against her father’s wish. They were at that time in India, and the general having discovered that his daughter’s *fiancé* already had a wife in England, forbade him the house and forced his daughter to return all the presents she had received from him, with one exception—a locked bracelet—which she had always worn on her arm. Her lover had placed it there, exacting from her a promise that she would always wear it, and promising to write to her should his wife, who was very delicate and supposed to be dying, die, and so allow of his returning to her.

Miss D—— went home, searched her father’s desk, which evidently she had never before thought of doing, and found the long-looked-for letter.

A CASE OF DOUBLE PERSONALITY

Edited by A. GOODRICH-FREER (Mrs. H. H. Spoer),
author of "Essays in Psychical Research," joint author,
with the late Marquess of Bute, of "The Alleged Haunting
of B. House," etc., etc.

WE talk glibly of "the shifting kaleidoscope of life," now and then only do we realize that the phrase has really a meaning. Long ago, in a better world, I talked with a man who had taken snuff with a man who had been at the battle of Culloden. That was in August, 1901. Since then I have climbed the Pyramids and the Mountains of Lebanon, I have lived with the Patriarchs, the Pharaohs, and Haroun el Raschid. To-day, in a dull common-place little town, half way between New York and Chicago, I have translated, not poetry and history, but the adventure-books of childhood, into terms of every-day life. Sitting in a spacious library, surrounded by the scent of hot-house flowers and the works of literature and art, I have listened, while my host, white-haired it is true, but stalwart and vigorous still, related the story of his father, who, a boy of fourteen years old, not many miles from here, lived alone for four months in a log cabin in the primeval forest, with red Indians, wolves, panthers, bears and rattle-snakes, for companions. And then, passing, as it were, from the pages of *The Children of the New Forest*, of Captain Maryatt and Mayne Reid, he told us yet another story, recalling Hugh Conway's *Called Back* and Stevenson's *Jekyll and Hyde* and many another volume, but, in that truth is stranger than fiction, of interest, to the psychologist, surpassing even these, and of infinite suggestiveness to the student of the occult, not merely as to its more obvious incidents, but in the complex indications of its by-paths.

By the kindness of the narrator, Mr. W. Reynolds, nephew of the lady who is its subject, I am privileged to tell the story, as it was written down by his elder brother, Mr. John V. Reynolds, first, when a student in the Princeton Theological Seminary, during the winter of 1835-6, and again (substantially the same but brought to its conclusion) in 1859; these narratives being supplemented, in answer to my own enquiries, by Mr. W. Reynolds and several others, able to speak at first hand, from personal recollection, of the incidents in question.

In 1795 William Reynolds, with his wife and family, left his home in Birmingham and emigrated to America. He was a respectable and well-to-do tradesman, but was regarded by certain of his fellow-townsmen with somewhat active disfavour, as a partisan of Priestley. His house was sacked, and threats were made of setting it on fire.

He belonged to the Baptist denomination, and was an intimate friend of Robert Hall and other well-known dissenters, and in after years his home in the far-west became a well-known centre of hospitality for the pioneer preachers, in their laborious excursions into the wilderness.

William Reynolds, leaving the remainder of his family in New York, took his son John, a lad of fourteen years, and set out to find a new home. They pitched upon a spot in Venango County, in Western Pennsylvania, between Franklin and what is now known as Titusville—twelve miles from the former, and six from the latter. The whole surrounding country was an unbroken wilderness; the nearest white neighbours being the few inhabitants of Franklin on the one side, and Jonathan Titus, the proprietor of the land on which Titusville now stands, on the other.

Here in the unbroken wilderness, William Reynolds and his young son built a log-cabin, in which (as we have seen) the father left the lad while he returned to New York to bring the remainder of the family to their new home. For four months the boy remained alone in the cabin, rarely seeing the face of a white man, but being frequently visited by Indians. In due time the Reynolds family were reunited in their new Western home.

Of this family was a daughter, Mary Reynolds. She was born in England, and was a child of four years when brought to America. Her childhood and youth appear to have been marked by no extraordinary incidents. "She possessed an excellent capacity," says her kinsman, Professor Elicott, "and enjoyed fair opportunities to acquire knowledge. Besides the domestic arts and social attainments, she had improved her mind by reading and conversation. Her memory was capacious, and well stocked with ideas." Though in no respect brilliant, she seems to have been naturally endowed with an uncommonly well-balanced organization, physical, mental, and moral.

Her natural disposition tended to melancholy. Her spirits were low. She never gave herself to mirth, but was sedate and reserved, she had no relish for company but avoided it, was very fond of reading what few books were to be had. She loved to retire to some secluded place where, free from interruption, she read and meditated upon her Bible, and where she was apt to give herself up to prayer and devotional exercises.

When about eighteen years of age she is said to have become subject to occasional attacks of "fits"; these were certainly hysterical, but of their precise characteristics no account is given, and naturally, there was, under the conditions of life already described, no physician at hand competent to diagnose her case.

One Sunday in the spring of 1811, when she was about nineteen years of age, she had an attack of unusual severity.* She had taken a book and

* I have throughout followed the chronology given by Dr. John V. Reynolds in both his accounts (1835-1859) and apparently preserved in his correspondence with Dr. Weir Mitchell in 1888. I have, however, since seen an Autobiography—privately printed—of Miss Reynolds'

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gone into the fields, at some distance from the house, that she might read in quiet. She was found lying in a state of utter insensibility and in convulsions. When she recovered her consciousness, probably on the same day, she was blind and deaf, and continued in this stage for five or six weeks. The sense of hearing returned suddenly and entirely; that of sight more gradually, but in the end perfectly.

About three months after this attack, when she had apparently nearly recovered her usual health, though still somewhat feeble, she was found one morning, long after her usual hour of rising, in a profound sleep, from which it was impossible to arouse her. After some eighteen or twenty hours she awoke, but had lost all recollection of her former life. All the knowledge which she had acquired had passed away from her. She knew neither father nor mother, brothers nor sisters. She was ignorant of the use of the most familiar implements, and of the commonest details of everyday life. She had not the slightest consciousness that she had ever existed, previous to the moment in which she awoke from that mysterious slumber. As far as all acquired knowledge was concerned, her conditions were precisely those of a new-born infant. All of the past that remained to her was the faculty of pronouncing a few words; and this seems to have been as purely instinctive as the wailings of an infant, for the words which she uttered were connected with no ideas in her mind. Until she was taught their significance they were unmeaning sounds to her.* Her eyes were virtually for the first time opened upon the world. Old things had passed away, all things had become new. Her parents, brothers, sisters, friends, were not recognized or acknowledged as such. She had never seen them before—never known them—was not aware that such persons had been. To the scenes by which she was surrounded she was a perfect stranger. The house, the fields, the forest, the hills, the vales, the streams, all were novelties. The beauties of the landscape were all unexplored. She was as an infant, just born, yet born in a state of maturity with a capacity for relishing the rich, sublime, luxuriant wonders of created nature.

The first lesson in her education was to teach her by what ties she was bound to those by whom she was surrounded, and the duties devolving upon her accordingly. This she was very slow to learn, and, indeed never did learn, or, at least never would acknowledge the ties of consanguinity, or scarcely those of friendship.† She considered those she had once known as, for the most part, strangers and enemies among whom she was, by some remarkable and unaccountable means, transplanted, though from what region or state of existence was a problem unsolved. The next lesson was to re-teach her the arts of reading and writing, and here her progress was so rapid that in a few weeks she had readily re-learned to

father in which he gives the date of her birth as 1785. She would thus be twenty-six years old at the time of her first attack and forty-two when her condition became permanent. The question of age is not without its physiological significance.

* Another account gives twelve weeks.

† I am, however, assured by several members of her family, who remember her well, after this secondary state had become permanent, that she ultimately developed family affection to a quite unusual degree, and that a kindlier and more unselfish friend and relative could not be imagined.

read and write.* In copying her name, which her brother had written for her as a first lesson, she took her pen in a very awkward manner and began to copy from right to left as in Hebrew.

The reflections made by her nephew upon this loss and restoration of memory are to be especially noted, as written only some twenty years after the circumstances described, and while she was still under observation. Perhaps they are none the worse that they are free from all modern psychological science, and all *parti-pris* in interpretation.

If I might venture to offer a solution, I would say it might be accounted for from the fact that her mind was maturely vigorous. She could talk and reason as though her intellect was full grown. Consequently the discipline required for a child was in her case anticipated. But still, since I have written this, it does not satisfy me. Maturity of intellect, perhaps, cannot exist without memory. Had she memory? It would seem not; yet, if she had not, why should she be able to talk and reason? It must be remembered that her intellect was in healthful exercise. And yet how could this be, when she had no memory to build on, no data from which to draw conclusions, more than an infant? If the whole fabric of mind had been so completely demolished that no power had shown forth from the ruins, such as the ability to talk and reason, it would not in my view be extraordinary. How could she talk and reason without memory? Why could she talk and reason, and yet not write? If she forgot one, why not the other? Talking is as readily acquired as reading. The destruction of memory would account for her forgetting what she did forget, but it would go too far to prove only what we want. . . . In this case reason appears to be exercised without any data. For instance, the moment she awoke she commenced to wonder and reason how she got there, and from whence she came. Now an infant would not have had any such thoughts, and the moment it was capable of understanding would have believed all that was told it, whereas she would believe nothing.

It is an interesting fact that, to the mere lay student of handwriting, there is a distinct difference, not only of appearance but of character, between her handwriting in her original and that in her abnormal state. I am bound to say, however, that an expert to whom the two were submitted—by Dr. Weir Mitchell, without information—declared them to be probably by the same person. The decision, however, was based partly upon certain peculiarities of spelling common to both.

She continued in this state for about five weeks, when one morning she awoke in her natural state, without any intimation from memory or consciousness that anything unusual had happened to her. The five weeks that she had passed in her abnormal state were to her as though they had never been. All the knowledge and experience which had been

* Her nephew, Mr. W. Reynolds, is of opinion that this rapidity, though certainly remarkable, is perhaps somewhat over-stated.

so strangely lost were as strangely restored ; and she took up life again at the precise point where she had left it when she fell into that slumber from which she had awoke to the new life. She was surprised at the change of the season and the different arrangements of the things around her, which seemed to her to have been wrought in a single night. She now had all the knowledge that she had possessed in her first state, previous to the change, still fresh and in as vigorous exercise as though no change had been. But any new acquisitions she had made, and any new ideas she had obtained, were lost to her now—yet not lost, but laid up out of sight in safe keeping for future use. Of course her natural disposition returned ; her melancholy was deepened by the information of what had occurred.

Her friends rejoiced as if they had received her back from the dead, fondly trusting that her restoration would be permanent, and that the extraordinary occurrences of that mysterious anticipation of death would never be repeated. But their hopes were not to be realized.

After the lapse of a few weeks she again fell into a profound slumber, from which she awoke in her second state, taking up her new life again precisely where she had left it when she before passed from that state. The whole previous life of which memory or consciousness remained was comprised in the limits of the five weeks which she had passed in this state.

These alternations from one state to the other continued for fifteen or sixteen years, but finally ceased when she had attained the age of thirty-five or thirty-six, leaving her *permanently in her second state*, in which she remained without change for the last quarter of a century of her life.

A specially interesting feature of this story, and one which is perhaps almost unique, is that Miss Reynolds, having such intellect and education as rendered it possible, has recorded for us her own observations upon her history.

In 1836, after these changes had wholly ceased, she wrote, at the request of her nephew, Rev. John V. Reynolds, D.D., of whose family she was then an inmate, a statement of some of the facts of her remarkable experience. As she was then in her "second state," in which she had no recollection of the feelings or incidents of her other state, she relied upon the testimony of her friends for the circumstances related concerning the "first state."

I have been privileged to read one such manuscript, that from which the following quotations are made. It is now in the possession of Mr. W. Reynolds, and is in the form of a letter addressed to his elder brother, her nephew, the Dr. John V. Reynolds already referred to. It is beautifully written, in a clear but microscopic caligraphy, without corrections or interlineations, on a single sheet of foolscap paper.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, in the report of this case presented to the College of Physicians in Philadelphia (April 4, 1888), quotes from another manuscript which he says is preserved in the library of the College. "It is addressed to her brother [?], and is closely

written on quarto pages in a very fine but clear hand, ending abruptly at the nineteenth page, and without signature." This I have not seen, but I have carefully compared his quotations from it, with those supplied to me by the Reynolds family, and find only verbal differences—affecting no statement of fact.

She says :—

"From the spring of 1811 [when the first change occurred] until within eight or ten years, frequently changing from my first to my second, and from my second to [my] first state, more than three-fourths of my time I was in the second state. There was not any periodical regularity as to the transition. Sometimes I continued several months, and sometimes a few weeks, a few days, or only a few hours, in my second state; but in the lapse of five years I in no one instance continued more than twenty days at a time in my first state. Whatever knowledge I acquired, at any time, in my second state became familiar to me in that state, and I made such proficiency that I became well acquainted with things, and was, in general, as intelligent in that as in my first state. These transitions always took place in my sleep. In passing from my second to my first state nothing was particularly noticeable in sleep. But in passing from my first to my second state my sleep was so profound that no one could awake me, and it not unfrequently continued eighteen or twenty hours.

"My sufferings in the near prospect of the transition from either the one or the other state were extreme, particularly from the first to the second state. When about to undergo the change, fearing I should never revert so as to know again in this world those who were dear to me, my feelings, in this respect, were not unlike those of one who was about to be separated from loved ones by death, though in the second state I did not anticipate the change with such distressing apprehension as in the first. I was naturally cheerful, but more so at that time than in my natural state."

It will be remembered that the impression which Miss Reynolds made upon her friends, while in the natural state, was not of one "naturally cheerful," but rather "whose natural disposition tended to melancholy. Her spirits were low, she never gave herself to mirth, but was sedate and reserved, etc.," *ante*.

"I felt perfectly free from any trouble when in my second state, and for some time after I had been in that situation my feelings were such that had all my friends been laying dead beside me I do not think it would have caused me one moment's pain of mind. At that time my feelings were never moved, either with the manifestation of joy or sorrow. I had no idea either of the past or future, nothing but the present occupied my mind.

"During the earlier stages of my disease [i.e. in the abnormal condition] I had no idea of employing my time in anything that was useful. I did nothing but ramble about, and never tired walking through the fields. My mother one day thought she would try to rouse me a little. She told me that Paul said those who would not work must not eat. I told her it made no matter of difference to me what Paul said, I was not going to work for Paul or any other person. I did not know who Paul

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was, for I had no knowledge of the Bible at that time more than of anything else. However I was much offended at mother. I went over to your Aunt Lydia, told her I would not eat anything more at father's. She gave me a pie and some cakes, which I took home and locked up, and for some time would bring my own provision to the table, but would partake of my mother's tea and coffee. Whenever your aunt would bake she used to provide for me, and continued to do so for some length of time. I lived upon very little; have wondered how I could live upon the little food and sleep which I did. For two and three days and nights together I neither ate nor slept. It was a matter of surprise to every person who knew me. I would often conceive prejudices, without cause, against my best friends. These feelings, however, began gradually to wear away, and eventually quite disappeared."

The two lives which Mary Reynolds lived for many years were thus entirely separate. Each was complete in itself,* the fragments of which it was composed, though in reality separated by the portions of the other life intervening, succeeded each other in uninterrupted succession, as far as the evidence of her own memory or consciousness was concerned. The thoughts and feelings, the knowledge and experience, the joys and sorrows, the likes and dislikes of the one state did not in any way influence or modify those of the other. But not only were the two lives entirely separate, but her character and habits in the two states were wholly different. In her first state she was quiet and sedate, sober and pensive, almost to melancholy, with an intellect sound though rather slow in its operations, and apparently singularly destitute of the imaginative faculty. In her second state she was gay and cheerful, extravagantly fond of society, of fun and practical jokes, with a lively fancy and a strong propensity for versification and rhyming, though some of her poetical productions appear to have possessed merit of high order. The difference in her character in the two states was manifested in almost every act and habit. In her natural state the strange double life which she led was the cause of great unhappiness. She looked upon it as a severe affliction from the hand of Providence, and dreaded a relapse into the opposite state, fearing that she might never recover from it, and so might never again in this life know the friends of her youth, nor her parents, the guardians of her childhood. She had a great desire to retain a knowledge and memory of them. But in her abnormal state, though the prospect of changing into her natural state was far from being pleasant to her,† yet it was for quite different reasons. She looked upon it as passing from a bright and joyous into a dull and stupid phase of life. Yet to her it was often a source of merri-

* I have, for example, seen a letter dated January 13, 1813, from Miss Reynolds, in which occurs the following sentence:—

"Since I commenced this letter to my dear brother two months have elapsed, but I can give no account of them. This morning I once more regained my recollection but I feel very low spirited, though you will think it wrong for me to give way to it."

† Her nephew, Mr. William Reynolds, tells me, however, that after the second state became permanent, she entertained considerable dread of reversion to the first, as it would probably involve the breaking of many ties and associations formed during the long, and as it proved, final condition in which she eventually remained.

ment, and the occasion of frequent humorous deceptions practised upon her friends.

She was very fond of exercising her ingenuity, in inventing tricks at the expense of others, to put them to as much trouble as possible, for the purpose of enjoying a laugh and causing others to join in it, at the ludicrous figure in which she never failed to make them appear. She was uncommonly acute and inventive, and at the same time so apparently serious and free from duplicity as invariably to impose upon the most cautious. While she was forming and digesting some deep-laid scheme and inwardly laughing at the perfect success of her strategy, her exterior was all sedateness and profound gravity. One would then suppose that she was destitute of the power of smiling. Her appearance completely mocked the thoughts of her heart, and thwarted every effort to pry through the covering and obtain a glimpse of what was at work within. This was so well carried out that those whom she had deceived hundreds of times, and who were ever on the watch, were nevertheless imposed upon, time and again, and no sooner were out of their difficulties, fully determined to be no more deceived, than, before they were aware, they were led into others, and made a laughing-stock.

At the time of her first change, her brother John was a permanent inhabitant of Meadville. Hearing of her remarkable change he visited her at the old homestead. Of course she did not recognize him. But having been told of his relationship to her, she soon became warmly attached to him, and her affection grew as he repeated his visits during her continuance in her second state.

In her second state she had strong feelings of fondness or of dislikes to persons. During the early part of her change to an unnatural state her friends found it necessary to keep a watchful eye upon her, and often to put restraint upon her movements. This restraint was never that of physical force, but consisted in prohibitory commands. This excited her displeasure, so that for some time she affected to believe that those about her were not her relatives, as they affirmed that they were.

She became very anxious to visit her brother in Meadville, but her friends did not think it advisable to give her permission. Between one and two years after the first change, and while in her second state, she left home on horseback—an exercise of which she was very fond, and in which she freely indulged—under pretence of visiting a neighbour. She made the visit—for she always carefully kept the letter of her word, though not always the spirit—but she made her visit very brief, and then rode on to Meadville, a distance of nearly thirty miles. Her family soon learned where she had gone, and allowed her to remain some weeks. During that time she was a guest of Mrs. Kennedy, whose husband, Dr. Kennedy, had recently died. At the same time a young lady, Miss Nancy Dewey, was a guest in the same family. Between her and Mary Reynolds a strong friendship sprang up. One night they agreed together to play off a practical joke on Mr. John Reynolds, who was boarding at the same house. But it happened that neither of the young ladies awoke at the right time, and when Mary awoke in the morning she had changed to her natural state.

She now found herself in a strange house, for she had never been in Meadville in her natural state. She had for a sleeping companion a

person who was a total stranger. She saw nothing with which she was familiar, and could not imagine where she was. Being in her natural state quiet and reserved, and even shy, she asked no questions. Miss Dewey spoke of the trick which they had proposed to play but had not awakened to perform. Miss Reynolds made no reply. She remembered nothing of the trick, and knew not who it was that addressed her. Miss Dewey saw that something unusual had occurred. She probably suspected the true state of the matter, for she had been fully told of the singular changes to which Miss Reynolds was subject. So she became silent.

Miss Reynolds dressed herself and found her way down stairs, wondering and perplexed, but waiting to see what would happen, and hoping that something would soon occur that would solve the mystery. Mrs. Kennedy (afterwards the wife of Mr. John Reynolds) came into the sitting-room, and spoke in her usually cheerful manner ; but Mary knew her not. Soon after, her brother John entered the room. Then all was at once explained. In both states she knew him. So she knew she must be in Meadville. She informed him of the occurrence of the change, though there was little need of it. The observation of a moment or two, and the change in her disposition, were sufficient to reveal to her friends the transition from one state to the other. She was then introduced anew to those among whom she had so strangely fallen. She remained at Mrs. Kennedy's in Meadville, for some days, and then returned home.

Very soon after her return she awoke one night, and arousing a sister with whom she was sleeping, she exclaimed, "Come, Nancy! it is time to get up and play that trick on John!" She had changed into her second state, and supposed that she was still in Meadville and sleeping with Miss Nancy Dewey, and that it was the same night on which they had planned the joke. When she found she had returned to the "Nocturnal Shades," as she called her home in Venango County when she was in her second state, she was much chagrined, for the larger society she found in Meadville was, in that state, much more to her taste.

"O what a change," she exclaimed, "transmigrated from the height of happiness into these nocturnal regions, where nought but sullen silence reigns and death-like inactivity slumbers!" She said she could not think of spending her days "among these poor half-awakened sons of Jupiter" and exacted a promise for her return to Meadville.

The foregoing statement illustrates two things. One is, that she did not in one state recognize acquaintances of the other state ; the other is, that there was a blank in her memory of the period, however long, passed in a given state when she passed into the other. Thus weeks and months disappeared during one sleep. And the sleep from which she awoke seemed to her but the continuation of that into which she had fallen long before.

During the earlier period of these changes she manifested, while in her second state, many symptoms of wildness and eccentricity. Proof of this is found in her long abstinence from food and sleep, and in her indifference to, and even strong prejudices against, her best friends. She was also very restless, and had a strong and uncontrollable inclination to wander off into the woods. Being utterly devoid of fear she could not be restrained by any representations her friends made to her respecting her perils from rattlesnakes, wolves, and bears, all of which were numerous in the vicinity. These things made her friends

solicitous, and caused them to keep as close watch as possible on all her movements.

It has already been stated that she was very careful to keep the letter of her word, though she did not feel herself bound by its spirit. She seemed rather to delight in finding some means or pretence of avoiding that, as giving her an opportunity of boasting of her smartness. She was very ingenious in finding such pretences. But when once she promised to do or not to do a certain thing, her family and friends had perfect confidence that she would keep her word.

On one occasion in her ramblings she met a bear. She was on horse-back, riding along a path when she met it. In giving an account of the adventure on her return home, she said she had met a "great black hog," which acted very strangely. She said it grinned and growled at her, and would not get out of the way. She said her horse was frightened, and wished to turn back. She ordered the black creature to leave the path, but it would not mind her. "Well," said she, "if you will not get out of the way, I will make you." She was about to dismount and attempt to drive it from the path, when it slowly retreated, occasionally stopping, turning round, and growling. She used to insist that the bears with which her friends sought to frighten her from rambling off too far, were only "black hogs."

About the same time, in one of her rambles, she saw a rattlesnake, with the beauty of which she was struck. She attempted to capture it. Instead of making a battle it attempted to escape. It ran under a heap of logs. She seized it by the tail just as it was disappearing. Providentially her foot slipped, and to save herself from a fall she let go the snake. She afterwards thrust her arm into the hole, but it had gone beyond her reach. It was known to be a rattlesnake both by its appearance and by its rattles. She afterwards became familiar with the species, and remembered that the one she had pursued was like those which she now knew.

During this stage of her history there was one person, a brother-in-law, who had complete control over her. This was another proof of an unusual if not an insane state of mind. She did not dare to disobey his commands, yet if he left any opportunity she would evade them. For instance, one morning he said to her, "Mary, you must not ride over the hills to-day." This he considered equivalent to telling her that she must not ride at all, as her home was surrounded with hills, and she could not avoid them if she followed any road. But as soon as he was out of the way she got a horse, left home, and was gone nearly all day. In the evening he said, "Mary, did I not tell you that you must not ride to-day?" She replied, "No! you told me I must not ride over the hills, and I did not; but I rode through all the hollows I could find." The only way in which she could achieve this, was by following a little rivulet which passed near the house.

Another singular fact should here be mentioned. During that same period in the history of her case, immediately after falling asleep, she would, in an audible voice, narrate the events of the day in which she had been an actor, sometimes laughing heartily at some joke she had played off. She would then lay out her plans for the next day. After this she would become silent. The next day, unless thwarted, she would attempt to do all she had proposed, and in the order she had marked out.

(To be concluded.)

REVIEWS

STRANGE HOUSES OF SLEEP. By Arthur E. Waite. Published by Philip Wellby. Price 12s. 6d.

SURELY this remarkable volume must mark an epoch in the annals of that most spiritual of arts—poetry—for rarely, it seems to me, has any poet sung so beautifully and mystically as has Mr. A. E. Waite in this most singular volume, just lately published. Perhaps, in orderly sequence, I should do well to begin by expressing admiration for its outside dress, certainly a credit to any publisher, and pleasant indeed to the buyer, to whose eye and touch it will be a continual pleasure.

The poem lifts the reader on a high level, dealing as it does with humanity and its concerns, certainly not those of every day, and one is conscious of breathing a rare atmosphere that is refreshing indeed, but new and perhaps confusing to one's commoner lungs. Many poets have sounded the gamut of man's experience with his own kind and with nature; but never before, it seems to me, has a poet sung in sweeter or more powerful measures of the immortal theme, which I gather is the gold basis of the poem in its totality.

Is it not that he transforms into verse those far distant echoes from that Paradise, whence man came to dwell each one in his own Strange House of Sleep in this City of Dreams that men call Life? And therefore, in these "houses," is it not that men dream the bitter but transient sorrows of life, and of its blissful but fleeting joys?

The author tells us this, and he seems to me to point out in stanzas of rare beauty these hopes and fears of men, when in the interims of their sleep, memories of the home in Paradise fleet as dreams through that Veil of Isis shrouding us all, as we lie each in our own "House." It is this dream-life in "strange houses," that the mystic seeks to overcome; not by any self exaltation, affirmation or denial, but by the illumination of that inborn quintessence of which the poet speaks.

Thus the poem is analogous to the soul's progress from sleep and death to wakefulness and life—in sacramental union with his immortal spirit.

With all diffidence as to the author's *own* meaning, Part I

I think *may* refer to the awakening of the soul, to the knowledge that *she is* in the dream state.

Part II may be the intellectual ritualism of the higher quest, leading to the mystery of that sacred *monstrance*, called the Holy Graal, as a sign of future and greater favour.

Part III perhaps refers to the search, in and by the Sacramental order alone, or Order of Dedication and sacred Promise; also phenomenally experienced in the sorrows and trials of life in mundane affairs, seeing that liturgical rites *qua* symbols and emblems, need full interpretation, otherwise they can be null and void—Nature itself being only fully interpreted by that student who has learned to read the true *Signatura Rerum*.

The author adds notes by way of chorus; elucidating *asides* as it were to the reader, and at p. 210—"It is in the suspension of earthly things that the first secret consists"—meaning, perhaps, that the change starts in man's mental point of view, thereby entailing a *new outlook* differing from that of the ordinary man, thus revealing a new order of thought, the *first secret of the new life*.

Then comes Part IV, and in this "the Book of the King's Dole," the poet-theosopher tells, in p. 255, in most inspiring verse, that great truth that—"God made man after the fashion of the Cosmic plan."

I have only to mention by name a few singularly beautiful scattered poems, for in this short criticism it is impossible, neither do I feel competent, not being a poet myself, to do them justice in a literary sense, and I refer especially to "Flight" (p. 7), "At the end of Things" (p. 28), "A Ladder of Life" (p. 54), "In any Garden" (p. 74), "Distractions" (p. 49).

I am unable also to do any justice to the latter portions of the book, and to attempt to enter in the deeper meaning of the fine drama "The Holy Graal," "The Poor Brothers Mass Book," "The Book of the King's Dole."

As a matter of literary interest it possibly alludes to those high symbolic ceremonies, of the Order of the R.C.—which are typical both indirectly and directly of the mystical death and mystical resurrection from the dead, of that candidate who desires, seeks for, and obtains the knowledge of divine things.

THE VROUW GROBELAAR'S LEADING CASES, by Percival Gibbon (Wm. Blackwood & Sons), is a collection of stories with appropriate morals told by the Vrouw herself, for the benefit of her

niece Katje and the young schoolmaster who reproduces them, and who appears in the last as Katje's suitor. The author describes the Vrouw as an old lady who commands respect.

"Her face is a portentous mask of solemnity and her figure is spacious beyond the average of Dutch ladies—the good Vrouw does not read or write, and having never found a need in herself for these arts is the least thing impatient of those who practise them—the Vrouw Grobelaar believed most entirely in Kaffir magic, in witchcraft and second sight, in ghosts and infernal possession, in destiny, and in a very personal arch-fiend, who presided over a material hell when not abroad in the world on the warpath," with the consequence that some of the stories rather conduced to nightmare for her more susceptible hearers. However, they make good reading for the less nervous, and most of those dealing with magic ring very plausibly. If, as some Anglo-Indians believe (and have been courageous enough to confess their belief), a Fakir's curse is a thing to dread, the story "The Avenger of Blood" falls into its place as an African parallel, relating the result of a curse put on a Boer by an old negro when the former accidentally killed a little black child. In another story, "The Sacrifice," a Boer predikant, whose beautiful wife is on the point of death, resorts to black magic to save her, and keeps her alive until she induces him to pray with her, when she dies immediately; the moral of this story, as the Vrouw explains to her hearers, is that idle men, such as predikants and schoolmasters, should not choose wives who are too pretty. But perhaps the best is "The Peruvian," in which a certain pedlar of Eastern origin pretends to hold a séance with the two brothers of a Byer girl who had disappeared and goes through his impostures with an unexpected and terrifying success—for by accident he had created the right atmosphere and so evoked the dead girl's spirit. The trick the Vrouw incidentally mentions of "insisting on yourself" by "calling your name again and again till after a while it is something else which is calling, something of you but not in you to which your soul answers at last; and if you go on till the will to call is no longer yours the soul goes forth in response in it, and you are dead" was, it has been stated, a device of the late Lord Tennyson's to find a new plane of consciousness.

The Vrouw's solemn periods and the disrespectful comments of Katje combine to make a piquant seasoning for a collection of very readable stories.

HYPNOTISM, OR SUGGESTION AND PSYCHOTHERAPY: A Study of the Psychological, Psycho-physiological, and Therapeutic Aspects of Hypnotism. By Dr. August Forel, formerly Professor of Psychiatry and Director of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, Zürich. Translated from the Fifth German Edition by H. W. Armit, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. London: Rebman Ltd., 129, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C. New York: Rebman Co., 1,123, Broadway. 7s. 6d. net.

DR. FOREL has long been known as one of the most energetic and able exponents of hypnotic practice, and the English translation of *Der Hypnotismus* will be welcomed by all students of the subject in England and America. It treats of hypnotism chiefly as a therapeutic agent, as its title indicates; but there is also much interesting matter of more theoretical and speculative character—as to the physiological correlatives of such psychological states as hypnosis and normal sleep—which, coming from a recognized authority whose long experience qualifies him to theorize, cannot fail to be valuable to all inquirers. The chief interest of the volume is, however, in its personally observed medical cases, and in the remarkable success which has attended the use of hypnotism in its application thereto. Illustrations are given of successful treatment of alcoholism, hysteria, hypochondriasis, sleeplessness, neurasthenia, stammering, cardiac and other neuroses, phobias, and functional disorders of digestive and other types; and the opinion is offered that even certain forms of insanity may be improved, or even cured, by hypnotic methods. Considering Dr. Forel's exceptional opportunities, however, it would seem that his experience in the treatment of the insane does not enable him to share the optimistic views of the late Dr. Auguste Voisin concerning these terrible cases. The latter was very successful in inducing sleep even in violent maniacs; but his methods were certainly exhausting, and to many hypnotists hardly possible of adoption.

Dr. Forel's conclusions as to the percentage of hypnotizable subjects among the sane are in substantial agreement with the conclusions of Bernheim, Wetterstrand, Tuckey, Liébeault, Bramwell, and other leading investigators. He finds that about 90 per cent. are hypnotizable, and that probably *all* sane people, without exception, are suggestible to a greater or less extent. These conclusions, which are now accepted by all competent hypnotizers of wide experience, are of course fatal to the Charcot theory of hypnotism, which for some time held the field. No

one now holds the opinion that hypnotizability is a sign of hysteria, or even of weakness of will; if such were the case, it would at least be necessary to stigmatize all mankind as hysterical or aboulie! It is noticeable that in the various references to other workers in this field, the English investigators seem to be rather neglected. Braid, of course, could not fail to be mentioned in any work on hypnotism, and the results and opinions of Dr. Lloyd Tuckey are alluded to in one or two instances; but the valuable, and indeed classical, experiments of Dr. Milne Bramwell are unfortunately not mentioned. Dr. Bramwell's experiments in *suggestion à échéance*, not less than his results in the therapeutic application of hypnotic methods, are of the very highest value; and it is rather surprising to find his name only barely mentioned in the present volume.

The opinions of Dr. Forel concerning telepathy are adverse, and towards spiritualism—as might be expected—quite unqualifiedly hostile. Mediums are “usually hysterical,” and the controlling spirits are secondary personalities which can be banished by appropriate hypnotic suggestion. No doubt many alleged spirit-controls—perhaps most—are very far indeed from being “what they seem,” and are in fact merely split fragments of consciousness; but in deciding what they are, the evidence for supernormality ought at least to be taken into account. We may label Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Thompson as hysterics if we like, but that does not explain their phenomena, while spirit-agency or telepathy *does*. Further, these sensitives exhibit none of the other usual symptoms of hysteria—restriction of visual field, anaesthetic zones, and so forth—and thus there is no evidence for the hypothesis of hysteria except the phenomena which it is invoked to explain. This vicious *petitio principii* is a rather common phenomenon in the works of scientists who come across facts which do not fit nicely into their scheme of the universe. But we are all more or less conservative, and new ideas are very disturbing; we are all labouring—to use a favourite though barbarous hypnotic term—under an auto-suggestion that the world is built on a certain plan; and new suggestions from outside are vigorously repelled by those which are “holding the fort.” Except on some such hypothesis, it seems difficult to understand how anyone fully acquainted with all the evidence can definitely disbelieve in telepathy. The strong remarks of Dr. Moll (*Der Hypnotismus*, and English translation *Hypnotism*) may perhaps be due to imperfect knowledge of the evidence; but Drs. Bramwell and Forel—who disbelieve similarly, though

less dogmatically than Dr. Moll—cannot be suspected of ignorance, and must therefore be credited with extreme caution, or strong “anti-telepathic auto-suggestion.” By the way, this latter barbarism might easily have been avoided in the translation of the book under consideration, by the use of the compound “*self*-suggestion.” Also, “hypo-consciousness” might usefully have been replaced by “sub-consciousness,” in order to bring the terminology more in line with existing usage.

But in spite of minor defects, and of opinions with which we may not agree, we can say emphatically that the book is a valuable addition to the literature of the subject, and that we hope its circulation will be as wide as it deserves. Its influence will be particularly potent for good in the medical profession, and will be all the greater for its rejection of some of the opinions associated with psychical research; for medical men as a class are conservative, and sceptical of the “new psychology.” And anything that will draw their attention to, and induce them to learn something about, the powerful therapeutic agent which is still mostly ignored by the faculty, must be commended as an indirect help towards mitigating physical and psychical suffering in the community at large.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE subject of "Heresy," treated of by Mr. G. R. S. Mead in the *Theosophical Review*, is of interest to all occultists, for are we not all considered as heretics (literally, opinionated ones) by those who are content to take their opinions ready made? Mr. Mead says :

Paul was a heretic, Jesus was a heretic, Socrates was a heretic, the Buddha was a heretic. Indeed we might continue the list with many of the greatest names in history, and certainly with the names of all the founders of the greatest religions and philosophies and sciences. It is an amazing spectacle to see how every effort to make men think and to render them more self-conscious has been resisted with outcry, contumely, and bitterness. And yet the resistance to the new impulse is invariably begotten of devotion to the old, which in its day was new, for the heresy of to-day becomes the orthodoxy of to-morrow. . . .

What is the reason of this great bitterness? May it not be that those who have been so closely associated in religious things, who have so intensely and blindly believed that theirs was the only way, theirs the one means of salvation for men, who are convinced that there should be one Church, and that their own, are enraged beyond measure at the shattering of their hopes by the dissent of their brethren, and believe that it is their late comrades who are solely responsible, instead of recognizing that they have throughout been living in a fool's paradise, and that their late associates deserve their deepest thanks for bringing them to their senses?

We might apply to the occultist what Mr. Mead says of the Theosophist, that for him "there is only joy in the belief that every questioning of opinion can end eventually only in the clearer shining forth of the Sun of Truth." To him, "orthodoxy is to rejoice in heresy," while "heresy is to substitute any of the orthodoxies of the world for the Living Truth."

Broad Views has several articles bearing on occultism, including an appreciative, almost laudatory, review by "A Clairvoyant Critic" of "The Story of Ahrinziman," an article by Mrs. Sinnett on "The Scope and Limitations of Astrology," and a comparison of astronomical and occult pronouncements as to the habitability of the planet Mars. It is stated that—

Occult research has shown us with an amplitude of detail that need not be developed here, that some portions of our human family, recruited under peculiar conditions appropriate to the emergency, are still in the occupation of Mars, fully competent as regards their intellectual development to deal with engineering problems, but scarcely competent, so far

as their numbers are known to us, to deal with public works on the scale of those required to maintain the fertility of the regions on Mars whose darkened shade as the summer advances indicates the presence at all events of a vegetable kingdom. It is now practically beyond dispute that these much talked-of canals do actually exist, and that, either at some period of the past, or now as well, the one planet of the system which physical conditions enable us to observe with precision has been, or is, undeniably the abode of life associated with intelligence resembling our own.

Speaking of astrology reminds us that we have two publications on our table which deal with this subject. The *Astrologer's Annual* (the Christmas number of *Modern Astrology*) has a number of complete articles of interest to the student, such as delineations of King Edward's horoscope and those of the Sisters Dare, an article by Bessie Leo on "Composite Horoscopes," one on "The Charm of Gems," and some prize stories and essays.

The Forecast, "Sepharial's" Journal of Scientific Prediction, for Winter, 1906, gives studies of the fortunes of Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and some gloomy portents for January and February, based on the opposition of the Sun and Uranus to Neptune. "Sepharial" thinks that this will produce

a condition of extreme tension in the political world, with complications in British dependencies and colonies. A ferment of unrest and dissatisfaction is at work in India and South Africa, and seditious actions are not improbable. In February there will be earthquakes of a ruinous nature and violent storms; some repetition of effects similar in nature and scale of magnitude to the disaster which overtook San Francisco in August last.

Surely the Astrologer means the one in Chili, but that is a detail. Inclement weather and cyclonic storms are also predicted for January.

The Seeker, edited by the Rev. Geo. Allen, St. James's Vicarage, Bradford, contains in its last quarterly issue an article by the editor on "The Mystic Standpoint," in which the symbolic presentation of truth is compared to the notations used in music, mathematics, and writing. These notations do not serve to veil the meaning, except from those ignorant of their purport.

What, then, is the language whose notations we have to learn to interpret? It is the language of God, the speech of the kingdom of Heaven. All things around us speak this language; but they speak also another—that of our ordinary apprehensions and ideas; and hearing and understanding this, we seem as cut off from hearing and understanding the higher. . . How is it that we, who believe ourselves to be the child-

ren of God, have lost the ability to hear our Father's "word?" Science will not believe that we have lost it. Yet that this is the fact every mystic must admit; because the fact that the knowledge has once been possessed is the assurance that the knowledge may be regained. If we have never had it, who knows whether there be any such thing at all? The idea may be but the empty fancy of a speculative imagination. But if it has been lost, then we are sure that the knowledge is there somewhere, hidden from us by something, and all we have to do to recover it is to learn to recognize it. For it is the Mystic's hypothesis that it is, after all, not far from us even here and now. It is about our path and about our bed; in our mouth and in our heart; hidden, not by distance, but by a changed and lowered cognizing faculty.

The way to recover the dead faculties is to be spiritually reborn; then "they at once become *our* faculties, the ones we trust and use," and we seem to be "in a new world, with new objects, new longings, new ideas of what is good and desirable."

In the *Metaphysical Magazine* Dr. Alexander Wilder writes on "The Chambers of Imagery," describing visualization and suggestion, giving ancient and modern ideas on the subject, and saying:

The human mind is no mere product or flowering of the corporeal nature, begotten with it and dying with it, but is a living intelligence with functions and energies of its own. Time itself is a projection of the eternal, and this intuitional, thinking entity belongs to that realm of being. There are living essences of various discrete degrees constantly in rapport with the minds of those who are living in the confines of time and space. From this intimate association and contact they apprehend the thought and governing purpose, and are able to further these, or to arrest them, or to divert them into other channels. This may be done so imperceptibly as to impel the individual to imagine it to be all of his own accord. Indeed consciousness may be altogether, and certainly is often, the result of disturbance of the mental element, an actual abnormality. We may see visions, perceive voices, and have impressions which are from the world beyond, and seem to be supernatural.

The Word also contains an article by Dr. Wilder, "In Respect to Real Knowledge," being an exposition of Plato's *Theaetetus*. As in several of Plato's dialogues, no apparent conclusion is reached; "neither perception through the medium of the senses, nor ever true judgment, nor rational thought reinforced by true judgment, can be real knowing." But Plato, as an Initiate, left things to be inferred which he could not state directly; true knowledge, we may judge, is super-sensuous perception. In the fifth book of *The Republic* he is more explicit: "Those who see the Absolute and Eternal and Immutable may be said to *Know*."

PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS AND ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS

BY THE "OCCULT REVIEW" PSYCHOMETRIST

DELINEATION (WALLFLOWER).

Question 1 : Is there any chance of my winning or acquiring money and marrying within the next two or three years ?

Answer : I do not sense you winning money, but find you earn it, and during the next few years you seem to do well. I do not sense marriage during the next three years.

Question 2 : Shall I pass an exam. next April ?

Answer : I believe you will pass, but you could pass better if you were to work harder than you are doing now.

DELINEATION (HIBISCUS).

Question 1 : Will my marriage with the woman I love ever be possible?

Answer : Yes, though at present the difficulties are terrible and I feel much anxiety ; but you are nearer the attainment of your desire than you have ever been, and I sense success and happiness for you in the future. You should try to overcome your depression.

Question 2 : May I look for success in my present work and surroundings ?

Answer : I sense success in your work, but there will be a change in your surroundings before long, and influences and conditions are much more congenial after this change.

DELINEATION (J. ROMANO).

Question 1 : Is my present position likely to improve in the near future?

Answer : You are at present very undecided as to the best thing to do, and this uncertainty applies not only to your business affairs, but also to personal matters. With regard to personal matters : as they seem to depend on the movements of others, I do not feel there will be any change for some time, but the business position improves very much during the next six months and I advise you to remain where you are until then.

Question 2 : Am I likely to remain where I am now living ?

Answer : I do not sense any change of residence for you at present, so conclude you remain.

DELINEATION (DIANA No. 1).

Question 1 : Can you tell me if I shall ever marry ?

Answer : Yes, I think you marry in 1909, as I sense a very happy home life for you about that time.

Question 2 : Do you see any change in the near future in the life I have been leading ?

Answer : I do not sense any change in the immediate future ; I think your life will go on as now for the next two years, but about that time your life changes and I consider it becomes much blighted.

DELINEATION (DIANA No. 2).

Question 1 : Do you sense marriage for me, and have I met the marriage influence ?

Answer : I sense marriage very strongly in your present conditions, so conclude you have met the man and will marry him very soon.

Question 2 : Will a financial question be settled satisfactorily from my point of view ?

Answer : I sense a settlement which will be quite satisfactory, but the delay will irritate you very much, though you get what you want in the end.

DELINEATION (R. J. H. G.).

Question 1 : Have I met the girl I shall marry ?

Answer : Yes, I sense the woman you marry in your present conditions, and I think you have known her some months.

Question : Is my near future favourable to marriage ?

Answer 2 : I do not think you will marry until the end of next year, but I sense marriage in your condition at about that time, and your future seems successful and happy.

DELINEATION (SHAGHOPS).

Question 1 : Please tell me if you sense a long life for me ?

Answer : I sense a long life and a happy one for you though the early years seem rather suppressed.

Question 2 : Is there anything else you sense concerning me ?

Answer : I sense a great change in your life during the next year caused by a new influence which comes into your conditions, this brings freedom from the present sense of oppression and your life is more congenial.

DELINEATION (SEMOY, CALCUTTA).

Question 1 : Is India and especially Calcutta suitable for me to remain in from a business and a health point of view ?

Answer : Though I do not sense a very successful condition now, there is decided success within the next year or two, and I sense no danger to your health by remaining, so consider you ought to remain for a few more years.

Question 2 : Will it be safe for me to invest money in India after I leave it myself ?

Answer : I do not sense any loss of money for you after you leave India, so conclude it will be quite safe to invest it in India even though you leave the country.

DELINEATION (SYBIL).

Question 1 : Shall I marry again soon ?

Answer : I do not sense marriage in your conditions at present, but two years from now there is a change for you, and I think this change is brought about through your marriage.

Question 2 : Shall I go abroad ?

Answer : I do not sense any foreign travel for you at present.

DELINEATION (EMILY).

Question 1 : Shall I soon be free from money troubles ?

Answer : I am afraid you will have to be careful for some time to come, as I do not find you well off until you are two or three years older.

Question 2 : Do my relations give me loyal affection ?

Answer : Yes, with two exceptions, and these two are jealous of you, but they cannot harm you.

DELINEATION (ROBE).

Question 1 : Shall I, in the spring of 1907, enter into brighter surroundings, and be financially and otherwise in better circumstances ?

Answer : I do not sense this change as early as the spring, but money comes to you at the end of the year.

Question 2 : Do you sense me ever living in my own little flat or home with enough income to maintain it ?

Answer : In 1908, I think you will be living in a home of your own.

DELINEATION (E. S., OR E. T.).

Question 1 : Can you see any sign of a fatal accident in the future to the owner of this glove ?

Answer : I cannot sense any fatal accident ; in fact, I do not sense any accident of a serious nature in your conditions.

Question 2 : And, if so, at what age is it likely to occur, and could it be averted ?

Answer : There is a slight illness two or three years hence, which I do not think you can avoid, but I do not sense any accident at all.

DELINEATION (APRIL 17).

Question 1 : I have inherited money by settlement ; shall I be successful if I endeavour to obtain other money which ought to have been paid into same settlement ?

Answer : I am afraid from what I sense in this glove, that you will not receive this money, as there seems only trouble and loss in connection with this matter for you, and I think the time has passed when the claim could have been successfully made.

Question 2 : Do you see any change in my life ?

Answer : No. I do not sense any change at present.

DELINEATION (BEE).

Question 1 : Shall I marry the man I love so much ?

Answer : This man's influence is very strongly in your life at present, but there are many difficulties which prevent your union, and I fear these will not be removed until the year 1908, but I sense marriage for you about that time with the influence now in your life.

Question 2 : Do you see any great and permanent change in my life during the next two or three years ?

Answer : I sense marriage for you during that time, but I do not find any other change.

DELINEATION (SHEILA).

Question 1 : Shall I be married (if so), under what circumstances shall we meet and where ?

Answer : Yes. I sense marriage for you, and I do not think you have met the man yet, but I really cannot attempt to tell you where, when, or how you will meet him.

Question 2 : What does the future hold for me as regards position and travelling ?

Answer : I sense a very good position financially and socially for you, but I do not think you will travel much.

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