

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

OCTOBER  
1907

EDITED BY  
RALPH SHIRLEY

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# THE OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

I THINK what will strike our descendants as most strange in the story of the growth and development of the rationalistic spirit (so-called) during the nineteenth century will be the manner in which a certain aggressive scientific coterie were able not only to blind themselves ostrich-fashion to the abundant evidence all around them of facts, the recognition of which made their own theories worthless and invalid, but also and more especially the manner in which they succeeded in forcing convictions diametrically opposed to so vast a body of evidence down the throats of the educated public, and in silencing and stifling the obvious deductions which the logical minds all around them must inevitably have been drawing from such evidence as in the ordinary course of events was spontaneously coming to hand and cropping up first here, then there, each little incident seemingly trivial in itself, but confirmatory of many others.

People in those days did not indeed write their psychic autobiographies as Miss Bates has done.\* Perhaps if they had the publishers would not have accepted them. But still the evidence was not

\* *Seen and Unseen*. By E. Katherine Bates. Greening & Co., Limited, London.

wanting. Dr. Johnson talked and listened, Sir Walter Scott had his personal experiences at Abbotsford and listened eagerly, if half-sceptically, to the records of his own and of bygone days. Lord Brougham recorded his dead friend's faithful keeping of his tryst; Wesley narrated the incidents of a lively couple of months with the poltergeists at his country parsonage. Earlier still the author of *Sceptis Scientifica* investigated and gave the world the incidents of the story of the celebrated "Drummer of Tedworth." The traditions that have found permanent home in many of the oldest families of England did not die out at the bidding of Huxley or of Spencer. Never in short in the whole history of the world were scientific theories forced upon the world in such utter defiance of an overwhelming weight of evidence as by these self-styled rationalists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

At the latter end of the nineteenth century it was not so much that the scientific world woke up to the importance of psychic phenomena as that it realized by the futility and failure of its own schemes to prove its favourite scientific theses that theories are no good unless you have the evidence at the back of them. In short, that the collection of facts and evidence is the first step, and that the deductions from facts must be accepted, even if this acceptance involves a scientific revolution.

Once this was grasped, the psychic investigator saw his chance. But it is well to bear in mind that all the interest at present shown in psychic phenomena had its rise not so much in the first place in increased interest in such phenomena *per se* as in the growing recognition by the scientific and thinking world of the importance of being evidential. Once this was admitted sincerely and not merely with the mouth only, all these great

PSYCHIC RE- VIVAL DUE TO APPRECIATION OF VALUE OF EVIDENCE.	epoch-making developments which we now see all around us followed as a matter of course. Yes, and many more must inevitably follow also, of which the scientist has scarcely yet begun to dream, but which the admission of evidence of whatever kind, on its own worth purely, is slowly but surely bringing to the fore.
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And so though the great point of Miss Bates' book is not its evidential value—we have to take many things related by her simply on her own *ipse dixit*—it is yet a sign of the times, that a lady should set herself down to write what I have called her own psychic autobiography, her own experiences, just as they struck her, simply, unassumingly, straightforwardly. She

colours them, doubtless—as what woman would not?—with the colour of her own personality, sees them from her own standpoint, attaches importance to intuitions that other would pooh pooh, listens to voices which her friends might call her fancy, sees omens which would lead the commonplace woman of the world to a retrospective criticism of her diet of the previous day, admits, in fact, in the most naïve manner over and over again that she is what superior mortals would term an extremely superstitious person, and yet in spite of all the point that leaves the strongest impress is the candour and obvious sincerity of her narrative, and the fact that to her—however psychological investigators might discriminate between objective and subjective—the occurrences had an abundant reality.

There is surely room for books of this kind—provided the writers are intellectually honest, as Miss Bates undoubtedly is—that narrate the experiences of a psychic student, who frankly pursues phenomena, but yet does not pursue them for the sake of getting evidence to prove a thesis or a theory of the universe, and who does not pursue them either for the sake of disproving them by confronting phenomena with an anti-pathetic personality in whose presence they cannot occur, a form of disproof that in recent years has done much duty in certain quarters.

In any case it may safely be affirmed that for one person who will wade through tomes of strict, scientific evidence a hundred will read with interest and talk about the ghost story of Captain Richard Carbury, and the many other interesting psychic episodes and experiences of which the

book is full. Though this story of Richard Carbury is the only record in the book which is not in the nature of a personal experience of the writer, it has yet such authenticity as attaches to the fact that it was written down within twelve hours of its occurrence by the matron of the boys' school, who was a witness of the incident, and I propose, therefore, to recapitulate it for the benefit of my readers.

The story is recorded in a letter written by the matron to a favourite cousin, and is dated from "the Priory, Grantwich," the scene of the occurrence. The Priory, once the seat of the Carbury family, was, at the time of writing (1875), let out in lodgings, and the ghost seer, Miss Porter, was one of the lodgers, taking the baths of the place for the benefit of her rheumatism. The grand staircase in the Priory ran up from the inner hall, and round the staircase

ran a gallery.<sup>1</sup> Old family portraits hung round the hall and the gallery. At the top of the staircase hung a portrait which had particularly attracted Miss Porter's attention, a life-sized painting of Captain Richard Carbury, who landed on September 19, 1738, in the colony of Georgia with General Oglethorpe's regiment. Opposite this on the other side of the gallery was the portrait of a lady with black resolute brows and full voluptuous mouth and chin. Passing from the gallery was a long passage, at the entrance of which were two doors to the right and left, the former Miss Porter's sitting-room, and the latter her bedroom, a large low room looking into the garden. On entering this room the bed stood to the right and the fireplace to the left. Besides the entrance door the room had two other doors, one of these, apparently \* situated on the same side of the room as the bed, was partly of glass, the glass being rendered opaque by the use of some red substance. The lady must tell the rest of the story in her own words, taken from her letter to her cousin :—

"I must ask you (she writes) to remember that yesterday was the thirteenth of April. I went to bed about eleven o'clock, and soon fell asleep. I could not, however, have slept long before I woke with an unusual feeling that something strange was going to happen.

"I awoke, not as one does in the morning, with a drowsy resolve not to go to sleep again because it is time to get up, but as one awakes when a journey or some similar event is imminent. I was rather wondering at and enjoying the unusual clearness and energy of thought of which I felt capable, when the clock in the hall began striking, and, almost at the same moment, the clock of the old church of St. Andrew began striking also.

"I knew that both were striking twelve, though I did not count the blows, but just as the last stroke of the church clock died away, another sound caught my ear.

"The door by the fireplace gave a loud crack and then opened, as if with some difficulty.

"The *red door* at the same time rattled, as if some one were trying vainly to open it. The room had previously been dark, but I now plainly saw a tall figure come through the doorway and stand near the foot of the bed. There was a dull, yellowish light round the figure, which illumined it, leaving the rest of the room in darkness; but this yellow light, I perceived, became red at one point of the figure's left side, and shone down on the floor with a red glow, like that which came through the opposite door.

"The apparition stood quite silent whilst I looked at it. *The features and figure were familiar to me*, for they were those of Captain Richard

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\* By "apparently" I mean that this appears to be the writer's meaning, though her wording does not make the matter quite clear.—ED.



Carbury, in the portrait, who had gone out to Georgia with the regiment of His Excellency, General Oglethorpe!

"As soon as I was sure of this, I said: 'You are Captain Richard Carbury?'

"The apparition nodded.

"'Why do you come to me?' I said. 'Cannot you speak?'

"He seemed to have some difficulty in doing so, but after two or three efforts, such as one makes to move a rusty hinge, he parted his lips, and said: 'Yes! I am Richard Carbury, and I am come to make you a witness.'

"'Listen to me,' he said. 'You are not frightened of me?'

"'No,' I replied; nor did I feel the slightest awe or fear. I felt stimulated, a kind of electricity ran through my veins—I longed earnestly to learn something of the mysterious realm from which he came, but I had no vulgar or superstitious fear.

"'Nor need you have any dread,' he returned. 'I have no wish nor power to hurt you, but you must listen to my story. Once in fifty years I am allowed to leave my grave and revisit the scene of my tragical death, and this must always be on the 14th of April, which is the anniversary of the event. I am also permitted to recount my story if I find any one sleeping in this room who is willing to listen to me. Are you willing?'

"I replied that I should gladly hear what he had to tell, but would he allow me to ask him one question?

"He inclined his head in assent, and I said I had always thought that the spirits of the dead, if they were allowed to appear on earth, came with shadowy and skeleton forms. Why did he appear with flesh like a living man?

"'Ah!' he said, 'that is owing to the peculiarity of my grave. I am buried in salt.'

"'Have you anything more to ask?' said my visitor.

"'Nothing more at present,' I replied. 'I am ready now to hear your story.'

"'I will make it as short as possible and not detain you long. You have noticed my portrait in the gallery?'

"'Yes.'

"'And that of the lady opposite, my cousin, Lucretia Carbury?'

"'Certainly.' (Here the red door was violently shaken.)

"'She cannot open it,' said Captain Carbury, 'it is sealed.'

"'When I went out to Georgia,' he resumed, 'in 1738 I was engaged to be married to her; we had been betrothed by our parents in our childhood, and family reasons made it almost a necessity that we should be united, but as we grew up neither of us was very anxious to fulfil the engagement, and, to tell the truth, I was glad of the summons to join my regiment. However, after three years in that distant colony, I came home, having made up my mind I would marry Lucretia and settle down on the family property—which could only be enjoyed by that means—for we were the only representatives of the family, and the property was so left by our fathers that only by marrying could we enter into possession. *Either by marrying or by the death of one of us; when the whole of the property would go to the other.* I knew that Lucretia was at the old house at Grantwich, and I came straight to her.

" 'I had written to say when she might expect me, and she received me with apparent kindness and agreed to all my propositions about our marriage. I arrived late at night, and she let me into the house herself and got food for me. We supped together, and she pledged me in a cup, which I now know was drugged to make me sleep heavily.

" 'I then retired to my room—this room, this bed, on which you now lie !

" 'What I am now going to tell you has been made clear to me since ; at the time I was conscious of nothing. As soon as I got into bed, I fell asleep, and whilst I thus slept Lucretia came through that door (pointing to the red door opposite), and stabbed me to the heart. I will show you the instrument with which she did it, if you like.'

" 'Pray do,' I said, and he unbuttoned his scarlet uniform coat and drew from his left side a slender dagger or stiletto.

" I looked at it with great interest and asked if I might take it in my hand.

" 'Certainly, if you wish it,' he said, 'but I do not advise you to touch it. It is rusty now from the salt, but I assure you it was bright and keen when she drove it into my heart. The stroke was so cleverly aimed that I died instantly. Lucretia then made a signal, which was answered by the entrance of a man, and between them they carried my body through the door by which I entered to-night.'

" He paused, and I thought he looked more ghastly. 'Is anything the matter ?' I asked.

" 'I am thinking,' he answered, 'that I can show you the rest, if you will follow me, but I must tell you that when we leave this room and enter the gallery, it is possible the murderess will follow us. Shall you be afraid ?'

" 'Not in the least,' I said, 'I will follow you with pleasure, but you must allow me to put something on, as I am suffering from rheumatism, and am afraid of the cold and damp.'

" 'By all means,' said Captain Carbury. 'I will wait for you in the gallery.'

" I then got up and put on my dressing-gown and slippers. Whilst I was doing so, I heard a rustling in the passage as of a woman passing slowly along. I found Captain Carbury, and followed him along the gallery without looking round, but when we reached the end of the gallery and turned to go down the first flight of stairs, I saw the lady with the black brows—whom I now knew to be Lucretia Carbury, the murderess—standing in the doorway, between the gallery and the passage.

" 'I do not think she can come any farther,' said my guide, and he opened the door leading from the staircase into the garden.

" 'I am showing you just where they brought me,' said he.

" 'Who was the man ?' I asked.

" 'I never knew his name, but she married him afterwards.'

" He then moved across the lawn to a bare spot under a plane-tree. Here he stopped, and, pointing downwards, showed me on the bare ground an exact outline of the dagger which he had drawn from his side.

" 'Here they dug my grave and here they buried me ; a salt spring washes over me.'

" At this moment the great clock of St. Andrew struck ONE.

" 'All that you have told me is very sad and strange,' I said, 'but



now, will you allow me to ask you why you have appeared to me? Is there any restitution to be made, or justice to be administered?

"I had been speaking with my eyes fixed on the ground, but now, happening to raise them, I was surprised to see that my companion appeared to be sinking into the ground.

"'My time is up,' he said. '*Remember!*'—and, as his head disappeared, his words came in a hollow, sepulchral voice from beneath *that spot of black earth*—'remember you are my witness!'

"I was left standing alone under the plane-tree, with the thought, that in returning to my room, I might probably meet the restless spirit of Lucretia Carbury.

"Nothing of the kind, however, occurred. I passed through the doors that had opened at the touch of Captain Carbury, and I noticed that they closed behind me without any effort on my part. I regained my bed, and almost immediately fell asleep."

What does it feel like to die? This question has been answered through many different channels, and the answers have not unnaturally presented no small diversity. An article entitled

DEATH AS A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE. "Death as a Psychic Experience" in this Review by Mrs. K. Cook, adduced many death-bed experiences and threw, I think, no little light on the subject. Another lady writer for this

magazine told me only the other day how she had gone through the whole death-bed experiences of an intimate friend at the very time that he (unconsciously to her) was breathing his last. Miss Bates tells of a similar experience of her own. She went in January, 1901, to spend some weeks at an "open-air cure" in Devonshire. Here she was put into a room where quite a short time before a young clergyman had passed away. The illness developed at the last with great rapidity, and danger did not appear to have been anticipated till near the end. Knowing her psychic temperament the matron made an attempt to deceive Miss Bates as to the identity of the room in question, and she had no reason to associate it with unpleasant conditions. In spite of this its atmosphere affected her most unfavourably, and on the last night of her sleeping there she records the following experience:—

"My nurse friend was in the habit of giving me massage twice a day, before getting up in the morning and the last thing at night. She left me on this occasion at 10.30 p.m., expressing a hope that I should have a good night before my long journey next day.

"'Not much doubt of that,' I murmured. "'Why, I'm half asleep already!'" And I turned round and soon fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

"Several hours must have passed, when I woke up, trembling and

terror-struck. . . . My heart was beating, my limbs trembling and beads of perspiration covered my face.

"No wonder! I had been through an experience from which few, I imagine, return to tell the tale. For I had passed through every detail of dying, and dying a very hard and difficult death.

"Body and soul were being literally *torn apart* in spite of the desperate effort to cling together, and my spirit seemed to be launched into unknown depths of darkness and possible horror. It was the feeling that *I did not know where I was going nor what awaited me* that seemed so terrible—this and the horrible fight for mastery between my poor body and soul and some unknown force that was inexorably set upon dividing them."

It stands to reason, I think, that the stronger your vitality is at the time, the nearer you are physically to conditions of health and strength, the greater must be the wrench caused by death. In *Colloquies with an Unseen Friend* (published by Philip Wellby), one of those automatically written books of which so many are now on the market, and the real value of which it is so difficult to estimate, the communicator (or assumed communicator), Fidelio, gives his views of death as an experience.

To those who know (he writes) Death is only a disagreeable emotion like a visit to the dentist, the physical change, however, is like a sudden shock and of course varies in intensity with each individual. When you come to die, mind you try to *second this evolution* taking place in your body. It means a *good deal*, and will prevent annoyance. There is natural resistance to suffer pain, like the objection of the body in the dentist's chair. You can do a great deal to avoid discomfort, and get into the next world awake and not in a stupor, for the awakening process is as unpleasant as recovery from a faint is here. You should try and do as the flies and other creatures teach you. *They all die of cold*, absence of vitality. Watch, I think you will understand.

The soul gives itself up; it doesn't struggle, it lets itself go as if you were floating in the sea, and the tide of the great breath draws you back into the astral, calmly, pleasantly, with a little vagueness.

One is reminded of Tennyson's prayer:

"May there be no moaning at the bar  
When I go out to sea!"

a prayer—like so many other prayers for a particular kind of death—literally fulfilled in his case.

# MODERN MYSTICS

ANNA BONUS KINGSFORD  
AND EDWARD MAITLAND

By SCRUTATOR

ONE of the most romantic alliances ever formed between persons devoted to mysticism was that which involved the two striking personalities of the late Anna Bonus Kingsford (M.D. Paris) and Edward Maitland (B.A. Cantab.) whose joint contributions to the volume of the modern Gospel of Interpretation have set them foremost among the Christian exponents of *Divine Wisdom*, and constituted them pioneers of what has aptly been called the New Dispensation.

Theirs was not a new Gospel, for there was nothing new to be revealed, it was simply what it claimed to be—a Gospel of New *Interpretation*, and as affording fresh light on old truths there are perhaps no better works to be found in the whole range of mystical literature than those which owe their genesis to the allied efforts of these two souls. Their story is told with considerable candour in *The Story of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland and of the New Gospel of Interpretation*, by Edward Maitland, a third and enlarged edition of which book, edited by Mr. S. H. Hart, has been recently produced by the Ruskin Press at Birmingham.

The Maitland and Kingsford families were related by marriage, and on these grounds, perhaps, Anna Kingsford was led to take more than usual notice of the review of a work by Mr. Maitland, which appeared in *The Examiner* some time in 1873. As a result of correspondence between them, Mr. Maitland met Anna Kingsford “for a short time, and during a single afternoon,” and soon afterwards responded to an invitation to spend some little time at her husband's rectory at Pontesbury, and it was in February of the following year this important visit took place, and these two interesting people were able to commune together regarding the problems which were uppermost in their minds.

Born at Stratford in Essex on September 16, 1846, Anna Bonus early became conscious of a mission. As a child she claimed kindred with the Fairies, and told of how they had dissuaded her from being born into this world on account of the suffering which she would have to undergo there. To her fairy

friends she indited "tiny notes" and placed them in the petals of flowers where they could be found, and in return her ethereal friends would visit her in her sleep and assure her of their continual affection and warn her of the need for courage and patience.

As a school-girl she showed much brilliance of intellect, and withal a refractory and independent mind, especially on religious subjects, not altogether pleasing to her teachers, who found her a continual source of embarrassment. She is reported to have been born a seeress, and early gave proofs of her ability to discern the character and fortunes of those with whom she was brought into contact, but of this gift "she soon learnt to repress the manifestation" on account of the treatment, due to misunderstanding, that she received from her elders in consequence of it. In drawing, singing, or music she was assured of success by her teachers, but no encouragement at home was given to her along any of these lines, lest they should tempt her to a profession. Her literary powers, however, found a loophole in *The Churchman's Companion*, to which in 1859, when only thirteen years of age, she contributed a story of the early Christians, which, on account of its merits, was seized upon by the publisher and produced in volume form. Later we find her attached to a cousin, Algernon G. Kingsford, then in the Civil Service, and shortly afterwards married to him, an event which took place on December 31, 1867; and when soon afterwards her husband determined to read for Holy Orders, he found in his young wife an admirable student and companion. And through all these years, from the days of the fairy friends up to the time when she thus became immersed in the study of Anglican theology, she bore with her a consciousness of a mission, half defined, half guessed at, and the sense of having some great work of rescue to perform, some work of expiation to complete.

The purchase of a lady's journal through which to disseminate her views on the economic relations of the sexes, appears to have been the next step in her career, and in connection with the enfranchisement of women she proved herself a capable and far-seeing exponent, both as writer and lecturer. Masculinity in women she considered degrading to the sex, and it was certainly against the spirit of her teaching. She sought to enfranchise womanhood by ennobling it, and to this end all her powers and much of her time and money were devoted during the two years she conducted her journal. It was she herself who at last killed the journal by her merciless editing of the advertisement pages, and her refusal to entertain any exposition of wares which did

not meet with her approval. It is worthy of notice that it was in her magazine that she first struck the note which proved the initiation of the holy warfare since waged against the horrors of the physiological laboratory, a warfare in which she bore a foremost part, and which led to the development of the malady of which, in 1888, she died.

Then came her conversion to Roman Catholicism, which was something in the nature of a revolt against the cold harsh, unlovely and dogmatic Protestantism on which she had been reared; and partly, perhaps principally, in obedience to sundry nocturnal visitations she experienced. These visitations purported to be of an angelic nature, and the visitants enjoined her to prepare for her mission by joining the Roman communion. Knowing well what sort of reception would be given by a minister of her own Church to her statement of these experiences, she resolved to see how the same confession would be received by a priest of the Roman communion, and was gratified to find that she was listened to with respectful consideration and sympathy, such visitations being regarded by him as coming within the Divine Order and a sign of spiritual favour and grace. In consequence of these experiences she joined the Roman Church and was baptised on September 14, 1870, being subsequently on June 9th, 1872, confirmed by Cardinal Manning. Later she studied medicine and took her degree at Paris with remarkable facility. She believed that, in some way as yet unrevealed to her, this medical knowledge would qualify her for the work she had always before her mind, her "mission."

She had scarcely commenced her study of medicine when a strange thing happened. A lady—unknown to her—who was devoted to works of charity, was impressed by the Holy Spirit after reading a story of Mrs. Kingsford's, entitled *In My Lady's Chamber*, which had appeared in her magazine and later as a volume, to carry a message which was to be delivered in person to Mrs. Kingsford. She wrote to Anna Kingsford, and after some hesitation an appointment was made. The stranger appeared, "a tall, erect, distinguished looking lady, with hair of iron-grey and strangely brilliant eyes." Her message was to the effect that Mrs. Kingsford was to remain in retirement for five years, continuing her studies and then present mode of life, and that when the five years were past, the Holy Spirit would bring her forth from her seclusion and a great work would be given her to do. This message, which in point of fact was just that for which Anna Kingsford had waited for twenty-seven years,

was at first received with momentary surprise and reserve. The peculiarity of the message and the strange manner of its delivery caused a brief hesitation. When on her departure the lady asked Anna Kingsford whether she thought her mad, in a moment she recognized that it was all genuine and true and confirmatory of her own inward feeling, desire and anticipation. This interference with the usual mode of direction and instruction



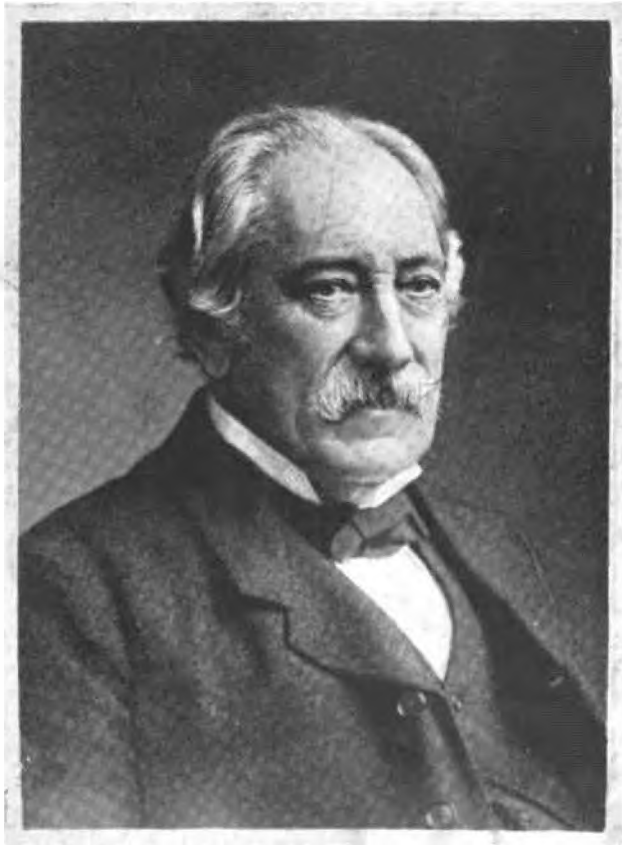
ANNA BONUS' KINGSFORD.

no doubt came as a surprise, but she had the true discerning spirit, and saw clearly that the message was genuine, the circumstance opportune but not fortuitous.

Let us turn now and trace the career of Edward Maitland up to this point in time where the orbit of his life swung in its epicycle tangent to the track of that more ponderable body whose career we have been following, and to whom, by what Swedenborg would call "the consociation of thought," he was eventually and irresistibly impelled. We have the story exactly as Mr. Maitland himself gave it to the world, a frank open statement of much preliminary



groping after the light, of deep inward questionings, and rather more of the rough and tumble of life than usually falls to the share of men of his calibre and education. Having graduated at Cambridge with the intention of taking orders, Mr. Maitland found himself face to face with that ruthless Inquisitor—his conscience. To have bound himself to a Church with whose tenets he was consciously out of accord on many points, was a



EDWARD MAITLAND.

course which, although difficult, might have been bridged by a born ecclesiastic, but could never be successfully attempted by a genuine truth-seeker. Three things deeply troubled him in the darkness to which at this time he confesses. They were himself, Nature, and God. He sought to free himself from traditional beliefs, which seemed to strangle his soul, stifling life and impeding development. You may read the story in his first novel, *The Pilgrim and the Shrine*. He wanted air and space and freedom in which to spread and try his wings. That is why he became a "placer," one of the "Forty-niners" who started out to develop

California. He went away for one year, but remained abroad for nearly ten, travelling from California to Australia and the Islands of the Pacific, and with him went that haunting consciousness of a mission unfulfilled. But it had come to him that it was not a warfare against existing creeds, factitious and unreal though they were, which would claim his alliance, but something of a constructive and evidential nature. He put aside the sword and took the trowel in hand, and with this moved with greater freedom, touching here and there, tapping to the true level, and building little by little the edifice of truth according to his lights—a home by the wayside, or maybe a shrine to the Unknown God. Not yet had come to him the vision of that City not made with hands. He thought much and wrote a good deal. He owed allegiance to none, but willingly acknowledged his indebtedness to Emerson, to Philip Bailey and Thomas Carlyle. As willingly, too, he speaks of the great and lasting influence of his women friends—"women of a type so noble that to know them was at once an education and a religion." They helped him by being what they were, not by what they knew or could do. Then came the iron rod of poverty, and a hundred unnamed troubles which but for the consciousness or belief that they were all parts of a definite design for his future welfare would have broken his heart and soul. He sustained himself with this belief, he worked diligently and possessed his soul in patience. He tells us that it was when he had learnt by experience that the very capacity for thought is enhanced by feeling no less than by thinking that the "ministry of pain" found its explanation.

At last, with the desire to express for the benefit of others so much of his thought as by prolonged cogitation had assumed a definite form in his mind, utterance came to him. He wrote *The Keys of the Creeds*, a constructive and synthetic work of considerable suggestive value, in the final draft of which he had the collaboration of Mrs. Kingsford. This book, which has long since been out of print, was published in 1875.

And here finding them in close association, and engaged in the preliminary stages of their new Gospel of Interpretation, we may profitably refer at once to the finished work, an evangel extending over many years, affecting many minds and eventually forming a basis for a definite body of thought concerning the relations of the phenomenal and spiritual worlds, and many other well-worn but badly illuminated facets of that "Jewel in the Lotus," which stands to the East as the "Sacred Heart" to the West, or the "Holy Graal" to the middle region of Romance.

Fundamental to their teaching is the idea that all illumination is from within, and that the phenomenal world cannot disclose its own secret. "Look for the sufficient meaning of the manifest universe, and of the written Word, and thou shalt find only their mystical sense." To the question whether the Bible and indeed all Scripture did not contain an inner sense or meaning, Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland replied with their book, *The Perfect Way ; or, The Finding of Christ*, a mystical work in which the Fall and the Atonement are dealt with not as local histories but as eternal verities, as parables "purely spiritual, wholly rational, and of universal application." This book, which the late Lady Caithness described as "the most complete revelation certainly that has yet been given to man on this planet," and which the late Rev. J. G. R. Ouseley declared was "the brightest and best of all revelations that has ever been given to the world," is a reprint of some nine lectures that were delivered by Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland to private audiences in the year 1881. It was not a book wrought merely out of deep thought, but its doctrine was obtained from interior and spiritual sources, and it may be said to be largely the result of Anna Kingsford's illuminations and inspirations received chiefly in sleep. Anna Kingsford's actual illuminations have since been published in a book entitled *Clothed with the Sun*, a second edition of which has only recently been issued. In all these writings persons, things and incidents give place to principles, processes and conditions of the soul.

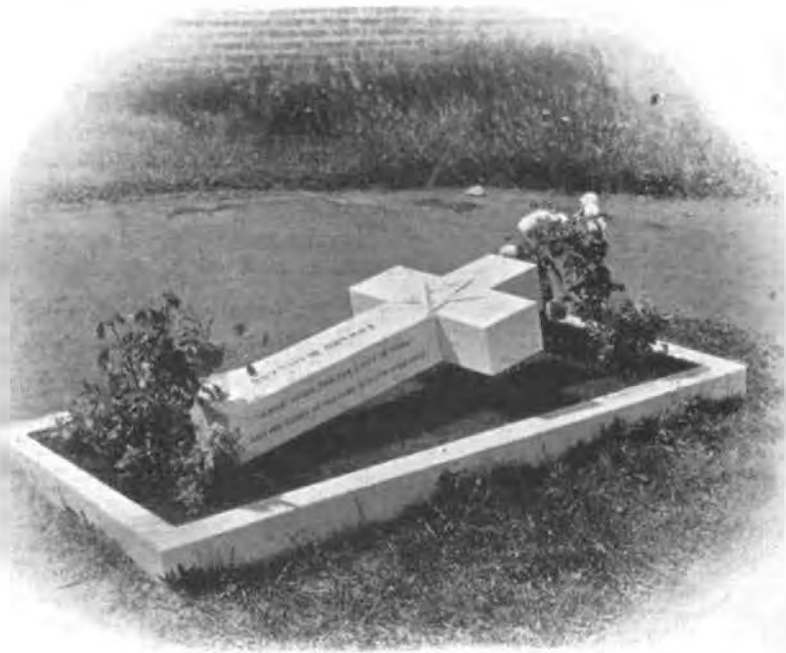
Conditions of life were imposed upon the workers in obedience to the dictates of the same inspiring Source.

One of these conditions was physical, the other was emotional. The former consisted in the renunciation of flesh-food in favour of a diet derived from the vegetable kingdom. The latter condition consisted in the kindling of our enthusiasm for the Ideal into a flame of such ardour and intensity as to make it the dominant passion of our lives, and one in which all others would be swallowed up. It was to be an enthusiasm at once for Humanity, for Perfection, for God.

To these conditions Mr. Maitland gave his consent partly, as he informs us, on hygienic, moral and aesthetic grounds, and partly with a view to enhance and consolidate the sympathy subsisting between them. The flame rose and the light spread abroad, and from the fire of their enthusiasm there shot up a tongue which licked the live limbs of that scientific monster—Vivisection. "The beauty of the Ideal drew me," says Mr. Maitland, "while the hideousness of the actual impelled me,—upwards." And in another passage he says :

We recognised vivisection itself as but the extension to the domain of science, of the very principle by which we had been inexpressibly revolted in the domain of religion ; the principle of seeking one's own salvation by the sacrifice of another, and that the innocent. And so we learnt that New Scientist is but Old Priest writ differently—to vary Milton's expression ; and that in both domains the tenet had its root in Materialism.

Yet while believing in the sanctity and authority of their mission, the exponents of the New Gospel had at the outset no positive knowledge from which to write concerning their views about the hereafter, the consolation of the brute creation in the other world, the Inferno of their human tormentors, the spheres



GRAVE OF EDWARD MAITLAND IN CEMETERY AT TONBRIDGE.

of purgation through which humanity would have to pass, and the beatitude of those who had fitted themselves for life in the spiritual world. But the time came when the veil was withdrawn, and the secrets of the Beyond were revealed in every sphere, "from the abyss of hell to the highest heaven." The actual working relations of these two minds at the outset of their joint ministry appears to have been just that which appears to have found place in the lives of most of the Alchemists and Mystics of which we have record. Anna Kingsford's mind was bent upon defining a perfect practice in daily life, while that of her companion was directed to the establishing of a perfect

doctrine. The perfect practice was a product of the aesthetic intuition of its author, and was enunciated without regard to the possibility of its inconsistency with a perfect doctrine; while, on the other hand, it was seen that the latter would inevitably result in a perfect practice by defining it and supplying the all-impelling motive for its observance. The perfect doctrine was, in fact, a reply to the categorical imperative of Kant: "I must because I ought, but why ought I?" And though the nature and source of the impelling motive had for a long time remained obscure to his mind, Mr. Maitland found it at last in the discovery of man's permanence as an individual. It was not anything new, perhaps, and might only have been a logical fitting in of related products of thought; but for them, and as they received it, it was a revelation. For we must recollect that this assurance of man's permanence in the universe was not the result of preconceived notions or of traditional belief, from all which they had already cut adrift, but it was in the nature of a consistent series of psychic experiences and spiritual unfoldings, some part phenomenal, some derived from the intuitive workings of the soul.

In this process of unfoldment, to which reference is made, there was nothing in the nature of a cataclysm or sudden accession. No breach of continuity occurred in the waking up of the psychic out of the physical consciousness and faculty. Many instances are recorded, and in a sense the whole life-work of these two Mystics is a record of the manner in which the spiritual world was made evident to them as a reality, sometimes by Intelligences writing through them, at others by Presences which overshadowed, inspired and impelled them, and again, as Voices which spoke within them. And often they saw through their own eyes or by that inward sense which corresponds with sight, the terrific glories of a world beyond the universe, surpassing thought and defying description. And concerning the quality of those Intelligences which manifested in and through them, such as Raphael and Gabriel, Maitland says:

We knew too well the propensity of low influences to appropriate to themselves great and even divine names, and the liability of the recipients to be deceived and to make the names the criterion, instead of the communication itself. But in no instance did it happen to us that we had any cause to distrust the genuineness either of messenger or of message, even when both claimed to be divine.

In the course of their experiences they confirmed themselves in the doctrine of the survival of the soul, and of that yet more

complex doctrine of Re-incarnation. The former pointed to the perfectibility of mankind, the latter to the means by which it was wrought. Both centred in the doctrine of Regeneration. Mr. Maitland says, "The process of regeneration is a prolonged one, extending over many earth-lives; and so also is the prior process of evolution, whereby man reaches the stage at which he is amenable to regeneration. Wherefore regeneration has for its corollary Re-incarnation. To tell man that he 'must be born again' spiritually, and deny him the requisite opportunities of experience, which must be acquired while in the body—seeing that regeneration is *from out of the body*—would be to mock him." One such experience, confirming the continuity of existence after bodily death, is recorded with some detail and particularity because of the peculiar bearing on the problem of "expectancy" in phenomena of this kind. Among their spirit visitors came one upon whose attention they had no special claim, and with whose life and thought in this world they were not then familiar. This was Emmanuel Swedenborg, the Swedish Seer, whose doctrine of the Inner Sense of Scripture should at all events have recommended him to the two students who now were seeking to proclaim a doctrine essentially the same if different in application. He came to them at a time when they had newly become convinced of the truth of Re-incarnation, which, as the means of attainment by conquest and not by flight, was now characterised by them as "the condition of regeneration." In short they began to review their whole work in the light of this doctrine, of which it was in fact a demonstration, and it assumed a prominent place in their teachings and experience. Now Swedenborg, in characteristic style, affirmed that "owing to the condition of the spiritual atmosphere" their angels could not then without difficulty approach them, and he was therefore deputed to convey a message, adding that her (Mrs. Kingsford's) Genius would "help to recover for her, in this incarnation, the memory of all that was in the past."

The point of special interest here is that, according to the showing of Swedenborg's modern interpreters, the Seer had no belief in the doctrine of Re-incarnation, and indeed expressly denied it. But it has been contended with some reason that he sought only to deny the re-incarnation of the astral principle or animal soul—the irrational and instinctual part of all living animals—and not that of the rational or permanent soul in man. But to these Mystics he explained that he had been too much under the influence of orthodoxy to transmit the doctrine re-



vealed to him in its original purity, unbiassed by his own preconceptions—a fact conspicuous to all his readers. He opposed the deification of the man Jesus as distinct from the Christ Principle within the man, recognised the work of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland as a confirmation and continuation of his own, as well as a correction of it in many important particulars, and incidentally referred to a recent incarnation of the soul of Mr. Maitland, of which full and independent proof was subsequently obtained. And it is equally clear that Mr. Maitland regarded the facts of spiritualism as of great importance in the system of thought he was expounding. He writes :

Having once become sensitised in the inner and higher regions of the consciousness, we had become sensitised also in the intermediate regions, and were able therefore to hold palpable converse with the denizens of these also. And the converse thus held was of the most satisfactory character, on the ground both of the certainty of its reality and its intrinsic nature. Father, mother, wife, brothers, sundry dear friends, and others interested in our work, all came to me, and some of them to my colleague, and this several times, and in a manner impossible to be distrusted. My wife came repeatedly to both of us, jointly and separately, audibly, visibly and tangibly ; giving us timely warnings of dangers unsuspected by us but proving to be real. And one of my brothers cleared up a mystery which had hung over his death. No mere attenuated wraiths or soulless phantoms were they who thus visited us from "beyond the veil," they were strong, distinct, intelligent individualities, veritable souls, palpitating with vitality and eager to render loving service. But they came spontaneously and unevoked, for we never sought to compel their presence, and to refuse to receive them on the ground that they had put off their bodies, would be equivalent to repulsing our friends in the flesh on the ground that they had put off their overcoats.

It was to the Mystics a demonstrated fact that the love of the living for their dead, their prayers and offices, were efficacious both for the dead and for themselves. There was a natural and unmutilated doctrine of the Communion of Souls.

"The baptism of thy sorrow shall baptize thy dead, and he shall rise because of it.

"Thy prayers shall lift him up, and thy tears shall encompass his steps : thy love shall be to him a light shining upon the upward way. For in such wise do souls profit one another and have communion, and receive and give blessing, the departed of the living and the living of the departed " (The Hymn of Aphrodite).

The Mystics also believed and taught the doctrine of the Motherhood in eternal alliance with the Fatherhood of God—the Divine Duality—as well as that of the Trinity, the meaning of which they fully explain ; and these doctrines were at the very

foundation of their joint evangel. The definition given to them of the nature and method of inspiration and prophecy is, perhaps, the most luminous and reasonable that has ever been received—and it was given in language that could not be surpassed for grandeur. It was received by Anna Kingsford under illumination :—

I heard last night in my sleep a voice speaking to me, saying—

“ You ask the method and nature of Inspiration, and the means whereby God revealeth the Truth.

“ Know that there is no enlightenment from without : the secret of things is revealed from within.

“ From without cometh no Divine Revelation : but the Spirit within beareth witness.

“ Think not that I tell you that which you know not : for except you know it, it cannot be given to you.

“ To him that hath it is given, and he hath the more abundantly.

“ None is a prophet save he who knoweth : the instructor of the people is a man of many lives.

“ Inborn knowledge and the perception of things, these are the sources of revelation : the Soul of the man instructeth him, having already learned by experience.

“ Intuition is inborn experience ; that which the soul knoweth of old and of former years.

“ And Illumination is the Light of Wisdom, whereby a man perceiveth heavenly secrets.

“ Which Light is the Spirit of God within the man, showing unto him the things of God.

“ Do not think that I tell you anything you know not ; all cometh from within : the Spirit that informeth is the Spirit of God in the prophet.

“ Inspiration may indeed be mediumship, but it is conscious ; and the knowledge of the prophet instructeth him.

“ Even though he speak in an ecstasy, he uttereth nothing that he knoweth not.

“ Thou who art a prophet hast had many lives ; yea, thou hast taught many nations, and hast stood before kings.

“ And God hath instructed thee in the years that are past, and in the former times of the earth.

“ By prayer, by fasting, by meditation, by painful seeking, hast thou attained that thou knowest.

“ There is no knowledge but by labour : there is no intuition but by experience.

“ I have seen thee on the hills of the East : I have followed thy steps in the wilderness : I have seen thee adore at sunrise : I have marked thy night watches in the caves of the mountains.

“ Thou hast attained with patience, O prophet ! God hath revealed the truth to thee from within.”

Great store was set upon the correct and mystical interpretation of the passage : “ The Stone which the Builders rejected, the same has become the head of the corner,” and for the New

Dispensation, at all events, the Word was to be revealed not only through "*the woman*" (intuition), but through her as occurring in a woman. One could discern among the bright intellects and pioneers of the Victorian period a number of women whose eminence was truly great, and whose influence in the shaping of public thought and opinion was considerable. Among the more notable of these, so far as religious thought is concerned, was Anna Kingsford, who with her colleague and collaborator, Edward Maitland, has conferred upon us a body of teaching and spiritual experience which in many respects is unique, and although bearing, as every expression of truth must needs do, a very close resemblance at certain points with doctrine already familiar to students of Mysticism, it certainly stands alone in respect of its merits considered purely as a Gospel of Interpretation, inasmuch as, by this wisely appointed collaboration of the two colleagues, logic was ensouled, reason spiritualised, and intuitive perception confirmed in a measure not elsewhere to be found in any single testimony.

Of these two Mystics, Mr. Maitland survived his colleague by some nine years, departing this life on October 2, '1897, being then close upon seventy-three years of age. It is to him that we owe the summation of their joint work as told in *The Life of Anna Kingsford*, and in the shorter book, *The Story of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland and of the New Gospel of Interpretation*. Mr. Maitland has also left us a valuable work entitled *The Bible's Own Account of Itself*, which, with such works as *The Perfect Way; or the Finding of Christ*, will be found to constitute a complete system of scientific, philosophic and religious thought of universal applicability, and so abundantly satisfactory to the rational, moral and religious senses as to place it, in the estimation of every student of Occultism and Mysticism, in a foremost place among the literature of modern times.

## AN UNSOLVED RIDDLE

By THE HON. MRS. GREVILLE-NUGENT

“Christ! I have been a many times to church.  
And ever since my mother taught me prayers  
Have used them daily; but to-day I wish  
To pray another way. Come face to face,  
O Christ, that I may clasp your hands and pray  
I know not what. At any rate, come now  
From one of many places where you are.  
Either in Heaven amid thick angel-wings,  
Or sitting on the altar strange with gems,  
Or high up in the dustiness of the apse. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*  
Until you love me well enough to speak  
And give me comfort.”

(WILLIAM MORRIS—“Sir Peter Harpendon's End.”)

SOME winters ago my husband and I were spending a day in the ruins of Philæ in Upper Egypt—or rather in that small portion of them as yet unsubmerged by the destructive *barrage* which, thanks to “the English Occupation,” now disfigures the First Cataract, and in order to enrich the degenerate modern fellâhîn with a few more acres of irrigated mud, is rapidly swallowing up the most exquisite gem of an ancient civilization.

Basking idly, like a lizard, in the sunshine, I presently opened in an idle way the little red-covered volume of which the traveller is always half ashamed, and without which he would often be so hopelessly at sea! There I was startled to find the following sentence:—

“Even after all Egypt had long been Christianized, the ancient Isis-worship still held sway in Nubia. In spite of the Edicts of Theodosius, the temples of Philæ were not closed until the reign of Justinian (527–565), when some of their chambers were used for Christian services.” (Baedeker's *Egypt*, edn. 1902, p. 337.)

Up to that time I had never taken any great interest in either the study of comparative religion or the beliefs of ancient Egypt (though I have since done so). Nevertheless a thrill of delighted amazement, for which I was quite unable to account, ran through my veins as I read these words. So then (I mused), even after the monks and hermits of the Thebaïd had taken possession of

the Libyan desert, and had long practised their austere rule within the Tombs of the Kings—converting those stately rock-sepulchres into Christian cœnobia, and obliterating priceless hieroglyphic records in order to carve over them the new Gospel in palimpsests of their own cursive script—despite all their iconoclastic fervour the mysterious rites of the moon-goddess still flourished at Philæ down to the sixth century of our era! (But why that strange joy at my heart?)

Another moment, and I rebuked myself sharply, feeling that I, a Christian, had come perilously near to mortal sin in harbouring, even for an instant, such a thought regarding what I had learnt in childhood to consider the “false religions” of the ancients. Yet whilst the glorious day wore on, the words persistently haunted me, and all the way back to our hotel on Elephantine Island they set themselves to a rhythm in my head. It blended with the monotonous chants of the Arab boatmen, invoking their martyr-patrons “Hassán, Husséyn” in endless litanies as they bent to their oars; it kept time to the accompaniment which, during intervals of resting, they thumped on their *derboukas* for the bare-legged *reis* to dance to in the bows. By-and-by, however, the vividness of the impression wore off, and—saving that the bald fact, as stated in the guide-book, remained stowed away in that corner of my brain where “useful dates” and “Magnall’s Questions” have lurked since schoolroom days—I thought no more about it.

Two years afterwards (in January, 1907) I had a strange dream. I dreamt that I stood in a large and crowded draper’s shop (just such a one as may be found anywhere in the important West End thoroughfares of London), when suddenly, putting my hand up to my throat, I missed a turquoise from a brooch which I habitually wear. (This turquoise is a very large and old Persian stone of exceptionally fine colour, set round with brilliants, and I was in despair at my loss.) Seeing my distress, a crowd of sympathizers gathered round me; and, from the window at the end, where goods are displayed, a woman came towards me. She was a very ordinary-looking person, dressed just like any of the other purchasers thronging the building, and I cannot even recall her features. But she said, “I will help you to find your turquoise. Over there is the ‘chela’ who will be your guide, he will find it for you.” (Turning in the direction which she indicated, I saw at the end of the long narrow vista of the shop a Hindoo standing, dressed in white, with a white turban, who raised his arms and salaamed to me.) The woman continued,

"You are further advanced on the Path than you imagine; but you have still very much to learn. *You must learn to worship Christ born of Mary as once you worshipped Horus born of Isis. Incline! Incline! Incline!*"

As she ceased, leaving me dumb with astonishment and awe, I half turned, and suddenly saw on the wall above me, to my left, a beautiful fresco representing our Lord, surrounded by angels, in flaming clouds of glory. The whole scene then vanished, and in the "second act" (if I may so call it) of this curious drama-in-dreamland, I found myself standing by a row of small bazaar-like booths with shed-roofs at the back of some larger building. During the interval between the acts—I continue to use the dramatic metaphor—the "chela" had evidently found and restored to me my turquoise, for in this second act I seemed to be arguing with some man (he looked like a foreign *hôtel concierge*) about a guide, saying, "I want the same guide I had before—the man who found my turquoise." But he answered, "No, lady, you cannot have that same man any more. That guide has gone; but I will send you another instead of him." And with that I awoke.

But no other dream has brought him yet, and I still search in vain for the clue. What can be the interpretation of those mystic words "Learn to worship Christ"? Had they been spoken to an agnostic, their meaning would have been patent. But I have always been an Anglican Catholic, therefore some deeper significance must lurk behind them. Has there been something lacking in my worship of Him, the God Incarnate Whom I have sought oftentimes, kneeling by the Christmas crib where our Blessed Lady holds Him, her Divine Infant, in her arms—or before the crucifix in His agony—or veiled in the Blessed Sacrament amidst the flowers and tapers of His altar-throne—or victorious in highest Heaven, whence He bends in mercy to hear and pity till that day when He shall come again as Judge?

In all those varied aspects of the Saviour, whose multiple facets a great poet has so beautifully depicted in the lines heading these pages, what is it I have missed? What lesson of deeper spirituality are the words intended to convey? What new application of old truths? Again and again I cry in wistful perplexity, will the answer *never* come?

And the sequel:—"As once you worshipped Horus," what of it? That strange momentary thrill at Philæ, smothered instantly like a guilty thing, could it have been the flashing memory of some past birth? Had I already trodden that great temple of



Isis two thousand years ago, and therein worshipped the second person of the Egyptian Trinity—he, too, born of a Virgin-Mother—according to rites now only dimly guessed at? Then is the doctrine of re-incarnation, after all, a true one, in spite of the denials of our orthodoxy? And the old “myths,” are they but varying manifestations of the same unchanging Truth, granted by the Divine Goodness “at sundry times and in divers places,” as His people were able to receive them?

“Incline! Incline! Incline!” Surely that three-fold command bids me bow humbly to what teaching may yet be vouchsafed to me, without clinging blindly to prejudiced and stereotyped opinions? “Be not stiff-necked,” it seems to say, “but listen for the voices speaking to your soul.” But *when* will they speak, and what will the end of the lesson be? Alas! I have never gained that “Hall of Learning” which one of our latter-day seers\* exquisitely describes; the promised guide has not yet come to me, nor has the dream curtain been lifted for the final act. And so, baffled and yearning, with what patience I may, I await the solution of the mystery.

\* Mabel Collins: “The Awakening.” See also “Some Psychic Experiences,” by M. C., in *Broad Views* for May, 1904.

# THE FAITH OF THE FUTURE

BY NORA ALEXANDER

WHAT is Faith? Some of us still cherish the belief that it is a synonymous term for blind credulity. If it were, it would be but a poor compliment to humanity at large, since it is perhaps quite safe to assert that no man has ever lived his life without at least once stretching out his hands into the darkness and striving to grasp it, to cling if but for a few brief moments to this link between the temporal and the eternal; while for most of us it is not a desire felt at sufficiently long intervals to lend itself to numerical calculation.

Credulity is the refuge of the complacently ignorant. Faith is the cry of the soul for spiritual knowledge, a cry behind which lies a recognition of the fact that ignorance is a curse no less deep upon the spiritual than upon the physical, mental, or moral planes. True, it may be argued that we know this only by analogy, yet is it not by analogy that we must take the first step towards a comprehension of spiritual law? Do we not only by knowledge of the Finite grasp at the fringes of the Infinite?

Let us then consider for a moment how, whichever way we turn, wherever we probe into the secrets of the universe, whether in the earth beneath our feet, or in the stars above our heads, everywhere we are confronted by the universality of law. Chemistry, physics, biology, astronomy all teach us the same fact, and they teach us another too—that law knows neither exceptions nor mercy, that when we come into harmony with it and work with it, we have nothing to fear and much to gain, but that when we defy it and work against it, then it punishes us. We are all aware of this action of law on the physical plane, that for instance, disregarding the laws of hygiene results in sickness, or to take a more specific case, drinking carbohc acid results in death. And it is of no consequence *why* we drank it, or that we perhaps imagined it to be a harmless liquid. The essential fact remains that we *did* drink it, or in other words we originated a cause, and no power on any plane can nullify the resultant effect. Ignorance will not exempt us, for Nature shows no mercy to ignorance. If we sin against her the punishment is inevitable, no matter whether the sin be committed unknowingly or of deliberate intent.

Passing on now from the physical to the moral plane, we find

that the same law holds good. There, too, ignorance is often our greatest stumbling-block, is indeed at the root of most evil. Selfishness, for example, is due to ignorance, ignorance of the law that in harming others we cannot fail to harm ourselves. No one would knowingly injure himself, since self-preservation is the first law of Nature, but we are constantly doing it unknowingly.

In like manner and with equal force, we might apply the argument upon the mental plane. Why then, when we come to the spiritual plane should we suddenly cease to go logically forward and instead, folding our hands, proceed either secretly or openly to make a virtue of our ignorance and our credulity? Spirit is no more exempt from law than matter, and since souls are more important than bodies, does it not behove us to seek to comprehend the laws of the spiritual world with at least the same earnestness that we bestow upon those of the physical world, lest unknowingly we hinder the progress of our souls and lay up punishments for ourselves. For here too there can be no exceptions. Cause and effect is the one supreme and inviolable law of the Cosmos, wherever those causes may take their origin. And just as plagues and other physical ills are stamped out by the advance of material science, is it not at least logical to suppose that the moral and mental plagues which deface our civilization may, indeed can only, be stamped out by the advance of spiritual science, by a knowledge of the spiritual causes from which they must originate? We can no more break a spiritual law and avoid the consequences than we can break a physical one and go unscathed.

How then shall faith help us to an understanding of those laws? What, again, is faith? "It is," said a certain French Abbé, "but another name for will, for the will that dares to struggle through the darkness of ignorance into the light of knowledge," or again, later on in the same volume, "Faith is a belief in unknown causes, the results of which reason compels us to admit on the evidence of our senses." For example, the universe itself is the visible effect of an invisible cause, the fall of an apple is the visible effect of an invisible cause. We may not know what the cause is, but because we see its effects, we know, or have faith that it exists. Let us take a more detailed example. We are all aware that every planet in the solar system affects every other planet in its vicinity and produces perturbations in the path of its eclipse. Now, after Herschel had discovered the planet Uranus it was found that the perturbations in its path

could not be accounted for by the influence of any other known planet. "Therefore," said the astronomers, "it is clear that another planet exists, hitherto undiscovered." And they turned to the mathematicians, who thereupon set to work to calculate the necessary mass and the necessary position of the orbit of some planet unknown whose influence would account for the known perturbations. Then the astronomers went back to their telescopes, fixed them on the theoretical region decreed by the mathematicians—and discovered Neptune. Here the astronomers, seeing a result upon the physical plane, deduced the fact, or, to express it differently, had faith, that a physical cause existed somewhere to account for it, and therefore set to work to find it.

So when we, seeing upon the spiritual plane, results whose Cause is unknown to us, start to search for that Cause, we have all the faith that is needed. For then, like the astronomers, we own the kind of faith whose stability is unassailable, because it is founded on law. It is the faith that leads quickest to a goal, because it is faith plus work. It is the faith that struggles through the darkness into the light, knowing only that the light is there, though as yet unseen, to reward the patient searcher.

But it is never any good setting out to look for a thing unless you believe it exists. And believing is so simple a thing. It is not a matter of emotion, but merely of elementary reasoning. It is perhaps because we have accustomed ourselves to drawing so marked a line between science and religion that we have come to regard faith as entirely a question of feeling, and to forget that its origin lies in logic. The intensity of our faith, the keenness of our desire to follow it up, may be, indeed are, matters of temperament and spiritual emotional capacity, but not the faith itself, as faith. That is simply a recognition of the law of cause and effect.

I remember once hearing a woman say in all earnestness, "I thank God every day on my knees that I know nothing of science." It struck me as coming very near to blasphemy. For we judge a man by his works, knowing these to be the outward manifestation or expression of his thoughts. It is the only criterion we have, and if he be a man of great virtue and great genius, then the more we know of his works the better we are able to grasp his thoughts and ideas, and therefore the more we are able to admire and reverence him. Similarly, since the universe is the outward manifestation or expression of God's thoughts, and God's ideas, how can one better come to know Him than by studying it?

The path of science and the path of religion are one, only religion walks first with the lamp of intuitive knowledge and science follows with the lamp of experimental knowledge. To follow the first is to see but one half of the path, to follow the second is to see but the other half ; to use them both is to more than double their illuminating power, while to one's own soul the benefit is incalculable, since it awakens and draws forth the unswerving loyalty of a comprehending obedience instead of the wavering adherence of a half-blind one.

It is a truism to say that all great truths come first by intuition, and though the gap between the intuitional discovery and the experimental discovery may often be very long, yet in the end will it not always follow in the future as it has done in the past ? Let us remember how, through cycles of centuries the Hindu sages have taught the theory of evolution as an intuitional truth, basing upon it all the teaching of the Sacred Wisdom of the East, yet, how it is less than half a century ago since science, looking up from her patient search into Nature's secrets, asserted, " Evolution is a fact. Here are the proofs." Again, " In the laws of vibratory motion," says the East, " lies hidden the key to the mystery of life." Does not the theory of electrons bring us suggestively near to that hypothesis ?

The home of intuition lies in the sun-girt East, in the lands of vast silences, of far-reaching solitudes, of whispering forests, just as the home of experimental knowledge lies in the West, in the lands of stress and strain, and jostling crowds.

" East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

So sings that poet of the West who has perhaps done more than any other one man to draw the East within the circle of Western sympathy and Western comprehension. Yet, is it true for all time ? Does not one seem to see, away on the far horizon, that meeting draw nigh ? Is it only a dream that the religion of humanity will be born of the union of East and West, that the faith of the future will be the faith that is founded on the linking of science and religion, of intuition and knowledge ? With deeper insight into, and wider knowledge of, this wonder-laden universe, or this " God's Thought " as some like best to call it, we shall have no need of dogmas or of creeds, which are but props to faith, since the faith that springs from knowledge can stand alone. When that day dawns then religious strife will die once and for ever, and with it the more noxious moral weeds that check the growth of that plant of love we would so fain nourish into vitality and strength—the Brotherhood of Man.

For we do not fight over the main issue, " Shall we worship, or shall we not ? " but only over the question of the particular props we shall use to aid us in our worship. The Catholic swears by the prop of authority, the Jew by the prop of special revelation, and so on, and so on, till we come down to the negro who swears by his own particular bit of stick. But we all, from the negro with his fetich to the Hindu with his sublime philosophy of the Divine Immanence, from the Christian with his personal Deity to the scientist with his impersonal First Cause, are seeking one and the same thing—Truth, though some of us may call it Knowledge and some of us may call it God, and though some of us may think the road to it lies through faith and some of us through work. Names matter so little. Maybe we shall one day come to understand that all roads lead to it in the end, that we stand as it were on the circumference of a circle with Truth for its centre, so that however divergent our paths at the start, we shall meet at the finish ; sooner, if we do but keep our eyes fixed upon the goal ; later, if we halt by the way and let them wander. For just as when we fix our physical eyes upon a goal and walk towards it we needs must reach it, so when we fix the eyes of our soul upon a goal the same law is brought into operation, and with the same result.

Thus it would seem clear that we all have the same end. We quarrel only over the means to it, so that at the last we come to confuse the two, to overlook in the bitterness of strife over details our real oneness of purpose in essentials, to forget that the ultimate end of all things is Truth, that Truth is God or God is Truth, the terms in which we express it matter little. History, religion, science, are not in themselves ends, they are but means, links in the long, long chain that leads from the protozoon up to God. Or shall we not perhaps rather say, in the circle that curves downwards from God to matter and upwards from matter back to God ?



# SOME FACTS AND PHILOSOPHY OF OCCULTISM

## II. THE DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCES IN A HAUNTED HOUSE (*Continued*)

BY INKSTER GILBERTSON, F.J.I.

### I. THE SWISH OF A SILK DRESS.

THE disturbance caused by the noises in the house of the Thompsons was generally worst between midnight and three o'clock in the morning. One evening Dr. and Mrs. MacDonald went in to stay over the night, for the Thompsons were genuinely alarmed when these noises reached their worst. That evening Mr. Thompson went off to bed early, for he had slept but little for some nights past. Mrs. MacDonald sat with Mrs. Thompson, her youngest son and eldest daughter, in the drawing-room.

The Doctor went up to the back attic room previously mentioned, with the youngest daughter and the eldest son. They took a box of matches with them; but for some time they sat in the dark. They were the only occupants of the attic, the rest of the family being all on the ground floor.

After midnight they heard heavy footsteps on the roof overhead. The sounds seemed to be muffled, as if caused by some one walking over the roof in rubber shoes.

The little girl in a panic exclaimed, "Oh! here they come," and a rustling sound was heard, apparently outside a skylight which was situated over the landing. They all listened intently and heard the sound as of some one coming through the skylight and dropping on to the landing. There was what appeared to be the swish of a silk dress, and footsteps were heard distinctly, as if some one were running up the steps leading to the door of the other attic room. This was succeeded by a pause and then the apparent slamming of the door, which had been previously closed.

The slamming was so violent that the girl uttered a scream and fell fainting on the floor, while the boy was so terrified that he was incapable of striking a light, though asked to do so. When a light had been got, the watchers went into the front room; but

there was nothing to be seen, the door and window both being closed.

The ladies came up from the drawing-room screaming and shouting, expecting to find some dreadful tragedy being enacted. On the skylight being examined, it was found that no mortal could have come through it, as it consisted of a single pane of glass securely fixed into the roof, and of course it was intact.

It will be observed that this manifestation consisted entirely of sounds. Nothing was seen, and the sounds were of a kind frequently heard in haunted houses. But it is to be remarked that they were systematic and consistent, and evidently directed towards the suggestion that the singular phenomena which were taking place in the house were caused by a person or persons.

The sounds were heard, not only by those who had gone upstairs for the purpose of investigating, but also by the two ladies and the children who remained in the drawing-room. The latter, having had their attention aroused by the sound of the footsteps, were thoroughly alarmed when they heard the scream of the girl, and were unable to remain longer in the room. On coming out, they, as well as the other observers, heard distinctly the rustling sound, which resembled so much the swish of a lady's dress that they were one and all convinced that a human form robed in some kind of silk dress was really entering the house by the skylight, which they at once proceeded to examine. Whether they attributed the manifestation to Maud, the principal female agent discovered by them, does not appear. Had they been posted in psychic theories they would probably have concluded that she was manifesting in her astral form; but they knew nothing of such things, and perhaps their testimony is all the more valuable on that account. They had nothing definite to expect and were therefore not tempted to anticipate.

It is difficult in the circumstances to suggest collective hallucination, to the extent of misleading the sense of hearing, as an explanation of the incident, for there were two separate parties, each acting independently and following their own train of thought. When, however, it is remembered that this was but one of a long series of incidents, as varied in their character as they were numerous, and as consistent in pointing to intelligent though unseen agency, the hypothesis of hallucination becomes impossible.

The "trick" played upon the detective was palpably that of an unseen intelligence, a fact which he was the first to recognize. The appearance of the whirling bath-tub also indicated a similar origin, if it were not caused by the wind. But it is distinctly

recorded that there was no wind at the time, the evening being calm and bright. But another fact is of the greatest importance in the investigation. It is that the noise caused by the gyrations of the bath explained a good deal of the unpleasant noise in that quarter which had greatly alarmed the inmates of the house. Their fears, though not quite allayed, thereafter were turned into a new channel; they no longer feared housebreakers, but became convinced from that time on that the originators of the disturbances were more uncanny than even burglarious mortals.

The same mysterious agencies seemed at work in the movements of the sideboard; mysterious indeed, but not inexplicable, if one thinks of what may be possible when the forces of magnetism and electricity become harnessed to will power.

The presence of will and intelligence is clearly manifest, whether human or subhuman it is not so easy to determine. That it was superhuman is less likely, considering the nature of the phenomena.

In the experience of the detective, the force employed was directed to the sense of touch, a material object being levitated for the purpose; in the movements of the bath and the sideboard the senses of sight and hearing were both appealed to.

In all these cases human, or at least intelligent agency, displaying will power and the direction of means to an end, was inferential; but the "swish of the silk dress" carries us a step farther. There is present in addition to these conditions an evident desire to represent the presence and action of a human being, and that a female.

Whether the entity manifesting was really Maud or some other human being operating on the astral plane, or merely an elemental spirit assuming or masquerading in the human form matters very little. It is really difficult to draw a line between the operations of elementals pure and simple and the lower class of astrals. That both exist there can be little doubt, though it may be doubted whether the necessary intelligence and will power for the performance of such feats will be found associated with any form of life lower than the human.

The intention, however, is very clear. First there are the footsteps on the roof overhead, heavy, muffled and approaching the skylight, then the rustling, the apparent descent, described by one witness as "like a leap down on to the landing"; then the swish of the dress and the quick footsteps running up the steps towards the door of the room opposite the one in which the watchers were in waiting; then the slamming of the door.

The unaccountable slamming of doors had been a frequent

annoyance in the house, and now the investigators had an indication of how it was done, and by whom—the most natural conclusion being that it was done by a female soul who revisited “the glimpses of the moon” in a distraught state of mind, and apparently a different entity from that responsible for the other phenomena already referred to.

Ghosts when they walk of course do not necessarily have to let their footsteps be heard, nor yet the rustling of their dresses, but they frequently do so. And if they happen to be in a mood to make themselves disagreeable or to attract attention, a very slight act of will may enable them so to do.

## 2. APPORTS.

At the regular sittings at table a favourite performance of the unseen entities was to bring objects into the room from the other apartments, or from outside altogether. One of the pleasantest of these “apports”—as the French experimenters have appropriately named objects so strangely produced—was a lovely bunch of azaleas which were found lying on the floor covered with dew, having all the appearance of being freshly gathered. Amongst other apports brought at other times were tomatoes, tobacco, hot cinders which didn't burn anybody, and Mr. Thompson's revolver, with cartridges for the same.

The *production* of apports is a common enough phenomenon at spiritist circles, and little reference is needed to the subject here, except to show how closely associated is this class of manifestation with that which is found in haunted houses. Reduce to order the disorderly elements found in the latter and you find the former. They are the psychic material out of which so-called “physical” spiritist phenomena are produced, and the agencies evidently belong to the same plane. It only wants the regulated operations of the spiritist to evolve order out of chaos, and thereby to produce reciprocal evidence of the genuineness of both.

The *modus operandi* is still for the greater part a mystery; but an inkling as to its solution is to be found associated with what is known as “the fourth dimension.” The essential principle is the passage of matter through matter, the truth of which has been proved to demonstration, although at a first glance it appears to be an impossibility.

It is as if the *apports* were first reduced to something resembling a gaseous form, and in that attenuated condition passed through the solid walls or doors of the apartment in which the operators are sitting, and then are brought together again in the

solid form by their inherent force of gravity, or some external force applied by unseen agency.

The ease with which the chemist can manipulate the various gases of which material substances are composed, mixing and separating them at will, is well known. The fetching of *apports* is not a chemical process, but the latter gives an indication of what may take place on the astral plane, on a scale far more subtle and further removed from ordinary human experience of the normal kind.

The recent discoveries in radio-activity have demonstrated to scientists what has been known to magians for ages, that the apparently solid nature of matter in the concrete is illusion ; that substance consists of particles minute to infinitude and in a state of constant vibration.

It is now held by scientists of the advanced school that the atom, formerly the ultimate of physics, is not an indivisible monad, but consists of vast series of molecules, infinitely divisible, revolving round common centres like miniature solar systems, the interstitial spaces being filled with ether, which thus permeates the whole material universe ; and that all so-called matter thus vibrates with this molecular motion. It is known that it is by means of this vibration varying on a long gamut from the infinitely short and rapid to the infinitely long and slow that material objects become cognized by the bodily senses.

Our material world is therefore merely a matter of vibration, and only so far as our organs of sense are attuned to the vibrations of certain objects do we become aware of their existence through our senses of sight, hearing, touch, etc. Those to whose vibrations we cannot respond are unseen or rather unsensed by us, though they may exist, and may be known to others to exist. Just as a man may be colour blind, or short-sighted or totally blind, or another may be partially deaf, and these cannot realize the lovely sights and sweet sounds known to others ; so every human being, however much his physical and psychical senses may be developed, has still a limited range on the gamut of vibration. The limit is the capacity of his sense organs, as, for instance, the solar spectrum beautifully illustrates.

But there is more in it than this. All force in action is vibration, and the so-called forces of nature all have their range on the gamut according to their rates of vibration. Light, heat, sound, magnetism, electricity, are just so many differing rates of vibration of the primordial force. Each has its own place and range on the speed gamut, and its vibrations have been calculated and recorded.

Now whatever may be the real meaning of the often quoted "fourth dimension," there can be little doubt that, if it ever comes within the range of mortal experience, it will be found to coexist with a set of vibrations differing from most of those now experienced by us, and that this will be its main characteristic.

It is quite possible, indeed highly probable, that on the astral plane a fourth dimension does exist. And it may be regarded as not unlikely that magnetism and electricity play an important part in the astral light.

If we can concede this much, it is not difficult to explain a great deal of the psychic phenomena which seems so marvellous. An act of will, a thought, a magnetic touch by an unseen soul, and the "inanimate" object may be set throbbing like a "living thing." It may dance and trip along the floor, like the Thompson sideboard, or gyrate in interesting evolutions like the bath-tub. Or it may produce sounds of percussion, or explosion, or imitate sounds produced by mortals in the ordinary course of their daily life.

We may conceive a process by which any article may have the speed of its atomic vibration so increased as to become invisible to mortal eyes. In that attenuated condition it is easy to suppose the limitations of three-dimensional space removed and the object passing without obstruction or difficulty through the material objects of greater density, which, on the lower plane, would block its path.

Thus we should have the "passage of matter through matter" accounted for; and this accomplished, the lowering of the rate of vibration would speedily restore the apported article to its normal state and to normal vision.

### 3. AN ACCOMMODATING DINING-TABLE.

A billiard table which stood in the dining-room was frequently operated upon. It was covered over with "leaves" or boards of wood, forming an artificial covering, so that it might be used as a dining-table. These leaves, under unseen influence, one evening, as related by Mrs. MacDonald, slid over each other to one end of the table and dropped down to the floor. This was done while the circle was formed around the table, without any one touching the table or the leaves.

### 4. A FLOATING DRAWER.

It had been promised that a drawer, out of the chest of drawers in a bedroom upstairs, would be brought down to the dining-room.

In due course the company sat in the circle in front of the open door of the dining-room, watching for the drawer to make its appearance from upstairs. Suddenly one of the children cried out, " Oh ! here it comes " ; and, sure enough, the drawer was seen floating through the air out of the room above ! The child's exclamation however seemed to affect the conditions, for the drawer apparently could not proceed any further, but rested on the sideboard which stood on the landing.

#### 5. THE SELF-FOLDING SCREEN.

Quite as marvellous were the phenomena, which continued to come spontaneously, whenever the company of investigators assembled in one place. They had been sitting round the fire one winter night when suddenly they heard a sound in the room behind them. On looking round they saw a four-leaved folding screen deliberately folding itself up. The Doctor, who had been keeping his eye on the keyhole of the door for a reason that will shortly appear, got up at once and went over to examine the screen. He fancied there might be springs or something of that sort about it ; but he found nothing of the kind and the screen was perfectly normal. He spread it out in its usual position and resumed his seat, keeping a close watch on it ; but he had not long sat down when the noise was again heard and the screen was seen to be folding itself up as before. This happened three times at intervals of about ten minutes.

In cases 3, 4, and 5, we have examples, in a striking and original form, of a not uncommon psychic phenomenon—the levitating, lifting or moving of material objects by invisible means. In each case there is evidence of intention or design, the object of the unseen operators being to draw attention to their marvellous powers. Perhaps a touch of vanity may be implied, but that is a common failing of humanity, nor is its possession confined to the race, and the " nature spirits " which belong to the astral elements and seem to be somehow mixed up in these operations are by no means exempt.

It is sometimes urged by those who wish to disbelieve in the genuineness of such phenomena—at least to the extent of their being the work of external abnormal agencies—that in such cases the sitters themselves are, consciously or unconsciously, the agents in their production. With but a smattering of knowledge of the subject these critics say : " Oh, you anticipate, you project your thoughts, they take form and return to you. What you expect you get, or you think you get it. Great are the powers of the

human mind ! "Great is the power of imagination !" Yea, great indeed ; but any amount of loose talk of this superficial character will not outweigh one or two simple facts.

The human mind and the human imagination at least act consistently and obey the laws of their own being. The mind may produce or entertain a thought, or project an idea, and in due course through a natural sequence of events, used as the means, the idea will be realized ; the imagination may create a mental picture and revel in the possession of it. But when an event occurs without anticipation, or, better still, contrary to expectation, it cannot be said that either the mind or the imagination has had any particular or special part in its occurrence, much less can it be held mainly or entirely responsible.

This is precisely what was constantly happening during those extraordinary occurrences at the house of the Thompsons, and the Folding Screen and Floating Drawer (5 and 4) are cases in point. In No. 5 the party had assembled, and, without any formal sitting, were waiting for the recurrence of a phenomenon which had startled them the previous evening, when an occurrence *altogether new and unexpected* attracted attention.

In this case Dr. MacDonald acted with his usual caution. Seeing the screen move he went forward to examine it ; in the first place to make sure that the spectators were not subject to an optical illusion, in the second place to ascertain if there were any trickery at work. Being satisfied on both points, he replaced the screen in its original position and retired to his seat to wait for developments. In a few minutes the phenomenon was repeated. Again an examination was made, with the same result, and the screen was once more opened out and left in its original position. Another interval of a few minutes and a third time the screen was folded by an unseen cause. Again it was spread out and the spectators waited and watched, not knowing what to expect. This time there was no movement, the screen remained normal, showing that there had been nothing mechanically automatic about the performance and also that anticipation had nothing to do with it. Surely if ocular demonstration exists, and is worth anything in human testimony, this was a conclusive case.

In No. 4 it may be said there was expectation and perhaps in this case hallucination might have been possible. Quite true, a promise had been given by the invisible agents, but apart from the problem of deciding whether collective hallucination is possible to the extent suggested, the fact is the anticipation was disappointed. The hallucination had not time to work. The child's exclamation



which might be held to give rise to the hallucination, supposing any to exist, immediately broke the spell. The excitement the remark called up among the assembled spectators created an antagonistic force, which impinged upon the occult force at work, and intercepting its operation ; and instead of completing its aerial voyage down to the dining-room floor, the drawer took refuge in the nearest haven, which chanced to be the sideboard standing upon the landing. This disappointing finish to the incident was witnessed by the whole party ; it occurred in accordance with a psychic law which has been demonstrated times without number, namely, that a certain passivity is essential to some operations on the astral plane and that any exercise of adverse will force at once intercepts the operating power. The experience completely demolishes the childish theory that such spectacles are nothing more than optical illusions, or at best hallucination.

#### 6. DISAPPEARING KEYS.

The door of the front bedroom was often found locked, and the key would disappear. One evening the party sat in the room in order to watch the process. The Doctor determined to keep his eye on the key which was *inside the door*, turned half round, the door being shut. By and by, as they sat, the key began to move round. The Doctor immediately got up and rushed over to the door ; but the key was before him, and as he knelt and put his eye to the keyhole, he saw the last of the key disappearing through the hole.

This means that the " ring " of the key, which is always larger than that part which goes into the keyhole, and projects very much on one side, as also the flange which projects *for the very purpose of preventing* the key slipping too far into the lock, were both compressed so as to pass through, if indeed compression was necessary, in view of the theory already suggested for the passage of matter through matter, and that this apparently miraculous feat had been accomplished with ease and celerity under the very eyes of the investigators.

The key had also, apparently, been turned in the lock, for the door was *found to be locked*, and no trace of the key to be seen.

Fortunately Mr. Thompson had another key which opened the door, otherwise the party would have found themselves in a fix. As a matter of fact, *on a previous occasion*, Mrs. Thompson and her children and the maid *had been locked in for some hours* before they were discovered in their imprisonment. Then the

door was discovered to be *unlocked*, although they had heard no indication of its unlocking.

There was in this trick a manifestation not only of intelligence but of a mischievous disposition, further borne out by sounds of dancing and laughter being heard outside the door after an occurrence of this kind, which was frequently repeated. The key would be kept away for days ; then it would suddenly reappear. One day it was found in Mrs. MacDonald's lap ; once it was quietly laid on the Doctor's head. Sometimes they would see it slide down the wall as they retired for the night. Once when it was brought back the key was found to be covered with rust.

Once the key of the hall door was seen sliding back to its place on the nail where it generally hung. It had been absent for some days, and was seen distinctly by the Doctor to slip on to the nail.

Mrs. MacDonald, who was present on the first occasion of the key's disappearance, gives the following account of the affair : " The first time the key was taken away we were all together in the front room. All at once the door slammed. Mrs. Thompson asked who shut the door. She ran forward and found the door was locked. There was no key ; it was gone. We did not know how we were to get out ; we were all prisoners. There was great excitement and agitation when we found we were all locked in, and we wondered what we were going to do, for there was no one else in the house. That key became very precious. We began examining our keys, and by and by the master of the house discovered he had a key that would open the door.

" That same evening the children went out, everybody except Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, the Doctor and myself. We sat two on each side of the fire. Mrs. Thompson was playing with the dog. Suddenly *I found something drop on to my lap* ; I looked down and found it was a key. I said, ' Here's a key ; how did it come here ? ' Mrs. Thompson said, ' Surely that is the key of the room.' We went over and tried it in the lock, and found it was the key."

The following evening this door was again locked mysteriously, but the key was not given back. On the next night, March 19, as the Doctor was about to leave, he called out, " Will you not send us down the key before we go ? " They were passing down the stairs at the time, and before they reached the bottom, the key was gently dropped on the Doctor's head. The Doctor at this time was out of the reach of any other member of the party, so that it cannot be suggested that a trick was played upon him by any of them. Indeed there was no need to resort to such foolish-

ness. There was an abundant and varied supply of the marvellous to gratify the most fastidious fancy, leaving no room for clumsy frauds.

The key experiences were, from the first, of the most unexpected and startling kind. To find a door which had been left open slammed and locked, with the key gone, was sufficiently alarming and undesirable ; and had fraud been present it could not have been repeated without discovery. The most careful observation on several occasions, however, failed to discover any trace of any known means by which these feats could have been accomplished.

It seems possible that in this case, as well as the preceding ones (3, 4 and 5), the agents were Elementals or Nature Spirits, so called because they derive their existence from the elements of Nature. Of this class of entities are the gnomes, fairies, elves and kelpies of popular tradition.\* The severely scientific mind may be disposed to veto this suggestion as superstitious and absurd. It is the habit of the scientific mind to deal in a peremptory—not to say unkind—way with things that do not come within its plane of observation. But, as Mrs. Annie Besant said recently in her lecture in the Queen's Hall, about a similar hypothesis, if our scientists would have the patience to examine such theories and try whether they could not find in them some useful working hypothesis, they might make more rapid progress in their own domain of physical science.

As already stated, those who sought knowledge in contemplating the Soul of Things long centuries ago found facts which are only now being discovered to be true by the tardier methods of modern physical science. If such hypotheses as are now offered seem to fit the facts related in truth and soberness, candid minds may accept them to their advantage ; they may decline to accept them, or they may suspend judgment upon them. But if the scientist has any explanation of these abnormal occurrences to offer, which is more feasible, more reasonable, or more in accordance with ascertained facts, why then, let him produce it.

\* Possibly such creatures exist, but I should like to see some scientific evidence on the subject. ED.

## REVIEWS

COLOUR AS A CURATIVE AGENT. By R. Dimsdale Stocker.

London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade.

THIS is another useful little addition to the string of "Psychic Manuals" by Mr. Dimsdale Stocker, whose connexion with the New Thought and Ethical movements in this country is well known and widely recognized.

In these pages Mr. Stocker seeks to advance the idea that as Light is so intimately connected with the higher manifestations of organic life, its modifications in Colour may be found to have a therapeutic value. That colour is pathological in its effects, appears to be strongly emphasized by the irritating effect of red rays upon the optic nerves, the equally restful and soothing effect upon the whole nervous organism of blue and green, and perhaps also by the predilection shown by individuals for particular colours and tones.

But whatever pathological effects may be due to the influence of colour, it is certain that the optic nerves are those which are directly affected, and these in turn react on the whole of the system. I would suggest that experiments should be carried on as frequently with "colour-blind" as with normal subjects with a view to determine the extent to which colours themselves, as apart from their "suggested" effects, are responsible for recorded results. Then as to the therapeutic value of colour, it would appear that Dr. Albertini of Rome, Babbitt of New York, and others have experimented with colour in this connexion to some considerable extent, and it would certainly seem that they have established the value of colours as therapeutic agents quite apart from any effects which might be the result of suggestion. Thus red has been employed and is still used in American fever hospitals with beneficial results. Red has been designated a tonic, blue a sedative, yellow a purgative. But assuredly, if white light, in which there is an equable proportion of every colour, is the natural agent in normal health, it is quite reasonable to suppose that various abnormal or diseased conditions of the system may yield to the agency of appropriate colour tones.

But it is with Mr. Stocker's methods that I am at variance. He defines the quality of each distinct colour and of various tones, and then instructs the patient to set up a glass disc or plate

of such a colour as corresponds to the desired condition, which glass may most suitably be attached to the window pane with crystal cement, the patient sitting in such a position that the sun's rays may fall through the coloured glass upon him. What I should require in such case would be a sound medical report upon patients who have submitted to the colour cure in ignorance of the "suggested" value of any colour which may be employed. I would further require that the blind should be similarly treated and a comparison of results made with patients of normal vision, each class of patients being as nearly as possible in the same stage of a specified malady. Of the pathological effects of auto-suggestion we have no sort of doubt whatever, and in order that we may rightly estimate the action of coloured light upon the body, whether in a normal or abnormal condition, we must eliminate by all possible means the element of suggestion. The position of Mr. Stocker in regard to the subject is, however, that of the student of psychology and mental science, and perhaps it is unfair to look to him for any statement of the curative value of colour in a purely physical sense. Not the least interesting part of the manual is that which sets forth the correspondence of colours with the various mental and psychic states, and of these latter with physical conditions.

SCRUTATOR.

FUTURE LIFE IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM AND MODERN SCIENCE. By Louis Elbé. Being the authorized translation of *La Vie Future Devant la Sagesse Antique et la Science Moderne*. London: Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.

THE first part of this clear-headed and scholarly work inspires a regret that the study of the Bible should have prevented Christians from studying also the spiritualistic religions of the East. Needless to say, we have no wish to see people attempting to regale the spirits of their dead with clarified butter "when the shadow of the elephant sinks in the east," but we think that the tendency of bereaved Protestants is to exaggerate the difference between man and his discarnate relations. Christianity has so emphasized the idea of sleep in death that it is well that the opposite idea should also be presented, and well too that the simple Christian conception of discarnate man should be compared with the Egyptian and Theosophic conceptions of the same being. There is an instinct for truth which the pressure of dogma on unseasoned intellects too often defeats. In spiritual matters all should choose before they believe.

Naturally we found most interest in the scientific portion of M. Elbé's work. Science has not yet arrived at the soul. Life grows more intricate in proportion as the artificial eyes of science grow more cunning. The word atom has grown jocose. An atom is a bewildering system. There is molecular life in iron. "Vital force among the higher animals" appears to be "associated with a grouping of infinitely attenuated corpuscles, even more subtle than those of the ether, and directing the etheric vortices just as the latter direct the material atoms which they attract." Man is made and unmade as regards his body, and Haeckel, seeing the decay of his mind in old age, decided that, dead, he was no more. His will, however, remains. Is that potential enough to make good his loss of personality in death, and convince his closest friends that he is himself? Science says that "the etheric fluid . . . no doubt preserves the complete vision of the past perpetually inscribed in its unceasing vibrations." M. Elbé hazards that personality may also be inscribed somewhere.

We, for our part, place some faith in the will of man to survive. A passionate curiosity is not a bad recommendation of him to the Maker whose works inspire it. And truly there is food enough for curiosity. Electricity half promises planetary photographs that may inform us about life in other worlds. Dr. Baraduc has so far demonstrated "the activity of the astral fluid" as to get pictures "by placing dry plates wrapped in black paper in contact with some important organ of the body." It has been shown that a person can have some of his sensitivity deposited in a glass of water, so that when the water is touched he has a corresponding sense of contact.

Surely no man can close his eyes for ever with a hunger for miracles in his brain. There is life in a want, and miracles are still performed.

W. H. CHESSON.

ON A GOLD BASIS. By Isabelle de Steiger. London: Philip Wellby, 6, Henrietta Street, W.C.

THIS "Treatise on Mysticism" will be read no doubt by many and re-read by not a few. It strikes me as being one of the most fruitful and suggestive inquiries into modern problems of thought and life which has been made. Madame de Steiger has long been known to students of Mysticism as one of the most capable writers on the higher Alchemy, and in the present work there is ample evidence that her industrious, truth-seeking mind has not yet done with excavating, let alone building.

It would be impossible to do credit to the versatility of the author or to truly indicate the great scope of this work within the limits of a brief review. As a treatise on *Mysticism* it touches the subject at all points, a new light appearing as each facet is brought into view, a kaleidoscopic enchantment. At whatever page you may choose to open up the book, there is something new and suggestive, and often enough an old truth set in a new light.

But what is one to do with a book of some four hundred pages and as many or nearly as many aspects of this vast subject of *Mysticism* treated in concise and convincing manner? Obviously one can only read and read again and leave the review to take care of itself. Here is the capitulation of a single chapter, and I may as well take the first as another—"Advice as to Authority—the Enchanted Sleep—Free Will—the Resolute Man—the Earth's Axis—First Principles—the Cry of Nature—Hell made by Man." All the rest are quite as versatile and none less inviting to the reader. Would you learn aught of alchemy, as mystically understood, or the Crucifixion in the same light, or of Jacob Boehme, the Oracles, Biblical Genealogies, Melchizedek, the Avatars, Gnostic Gems, Correspondences, the Mysteries, the Rosicrucians, the Shekinah, Earthquakes, the Garden of Eden—again as mystically understood—the cause of cataclysms, Conditional Immortality? Here in so many pages are set forth a Mystic's own views on these and a host of other problematical subjects, any one of which would form food enough for an intellectual cormorant. The reader is in no danger of satiety. If he fails to get through the food to which he is here invited, it would be from no lack of appetite, but solely, I think, from lack of capacity. The book will be read and quoted, but I wait to see it adequately reviewed. It might possibly bear compiling, but in result it would lose a great deal of its charm. What it seems most to need, to be made thoroughly useful to the student of *Mysticism*, is an index of subjects. The contents sheet is a slander by paucity.

SCRUTATOR.

A PRIMER OF NATAL ASTROLOGY. By Geo. Wilde.

WE have much to be thankful for, apparently, in that there are, in every horoscope, allotted places for the benefics Jupiter and Venus. In a measure this fact just saves Mr. Wilde's enticing subtitle: How to cast the horoscope and read its happy auguries and portents. It seems open to everybody to live in just that

department of his horoscope which most favours his happiness and success in life and to avoid the rocks and shallows indicated by such malign planets as Mars and Saturn are accepted to be. If Jupiter is found at birth in the 6th division of the heavens, a man may find good servants and profit by them, while if it be in the 7th, he may take a good wife and be true to her. If Saturn is in the 9th, one must avoid law—good advice wherever that planet may be—and when Mars is in the second division or House, although he cannot save money he might well learn to spend it wisely.

Looked at from the point of view of the cheery optimist, there ought to be a lot in Astrology which is worth exploiting, and from a merely scientific standpoint the subject bristles with possibilities and affords not a few problems. One most curious result arrived at by the study of Mr. Wilde's book is that heredity is horoscopical as well as genital, the characteristics and tendencies of the parents being reflected in the horoscopes of their progeny. Mr. Wilde has certainly embodied a great deal of information in a small compass.

A GARDEN OF SPIRITUAL FLOWERS (Philip Wellby), edited by Alfred H. Hyatt, brings us again into touch with the delicate mystic religious sense of the Elizabethan period.

It is a relief to get away from the modern ponderous Gibbon-like method of prayer.

The prayer for Christmas Day particularly seems to embody the child's delight in its birthday morn with its expectancy that something wonderful will happen on that day.

The upholders of Sir Oliver Lodge's new Catechism would do well to study the atmosphere of this little book which so directly appeals to the child and to those whose desire is to become again as little children. The true simplicity, simplicity joyous, strong and grand, is to be found in these prayers.

T. H. L.

THE PHYSICAL PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM. By Hereward Carrington. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.

THE saving grace of a sub-title is well known to every reviewer of books, and possibly it was never employed to greater advantage than in the present instance, for Mr. Hereward Carrington, whose association with the American Society for Psychical Research is in a measure haloistic, might have left us with the superficial idea that such physical phenomena as appertained to spiritualism



were all of an accepted and genuine character, but for this qualifying adjunct—"Fraudulent and Genuine." I bite at that last, as the meat on the somewhat weighty bone of Mr. Carrington's collation.

It is a question as to what sense of proportion dominated the mind of the author when spacing out his subject-matter, for I find the significant odds of three to one in favour of fraud offered in this work of some 400 pages, three-parts of which are devoted to an exposition of how certain physical phenomena *were* fraudulently produced, or *might have been* produced, or again, *might be supposed* to have been produced—all of which, in a book on conjuring and sleight-of-hand tricks, would secure for Mr. Carrington a place not less distinguished than that held by Houdin, or even Ching Ling Soo, but which, as applied to the particular class of phenomena under consideration, is not, I humbly submit, evidence of a nature upon which one would be disposed to convict. True, there are many glaring instances of fraud having been discovered *in the act*, but to apply the methods employed by such unscrupulous impostors to every manifestation of a similar character, and to conclude that all such manifestations were that way accomplished and no otherwise, seems to me an unwarranted presumption and the very cheapest form of psychic research.

But what are we to think regarding the one hundred pages of record in which so-called genuine phenomena come under consideration? Are we to regard these [phenomena] merely as those for which Mr. Carrington has not as yet discovered sufficient evidences of fraud, and are we thus to regard D.D. Home and some few others among "physical" mediums as only better tricksters than the qualified "researcher"? It would be possible to go back over the Lives of the Saints, to review the Theurgists, the Thaumaturgists and even the works of the Messiahs, and as complacently to suggest how this and that effect was, might have been, or might be supposed to have been wrought; and no doubt some credit for ingenuity might accrue to us. But it is open to the mere reader of books to remark that he prefers the record to the explanation.

The author is careful, however, to remark in his Preface that the division of his work is "merely tentative." He does not wish to infer that *all* the phenomena referred to in the first part of his book were fraudulent, nor that those quoted in the second part were genuine, but while admitting that the subject is at best "highly complex" he prefers to leave us in a fog as

to which of the fraudulent phenomena may be genuine and vice versa. The question which naturally arises out of this is—What is the purpose of the book? I submit that with the foregoing “tentative” partitioning of the subject before me the statement of the author that “the chief object of the book is to expose in full the *methods* that are employed in fraudulently reproducing the genuine phenomena—if genuine phenomena there be,” is not consistent.

In one glaring instance at least the author has shown small discretion. I refer to the case of the materializing medium Dr. Monck, whose manifestations are unhesitatingly described as fraudulent, whereas exactly similar phenomena to those recorded were recently the basis of an action in the High Courts of Justice, and it was then shown on the independent evidence of Archdeacon Colley and Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, that the phenomenon of extrusion of a spirit form from the body of the “medium” took place under conditions which neither called for nor admitted of fraud. It is admitted that in the compiling of his book the author has quoted extensively from an obsolete work entitled *The Revelations of a Spirit Medium*, but the authenticity of this work is not discussed, nor is there anything to show that it was not the work of some professional conjuror who found the devising of means for imitating the phenomena of spiritualism more lucrative than platform expositions of his art. Be that as it may, Mr. Carrington does wrongly in assuming that so many of the phenomena as are possibly explicable by those methods are to be suspected as having been so produced. It is only possible to conclude that if this is the sort of evidence valued by psychic researchers, the task of explaining away the Mystery of the Universe should be near to the hand of such writers as Mr. Carrington.

SCRUTATOR.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE article by Mr. E. Wake Cook, in the *Contemporary Review* for September, on "The Purpose of Art," has a distinct bearing on the results aimed at by the occultists of all ages, and makes reference also to some of the results of modern psychology. Speaking of Art as rooted in the Infinite, and as having been regarded by Wagner, following Schopenhauer, as a direct revelation of the great underlying Reality, the "Thing-in-itself," Mr. Wake Cook refers to similar ideas as having been held by philosophers of all systems, but as being too much neglected by current criticism, so that "we need new inspiration to lift Art to a higher plane." Art, he says, is itself a revelation of the unseen, of the Infinite Spirit; the revelation of beauty is akin to religion: "The beauty of Nature stirs the soul to its depths and makes us feel a gracious Presence behind it that lures to knowledge, fires the aspirations, and sets the soul yearning back to its source." Myers considered that uprushes from the subconscious or subliminal self constitute genius; the writer continues:

It is manifest that there is an entity within us, or there is a part of ourself, outside the range of ordinary consciousness, which has in some form this stupendous range of knowledge, this surpassing skill, this consummate artistry. Or, to put it in another way, there must be some organism within us that mediates these powers directed by such high intelligence from without. This is equally significant. But it is only part of the wondrous tale to which we are deadened by familiarity. The supra-conscious self is even more startling. The truth of Paul's statement that there is a spiritual body as well as a natural body is now scientifically demonstrated. This spiritual body has faculties far transcending our ordinary ones, and they are already in touch with a higher plane of being. When the ordinary body is put to sleep in hypnotic or other form of trance, the spiritual body is partly freed from its tenement of clay, and can use its spiritual faculties, and on its return to the body can get through into the ordinary waking consciousness some dim report of what those spiritual faculties have discerned.

Evolution, according to Mr. Wake Cook, is not confined to the material plane; Nature's purpose is to educate man in time for Eternity, to expand his consciousness, to awaken man to his larger relations, his higher powers, by means of experience, and the purpose of Art is to foster this education. Beauty is the perception of that complexus of underlying relationships which exist in the ideal—yet real—world of Truth.

The *Theosophical Review* contains a short poem on "The Gnostic's Worship," from the writings of Clement of Alexandria, and an "Essay in Christian Gnosticism" entitled "The Ladder of the Luminous Cross." Charlotte E. Woods writes on "The Group-Soul," and Mr. A. R. Orage calls for proofs of reincarnation, for which, he says, although it is a prominent Theosophical doctrine, "truth compels us to acknowledge that at present there is no evidence." Mr. Orage admits that, like others of the Cult, he feels the desire and the need for this doctrine and that of Karma; but he reminds us that "desires and needs count for nothing in evidence," and that actual facts may be repugnant to both. He thinks that the theory of reincarnation should not be incapable of intellectual demonstration, and proposes that a systematic attack should be made upon the problem.

In *The Open Court* for August, Dr. Paul Carus returns to the subject of Goethe and his religion. He does not think, as has often been assumed, that Faust's reply to Margaret was intended as the poet's own confession of faith, for he regards this speech rather as an evasion, couched in apparently pious phrases which mean differently to what they sound. Dr. Carus further instances Goethe's "Prometheus" on the one hand, and his "Ganymede," "The Divine," and "The Limitations of Mankind" on the other. While Prometheus defies Zeus, "the other poems exhibit piety, reverence, devotion for and love of the divine, whether gods, angels, or saints, having Zeus or God as the loving All-Father." Dr. Carus thinks that Goethe was "convinced that both standpoints are justifiable, and that both are needed in the development of mankind. Man is sometimes obliged to rebel against the conditions that would dwarf him and hinder the growth of his individuality; he must be a fighter ever against the gods, and in his struggle he must prove strong and unyielding, hard and unmovable, and yet such a disposition should not be a permanent trait in his character. Man must be courageous and warlike, and at the same time kind-hearted and a peace-maker. He must be a doubter and yet have faith. He must be a Titan, and rebel, an iconoclast, maybe an atheist, and yet he must be devout and filled with a love of God."

In the same Review there is an article entitled "A Free-thinker on the Religion of Science"; the author begins by saying that as a machinist he finds it more satisfactory to make a new screw for a special job than to hunt over his old stock on the off chance of finding a screw that is just right. But after investigating many religions he finds in all of them "the same old char-

acters doing the same old wonders for the same unaccountable reasons," the same heaven and the same hell; and he thinks that people are too lazy to break with tradition, but "pass their time digging up the dust and refuse of ancient and foreign religions in the vain hope of finding something adapted to the conditions of modern civilization and knowledge." Science, he thinks, must deny a Creator who makes things out of nothing, but must accept a transformer, who operates "a ceaseless and everlasting change of form, which we call life." An article on "How Joseph Smith succeeded" in founding Mormonism is another dissection of the elements of popular religion in general, and the writer concludes that "Smith's audacity was an essential element. A man with more education or less nerve would not have attempted to establish such claims as his. Psychologically he was the man to do such a thing."

A recent number of *The Swastika* (Denver, Colorado) contains the following incident, related by a Japanese contributor :

I was staying with a Shinto high priest in one of the temples which are practically life-saving stations for fishermen and sailors on the Japan Sea, which on the northern coast is irregular and often misty. One evening, in the midst of a game of chess, the priest stopped, closed his eyes for a moment, and rushed to the verandah which encircled the temple. I watched him lighting a huge torch, and reaching as far as his arms would stretch toward the sea. His eyes were closed in deep concentration and only his lips moved slightly in prayer. After about forty-five minutes, during which time he never lowered his arms nor moved a muscle of his body, he came back to his surroundings, as it were, and cried "Saved!" I went to bed wondering what he had saved, and how he knew that there was need of saving. Next morning three fishermen came to offer thanks in the temple for the aid of the previous night. They said they were about ten miles from the coast when the dense mist overtook them and they prayed for help. As the temple stands about three miles above the beach, the priest received the telepathic call for help at a distance of thirteen miles.

The *Zentralblatt für Okkultismus* is a new German magazine, edited by Karl Brandler-Pracht and published by Max Altmann, Leipzig. It deals with occultism from a philosophical standpoint, and as a broadening of natural science, with articles on astrology, phrenology, individuality, the ether, dreams, the divining-rod, human magnetism, and similar subjects.

## CORRESPONDENCE

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

### THE LATE EDWARD MAITLAND.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—In reply to your enquiry, I subjoin the following particulars. I first met the late Edward Maitland in 1894. For some considerable time before then, I had felt very dissatisfied with and opposed to much of the teaching of the Church of England—in which Church I had been brought up—dissatisfied with it because it failed to meet my highest aspirations, and opposed to it because I knew that in some respects it was unsound if not untrue, and I was certain that none of the Nonconformist Churches were any better, and the claims of the Catholic Church I had never seriously considered. What I wanted was a *true* and *satisfactory* doctrine, and, I felt that none of the so-called Christian Churches had such to offer; but I in no wise identified the Christianity of the Churches with the teaching of Jesus Christ, and, at the time of which I am writing, I had recently read some theosophical writings that had greatly interested me, particularly a book entitled *Esoteric Buddhism*, and Mrs. Besant's little book on *Reincarnation*, and I felt that, with the theosophists, I was on the track that would ultimately lead me to the goal that I sought. In this state of mind I was contemplating joining the Theosophical Society, but speaking to a friend upon the subject, she advised me, before joining that Society, to see Edward Maitland, of whom, until then, I had not heard. She did not know him personally, but she had heard of him through a friend of hers who knew him, and it was through this friend that I obtained the necessary introduction.

It was on the evening of April 19, 1894, that I first visited Mr. Maitland. I saw him at his chambers at No. 1, Thurloe Square Studios, Thurloe Square, South Kensington, where he then resided.

I shall never forget this meeting. Mr. Maitland was kindness itself, and he seemed so pleased to be able to help me. He told me

of his and Anna Kingsford's work, and he read or rather recited to me some of her Illuminations—for he knew all her chief Illuminations by heart. In particular, I remember him repeating part of the Illumination "Concerning Inspiration and Prophesying," and part of the "Hymn to Iacchos"; and he spoke of the mystical sense underlying the account in the Old Testament of the children of Israel in Egypt and their flight therefrom, and, in fact, underlying all sacred scripture. In all that he said, he made no appeal to external authority, but he spoke as one who *knew*, and I could not doubt that what he said was true, although much of it was then new to me, and I could not fully grasp the meaning of it all. This, I think, struck me more than anything else about Mr. Maitland. There were others who were kind and considerate, and whose sincerity could not be questioned, but Mr. Maitland was all this and more—he had the light. I had found a man who *knew the truth*, and whose word, without any authority in support of it, was sufficient.

Mr. Maitland invited me to join the *Esoteric Christian Union*, which he had founded in 1891, and he referred me to his and his late colleague's writings, and asked me to come and see him again. From that time Edward Maitland was one of my greatest friends. In the following September, I joined the *Esoteric Christian Union*, and in that truly divine book, *The Perfect Way*, I found what I had for so long sought, and what has ever since been my greatest treasure.

And what was it that my friend did for me that none else had been able to do? He put me in the "right way": "He took me," as the Psalmist says, "out of a horrible pit and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon the rock, and put a new song into my mouth." While I was confirmed in my attitude towards the Churches, I learnt, what I did not before know, that the truth is "wholly spiritual": that there is an essential unity between all the great religions in the world: that the Catholic Church has the whole of the truth "in a parable," and that no dogma of that Church is real that is not spiritual: that my difficulties would never have arisen had it not been for the corrupt priesthoods who have ever materialised the truth and given to the people to eat "ashes as it were bread"—"O God, the heathen are come into Thine inheritance; Thy holy temple have they defiled, and made Jerusalem an heap of stones:"—and that "the hill of Sion is a fair place."

Having spoken of my first interview with Mr. Maitland, I will now speak of my last. When I first met him in 1894, he was working very hard—often for twelve hours a day—on the “Life of Anna Kingsford,” and in January, 1896, this, his *magnum opus*, was published.

On arriving at the office on December 22, 1896, I received from Mrs. Currie, the wife of Colonel Currie of “The Warders,” Tonbridge (a lady then unknown to me), a letter containing the following :—

“I take the liberty of writing to you on behalf of Mr. E. Maitland, who has made his home with us for the few remaining days of his life.

“Mr. Maitland has been failing fast all this last year, both bodily and mentally, and is now quite unable to answer any letters or even to reply to questions concerning his life-work.

“It is most sad that it should end thus, but I believe that his Spirit has already left his body (although, of course, not yet entirely separated from it), so complete is his mental decay ;” and Mrs. Currie invited me to come and see Mr. Maitland.

I was, at that time, in the position of managing Clerk to a well-known firm of solicitors, with whom I had previously served my articles, in the city of London, and, had my work allowed of it, I should at once have asked leave to take the next train to Tonbridge and so lose no time in going to see my friend ; but, having some important office work to attend to on that day, I did not feel justified in making such a request, and I determined to wait until the end of the day and then see if I could arrange to get the following day off, but I did not have to wait—I had scarcely folded up and put into my pocket Mrs. Currie’s letter when the principal of the firm walked into my room, saying, “Now, my dear boy, take a holiday to-morrow if you like, and go for a ride on your bicycle—it will do you good ;” a thing that he had never before done. Of course, I jumped at his offer, but imagine my surprise ! My principal, unknown to himself, had acted under spirit guidance. I then knew that it was *necessary* that I should see Mr. Maitland before he died.

On the following day, accordingly, I went to “The Warders,” and there saw my friend for the last time, and satisfied myself that the true self—the spiritual soul—the *anima divina*—was then almost, if not quite, withdrawn from the physical body. Conversation was impossible. Though Mr. Maitland suffered no pain, he could speak to me only with very great difficulty, and he



was otherwise physically helpless. I was not sure that he knew me. I tried to get him to take some food, but to no purpose. He refused to eat, saying "It's no use feeding a dead man"—so certainly did something within him think it necessary to make me know what his real condition then was. He *was dead* to all intents and purposes. True, the *anima bruta* and the physical vitality remained, but his spiritual insight and his intelligence had gone. Psyche had fled. The true self which I had known and loved had ceased to animate mind and body.

Mr. Maitland practically remained in this condition at the house of his kind friends, who did everything possible for him, until October 2, 1897, a period of over nine months, when his complete withdrawal took place.

Such were the last days of this most lovable of men, a man whose character was love, and whose love was all-embracing—a truly divine soul.

I enclose a photograph of his grave in the cemetery at Tonbridge, where he was buried.

Yours faithfully,

SAML. HOPGOOD HART.

Sept. 17, 1907.

### "IN THE BODY AND OUT OF THE BODY."

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I am very interested in the copy of your OCCULT REVIEW for this month—particularly Notes for the Month—"In the Body or out of the Body," having had a slight experience myself.

Like the writer of "A Trip to Borderland," I, too, was "always a timid child, timid to such a degree that it was positively painful to myself and surroundings"—I was also declared a hyper-sensitive, and, as a child, full of dreams and wonders—although too diffident to impart them.

I find in my early writings—mostly from dreams—the consciousness of an indefinable Presence; but in later years, contact with the stress of life somewhat dimmed the vivid realities of the dream-life, until quite recently I had a return.

I had gone down to a tiny old-world village in Kent for a week-end's rest, and on the Sunday evening, after listening with impatience to a preacher who preached down to the level of his rustic congregation (telling them that when this life of

toil and tribulation was over they would be received by saints and angels into everlasting glory), I wandered up a lonely hillside, in the deepening twilight, into God's world, and listened to His voice speaking through Nature.

Alone on the grassy hill-top, with banks of dark trees whispering a message of Peace and Love—poppies waving in wild grasses at my feet, repeating an everlasting Amen—it seemed as though my heart cried aloud—of the limitations, the pettiness and sordidness—of all it wanted to *be*—of all it wanted to *do*—cried aloud to the great stillness of night for help and strength!

And softly—softly—through the gathering twilight, gliding from the dark trees, slowly across the fields of whispering grasses and poppies, there came a Presence of Infinite Pity. And *was* it a gentle touch on the shoulder—*was* it a soft voice low, vibrating with love and tenderness and mercy, "I *will* help you"? I know not. I only know my eyes were blinded by tears, and my heart filled with a deep, deep peace.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Not long ago when staying at a country house in Hampshire, having dressed for dinner one evening, I stood in a dreamy mood, contemplating my reflection in a long mirror, when suddenly I seemed to be standing at the side of my own body, watching it. A swift feeling of intense lightness accompanied the sensation, together with a deep feeling of pity for that body stumbling along so blindly. In a flash I was back again. The reflection in the mirror showed a face ghastly pale; but the memory of that moment of enlightenment will never be effaced—"here through a glass darkly, there face to face," I seemed to catch a glimpse of the true perspective of Life—to live a lifetime in a moment—nay, in a flash; I felt too awed and shy to speak of my experience.

I suppose it is just a matter of temperament—together with the dreams that have served as warnings, time after time, to those around me—the healing touch in illness which makes doctors pronounce me an ideal nurse—the power to sense an aura—to *feel* thought—all a matter of temperament—a blessing and a curse!

I must apologise for the length of this letter and for not sending it typed—my machine is in "hospital," and I particularly wished to get this to you to-day.—Yours faithfully,

ROSEMARY GORHAM.

, FERNLEA, WALLINGTON, SURREY, *August 22, 1907.*

# PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS AND ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS

BY THE "OCCULT REVIEW" PSYCHOMETRIST

## DELINEATION (HAND).

*Question 1* : Are financial circumstances likely to change soon ? If so, about when ? In what direction should any improvement be looked for—from relatives or strangers, through unexpected changes and independent of anything "Hand" can do, or is there any action or move that "Hand" should make to bring it about successfully ?

*Answer* : (1) Your affairs improve early next year ; (2) the money comes through the death of a relative. "Hand" can do nothing but wait as patiently as possible.

*Question 2* : For a long while past "Hand" has seemed to be the mark for attack on the part of agencies known, or unknown, which no conceivable foresight seems able to guard against and which are totally unjustified by any personal conduct of "Hand's" own, who only craves for a quiet life and to be able to live in peace. Is there any more trouble of this sort in store yet for "Hand" in the near future ? If so, are there any influences who should be avoided. Is there any kind of action or attitude "Hand" could adopt in self-protection against such cruel and gratuitous assaults on peace and welfare ?

*Answer* : I cannot sense any more attacks on "Hand," and there is nothing "Hand" can do except to detach her mind as much as possible from the past and try to cultivate a brighter outlook on life. I sense a good time for her in the near future.

## DELINEATION (JOSE).

*Question 1* : Am I going to be married ?

*Answer* : I sense marriage for you during next year.

*Question 2* : If so, do I know the man now ?

*Answer* : Yes, the influence of the man you marry seems to be in your life now.

## DELINEATION (T. O. M.).

*Question 1* : What do you sense for me during the next few years ?

*Answer* : I sense the development of some business which you seem to have been working at for some time, and this improves your position very considerably, and then you are able to do many things which you cannot do at present.

*Question 2* : Do you think I shall ever eventually settle in England and end my days there with my wife ?

*Answer* : I do not think you will be able to settle in England for the next three years, but after that you are in England, though you seem to return to Africa for a time, but not to stay long, for I sense you settled in England during the later years of your life.

## DELINEATION (LIDA).

*Question 1* : Is my husband likely to change his business, and will it be to his benefit to do so ?

*Answer* : I sense a change for him, and it seems a great success.

*Question 2* : Are there any household changes within the next two years ?

*Answer* : I sense a death of an elderly influence during that time. Except for this, your domestic affairs remain much as they are now.

#### DELINEATION (SNAH).

*Question 1* : Do you sense any improvement for me in my present financial prospects ? If so, will that mean change of employment ?

*Answer* : I sense financial improvement early next year, but I do not sense change of employment.

*Question 2* : Do you sense any success in literature ? If so, will it come within three years ?

*Answer* : I sense a personal success for you the year after next, and this, I think, through some literary work, and then you seem to take up this work more seriously.

#### DELINEATION (BATAVIA).

*Question 1* : Do you see any change in the near future as regards travelling or family circumstances ?

*Answer* : I do not sense any journey of importance until the end of next year, but there will be a decided change in your family affairs early next year, and this will make things much easier for you.

*Question 2* : Will my financial position improve, in the way of receiving a large sum of money or otherwise ?

*Answer* : I sense a legacy for you at the end of next year.

#### DELINEATION (IVE).

*Question 1* : Do you sense any success by a contemplated departure ?

*Answer* : I consider this move is right, and I sense success for you.

*Question 2* : What characteristic should I most develop ?

*Answer* : You would do well to develop more self-confidence and application.

#### DELINEATION (NORA).

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

*Answer* : I do sense marriage for you, but I do not sense the influence of the man you marry in your life at present.

*Question 2* : Do you sense any change in my surroundings in the next two or three years ?

*Answer* : I sense a change during that time brought about by your marriage.

Your character is a fairly strong one, but you are rather easily influenced by the people about you, and I do not sense as much steady application as there should be, you are kind and very loyal to your friends. You might improve yourself by a serious course of reading.

#### DELINEATION (ELLA).

*Question 1* : Do you sense any change for me, either a short or a long ?

*Answer* : I do not sense any change for you at present, but towards the end of the year there is a journey which brings happiness to you.

*Question 2* : Do you sense death or marriage for any one near and dear to me ?

*Answer* : I sense marriage for a young influence in your life which seems very happy, but I do not sense death in your condition.

DELINEATION (ANTOINETTE).

*Question 1* : When shall I get the social position I wish ?

*Answer* : I do not sense this desire gratified for some years, though I sense a steady rise in position from next year.

*Question 2* : When shall I marry ?

*Answer* : I do not sense marriage until the year after next.

DELINEATION (G. E. A.).

*Question 1* : What important changes take place in my life soon ?

*Answer* : I sense a change in your business during the early part of next year which means a decided improvement in your conditions.

*Question 2* : Do I marry ? If so, at what period of my life ?

*Answer* : Yes, I sense marriage for you, but I do not think it will be until 1909.

DELINEATION (L.K.).

*Question 1* : What do you see of my general state of health now and in the future ?

*Answer* : I do not find much vitality at present, but your health improves very much in the future ; in fact, I consider you will be stronger than you have been for years.

*Question 2* : Can you tell me if any change is coming in my life ?

*Answer* : I sense a much happier and brighter condition for you after this year, and you are able to do many things which you have been prevented doing in the past, so that your life is much fuller and there is much more enjoyment for you.

DELINEATION (TEXAS).

*Question 1* : When will my money arrive ?

*Answer* : I do not think this money will come to your hand until the year after next, but I sense your knowing of it early next year.

*Question 2* : Shall I succeed in the use I intend making of it ?

*Answer* : I sense very considerable success for you, but some of this success comes next year and seems to be something apart from your present scheme, and you do not appear to start it until January or February of next year.

DELINEATION (NAES).

This is worn by a woman. She is quick to read and understand others. There have been many disappointments in her life and much to sadden her ; but she is very brave, and does not let those about her know what she suffers. There is a change coming into her life almost at once, and a new influence comes very strongly into her conditions, and this means a very happy companionship and much of the present loneliness passes away from this life.

The future gives me a strong sense of travel, and yet at intervals I sense a very happy home life. This woman is clever, and if her life had not been so suppressed she would have cultivated her mental powers more than she has. She gets rather easily discouraged under the present conditions of her life ; the future will give her a chance, and I hope she will take it not only for herself but also for the sake of others. She has a strong character, and it ought not to be wasted.

## DELINEATION (BESSIE BROWN).

*Question 1 :* Have I more enemies than friends, and how am I to distinguish them ?

*Answer :* I do not find any active enemies in your condition. I find some good loyal friends. I cannot advise you as to distinguishing between them.

*Question 2 :* Does any radical change take place in my life during the next twelve months ? and is it for better or worse ?

*Answer :* I sense no radical change during that time.

## DELINEATION (H. G. F.).

*Question :* The change of residence I am contemplating, do you sense it will be to my advantage ?

*Answer :* The change is very good and will improve your position considerably and your surroundings will be much more congenial. I sense the whole of your life made happier and brighter through this change, and the influences you meet will make a great difference to you.

## DELINEATION (SOUTH AFRICAN).

*Question 1 :* Do you sense any spiritual influences affecting my life ?

*Answer :* I sense one spirit influence always near you, and it is a very good one, only you don't always appear to act on the instructions given you. I think you are not quite sure enough of yourself.

*Question 2 :* Do you sense any great change in my life in the near future ?

*Answer :* I sense a change for you next year, and your position is much improved by this change.

## DELINEATION (ACROSS THE WATER).

*Question 1 :* Do you sense success soon in my financial ventures ?

*Answer :* Yes, there is decided success for you during next year.

*Question 2 :* Do you sense travelling abroad or at home in the near future ?

*Answer :* I do not sense any important travelling until next year, when you will travel abroad.

## DELINEATION (SCORPIA).

This character is good ; there is force and determination, but she is rather too impulsive at times and decides too hastily ; she is tender-hearted and very loyal.

There is plenty of ability ; she can rule and manage well, but she does not persevere as she might do ; her desire to finish a thing quickly rather spoils her efforts, which might be far more successful than they are.

The future prospects of the wearer of this ribbon are fairly good. I sense success and happy married life.

## DELINEATION (CHARLES PRETORIA).

*Question 1 :* Shall I marry again, if so, have I met the woman who will be my second wife ?

*Answer :* You certainly marry again, and I sense your second wife's influence in your condition now, so you have evidently met her.

*Question 2 :* Have I any psychic faculties worth developing ? If so kindly name them.

*Answer :* You have very fine intuitive powers ; but I do not sense any particular psychic faculty.

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