

# OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

ONE of the greatest assets a world religion can possess is antiquity. People will readily believe in the record of an incident two thousand years old, the possibility of the occurrence of which within recent times they would ridicule unhesitatingly. *Credo quia absurdum* was Tertullian's famous but truly idiotic phrase. *Credo quia antiquum* is a phrase one might put quite justly into

the mouths of most latter-day Christians. The average Christian accepts Christianity because it comes to him with all the wealth and richness of tradition and appeals to many of the best of those conservative instincts which we all of us possess by whatever name we may call ourselves or under whatever banner we may fight. I am far from saying that the appeal of Christianity does not go infinitely farther than this. But do we most of us realize how much this alone counts for? It is the atmosphere that surrounds us all, it is the medium through which we sense our perceptions. Even though we have adopted the conclusions of Spencer and of Darwin we still *think* in terms of Christianity.

Immeasurably different was the position when Julian, sur-named by his enemies the Apostate, assumed the imperial purple.

It was but a generation before that Constantine the Great had held out the hand of fellowship to the jarring Christian sects and made a desperate but at the same time unsuccessful attempt to induce them to compose their differences. Christianity was the youngest of the creeds, a new-comer among the religions of the world. Though the broad lines of the moral teaching of its Founder were undoubted, the belief in the nature of that Founder's mission varied indefinitely, according to the particular teacher or congregation of disciples. Such as its metaphysics were, they involved the adoption of a bastard form of Neoplatonism which to the learned and the philosophical must have appeared palpably ridiculous. Its acceptance implied the belief in miracles of so staggering a nature that in view of their comparatively recent occurrence even in so unscientific an age it was mainly relegated to the least educated of the people. Its votaries heaped scorn upon all the classic literature of the day as savouring of devil-worship and idolatry, and its opponents retorted by describing it as the religion of "the kitchen." While, however, the bishops talked incomprehensible metaphysics, the common people drank in greedily the teaching of One who regarded all mankind as brothers, and felt a new rush of life in their veins as they realized, whatever the humility of their social rank, that

. . . King and slave,  
 Soldier and anchorite,  
 Distinctions men esteemed so grave,  
 Were nothing in His sight.

The Son of God, Deity or Demi-God, whatever He might be—this was a moot point with the early Christians—had abandoned His life of celestial bliss and come down to earth disguised as a carpenter and a carpenter's son. After this what throne was nobler than the stool of the ordinary artisan? This, doubtless, more than anything else, is the clue to the rapid growth of Christianity during the first three centuries of our era; this and the early spade work, energetically followed up afterwards, of that great organizer, Saul of Tarsus.

It may be said with a measure of truth that great world movements only triumph through silently dropping their most salient characteristics. It was so unquestionably with Christianity. Christianity as taught by Christ could never have become the Religion of the Roman Empire. Its official recognition by

Constantine as the State religion implied the negation of the saying of Christ, "My kingdom is not of this world." Already a most formidable organization, the Emperor must reckon with



JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

(After the Bust on Accreza Cathedral, from a photograph by Dr. Salmon Reinach.)

it as friend or foe. Constantine's alliance with the Church was a momentous move in State policy, fraught with the gravest consequences both for good and evil. Thenceforth for many centuries the rulers of Europe would have to reckon with an

*imperium in imperio*, the temporal power of the Church Militant. On the other hand the Church of Christ was bound to lose in the process its early idyllic charm. "In morals it was descending from the serene heights of the Gospel and of primitive Christianity and was leaning towards Stoicism; in philosophy it was constructing a great theological edifice of a quasi-metaphysical character; in worship its ceremonies were being modelled on those of the Mysteries." \* But above all things it was a strong and disciplined organization, therein presenting a great contrast to Paganism, whose different cults had neither homogeneity nor interdependence. In spite of discords and dissensions the solidity of the ecclesiastical organization remained essentially unimpaired. Constantine had commenced his reign by a general edict of toleration, † putting all religions on an equal footing, but he soon came to the conclusion that the welfare of the State was bound up with the recognition of one religion in which all should acquiesce. His last words to his son Constantius embody the mature conclusions of a lifetime. "You will not enjoy the empire unless you make God adored by all in the same manner." What this manner was appeared to him, comparatively speaking, immaterial, but having thrown in his lot with the Christians, as being the most serious body he had to reckon with, his aim thenceforward was to do all in his power to compose their many and grave differences. And so it has come about that Constantine the Great, murderer and Trinity-manufacturer, has gone down to posterity with a halo round his head as the first Christian Emperor of Rome.

As must inevitably have been the case at this early date the Trinitarian idea and the assumed relation of Jesus Christ to the other two persons of the Trinity was far from having crystallized into definitely accepted dogma, and still remained in the minds

\* *Julian the Apostate*, by Gaetano Negri. Trans. Duchess Litta-Visconti-Arese. I must acknowledge my indebtedness to this book, which throws a flood of light on the period of history in question, and on Julian's character and aims. Signor Negri's rather materialistic standpoint does not make him a very sympathetic critic, either of early Christianity, or of Julian's own leanings towards Neoplatonism. In spite of this, however, the value of the book to the student of these times is indisputably considerable. The book was originally published (in 2 volumes) at 21s. For the benefit of any of my readers who may wish to study the life and times of Julian, I have arranged to supply the two volumes post free for 12s. 6d. net, direct from this office.—ED.

† The Edict of Milan.

of most Christians themselves in a very fluidic state. By the middle of the fourth century, however, two Christian sects had succeeded in forcing themselves more prominently before the public eye than any others, and these two were essentially enrolled under the respective banners of Arius and Athanasius, both originally presbyters together under Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria.

THE  
TRINITARIAN  
IDEA.

Before explaining the essential differences between the doctrines held in these rival camps, it may be well to retrace the development of Christianity from a somewhat earlier date.

In Hebraic tradition the Messiah was a human personage destined to restore to Israel its ancient power and prosperity. Something of this idea still clung around the Early Christian assemblies and was associated by them with a "second coming" of Jesus Christ, which they looked for in the near future. The idea that Christ was in an especial sense the Son of God was doubtless accepted by them, but the notion that He was the second person of the Trinity was an idea quite foreign to the early Church and which grew up gradually through the connection between the Christians and the metaphysicians of Alexandria,

CONSTITUENT  
ELEMENTS OF  
CHRISTIANITY.

by which means the former became gradually familiarized with the doctrines of the latter. Anything more the poles asunder than the simplicity of the moral teachings of Jesus Christ and the subtlety of the metaphysics of Alexandria can scarcely be imagined. Quite apart, however, from the difference of mental attitude, Christ inculcated the observance of certain rules of conduct and a mode of life founded upon a high ideal of duty and self-sacrifice, while the metaphysicians of Alexandria concerned themselves mainly with explaining the meaning and origin of the universe. Fate, however, in its irony ordained that the two should be welded into one and that the "Logos" \* of the Alexandrian metaphysicians should be deposed in favour of the Hebrew Messiah. The "Logos" (entirely symbolic in its

\* The "Logos" was the rational principle by which God created the world, and by means of which He (the unmanifest) became manifested. The idea of the Trinity, which is simply the result of an attempt to explain the origin of the phenomenal universe, is elaborated with great subtlety by Plotinus and the philosophers of the Alexandrian school, to whose writings readers who would pursue the subject further are referred. An excellent edition of the select works of Plotinus (Taylor's translation) is published in Bohn's Libraries (Geo. Bell & Sons).

character) never was or could have been incarnate in human shape and the bare idea of such a conception argues a total failure on the part of the Christian bishops to comprehend the abstruse Alexandrian philosophy. The Christian Trinity was thus founded on a misconception. Misconception, however, as it was, it led the Church into a position of embarrassment from which there was no escape but an audacious mystification and play upon words. Christianity had at its base the old Hebrew idea of the unity of the Deity. If, however, Christ were God and, as some maintained, equal with the Father, this unity obviously disappeared. Hence arose contending sects, culminating in the strife which has immortalized the names of Arius and Athanasius. The protest against this division of the Godhead took the form of a doctrine called at the time Monarchianism, the adherents of which divided themselves into two schools, labelled respectively dynamistic and modalistic Monarchianism. The latter school believed in the

incarnation of the Father Himself, considering Christ as a *mode* or means of revelation of the One God. The former school, which was represented in the second part of the third century by Paul of Samosata, Bishop of Antioch, affirmed the essential humanity of Jesus, but maintained that He was infused by the direct inspiration or *dynamic* force of God.

From this dynamic Monarchianism sprung Arianism, though the Arian heresy (so-called) accorded a somewhat higher position to Christ, who appeared in it as the first creature created by God out of nothingness and as intermediary between God and man. "If," maintained Arius, with some show of reason, "the Father generated the Son, the generated had a beginning of existence. From this it is manifest there was a time in which the Son did not exist; and necessarily he must have been created out of nothing." God alone, he maintained, who had become Father by the production of the Son, had not been generated, being alone and inorganic and having his being in Himself. Arius refused to identify Christ with the Logos because the Logos or Word (or wisdom) of God constituted an inherent part of God's essence.

In opposition to Arius, the Athanasians claimed that the Son (or Logos) is in the bosom of the Father, and as the Creator of everything could not Himself be created of nothing. Father and Son they declared had an absolute unity. The relation by

THE  
PROTEST OF  
MONARCH-  
IANISM.

THE FEUD OF  
ARIUS AND  
ATHANASIOUS.

which the Son is in one respect distinct from the Father and in another one with Him in essence is explained by the generation of the Son by the Father, implying, indeed, a derivation of one from the other, but such a derivation as is beyond all conception in time.

The Council of Nicaea was called by the Emperor Constantine with the view of calming these discords and disputations, which were making Christianity the laughing-stock of the world. But



JULIAN.

Enlarged photo of a Sardonix Intaglio, in the Cabinet des Medailles, Paris, by permission of M. E. BABETON.

in spite of his efforts, Constantine was not destined to see peace restored to the Church, the compromise that he had forced upon the disputants being repudiated by the Arian section. He died and bequeathed a legacy of discord to his sons Constantius and Constans, the former of whom openly favoured the Arian heresy. The death of Constans subsequently reunited the empire under

the sole rule of Constantius, who, after the holding of innumerable councils which led to nothing, finally imposed upon the Church a formulated dogma of his own and exiled the bishops who protested against it.

This was the state of affairs ecclesiastical when Julian assumed the reins of government and made that memorable attempt to restore Paganism which won for him the title that has clung to him for sixteen hundred years of "Julian the Apostate."

The upbringing of Julian had not been such as to dispose him sympathetically towards the new religion. His relatives who had espoused the Christian cause had been remarkable, even in an age when vice and cruelty were rampant, for the criminality of their lives. Constantine had murdered his wife and his son

INFLUENCES  
IN JULIAN'S  
EARLY LIFE.

Crispus. His sons initiated their reigns by the extermination of their relatives. Of these victims of imperial bloodthirstiness Julius Constantius, the father of Julian was one, and his eldest brother subsequently paid a similar penalty for his consanguinity to a Christian emperor. His own life was constantly in danger, and when at length he perished in the ill-fated Persian campaign, his death was commonly attributed to the javelin of an ecclesiastical zealot in his own army, a charge which the Fathers of the Church carefully refrained from repudiating. At the same time the Church itself had scarcely become the object of imperial solicitude when the debasing effects of the patronage of the social and political world began to make themselves apparent. Ammianus Marcellinus, a friend of Julian, draws a picture of the bishops of his day "enriched by the gifts of the matrons, driving around the streets seated in coaches; magnificently-dressed, and lovers of abundant banquets, surpassing those of the imperial table." Julian's early experiences, while they created in his mind a natural repulsion to Christianity, were seconded in a more positive sense by his long sojourn during the susceptible years of his boyhood in Nicomedia, the chief centre of Hellenism, where he read eagerly, if he did not attend, the lectures of Libanius, the greatest rhetorician of the day and a shining light of the Hellenistic party. To this influence was added that of the Neoplatonic philosophers Edesius, Chrysanthius, Eusebius and Maximus, the inheritors of the traditions of Plotinus and Porphyry, with whose mystical ideas with regard to the meaning and origin of the Cosmos the world of Greek thought had become so thoroughly saturated.

Alike to the lover of Greek literature and to the student of the



metaphysics of the Neoplatonic philosophers the headway made by the Christian Church appeared in the light of a barbaric wave of ignorance and superstition calculated to overwhelm, if it was not swept back, the entire intellectual as well as all the higher spiritual life of the time. The feeling of undisguised contempt with which the subtle mind of the Greek

THE PERIL  
THAT  
THREATENED  
GREEK  
CIVILIZATION.

thinkers regarded the crude theological disquisitions of the shepherds of the Christian flock was thus mingled with a sense of very real apprehension lest the treasures of classic literature and philosophy should perish in one universal intellectual deluge. That such a danger seemed at one time imminent there is no doubt, and Julian's attitude and conduct, as well as his own express statements, showed again and again that he was influenced by the anticipation of such an impending calamity. To those who associate in their minds the period of the classical renaissance with the most halcyon days of the Church's history such fears may appear strange. But it must not be forgotten that the tendencies of the Christianity of these times was intensely iconoclastic and that all pagan literature, i.e. all the classic works of

HOMER AS  
DEVIL  
WORSHIPPER.

Greece and Rome, were suspect by the Church as tainted with devil-worship and impiety towards the one true God. The Hellenic spirit was further fostered in Julian by a brief sojourn at Athens, whence he was summoned by his cousin Constantius to become his coadjutor in the government of the empire and to assume the chlamys of Caesar as heir-presumptive to the imperial purple. No wonder that all those who looked to the salvation of the empire by the re-establishment of the old order of things centred their hopes of the moral and political rejuvenation of an effete empire in the ardent boy with the passionate love of Greek literature, Greek ideals and the Greek spirit. "From the lips of every honest thinker," Libanius

HOPES  
CENTRED IN  
JULIAN'S  
ACCESSION.

declares, "arose the prayer that this youth might become the master of the universe, stay the ruin of the world and help the suffering, as he knew how to cure their ills." Later when he was acclaimed at Vienne, at the inception of his arduous and successful Gallic campaigns, it is related by Ammianus that a blind old woman asked who it was the populace were saluting. When told it was the Caesar Julian, "Behold," she exclaimed, "him who will restore again the temples of the gods!" Julian, in short, was looked to by his contemporaries

as the man of destiny, the "fated hand" who would restore the ancient lustre of the Roman commonwealth as it was in its palmiest days.

The peace which Constantius had imposed upon the Church by exiling all the bishops who did not subscribe to the diluted Arianism which he had earmarked as the only genuine brand of Christianity was not destined to endure. Had another Arian emperor succeeded him and reigned as long as his predecessor it is indeed more than probable that this version of the Christian faith would have been the one handed down as orthodox to the succeeding centuries. Fate, however, ordained otherwise, thereby, as it finally proved, playing into the hands of the Athanasian party. But in the first instance the accession of Julian meant the renewal of the earlier policy of Constantine the Great as expressed in the Edict of Milan, which gave equal rights to all churches and forms of religion, with this difference, that the Emperor's avowed sympathies were with the traditional forms of pagan worship interpreted symbolically in the light of the Neoplatonic philosophy. The old Roman spirit of patriotism

EFFECT OF  
ACCESSION  
OF JULIAN  
ON CHRISTIAN  
SECTS.

and the old Roman ideals of duty and good citizenship were bound up with the rites and observances of this now antiquated form of polytheism. Julian apprehended that if he could infuse these forms with the new spirit of a living faith, it might still be possible for the old religion to hold its own against the advancing tide of Christianity, the dissolving influence of which upon the bands that held together the social structure of the Roman Empire he all too clearly divined.

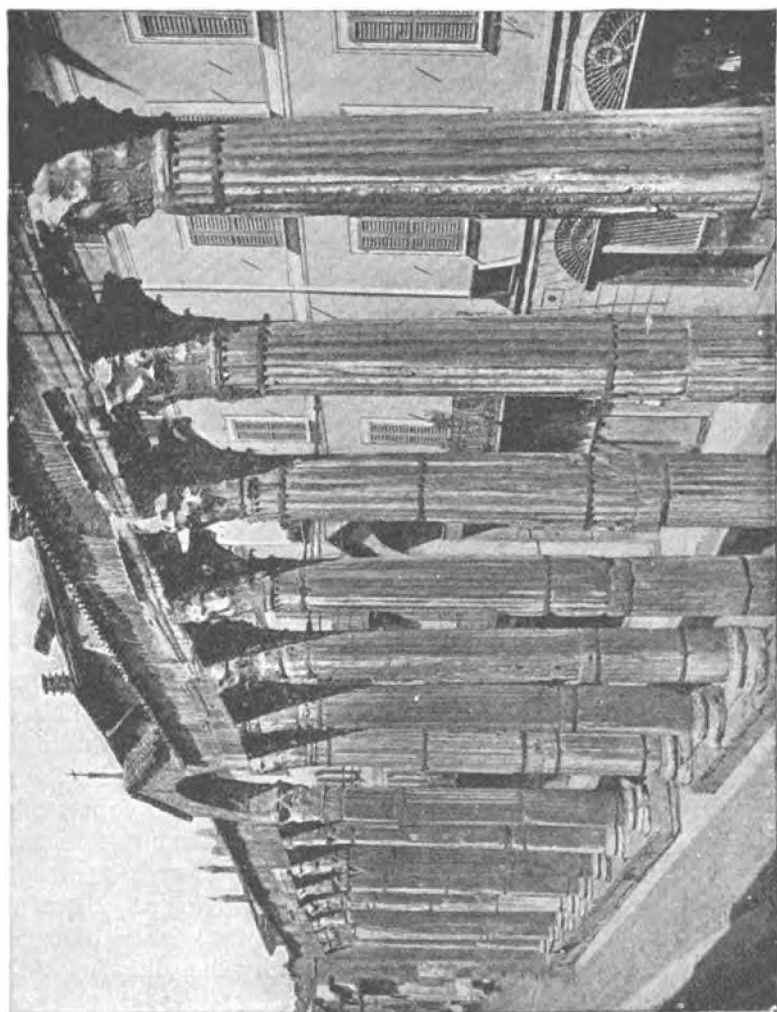
The immediate result of Julian's action was to bring flocking back to their dioceses all the bishops who had not kowtowed to the Arian formula of Constantius, and, as Julian himself doubtless

JULIAN  
INTERFERES  
WITH POLICY  
OF SPOILIATION.

anticipated, before many weeks had elapsed a sort of religious civil war had broken out in the Christian camp. The situation was further complicated by the fact that the protecting arm of the law was now extended to those who practised the old religion. The sacking of pagan temples was sternly repressed, and in cases of spoliation restitution was insisted upon. The Emperor's love of even-handed justice was, as may be supposed, by no means to the liking of those Christian congregations who had grown fat by pillaging the property of pagan temples or of other Christian sects that were for the

moment out of favour. Religious riots broke out in various places. Julian complains in an address to the inhabitants of Bostra, where one of these disturbances took place :—

“ I believed that the chiefs of the Galileans should feel a greater thank-



[Bregi.]

THE COLONNADE OF S. LORENZO, MILAN.  
(Remains of Imperial Buildings.)

Photo]

fulness to me than to him who preceded me in the government of the Empire. For while he reigned many of them were exiled, persecuted and imprisoned, and whole multitudes of so-called heretics were murdered, so that in Samosata, Cyzicus, in Paphlagonia, Bithynia, and Galatia, and many other places, entire villages were destroyed from their foundations. Now, under my rule, just the opposite has happened. The exiled have

been recalled, and by means of a law, those whose goods had been confiscated, received them back. Yet they have arrived at such a pitch of fury and stupidity that from the moment they were no longer permitted to tyrannize, nor to continue the strife among themselves, nor to oppress the worshippers of the Gods, inflamed with anger, they began to hurl stones and dare to stir up the rabble and make riots, impious in their actions towards the gods and rebellious to our decrees, notwithstanding their extreme benevolence. . . . I have, therefore, decided to proclaim and render manifest to all by means of this decree the duty of not assisting the clergy in causing riots, and not permitting themselves to be persuaded to throw stones and disobey the magistrates. Otherwise, all are allowed to assemble together as often as they wish, and to make such prayers as they think fit. . . .”

Elsewhere he says :—

“I have rendered the Church of the Galileans incontestable services. I have recalled the exiled, given back confiscated property and sought to put an end to the violence by which it was rent asunder. And, instead of finding gratitude, I have reaped the result of being hated by all without distinction, and more than my predecessor, who fiercely persecuted one half of the Church for the benefit of the other. But this arises from the fact that peace and reciprocal respects are not desired by the heads of the Church, as they only care for impunity in their abuse of power and deceit. My system of government, which imposes order and toleration of opinions and beliefs and absolute obedience to the laws, is distasteful to those who thus find their hands tied. . . .”

The extreme brevity of Julian's reign makes the probable success of his policy, had it been persevered in long enough to give it a fair trial, purely a matter of conjecture. What, however, we may assert with some confidence is that the old pagan forms of worship had too completely lost their hold on the faith of the people to make their rehabilitation possible. The attempt to fill the old bottles of Polytheism with the new wine of Neoplatonism was bound to fail. The Neoplatonic ideals were too far above the heads of the rank and file for them to be grasped and appreciated except in isolated instances. Nor was there any very obvious connecting link between the two forms of belief, the only excuse for the absorption of one by the other being the desire not to break with the past. They were indeed both Greek or presumably Greek in origin, but whereas one represented the oldest Greek tradition, the other was the subtlest and most sublimated outcome of the latest forms of Greek metaphysical speculation. Christianity, on the other hand, appealed to the heart and to the emotions—in short, to the common heritage of all humanity. The bishops and pastors of the flock might

PROBABLE  
RESULTS OF  
CONTINUANCE  
OF HIS REIGN.

squabble over questions of doctrine and their "tangled Trinities," but that which kept Christianity alive in the hearts of men was the humanity of Christ and not his Godhead. If, however, Julian was bound to fail in his attempt to restore the worship of the Greeks and Romans to its ancient position and honour—and evidence that his attempt was a failure had already begun to accumulate even in the short months of his reign—it is by no means equally certain that failure was bound to attend his determination to give Christianity a fair field and no favour, and to set himself sternly against any identification of ecclesiasticism with established authority. That the earlier policy of Constantine was better than the later one no sane thinker can doubt. The only true position was for the State to stand aloof and administer "indifferent" justice to all religions and sects alike. If this idea had once taken root it might well have become recognized by later generations as one of the established canons of State policy. The gain this would have been to the human race is so enormous that it is quite impossible to estimate it.

Constantine's dying words to his son, already quoted, "You will not enjoy the empire unless you make God adored by all in the same manner," became the text and motto of all Christian rulers, and led to the shedding of more innocent blood in the name of Christianity than any other recorded sentence in history. A murderer in his lifetime, his last words perpetuated a tradition of bloodshed which it took 1,500 years finally to extinguish. Perhaps, however, looked at from the highest point of view, the loss of life in the countless persecutions and wars of the Church was a trivial matter compared with the loss of knowledge and intellectual advancement which ecclesiastical tyranny inevitably involved. The slavery of the mind is admittedly the worst form of slavery, and the tradition of the infallibility of the Church spelt the dwarfing of the intellects of countless millions of human beings and the setting back of the clock of human progress by a full thousand years. If we take this view, we shall look upon Julian's ill-fated Persian campaign not as Gregory Nazianzen did, and other of the Christian Fathers, as a divine retribution on the man who had been impious enough to defy the Christian God, but as an irreparable disaster to the entire human race, and shall turn thankfully from the spiteful vapouring of this venomous ecclesiastic to the noble lament of Julian's friend Libanius over him whom the gods loved, but loved alas! too well:—

"All of us weep, each one the loss of his particular hopes; the philosopher

over the man who explained the doctrines of Plato ; the rhetorician over the orator eloquent of speech and skilful in criticizing the discourses of others ; the pleaders over a judge wiser than Rhadamanthus. Oh, unfortunate peasants, who will be the prey of those whose sole object is to despoil you ! O, power of justice already weakened, and of which soon there will only remain the shadow ! O magistrates, how much will the dignity of your names be reviled ! O, battalions of soldiers, you have lost an emperor who in war provided for all your necessities ! O, laws, with reason believed to have been dictated by Apollo, now trodden under foot ! O, reason, thou hast almost in the same moment acquired and lost thy sway and vigour. Alas ! for the earth's absolute ruin ! ”

Julian died at the age of thirty-two. Few men have crowded so much activity into so short a life, yet none have spoken in terms of greater admiration of the life of philosophy and contemplation. What Julian wrote was frequently written in his tent in moments snatched from his night's sleep after the turmoil

THE REAL of the day, and was rather written as an outlet  
 JULIAN. for his emotions than intended for the world's eye. Such as it is, however, it throws a remarkable light on the character of the writer. A Conservative by temperament, his zeal for justice and pure administration in an age of violence and corruption made him a born reformer. He combined the traditional virtues of the best of the old Romans—their austerity, simplicity and probity—with a passionate love for Greek literature, Greek philosophy and Greek ideals. It is this strain of the old Roman in Julian which explains his desire—a desire which has puzzled so many of his biographers—to perpetuate the ancient pagan rites which were once so closely interweaved with a Roman's home and a Roman's ideal of duty. A friend who knew him well \* thus describes his personal appearance : “ He was of middle height, with soft fine hair, a bushy pointed beard, beautifully bright and flashing eyes which bespoke the subtlety of his mind ; fine eyebrows, a very straight nose, a rather large mouth with full lower lip, a thick arched neck, large broad shoulders, a frame compact from head to finger tips, whence arose his great physical strength and agility.”

In religion, as has been already intimated, Julian was a mystic of the mystics. He drank in greedily the theosophical doctrines of the leading Neoplatonists of the day, and Porphyry and Plotinus were among his favourite authors. He recognized that here if anywhere was to be found the essence of true spiritual religion, and not in the dogmas of any sect or in the anthropomorphic superstitions of his own or any other age. He avowed

\* Ammianus.

his own personal belief in a life after death, but spoke of this subject as one on which every man must form his own opinion for himself, as there was no conclusive evidence with regard to it. It is curious that after more than fifteen hundred years the religious attitude of Julian is once more finding favour with the most advanced intellects of the age minus that sympathy with pagan rites and ceremonies which arose from the accident of his date of birth and his conservative leaning to the great traditions of the halcyon days of the old Roman Commonwealth.

The name of "Apostate" given him by the fathers of the Church has still clung to Julian, and perhaps it is after all not without appropriateness, if it may be held to describe one who "stood aloof" \* from the tyranny of ecclesiasticism, and who turned away from the paths of violence and corruption in which his predecessors had walked, to choose the nobler ambition of administering even-handed justice to all without respect of creeds or persons.

My readers will doubtless be interested to learn that Mr. A. E. Waite is about to issue through the publishing house of Rebman, Ltd., an elaborate work which is likely to become the textbook on its particular subject, entitled *The Hidden Church of the Holy Grail, its Legends and Symbolism*. As its sub-title states, these are "considered in their affinity with certain mysteries of initiation, and other traces of secret tradition in Christian times." Certain of the matter contained in this volume has already appeared in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW. This, however, is but a small part of the work itself, which deals with the subject in a very thorough and comprehensive manner, and is written by one whose knowledge of the subject is probably second to none among scholars of the present day. I understand that the book will be published in the early autumn.

\* Greek ἀποστατής, from ἀφίστημι, I stand aloof.

# INVOCATION

By E. M. HOLDEN

[The following poem appears as an introduction to *Argemone*, by E. M. Holden, and is published by kind permission of the author. The publisher of this little book of verse is A. C. Fifield, 44, Fleet Street, London, E.C.]

COME, in some auspicious hour  
Of the midnight's stilly power—  
While remotest mem'ries flower  
Round thy feet, Hermione!

And despite the mist of tears  
And the roll of alien years,  
Stand amid the silvery spheres  
Of my dreams, Hermione!

Till methinks no Age of Gold  
Peopled by the gods of old,  
Could a lovelier form unfold  
Than thine own, Hermione!

Just as if a wind had found  
Melody and wreathed her round,  
Melody, entranced of sound,  
Wholly rapt, Hermione!

Just as if of some fair fane  
Dreaming Destinies sustain,  
One white shaft should yet remain  
Half-revealed, Hermione!

One white fragment yet should stand,  
Lifted brow and lifted hand,  
Foam-besprent and laurel-spanned  
'Neath the stars, Hermione!

Type of some transcendent Art  
With the soul as sentient part,  
All the language of thy heart,  
Heavenly song, Hermione!

And I dream that to and fro  
From the worlds that round us glow,  
Messengers may come and go  
As of old, Hermione!

And I drain august desire  
From thy lips of living fire,  
And am straight the wind-swept lyre  
Thou hast strung, Hermione!



# CORPSE-CANDLES AND THE "TEULU"

By M. L. LEWES

WHEN St. David of blessed memory lay dying, his soul was greatly troubled by the thought of his people, who would soon be bereft of his pious care and exhortations. He remembered the Celtic character, apt to be lifted to heights of enthusiastic piety by any passing influence of oratory, or a strong personality such as his own, and, alas! prone to sink to depths of indifference, or even scepticism, when that influence was removed. So the saint prayed very earnestly for his flock that some special sign of divine assistance might be granted them. Tradition says that his prayer was heard, and a promise given that henceforth no one in the good Archbishop's diocese should die without receiving previous intimation of his end, and so might be prepared. The warning was to be a light, proceeding from the person's dwelling to the place where he should be buried, following exactly the road which the funeral would afterwards take. This light, visible a few days before death, is the *canwyll corph* (corpse-candle).

Such is the legend at the foundation of a belief once almost universal in some parts of Wales, and which, even in these sceptical days, one sometimes meets with in out-of-the-way corners of the Principality. Scientifically approached, the corpse-candle is merely the well-known *ignis fatuus* (will-o'-the-wisp or marsh-light) occasionally seen to quiver and flicker at night over the surface of bog and swamp. Shelley writes:—

As a fenfire's beam  
On a sluggish stream  
Gleams dimly.

Often appearing in the distance like a carried lantern, these lights have been known to lure unwary travellers from a safe path to insecurity and danger. Scott's name for the will-o'-the-wisp, is Friar Rush's lantern:—

Better we had through mire and bush  
Been lantern-led by Friar Rush.

In the same connection, Milton in *L'Allegro* also mentions the "friar's lantern."

But though the writer has herself an open mind on the subject of the *canwyll corph*, yet it does not seem to her as if the *ignis fatuus* explanation covers quite all the ground suggested in the various instances of the *canwyll's* appearance described in the following notes.

Although the weird privilege was supposed to belong entirely to St. David's diocese, yet some writers mention the belief as well-known in North Wales. George Borrow, in *Wild Wales*, describes in chapter xi a conversation he had on the subject with a woman who lived near Llangollen and had herself seen a *canwyll corph*. And in our day, Professor Rhys writes in *Celtic Folklore*: "It is hard to guess why it was assumed that the *canwyll corph* was unknown in other parts of Wales. . . . I have myself heard of them being seen in Anglesey." But earlier authors always assign South Wales as the real home of the tradition. Meyrick, in his *History of Cardiganshire* (1810), speaks of St. David obtaining the privilege for his diocese, adding, "The *canwyll corph* is bright or pale according to the age of the person, and if the candle is seen to turn out of the path that leads to the church, the corpse will do so likewise."

A writer in *Household Words* for 1864 mentions the belief in corpse-lights as prevailing "in Cardigan, Carmarthen and Pembroke." He also refers to a letter written by one John Davies in the year 1656, and published by Richard Baxter, "containing a curious instance. Davies' wife's sister, Joanna Wyat, had been nurse in a great house, thirty-five years before he wrote the letter, and then one day when the lady of the house lay dead, the house-keeper went into the maid-servants' room and saw five of these lights. Afterwards the room was whitened and to hasten the drying a brazier of charcoal was put into it. The servants went to bed, and five of them were dead next morning."

All authorities agree that the most characteristic feature of the corpse-candle's appearance is, that it invariably follows the exact line that will be taken by the funeral procession. This is well illustrated by an instance that occurred some years ago at a house in Cardiganshire. Instead of going straight along the drive, the light was seen to flicker down some steps and round the garden pond; and when the death occurred the drive was partly broken up under repair, and the coffin had to be taken the way indicated by the corpse-candle. Another story from Carmarthenshire relates how shortly before a death in the family owning a certain house, the woman living at the lodge saw a pale light come down the drive one evening. It pursued its way as

far as the lodge, where it hovered a few moments, then through the gates and out on the road, where it stopped again for several minutes under some trees. On the day of the funeral the hearse, for an unexpected reason, was pulled up for some time at the exact spot under the trees where the *canwyll* had halted.

Not long ago the writer was talking about the *canwyll corph* and kindred subjects, with the postmistress of a Cardiganshire village, who remarked that she had only known one person who had ever seen a "corpse-light." This was a woman—now dead—called (for this occasion) Mary Jones, and, to use the words of the postmistress, "a very religious and respectable person." At one time in her life she lived in a village called Pennant (a place well known to the writer), where the church is rather a landmark, being set on the top of a hill. Mary Jones invariably and solemnly declared that whenever a death occurred amongst her neighbours, she would always previously see a corpse-candle wend its way up the hill from the village into the churchyard. And at the same place she once saw the *Teulu* (a phantom funeral). This last experience was in broad daylight, and was shared with several other people who were haymaking at the time, and who all clearly saw the spectral procession appear along a road and mysteriously vanish when it reached a certain point. Belief in the *Teulu* used to be very widely-spread in Cardiganshire, especially, it is said, in the northern part of the county. Meyrick writes, "The *Teulu* . . . a phantasmagoric representation of a funeral, and the peasants affirm that when they meet with this, unless they move out of the road, they must inevitably be knocked down by the pressure of the crowd. They add that they know the persons whose spirits they behold, and hear them distinctly singing hymns."

But the *Teulu* was not always visible; sometimes the presence of the ghostly *cortège* would be known merely by the sudden *feeling* of encountering a crowd of people and hearing a dim wailing like the sound of a distant funeral dirge.

The writer has heard of two cases of people being involved in these invisible funeral processions, which must truly be a most disagreeable experience. One story relates to a Mrs. D——, who lived in the parish of Llandewi Brefi in Cardiganshire. Her husband was ill, and one day as she was going upstairs to his room, she had a feeling as of being in a vision, though she could see nothing. But the staircase seemed suddenly crowded with people, and by their shuffling, irregular footsteps, low exclamations, and heavy breathings, she knew they were carrying a

heavy burden downstairs. So realistic was the impression that when she had struggled to the top of the stairs she felt actually weak and faint from the pressure of the crowd. A few days later her husband died, and on the day of the funeral, when the house was full of people and the coffin carried with difficulty down the narrow stairs, she realized that her curious experience had been a warning of sorrow to come.

The other instance was told by the Rev. G. Eyre Evans, of Aberystwith, a minister, and writer on archaeological subjects of considerable local fame. In his own words, "As to the *Teslu*, well, if ever a man met one and got mixed in it, I certainly did when crossing Trychrug (a high hill in Cardiganshire) one night. I seemed to feel the brush of people, to buffet against them, and to be in the way; perhaps the feeling lasted a couple of minutes. It was an eerie, weird feeling, quite inexplicable to me, but there was the experience, say what you will." Mr. Eyre Evans also relates two experiences regarding the *canwyll corph*, but the writer will not repeat them here, as, though interesting, neither story has any specially significant feature to distinguish it greatly from other instances of a similar type.

Another belief relating to the *canwyll* was, that it not only boded future trouble, but that it was positively dangerous for anybody who saw one to get in its way. The writer had never heard of this disagreeable attribute of the corpse-light until she talked with the postmistress already quoted. This woman said that, long ago, she and other children were always frightened from straying far from home by tales of "Jacky Lantern," a mysterious light, which, encountered on the road, would infallibly burn one up. Perhaps this idea is peculiar to Cardiganshire, as Borrow (*Wild Wales*, chap. lxxxviii) mentions meeting with the same belief when talking to a shepherd who acted as his guide from the Devil's Bridge, over Plinlimmon. Borrow said: "They (corpse-candles) foreshadow deaths, don't they?" "They do, sir; but that's not all the harm they do. They are very dangerous for anybody to meet with. If they come bump up against you when you are walking carelessly, it's generally all over with you in this world." Then followed the story of how a man, well known to the shepherd, had actually met his death in that weird manner.

This idea certainly adds to the fear inspired by the sight of the *canwyll*, but the more general belief seems to have been that the lights were quite harmless in themselves, and when seen were regarded with awe only as sure harbingers of future woe.

## NEW BOOKS ON EASTERN FAITHS\*

BY NORA ALEXANDER

IF in the days to come the nineteenth century is remembered for the rapid advance of scientific knowledge, then the twentieth will assuredly be labelled with that spiritual upheaval which, in the West at least, has been to a certain extent the result of it. Not that the movement has been confined to the West. In the East, too, it has been equally marked; for the long sleep of China is nearing its end, the apathy of India has passed, and Japan is thinking as well as acting.

The half-dozen books specially referred to in this article may be said to be fairly typical of the class of literature growing up out of the interchange of ideas between East and West resulting from this increased knowledge and spiritual stirring. Thus in the *Religion of the Veda* and *Brahma Knowledge* we have the Western scholars' representation of the Ancient Philosophy of India; in the *Gospel of Ramakrishna* the modern Hindu's own interpretation of the meaning and scope of that Philosophy, together with its application to practical, daily life; in *The Creed of Buddha* we have the critical Western layman striving loyally towards a sympathetic comprehension of Buddhism as the Buddha himself understood it; in *Buddhism* we have Eastern and Western adherents of the Great Teacher, telling us what it means to them in this twentieth century; while in *Wheat among the Tares* we find the views of its Christian opponents concerning it.

Professor Bloomfield has set himself the task, not of explaining the elaborate ritual and the bewildering mythology of the Vedas, but of gathering from beneath these the religious conceptions which form their foundation; and of tracing the evolution of these same conceptions from the germinal prehistoric Nature Myths—which were evidently hoary with age before ever

\* *The Religion of the Veda*. Maurice Bloomfield, Ph.D., LL.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.—*Brahma Knowledge*. L. D. Barnett, M.A., Litt.D. John Murray. 2s.—*The Gospel of Ramakrishna*. Ed. by Swami Abhedananda. Vedanta Society.—*The Creed of Buddha*. By the author of *The Creed of Christ*. John Lane. 5s. net.—*Buddhism*. International Buddhist Society, Rangoon and 14, Bury Street, W.C. 3s.—*Wheat among the Tares*. Rev. A. Lloyd. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

the Rishis lifted their voice in song—through the noonday worship of the personal deities of the Vedic Pantheon, to that dark night when ritual and ceremony, growing faster than spiritual enlightenment, as is ever the case, bid fair to choke and destroy that which gave them life, and so on to the brighter dawn when from their dead ashes rose the sublime impersonal philosophy of the Upanishads with its daring central idea of unity, its conception of plurality as a mere appearance with no reality behind it, its final magnificent *sat tvam asi*.

Of the hundred and more books which together constitute the Vedas, the Rig-veda, the oldest of them all, is the most ethnologically instructive, since there we see, as it is granted to us to see in no other literature in the world, anthropomorphism in the making; see too the dawn of that monism which was to culminate in the Upanishads; but, on the other hand, we find no trace either of their pessimism or of that theory of metempsychosis which was thenceforth to dominate Hindu thought. Professor Bloomfield himself ascribes the former to climatic and economic conditions, and the latter, at least partially, to an outgrowth from folklore, arguing that to the joyous Hindu of the Vedic period, whose life was passed in the kindlier clime of the Indus, not in the intolerable heat of the plain of the Ganges, where the Upanishads first saw the light, death was not the welcome guest it appeared to his successors. But a little thought, probably taken very gradually, made it clear to him that finite deeds, however good, could only justly meet with a finite reward, and hence he was confronted with the idea of a merely conditional immortality and the danger of re-dying in heaven when he had exhausted that reward. As death and heaven, however, seemed incompatible, the former was transferred to earth, and the law of Karma, or deed, introduced to make the balance even. And so we get the round of births and deaths. But as the writer acknowledges, though there may be truth in this ingenious and simple theory, it is by no means likely to be the whole truth.

It must be confessed that Professor Bloomfield is inclined to take a soberer view of the philosophic value of the Upanishads than many other Orientalists. He does not pay them the magnificent tribute of Schopenhauer, nor does he feel with Professor Deussen that they represent the profoundest philosophy the world has yet seen, and betray the deepest insight yet granted to mankind into the ultimate mystery of Being. To him they are transitional and unconsummated, and as such owe their interest chiefly to their search for truth, to their daring conceptions and

their marvellous subtlety ; in short, to their struggles rather than to their attainment.

Nothing is more difficult than to be at once lucid and brief in presenting the thought of Eastern philosophy to Western readers, and one cannot help feeling that the matter contained in the first fifty pages of Professor Barnett's little treatise on the Vedanta and one of the systems of Philosophy which grew out of it, might well have covered a hundred, and thereby allowed the essentials to stand out more clearly from amid the technical detail surrounding them. Such a criticism is not called forth by the work itself, which as a handbook to the serious beginner is likely to be both welcome and valuable, but by the fact that being one of the Wisdom of the East series it is primarily intended for the man in the street, who is more ignorant of matters Eastern than Professor Barnett wots of. However, Part 2, which consists of an excellent selection of translations from some of the most ancient and important of the Upanishads, makes delightful reading.

So much, then, for the Vedanta as a bygone philosophy ; but what of its practical outcome as a living faith to-day ? To that, one answer is to be found in the Gospel of Ramakrishna, that nineteenth century saint at whose feet Quakers and Mohammedans, orthodox Christians and atheists, Agnostics, Buddhists, and Vedantists, scholars and philosophers, from East and West and North and South, sat and learned. And if one asks further "What did they learn ?" one may be told in two words their ultimate lesson—"Love and Unity." For though he discoursed to this one on the Atman and to that one on a Personal God, to this one on Vidya and that one on Devotion, to this one on Renunciation and that one on the duties of home life, yet always he came back to his one fundamental theme.

"Whatever is, is right," sang the Western poet. "Whatever is, is God," sang the Hindu saint, and therein lay at once his strength and his message. For where God is there is room for endless diversity, but no room for discord ; there is room both for the Mohammedan and the Vedantist, for the Christian and the Buddhist ; but there is no room for their quarrels, no room for fanaticism or sectarian disputes. "His mission," says one of his disciples, that Swami Abhedananda who is now among us, and who edits this little volume of his master's sayings, a volume which should assuredly be in the hands of all those who love truth, "his mission was to show the underlying unity in the variety of religion, and to establish that universal religion of

which sectarian religions are each but partial expressions." Yet Ramakrishna spoke in no ignorance of sects, since he devoted twelve years to continuous study and practice of the rites of all the great religions of the world, and thereby discovered, that to one at least like himself who sought Truth with a pure heart, God-consciousness was attainable through one and all. The Absolute God, Allah, Brahma, by whatever name we call him, is the goal of all, and religions are the paths leading thereto. Man's error lies in the fact that he often mistakes the paths for the goal. "All religions are paths, but the paths are not God," said the saint once.

To Westerners it may seem surprising that no one has ever more unwaveringly upheld the divinity of woman than this sage of the East. To him every woman stood as the representative of the Divine Motherhood, and it was at the feet of a woman, Guru, that he first sought and found spiritual light. He himself in talking to his disciples mentioned a characteristic little incident of how he "once met a harlot, standing under a tree and wearing a blue garment." But to the saint her calling faded away in the recognition of her inner divinity. "As I looked at her," he went on, "instantly the ideal of Sita\* appeared before me. I forgot the existence of the harlot." It was this capacity for recognizing the universal good, this clear, spiritual vision, which gave him no little of his power over the hearts and the souls of men.

The man in the street may stare perplexedly and ask if love is indeed the final outcome of the "cool intellectualism" of the Upanishads, may demand to know what has become of knowledge, that fetich of the East. Ramakrishna would tell him that the one is a prelude to the other, and that in the last stage of all they blend into one. "The knowledge of God may be likened to a man, while the love of God is like a woman. Knowledge has entry only up to the outer rooms of God, but no one can enter into the inner mysteries of God save a lover." Beyond that, "knowledge and love of God are ultimately one. There is no difference between pure knowledge and pure love."

And now we turn aside to another aspect of Indian thought, to the thought of that practical reformer known to the world as the Light of Asia. In a sense *The Creed of Buddha* may be said to preface a new era in the dawn of a sympathetic comprehension between East and West. For the latter has been mainly

\* The Hindu ideal of perfect womanhood.



dependent for its knowledge of the spiritual ideals of the East on the interpretation of scholars, but, as the writer points out, this task is one calling for criticism and judgment rather than for scholarship as such. And indeed though we cannot feel too deep a gratitude to that distinguished and disinterested band of Orientalists who have devoted their lives to bringing the thought of the East within reach of the West, yet gratitude should not blind one to the fact that the interpreter *par excellence* of exoteric forms is not necessarily the interpreter *par excellence* of their esoteric meaning. The equipment of the philologist is not that of the ethnologist; still less is it that of the spiritual guide.

The author insists all through on a point we are too apt to forget, viz. the absolute necessity of approaching the study of Eastern spirituality and Eastern philosophy from the Eastern standpoint and not, as is almost invariably the case, from the Western one, a proceeding which can only result in utter misunderstanding, owing to the gulf which yawns between their fundamental conceptions.

Though there is not a chapter in this book which is not full of suggestiveness, yet its real interest lies in the war which it wages against the Orientalists, not over the ethical code of the Buddha, but over the metaphysical theory which lies behind that code. The problem is none the less fascinating in that, in face of the unbroken silence preserved by the Great Teacher himself on all ultimate realities, there is no final Court of Appeal to decide the issue. What *did* lie behind that most mysterious, most significant silence of well-nigh half a century? What was the motive power driving out that magnificent world-message of his, the message which was neither for a nation nor an age but for all nations and all ages, which held hope alike for the lowest and the highest in the land?

Our author tells us that it was a spiritual idealism of the purest and loftiest type, founded on all that was best in the Upanishadic philosophy; that so far from being a revolt against Brahmanism it was an outgrowth from it in precisely the same way as Christianity was an outgrowth from Judaism; that Buddha, like Christ, was a reformer; that what he did was to sweep aside the dead covering of ceremonialism which hid the spiritual beauty of the Upanishadic philosophy, and to translate that beauty into terms of practical life.

On the other hand, the majority of Orientalists have assured us that this same silence hid atheism, materialism, pessimism, nihilism and many kindred "isms"; and in face of the fact

that the Great Teacher not only rigidly avoided all metaphysical discussion himself but invariably suppressed it in his followers, they have nevertheless provided us with an authoritative exposition of his metaphysical code, have laid it down that he denied the existence of the Ego and held Nirvana to be no more than a blissful introduction to annihilation. But if there is no Ego, there seems very little room left in the world for metaphysical speculation; and how are we to reconcile this philosophical nihilism—since it is impossible to assert seriously that the Buddha was a materialist—with that doctrine of Reincarnation which is unanimously allowed to be the keystone of his teaching? If there is no Ego, what reincarnates? The theory is apparently reduced to a piece of irrational moonshine, which was indeed Dr. Rhys David's original view of it, though he now maintains that even minus a reincarnating Ego, reincarnation itself still remains quite sensible and logical. (One presumes that he would say he had learned to think in terms of Nāma, while the writer of *The Creed of Buddha* is still thinking in terms of Rūpa; but this is scarcely satisfying to the average man, and surely the Buddha taught for him? Surely, too, the Buddhist propagandists, who even now are dreaming of drawing both America and Europe within the fold of the Great Teacher, have some simpler message, some clearer hope for him than this?)

For in practice, as the writer points out, this reduces the moral basis of the teaching of the Buddha to a statement that A must strive unceasingly to be good in order that a million or so of years hence, after B, C, D, and the rest have appeared on earth, Y may enjoy a few years of happiness and Z avoid the misery of being born. "But what are B and Y and Z to me?" asks A, and one can imagine Dr. Paul Carus blandly replying, "Nothing whatever"—which is hardly encouraging. "Yet," pursues our author, "strange as it may seem, there is nothing in the Buddhist scriptures to show that even those writers who are supposed to have declared war against the Ego regarded the identity between man and man, in a given line of karmic succession, as less real than the identity between what a man is to-day and what he was twenty years ago, or will be twenty years hence." If this is so, then the denial of it in the *Milinda dialogues* and elsewhere must be merely "notional" and not real; and their author cannot rightly be claimed by the metaphysical atomists as at one with themselves. Indeed, in one of the dialogues it is distinctly stated that the connection between A, and B who inherits his karma, is analogous to that between

“ a young girl ” and the same girl “ when grown up and marriageable.” Hence it is suggested that what the Buddha denied was the individual Ego, not the real Ego, which he must have realized did not exist finally “ in any form or mode which is comprehensible by human thought,” that the confusion arises from the failure to bridge the abyss which lies between Eastern and Western points of view, that whereas the East deals in the real and the unreal, which are polar opposites and therefore necessarily co-existent, the dualism of the West drives it into dealing with the existent and the non-existent, which are alternatives.

But it may be asked, “ *Why* was the Buddha silent ? ” and to this a twofold answer is given, viz. that it was partly because he had reached the incommunicable known to all mystics, which is only to be attained by living and never by formulae, and partly because he had before his eyes on every side the spiritual decay bred of ceremonialism and profitless metaphysical discussion ; and stirred as he was by an intense desire to help humanity, he put both resolutely aside, not necessarily as worthless, but as irrelevant to his particular purpose, as likely to prove an obstacle to turn men aside from the path of soul-growth into that of soul stultification.

And as a Hindu writer in *Buddhism*, which is the official organ of the Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland, very truly says : “ His silence is not necessarily the silence of contempt nor yet of ignorance. It is merely the silence of one who has a practical end in view.” The same article asserts that the Buddha never categorically denied the existence of a power superior to man, or opposed a belief in God or Gods on the part of his followers. But when we come again to that vexed question of the Ego we find small comfort, since Ananda M. (presumably the pseudonym of the Buddhist monk now in England) repeats that there is not now, never has been, and never will be, any percipient at all, that we of the West are Formalists and must learn to be Normalists before we can grasp the dynamic view point of Buddhism. But one needs a mathematical mind for this, the kind of mind capable of thinking of an ellipse, not like the Formalist, who is a visualist, “ as a picture of a definite sort of conic section, but in terms of a particular modification of the calculus.” But how many of us are capable of this mental feat ? Yet however that may be, one thing is certain. Ananda M. has the rare gift of presenting purely abstract metaphysical ideas in a form so clear and a style so terse that even the unenlightened reviewer can follow him, and quite honestly say that those who

indulge in a copy of *Buddhism* will find in it ample food for thought and many good things of many kinds, from Burmese legends to problems of Ultimate Realities, from glimpses into the fascinating past of Ceylon seen in her ruins to discussions on Nirvana and dissertations on many kindred subjects. But best of all, perhaps, is the quite unmistakable spirit which pervades it, the spirit of earnest, whole-hearted endeavour, the determination to follow Truth nor count the cost, which seems to be writ large on almost every page.

Lastly we come to *Wheat among the Tares*, a little book whose aim is the conversion of Buddhists to Christianity, and the publication of a plea for more systematic study of the religions of the East by means of an Endowed Research Fund, so that Christianity may be armed with a new Apologetic. The author deals principally with the Mahayana Buddhism, showing the various influences which modified it when once it passed outside India and came in contact with Greek and Parthian civilization, how Nichiren, the great Buddhist reformer of the thirteenth century, borrowed from the Alexandrian Gnostics, and how the Shingon teaching became impregnated with Manichaeism. Finally he takes the Saddharma Pundarika, which has been for 15 centuries the main inspiration of Buddhist teachers in China and Japan, and although declaring the author to be a Docetist, points out how many Christian sermons might be preached from his texts. He lays great stress on the statement that Asvaghosa, the chief exponent of Mahayanism, was a contemporary of Christ's, and that during his lifetime Chinese writers affirm that the Buddha reappeared on earth. This, he argues, should surely turn Buddhists to Christ as the Fulfiller of the teachings of their Sakyamuni. Again, quoting one of the Amida Sutras in which the Buddha "with a refreshing inconsistency sweeps aside the whole system of Karma and bids Vaidehi look for comfort in the West in which Karma is for ever set aside through the merits of the Great Buddha of the Western regions," he tells us that this "sounds like a genuine page from the Buddha's life." We hardly think Buddhists will agree, but whether or no one is at issue with the reverend writer's ideas and conclusions, one cannot but welcome gladly the tolerant breadth he displays in treating of religions alien to his own, a mental attitude which is, alas! too often conspicuous by its absence in Christian treatises on so-called "heathen" faiths.

# ON THE PLAY OF THE IMAGE-MAKER

BY FLORENCE FARR

THE Latin word *ludo*, I play or sport, is the root forming all such words as ludicrous, illusion, delusion, and so on. In Sanscrit the corresponding word is *lila*, and it is used to describe the work of creation.

We learn then, that it is the special work of the creative part of the mind to create delusive forms. I do not think we sufficiently realize that our life is in reality a series of illusions, and how much what we call our characteristics depend upon the bent of our illusions. For instance, if we accept the delusion that we are healthy we overcome disease; if we are more open to the delusion that we are unhealthy, we give way before disease. This individual susceptibility to notions and impulses is the really interesting thing in the study of a human being. It does not arise from birthright and country. If it did twins would be identical. The theory of rebirth in numberless human forms does not explain the mystery, but only makes it more remote. The conscious mind has not much to do with it, nobody would consciously prefer to be in pain. The practical way of controlling it appears quite absurd; for it is not, as is sometimes asserted will-power, but a kind of hypocritical pretence of believing what reason tells us is untrue. The assumption of an attitude of faith and the assertion of belief in words has over and over again been found to concentrate the unknown illusionary powers, and bring about some wished-for event.

This is one of the great puzzles of life. I remember years and years ago I was asked to regulate the beating of a hypnotized person's heart by saying aloud, "Your heart is to beat slower—a little quicker—that is right." I merely said the words without any assumed faith. I did not believe, I only said the words, and to my greatest astonishment the heart beat exactly as I told it to beat.

Effort, as commonly understood, has no effect comparable to this calm imperative statement. If a thing is really desired it cannot be attained, because real desire contracts and blocks up the passage of the words with emotion, or in some other un-

known way. The law appears to be : There is nothing in the world you cannot do as long as you do not care whether it is done or not.

We have all seen this on the stage. We have seen one actor struggle and sweat over his part, and we have admired his devotion and intelligence. We have seen another peacefully expressing himself and the whole audience hanging on his words. The hard worker is generally getting £10 a week and the other £100.

Evidently calmness is a great power and desire a great weakness. A kind of mathematical precision is part of the expression of power ; and I believe the faith in symbolic magic arises from the mathematical precision of symbols, because the contemplation of a perfect symbol gives perfect form to the imagination.

Let us consider the analogy between the imagination and the Demiurgos, or creator of the world. Because the symbol of the earth is imperfect it is said the creatures arising from it are liable to imperfection. The sphere of the earth is said to be flattened at the poles, and through some such bias in its form its laws and cycles are imperfect and vary unaccountably. The malformation is its individuality or personal character ; and it is necessary to us to try and discover the laws of its lawlessness. They interest us.

In an old Sanscrit story the immortal bird sits with the mortal on the phantasmal Tree of Life, and the immortal does not eat of the fruits, but lives in contemplation. The mortal bird eats of the fruits, and they are joy and sorrow, life and death. A Vedic hymn tells how Death sits carousing with the gods at the foot of this tree, and the mortal who eats of the fruits is under the dominion of Death, who is the lord of the gods.

Why does the immortal Spirit sit twin-like beside the mortal and watch him live and die and fill himself with desire and satiety ? It interests him. The link between the mortal and immortal brothers is so close, so terribly close, that throughout the life of the mortal the immortal feels unwillingness at the thought of separation.

I have heard people in the flush of health say that they do not care for the mortal side, and they would throw away their bodies as if they were old clothes. It would mean no more to them. It is an interesting mood. But only a mood. All mystics know that it is easy for an expert to enter the state of rigid trance voluntarily and to attain to a state of temporary death, in which the heart appears to stop beating. He may repeatedly

and gladly leave his body but is he willing gladly to let his body leave him? I do not believe it.

I think the reason of this secret feeling of resentment against death is that the immortal bird has a certain satisfaction in watching his mortal brother, and the deep root of the sorrow of death and decay is this immortal regret. The mortal life is a drama set up for the pleasure of the immortal witness; it often takes so deep an interest that tears fall from immortal eyes and cause wonders to appear on earth. The more miserable the story of the life the more exciting the drama becomes, and the less willing the immortal spectator is to say, "Enough." For that is all that is necessary to put an end to sorrow and decay and death and sin.

Why do we sit out these sordid dramas? Why does not our eternal consciousness retire from the contemplation of disease and cruelty? Can it be because it is tired of contemplation of eternal beatitude and perfection?

The oldest traditions say that is why.

Let us consider the question through our own feelings. When we first study philosophy, when we first open our eyes upon the world as baby children, we ask, "Why is everything happening?" Later on we say, "Why, if Unity is perfect, does creation arise from it?" The wise teacher replies, "You yourself came out from perfection; you separated yourself as a drop from the ocean, as a spark from the fire. Why did you do so?"

We wonder for a little, and then we remember it was because perfection and silence and unutterable bliss cannot be endured continuously; and so the immortal bird watches the sorrows of his mortal brother.

The absolute watches the relative, and it is his sport and play to do so.

So long as we consider ourselves as separate from this creator, the notion of being the sport of the gods is intolerable; and no human being in that stage of belief will hear of it with patience.

But when we have faced the appalling truth that we have ourselves constructed all that we know and remember because we chose to do so, we end by excusing ourselves. We know that we love in our hearts a rhythmical existence; we are willing to pass into trance, to attain consciousness of unconsciousness. We want to remember or forget at will, and let all the universe of suns and stars disappear in a flash. We want to be able to return; we do not want to be forced to return. We want to attain liberation and pass from the plenitude of the absolute

into the deprivation of the relative without losing consciousness in the transitional states.

Again, there is a kind of drunken pleasure in this very loss of consciousness, and in sharing the delusions of the exterior world. We feel the inebriation of romance when we read about the "new knowledge" and the inevitable periods of elemental substances, of the shapely groupings of quivering particles. There is a triumph in the thought that little mortals have constructed means of measuring space and reckoning periods. But what does it matter really when we sleep or die what laws may govern the exterior world?

The only knowledge that could make a real difference to us would be the knowledge of how to enter into the consciousness that underlies these ultimate aggregations, these fiery dances of that primal state in which spirit and matter can no longer be distinguished from each other. The only thing of eternal importance is that we should be released from the notion that the particular groupings that we call our minds and bodies are the only groupings that make consciousness possible. We want to be able to understand and enter into the consciousness of simple organisms, of simple elements, and finally into the consciousness of universal life and its actions, desires and being.

How does any human soul attain this beatitude? Not because it can float in the ethers of the seven heavens, but because it has entered into the consciousness of further degrees in the scale of that simplification which ends in the knowledge of simplicity and wholeness united. The soul rests in the field of some larger knowledge than that represented by the ministers of visible nature.

We believe that the consciousness of organic life is diffused everywhere in temperate regions, and the Dionysian ecstasy of that consciousness comes to all who seek it faithfully in communion with organic life. The colder and more remote ecstasy of Apollo is that of the still more diffused consciousness of inorganic life. It is more ordered and less immediately destructive, although the passions of intense fiery energy blast the forms of organic life and fling them into a limbo of unconscious deprivation. For each degree of the mysteries must be attained slowly by delving into the last secrets of Being. How clear consciousness must be in those Apollonian regions of inorganic being, unclogged by the slow motions of cells and the life they imprison! It can dart from sun to sun, seeing without eyes to blind it, hearing without the ears which deafen it to all



but a little range of sounds. But before the ecstasy of Eros even the ecstasies of Apollo pass away, and in the blank etherial spaces the shining creators flit in the radiance that they themselves shed. All these ecstasies have been experienced by mystics who have described them over and over again. We need not wait till the whole world is fire and dew to know Dionysos and Apollo and Eros ; they are all of them within reach of our hands, for they are the names we have given to states of the imagination and that which is beyond the making of images.

When we can attenuate our consciousness to the degree in which we can discern the substance of the stars, it is with us here. When we achieve this division or subdivision and realize that we can have a continuous consciousness woven through and through all degrees of substance, from the white life of the hottest star to the frozen death of the blackest moon, something is gained, and if the dream of existence is only a dream at least it will be free from the fears which make us sacrifice the noble aims of life to the ignoble means of living. And if there is no other life than this we are living now, to give a greater dream to others is better than to destroy and humiliate them in order that we may give alms to them and treat them with condescension. We cannot be great in the way of the world unless there are others who are small ; we cannot be loved unless others are despised ; we cannot earn unless others starve. But if our minds are great, then we shed a great blessing, for we no longer want anything which is limited ; we do not want anything which others want, for we are satisfied by what we are in our own consciousness and do not need the possession and desires of the rest.

When we see this clearly we partake dimly in the play of the gods. We build up forms and watch them fade away. We initiate ideas which gradually start into life and fly on their own wings, and all the time we rest on the sure basis of the Gnosis which tells us form and sound will pass continuously into other forms and sounds, but the eternal Watcher remains. He is the immortal bird that does not eat of the tree of delusive life, but sits in its branches and sees them pass and fade and grow again in ever-varying form. He is God, and He is man when man has learnt to know who he is.

# A REMARKABLE SERIES OF AUTOMATIC WRITINGS

BY HELEN AND HEReward CARRINGTON

WE propose, in the following article, to give the contents of a series of remarkable automatic and planchette writings, together with the conditions under which they were obtained. We wish to say just here that none of these writings were obtained through any professional medium, but were obtained through the hands of the members of a household, none of whom had experimented in this line before, had no interest in these subjects, and treated the results that were obtained in the light of so much amusing material, which were, most certainly, not to be treated seriously. It will be seen from this that there was no incentive for any one of the members of the household to cheat, as they were all equally interested and amused in the results, and were all equally sceptical, also, of anything serious or evidential being obtained in this manner. But even had there been the desire to cheat, it would have been quite impossible, in a number of cases, for them to have done so, as the record will show. Answers were frequently given to mental questions asked only by Mrs. Carrington, who did not place her hands on the board at the time. Statements were also volunteered which it would have been quite impossible for any of those having their hands upon the board to know at the time. These statements must be verified by the record, of course, we state them here merely to disarm criticism along the line that the results we are about to give were obtained by conscious fraud.

At the time when these writings were made, Mrs Carrington was Miss Helen Wildman and we shall call the family with whom she was staying the Stuarts. There was also staying at the house at this time, a young lady, whom we will call Miss Lash. Those who did the writing, or who had their hands on the board at any time, were: Mrs. Stuart, her three children, Louise, Jack and Robert, aged respectively nine, ten, and twelve; Miss Lash and Miss Wildman (which name we will retain throughout the present article). None of these had even used a planchette board before, with the exception of Mrs. Stuart, who looked upon the board as a toy, the guiding force being "electricity, or something of the kind," from which it will be gathered that her interest in the subject was hardly scientific! Some-

times three would have their hands on the board at one time, generally two were writing at once, but it was also possible to obtain writing when Mrs. Stuart alone had her hands on the board. Also the little boy, Jack. At such times Mrs. Stuart would rarely or never look at the letters spelled out, and was, in fact, sceptical as to the results. None of the others present could obtain anything alone, but any two of them together could obtain writing. Before we proceed to the record, we must make clear one other point, which it is essential for the reader to understand.

Although we have spoken of these communications as "writings," they were not such in reality. An alphabet was drawn on a large sheet of paper, with numerals below, and "yes" in one upper corner, "no" in the other—very much after the style of the ouija board; the pencil would then point first to one letter, and then another until a word had been spelled out, when this would (sometimes) be pronounced aloud. Sometimes a whole sentence would be spelled out before it was pronounced by the person watching the "indicator," as we may call the pencil-point; none of those having their hands on the board looked at the writing, or rather pointing, meanwhile. In this manner the "writings" were obtained. The questions were always asked aloud and verbally, unless otherwise indicated. In many cases, questions were asked *mentally*, and in such cases, the fact is recorded. We now give the record, arranged chronologically—as far as possible, in the order in which the writings and other events occurred—leaving the reader to form his or her own opinion of the value of the evidence and the nature of the facts.

### REPORT.

BY HELEN CARRINGTON.

At the time when these automatic writings took place I was unmarried, my name being Helen Wildman. I found Mrs. Stuart one day experimenting with a planchette board, and seeming to obtain no satisfactory results. As I approached, she asked the board—

Q. Have you anything to say to Miss W. ?

A. Dear Boxie. Please write at once. London, England.

[Mrs. Stuart *alone* had her hands on the board. She thought it was talking rubbish; but I understood it, for Boxie was a nickname given to me by a friend who was spending the summer in England and who had asked me to write. I had forgotten my promise, and was dumbfounded at the answer. Louise and I then placed our hands on the board, and I asked—]

Q. Why cannot I make the board move like the others?

A. You have not the proper electricity.

Q. Can I do anything to obtain it?

A. Yes; read books on mental subjects.

Q. Have you anything special to say to me?

A. C. v. C. remembers you.

Q. Really?

A. Yes. Keeps your window corner sacred.

Q. Yes?

A. He often thinks of you.

Q. He was very sick, wasn't he? He said he has jaundice.

What was the matter with him?

A. Indigestion.

Q. What did he think of my last letter?

A. It hurt him.

[The C. v. C. referred to above means Commander von C—, Commander of the W—, in Germany. We were great friends while I was there, and he had prepared a little window seat, where I used to sit, looking down on to the red roofs of the village below. He had been very ill, and, shortly after leaving, I had written him a letter which I felt must have cut him deeply. I never heard from him in reply. Needless to say, none of this was known to any of the Stuart family. I resume:—]

Q. Can you give me any message from him?

A. Dear Fraulein W—I hope you are quite well. *Natürlich* I should like to see you again. With best greetings, from C. von C.

He still keeps your gloves.

[These gloves referred to an old pair I had left at the Castle one day, having forgot to bring them away. I had forgotten all about them for months, and naturally no one in the house knew of the episode. At this writing, Louise alone had her hands on the board, I was not touching it.]

Q. What do you know of B— H—?

A. In Paris; giving concerts.

[She was a violinist, who was studying the violin at the time I was studying the piano in Leipzig. She always hankered after Paris.]

Q. Then she is not in Hastings?

A. No.

[Unverifiable, but very probable.]

Q. What do you think of Hereward Carrington?

A. Liar, just like his father.

Q. Who says this ?

A. His mother.

[His father and mother are both dead.]

Q. Can you read our minds ?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you think that's fair ?

A. We can't tell.

Q. What do you think of Annie Eva Fay ; is she a fake ?

A. Yes—no.

Q. What do you think of Perrin ?

A. Huge power.

[Perrin is the name of a medium Mrs. Stuart had been to some time before. She had been greatly impressed at the time, but soon lapsed into her usual indifference. The expression "huge power" is a very common one of his. Mrs. Stuart was not looking at the letters at the time this message was written, and was in fact talking about other subjects.]

Q. Who are you ? Who is speaking ?

A. Planchette.

Q. Are you a man or a woman ?

A. Woman.

Q. Why can't I make this thing go ?

A. There are other people who know more than you.

Q. You don't like me, do you, planchette ?

A. No.

Q. Why don't you ?

A. You are too fat.

Q. I can't help it.

A. Get busy.

Q. What shall I do ?

A. Paint pictures.

Q. Which ought I to follow up most ; painting or music ?

A. Paint.

Q. What shall I do first ?

A. Go to lunch.

[At the moment that the pencil pointed to the last letter of the word "lunch," the luncheon bell rang. We had no idea it was lunch time. The bell rang at the very moment we lifted our hands from the board. Throughout all the above writings, Louise and I both had our hands on the board, which spelt out the words very rapidly. None of the above facts were or could have been known to her. Later, Mrs. Stuart and I both had our hands on the board, and the following was written :—]

In August you will be a widow.

[The board repeated this again and again. Mrs. Stuart became annoyed, and said finally : " Oh ! do get down to business and tell us something sensible." ]

A. Damn. Damn.

Q. Who are you, planchette ?

A. The Devil.

Q. Where do you come from ?

A. Hell.

[It then began again : " In Aug——" Mrs. Stuart interrupted it, knowing that it had begun again : " In August you will be a widow." At another time Mrs. Stuart *alone* had her hands on the board, and the question was asked—]

Q. Any message for Miss W. ?

A. Frank on ocean ; sea sick.

[My brother-in-law was crossing the ocean at the time, and I have since found that this was correct. Mrs. Stuart knew that I had a brother-in-law named Frank, but had no idea that he was on the ocean.]

Q. Any message for Miss Lash ?

A. End of next month. Good time. Will. Be engaged.

Q. Will she be engaged to a man called Will ?

A. Yes.

[Miss Lash did pay a visit and greatly enjoy herself at the end of that month, but met no Will, and came back still unattached !]

Q. Any message for Mrs. Stuart ?

A. In August you will be a widow.

Q. Oh ! Do talk sense ! [Laughing.]

A. You may laugh now, but wait and see. The time will come !

[Although August has twice passed since these writings, Mr. Stuart is still very much in evidence.]

[Shortly before this, Miss Lash and I had been talking of and defaming the weather, which, as any one who had spent a summer up the Hudson knows, is disagreeably hot and sticky during the summer months. We had been abusing the weather roundly, so that the following discussion will appear to be particularly pertinent. Mrs. Stuart had her hands on the board, which I occasionally touched from time to time with one finger.]

Q. How do you do, planchette ?

A. Quite well, thank you.

Q. Who are you ?

A. The Devil.

Q. What are you made of?

A. The climate.

Q. You're not obliged to stay here, why don't you go away?

A. Dm. Damn. . . .

Q. Go away.—

A. Dm. Dm. . . .

[Quicker and quicker the planchette tore round the board, pointing first to "d," then to "m," like a living thing. I became frightened. The more I cried "go away," the more it swore, and the quicker it flew round the board. At last I (in my mind and silently) thought or said to myself: "In the name of God, go." *Instantly* the board remained motionless, dead, inert! Mrs. Stuart looked at me and exclaimed: "Well, did you ever see anything so funny! There isn't a speck of life in it. It is as dead as a door-nail!" I did not tell her what I had said in my mind, and, though we coaxed and threatened, planchette would not move again that afternoon. On another occasion, the following was written.]

Q. Anything to say?

A. *kyk ym kya*—

Q. Do you mean *Kyama*? [This was the Japanese cook.]

A. Yes.

Q. What about him?

A. *Kyama* not like *Gertrude*. [Gertrude was the kitchen-maid.]

Q. Why not?

A. *Gertrude* sneak.

Q. What shall we do?

A. Put *Kitty* in kitchen. [*Kitty* was the housemaid.]

Q. Shall I get another Japanese?

A. No, get a good German cook!

[Needless to say, this did not emanate from any one having their hands on the board.]

[The planchette board moved very freely for Mrs. Stuart's little boy, Jack. On one occasion, he alone had his hands on the board, and the following conversation ensued:—]

Q. Will you talk to me, planchette?

A. Dear baby Jack; it is time to go to bed.

Jack: "Mother, it says I've got to go to bed! May I ask it how long it will be before my cello is mended?"

Mrs. Stuart: "Yes."

Jack: "How long will it be before my cello is mended?"

A. Three days. [This proved to be correct ; it came back in just three days.]

On another occasion Mrs. Stuart and I each had one hand on planchette, and I said to the board—

Q. Why can't I do it alone ?

A. Try it yourself.

Q. How long will it take me ?

A. Ten minutes.

Q. No longer ?

A. No.

[I sat ten minutes, but nothing occurred, except that I felt my arm exceptionally warm. This was, in all probability, due to the fact that my attention had called an extra supply of blood to the part. At the end of that time, Mrs. Stuart came over and placed one finger lightly on the board. It immediately began to point to letters.]

“Try it yourself again.”

Mrs. Stuart went away, and I again tried, with no success. I sat for twenty minutes. Mrs. Stuart again came over and placed one finger on the board. The board immediately showed signs of life, and tried to *write*, instead of pointing to the letters (*see above*). We could not make out anything clearly, however. Finally I said : “Spell it out, planchette.” So it wrote : “By Christmas.”

By referring to the writing, we could then make out that this was what had been written.

On still another occasion, Mrs. Stuart alone had her hands on the board, and I was merely looking on, not touching it. Mrs. Stuart said jokingly—

Q. What about Miss Wildman's old man ? Is he coming ?

A. Yes.

Q. In this rain ?

A. Yes. Will propose to-night.

Q. Should she accept him ?

A. Yes.

Q. [Miss Wildman]. What ! would you have me marry an old man ?

A. Don't be silly. Will die in a month—December 2nd [1906].

[This date came and went, but Mr. — still continued to live.]

Q. I suppose he will die in the rain, coming to see me ?

A. No, at home—of diabetes.

Q. Where is your home ?



A. Here.

[All this was particularly pertinent, the "old gentleman" referring to a friend who used to call frequently and take me automobile riding. He was always very fond of me.]

On one occasion Miss Lash and I sat on the bed and tried. It spelled out: "Col. . . ."

[Colne was the name of my birthplace.]

It then spelled out "Moth. . . ." [Mother, I thought.]

Q. Have you anything to say?

A. Lena quarrelled with Frank, your account, perfectly horrid.

[This proved to be totally incorrect.]

One evening we were all sitting round a mahogany table, in the dark seeing if we could obtain anything in that manner. I never felt anything, nor did Mrs. Stuart, so far as I could see. We obtained some slight movements of the table, our hands being in contact with its surface, and we had begun to look for good results, when Miss Lash stated that she felt a very peculiar sensation in her finger tips. The table began tipping, and had soon spelled out the word "Edinburgh," when Miss Lash rose from the table and declared she could "stand it" no longer. On asking her what was the matter, she stated that the peculiar feeling, a feeling of "pins and needles," which had begun at her finger tips, had gradually extended up her arms, until it had reached her shoulders, then begun to creep across her back, and when it had reached the base of her brain, she had begun to feel faint and dizzy. She accordingly rose from the table, and the experiment had to be discontinued. Miss Lash refused to sit at the table again. She had never read of such sensations having been induced in any one before, and knew nothing whatever of the subject, so it could hardly have been "auto-suggestion" in her case.

I now come to the most interesting and the most dramatic incident that took place throughout this eventful time. I found Mrs. Stuart one day trying to obtain writing with a pen, which was held in her hand as for ordinary writing. She was endeavouring to obtain regular automatic writing, but so far had obtained nothing but a series of scrawls, ranging in size from the very large to the very small, and back to the large again. They were just a series of connected strokes. Suddenly, I noticed a queer action on the part of Mrs. Stuart's hand, and observed a most remarkable thing. The hand and the pen held by it were turning over

on to their sides. As fast as the hand was held upright, in the regular position for writing, the hand would immediately turn over onto its side, and render the writing impossible.

"Look, Miss Wildman," exclaimed Mrs. Stuart, "wouldn't you think I was doing that myself? I'm not, I can't help it! It just turns of its own accord." Once more she placed the hand on the paper, and the hand and pencil at once turned over, and Mrs. Stuart had difficulty, apparently, in restraining the pen. "I'll show you that I'm not doing it myself," exclaimed Mrs. Stuart; and she removed her fingers from the pen altogether, allowing her hand still to rest on the paper, the wrist being held in the regular position, as for writing. And then, before my astonished eyes—before the eyes of both of us—that pen turned and revolved round and round for a period of time not less than one minute at least! Mrs. Stuart held her hand outstretched, the pen resting between the opened and outstretched finger and thumb, as it naturally would, were these fingers straightened out from the writing position. The pen thus rested in a perfectly open and clear space, and, with no finger touching it, it continued to revolve for at least a minute, as I have said, and probably longer. It was the weirdest thing that I ever beheld, or ever hope to! Gradually the pencil ceased revolving, and finally came to a standstill. The sitting was then discontinued. This is one of the most remarkable and convincing tests I have ever seen. As no notes were taken at the time, I regret that this is all I can record with accuracy, feeling that the record should be true in every detail. I have observed another set of automatic writings—equally interesting to me—which I may record at some future time, should any interest be manifested in this first report.

[REMARKS BY HEReward CARRINGTON.]

The above report by Mrs. Carrington will furnish food for thought, I have no doubt. It will be observed, that, on several occasions, the planchette board answered questions asked by some one not having their hands on the board at all, and even mental questions. In many cases, the answer was quite unexpected, and came as a surprise to all present. The planchette referred to events long past and even forgotten, and in many ways showed itself to be a distinct personality, but malicious and having distinct likes and dislikes. The mixture of the apparently supernormal, and even spiritistic, with the devilishness and proved secondary personality (I think we may claim that for some of it?) render the case especially interesting and baffling.

I wish to insist primarily upon the action of the board itself, and its apparently human characteristics—quite apart from any information it volunteered; and this will be of the more interest, I fancy, for the reason that such observations have, to the best of my knowledge, never been made before. I can perhaps best illustrate my point by giving a few concrete examples.

There can be no question that the pencil has *moods*. It gets angry, for example, on occasion, and at such times will tear round the board like a living thing, pointing first to one letter and then to another, and accentuating its meaning, or calling attention to certain letters that are important, or that have been omitted in the rapid spelling, by rapping impatiently on the latter with the pencil point—the pencil being lifted off the board at such times half an inch or so, and the board remaining planted on its two hind legs. I have seen the pencil rap a dozen or so times on a letter that had been omitted; and sometimes the board would get so violent that it had to be quieted. Then again, the board gets a certain technique of its own, acting in certain ways on certain occasions; and frequently assuming a perfectly definite form of movement with certain persons—a certain sweep, or an erratic manner of pointing to letters, which it maintains uniformly—so long as that person has his or her hands on the board. Occasionally, planchette will assume a different personality, according to the communicating intelligence, and not according to the person having his hands on the board; and although this was rarely or never so in the writings observed by Mrs. Carrington, it has frequently been observed by myself and other writers on this subject. Just as raps or tables assume distinct personalities (see Dr. Maxwell's *Metapsychical Phenomena* for examples of this) so the planchette board assumes a perfectly definite personality on occasion and moves and writes according to that personality's idiosyncrasies. And this becomes all the more marked when we take into account certain peculiarities of the board—for example, its unwillingness to give names and dates, or to furnish any definite information about itself. Mrs. Carrington observed over and over again that, when the intelligence doing the writing was closely questioned about itself, it would become angry, and refuse to give this information—either sulking or swearing at the writers.

On the other hand, the board has some good points. It refuses to disclose secrets about other persons, e.g., and will get angry in the same way, if pressed. In fact, the intelligence bears a close parallel, very frequently, to certain intelligences

that have been denominated "evil spirits"—a good example of which was published in the *Journal* of the American S.P.R. for August, 1907. Another exceedingly interesting and suggestive thing is that the intelligence operating the board occasionally gets tired. "Give me a rest now," is an expression frequently heard; and would seem to indicate that the intelligence gets confused and fatigued by the very process of communicating its thoughts—just as the controls do, in the Piper case.

The very movements of the board frequently showed great skill and intelligence also. For instance, if the planchette encountered a rough or uneven place in the paper, on one occasion, it would always avoid crossing that spot in the future, and went carefully round it, so as to avoid catching its legs in the hole in the paper!

Still more striking was the manner in which the board pointed to letters on occasion. Many times the board was unable to point to certain letters, because the point of the planchette was in an awkward position, or on the edge of the table, or for some other reason. On such occasions, the board backed one of its hind legs around until one of these legs pointed to the desired letter. Those having their hands on the board had many a hearty laugh over these antics, and particularly this one, which always reminded them of a horse, backing itself round in this ludicrous way. It was always entirely unexpected, and was the source of much amusement.

From all this, what are we to assume was the intelligence guiding the board? Was it spirits, or unconscious muscular activity, or what? That, of course, is a very difficult question to answer, and it cannot even be attempted here. Some of the answers seemed to point clearly to secondary personality; some equally clearly to spirits, and many of them to no special interpretation, unless we are inclined to accept the doctrine of "evil spirits." Of course there can be little question that the sitters themselves did the actual moving of the board; the question to settle is: how did their hands and muscles come to move in that particular manner, and whence came the information that was unquestionably given, on some occasions—which information was not in the minds of any of the sitters? That is the question to be settled, and I shall be satisfied if we have, in this paper, called attention to certain aspects of planchette-writing that have been overlooked so far—but which aspects are of interest and importance, if this subject is ever to be adequately understood.

# A WEIRD EXPERIENCE

By ZURESTA

WHEN I first saw Honoria Westcar I thought she was the prettiest woman I had ever met. Her eyes and hair were dark and her colour a rich carmine, while the rest of her complexion was of a creamy tint. She had winning ways, and I was altogether charmed with her.

Her visit was professional. She told me she would be much pleased to come and see me again, on her return from an operatic tour, which was to extend for some months; she had a fine voice and was singing in grand opera.

I neither heard from her nor saw her for over a year. I often remarked to my companion with whom I live: "I wonder what has become of pretty Miss Westcar?"

One day a visitor was ushered into my consulting-room. I could not recognize her in the least. She said—

"Don't you know me? I am Miss Westcar."

I started. Changed isn't the word, she was simply a wreck.

Her lovely colour had gone, the creamy tint of her complexion had become a dirty drab, quantities of deep furrows and wrinkles marred the former smoothness of her skin, her beautiful dark eyes were dull and sunken with deep circles beneath them. Instead of a girl of twenty-six to twenty-seven which I knew her to be, she looked like a haggard old woman of seventy. I could only gaze at her in amazement.

"Have you been ill?" I asked at length.

"Oh, no," she replied "I have gone in for spiritualism and have had some very strange happenings."

"Indeed," I said, vaguely uncomfortable.

She told me thirteen was her lucky number. She always did everything in thirteens. She had repeatedly found mysterious presents put in her work-basket when no one had been near the room, and once a golden horseshoe was dropped in front of her on the table without visible hands. I let her ramble on, for I could hardly credit these, to me, foolish stories.

Meanwhile she had edged quite close to me and took my hand in both hers. "You comfort me so," she remarked, as she held it tightly clasped and every now and then rubbed her fingers up and down my arm.

For a while I took no heed, and then a most peculiar sensation came over me and I felt myself getting pale and faint. I noticed

her colour was gradually returning and I grew every moment fainter and fainter. My friend at this moment came into the room, and, seeing how tired I was, insisted on my having some lunch and going to lie down. In fact, she had almost to turn Miss Westcar out of the room, so reluctant was she to go. As she said good-bye she remarked : " I shall be with you in spirit."

(I may mention I have a very bright colour which hardly ever fades, even in illness.)

I went to lie down, being thoroughly exhausted. I had hardly lain ten minutes when a most excruciating pain shot through me, as though body and soul were being violently wrenched asunder, and I lay still and rigid on the bed.

When I opened my eyes I found, to my surprise, I was not in my own room at all. It was quite unfamiliar to me and was furnished with six chairs and a sofa all covered in dingy green rep, faded rep curtains hung before the windows, which, though it was summer time, were closed and the curtains drawn across.

I was seated in a high-backed oak chair, one of the only things of value in the room.

A fair man, thin and with a deathly white complexion stood on one side. His eyes were close set and of a hard cold steel blue ; his face was adorned with a blonde moustache and beard, but the little I could see of the mouth was cruel. Miss Westcar stood on the opposite side to him.

" Have you locked the door ? " she asked anxiously ; " it would be awkward if we are disturbed."

" No one will come, we are alone in the house ; I have seen to that. Yes, this is just the subject we need. We both want a fresh supply of ozone, shall I call it ? I am glad you secured her " ; and he laughed cynically.

" I hardly thought I should, but she is evidently sympathetic."

" All the better for us. Let us waste no more time."

I could not move hand or foot, and yet with the horror of the whole thing, I tried to scream for help, but I was voiceless. Miss Westcar approached me and opened my dress at the neck.

" Yes," he said gloatingly, " she has a fine throat and neck. Will you begin ? "

" Very well." She took one of the instruments and punctured my neck. She then started to suck where she had made the incision. In a very short time her face became a glow of colour ; a glass was opposite me and I saw myself become whiter than I ever remember.

" That's enough," he said ; " it's my turn now."

He started to do the same in two or three places, lower down in my neck, and, oh! the sickening sense of repulsion I felt when his lips touched my bare skin.

"Oh," he remarked with a ghoulish smile, "this is something like; it gives one new life. You must visit her again in a day or two." He made another puncture and again applied his lips, and I could neither speak nor move. When I looked at him he had a fine, fresh colour and appeared ten years younger.

"I think that's enough for to-day. Release her or she won't be any use for some days, and she is too good a subject to lose." Then they went through some incantations with the chafing-dish and burnt some powders which gave out a greenish-blue flame, and I knew no more till I found myself undergoing the same horrible pain as before.

I had no idea how long I had been abstracted, but my friend told me I had been in a death-like trance for two hours, and nothing could rouse me.

She now brought me a cup of strong tea, and, though I was very white and shaken, that revived me somewhat.

I should have thought the whole was a ghastly dream had I not, when undressing that night, noticed five or six punctures on my neck and throat like the prick of a needle or pin; then I knew it had really happened.

Two days after she called and was admitted without my knowledge, and before I could prevent her had seized my hand and begun fondling it as before. I snatched it away, but not before the mischief was done, for that day again I had the same attack, though not quite so long nor so violent.

Both again punctured me and pressed their lips to my neck and throat, but whether they were disturbed in their unholy work or had had enough, I cannot say, I was released under the hour.

The next time she came, a few days later, hoping, I suppose, to renew supplies, she was told I was not at home, nor would anything induce me to see her again. Though she called frequently, she was never admitted, and I never saw her again.

But the extraordinary part of this horrible, and I venture to say unique experience, happened quite four or five years later. A lady who is a very good medium herself came to spend an evening, and I related these facts to her.

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, "I know that room quite well and Honoria Westcar. The man you describe is, or was, her fiancé; they both went in strongly for black magic. The last time I saw them they were absolute wrecks."

## REVIEWS

EDUCATION, PERSONALITY AND CRIME. By Albert Wilson, M.D.  
Greening & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is a substantial and beautifully-illustrated volume in which the author deals, somewhat haphazard, with a host of important subjects. Nine times out of ten we agree with his forcibly stated opinions, but perhaps it is necessary, in commending as we do the work of a wise, experienced and, above all, sympathetic observer, to protest against his remarkable opinion on the question of infant mortality. Dr. Wilson falls into the error lately made by Professor Flinders Petrie, in assuming that it is the unfit children who die, and that they are "better dead." Those who have devoted themselves to this great question are well aware that no opinion could well be further from the facts. The babies die, in the main, because of ignorance, ably supported by alcohol; and in endeavouring to disseminate the results of biological science and to make general this scientific point of view, Dr. Wilson is fighting against infant mortality, whether he wills it or no.

On the question of personality, its dissociations and aberrancies, Dr. Wilson writes freshly and with first hand knowledge. Nor does he fail to correlate clinical observation with our modern knowledge of the brain, of which he gives an admirable account, indicative of wide reading and sound judgment. The author's own recorded case of multiple personality is a particularly remarkable one and well worthy of study. To the layman such cases are little more than curiosities, and he may perhaps be cautioned against premature attempts to interpret them; but in course of time they will certainly extend substantially our knowledge of the brain, and not least of those large "silent areas," which do not yield their secret to the ordinary methods of the physiologist, but, being of unique development in the human brain, assuredly have secrets of no small moment within them, could we but find the key.

On heredity Dr. Wilson writes interestingly, if perhaps without sufficient system. We are very glad that he has paid attention to the work of Mr.—not "Sir"—Francis Galton in relation to the matter of unsuitable marriages. The criminologist and the educationist will have much more to say on this subject in



time coming. Dr. Wilson's book will help, we hope, to prepare public opinion to appreciate the overwhelming importance of the eugenic point of view, both in its national and in its personal aspects.

But it is with the subject of crime, perhaps, that our author is most at home. Here he writes with inner knowledge and great experience such as abundantly warrant the strictures which he passes upon the present criminal law. Dr. Wilson will have great sympathy with the Prevention of Crimes Act now before Parliament. We are going to cease to manufacture criminals in this country on the time-dishonoured lines against which Dr. Wilson inveighs. There are, of course, born criminals, as Dr. Wilson recognizes. The treatment they require is not penal, but medical. The microscopic and naked eye evidence furnished by the study of the brain is quite conclusive on this point. These people are capable of transmitting their defect, and should be regarded as unworthy for parenthood. When the time comes that, as Dr. Wilson says, the country is "ripe for cures," we shall undoubtedly find and use means of interfering with the fertility of this class of the community. It can be done, and the time will come when it is done. It is much to be desired that Dr. Wilson's chapters on crime should be read by those who are professionally concerned with this problem. The time is passing when innocent people supposed that the lamentable process which the State understands by education would abolish crime. It may vary the form of crime, but that is all. The last paragraph of Dr. Wilson's book, describing the population of the ideal commonwealth, is doubtless a generation or so in advance of public opinion, but it is a fitting conclusion to his work, and may be read with profit by all. We thank our author for the labour and love which he has brought to his task. He has written a book which any one can read, and which is bound to alter the whole point of view of the reader who has hitherto looked upon these questions with the undiscerning eye of the man in the street.

C. W. SALEEBY, M.D.

THE DIRECT PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM. By Edward T. Bennett. William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 1s. net (paper), 1s. 6d. net (cloth).

THE Shilling Library of Psychical Literature and Inquiry, which already contains volumes on the Society for Psychical Research, Twenty Years of Psychical Research, and Automatic Speaking and Writing, all by Edward T. Bennett, formerly Assistant

Secretary to the S.P.R., has been extended and enriched by another book from the same pen, this time on the direct phenomena, which are much more wonderful to the ordinary mind than those produced by automatisms. In these last, as Mr. Bennett says in his introductory chapter, "it is practically impossible to eliminate the effects of unconscious muscular action," whereas, he continues:—

In direct writing and drawing there is no obvious evidence that the organism of the medium is used to obtain the results. Writings, drawings, and paintings are produced which frequently seem to be beyond the power of any one present to execute, and which also appear to be produced with inconceivable rapidity. Evidence will be adduced which seems incontestably to prove that these assertions are absolutely true, though to the ordinary person they seem incredible tales.

The two chief mediums for this class of phenomena have been the late David Duguid, of Glasgow, and Mrs. Everitt, of London. While under the apparent influence of two intelligences who revealed themselves as the Dutch artists Ruisdael and Steen, Duguid began to execute paintings which bore a remarkable resemblance to works by those artists. Later, the pictures were produced in total darkness so rapidly that it was evident that they were not the work of the medium's hands, and on several occasions pictures were thus produced while the medium's hands were held by the sitters. A control calling himself "Hafed" gave through Duguid's lips the story of his life, and afterwards "Ruisdael" and "Steen" announced that they would endeavour to give a series of "direct" drawings as illustrations of this work. Forty direct drawings were thus produced, although some of them appear to be partly based on reminiscences in the medium's mind of pictures he had seen. This raises an important question as to how far the medium's mind, though not his hands, participated in the production, and, as Mr. Bennett remarks, it is to be regretted that so small an amount of attention was given to these phenomena by trained investigators. A number of excellent reproductions enable the reader to form an opinion as to the artistic side of the question.

In the case of Mrs. Everitt, who is entirely a private medium, though an earnest advocate of Spiritualism, the writings were mostly obtained under conditions which would not satisfy the stickler for strict tests. But at times the writings came in carefully sealed envelopes, and elaborately tied-up boxes, and were found to be appropriate answers to questions contained in the same sealed envelopes, and which, of course, had not

been seen or read by the medium. Cases of the same nature occurring with other mediums are also noted, and instances are given of direct voices and beautiful music being heard.

Mr. Bennett gives a careful summary of conclusions, in which he shows that telepathy, or thought-transference, through the subliminal or subconscious mind, appears to be largely instrumental in determining the character of these direct writings and drawings. But this telepathy appears to occur in a more far-reaching manner than simply between persons still in the flesh, and Mr. Bennett says in conclusion :—

Is it not conceivable that in the case of "Hafed" and "Jan Steen" and his brother artists who executed the illustrations in "Hafed's" biography, we have an example of Telepathy between discarnate intelligences of the same nature as Telepathy between incarnate intelligences ?

This carefully written and admirably printed work will amply repay perusal, whether by the inquiring "man in the street" or by the serious student of psychical phenomena.

S.

THE ASTRONOMY OF THE BIBLE. By E. W. Maunder, F.R.A.S.  
London : T. Sealey Clark & Co.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Maunder has a pronounced prejudice against Astrology, he has produced a readable little volume, which quite obviously owes its inspiration to Schiaparelli's *Astronomy of the Old Testament*. At first sight there is a very moderate amount of astronomy, as of biology, in the canon of Holy Scripture, which Mr. Maunder very reasonably contends in effect was not meant to be a "science primer" for the modern elementary school, but as an agent to direct the thoughts of men upon the Supreme Being of Almighty God.

This being conceded, there are, as Mr. Maunder shows, a considerable number of astronomical facts recorded in the Bible, which, despite his ingenious arguments and denunciations to the contrary, indisputably bear also astrological interpretations. Such coincidences as the apportionment of the symbols of the twelve signs of the Zodiac to be the heraldic standards of the twelve tribes of Israel cannot be ignored. Mr. Maunder himself identifies the worship of the Golden Calf with the attribution in those days of the Zodiacal sign Taurus as the first sign of the twelve. But he ignores a still more certainly astrological reference in Holy Writ—namely, Judges v. 20 : "They fought from Heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." This passage is—if none other in the Bible be—unmistakably

astrological ; and it is, to say the least, strange that Mr. Maunder should not allude to it in his book. He fixes 300 B.C. as the date for the foundation of astrology as a "bastard science." But unless he can prove the Book of Judges to have been written subsequent to that date, his contention is vain.

Perhaps the chapters at the end of the book on "the three astronomical marvels"—Joshua's Long Day, The Dial of Ahaz, and the Star of Bethlehem—will most attract his readers. The theory of the dial of Ahaz is ingenious. But the anti-astrological exposition of "the Star in the East" and its effect upon the magi, is unworthy of a serious student of the stars and of star-lore. By no other method than the erection of a horary figure could the Wise Men have got so near the mark as Jerusalem, and having got there the rest was easy ; and, since Mr. Maunder gives Astrology a margin of 300 years B.C., this is by no means extraordinary, even from his point of view.

Mr. Maunder spends a number of pages in the flogging of a dead horse. From the common-sense Catholic point of view, St. Augustine has disposed of Astrology as a science ; while, for Protestants, John Lyly, "the Christian Astrologer" of the seventeenth century, has stated a perfectly tenable position. Nevertheless, *The Astrology of the Bible* is an interesting book, and offers many points for the thoughtful consideration of modern astrologers. *Verb. sap.* L. C.

THE WINE OF LIFE ; THE DOOR OF DARKNESS. Two Novels by Maude Annesley. London : John Lane, The Bodley Head. New York : John Lane Company. 1908. 6s. each.

MISS MAUDE ANNESLEY is to be congratulated upon her first published novel, *The Wine of Life*, and in days when the naming of a book is beset with difficulties, the felicity of its title as a title will be evident. Its propriety may be judged when it is known that the heroine in her search for this wine, after alighting upon several good, though not perfect, vintages, is at last on the point of drinking a veritable *elixir vitæ*, when the goblet is rudely dashed from her lips. It would be a pity to spoil the reader's pleasure by giving an outline of the story, but we may say that the subtle character of the woman is skilfully indicated by the information that she comes of a mixed Irish, Spanish, Hungarian and Italian stock, and that there is a study of elemental passion and jealousy, the scene of which is laid in Hungary, which is of marked power, and shows that the writer has penetrated into the very heart of emotional life. The entrance

of the Hungarian Member of Parliament into the story, his advances, alternately insidious and direct, the compelling influence implicit in his least touch or gesture, his complete power of fascination over the woman, his tiger-like jealousy and the catastrophe that hurls them asunder, are described with a sureness of touch that we can only praise and admire. The amazing hypnotic power of the passionate male is felt throughout the remainder of the story, and we are conscious that his reappearance is inevitable, both from the point of view of art and of reality. There is a discrimination between the different kinds of love, as portrayed in the chief characters, that may be studied with great interest, and the man who is successful above the others sums up his attitude in the wise requirement: "I want the passion that love gives birth to; I do not want the love that passion gives birth to." The three men that bulk so largely in this romance of a woman's life are all drawn with vigour and ability, and the artist who only just misses the prize remains in our memories as a magnanimous and pathetic figure. The description of the picture which he intends for the Royal Academy, leads to a discussion on modern methods of painting, the gist of which would be a wholesome corrective of the theories of that modern school which regards the subject of a picture as of no importance whatever. It is not possible to speak as favourably of the second book, *The Door of Darkness*, the plot of which is founded upon the strange stories found in the writings of the old Hermetic philosophers, and consists in the love of a woman for a man who never dies, and the horror engendered in her soul on the discovery of his unexampled fate. Though there is some good writing in the book, and considerable interest, the situation is not convincingly elaborated, the sense of eeriness which is aimed at can hardly be said to be attained in any great degree, while the characters are, on the whole, lacking in individuality. It must be said, however, that the writer excels in the vivid description of love scenes, and wherever these occur the reader will not be disappointed. We wish the author of *The Wine of Life* every success.

B. P. O'N.

**BONA-FIDE ADVENTURES WITH GHOSTS.** By Elliott O'Donnell (formerly of the Psychical Research Society). Messrs. Baker & Son, The Mall, Clifton, Bristol. Price 6d. net.

THIS is an excellent little collection of authentic ghost stories. Here is a sketch of the second of the complete tales. On Christ-

mas Eve, a little boy, named Charlie, was gazing at the portrait of an ancestress of his aunt in a room lit only by the moon and the embers of the fire. The original of the portrait had been engaged to a poor man, and one Christmas Eve she had disappeared, taking with her a diamond necklace of immense value, and it was thought that she had eloped. No traces of her were ever discovered, and she was said to haunt the house on the anniversary of her disappearance. Charlie addressed words of sympathy to the portrait, and asked her to help his aunt, who was bullied by her stepmother. The eyes of the portrait smiled, the lady stepped out of the frame, led the way to a spot in the grounds, and pointed out to Charlie a hole which was overgrown with bushes. The next day, the skeleton of a woman, clutching in its hand a jewel-case containing a diamond necklace, was found at the bottom of a dry well in the place indicated by the little boy.

**THE PHYSICAL PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM.** By Hereward Carrington. London: T. Werner Laurie, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street. 1908. Price 10s. 6d. net.

THIS is the English edition of the important work published by Mr. Carrington in America last year. Its chief interest lies in its admirable exposition of a multitude of tricks adopted by fraudulent mediums in the production of raps, slate-writing, spirit-photographs, materialization, and other forms of "physical mediumship." The second part, however, is devoted to genuine phenomena, and the author expresses his belief in raps, telekinesis, and perhaps levitation. The case of D. D. Home is discussed at some length, and his phenomena are regarded as for the most part probably genuine. Throughout the book, useful references are given to various sources in the wide field of psychical literature, and many quotations are included from the publications of the S.P.R. and other important collections of evidence.

A review of the American edition having already appeared in this Magazine, the present notice is merely by way of reminder that there is now an edition published on this side, and that it is well worth reading by all investigators. Mr. Carrington's special knowledge of conjuring enables him to deal with fraudulent methods in exceptionally able style; and he is eminently fitted to succeed Dr. Hodgson as the terror of bogus mediums in the States.

ANGUS MACGREGOR.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

TWO articles in a recent number of the *Indian Review* are of high import to those interested in the history of religious ideas. Mr. V. Gopala Aiyer critically investigates the date of Buddha, which has been very variously stated by Buddhists, while Western opinions range from 544 to 370 B.C. By comparing the dates of the sovereigns of the five divisions of Alexander's empire, to whom the Emperor Asoka sent Buddhist missionaries in the ninth year of his reign, Mr. Aiyer narrows down the date of this event to between 261 and 258 B.C., and concludes that Asoka died in 231 B.C. Inscriptions found at several places in similar terms fix the last year of his reign at 256 years after Buddha's death, so that we get 487 B.C. as the date of Buddha's death and 567 B.C. as that of his birth.

Mr. T. G. Kale writes on "The Original Shape of the Maha Bharata," the great epic in which the Bhagavad Gita forms the most important episode. A passage has often been quoted as stating that originally it only consisted of 8,800 *slokas*, or about a tenth of its present length, but this article shows that the meaning has been misunderstood, and that these were additional lines interspersed through the Bharata while it was being written down, also that the work in its entirety is referred to in the eleventh century B.C. Mr. Kale finds no difficulty in the reference to Yavanas, understood as meaning Greeks, which he thinks does not apply to the Greek invaders under Alexander, but to dark tribes on the Indian frontiers.

In the *Theosophical Review* the Rev. R. Hugh Benson sets forth Christian Mysticism as being founded on the ideas of Sin, Atonement, and Death in Christ, as illustrated by the great Catholic mystics and saints. Mr. Henry Proctor writes on "The Intermediate State," and can only come to the conclusion that "the souls of the righteous, having no body to fit them for active service, are just lying asleep until the resurrection," when they will awake and be clothed with a new spiritual body :—

But the sleeping state is not an unconscious state, it is even now on earth with many only a change of consciousness from the objective to the subjective. So this is the difference between the intermediate and the final state of the saint, that the first is like being in bed asleep, clothed only in a night robe, and the resurrection is the waking up in the morning, and clothing ourselves over with the eternal habitation

of our spiritual and glorified incorruptible bodies. But it is also possible to escape this period of sleep; not to be unclothed but to be clothed upon with the spiritual body during our present life, so that if the present bodily frame be dissolved, we having already formed within us a spiritual body, there would be no interval of sleep, but an immediate entrance upon active service.

Another writer, H. Ernest Nichol, seems to be frankly parodying theosophical explanations of symbolical literature when he takes two nursery rhymes, "Sing a Song of Sixpence" and "Hi Diddle Diddle," and constructs out of these "cryptic fragments of mysticism" an epic relating to cycles of manifestation and rounds of the lunar manvantara. The "four and twenty blackbirds" are the twelve signs of the Zodiac and the twelve physical planets—some of them as yet undiscovered!

A more serious reference to the occult nature of the outer planets is found in a poem by Edward Carpenter, in the last issue of *Modern Astrology*, which is a beautiful description of Christ as the "Child of Uranus," and contains two especially striking lines:—

Thy Woman-soul within a man's form dwelling . . .  
Strange twice-born, having entrance to both worlds.

Bessie Leo, writing on "Astrology and Karma," thinks that Astrology can point out the Karmic development of the soul through experience:—

When a line of communication is established through which the Divine life can flow, and as the Karmic debts begin to be paid up, and the soul contracts no more, the day must dawn when the circle of necessity is transcended and the soul is left free to choose matter fitted only to the work in life it has to perform. It is no longer clothed in garments which are unsuitable, for life and form have then become a perfect expression each of the other, the man's consciousness has been attuned to the divine. For when all the bonds of desire are broken, and the life is used only as a centre for service to the race, then though the soul be clothed with mortal flesh it is not bound.

*The Word* has the following appreciation by Beno B. Gattell of the mystical qualities of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*:—

These anonymous papers in *Fraser's Magazine* applied deep mysticism to everyday affairs. Man is seen, with the eyes of the true seer, as a mysterious being, temporarily clothed in various layers or garments of the spirit, which clothes of the spirit become transparent to the searching eyes of persistent, intelligent inquiry. Man comes out of the invisible and goes into the invisible, being for a brief space visible amid his earthly surroundings, themselves but clothes of the spirit. Everything is by Carlyle related to the mysterious, the invisible, the immense, the transcendent. So a room is but a section of infinite space; space and time, themselves, the warp and woof on which the spirit, conscious



as it vibrates between high and low levels, weaves the design or paints the picture of the world. Commonplace things are seen as the secret and silent symbols of deeper truths. All forms are clothes of the spirit. So the spirit goes on preparing its garments until it shall have made one that is imperishable, in which it can have a continuity of consciousness, no longer interrupted by the process of changing its clothes when it passes in sleep and death through different states of matter.

Colonel Josef Peters contributes to the *Zentralblatt für Okkultismus* an excellent paper on "Modern Occultism," showing the progress of the recent scientific developments, from Crookes to Morselli, and quotes the latter's refutation of the idea that persons in a normal mental condition could suddenly become victims of collective hallucination. He thinks that the recognition of the reality of the phenomena must be followed by further efforts to solve the "Riddle of Mankind," and as a general counsel to inquirers, advises those who cannot join a scientifically-constituted circle to read the best literature on psychical research rather than take part in unscientifically conducted experiments.

The *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, in addition to a record of experiments with Mrs. Quentin, gives a complicated case of premonitions and psychic intimations, occurring to various persons at considerable distances from each other, with regard to the sudden death, by accident, of a young man, who himself acted as though dimly precognizant of danger.

The *American Theosophist*, under the head of "Some Convincing Psychic Phenomena," relates the discovery of the body of a business man living in New York State, who had gone to Albany and there suddenly disappeared. A detective obtained the names of two psychics, who both said that the man was dead, and that his body would be found in the river. The river was dragged at the point indicated, "and in a very short time the grappling hooks brought the body to the surface."

The Italian theosophical magazine *Ultra*, of Rome, which regularly devotes a department to the spiritualist movement and to psychical phenomena in general, tells a story of the celebrated painter Segantini, as related by his daughter. When he was young, having a great desire to return to Milan, he dreamed that he saw an old man, who told him that at a certain spot in his brother's house, where he then lived, a bottle full of money was buried. The youth went to the place, found the bottle full of old coins, and set off for Milan, but was robbed of his treasure by a dishonest companion.

## CORRESPONDENCE

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I was much interested in the article of "The Evil Eye" in your July number. Some years ago, when I was staying with a friend in North Devon, I was taken to see one who was accredited with the power of "overlooking." She was the wife of a small tenant-farmer, and there was nothing in her trim, good-looking appearance to warrant the distrust and dislike of her neighbours. Her eyes, certainly, were remarkable—dark and magnetic—what we should call in these days mediumistic.

She was sitting sewing—for she was a good needlewoman and did work for my friend—and we sat and talked to her for some little time, but we received no harm from our visit. Shortly after, however, we heard that other tenant-farmers were complaining that their sheep were dying and their cows would not give their milk, and all owing, they said, to this woman, who had cast on them the evil eye; or, as they called it, "overlooked" the animals. One farmer took the trouble to go all the way to Exeter to consult the white witch (a man) there, and he confirmed his belief that it was this woman who had wrought the evil and, if I remember rightly, gave him some charms or incantations to use against her.

My friend and I would not believe anything against this woman, and tried to persuade the farmers and others that the evil did not emanate from her. But it was no good.

My friend passed away some years ago, so that I never heard of the woman again. I have often wondered if it were possible that those gifted with such power as is ascribed to the "evil eye" should be unconscious of it, and be the victim of some malevolent spirit.

Another case was told me by the daughter of a prebend of Exeter Cathedral, whom I met at that time. A young man in her father's parish was taken very ill, and his people made up their minds that he had been "overlooked." So the father and mother left him in the house alone and went off to Exeter to consult the white witch. He told them that whoever had first crossed the threshold while they had been gone would be the person who had "overlooked" the man. This proved to be the one they had suspected, and ever after that person was shunned by the people of the village.

Yours faithfully,  
E. B.