

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

Contents

NOTES OF THE MONTH

By the Editor

UNEXPLAINED STORIES

By M. L. Lewes

THE BRAHMAN'S WISDOM

By Eva M. Martin

ON THE BELIEF IN TALISMANS

By H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc.

DÉJÀ VU ?

By J. M. Waring

SOME MORE EXPERIENCES OF A CLAIR-
AUDIENT

By M. S.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRENTICE MULFORD

By W. J. Colville

CORRESPONDENCE

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

REVIEWS



LONDON: WILLIAM RIDER AND SON, LTD.
164 ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

UNITED STATES - THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., 86, DUANE STREET, NEW YORK.
NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, BOSTON; WESTERN NEWS COMPANY, CHICAGO.
AUSTRALASIA AND SOUTH AFRICA: GORDON AND GOTCH.

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CONTENTS.—Frederic Myers and Psychical Research—Mrs. Verrall's Automatic Script—Mrs. Holland's Automatic Script—The "Symposium" Episode—The Sealed Envelope—Mrs. Piper's Mediumship—Theories which have been Suggested—Causes of Confusion—Mrs. Piper's Visit to England—The Latin Message—The Plotinus Episode—Conclusion.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.—No discussion within the sphere of Psychical Research during recent years has attracted more public attention than that relating to the alleged communications of the late Frederic W. H. Myers—principally by the method described as cross correspondence—with his creditable colleagues of the S.P.R. The subject of this book is to put before the reading public who are interested in the latest developments of psychic investigation the main facts of the evidence in this remarkable case.

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London: WILLIAM RIDER & SON, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

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"

Price SEVENPENCE NET; post free, EIGHTPENCE. Annual Subscription, for British Isles, United States and Canada, SEVEN SHILLINGS (One Dollar seventy-five Cents); for other countries, EIGHT SHILLINGS.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

AMERICAN AGENTS: The *International News Company*, New York; The *New England News Company*, Boston; the *Western News Company*, Chicago.

Subscribers in *India* can obtain the Magazine from A. H. Wheeler & Co., 15 Elgin Road, Allahabad; Wheeler's Building, Bombay; and 39 Strand, Calcutta.

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LIMITED, 164 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

VOL. XI.

MARCH 1910

No. 3

NOTES OF THE MONTH

WHAT think ye of Christ? Whose Son was he? Was he Jesus the son of Mary and the carpenter Joseph? or was He Christ the Logos, the Son of the Eternal Father and the Holy Spirit? This problem is raised—not, I admit, in these words, but raised in essence—by a remarkable article in the current issue

of the *Hibbert Journal*,* entitled "The Collapse of Liberal Christianity," by the Rev. R. C. ANDERSON, D.D., minister of the Ward Congregational Church of Dundee. It is indeed no new problem. It was the theme of the New Gospel of Interpretation embodied in that very remarkable book *The Perfect Way*, by Edward Maitland and Anna Bonus Kingsford, of which I have written in an earlier number of this magazine.

But it is certainly a novel experience to hear the doctrine of this New Gospel stated so clearly, so forcibly and so categorically by a prominent minister of any Christian sect. The article is no fresh

* Published by Williams & Norgate, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., and Sherman French & Co., 6, Beacon Street, Boston, U.S.A.

sidelight on the meaning of the Christian's Faith. It goes to the very basis of the root-meaning of Christianity itself. If it **disputes** the historical basis—as it undoubtedly does—of the Catholicism of the last two thousand years, it is at the same time a challenge of open defiance to the New Theology. This, at all events, in the author's opinion, is not merely an attenuated form of Christianity. It is in no true sense Christianity at all. Its position is rotten and evidentially untenable. It is a house built upon shifting sand.

THE NEW
GOSPEL OF
INTERPRE-
TATION.

Liberal Christianity, so called, has thought to fortify its position by stripping Christianity and the Bible-story of their incredible elements and by offering the residue as a rationalized gospel for the benefit of a later generation for which the old Gospel, in the new light of modern science, has become altogether too "tall." The New Theology has substituted Jesus, the great moral Reformer and Teacher, for Christ, the Son of God, the Word of the Eternal Father, and offered the high moral ideals of the sermon on the Mount as an excellent substitute for the Christian religion. Having eliminated the miracles, the doctrine of the Trinity, of the Incarnation, Atonement and Resurrection, it serves up to the enlightened palate of the modern man the so-called historical portrait of Jesus, the great Example of Humanity made Perfect, as an admirable stimulus to the cultivation of virtue and the observance generally of the moral code.

The author of the article traverses two points. He contends first that the moral code as preached—if it ever was preached—in the Sermon on the Mount, is a high moral code pure and simple, and not a religion in any sense—Christian or other—and secondly, that the portrait of the teacher of this code is in no

RENAN'S
PORTRAIT
HAS NO
HISTORICAL
BASIS.

sense an historical portrait at all, that the elimination of the miracles and the grosser improbabilities from the Bible-story do not confer on the remainder an evidential value which it did not previously possess, that, in short, the incredible parts of the story, if they *are* incredible, are of the essence of the narrative, and that the portrait of Jesus presented by Renan, and presented again with some variation by R. J. Campbell and others, is not a genuine portrait at all—that it is merely legend—and, worse still, legend emasculated. I confess I think that the position Dr. Anderson takes up in this matter is a strong one. The historical darkness in which the period alleged to be that of the Gospel narratives is shrouded, has so far never been satisfactorily pene-

trated. Those from whom we should look for light on the incidents in question maintain a silence which, assuming the Gospel records to be authentic, is nothing short of amazing. The only reference in Josephus is an obvious and palpable interpolation done with too rude a hand even to give it the appearance of authenticity. Philo Judæus, the contemporary of Jesus, who wrote a history of those times, had clearly never even heard of him, or if he had heard, considered him as an itinerant preacher too insignificant for mention. Another historian of the same date, Justus of Tiberius, also left him unnoticed. A Jesus indeed, we read of in the Talmud who fled from Palestine to Egypt

JESUS and after his return founded a sect of "apostate
UNKNOWN Jews," but this was some eighty or a hundred years
TO PHILO before the subject of the Bible record is supposed to
JUDÆUS. have been born. That the Gospel narratives cannot
be regarded as first-hand information I have shown
elsewhere. They are—even the most authentic of them—obvious
compilations from earlier records. They stand discredited, if by
nothing else, at least by the evidence of Papias Bishop of
Hierapolis (circa A.D. 120), who expresses preference for the oral
tradition over all the written records that he knows of in his day,
of which records he speaks in open disparagement.

Of all evidence on this exceedingly obscure subject probably the Epistles of St. Paul * are the most valuable, as bearing internal evidence of their own authenticity, though there can be little doubt that they suffered from interpolations. What then is the attitude of Paul the Apostle to the Gospel-narrative? It is not too much to say that he practically ignores it. He should, one would have thought, have known all about the sayings and doings of Jesus from first-hand information from the other apostles. Apparently he knows nothing. His allusions to Christ are allusions to a quasi-legendary personality or to a religious ideal. In no sense are they comprehensible as allusions to one who was practically a contemporary. †

Assume (says Dr. Anderson) the historicity of Paul and the genuineness of his Epistles and then consider the contentions in which the great Apostle was engaged. He argued for the freedom of the spirit as opposed to the bondage of the letter. Would not his cause have been authoritatively and finally decided in his favour had he quoted Jesus as saying,

* Of course in this category I do not include the Epistle to the Hebrews, which is obviously by another hand, though if I did it would not affect the argument.

† St. Paul's reference to the appearances of Christ after his death is inconsistent with the Gospel-narratives and is possibly an interpolation.

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath"? He carried the gospel to the Gentiles and by doing so created modern Christianity. Would he not have effectually silenced his Judaizing cavillers if he had quoted the great Johannine saying, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this flock: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and they shall become one flock, one shepherd"? Why did he not quote them?

There is no disguising the fact that St. Paul's doctrine of Christ is throughout a mystical one. It is obvious from his epistles that he has no knowledge of the Bible-story as we know it, nor of Jesus, the man, as he is portrayed in that story.* Dr.

WHAT DID
PAUL KNOW
OF JESUS?
Anderson takes the view that these facts "compel the conclusions (1) that the simple Jesus of liberal theory did not then exist,† and (2) that the creative sayings of the Gospels had not then crystallized round a Jesus nucleus. He then proceeds to enunciate in outline the allegorical interpretation of Christianity to which I have already alluded as expounded in the pages of *The Perfect Way*. But in introducing his thesis he prefaces it with some very pertinent remarks about the religious position generally in the Roman world of that time which seem to me to be very helpful and suggestive to those who wish to understand more clearly the vexed question of the origins of early Christianity. Chris-

* A curious theory is enunciated with regard to the Crucifixion by Salomon Reinach (*Orpheus—a General History of Religions*. London: William Heinemann).

"The circumstances of the Passion (he observes) bear a most suspicious resemblance to rites that were in use at a much earlier period at certain festivals. At the so-called feast of the Sacoa in Babylonia and Persia, there was a triumphal procession of a condemned criminal dressed as a king; at the end of the festival he was stripped of his fine raiment, scourged, hanged, or crucified. We know from Philo that the populace of Alexandria gave the name Karabas to one of these improvised kings who was overwhelmed with mock honours and afterwards ill-treated. But Karabas has no meaning, either in Aramaic or Greek. It must be emended to read Barabbas, which means in Aramaic, 'Son of the Father.' . . . In addition to all this, we learn that about the year 250 Origen read in a very ancient manuscript of St. Matthew's Gospel that Barabbas was called *Jesus Barabbas*. By comparing these various statements, we are led to the conclusion that Jesus was put to death not *instead* of Barabbas, but *in the character* of a Barabbas. The Evangelists neither understood the ceremony they described nor the nature of the derisive honours bestowed on Jesus; they made a myth of what was probably a rite."

† A case might be made out for the theory that the Talmud date is right and that the original of the Jesus of the Gospels lived at an earlier date than is generally believed. Apart from this supposition, the accretion of myth round his story at so early a period seems quite inexplicable.

Christianity, he premises, was not "founded" by any single historical personage, but was the synthesis of the factors that controlled the historical development of the time. It was "no new thing in the world," but rather the result of a gradual moral and intellectual advance and evolution which had been taking place simultaneously on somewhat different lines in Greece, Rome and Judæa.

"It is (he says) of little purpose to discard the ordinary supernaturalism of the Church if Jesus be left uniquely perfect. We might as well say that he was virgin-born and spent his life working miracles. . . . The Jesus of liberal theology, whom it pictures as the ideal Man, the Founder of Christianity, is no more historical than is the Christ of the Church. . . . The same motive that placed a Garden of Eden at the beginning of man's life on earth places an ideal man at the opening of the Christian development."

If the story of the Garden of Eden in Genesis be an allegory, by the same token the Gospel-narrative is an allegory also. Dr. Anderson's hypothesis, then, is that Christianity began, not with a Jesus (a teacher), whom the early Christians were endeavouring to imitate, but with a Christ whom they worshipped. He shows that such a cult or community was no uncommon thing in the Græco-Roman world. The bond that united the members of these cults was a vow of service to a certain god or hero. "One would be organized under the Saviour-God, Zeus-Soter, as its patron, and the members called Soteriastæ; another under Hercules, others under Dionysos, Sarapis, etc."

When (says our author, offering it seems to me a most illuminating sidelight) when we read such an invitation as the following, written on papyri found at Oxyrhynchus, dating from the second century, light is thrown on the New Testament use of the term Lord as applied to Christ.

"Chairemon invites you to dine at the table of the Lord Sarapis in the Sarapion to-morrow the 15th, at 9 o'clock."

Or this :

"Antonios, son of Ptolemaios, invites you to dine with him at the table of the Lord Sarapis in the house of Claudius Sarapion on the 16th at 9 o'clock."

We see that the relation which the patron god in these communities bore to the individual members was exactly the relation which Christ is represented as bearing to the members of the Primitive Church in the Epistles and Gospels.

Neither Gospels nor Epistles, Dr. Anderson argues, if carefully and dispassionately read, give us a human Jesus, but rather a Christ who cannot be described in terms of ordinary humanity. This is most markedly the case in the fourth Gospel, where Christ is described in the very first chapter as "the Word who was in

THE CHRIST
OF THE
GOSPELS
NOT A MAN.

the beginning with God and was God," but it is apparent to a lesser extent even in Mark, admittedly the first Gospel in chronological order.

All this (observes Dr. Anderson) accords with the place the name of Jesus would occupy in the Christian communities were they modelled after the other communities of the time, but is inconceivable as the description of a human teacher by those who were endeavouring to follow his instructions.

That the early Christian Church was regarded by contemporaries in this light is shown by the letter of Pliny the Younger to the Emperor Trajan (A.D. 103-5), where he states that the

CHRIST
WORSHIPPED
BY THE
EARLY
CHURCH.

Christians sang antiphons to Christ "as to a God." The primitive idea of Christ was thus that of a Divine Being who was worshipped by a particular community or sect, not, as has been contended by the New Theology, that of a human teacher. Liberal Christianity in substituting the "Religion of Jesus"

for the "Gospel of Christ" is a radical departure from the creed of Christendom.

The Christ legend in some shape or form lay at the root of all the ancient mysteries. No story is so widespread as that of the dying and rising God.

We have already learned that not one feature of the story of Christ that is told in the New Testament is original with it—the angelic annunciation, the virgin birth, the wondrous childhood, the meeting of the Evil Power of the universe face to face in temptation, the going forth to conquer all the evil powers of the world, Christ's being put to death as a sacrifice to the Principle of Evil, the miraculous resurrection, the ascent to heaven, to be speedily followed by His second advent, to reign over living and dead—all this is hundreds, it may be thousands, of years older than Christianity.

Dr. Anderson might have cited in addition such incidents as the flight into Egypt and the massacre of the innocents as being common to other and earlier Christ legends. His conclusion that the Christ of Christianity had no human prototype seems almost irresistible, though he does not go so far as to maintain that Jesus the preacher and teacher was an entirely legendary character. The arguments that this learned divine has adduced would certainly have been a preliminary in most hands to an entire rejection of the whole edifice of Christianity. The point of interest is that the conclusion he arrives at is, however briefly outlined, in essence identical (as already stated) with that elaborated in so much fuller detail by Kingsford and Maitland—the presentment of Christianity as a symbolical story of the

True Inner Mystical Life of Man. In words almost identical with those used by the authors of *The Perfect Way* Dr. Anderson observes, "We do not need a new theology so much as we need a truer interpretation of the theology which from the beginning has been the creed of Christendom." He continues, adopting unreservedly the whole standpoint of the Christian Mystic :—

"The story of the crucifixion, burial and resurrection of Christ is the story of the soul's progress, the story of its triumph over sin and death, repeated in every age of the world's history. . . . It symbolizes the idea that is at the root of all religions and seems involved in creation itself—the idea of sacrifice. The law of sacrifice lies at the root of evolution and alone makes it intelligible. This idea is indicated in the New Testament by the phrase *The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world*. This sacrifice is *perpetual*; it is the life by which the universe is ever becoming; the individual finding his own highest good in the good of the whole; the realization of the oneness of the individual with God or the Universal Self."

The extent of the Radical reverse at the General Election has fallen somewhat short of my anticipation. Without a knowledge of the birth-times of either Premier or ex-Premier it was obvious that any such forecast must be in the nature of a shot. My object, however, was not so much to anticipate the future as to illustrate the nature of the data which enabled astrologers to **fix** in advance the probable time of the coming election. THE GENERAL ELECTION. The indications of a crisis and of a severe reverse to the Government in the month of January enabled them to do this. The extent of the reverse was perhaps not unnaturally overestimated. The conjunction of Saturn and Mars in England's ruling sign immediately before the election was probably responsible for modifying the anticipated result. Students of astrology will watch with interest the development of the crisis and the effect in particular of the malefic positions at the birthday figure of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

I am asked to state, in connection with the subject of my last month's Notes, that publication in Great Britain of the book referred to—*Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena*, by Hereward Carrington—has been arranged for by Mr. T. Werner Laurie, of Clifford's Inn, E.C. In view of the great importance of the subject treated of, the book is sure to command widespread attention in psychical research circles in this country.

I am desired by Mr. W. T. Pavitt, Designer of Talismanic Jewellery, of 17, Hanover Square, London, W., to draw attention to an error which appeared in last month's issue. The address of his Indian agent should be 39, Dhurumtola Street, Calcutta, not 170, Dhurumtola Street, as given.

UNEXPLAINED STORIES

BY M. L. LEWES

THERE are few people of intelligence in these days who are not more or less interested in that side of life so well called by M. Flammarion "The Unknown." * Some of us openly avow our interest, while others affect a disbelief in every kind of occult manifestation, which perhaps they do not really feel. But that well-authenticated phenomena, quite inexplicable by ordinary hypotheses, do occur, most thoughtful persons are ready to admit. Only, at the same time, one should realize that, as yet, we are merely on the threshold of a true understanding of their significance. A later generation may, and probably will, arrive at correct conclusions respecting them; while our part must be, by rejecting fiction and recording fact, to add our mite to the vast sum of evidence, which will be a storehouse of knowledge for those who in future ages shall hold the master-key.

Meanwhile, in this twentieth century, a "ghost story" possesses a strong fascination for most of us, believers and sceptics alike; and it is with this idea that the writer has taken the few following notes from a large collection of weird happenings, thinking that they may be of some interest to the average reader. Of course, real names of people are either altered or omitted throughout.

There always seems to be something particularly uncanny in the idea of a ghostly animal. Why this should be so, it is hard to say, but most people would probably prefer encountering a human, rather than a four-footed *revenant*.

The Welsh have a superstition about "hell-hounds," or *cŵn annwn* as they are called in the Principality. These fearsome creatures are said to hunt the souls of the departed, and generally only their mournful cry can be heard—a sound to make one shudder and tremble. But occasionally a stray hound is seen by some unlucky individual, to whom the sight is sure to bring disaster or death—an old Celtic belief, and most certainly superstition, but it recurs to one's mind in connection with the following story.

A few years ago a certain Mrs. Hudson went to live near

* *L'Inconnu et les Problèmes Psychiques*, par Camille Flammarion.

... a small town of W—— in Carmarthenshire. One day, not long after her arrival, she and a friend went for a walk along the high-road near the town. On their way they had to pass a quarry, to which a gate and path led, off the road. Just after the two ladies had passed this gate, Mrs. Hudson heard a sound of loud panting behind her. She stopped, and looking back, saw a large, black dog come running out of the quarry down the path leading to the gate. Whereupon she said, "I wonder whose dog that is, and why it was in the quarry." "What dog?" asked the friend, looking in the same direction, "I don't see any dog." "But there *is* a dog," said Mrs. Hudson impatiently; "can't you see? It is standing still, looking at us."

However, the friend could see nothing, so Mrs. Hudson, somewhat impatiently, turned and walked on, feeling convinced the dog was there, and marvelling that her friend neither saw it, nor heard its panting breaths. Soon after this, happening to meet her brother-in-law, who was an old resident in the neighbourhood, she asked him who was the owner of a particularly large, black dog, describing where she had seen it. The brother-in-law, listening with a rather queer expression, answered, "So you have seen that dog! Then, according to tradition, either you or your friend will die before six months are past. That was a ghostly dog you saw; it has appeared to several other people before now, and always forebodes death."

Mrs. Hudson did not pay much attention to what she considered a superstitious explanation of a trivial occurrence, feeling perfectly certain that what she had seen was a real animal. But it was an explanation she recalled with a feeling of horror, when within six months of the date of that walk her friend most unexpectedly died. The curious point in this experience is, that the phantom dog was visible to only one of the two friends, and that not the one for whom the warning was intended.

The next story is also of the "warning" type. A lady, whom we will call Miss Johnson, was staying in the winter of 1874 with some relatives in the West of England. One Sunday evening about six o'clock, when Miss Johnson and the family were sitting quietly in the drawing-room, a great noise was suddenly heard, exactly like hounds in full cry. It seemed as if the pack swept past the drawing-room windows, turned the corner of the house, and entered the yard behind. The kennels of the local hunt were only four miles away, and on hunting days the hounds often met or ran in the direction of the house. But to be disturbed by the cry of hounds on a

Sunday evening was such an unheard-of thing that Miss Johnson and her friends were for the moment petrified with amazement. Almost immediately the butler came running to the room, exclaiming, "The hounds must have got loose! I hear them all in the backyard."

"But how could they get in?" asked some one, "for the gates cannot be open at this hour on Sunday!" The butler went off, looking rather disconcerted and not a little scared, and Miss Johnson went into the hall, where she found her collie dog—usually a very quiet, gentle animal—barking and rushing about in a state of frenzy. She opened the front door, and the collie ran out barking and growling savagely, made a great jump in the air as if springing at somebody or something, then suddenly sank down, cowering to the ground, and crept back whimpering to his mistress' side.

An exhaustive search revealed not a sign of a hound or stray dog about the place, and Miss Johnson and her relatives went to bed that night feeling much puzzled by the strange incident.

Next day came the news that a near relative of Miss Johnson had died suddenly the evening before at six o'clock. Twenty-five years later, Miss Johnson had a similar experience previous to the death of another relative, on which occasion the hour of the death and the time at which she heard the hounds' cry again tallied exactly. And while meditating on the strangeness of such a coincidence occurring twice over, Miss Johnson remembered the tales that the country people about her old Welsh home used to tell concerning the *Cŵn Teulu* (family hounds) said to haunt the woods round the house, to see or hear one of which was a sure sign of speedy death.

Although rather lacking in "thrill" the following incident is certainly curious as one of that class of apparently pointless events which are so realistic as to seem commonplace, and yet leave one in a perfect cul-de-sac of mystification as to why they should have happened at all.

Between thirty and forty years ago a meet of the hounds took place at a house in West Wales called "Llanyfôr." Most of the houses in a somewhat thinly populated neighbourhood sent representatives, but the meet was not a large one. Amongst those who drove over were a Mrs. A— and her friend Miss B—. When riders and hounds had trotted off to draw the covers near the house, the hostess, Mrs. C—, suggested that she and her daughter, with Mrs. A— and her friend, should walk out and watch the find. The two elder ladies kept on the

main road just outside the drive gate, while Miss B—— and Miss C——, more energetic, went through some fields and climbed a little hill which commanded a good view of the cover where the hounds were. Just beneath them was the field where all the riders were grouped, and beyond that was the road, a short stretch of which was plainly visible from the hill, though at each end of this open piece it was hidden by thick trees.

After they had been waiting some little time on the hillside, the two ladies heard the sound of a horse trotting quietly along the road beneath the trees, and very soon a rider, mounted on a white horse and wearing a red coat, emerged in the open part of the road, presently disappearing again beneath some further trees.

Miss B—— remarked, "That must be Mr. X——" (the only gentleman in the neighbourhood who usually hunted on a white horse); "how late he is." And she and Miss C—— concluded that Mr. X—— was making his way down the road to where a gate beyond the trees would take him into the field where the rest of the hunters were gathered. But the minutes passed, and he never joined the other riders, though Miss B—— and her friend must have seen him if he had done so. However, they supposed that he was perhaps waiting in the road, after all, hidden by the trees, and thought no more of the matter.

Later on, when the ladies were lunching at "Llanyfôr," and were joined by some of the returned hunters, Miss B—— mentioned having seen Mr. X—— (as she thought) go along the road towards the cover. "You must be mistaken," said one of the party; "he was not out hunting to-day." Miss B—— and Miss C—— then described the rider they had seen, and were still more puzzled when told that no one had appeared with the hounds wearing a red coat and riding a white horse. One man was on a grey, but he wore a *black* coat. Yet Miss B—— and her friend *knew* they had both seen the horseman, and that he was as absolutely real to them as the rest of the "field" close by. The odd thing was, that a good many people on foot were gathered in the road beneath the trees behind the open stretch referred to, amongst them being Mrs. C—— and Mrs. A——. Now none of these people saw any such rider pass them, though he was *coming from their direction*, when he became visible to Miss B—— on the hill, and yet he must have been a noticeable figure on his white horse. Between him and the foot-people, a few hundred yards behind, there was only the one road, with no side-lanes and thick trees on each hand. So if he did not pass Mrs. C—— and

Mrs. A——, how could he have reached the open road in front? He did not come from the opposite direction and then turn in his own track, because in that case he must have been seen to arrive by Miss B—— and Miss C——, who had been some time on the hillside overlooking the road. The mystery has never since been solved; for when Miss B—— next saw Miss C——, the latter said she had been making inquiries amongst other people who were out hunting that day, and no one had seen the man on the white horse. Neither had he been seen by any of the country people, though, as is usual in Wales on a hunting-day, there were a good many labourers, etc., round the covers and in the fields, snatching an hour's holiday for a taste of sport. There does not seem to be any legend or tradition connected with "Llanyfôr" which throws any light on the appearance of the phantom horseman (although the house has a "ghost" belonging to "another story."). When relating the experience to the writer, Miss B—— said she had no theory to offer on the subject, having always regarded it as a mystery, defying ordinary explanations.

It is well known that animals are often able to detect the presence of the supernatural, a fact well illustrated in a story told by a lady who would certainly have scorned the idea of "believing in ghosts." And perhaps her incredulity regarding the "Unknown" made her recital all the more impressive.

Not many years ago Miss Robinson spent a summer with the rest of her family at a certain country rectory, which her father had rented for a few months. It should be stated that the neighbourhood was entirely new to the Robinsons; none of them had ever been in the county before, and when they first went to the Rectory, they did not know any of the residents.

About nine o'clock one evening, when the days were very long, and there was still plenty of light left, Miss Robinson was going upstairs, followed by her little dog, which halfway up passed her and ran on to the top of the stairs. There it suddenly stopped short, looking down a passage which led off the landing and exhibiting every symptom of fear—hair bristling, shivering and whining. Miss Robinson thought this odd, but as she gained the landing and looked down the passage, wondering what had frightened the dog, she distinctly saw a man cross the end of the passage and apparently disappear into the wall, as there was no door at the spot where the figure vanished. Miss Robinson thought this still more curious, but as she saw nothing further, and the dog also seemed immediately reassured,

she began to think that they had both been the victims of an hallucination, and resolved to keep the matter entirely to herself.

A short time afterwards she went to tea with some neighbours who had called on them, and after the usual conversational inquiries as to "how they liked the place," and so forth, Miss Robinson and her sister were asked "if anything had been seen by them of the Rectory ghost?" Instantly Miss Robinson's thoughts flew back to that evening on the staircase and her dog's terror. However, in reply, she only asked what form the ghost was supposed to take. The answer was that a former inhabitant of the house had murdered his wife, and that ever since the murderer's ghost was said to *haunt the end of the passage* which led off the landing.

As she listened to these words, Miss Robinson could not repress a little shudder at the remembrance of the figure seen by herself and her dog at the very place described! But no repetition of her experience ever occurred, nor was the apparition seen by any one else in the house during the time the family remained there.

Wherein lies the decided element of "creepiness" contained in the next story? Perhaps it may be that it deals with a "haunting" of a most unusual and remote character, having its origin in some unknown disturbance of the very elements themselves.

In one of the home counties there is a very well-known old house, which shall be called Ainsley Abbey, and where (not so very long ago) there was a large party staying for the local hunt ball, amongst the guests a certain Mrs. Z——. Knowing that she would be very late returning from the ball, Mrs. Z—— told her maid not to wait up for her, but to go to bed at her usual time. So what was her surprise, when she came back in the small hours, to find that the maid had disobeyed her injunction and was waiting in Mrs. Z——'s room. When asked why she had not gone to bed, she said that she had done so, but had been so disturbed by the "terrible storm—thunder and a great gale," that she could not rest and grew too frightened to stay in her room. She sought the house-servants, but to her surprise they had noticed no storm, and laughed at her when she said there was a high wind raging round the house. Finally she resolved to wait in her mistress' room, adding she was thankful the party had got back safely, as she had felt concerned at her mistress being out in such awful weather. Mrs. Z—— was much astonished at this tale, for the night had been perfectly calm

and fine, but at last she came to the conclusion that her maid must have fallen asleep and dreamed of a storm. But, happening to mention the matter to her host next day, she was surprised to find it treated with the greatest interest, and to be told that it was no case of dreaming. That occasionally some people who came to stay at Ainsley could hear sounds that they described as a thunder-storm and wind like a hurricane blowing round the house. In fact, it was a species of haunting which had never been accounted for. Like an echo of Dante's

"Infernal hurricane that never rests
Hurtles the spirits onward in its rapine;
Whirling them round."

And now the reader must travel back again to Merlin's land—that country where until quite lately there were people living who would tell you solemnly about the fairy-folk who dwelt beneath the deep waters of the *llyn* or amongst the rocks in the mountains. And that it was best to avoid any dealings with the "little people," as though they were sometimes known to do mortals a good turn, yet generally naught but misfortune overtook the unlucky human being who had anything to do with them. But though the Council-schools have unfortunately scared away the *Tylwyth Teg*, so that one can no longer watch them at their moonlight revels in the green hollows of the hills, yet there is, perhaps, something of the atmosphere of fairyland still left in Wales. For there (especially if you happen to have a Celtic strain in your composition) you will find that almost any tale of the supernatural sounds not only possible, but probable. So that the explanation given to Mr. Blair, who had Highland blood in his veins, of a singular though unimportant little adventure that befell him in Wales some half-dozen years ago, did not seem to him at all far-fetched at the time, but rather the one most appropriate, and quite characteristic of the country. Business obliged Mr. Blair to live for some time in this particular Cardiganshire valley, and often after dinner in the summer, he would cross the river and walk up the opposite hill to a house called "Wernddu," where some friends lived, and spend the evening with them.

From "Wernddu" a narrow steep road led down to the bottom of the hill, where it ended; and from this point another grassy lane led up in the direction of a farm. In the twilight of a certain beautiful summer evening, Mr. Blair left "Wernddu," and started to walk home. He had his dog—a spaniel—with

him, and as he descended the hill, and reached the place from which the grass lane diverged, he noticed the dog, who was running in front, suddenly sit down and begin to whine. And then he saw that there was another dog, a big Scotch collie, gambolling and playing round the spaniel, though where it had come from he could not imagine, as he was sure that no strange dog had followed him from "Wernddu." But as he walked up to the two animals, his own still whining and shivering, the other suddenly darted away and disappeared up the lane that led to the farm, much to the apparent relief of the spaniel, who immediately seemed to forget his fright and became quite lively again. Mr. Blair continued his homeward way, wondering to whom the collie belonged, as he did not remember having seen it anywhere about before. But the incident, slight though it was, somehow made a decided impression on his mind, so much so that he could not forbear mentioning it next day to his old landlady, remarking that he supposed they must have got a new dog at "Nantgwyn," the farm to which the grass lane referred to eventually led. Mrs. Morgan (the landlady) asked him what the dog was like, and when told she exclaimed, "Why, indeed, Mr. Blair, you must have seen the Nantgwyn Dog." She said that it was no creature of flesh and blood, but an apparition which had appeared to other people at different times. The story went that many years ago, a tramp had been found lying dead on the very spot where Mr. Blair had seen the collie, and it was always thought that the dog, when living, must have belonged to him, and with the devotion characteristic of its species had continued faithful even after death.*

* Believers in the doctrine of the Transmigration of Souls might offer another explanation.—ED.

1
O POETRY, thou Breath of God's own, breathless soul,
Waft thy rose-scent o'er this cold earth; with light and fragrance,
fading soul!
flood the whole!
All that thou smilest on must laugh, and where thou gaze'st,
must shine;
Narrowness grows and broadens; space her secrets doth in
bounds confine.
Through thee becomes immortal all that Time in his swift feet
would melt;
All I have lived and thought and done, all I have seen, enjoyed
and felt.

2
Thoughts seem, like planets, aimlessly to run
Through space, until we find their central sun
My thoughts for long around one Sun have
But it is veiled from them lest they be

3
There are two mirrors, where in bliss
The sun of heaven, and the Spirit
One mirror is the sea o'er which
The other is the mind that no

He who in thought, sets
Then thinks the bound
E'en as Geometry ex
So Thought in bind

The world is laid out plain on maps before our eyes :
 Now we await the soul's star-map of spirit-skies.
 Meanwhile, in constant fear of losing the right way,
 Souls must fare forth, as men through mapless deserts stray.

5

He ne'er can rule the world who sinks himself in self,
 Yet is he lost who wholly gives to her himself.
 Give thou thyself to her, then draw thyself away,
 And so the only law of joy and peace obey.
 The soul's breath like unto the body's breath should be,
 Warm when sent out, and fresh when taken back by thee

6

Nought better can man do than break away
 From self, and from the world, and wholly pray.
 But prayer must not be made of words alone ;
 Prayer must be made of thought ; prayer must be shown
 In actions, too—so that the whole life soars
 In one pure breath straight up to Heaven's doors.

7

Who steps from darkness into light
 Sees nothing through excess of sight.
 Who steps from daylight into dark
 Is blind, and can no object mark ;
 Until the eye has learnt to be
 Rejoiced by light and in the dark to see.

So can a human soul contain
 Unlimited delight and pain,
 And yet is always happiest
 When left to live in perfect rest :
 Not dazed by sun, not plunged in night,
 But eye and spirit filled with soft, clear light.

8

O, shame on thee if thou canst come
 From wand'ring in the woods of spring,
 And, locked albeit within thy breast,
 Some happy song home with thee bring.

The sweetest song is not the song
 A man can write and print and sell,
 But rather lies within his heart
 As a pearl lies within its shell.

9

Mark this, my son : each man is a small world that holds
 All things the outer greater world enfolds.
 As in a mirror right and left are turned about,
 So for the world and man are differing rules set out.
 If Love is unity, and Hatred separation,
 Then Hatred first helps Life to find out liberation ;
 Breaks up the One to make the Many. All that lives
 Is separate ; 'tis death alone that oneness gives.
 So in the outer world let separateness reign,
 While in thy heart its antitype doth never wane.
 Let out of struggling forces all life's fulness flow
 While thou the world and God in peaceful Love dost know.

10

Thou hast a sweet-toned instrument
 Whose every string is eloquent
 In harmony with that low, secret song
 Thy heart sings all day long.
 Only it has one single string,
 Which, when thou strik'st it, lingering,
 Gives out a harsh, discordant note, and thrills
 Thy heart with torturing ills.
 O, when thou needs must touch this weak, false string,
 Glide o'er it gently, without lingering !

Thou hast a well-belovèd heart
 Whose passionate beating doth impart
 A swift-responding music to thine own,
 In self-same key and tone.
 Only it has one single string,
 Which, when thou strik'st it, lingering,
 Gives out a harsh, discordant note, and thrills
 Thy heart with torturing ills.
 O, treat the instrument and heart alike !
 The weak string tenderly and gently strike !

II

E'en thou thyself canst grasp but half of what thine inmost
heart would say,

And when thou fain wouldst speak it only half of it in words
will stay.

How shall the hearer grasp this half of half before it melts away ?
He grasps as much as he perceives, and then within *his* inmost
heart

He adds to it, and makes a whole, and of this whole grasps but
a part ;

Then thinks that he has grasped thy thought, and understood
thee, what thou art !

I2

Spring for the first time touches not my heart !

I feel more aged grown than wood or hill ;

Yet woods and hills in Spring renew their youth—

Why then should my old heart sustain no thrill ?

For half a century I met the spring

With rapture year by year. Comes age so fast ?

Nay, but within my heart a Spring now reigns

Before which earthly springs like shades flit past.

I3

'Tis not enough that thou thyself shouldst neither hate nor
envy feel ;

Thou must avoid the envy and the hate that other men reveal.

The glance of hate is Frost, the glance of envy Fire. O Plant
of Love,

Nor Frost nor Fire is friend to thee ! God place thee in a shel-
tered grove,

Where Love's sun shines and Friendship's dew descends, and
where soft breezes blow

To stir thy budding soul to life and fan in thee devotion's glow.

I4

Why did I plant no trees

In the past years, when arms were young and strong ?

Now, cool and shadowed ease

I should be taking 'neath their boughs, and long

With golden fruits would they
Have dowered me. Alas, the seeds I sowed
Were seeds of song ! To-day
They bear no fruit, nor shade my lonely road.

15

Thou sayst : " The rose now blooms ! Now sings the nightingale
at set of sun ! "

Yet thou dost see a hundred roses,
And hear a hundred songs as the day closes !
But all the blowing roses are for thee entwined into one,
And all the nightingales' sweet singing
For thee as from one golden throat is ringing.

So doth a poet feel the whole
Of Poetry in his single soul ;
So reads a lover in one look
The whole of Beauty's endless book

ON THE BELIEF IN TALISMANS

By H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.

II.

FRANCIS BARRETT, in his *Magus, or Celestial Intelligencer*, describes another system of talismans, which is taken almost word for word from Cornelius Agrippa's *Occult Philosophy*. To each of the planets is assigned a magic square or table, i.e. a square composed of numbers so arranged that the sum of each row or column is always the same. For example, the table for Mars is as follows:—

11	24	7	20	3
4	12	25	8	16
17	5	13	21	9
10	18	1	14	22
23	6	19	2	15

It will be noticed that every number from 1 up to the highest possible occurs once, and that no number occurs twice. It will also be seen that the sum of each row and of each column is always 65. Indeed, it is not surprising that the remarkable properties of such "magic" squares, before these were explained mathematically, gave rise to the belief that they had some occult significance and virtue. According to Barrett, the orderliness of these squares reflects the order of the heavens, and from a consideration of them the magical properties of the planets which they represent can be arrived at. From these tables can be obtained certain numbers which are the numbers of the planets. For example, in the above table the number of rows of numbers is 5. The total number of numbers in the table is the square of this number, namely, 25, which is also the greatest number in the table. The sum of any row or column is 65. And finally, the sum of all the numbers is the product of the number of rows (namely, 5) and the sum of any row (namely, 65), i.e. 325. These numbers, namely 5, 25, 65 and 325, are the numbers of Mars. Sets of numbers for the other planets are obtained in exactly the same manner.*

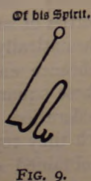
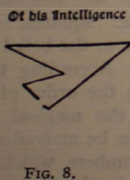
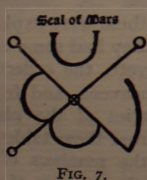
* Readers acquainted with mathematics will notice that if n is the number of rows in such a "magic square," the other numbers derived as above will be n^2 , $\frac{1}{2}n(n^2 + 1)$, and $\frac{1}{2}n^3(n^2 + 1)$. This can readily be proved by the laws of arithmetical progressions.

Now, to each planet is assigned an Intelligence or good spirit, and an Evil Spirit or demon; and the names of these spirits are related to certain of the numbers of the planets. The other numbers are also connected with holy and magical Hebrew names. Barrett (copying Agrippa) gives the following table of "names answering to the numbers of Mars":—

5. He, the letter of the holy name	ה
25.	יהי
65. Adonai.	אדני
325. Graphiel, the Intelligence of Mars.	גראפיא
325. Barzabel, the Spirit of Mars.	ברזאבאל

Similar tables are given for the other planets. The numbers can be derived from the names by regarding the Hebrew letters of which they are composed as numbers, in which case א (Aleph) to ט (Teth) represent the units 1 to 9 in order, י (Jod) to צ (Tzade) the tens 10 to 90 in order, ק (Koph) to ט (Tau) the hundreds 100 to 400, and the hundreds 500 to 900 are represented by special terminal forms of certain of the Hebrew letters.* It is evident, therefore, that no little wasted ingenuity must have been employed in working all this out.

Each planet had its own seal or signature, as well as the signature of its intelligence and the signature of its demon. These

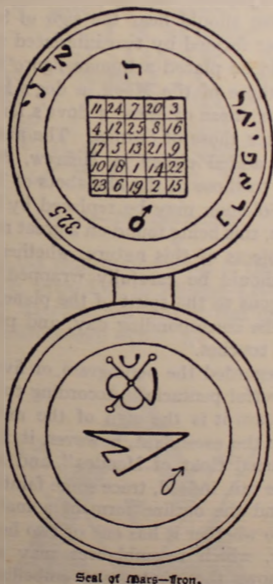


signatures were supposed to represent the characters of the planets, intelligences and demons respectively. The signature of Mars is shown in Fig. 7, that of its intelligence in Fig. 8, and that of its demon in Fig. 9.

These various details were inscribed on the talismans—each of which was supposed to confer its own peculiar benefits—as follows: On one side must be engraved the proper magic table and the astrological sign of the planet, together with the highest planetary number, the sacred names corresponding to the planet,

* We notice that this makes ברזאבאל 326, one unit too much. Possibly an *aleph* should be omitted.

and the name of the intelligence of the planet, but not the name of its demon. On the other side must be engraved the seals of the planet and of its intelligence, and also the astrological sign. Barrett says regarding the demons,* " It is to be understood that the intelligences are the presiding good angels that are set over the planets, but that the spirits or demons, with their names,



Seal of Mars-Iron.

FIG. 10.

seals, or characters, are never inscribed upon any Talisman, except to execute any evil effect, and that they are subject to the intelligences, or good spirits; and again, when the spirits and their characters are used, it will be more conducive to the effect to add some divine name appropriate to the effect we desire." Evil talismans can also be prepared, according to this

* Francis Barrett: *The Magus, or Celestial Intelligencer* (1801), Bk. I, p. 146.

writer, by using a metal antagonistic to the signs engraved thereon. The complete talisman of Mars is shown in Fig. 10.

Eliphas Lévi describes yet another system of talismans. He says, * "The Pentagram must be always engraved on one side of the talisman, with a circle for the Sun, a crescent for the Moon, a winged caduceus for Mercury, a sword for Mars, a G for Venus, a crown for Jupiter, and a scythe for Saturn. The other side of the talisman should bear the sign of Solomon, that is, the six-pointed star formed by two interlaced triangles; in the centre there should be placed a human figure for the sun talismans, a cup for those of the Moon, a dog's head for those of Jupiter, a lion's for those of Mars, a dove's for those of Venus, a bull's or goat's for those of Saturn. The names of the seven angels should be added either in Hebrew, Arabic, or magic characters similar to those of the alphabets of Trimethius. The two triangles of Solomon may be replaced by the double cross of Ezekiel's wheels, this being found on a great number of ancient pentacles. All objects of this nature, whether in metals or in precious stones, should be carefully wrapped in silk satchels of a colour analogous to the spirit of the planet, perfumed with the perfumes of the corresponding day, and preserved from all impure looks and touches."

Eliphas Lévi regarded the pentagram, or five-pointed star, as an extremely powerful pentacle. According to him, if with one horn in the ascendant it is the sign of the microcosmos—Man. With two horns in the ascendant, however, it is the sign of the Devil, "the accursed Goat of Mendes", and an instrument of Black Magic. We can, indeed, trace some faint likeness between the pentagram and the outline form of a man, or of a goat's head, according to whether it has one or two horns in the ascendant, respectively, which resemblances may account for this idea. Fig. II shows the pentagram embellished with other symbols according to Eliphas Lévi, who attempted the evocation of the spirit of Apollonius of Tyana in London on July 24, 1854, by the aid of such a pentagram and other magical apparatus and ritual. He suggests that probably the apparition which, he says, did appear, was due to the effect of the ceremonies, etc., on his own imagination, and comes to the conclusion that such magical experiments are injurious to health.†

* A. E. Waite, *The Mysteries of Magic, a Digest of the Writings of Eliphas Lévi* (1897), p. 204.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 446-450.



FIG. 11.—THE PENTAGRAM.

Fig. 12 shows the embellished form of the six-pointed star, or Seal of Solomon, according to Eliphas Lévi. It is, he says, "the sign of the Macrocosmos, but is less powerful than the Pentagram, the microcosmic sign."



FIG. 12.

Magic rings were prepared on the same principle as were talismans. Says Cornelius Agrippa,* "The manner of making these kinds of rings is this, viz., when any star ascends fortunately, with the fortunate aspect or conjunction of the moon, we must take a stone and herb that is under that star,

* Cornelius Agrippa, *Occult Philosophy*, Book 1, ch. xlvii.

and make a ring of the metal that is suitable to this star, and in it fasten the stone, putting the herb or root under it, not omitting the inscriptions of images, names, and characters, as also the proper suffumigations . . .” Solomon’s ring was supposed to have been possessed of remarkable occult virtue. Says Josephus: * “ God also enabled him [Solomon] to learn that skill which expels demons, which is a science useful and sanative to men. He composed such incantations also by which distempers are alleviated. And he left behind him the manner of using exorcisms, by which they drive away demons, so that they never return; and this method of cure is of great force unto this day; for I have seen a certain man of my own country, whose name was Eleazar, releasing people that were demoniacal in the presence of Vespasian, and his sons, and his captains, and the whole multitude of his soldiers. The manner of the cure was this; he put a ring that had under the seal a root of one of those sorts mentioned by Solomon, to the nostrils of the demoniac, after which he drew out the demon through his nostrils; and when the man fell down immediately, he abjured him to return unto him no more, making still mention of Solomon, and reciting the incantations which he composed.”

Enough has been said already to indicate the general nature of talismanic magic. It must, we think, be quite evident that much of it was pure nonsense, but we should not therefore dismiss the whole subject as valueless. It is past belief that amulets and talismans should have been believed in for so long unless they *appeared* to be productive of some of the desired results, though these may have been due to forces quite other than those which were supposed to be operative. Indeed, it may be said that there has been no widely-held superstition which does not embody some truth, like some small specks of gold hidden in an uninviting mass of quartz; and it must be our object herein to attempt to extract the gold of truth from the quartz of superstition concerning talismanic magic. For this purpose we must examine the various theories regarding the supposed efficacy of talismans.

Two of these theories we have already noted, but the doctrine of effluvia admittedly applied only to a certain class of amulets, and, we think, need not be seriously considered. With regard to the “ astral-spirit theory ” (as it may be called), in its ancient form it is no longer tenable to-day. The discoveries of new

* Flavius Josephus, *The Antiquities of the Jews* (trans. by W. Whiston), Bk. 8, ch. ii. § 5 (45) to (47).

planets and of new metals makes it plain that there can be no occult connection between planets, metals, and the days of the week. But in so far as a belief in the existence of spirits and a spiritual world is concerned, now that abnormal psychological phenomena have been scientifically investigated, we have better evidence for this belief than was possessed in times gone by. Now, it seems fairly certain that spirit cannot act *directly* upon matter—some medium of communication is necessary. Probably the true connection between spirit and matter will be found in the Law of Correspondences (of which more anon); but from another point of view, the brain, or more correctly, the whole nervous system, constitutes a link between the spiritual and material planes. Now, in its modern form the “astral-spirit theory” regards a talisman as a medium of communication between the planes of spirit and matter, whereby the power of a discarnate spirit may become manifested on the lower plane. This is an interesting and suggestive theory, but against it may be advanced the fact that spiritualists unanimously agree that a “medium” (i.e., one who can and does allow discarnate spirits to avail themselves of his nervous system) is essential for the production of spiritualistic phenomena,* whence it appears that the human nervous system (and possibly, to a less extent, that of animals also) constitutes the only medium of communication between the higher and lower planes.

We come next to what may be called the “occult-force theory”. The existence of an occult mental force, a force capable of being exerted by the human will, is a doctrine which has always commended itself to students of the occult, for it provides a simple explanation of a diversity of remarkable phenomena. Now, according to this view of talismans, it is possible to concentrate this mental energy and infuse it into some suitable physical medium, with the production of a talisman, which acts as a sort of accumulator for mental energy. It is, certainly, a startling hypothesis; but in view of certain also startling phenomena brought to light by psychical research, it is not well to be too positive regarding the limitations of the power of the mind.

* There can be little doubt that the majority of such phenomena come under the category of fraud, and many others can be explained on the theory of the subconscious self. We think, however, that the evidence goes to show that there is a residuum of phenomena which can only be explained by the operation, in some way, of discarnate intelligences. For a discussion of modern spiritualism and psychical research see the present writer's *Matter, Spirit and the Cosmos*, ch. II.

However, the true explanation of the supposed efficacy of talismans is to be found, we think, in a transcendental interpretation of this "occult force theory". It appears that the transference of the occult energy is ideal, not actual; and the power, believed to reside in the talisman itself, is the power due to the reflex action of the believer's mind. The power of what transcendentalists call "the imagination" cannot be denied; for example, no one can deny that a man with a firm conviction that such a success will be achieved by him, or such a danger avoided, will be far more likely to gain his heart's desire, other conditions being equal, than one of a pessimistic turn of mind. The mere conviction itself is a factor in success, or a factor in failure, according to its nature; and it seems likely that herein will be found a true explanation of the effects believed to be due to the power of talismans.

At the same time, there appears to be a tendency on the part of certain transcendentalists to exaggerate this power of "the imagination". This is particularly marked in the views which are held by many nowadays with regard to "faith-healing", although the "Christian Scientists" get out of the difficulty—at least to their own satisfaction—by ascribing their alleged cures to the Power of the Divine Mind, and not to the power of the individual mind. Beyond diseases of a purely psychological nature it is very doubtful whether "faith-healing", unaccompanied by medicine of a physical nature, can effect a cure, though "faith" is always a useful (perhaps essential) factor.

The whole question involved in this "transcendental theory of talismans" is that of the operation of (incarnate) spirit upon the plane of matter. As we have already noted above, this operation takes place only through the medium of the nervous system. Now, it appears highly probable that the normal operation of spirit on the material plane—i.e., our own volitional activity—does not consist, as seems to be often supposed, in the transfer of energy from the spiritual to the material plane; for it seems evident that the whole of the energy requisite for a man's activity comes from the material plane; e.g., in the latent chemical energy bound up in the food he eats and the oxygen he breathes. The operation of spirit is rather one of directive control.*

At the same time, there may be modes in which the body,

* See Sir Oliver Lodge, *Life and Matter* (1907), especially chap. ix. and W. Hibbert, F.I.C., *Life and Energy* (1904).

under the directive control of the spirit, may expend energy derived from the material plane, of which we know little or nothing. The phenomenon of the movement of physical objects without contact, observed sometimes at spiritualistic séances—a phenomenon, the occurrence of which is vouched for by no less an authority than Prof. Barrett, F.R.S.*—is a case in point. From what has been said already, we conclude that these movements, if due to discarnate spirits, are not produced by them *directly*, but through and by means of the nervous system of the medium. Evidently, in this case, such spirits must be aware of certain powers of the human organism of which we have yet to learn; but if the views outlined above are correct, there is no reason—save our ignorance—why we should not produce similar phenomena ourselves without the aid of discarnate spirits; whence of course the suggestion occurs that such phenomena as the above are due, not to discarnate spirits, but the medium's subconscious self. Moreover, it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that equally remarkable phenomena may have been produced in the past by the aid of talismans—that is to say, produced by man when in that condition of mind brought about by intense belief in the power of a talisman. And be it noted, that in this connection the term "talisman" may be applied to all things that are believed to possess peculiar power.

In illustration of the real power of the imagination, we may instance the Maori superstition of the Taboo. According to the Maoris, any one who touches a tabooed object will assuredly die, the tabooed object being a sort of "anti-talisman". Prof. Frazer † says: "Cases have been known of Maoris dying of sheer fright on learning that they had unwittingly eaten the remains of a chief's dinner or handled something that belonged to him", since such objects were *ipso facto* tabooed. He gives the following case on good authority: "A woman, having partaken of some fine peaches from a basket, was told that they had come from a tabooed place. Immediately the basket dropped from her hands and she cried out in agony that the *atua* or godhead of the chief, whose divinity had been thus profaned, would kill her. That happened in the afternoon, and next day by twelve o'clock she was dead." For us the power of the taboo does not exist; for the Maori, who implicitly believes in it, it is a very

* Prof. W. F. Barrett, F.R.S., *On the Threshold of a New World of Thought* (1908), § 10.

† Prof. J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., *Psyche's Task* (1909), p. 7.

potent reality, but this power of the taboo resides not in external objects but in his own mind.

Dr. Haddon * quotes a similar but still more remarkable story of a young Congo negro, which very strikingly shows the power of the imagination. The young negro, "being on a journey, lodged at a friend's house; the latter got a wild hen for his breakfast, and the young man asked if it were a wild hen. His host answered 'No.' Then he fell on heartily, and afterwards proceeded on his journey. After four years these two met together again, and his old friend asked him 'If he would eat a wild hen,' to which he answered that it was tabooed to him. Hereat the host began immediately to laugh, inquiring of him, 'What made him refuse it now, when he had eaten one at his table four years ago?' At the hearing of this the negro immediately fell a-trembling, and suffered himself to be so far possessed with the effects of imagination that he died in less than twenty-four hours after."

There are, of course, many stories about amulets, etc., which cannot be thus explained. For example, Elihu Rich gives the following :—†

"In 1568, we are told (*Transl. of Salvete*, p. 196) that the Prince of Orange condemned a Spanish prisoner to be shot at Juliers. The soldiers tied him to a tree and fired, but he was invulnerable. They then stripped him to see what armour he wore, but they found only an amulet bearing the figure of a lamb (the *Agnus Dei*, we presume). This was taken from him, and he was then killed by the first shot. De Baros relates that the Portuguese in like manner vainly attempted to destroy a Malay, so long as he wore a bracelet containing a bone set in gold, which rendered him proof against their swords. A similar marvel is related in the travels of the veracious Marco Polo. 'In an attempt of Kublai Khan to make a conquest of the island of Zipangu, a jealousy arose between the two commanders of the expedition, which led to an order for putting the whole garrison to the sword. In obedience to this order, the heads of all were cut off excepting of eight persons, who by the efficacy of a diabolical charm, consisting of a jewel or amulet introduced into the right arm, between the skin and the flesh, were rendered secure from the effects of iron, either to kill or wound. Upon this discovery being made, they were beaten

* Dr. A. C. Haddon, F.R.S., *Magic and Fetishism*, p. 36.

† Elihu Rich, *The Occult Sciences*, p. 346.

with a heavy wooden club, and presently died.' " These pleasant (!) stories, we think, however, must be taken *cum grano salis*.

No discussion of talismanic magic would be complete without some reference to the Law of Correspondences, a law which is at the basis of all genuine magic. We shall, however, on the present occasion, treat the subject very briefly. Mystics and occultists have always realized, albeit somewhat dimly, that there exists an exact ratio or analogy or sympathetic relation between the world of spirit and the world of matter*—an idea which it remained for Swedenborg to make definite and exact in his Law of Correspondences.

According to the Swedish philosopher, all causation is spiritual in origin—the material world is related to the spiritual world as effect is to cause, hence the correspondence between things spiritual and things material. There is an influx from the spiritual into the material world, but not reversely; this inflowing of the spiritual into the material is always according to correspondence, and is the true and efficient cause of all phenomena, though there are "secondary" causes of a physical or material nature. It is in virtue of correspondence that there is a communication *viâ* the nervous system between the soul and body of man, since the influx from soul to body is modified or conditioned according to the state of the brain and nervous system; hence it is that an external material object can (apparently) produce in the mind of man an idea corresponding to it.† Such is the true power of symbols.

From the transcendental point of view, as Eliphas Lévi says,‡ "ceremonies, vestments, perfumes, characters and figures [are] necessary . . . to employ the imagination in the education of the will . . ." and from the standpoint of the Law of Correspondences, we may add that such are of efficacy only if, and in so far as, they are correspondentially related with the psychological results desired. It must be noted, however, that magical symbols and rituals can in no way be the true causes of the resulting phenomena, but should be regarded rather as passively conditioning the spiritual influx, inasmuch as all causation proceeds from the spiritual plane, and as we have already seen, such phenomena (which are generally of a psychological nature) are to be ascribed to the power of the "imagination."—Moreover,

* As the alchemists used to say: *What is above is as that which is below; what is below is as that which is above.*

† See Emanuel Swedenborg, *The Intercourse of the Soul and the Body*.

‡ A. E. Waite, *The Mysteries of Magic*, p. 197.

it should also be noted that correspondence exists only between things on different planes of being, and magical beliefs (of which there are many, such as the Doctrine of Signatures already noted) which suppose such a relation to exist between things of the same ontological order, cannot be justified on these grounds.

It is clear that a discussion of talismanic magic involves questions of very great importance which are not to be hastily answered. We think, however, that the hidden truth underlying the mass of superstitious nonsense connected with the subject may be formulated thus: *the power of the talisman is the power of the mind (or "imagination") brought into activity by a suitable symbol.*

DEJA VU?

BY J. M. WARING.

THE crowded corner of a market street,
 The surf-wet end of some long, foreign quay:
 An old Kentucky garden, dim and sweet;
 A passing face, a word, a melody;
 When, of a sudden, comes the thought to me,
 The vaguely troubled thought, that passes fleet
 And leaves no light behind, "unwittingly
 I have been here before, with straying feet!

"I have been here before—that stranger's face
 Has looked into my soul at other times;
 The melody, the word, in distant climes
 Have charmed me—they are now but second-place."
 And you, oft when you speak, dear heart, it seems
 Our love dates farther back than life—or dreams.

SOME MORE EXPERIENCES OF A CLAIRAUDIENT

(concluded)

By M. S.

AMONGST the numerous spirit entities who have casually or "accidentally," as people say, spoken to me and become afterwards great chums, was a young fellow, drawn to me as he himself said by sheer boredom and *ennui*. I happened to be trying on some evening shoes, with my mind concentrated on the important question—to have or not to have straps. I had just said to the shopman, "This pair fits comfortably enough, but you must alter this strap; it is too tight." "Yes," said the man, "I see Madame has a high instep." "Has Madame a high instep?" remarked a bantering voice, "and what about Madame's ankle?" "Go away," I said severely, "you have no business here. It is most ungentlemanly to intrude where you are not wanted; anyway, insteps and ankles ought to have no further interest for you over there." "So sorry, I apologize," said the voice, "but I had to attract your attention somehow. I am so bored with myself." I could not shake that young man off, he returned again and again to the charge till at last I had to give in and talk to him to get rid of him. For a long time he would not give me his full name—"Call me Archie," he said, so "Archie" I called him, spoke to him like a grandmother and scolded him like a maiden aunt. I gathered however very soon, from little things he let fall, that he had been a man of good position and of much influence, as he spoke of his regiment, the Scots Greys, and of his father's moors in Scotland. His principal occupations in life had evidently been, according to his own account, to hunt big game all over the world—specially in America—and to avoid being hunted as game by Belgravian mammas! He told me he had died about fifteen years or so before at the age of thirty-two, from a gun accident. He was shooting, with one gillie in attendance, over his father's moors, and in carelessly dragging his gun behind him fully loaded over a dyke the gun had gone off, and severed an artery in the groin. Speaking of the gillie, he said, "The poor devil did not know how to make a tourniquet or stop the bleeding, so I lay on the ground and bled

slowly to death." He seemed to have been perfectly conscious all the time but too weak to care very much—speculating, as he lay, as to how long it would take to drain the last drop of blood out of his veins. Then came oblivion, and when he regained consciousness he was gazing placidly down at his own doubled-up body on the ground. Archie and I became fast friends and he very soon forgot to be bored when he accompanied me night after night to see and help the poor victims of the South African War. At first he gave out it was only escort duty he was on, but later he got thoroughly interested himself in the poor fellows and was constantly with them on his own account. As time went on his visits were fewer and fewer because he was "so busy," and I rejoiced at it, for he was helping himself up by helping his fellow creatures. He was always from his cheery ways a tremendous favourite with the Tommies, who had for a long time no notion who he was. A sister-in-law of mine once asked him to write his name through her hand, and he wrote a long and ridiculous list of all the Scotch names ever dreamed of, and then—as if repenting himself of making game of us—he wrote a name which we both knew and recognized as that of the eldest son of a well-known titled house who had several years before died as the result of a gunshot wound. On one occasion I unfortunately let the cat out of the bag, as far as the soldiers were concerned, by alluding to him as "Lord Archibald." I got well scolded next day, and he told me, half laughing and wholly vexed, how they all immediately got up and saluted him and how it would take him a long time to put them at their ease with him again. When I left my sister-in-law, with whom I had been staying, she begged Archie to try and write through her hand as she was anxious to develop automatic writing and wished to feel that some one trustworthy was near her—this request was willingly granted. About a week after I left, I had a letter from this sister-in-law saying that Archie had been writing every evening most extraordinary things about her family and that he seemed to know all the ins and outs of the family tree. "Ask him," she wrote, "how he came to know so much, it is most uncanny." When Archie next turned up I said, "Archie, have you been writing through Mrs. R. S——'s hand?" "No," said he; "I am so sorry, I quite forgot my promise, I have not been near her." I wrote and told my sister-in-law that I feared she had been taken in, that whoever it was writing through her hand, it was not Archie, who had not been near her. In her reply she said it was very curious—whenever she took up the pencil it began to write rapidly and

always in Archie's name, and that whoever it was he still exhibited a wonderful knowledge of all the ramifications of her family tree. I was anxious to get to the bottom of the mystery, so next time I saw my sister-in-law I requested her to take paper and pencil and wait to see what would happen. Sure enough very soon the pencil began to scribble and I said, "Who is that writing?" "Archie," was the answer. I appealed to my guardian. "Is this Archie?" "No," he said, whereupon I scolded the spirit well for deceiving Mrs. R. S—— so grossly and getting her confidence under false pretences. I then demanded to know who he was and how he knew so much about Mrs. R. S——'s family. Reluctantly he confessed to being a certain "John L—— L——," whose family had been very intimate with my sister-in-law's and who had for years taken a house for the summer months on the Inverness-shire estate of the latter's father. He had evidently been amusing himself hugely with the amazement and consternation of my sister at the omniscience of spirits in general and Archie in particular. In many instances I have been played this trick, a false name being given and tissues of lies told. This was, however, more at the beginning of my psychic career when I used incautiously and curiously to ask the name of the spirit communicating—now I leave it entirely voluntary on their part to give or withhold this information.

There was one curious case in which I was much deceived and of which I have had no adequate explanation. About eight years ago, when I was in London waiting for the end of the Chinese embroglio—I was sitting working one day, my mind much occupied with my husband in China and my two brothers in South Africa, when I heard a voice say solemnly and impressively, "George Mason is now passing over! pray for him." Now this George Mason had been a friend of my girlhood in India, but for over twenty years I had neither seen him nor heard of him. I was much startled, believed what I had been told and prayed for him. My thoughts and prayers reached some entity, for some one came very often declaring himself to be this same George Mason—what is more extraordinary he voluntarily asked after many mutual friends of old days who were not at all in my consciousness at the time. I was completely taken in, for he kept up the deception so cleverly that I firmly believed for several weeks that he was my old friend. I wrote and told my husband of the episode—he also had known George Mason in old days—and asked him to find out if he could whether Major Mason had passed over recently or not. Some time after my

husband had a letter from an old fellow officer of Major Mason's in which he casually mentioned having been to the regimental dinner in London and having met a good many of his old regimental chums, including Major Mason ! He also mentioned that another old brother officer, a great chum of George Mason's, had died, and the date was the one on which I had been warned that my friend was passing over. Could it have been a case of mistaken identity ? but if so—who was it who came for weeks personating my friend so cleverly and showing such knowledge of that past time ? It could not have been the brother officer, who was much too honourable a man to practise such a deception. It was a great puzzle at the time and still remains one.

Before returning to India in the autumn of 1902 my husband and I went to a small hotel in Bedford Square, which he found most conveniently situated for our final arrangements, as it was near the India Office, India agents, military tailors, Club, shops and theatres. The first evening of our arrival I noticed at the next small table to ours at dinner two young people, evidently brother and sister. The latter stared and stared at me, till I thought her eyes must drop out of her head. I said laughingly to my husband, "I hope that girl will know me next time she sees me: what is the matter with her—or with me?" Some days after when I was sitting on the drawing-room sofa busy writing, this same girl hovered about, evidently wishing to speak to me and trying to screw up her courage. It got rather on my nerves after a time and interfered with the flow of my ideas on paper, so I looked up and said, "Can I do anything for you? have you left anything on this sofa?" The girl flushed up and said in a sort of breathless rush, "I wanted to speak to you so much, but hardly liked to trouble you—do you mind—do you believe in Clairvoyance?" I told her I did believe in it and was much interested in all psychic matters. She looked relieved and then proceeded to tell me that ever since she was a child she at recurring intervals had seen visions at night, generally as she woke up. Sometimes these visions were allegorical and meant something, at other times they conveyed no meaning to her at all. Her parents—both in the hotel at the time—were narrow and rigidly orthodox and she had never dared to mention these experiences of hers to them, and she timidly begged me not to report to them what she had told me. About a fortnight before she had seen one night a vision—"an unknown lady sitting on a sofa," that was all. The second night she had again awakened, seeing the same lady sitting in what looked a cabin, with P. and

O. labels on her boxes which were scattered round her, and that was all. I could not help laughing, for these visions did not seem very interesting, edifying or spiritual in any way. However the girl went on to say that when she saw us sitting down to dinner the evening of our arrival she recognized in me the lady of the vision. "Are you going on a voyage soon?" "Yes," I replied, "we are off by P. and O. next week—so that is accurate enough; but what can it mean?" We had there and then a long talk on psychic matters and I promised to ask my guardian to investigate these visions of hers in which I was concerned. His report was curious. It seems that the girl was naturally very psychic but very easily scared; she had also been brought up to believe that all these things were intimately connected with the Evil One. Her spirit controls were anxious to develop her powers, but could nothing do whilst she was so terrified about the whole thing. They knew I was coming and that having studied the rationale of these things I had lost my fear of them and they were anxious to attract the girl's attention to me, so that we might be drawn together that I might help her to overcome her fear and allow them to carry out their plans for her. It all seemed natural and logical enough as soon as one understood the why and wherefore. We had many a surreptitious talk—when the parents were safely off the premises—and I think I was able to bring her to a saner view of psychic phenomena and psychic powers. Her brother too I found much interested. He was studying law and had made the acquaintance of a young Hindu law student who was evidently a strong medium. What most puzzled the young fellow was, that when this Indian fell into a trance he always pointed his finger at him and exclaimed, "I see the mark of Siva on his brow." He told me, he felt much drawn to Eastern Philosophy, but had never been to India in his life and was not likely to manage it as far as he could see. My guardian inquired about this also and told me that the youth had been a priest of Siva in a former incarnation and that his old country and old philosophies were calling loudly to him. I was almost afraid to repeat this to the young man, thinking the idea might be repellent to him, but to my surprise he seemed pleased and remarked, "Then that must account for my longing to see India and my great interest in everything Eastern."

One other experience, and then I will draw this haphazard record to a close. After eight trying months in Aden, where my health gave way, necessitating a return to England, I found myself quite alone in a small hotel in the Isle of Wight, trying

to recover slowly from a succession of Aden "carbuncles." My kind friend Miss Burton offered to come down and spend ten days with me, an offer I eagerly jumped at, as not only was she very congenial and very good company from her keen sense of humour, but she was also a psychic and knew all that was going on in the world in the way of psychical research. We rejoiced at having the hotel to ourselves and were promising ourselves many uninterrupted hours' converse on all the topics we were both so interested in—when our joy was dashed by the landlady's announcement that two ladies, mother and widowed daughter, were coming to invade our solitude. This meant that even if we secured a private sitting-room we should have to take all our meals with these two strangers. I said and felt, "Bother these women," but was gently rebuked by my guardian who remarked, "One of these women you have to help." I felt rather ashamed of my selfishness and was very curious to know what sort of people they were and which of them I was expected to help. When the two ladies arrived it turned out that I had met the elder some years before in Bombay, but the widowed daughter was quite unknown to me except through hearsay. The latter seemed very down and depressed and had come down to convalesce after a severe operation and several weeks in a nursing home. At the first meal we shared in common, Miss Burton sat next to the widow and we all talked polite and amiable nothings. After the lunch, when we had retired to our private sitting-room, Miss Burton, who is very sensitive to magnetism, said to me, "What is the matter with that poor thing? All lunch time I had the most awful feeling of depression, misery and remorse." Said I, "All I know about her is that her husband, a lawyer in New Zealand, died from a carriage accident and left her very badly off, and now we have heard of her recent bad health—this would all account for her depression, poor thing, but I don't know where the remorse comes in—unless she has committed a murder," I added flippantly. Miss Burton still stuck to it that remorse was what she felt most in her psychic atmosphere. A few days after, the widow complained to me of sleeping very badly and of being much frightened at night. "But," said I, "if you are nervous at sleeping alone why not lock your door?" "That is the very last thing I would do," she replied. "Of what are you afraid?" To my great astonishment, she replied, "Ghosts." "There is really nothing to fear," I said. "Why not say a prayer before going to sleep and ask for protection." "Oh," she said, shrugging her shoulders, "it is

many a year since I said any prayers." "Well, pray then, don't say prayers; do you see anything?" "No," she said, "but I feel some one is near me, and I am so frightened and wretched I can't sleep." When I repeated this conversation to Miss Burton, she remarked, "The woman is evidently sensitive; I wonder if it is her husband who is hanging round her."

It was in January, and we had been experiencing a succession of gales, and as our hotel was practically on the beach those of us who slept at the back had the full benefit of the wind and sea dashing up against the break-water. The widow, who had had her room in the quieter front, suddenly requested the landlady to give her another as she could not stand the gloom of that room any longer. A night or two after, the night being specially stormy, I suggested to Miss Burton, whose room was at the back—that she should move over to the widow's vacated room just for the night, so as to get some peace and chance of rest. She quietly said, "Yes. I am told by those on the other side to go. It is always like this when I have to help some one—I have first to take on the conditions and then afterwards comes some message about them."

Next morning I went in, anxious to know how Miss Burton had slept, and found her still in bed, she having had an appalling night. "Oh," she said, "what I experienced—the misery, the depression, the remorse, who can it be? But we shall know some time to-day." That forenoon, as we were both reading the daily papers, Miss Burton suddenly said, "I see an elderly man who wants to give a message." She immediately rose, went over to the writing table, took pen and paper and very fast came a long written message. This message I kept for quite a long time, but have unfortunately mislaid it—otherwise I would have quoted it verbatim. It said we were right in our surmise, it *was* the lady's husband hanging about her and trying hard to get into communication with her. She was extra sensitive after illness, just sufficiently so to feel conscious of some presence and also to take on some of his misery and depression. He had not been an unkind husband, but had unfortunately given way to intemperance, which had led to unpleasant scenes between them and made their home life unhappy. Long before he had married his young wife he had done something which often preyed on his mind, and which was the primary cause of his trying to stifle his accusing conscience by taking to drink. Miss Burton was sacrificed to take on his conditions, get *en rapport* with him and so enable the message to be given, and I was deputed

to carry on the work by helping him on the astral plane. The long message was signed by a well-known name, the name of a Bishop of the Church of England, some time deceased. Miss Burton, rather surprised at the signature, asked why he had taken up this case and how he had been attracted to her. The reply was that he had been attracted to her by her correspondence lately with his son, also a clergyman of the Church of England, and that he was constantly with this son inspiring his sermons and writings. In consequence of this message I tried with my guardian's help to get into touch with the husband on the astral plane at night. We appealed to him to leave his wife free, she was not psychic enough to help him, and his hanging about her in his depressed condition only injured her and prevented her picking up her health. The poor man had not realized how much he was affecting his wife; being unhappy he wanted sympathy from her and so hung about, seeing she was a sensitive, and tried hard to get into communication. He at once gave me his promise not to molest his wife any more, and my guardian and I promised to come very often to see and help him as much as we could. He evidently kept his promise, for the widow began to look brighter and to sleep better, and when a few days later I asked her how she was feeling, she said, "Ever so much better, thanks. I am sleeping like a top; this place has done wonders for me." To this day she has not the vaguest notion of what really occurred, and no doubt attributes all her uncanny weird feelings at night to a weakened body and shattered nerves. Some weeks after, when I had returned to London, I had a visit from the Bishop to tell me all was going well with the husband and that he was keeping his eye on him.

I have learnt many valuable lessons from my psychic experiences, not the least of which has been the wonderful "dynamic force of prayer." The cry of one and all is "Pray for us, Pray for us." What a pity that in cutting away mischievous excrescences from the Catholic Faith, the Reformers were so drastic in their treatment in cutting away more than was advisable and forbidding all Prayers for the Dead.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRENTICE MULFORD

BY W. J. COLVILLE

AMONG the many distinguished contributors to characteristically optimistic modern literature, no name stands out more prominently than that of Prentice Mulford, whose striking individuality won for him a unique place among the many powerful American writers of the nineteenth century. We hear much of *new*, *higher*, and *progressive* thought, and we soon discover that these three widely-employed adjectives are used by their many employers to cover an immense amount of not very well defined mental territory. Prentice Mulford belonged professedly to no distinctively labelled school of thought or practice; he was a pronouncedly individual teacher, one who gave his own message to the world exactly as he conceived it without even inquiring whether it accorded with the doctrine of any recognized institution or if any of his contemporaries shared his peculiar sentiments. THOUGHTS ARE THINGS was one of his favourite mottoes, and he always laid much stress upon a somewhat mystical and imaginative organization which he lovingly called the *Church of Silent Demand*. Under the title of the *White Cross Library* an immense number of his valuable essays were sold freely all over America immediately on their publication, and the fame of them soon spread to England and, indeed, over the whole of the British Empire. These famous tracts have made as decided an impression in all parts of Australia and New Zealand as in New York and Boston, where they were actually written.

It was in California, in early pioneer days directly following the discovery of gold on the Pacific Coast in 1849, that Prentice Mulford first achieved a literary reputation that remained with him and steadily increased to the very end of his terrestrial career. His earliest literary work was forceful and original and it breathed the fresh free spirit of the newly-awakened West. Long before 1870, when the Union Pacific Railway first rendered a trip from the Eastern States to California a comparatively easy and pleasant undertaking, this enthusiastic son of the Golden West was making the vast resources of the Western edge of the Ameri-

can continent attractive to multitudes through his thrilling narratives of arduous enterprise. Daring adventure was entirely in his line, when as a young enthusiast he enlisted in the ranks of those early and intrepid Western journalists who did very much to lay the foundation of what is now one of the most prosperous and celebrated districts of the world. Always a retiring and in some respects also an eccentric man, Prentice Mulford gained much insight into Nature through quiet introspection. The inner life of the spirit was far from a sealed book to him, and this is clearly one of the chief reasons why those excellent volumes of his essays published in England under the titles of * *The Gift of the Spirit* and *The Gift of Understanding*, and in America under the general name of *Your Forces and How to Use Them*, appeal so widely and so powerfully to ever-increasing numbers among the studious elements in every English-speaking population. Multitudes are longing to find a satisfactory key to the mysteries of our inner life, which can never be furnished by any authors, however brilliant, who can only quote from recognized authorities or construct ingenious theories, the value of which they only profess to know from hearsay. There is very little flowery language and no attempt at oratorical display in any of the numerous essays which are now embodied in four large and handsome volumes, but every essay, complete in itself, though closely related with its companions, is a practical, concise and well-digested homily which bears reading many times and also studying deeply. The author places before us an immense amount of sound philosophy, so condensed at times that it lends itself readily to much more elaborate expansion. For this reason every essay is a study, which furnishes food for profound thought and requires deliberate mental digestion.

Ranging from the almost commonplace to the startlingly unusual, the topics dealt with, while embracing much that is quite familiar to the average reader, contains also much that sets us all thinking in unfamiliar directions. The careful reader can readily trace the many steps which such an author must have taken in his earnest endeavour to blend a transcendental view of life with one that is wholly practical. Turning from essay to essay we discover in them all the intense activity of an earnest mind bent on achieving the gold of self-knowledge and so achieving it as clearly to impart his discoveries to his readers. Prentice Mulford,

* *The Gift of the Spirit. The Gift of Understanding. Essays of Prentice Mulford: Third Series. Essays of Prentice Mulford: Fourth Series.* Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net each. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street.

while producing the best and most enduring portions of his literary work, was very happy in his friends, among whom Mr. and Mrs. Needham, the original American publishers of his works, for many years held foremost place. The present writer was privileged on many occasions, both in Boston and New York, to cooperate with this rare company of three devoted workers for human elevation in the days when these famous essays were marking a new type of literature. Month by month the White Cross Tracts, as they were called, regularly appeared, each one eagerly anticipated and highly treasured, and each producing a profound impression upon an ever-widening circle of readers, from which it called forth extended comment and discussion. Christian Science and other modern cults were then in their youthful period, and their students were giving forth many highly extravagant statements which have since been largely multiplied. The White Cross essays, dealing as they do with the intimate relations between the human mind and body, aided many perplexed inquirers into the rising schools of metaphysics to find some comprehensible foundation on which to build a solid intellectual edifice which would incorporate the best elements scattered through the teachings of the several varying schools. The great worth and beauty of the essays consist largely in the fact that, though extremely pronounced in thought and diction, their style is always moderate and their tone constructive and affirmative in a very high degree. "One Way to Cultivate Courage" strikes us as a very impressive lesson, starting as it does as follows :

Courage and presence of mind mean the same thing. Presence of mind implies command of mind. Cowardice and lack of mental control mean about the same thing. Cowardice is rooted in hurry, the habit of hurry or worry is sure to lose. All degrees of success are based on courage—mental or physical. All degrees of failure are rooted in timidity. You can cultivate the satisfaction of knowing that in everything you do you have accomplished two things—viz., the doing of the thing itself, and by the manner of its doing, adding eternally to yourself another atom of the quality of courage. You can do this by the cultivation of deliberation, deliberation of speech, of walk, of writing, of eating—deliberation in everything. There is always a bit of fear where there is a bit of hurry. When you hurry to the train you are in fear that you may be left, and with that comes fear of other possibilities consequent on your being left. When you hurry to the party, to the meeting of a person by appointment, you are in fear of some ill or damage resulting from not being in time.

Since the day when those words were written there has appeared a large literature comprising the works of many

now distinguished authors, bearing on this very theme, but in the eighties of the nineteenth century only a very few popular essayists had attempted to simplify, and thus popularize, the metaphysical ideas which Prentice Mulford invariably couched in strong, simple, every-day English. Here is a fine extract from *Faith, or Being Led of the Spirit*.

We hold that mind extends to all forms, both of what we call animate and inanimate matter. We see then a spirit in bird and animal. If there is a spirit, there must also be some degree of spiritual power accompanying it, and also of faith, for faith is the trust and use of the spiritual senses, and bird, animal, and insect, in their range of being, trust and use these senses far more than we.

Here is another fine passage from the same essay:—

Faith is a wisdom and a force in Nature, far above those based on human reason or material knowledge. It is a force which in acting on us may cause us to do things seemingly inconsistent and imprudent, yet when in the course of years the whole is summed up we may find that we have been led to better results than could otherwise have been gained. In such cases we have been "led of the spirit," or, in other words, we have obeyed the prompting of the spiritual senses instead of conforming to that rule of life which is governed entirely by the physical senses.

Following these wise observations comes the story of a boy whose parents had designed him for collegiate training, but who instinctively rebelled against preparation for a career for which he had no temperamental aptitude. Having displeased his parents by refusing a college course he was cast adrift at an early age and compelled to shift for himself. For a time he drifted about and seemingly accomplished nothing of any serious account, but despite an apparently vacillating bent of mind he, before very long, was led into a position of active usefulness which accorded exactly with his capacity and needs. Prentice Mulford argues that a lad in such a situation is being truly "led of the spirit" to find exactly his proper place in the world of necessary, human activity, and though these temporary drifters are often ignorantly characterized as idle and incompetent, while they are wandering aimlessly, as it often appears, toward their rightful goal, no sooner have they reached it than they astonish all their acquaintances by the great ability and industry they evince as soon as they feel within themselves that they are now where they rightfully belong and engaged in work which it is a veritable part of their life mission to accomplish.

The particular essay which furnishes this salutary sugges-

tion to those who are in perplexity as to their own course, or who are placed where immature youth must look to them for guidance, ends with this beautiful ejaculation, "One spiritual force pervades the Universe." But there are millions on millions of different manifestations of this Spirit.

A propos of the present enormous and constantly increasing popular interest in all that may be classified as Psychological Research it is both interesting and edifying to review Mulford's position on Spiritualism, as he had abundant opportunity to investigate its philosophy and phenomena. No one would call him a Spiritualist in the common acceptation of the term, but his own conclusions regarding the soul and the future life were substantially in accord with the general teachings of a majority of intelligent Spiritualists at the present day.

A very fascinating essay, entitled *The Mystery of Sleep, or Our Double Existence*, shows that the writer was fully convinced that we function intelligently on more than one plane of consciousness.

We live daily in two worlds, close together as regards space but widely separated by the gulf of consciousness. We have a material memory which will not write down our spiritual existence. We have also a spiritual memory which will not write down our physical or day's existence. One of our lives is a life in physical things with the physical body. The other is a life of spiritual things with the spiritual body and senses. This spiritual body co-exists with the physical body. It exists also after the loss of the physical body; it existed before the birth of our present physical body. You are by day and night, sleeping and waking, as two persons who are strangers to each other, yet each having the same spirit. You are as one person having two distinct lives, and two distinct sets of senses for each of these lives. Your spirit by day uses its body as a person who puts on a rough garment to go down in a mine. It does not use this body in the other existence, and yet it thinks that it does, for in that existence the spiritual being through ignorance thinks itself a physical being, and, therefore, judges and reasons entirely from its physical senses. But in the higher development of our being we shall also judge and reason through the finer and far more powerful spiritual senses, whose action is very different from that of the inferior senses confined to the limitations of the physical body, and has far greater range than have these.

From the foregoing we can easily discover that Prentice Mulford's idea of sleep and our experiences during it, was in complete accord with the views of both ancient and modern Occultists, all of whom maintain that there is nothing whatever incredible in any Biblical or other narrative which informs us that much useful knowledge has often been vouchsafed to ordinary people, as well as to special prophets, during their natural slumber, for, as Iamblichus and other distinguished authors of olden time have

stated, "the night-time of the body is the day-time of the soul." The great difference, however, between the ordinary person and the illumined prophet is like the distinction drawn in Genesis between Pharaoh and his servants, on the one hand, and Joseph on the other. Everybody dreams, and at some time or other is sure to be impressed with the remarkable significance of some unusual dream, but the interpretation is by no means usually forthcoming. A true prophet can interpret dreams and derive much important information from such interpretations. We are all much more sensitive than we know ourselves to be, and when our minds are completely disengaged from material occupations this interior sensitiveness is both increased and liberated; therefore, during sleep we often derive much knowledge in some mysterious manner which we cannot explain when we are awake, though we know we have obtained it and we often act upon it.

Two of Mulford's essays, *You Travel When You Sleep* and *Where You Travel When You Sleep*, are extremely curious compositions which have already provoked much comment and criticism wherever they have been seriously studied, but there is nothing in either of them which is essentially unlike much of the matter contained in Charles Leadbeater's *Invisible Helpers* and many other Theosophical publications with which the general public is now becoming rapidly familiar.

Without making actual quotations from these decidedly startling essays, we may sum up the author's teaching in a few words by stating that he regards the average person of to-day as in a somewhat bewildered condition when functioning on some other plane than the well-accustomed physical. This may account for the confused nature of so many average dreams, which many people remember without deriving any information or satisfaction from them; and here it may be well to remark that many practical teachers of Mental Science as well as Occultism are doing a great deal toward helping people to overcome the distressing habit of confusing and exhausting dreams, which are frequently only the inevitable results of allowing our thoughts to wander without any discipline, and our tempers to become ruffled as well as our nerves upset by the friction we commonly encounter almost every day in social life and at business. Were we to deliberately control our thoughts and emotions during waking hours, we should not carry with us into slumberland so much occasion for mental perplexity and aimless drifting, which is the chief cause for the absurd and often annoying dreams

from which many people continually suffer, and also for the entirely unreasonable sense of fatigue in place of proper exhilaration which we ought to experience on waking.

The concluding essay in the volume entitled *The Gift of the Spirit* deals with Prentice Mulford's pet hobby (if such a word be here permissible), the Church of Silent Demand. In this essay we find the summary of this peculiar author's views on the power of thought silently to bring to pass external consequences. His idea of the church is much more that of a silent sanctuary, where aspiring natures may quietly meditate and pray, than of a massive building devoted to stated services of the type with which we are all now familiar. Nothing whatever is said against accepted forms of worship, but Prentice Mulford felt that despite the numerous temples of all denominations already open and active, there was not only room, but also pressing need in New York and other large cities for the especial type of quiet chapel which he hoped to be instrumental in inaugurating; and should no public edifice be built which would fully carry out this plan he still felt that in many homes specially dedicated rooms could be set apart for the accomplishment of the work for which the larger structure, whenever built, would stand. So enthusiastic was he when contemplating the carrying out of this design that he did not hesitate to predict that many sick people would be healed, drunkards reformed, and all classes of weak and erring people uplifted through the ministry of such a consecrated building. Now that these essays are circulating more widely than ever, and their author's name is becoming an honoured household word, practically all over the earth, the time may be far riper than when he was on earth to carry this wise and kindly project into practical effect. If this be done we shall certainly witness a large amount of good result flowing from the wise and kindly use of thought force exerted silently, which is certainly the most highly potential and truly universal of all the forces with which we have to deal.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

THEOSOPHISTS AND THE NORTH POLE.

SIR,—I have read with much interest Mr. E. E. Marsden's letter on this subject (*Vol. x. p. 333*). May I remind your readers of *The Growth of the Soul*, a book written by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, as Vice-President of the T. S., in 1905, where in the course of his remarks about "the system to which we belong" (p. 297-8) he affirms the existence of two "great polar shafts penetrating to inconceivable depths," which "play an enormously important though very mysterious part in the economy of the whole planet and are associated with the activities of the Mighty Being who presides over its growth and health." This "natural orifice in the ground in the neighbourhood of the North Pole has been vaguely known by occult students for a long time, and it has been supposed that a similar shaft connects the South Pole with the interior, though this is even more impenetrably guarded by the ice of the Antarctic region from the curiosity of humanity than the orifice of the North."

Evidently Mr. Sinnett greatly under-estimated "the curiosity of humanity."

Reading the passages quoted, even at the time the book was published, one could but marvel at the audacity of making statements, which were bound in the near future to be subjected to the test of actual observation; and a cynic would even then have suggested that one should not prophesy, unless one knew, or could not be contradicted.

To be sure, scientific research, to be of any value at all, must be leavened by intuition, but intuition, on the other hand, without the exercise of the intellectual faculties, must as surely remain barren of those results, which we are, perhaps somewhat loosely, calling "truths."

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE article by Mr. J. Arthur Hill, in the *Contemporary Review*, on "Automatic Writing," though mainly devoted to typical experiences with "planchette," is a useful introduction to the subject, and Mr. Hill's treatment of the theoretical side is cautious and conservative, ascribing the results to motor impulses originating in the subconscious mind, although he mentions facts which show that this explanation involves a large amount of that "unlimited selective telepathy" for which Professor Hyslop assures us there is no scientific evidence. Referring briefly to automatic writing proper, as obtained by Mrs. Verrall and others, and investigated by the S.P.R., he says that "results have been obtained which stretch the telepathic hypothesis almost to breaking-point, and which seem to point to the occasional agency of disembodied minds." The fact is clearly brought out, in the personal experiences narrated, that the writings obtained are frequently quite out of harmony with the knowledge possessed by the operators. The practice is stated to be neither dangerous nor harmful for well-balanced minds, but is best left alone by the weak, emotional, credulous, and impressionable. Few people, however, regard themselves as belonging to these categories.

The *Contemporary* also contains a singular story of psychical experiences entitled "A Night with Vika of Vavau," illustrating the methods, apparently common to many primitive peoples, of inducing supernormal perceptions and even of forecasting future events.

The January number of *The London Magazine* is full of stories which turn more or less upon the supernatural, and contains two articles of considerable interest, in which "spirit photography" is discussed from opposite points of view. The first is by Mr. H. Blackwell, known as an ardent student and collector of psychic photographs, and he gives well-authenticated instances in which the "psychic extras" appearing on the plates could not lightly be ascribed to accident or design on the part of the operator. The illustrations accompanying the article include portraits of investigators and operators (such as the late Mr. Boursnell) and afford as well a means of comparison between persons in life and their spirit presentments

after death. The other article, by Mr. R. Child Bayley, editor of a photographic magazine, describes ways in which "faked" spirit photographs may be produced; but the proof of the genuineness of an asserted "spirit photograph" must depend rather upon the conditions under which it was taken than upon the possibility of producing a similar effect by normal means.

An article in a recent number of *The Theosophist* draws a close comparison between what are regarded as the "delusions" of the "insane" and various forms of religious and psychical experience; one man who had been placed in an asylum because he heard and saw persons invisible to others, gave a description of something he had seen which was found to correspond precisely with the higher vehicle of an Arhat as illustrated in *Man, Visible and Invisible*. There are also continued articles on "Chinese Esotericism" and a comparison between Lao-Tze and Heraclitus.

In the *Proceedings of the American S.P.R.*, Professor H. B. Alexander analyses the subconscious in the light of dream imagery, and deduces from his own experiences that there is a form of mental operation which is not consciously carried on, but which is reflected upon the outward consciousness, forming a true or inner self, which is felt to be more real than the often unsatisfactory outward expression. The writer says:—

The psychological reason for speaking of subconsciousness as more truly representative of the *self* than consciousness is that what is most idiosyncratic or self-characteristic in the mind is most intimately associated with subconsciousness, whereas consciousness is mainly concerned with external and indifferent things. Memory implications, imaginative creations, the hidden wilfulness of moods—all these are subconscious in their main action, and these are just the characters that make of the self that personality which we distinguish as ours.

The *Journal of the American S.P.R.* for December describes some remarkable trance phenomena in which singing and whistling were produced through a trumpet; the medium's larynx was found to vibrate in unison with the singing, and her lips and tongue imitated the movements for producing the whistling, but no sound came from her mouth; the investigator's hand was guided to the end of the trumpet, and there a mouth and larynx could be distinctly felt, by which the sounds were apparently produced. Hands were also felt, in the wrist of which a pulse was detected. Mr. Hereward Carrington replies to suggestions by Miss Johnson and Count Solovovo, in the publications of the English S.P.R., that sitters were apt to become amenable to hallucinations induced by the influence of the medium; and

he points out that the supposition is quite unwarranted that because a given phenomenon might possibly have been produced by fraud, it was unquestionably produced in that manner; he insists that fraud should be clearly proved in every instance before the medium is charged with trickery. In fact, Mr. Carington plainly indicates that his views with regard to fraud as a sole and universal explanation of physical phenomena have greatly changed since his sittings with Eusapia Palladino at Naples, and he points out that the reality of Eusapia's phenomena increases the credibility of those attributed to former mediums, such as D. D. Home.

Dr. Carus, in *The Open Court*, describes and illustrates the traditional birthplace of Jesus at Bethlehem, discusses the claims of Nazareth, and finally decides that "Jesus was probably born and raised in Capernaum," of which he gives a view, though he entirely ignores the controversy as to the real site of that city. Mr. W. B. Smith pulverizes Professor Haupt's contention that there were no Jews in Galilee after the year 164 B.C., when they were said to have been brought back to Judæa by Simon Maccabæus. He enlarges upon the exaggerations and incredible features in I Maccabees, and points out that the Jews were "well-nigh ubiquitous" and would in any case almost certainly have returned to the "earthly paradise" of Galilee, in equal or even greater numbers.

The *Swastika* discusses the use and abuse of hypnotism, holding that resistance to unwelcome suggestions can be broken down by persistence, and by suggestion tending to overcome the will to resist; therefore the danger that a person may be influenced to act contrary to his normal morality is greater than many writers have admitted.

Reason gives a full account of the "Rochester Knockings," that is, the phenomena in the home of the Fox family, at Hydesville, which gave the start to modern spiritualism, and shows that, far from having any motive to counterfeit these manifestations, the Fox family suffered severely from the notoriety and persecutions arising from them.

The Bangs Sisters, of Chicago, whose remarkable "precipitated pictures" representing deceased persons have recently been discussed in *Light* and other periodicals, have issued a *Manifesto* contradicting the newspaper report that one of them had denied in court that the pictures were produced by mediumship, and quoting letters from both the prosecuting and defending attorneys in support of her statements. The *Progressive Thinker*,

of Chicago, which gave currency to the adverse reports, has since declared in favour of the genuineness of the pictures.

Thought publishes a story indicating that mental suggestion has its effect in baseball circles, and relating how a specially fast pitcher was so "hypnotized" by a confident player that he "couldn't throw a fast ball to save his life!"

Under the title of *T.P.S. Book Notes* the Theosophical Publishing Society, of 161, New Bond Street., W., has commenced to issue a monthly magazine consisting chiefly of notices of new books, whether issued by itself or by other firms, dealing with theosophy, occultism, and allied subjects. It will be sent to any address for sixpence a year, and the T.P.S. can also supply to order any of the books therein mentioned. The notices appear to be carefully and independently written, and the magazine should be useful to those wishing to keep up with the growing output of works on occult subjects.

Healthward Ho! edited by Eustace Miles, is a periodical which starts with the new year, and contains articles on right living in all its branches, including hobbies and exercises as well as food. "How to 'batch' cheaply" is an article full of suggestions for young women living in London on small salaries. The general purpose is to show how youth and health and the joy of life may be maintained.

REVIEWS

THE HUMAN RACE: Its Past, Present and Possible Future. By Jas. Samuelson, B.L. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd., 25, High Holborn, W.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

It is of singular value to those who have an interest in human endeavour to mark from what small germs of intelligence the mind of man has attained to that great dignity of freedom in which men are modernly wont to exult. There was, for instance, more than a rudimentary mind in the man who, over seven thousand years ago at least, named the stars and parcelled them out into constellations and signs and asterisms, who calculated the motions of the planets and affirmed a certain occult correspondence to exist between the universe and the lesser cosmogony of man. But the germ has budded in the twentieth century when, as Mr. Samuelson remarks, "the superstitious and false teachings of Astrology are dismissed as fables or only survive in frauds perpetrated upon ignorant servant girls." The fact that hundreds of educated people are convinced by experiment of the truth of astrology should not detract from the historical fact of human progress, though it leaves us with a very uncomfortable sense of the author's ability to trace that fact. The Alchemist, whose dreams are now the subject of sober-minded investigation by our most advanced scientific experimentalists, fares no better at the hands of the dispassionate historian.

Yet I think it will be shown in event that the greatest degree of progress has been made by those men and along those lines which cold-blooded history can only cite as fantastic and superstitious. But I recommend the reader to regulate this opinion by a study of Mr. Samuelson's well-written and entertaining book.

SCRUTATOR.

THE EDUCATION OF A SOUL. By C. H. Betts. London: Jas. Clarke & Co., 13-14, Fleet Street, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS book is described as a synopsis of the experiences of the author, a chronicle of things which have entered into his own life and thought, and of discoveries made in the search after truth. "Realizing that man, as we know him, is not a complete being—that he is but an embryo of something that is yet to be—a fascinating realm of inquiry opened itself out, over the portals of which was inscribed in living hieroglyphics—Enter! Into this realm of wonder and supernature, the author has made bold to enter, but to record what he has there seen and heard." These introductory words will prepare the reader of Mr. Betts' book to enjoy his intimate thought to its fullest extent. The author believes in the nobility of the human soul, and is an advocate of the Higher Education, which is a cultivation of the soul, as the qualification for that Higher Life which has for its object the union of man with the Divine mind. Mr. Betts traces a spiritual law in secular things and in his "Vision of Futurity"

perceives the ultimate triumph of that which is Good. Meanwhile, as also in the end, man shall come into "his own place," inevitably and continually, for he shall come into his own actions and the fruits of his own character.

SCRUTATOR.

FRAGMENTS OF THOUGHT. By C. H. Betts. London: Jas. Clarke & Co., 13-14, Fleet Street, E.C. Price 3s. 6d.

WE are all of us gleaners in Life's great harvest-field and what grains of truth come to our hands are by thrifty souls elaborated to form mental and spiritual food. Mr. Betts is a gleaner of rare habit; diligent, orderly and discriminating. He has taken great pains to cull all that is best from the literary field, from the byeways and corners of life, and finding some personal good in his work he has thought to arrange his material and give it publicity. The book embraces a variety of subjects and forms a sort of Higher Thought lexicon, beginning most appropriately with "Action" and closing the alphabet of life in "Worship." One is reminded of Montaigne's saying: "I have gathered a posy of other men's flowers and only the thread that binds them is mine own." It is this thread of thought personal to the author which, binding the wheat together on the one hand and the flowers on the other, renders the work of Mr. Betts' book original and attractive, useful and delightful.

SCRUTATOR.

BODY AND SOUL. By Percy Dearmer, M.A. London: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., 1, Amen Corner, E.C. Price 6s. net.

THOSE who already know Mr. Dearmer's writings will expect something good, and they will not be disappointed. His latest book is most interesting and useful.

The main doctrine which it upholds is the supremacy of spirit. A man is not his body, nor even a body which has a soul; he is a spirit who happens at present to have a material body. The spirit is the real thing, and has power over the body—power which has become atrophied by disuse in materialistic generations which have wrongly attributed greater reality to the body. From this position Mr. Dearmer goes on to consider hypnotic cures, faith-healing, the miracles of Lourdes, the miracles of the New Testament, the revival of unction in the Anglican Church, and the general desirability of combining religion and medicine once more, after their unlawful divorce. All these things Mr. Dearmer treats in an eminently readable yet well-informed and scientific manner; substituting—e.g.—"the undermind" for the "subliminal self," in order to be less technical, yet keeping close to the psychology of Myers, and rightly pointing out many fallacies—as those of the Charcot School in hypnotism.

A useful chapter is that on the true meaning of "salvation." Popular theology has perverted it. In the New Testament it means health, wholeness. To be saved is to be physically and spiritually healthy. "Salvation—alas! that this noble thing should have been so narrowed amongst Christians as to mean still for many the mere plucking of the soul from future torment" Health of mind and body is what we seek. The mental power which in faith-cure regulates organic processes, is meant

to be supreme. Man is a spirit, at present in chains, but beginning once more to see that they *are* chains, and not organic parts of himself. The modern world is re-discovering Christianity. The kingdom of God is within.

It is difficult to do more than glance, in a short review, at the chief features of a book so full of matter as this of Mr. Dearmer's. But if its general tendency has been indicated, and the reader's appetite whetted for the book itself, the present reviewer will be satisfied.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

ORPHEUS—A General History of Religion. Translated from the French of Salomon Reinach by Florence Simmonds. London: Wm. Heinemann. Price 8s. 6d. net.

THIS work is a companion to *Apollo*, an illustrated manual of the History of Art throughout the ages. Orpheus, the Founder of the Mysteries, the divine singer of the ancient Greek hymns, the "holy interpreter of the gods," is here employed as a figure fundamental to all religious evolutions. That he never existed, save in the minds of his creators, is a point of little moment, since he stood for an ideal which certainly did exist.

It is noted that Orpheus not only entered into the literature and art of the ancient world, but survived them. The Church Fathers regarded him as a disciple of Moses and he was, in fact, accepted as a prototype of Jesus. It is admitted that the analogies are so striking as to suggest a common source of inspiration. M. Reinach considers that it is becoming in an Apologist to set Christianity on a pedestal apart, but in a historian it would be a grave fault. It is with the historical side of all religions in connection with the Orphic idea that the author concerns himself in this work. He traces the origins of Religion and carries the thread of his inquiry through the whole range of civilization from Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria, the Aryan, Greek and Roman, to the Celts, Germans and Slavs. Then tracking Eastward again with further reach he deals with the religious evolutions of the Chinese and Japanese, the Africans, Oceanians, etc., and coming at last through the Moslem and Jewish systems, finally concludes his historical survey and synthesis in the Christian religion. This latter development occupies a large portion of the work, extending through five long chapters.

M. Reinach's work is of standard excellence. It forms a compendium of Religious History more complete than anything hitherto attempted, and this capable translation by Florence Simmonds is sure to be received by intelligent English readers with a full sense of obligation. The volume is enhanced in value by the addition of a copious index and a coloured reproduction of Raphael's fresco in the Vatican, "*Theology, the Knowledge of Things Divine.*"

SCRUTATOR.

THE DORÉ LECTURES. By T. Troward. London: Stead, Danby & Co., 11A, Church Street, Kensington.

THE lectures contained in this volume were delivered at the Doré Gallery on Sundays during the first three months of last year. Mr. Troward shows a fine faculty of presenting abstruse problems and of elucidating difficult questions in conjunction with an exceptionally clear style of

diction, qualifications which have already attracted considerable notice. Professor James says of his *Edinburgh Lectures* on Mental Science: "They are far and away the ablest statement I have met both in clearness of thought and style—a really classical statement."

The *Doré Lectures* are equally interesting and as fully worthy of praise. The lectures invite us to enter into the spirit of the Higher Thought inquiry, into the spirit of Life itself, so that we may reproduce it as a spring of Original Life in ourselves. We are asked to determine the true relationship of the Individual to the Universal Originating Spirit, to define for ourselves Individuality. To this end we must bring a new order into our thought and form in ourselves a new creative function. Then follows the individualized life of the Spirit manifesting in us. The Originating Life is the Alpha, the spiritualized God-man, the Omega of the revelation process.

The author has some fine chapters on the creative power of thought; the great affirmative; the story of Eden; the worship of Ishi; the Shepherd and the Stone; and Salvation is of the Jews. The lectures are poignant with meaning for all who think upon the higher problems of life.

SCRUTATOR.

MAN'S SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH. By Charles L. Tweedale, F.R.A.S., etc. London: Grant Richards. Price 6s. net.

THIS is just the right book to put into the hands of any one who, while friendly to the spirit of psychical research, is anxious to avoid any severance from the historic formulas of worship and belief. Its author is vicar of a country parish in Yorkshire; has read widely in the literature of the subject, and has investigated for himself with convincing results; is well equipped as to knowledge of scientific method, having given much time to astronomy, etc.; and, moreover, is something of a psychic himself. For the most part, the book consists of cases of apparitions and other supernatural phenomena, quoted from the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R., of which Mr. Tweedale is a member. The author shows, by abundant Biblical quotations, that the modern phenomena are quite in line with the ancient ones. And he does not put them all down to "demons," as the clerical gentlemen are so apt to do.

One of the most interesting cases is that of the apparition of his grandmother, Mr. Tweedale himself being one of the percipients. The vision came to him about two o'clock in the morning, January 11, 1879. He was quite awake. The apparition was wearing a peculiar cap. At breakfast he found that his father had had a similar experience at about the same time. Before noon a telegram announced the death of the grandmother during the night—at 12.15 a.m., as it afterwards turned out. Eighteen hours after her death, she appeared to her daughter also; the latter was ill and the fact of the death had been kept from her. During the grandmother's illness, she had worn a cap as seen by Mr. Tweedale, though he did not know this. Thus three percipients had a veridical vision of the same person. The case is an exceptionally good one, and is, of course, much more suggestive of the spiritistic explanation being the true one than of any "telepathic hypothesis."

Mr. Tweedale's book is a useful contribution to psychical literature, and we wish it all success.

MATTER, SPIRIT, AND THE COSMOS. By H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc. (Lond.). London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. 2s. 6d. net.

THOSE who take an interest in speculative philosophy and in the modern near approach of exact science to the Borderland of our experience, will find in this book some suggestions towards a better understanding of the true relations of Science and Psychology, of Cosmical and Evolutional processes, the nature of matter and spirit, and the Why and Whence of their existence. Mr. Redgrove has already given evidence of high scientific qualifications, and of his ability to speak from the view-points of modern Science. He now seeks to show how Science can be made to answer some of the most difficult and abstruse problems of philosophy and religion. Men are seeking, and seeking feverishly, for a solution of these ultimate problems and many have gone for aid to those beyond the Veil. Mr. Redgrove believes, and perhaps rightly, that the answer to our questionings is here in the evidence which lies to our hands if only we will rightly examine and consider it. While not claiming that his book affords a complete interpretation of the evidences from Science, it is believed to afford a number of suggestions as to the pointing of such evidences which will serve to guide the inquirer towards his goal. Certainly it must be admitted that the interpretation, so far as it goes, is a very lucid one, and if Mr. Redgrove does not wholly succeed in convincing all his readers, there will yet be few among them whom his book can fail to instruct, a consideration which should recommend it to every intelligent and progressive mind.

SCRUTATOR,

SCIENCE, MATTER AND IMMORTALITY. By Ronald Campbell Macfie, M.A., M.B., C.M. London: Williams & Norgate, 14, Henrietta Street, W.C. Price 5s. net.

THIS work, dedicated to Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge, voices the scientific optimism of the day, the argument being particularly directed to the question of man's survival of bodily death. The atomic theory is carefully scrutinized from its beginnings to its latest developments, with a view to establish a correct conception of the constitution and nature of organic matter and the phenomenon of dematerialization. Various cosmogonies are passed in review together with theories concerning the organic evolution of man from inorganic matter. The author then deals in a very masterly manner with the attitude of science to the problems of Mind, Death, and Christian Science, and finally relegates physical science to its own proper place in the scheme of thought. It is noted that Lucretius anticipated most of the more remarkable conclusions of modern physicists, especially naming those of chemical affinity and atomic structure. We have refined from the molecule to the atom and from the atom to the electron, and we now see that the electron is only an electrical discharge. In a word, all matter is ultimately a modification of ether—an electrical discharge. Science insists on organic continuity as the condition of life. It invests brain with consciousness and a certain centre of the brain with self-consciousness, and concludes that as the brain is not immortal neither are we. Philosophy steps in to affirm that brain

cannot be at once percipient and perceived, and no centre in it can be at once cognizer and cognized. It affirms, moreover, that Nature does not cease to exist where we cease to perceive her. Science concerns itself with what it knows, but should not dictate on matters it does not know. Where sense fails we must be guided by experience, and there is a large range of psychic and spiritual experience for which we can find no satisfactory sensory or physical basis. Mr. Macfie's book offers a strong argument in favour of a scientific admission of immortality or at least of post-mortem continuity of individual life.

SCRUTATOR.

WITH THE ADEPTS: An Adventure among the Rosicrucians. By Franz Hartmann, M.D. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

DR. HARTMANN'S name is so well identified with a certain high grade of occult fiction as to be received wherever it is known as a guarantee of literary and didactic excellence. There are few, if any, better qualified than he to speak on the more recent developments of the Rosicrucian cult, and in this story we find not only a very clear statement of the philosophy, but also of the formularies and initiations of that occult Brotherhood.

It is of interest to learn that the literary author does not claim any authority for the facts of this singular and instructive narrative, for in a prefatory note Dr. Hartmann informs us that he has merely brought together in literary form the information contained in notes from one of the Brotherhood, the subject of the experiences here recorded.

Whether we regard the book merely as a story or as a manual of instruction in occult philosophy it is equally interesting, satisfactory and impressive. If the present publication does no more than revive an interest in a body of philosophy, which during the last decade or two has fallen into neglect, its appearance may be regarded as opportune, and certainly there are few books better calculated to stimulate public interest in Rosicrucianism than this remarkable narrative.

SCRUTATOR.

MENTAL MEDICINE. By Oliver Huckel. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE New Thought Library, which is beginning to assume significant proportions, has a valuable addition to the number of its volumes in Mr. Oliver Huckel's treatise. This book deals with the subject of mental therapy from the spiritual standpoint. The importance of a work of this nature cannot be over-estimated, providing that it be effectively done, and that Mr. Huckel's effort is very efficient, although not exhaustive of the subject, will be readily conceded by his readers. In presence of much pseudo-philosophy now passing under the name of "mental healing," "mental science," "Christian science," etc., we are bound to regard seriously any attempt to place a true system of mental therapeutics upon a sound and scientific basis. In any such endeavour the work must be effected from either the spiritual or the material standpoint, and in electing to engage the subject from the higher platform, Mr. Huckel has put himself in a position the more effectively to straighten out many misconceptions which have arisen on that side of the subject.

On the other hand the importance of mental action in certain forms of neuropathic disorder has not been overlooked by the faculty, who are attacking the subject from a psycho-physiological standpoint with commendable courage and no little measure of success. The complementary work effected by Mr. Huckel and others will, therefore, be followed with advantage by all who have rightly considered the importance of this new phase of the art of healing,

SCRUTATOR.

RELIGION, ITS PLACE AND POWER. By H. Montague Dale, M.A., B.D.
London: H. R. Allenson, Ltd., 114, Fleet Street, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE life of man in his superhuman relations is a subject of such fundamental interest to all sections of the community, as to render a clear and concise, well thought out and orderly presentment of the origin, position, and influence of Religion, a most acceptable work. The effort of Mr. Montague Dale will, I think, be regarded by his readers as entirely successful. It is shown that Religion has exercised an influence of a primary nature not only upon thought but actually upon animal and vegetable life, in that the preservation of distinctive creatures and plants has been largely if not wholly due to the distribution of religion. The author pursues the comparative method which has proved so valuable to science. Thus in comparative Theology it has been shown that all the religions of the world have been laid under contribution to match Christianity and comparative religion has sought to determine the element which is common to all beliefs; and while nature and conscience have been the instructive factors from the earliest inception of the religious idea, the existence of a special revelation is by no means singular in the case of Christianity. The Author defines Religion, demonstrates its prevalence, and then considers in the most impartial spirit its origin, development, rationale and influence. Mr. Dale's book is among the most eclectic and instructive expositions which it has been my good fortune to peruse.

SCRUTATOR.

MORS JANUA VITÆ. By H. A. Dallas. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

As experimental psychic research proceeds it is inevitable that the mass of contributory evidence must become swelled beyond all possibility of inclusion in any statement of the position that might be attempted. But there are particular luminous instances of an intimate nature which have a special evidential value, and chief among these must be accounted the system of cross-correspondence which has been developed in connection with the posthumous records of F. W. H. Myers, formerly President of the Society for Psychical Research. Nobody could have been more deeply impressed with the importance of psychic research than he, and especially in regard to the bearing of this inquiry upon the question of post-mortem survival. To this end all his great powers were directed, and it was his openly declared intention to prove the conclusion to which his inquiry led him by a posthumous presentation of himself to whatever extent was rendered possible through the agency of approved and selected

mediums. It is now claimed that there is sufficient veridical evidence before us to substantiate the fulfilment of this intention and thus to frame a case for actual survival, and a capable summation of this evidence is placed before us in the present important work of Miss Dallas. The reader shares with the author the advantage of a particularly interesting Introduction by Professor W. F. Barrett who enjoyed the closest intimacy with Mr. Myers for thirty years. The work is, in short, one that is bound to be read and studied by everybody who is genuinely and earnestly exercised about the central point of this inquiry, that of man's survival of bodily death.

SCRUTATOR.

SCIENTIFIC RELIGION. London: Anglo-American Book Co., 27, Ludgate Hill, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

UNDER the quaint title of the "Joy for You" Series, this little volume comes as a modest extension of a scheme which has involved a number of authors, some unknown, others anonymous, in an attempt to fix an idea in our minds despite ourselves. That idea is theoretically the auto-suggestion that you can do and be anything and anybody you set your will upon; and practically what circumstance, heredity, personal assets and the will of God permit. But this volume is of more temperate mood, and proceeds in orderly manner to reveal the power that works in us, the nature of scientific thought and religion; the value of self-denial and self-assertion, and the power of secret prayer. In the course of his work the author strikes some bold ideas, and in many directions where not conclusive the reasoning leads to novel suggestions.

SCRUTATOR.

VITAL ECONOMY. By John H. Clarke, M.D. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. Price 2s. net.

IN this interesting book Dr. Clarke has made a very effective attack upon popular fallacies regarding the hygienic use of fresh air, the bath, tea, coffee, stimulants and exercise; but he has also constructed for us a system of vital economy which is not intended to instruct youth or add power to the unimpaired faculty of the modern professor of manly vigour. The book is expressly written for that class of people who have just enough vitality to enable them to go through the day's work and no more, for the naturally delicate and those who have recently pulled through acute illness. It is good advice well directed. To those below par even fresh air may be deadly in its effects. It has to be taken "as directed on the bottle," so to speak. The delightful bath may be filled with Stygian water if you take it hot when it should be tepid, or cold when it should be warm. As to tea and coffee drinking and other forms of popular and respectable insobriety, one does not realize how pernicious and insidious the habit may become until Dr. Clarke has told us his experience. But whereas these things taken unduly and immoderately may easily fell the weak, the more pernicious, demoralizing, and nerve destroying habit of worrying will account for collapse in even the strongest among men. On this fact alone the author has some advice which is invaluable. The book throughout is thoroughly worth reading, and can be cordially recommended.

SCRUTATOR.

PALMISTRY. By Mrs. Edwin A. Symmes. London: Leigh Hill & Co., Langham Place, W. Price 1s. net.

It would appear from the preface to this neat little handbook on Cheiromancy that we are indebted to Aristotelius for our conceptions of scientific palmistry. The great Philosopher is said to have found a treatise on this subject upon an altar dedicated to Apollo, and this treatise he subsequently presented to Alexander the Great as a tribute to the Emperor's high qualities. I do not remember to have seen the statement before, and most writers on the subject have endeavoured to trace a greater antiquity for their science among the Egyptians, Chaldeans and Hebrews.

However that may be, it is certain that there are few subjects more generally entertaining than Palmistry when cleverly practised in the home, and in recommending this practical little treatise I feel confident that the elements of the cheiromantic art have nowhere been more clearly or succinctly stated.

SCRUTATOR.

GOLDEN APHRODITÉ. By Winifred Crispe. London: Stanley Paul & Co., 1, Clifford's Inn, E.C. Price 6s.

EVERYBODY loves a gamble, though many touch nothing but certainties—if anything in this sublunary world can be called so. Gambling in a human life with two-thirds of a colossal fortune as the stake, is an event that happens but rarely. It was the case, however, with Sir Piers Rostyn, who lay, a helpless invalid, at Chanter Park. If Dr. Monkweirmth could succeed in curing him the huge stake named would be his, while if he failed he would get nothing at all. That five well-known specialists had already lost the wager was nothing to the man of faculty who now took up the gauntlet. The fact that his patient was a multi-millionaire, who believed in the body, with the mind as an adjunct, in life and extinction, *voilà tout*, was all in his favour. Sir Piers was, at all events, immune from suggestions of a morbid character. Hallucinations did not assail his matter-of-fact mind. But he had a wife of surpassing beauty and no children. That is the foundation of the story which Miss Crispe tells in this volume, and it is a story that in originality of construction, as in characterization and dramatic interest, holds our admiration throughout. Few stories combine so many attractive features as this of "Hermioné, as fair as golden Aphrodité." Miss Crispe is a close student of the subtleties of temperament, and her delicacy of touch in the more sympathetic passages proves that she has a fine perspective and a true sense of the diversities of human character. In all her moods she is true to nature, convincing and distinctive. The story itself is of a most absorbing interest and will come to be well known.

SCRUTATOR.

GO FORWARD: OR, SUCCESS IS FOR YOU. By the Author of *Lifted up: or, Deliverance is For You*, etc. London: Anglo-American Book Co., 29, Ludgate Hill, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

A NEAT little volume, of the New Thought type. It is well written, and the thought is sensible and stimulating throughout. The writer, as with others of the school, dwells with emphasis on the power of thought, and

the consequent desirability of an optimistic outlook. The thought of failure actualizes itself, and failure comes. Therefore, "think success."

Man is a supernatural being, and is immortal. But the matter of duration is secondary to state. The new birth is the important thing, and this can begin here on earth. "No one can describe this experience or explain it; but it has come in a measure to untold numbers and is beyond dispute. It is not merely what people, usually mean by the words repentance, conversion, regeneration, justification, and sanctification; but is something beyond, a higher experience than people in general have had, even religious people." In other words, mystical emotion, "cosmic consciousness."

The book will doubtless be helpful to many, by supplying healthy suggestions and by insisting on the spiritual interpretation of existence.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SPIRITUAL GUIDE OF MIGUEL DE MOLINOS.

Edited by Canon R. Y. Lynn. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 60. London: H. R. Allenson. 1s. net.

THERE are admirable things in Molinos, but they are in the occasional and sporadic rather than the sustained sense. Like other doctors of perplexed souls seeking their term in the centre, he is perhaps more especially a memorial of old evidence than a living guide upon the chief subject of debate which fills the universe. Molinos, Madame Guyon and Fenelon are three names, practically concurrent, which stand for an identical motive and path in the spiritual life. The qualitative value of their appeal is about equal, but I do not think that the deep had shown them its inmost secrets or the height its final treasures of attainment. *The Spiritual Guide* relates what has been learned by its writer concerning that secret place of the soul wherein God "communicates Himself with incredible intensity" to those who enter "the sure and perfect mystical silence." The way of its attainments is called Nothingness by Molinos, but the term is not used in the sense of Dionysius, Duns Scotus, or the author of *The Cloud of Unknowing*; it is not, I mean, an intimation in another wording concerning the Divine Darkness wherein the uttermost of Divine Transcendence is withdrawn, according to these mystics. It is the nothingness of the soul itself and, at least as expressed here, that is a false counsel which seeks to glorify and approach God by the disparagement of the one vessel that, within our direct knowledge of the cosmos, is capable of receiving His presence. The first realizable trust concerning the soul of man is the native nobility of that which can dream of union with God and, by the testimony of the lords and princes of the life within, can also attain it. It has to renounce nothing on the inward way but that which does not belong to its royal prerogatives. *The Spiritual Guide*, therefore, requires a good deal of restatement before it can be truly a tonic, as Canon Lynn hopes, to many at this day. As it stands, it confirms the issues. Yet it has great moments, some of which appear in these excerpts, and as to these—taken individually—the editor is more than justified.

A. E. WAITE.