

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

CERTAIN occult or *soi-disant* occult dovecots have been not a little fluttered during the last few months by the publication in a biennial magazine styled the *Equinox* of some considerable portions of the rituals and ceremonies of a secret society bearing the name of the "Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn." This society claims, I understand, to be the successor of, or perhaps identical with, that presided over by Eliphaz Levi, Ragon and other Occultists of the early nineteenth century. Recent, however, as are the times of that celebrated French Occultist, the Abbé Constant, who assumed the pseudonym of Eliphaz Levi, the apostolical succession in this particular society seems to be by no means undisputed, and the claims of the Levi group to have received their power from even greater predecessors, tracing back eventually to the German "Brothers of the Rosy Cross," must obviously be taken with a very large grain of salt. However the position may have been in times past, a certain Count Macgregor Mathers, otherwise styled Comte Liddell Macgregor, whose name is not unknown in the occult world, is apparently top-dog in the Society (if we may use so profane an ex-

pression of so illustrious a personage) in this present twentieth century. I say apparently, for I gather that owing to the peculiarity of the rules of the order there is a certain quasi-trinitarian equality among the various members, so that none is greater or less than the other, an arrangement which it is not surprising to learn works awkwardly and leads to curiously embarrassing situations in periods of stress and crisis. Thus I gather that although it is stated that the editor of the *Equinox*, Mr. Aleister Crowley, was formally expelled from the order in question, there

THE ORDER  
OF THE  
GOLDEN  
DAWN.



PORTRAIT OF MR. ALEISTER CROWLEY.\*

The man who let the dead cat out of the bag.

is another version of this story current in which it is affirmed that Mr. Aleister Crowley, in conjunction with another adept of the same society, of deeper magical knowledge than himself, in actual fact expelled the other members of the cult. So we realize the drawbacks of the democratic principle when put into opera-

\* Reproduced by permission from the frontispiece to Mr. Crowley's new volume of poems, "Ambergis." Publishers: Elkin Mathews.

tion by secret societies. Let us say, then, that by a process of mutual expulsion a schism took place in the "Order of the Golden Dawn," the bulk of the order continuing to carry on the rites and ceremonies as before, but the residue withdrawing with a copy of the rituals of the society, which have been duly published in the *Equinox*, though not without attempted legal intervention. These even in their greatly abbreviated form as therein appearing run to a formidable number of closely printed pages in two successive issues of the magazine. In full, as I understand, they amount to some twelve hundred pages of manuscript, and contain over a quarter of a million words!

And so the cat is out of the bag, and I think most of us will agree with Lord Justice Farwell that it is a dead cat after all. It is impossible to deny that, though underlying the whole there is an idea which contains within it the germ of a great occult truth and a great occult scientific possibility, the ritual in the main is rather provocative of merriment than tending to solemnity, and that it is strangely suggestive of the caricature by pretended initiates of a profound truth which is far too big for their comprehension. It is indeed not to be wondered at if those who read, smile, and mutter the word "Charlatan." The evocations irresistibly recall the name of a certain—

SOME RITUAL,  
A DEAD  
CAT AND  
LORD JUSTICE  
FARWELL.

John Wellington Wells,  
A dealer in magic and spells!

Here is a typical one, the evocation of the great Prince and Spirit Taphthartharath, which I am sure we shall all of us agree is (as stated in the text) an extremely powerful one.

*AN EXTREMELY POWERFUL CONJURATION.*

Behold! Thou Great Powerful Prince and Spirit, Taphthartharath, we have conjured Thee hither in this day and hour to demand of Thee certain matters relative to the secret magical knowledge which may be conveyed to us from Thy great master Thoth through Thee. But, before we can proceed further, it is necessary that Thou do assume a shape and form more distinctly material and visible. Therefore, in order that Thou mayest appear more fully visible, and in order that Thou mayest know that we are possessed of the means, rites, powers and privileges of binding and compelling Thee unto obedience, do we rehearse before Thee yet again the mighty words; the Names, the Sigils, and the Powers of the conjurations of fearful efficacy: and learn that if Thou wert under any bond or spell, or in distant lands or elsehow employed, yet nothing should enable Thee to resist the power of our terrible conjuration; for if Thou art disobedient and unwilling to come, we shall curse and imprecate Thee most horribly by the Fearful Names of God the Vast One; and we shall tear

from Thee Thy rank and Thy power, and we shall cast Thee down unto the fearful abode of the chained ones, and Thou shalt never rise again!

Wherefore make haste, O Thou mighty spirit Taphthartharath, and appear very visibly before us, in the magical triangle without this Circle of Art. I bind and conjure Thee unto very visible appearance in the Divine and Terrible Name

IAHDONHI,

By the Name IAHDONHI,  
And in the Name IAHDONHI,

I command Thee to assume before us a very visible and material Form.  
By and in the Mighty Name of God the Vast One,

ELOHIM TZEBAOTH,

And in the Name ELOHIM TZEBAOTH,  
And by the Name ELOHIM TZEBAOTH,

I bind and conjure Thee to come forth very visibly before us.

I bind and conjure Thee unto more manifest appearance, O thou Spirit, Taphthartharath.

By the Name of MICHAEL,  
And in the Name of MICHAEL,  
By and in that Name of MICHAEL,

I bind and conjure Thee that Thou stand forth very visibly, endowed with an audible voice, speaking Truth in the Language wherein I have called Thee forth.

Let IAHDONHI, ELOHIM TZEBAOTH, MICHAEL, RAPHAEL, BENI ELOHIM, TIRIEL, ASBOGA, DIN, DONI, HOD, KOKAB and every name and spell and scourge of God the Vast One bind Thee to obey my words and will.

Behold the standards, symbols and seals and ensigns of our God: obey and fear them, O Thou mighty and potent Spirit, Taphthartharath!

Behold our robes, ornaments, insignia and weapons: and say, are not these the things Thou fearest?

Behold the magic fire, the mystic lamps, the blinding radiance of the Flashing Tablets!

Behold the Magical Liquids of the Material Basis; it is these that have given Thee Form!

Hear thou the Magical Spells and Names which bind Thee!

Taphthartharath!

Taphthartharath!

Taphthartharath!

Taphthartharath!

Taphthartharath!

Taphthartharath!

Taphthartharath!

Arise! Move! Appear!

Zodâcar Eca od Zodamerahnu odo kikalé Imayah piapé piamoel od VAOAN!

[If at this time that spirit be duly and rightly materialized, then pass on to the request of the Mighty Magus of Art; but if not, then doth the Magus of Art assume the God form of Thoth, and say:]

Thou comest not! Then will I work and work again. I will destroy Thee and uproot Thee out of Heaven and Earth and Hell.

Thy place shall become empty; and the horror of horrors shall abide in Thy heart, and I will overwhelm Thee with fear and trembling, for "SOUL mastering Terror" is my Name.

[If at this point he manifest, then pass on to the final Request of the Mighty Magus of Art; if not, continue holding the arms in the sign of Apophis.]

Brother Assistant Magus! Thou wilt write me the name of this evil serpent, this spirit Taphthartharath, on a piece of pure vellum, and thou shalt place thereon also His seal and character; that I may curse, condemn and utterly destroy Him for His disobedience and mockery of the Divine and Terrible Names of God the Vast One.

[Assistant Magus does this.]

Hear ye my curse, O Lords of the Twofold Manifestation of Thmaist.

I have evoked the Spirit Taphthartharath in due form by the formulæ of Thoth.

But He obeys not, He makes no strong manifestation.

Wherefore bear ye witness and give ye power unto my utter condemnation of the Mocker of your Mysteries.

I curse and blast Thee, O Thou Spirit Taphthartharath. I curse Thy life and blast Thy being. I consign Thee unto the lowest Hell of Abaddon.

By the whole power of the Order of the Rose of Ruby and the Cross of Gold—for that Thou hast failed at their behest, and hast mocked by Thy disobedience at their God-born knowledge—by that Order which riseth even unto the white throne of God Himself do I curse Thy life and blast Thy being; and consign Thee unto the lowermost Hell of Abaddon!

In the Names of IAHDONHI, Elohim Tzebaoth, Michael, Raphael, Beni Elohim and Tiriël:

I curse Thy Life

And Blast Thy Being!

Down! Sink down to the depths of horror.

By every name, symbol, sign and rite that has this day been practised in this Magic Circle: by every power of my soul, of the Gods, of the Mighty Order to which we all belong!

I curse Thy Life

And Blast Thy Being!

Fall, fall down to torment unspeakable!

If Thou dost not appear then will I complete the sentence of this curse.

God will not help Thee. Thou, Thou hast mocked His Name.

[Taking the slip of vellum and thrusting it into the magical Fire.]

I bid Thee, O sacred Fire of Art, by the Names and Powers which gave birth unto the Spirit of the Primal Fire: I bind and conjure Thee by every name of God, the Vast One, that hath rule, authority and domination over Thee; that Thou do spiritually burn, blast, destroy and condemn this spirit Taphthartharath, whose name and seal are written herein, causing Him to be removed and destroyed out of His powers, places and privileges: and making Him endure the most horrible tortures as of an eternal and consuming Fire, so long as He shall come not at my behest!

The Earth shall suffocate Him, for mine are its powers, and the Fire shall torment Him, for mine is its magic. And Air shall not fan Him, nor



Water shall cool Him, But Torment unspeakable, Horror undying Terror unaltering, Pain unendurable; the words of my curse shall be on Him for ever; God shall not hear Him, nor holpen Him never, and the curse shall be on Him for ever and ever!

At this point one begins really to feel quite sorry for Prince Taphthartharath. Perhaps after all he had something more important to do than to attend one of Count Macgregor Mather's seances, or he may have been doing his best to keep the appointment and missed his train connection or suffered from one of those hundred and one inevitable causes of delay to which we are all subject. Certainly the language seems a trifle overdone under the circumstances. Imagine our poor friend T—— (I can't manage that name again) arriving breathless at the last moment, having interrupted a good meal to obey the Count's behest, only to hear himself condemned to the most horrible tortures and torments unspeakable. Frankly my sympathies are entirely on the side of the spectre Prince!

The truth is this is mystery-mongering *in excelsis*, and no other word will fit it. The main drawback of its publication is not that it casts a richly deserved ridicule on the order in question, but that it conveys to an ignorant public an entirely false idea of what a genuine Occultist is. Personally I have never been able to appreciate the necessity for such things as secret occult societies at the present day. When, as throughout the Middle Ages, speaking the truth and even looking at religious questions through the spectacles of common sanity inevitably involved the death penalty, secret societies were unquestionably a vital necessity for deep and serious thinkers, and to cloak the truth in the veil of allegory was the only way of conveying it at all with impunity. But no such danger exists at the present time. Nor do I think that there is any real risk of the outside public mastering the secrets that the "Order of the Golden Dawn" has in its keeping (if indeed it has them) through perusing its ritual as given in the pages of the *Equinox*. The Way—that is, the Real Way—is far too difficult of attainment for this to be a real danger, and I venture humbly to suggest that it is in fact far too difficult of attainment for the Count and his associates. Surely if it had been otherwise, long ere this the editor of the *Equinox* would have shared the assumed fate of our poor friend T——! What then is the use of secrecy? Unless its object is effectively to protect a pontifical pose from too rude exposure, I confess I fail to see its point. It

SHOULD  
SECRET  
SOCIETIES  
EXIST?

SURVIVAL OF  
MR. ALEISTER  
CROWLEY.

seems to me that all this secret society business arises from a failure on the part of their members to realize the true meaning of the word "Occultism." The aim of Occultists is not or should not be to keep dark the knowledge that they possess, and I confess that I regard the pledge to secrecy which these societies enjoin as neither more nor less than a crime against science. To hold back knowledge which may be of value to your fellow-men is, at any rate in my creed, sinning against the Light.

This view, however, does not involve a justification for publishing to the world a secret ritual, knowledge of which had been obtained under pledge of secrecy, and whatever the relations between individual members of the society may have been, I cannot see that such publication was permissible. It is, however, somewhat difficult to dogmatize in the absence of any proper understanding of the bearing of the rules of the order upon the action

MUST  
PLEDGES  
BE KEPT ?

of individual members, or of any coherent statement as to what occurred at the date of the alleged expulsion. An illegal expulsion might have been held to free the hands of the expelled member and to void his pledge of secrecy. But I do not gather that this is the attitude that Mr. Crowley takes up. On the other hand, the expulsion of the bulk of the members of the society for violation of its rules, if such a proceeding were possible, might leave it open to the remainder to act conjointly as they thought fit. The question at issue is in any case rather one which concerns the members of the order than the outside public. Mr. Crowley, I gather, takes up the position that he had no personal wish to give publicity to the ritual, but that he did it "under command." The ritual, he claims, was faulty and misleading, and therefore had to be destroyed by giving it publicity. The true ritual of adeptship still lies concealed behind the veil.

As a result it is questionable if the world is the richer or the poorer. That there is something more than mere foolery in the ceremonial of the order I am willing to admit. There are

THE  
EVOKING  
OF  
SIMULACRA.

methods outside young Boozington's experiences with the bottle which will give visible shape to the phantoms of the imagination, but when the mighty Prince Taratiddles appears to Count Macgregor Mathers, if appear he does, it may safely be affirmed that he is cousin-german to the monstrous reptiles that crawl up young Boozington's bedroom walls as an accompaniment to his attacks of delirium tremens in spite of the diversity of the method of evocation. There is, however—or there may

be—this difference. Boozington is the slave of his familiars. The magician is their master. The conscious existence of either, apart from him who willingly (or unwillingly) brought them to birth through the power (or uncontrolled play) of his imagination, is doubtless on a par. Prince Taratiddles then (call him by what high and mighty name you will) is the creature of Count Macgregor's imagination. But there are cases, as many a lunatic asylum will bear witness, where the creator is obsessed and finally driven to madness by these creatures of his imagination. Are the members of the Order of the Golden Dawn immune from such a danger? and if not, are they not playing with edged tools?

So much for the grain of truth that underlies the obvious childishness of the ritual in question. The trouble, however, is that such folly is mistaken for Occultism by the ignorant public; in other words, that mere mystery-mongering is accepted as the reality, in lieu of the profoundest philosophy that the world has ever seen, the philosophy that gets behind the mere phenomenal and probes the deep and secret sources of existence. The evoking of simulacra, the playing upon the imagination of fools, even the acquiring of powers such as the Lady of Branksome was said to have learned from the wizard Michael Scott when—

THE EVI-  
DENCE OF  
OUR  
ASYLUMS.

OCCULTISM  
TRUE AND  
COUNTER-  
FEIT.

Of his skill, as bards avow,  
He taught that ladye fair,  
Till to her bidding she could bow  
The viewless forms of air—

all these have about the same relation to true Occultism that a cinematograph has to the story of this planet. At best they are but sidelights, scraps of evidence when genuine, of forces the existence of which is unsuspected by modern science.

In conclusion and as moral to the whole of this secret society scandal I would venture to suggest that it is in reality a far prouder and nobler thing to be a humble servant in the cause of scientific truth than to be high-priest of the most renowned order of potent magicians that the world has ever seen or is likely to see.

By an unfortunate oversight in the April issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, no publishers' name was given to the interesting work on ancient Egyptian religion entitled "The Old Egyptian Faith," by Edouard Naville. The publishers of this book are Messrs Williams & Norgate, 14, Henrietta Street, London, W., and the price of the book is five shillings.

# TRANSFORMATION

BY MEREDITH STARR

NOTHING is lost in Nature : when we die  
Our very clay will make the earth more fair :  
Aye, silken gossamer shall be thy hair,  
A web of gold to tremble toward the sky.

And thy red mouth shall be a fragrant rose,  
Thy breasts shall turn to water-lilies white  
Where the brown bee shall cull his heart's delight,  
While all around the crystal water flows.

Thine eyes to woodland violets shall turn.  
They will not lose their beauty, but shall be  
Two miracles of sweet virginity,  
And seeing them, some youth shall pause and yearn

For the soft lights that brighten some fair face  
Fast imaged in his soul. Thy limbs shall be  
The silver branches of a birchen-tree,  
Limning thy form in lines of slender grace.

And so thou shalt live on in wonder-wise ;  
Nothing shall mar thy perfect loveliness,  
Not even death shall make thy beauty less,  
But shall thee sweetly still immortalize.

# CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ORIGINS

BY SCRUTATOR

IT is a question whether Christian Science, as now known to the world, will ever be recognized apart from the name of Mary Baker Eddy, the priestess of the new evangel. That a science of spiritual positivism which affirms the immanence of spirit as the One Reality, and which regards error and sin and pain and even death itself as mere illusions of the embodied mind, has long been before the world without attracting very wide attention is, I think, a fact of great significance. We find it embodied in the doctrine of the *Tao* as enunciated by Laotze, in the *Raj Yoga* of Patanjali, among the Gnostics and Neoplatonists, and the mystics of the European schools. But none of these has been able to obtain the recognition that has been accorded to the teachings which are associated with the name of Mary Baker Eddy.

In attempting to account for this anomaly, several facts have to be considered. In the old days printing and publication were unknown, and teachers depended for the dissemination of their doctrines upon the devotion of adherents who spread them by word of mouth or by manuscript copies of original records. In many instances the teachings were seized upon by members of the cult and religiously guarded from the public. Something of this sort has happened in the Theosophical Society and other religio-philosophical bodies of modern times. To this restricted knowledge of oriental and ancient western teachings we may add the fact that among western nations, where the new doctrine has made the most progress, conservatism would favour anything carrying the imprimatur of Christianity.

But it is impossible to leave out of account the fact that a dominating personality was needed to establish the new culture and enforce its teachings. Such a personality is to be found in Mrs. Eddy. The story of her life, from childhood upwards, and the history of the movement with which her name, rightly or wrongly, is now associated, is told in detail by Georgina Milmine in her book entitled, *The Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy, and the History of Christian Science* \* the substance of which formerly appeared in

\* Hodder & Stoughton. Price 6s. net.—Mrs. Eddy's peculiarities are given as recorded by the author. The reviewer takes no responsibility for the line taken.

*McClure's Magazine*, 1907-8, and is here revised and extended.

Mary Baker (according to the author of this work) is rendered a possible quantity only by excuse of her father, Mark Baker.



MARY BAKER EDDY.

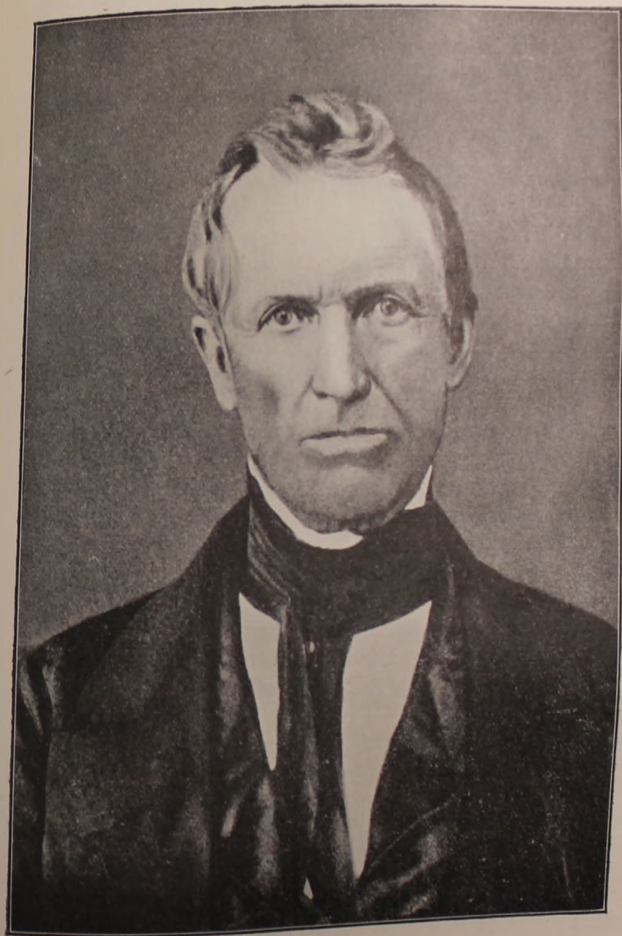
in whose image she was cast. To know the father is to have the only possible key to the character and life of his remarkable child. A neurotic tyrant, a stern puritanical religionist, "with-

out imagination and without sympathy," Mark Baker terrorized the parish of Tilton, and dominated the countryside for miles around. "The very tap of his stick, as he tramped along the country roads, conveyed a challenge. His voice was terrific in power and volume." The Baker voice was traditional, and stories are told of how the Baker brothers at work in distant fields "thundered like gods at each other across the hills." From a number of stories I select one as altogether typical of the man, of his religious fervour, his egotism, and his stubborn cruelty.

One Sunday in his later years he mistook the day and worked as usual about the place. On Monday he started for church, but was disturbed by seeing his neighbours at work. As usual he took them to task. He was told that it was not the Sabbath day but Monday; but he bade them prepare for church, and continued on his way. He commented on the commotion in the streets and the fact that the church bells were not ringing, and again he was told it was Monday. But he was only convinced when he came to the church door and found it closed. Then he hurried to Elder Cartice and confessed his fears that he had broken the Lord's Day, and he knelt with the pastor and prayed for forgiveness. Back to his home went the old man, and strode up the hill, trembling with excitement. A tame crow, a pet of the neighbouring children, hopped on a bush in front of him, cawing loudly. This was too much for Mark, and raising his stick he struck the bird dead. "Take that!" he cried, "for hopping about on the Sabbath," and he stormed up the hill. In politics he was equally rabid. When the news of Lincoln's assassination came to him he threw down his hoe and cried, "What! I'm glad on't!"

Mary appears to have inherited this neurotic temperament. As a schoolgirl she is alleged to have been subject to fits and convulsive attacks of an hysterical nature. Even Mark Baker, the invincible, was obliged to give way to her petulance. This abnormality continued with her after marriage, and it is a condition which must form an important factor in the life and career of Mrs. Eddy. Although reared among plain and humble surroundings during the first fifteen years of her life, Mary Baker managed to keep herself in touch with the fashions and was always daintily dressed. This fact, and a marked affectation of speech and manner, gave her the reputation of being exceedingly vain. Nor was she a *persona grata* with her school-mates. "I knew her for a long time afterwards," said one of

her class-mates, "as we grew up in the same village, but I can't say that Mary changed much with her years."  
 Her mediumistic powers, common to a certain class of ner-



MARK BAKER, MRS. EDDY'S FATHER.

vous patients, were in evidence from the time that occasion arose for self-support after the death of her husband, George Washington Glover, and she was much sought after as a "trance



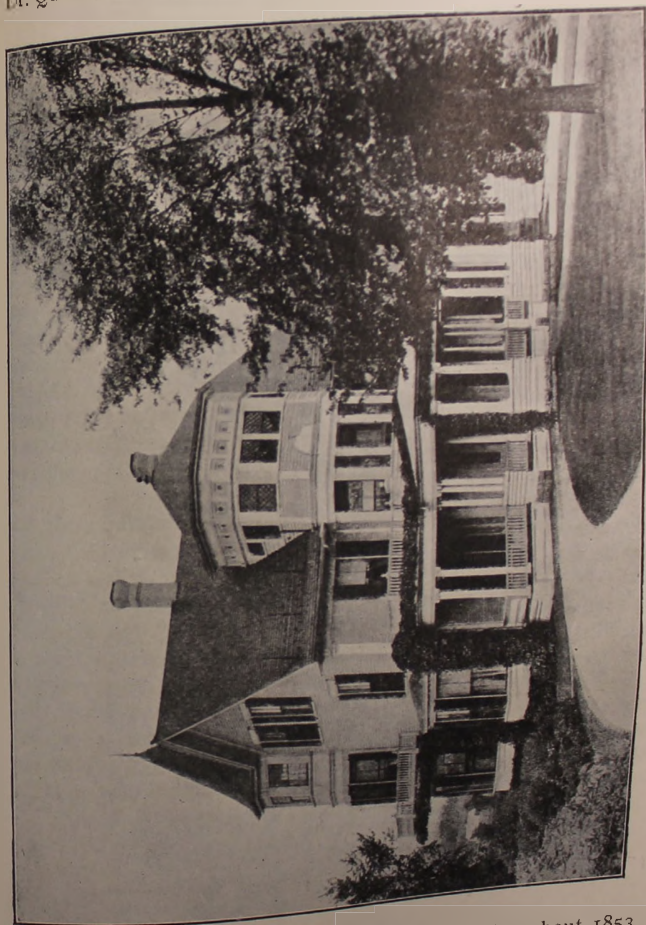
medium." She failed, however, in her attempt to locate Captain Kidd's hidden treasure, then a subject of much speculation. A passing acquaintance with the mesmeric entertainments of that day caused her to take on the symptoms of a genuine hypnotic subject. It is possible that this imitative faculty had a sub-conscious origin. To some extent it served her in her efforts as an authoress in the early days. It is remarked, however, that she sought to improve the language, and drew largely upon the credit of the dictionary to get through her apostrophes and perorations, some of her expressions passing into local currency as bywords.

The great crisis in the life of Mrs. Glover (then Mrs. Patterson) occurred when she became acquainted with Dr. Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, the exponent of "Christian Science" or the "Science of Christ," as he indifferently called it. She came to him a total wreck, physically and financially. He cured her in a few days of the spinal weakness from which she had suffered for some years.

For the first time in her life she found an absorbing interest outside of her own personality. "Her girlhood had been a fruitless, hysterical revolt against order and discipline. The dulness and meagreness of her life had driven her to strange extravagances in conduct. Neither of her marriages had been happy. Maternity had not softened her nor brought her consolations. Up to this time her masterful will and great force of personality had served to no happy end. Her mind had turned in upon itself; she had been absorbed in ills which appear to have been largely the result of her own violent nature—lacking any adequate outlet, and, like disordered machinery, beating itself to pieces."

But now had come her great opportunity. She haunted Quimby's rooms, asking questions, reading his manuscripts and copying them at his invitation, observing his treatment of patients, and absorbing his teachings. In her he found an attentive pupil, an eager student. He saw in her a possible means of popularizing his doctrines. She in her turn exalted him to the skies. The desire in her became an ambition, and the ambition evolved the vocation. Exit Quimby and enter Mrs. Eddy, originator and exponent of Christian Science. The old imitative faculty is seen to be still at work. Quimbyism by Mrs. Eddy appeared an indifferently good thing, but secondhand. Nothing but an independent and entirely personal illumination would satisfy her vanity.

It was in November, 1862, that Mrs. Eddy confessed herself in the faith of Quimbyism and testified to the marvellous cure Dr. Quimby had wrought in her. But in March, 1883, she wrote:



PLEASANT VIEW, MRS. EDDY'S HOME IN CONCORD, N. H.

"We made our first experiments in mental healing about 1853, when we were convinced that mind had a science which, if understood, would heal all diseases"; while in the first edition of *Science and Health* (1875) the discovery is dated 1864; and in

*Retrospection and Introspection* she says: "It was in Massachusetts in 1866 . . . that I discovered the science of Divine Metaphysical Healing which I afterwards named Christian Science." Sometimes it is herself, sometimes another, who was the first subject of experiment; and from all the evidence it is clear that the true history of Christian Science will never be written by Mrs. Eddy.

The fact remains that there is a mental science which may be directly referred to the doctrines of Christianity. It involves the principle of the spiritual origin of all things and of the essential identity of the individual with the universal soul. Whether Mrs. Eddy rightly conceives or interprets this doctrine, is not a matter with which I am now concerned. It is enough, perhaps, that for herself she has won what has always been an imperative need of her nature: "personal ease, an exalted position, and the right to exact homage of the multitude." Her extravagant claims to a revelation and her autocratic methods of procedure have had the effect of galvanizing into prominence and activity the teachings of Dr. Quimby which she has been at some pains to obscure. For all practical purposes the Christian Science of Mrs. Eddy is simply "Quimbyism overlaid with superstition and ignorance."

Yet it is from this raw material that the stimulus arose for the culture of modern mental therapeutics, a result which, one may be sure, never entered into the simple calculations of that hard-working plodding farmer, Asa Eddy, or of his son Gilbert, the modest weaver, with whose name, through his marriage with Mrs. Mary Baker Patterson, the cult of Christian Science is now identified. It is well indeed that at this comparatively early date in the history of the movement the whole of the antecedents of its founder should be at the disposal of a discerning public, and much praise is due to Georgina Milmine for the careful, dispassionate and orderly display of the facts connected with the movement and its *personnel*.

# MYSELF UNTO MY SELF

By A. S. FURNELL

"The Man . . . the inner Self, sits ever in the heart of all that's born. His form stands not within the vision's field, with eye no man beholds him. They who, by heart and mind, thus know Him who standeth in the heart, become immortal."—*Shvetashvataropanishad*.

"In Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."—*Matt. xviii. 10*.

O SILENT master of my destiny,  
My Self that left'st not heaven at my birth,  
But watchest still the cosmic canopy  
In radiance woven o'er the warp of earth,

Thou who behold'st the web's entirety  
Spun by the MANY with the ONE design,  
THEY seemed but triflers with Infinity,  
THOU saw'st behind the loom the Hand Divine!

Self innermost! I, too, am part of thee  
For whom the Death-dirge never will be sung!  
My Time's torch lit by Immortality,  
For thee I have neglected to be young!

Life's blossoms beckoned, then her fruited tree,  
I heeded not, intent upon my quest,  
—Nay, they were sweet, no Dead Sea fruit to me—  
But GOOD, though good, is enemy to BEST!

And BEST it is to feel the Unity  
In which we nestle 'neath th' Eternal Wings  
With birds and beasts—all, Nature's progeny—  
Protected, hidden in the Heart of Things!

At one with thee and them, in ecstasy  
I scale the heights lost by Primeval fall!  
I merge my manhood in divinity,  
For, Self of mine, thou art the SELF of All!

# CURIOUS FORMS OF WORSHIP

By A. M. JUDD

## IV. DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS

THE religion of the Yezidís, or devil-worshippers, resembles in many respects that of the Baal-worshippers. In Mesopotamia, in the highland district of Amadiyah, is the valley of Sheikh Adi. It is a picturesque glen, the hillsides well wooded, with rivulets babbling and sparkling in the sunshine, shut in from the outer world by mountains. But charming as the valley appears, it is shunned by Christian, Jew and Moslem alike as accursed, for it contains the tomb of Sheikh Adi, the founder of the sect who worship Satan, to which the Yezidi pilgrims resort annually on the occasion of their festival.

In the middle of the glen is the tomb, a fair-sized white edifice with a double spire and spacious outbuildings. A little higher up in the valley is a small building of plain construction, windowless, with a single spire, and dazzlingly white. The front faces the rising sun, and the slender point rising from the roof catches the last lingering rays of the same when sinking. At the back of this edifice are sheltered pens, in which are stabled seven white kine. These animals are sacred, dedicated to Sheikh Shems, "the sun," and the building to which they are attached is the "sanctuary of the white cow," the temple of the devil-worshippers.

Here, annually, generally in August, a solemn initiation is celebrated, at which the "Kak" or fakir-saint of the Devil's Order, is present. The ceremony takes place at night, and as the shadows lengthen, the devil-worshippers gather by hundreds in front of the sanctuary of the white kine. The men dress in spotless white robes and wear white turbans, above which rise the tops of the black caps from which they derive their designation "Kara-Bash," or black-heads. The priests wear yellow stoles, and the fakirs of the fraternity black. All wear vests of white cotton and the twisted black cord, the "mahak," or bridle, which goes round the neck and falls down in front, and never leaves a Yezidi night or day during life, and is buried with him when he dies. This cord is the mark of the true Yezidi.

the Satan-worshipper born and bred, as the "Kissil mahak," or red bridle, is the distinctive token of the Kissil Bashi, the Baal-worshippers of the Upper Tigris.

The Yezidis use no form of prayer and have no written liturgy, reading and writing being prohibited to all, whether layman or cleric, with the solitary exception of a single family, to which is entrusted, as a hereditary charge, the reading of the Yezidi Bible, "the Jalao," which, with the "Mashafi Rash," constitutes their "Black Book."

When the sun begins to dip below the hill-tops, the worshippers rise and hold out their hands so as to catch its last rays. They cover their faces with both hands and kiss them, then fall upon their knees, bend their heads, touch the earth with their fingertips, and gently tap their foreheads.

When the sun has sunk, a white-robed priest, who has charge of the sanctuary, emerges from the pen in the rear and fixes half a dozen small lighted lamps in niches in front of the building. Immediately lights flash from every corner of the valley in answer to the signal that the ceremony is about to begin. The sound of music is heard in the distance, and the lights of a procession are seen approaching from the tomb of Sheikh Adi. It is the procession of the Angel Peacock, the sacred symbol of the devil-worshippers. The Yezidis part right and left as the bearers of the Holy Sanjak come near, to allow them to pass on to the temple. In front march the servitors carrying torches; then come five musicians playing upon flutes and tambourines; following these is a priest in yellow robes, holding aloft the sacred emblem of Satan-worship, closely covered, the rear being brought up by a dozen black-robed fakirs. The party go round to the back of the temple and pass in by a low door in the rear and descend to the underground vault which is the sanctuary of the Yezidis. Here are assembled priests, elders and fakirs, and at the further end of the temple are ranged the white-robed women of the "Faik-*raya*," or convent attached to the tomb, with the lady superior in front wearing a white tuft in her head-dress.

In the centre of the sanctuary is a square stone altar, and behind this stand, on one side, the spiritual head of the Yezidis, on the other the emir of the community. Between these is the "Kak," or chief of the fakir brotherhood, who takes precedence of everybody, and whose person and clothing are esteemed so holy that no one dare touch them.

Above the altar hangs a single lamp; in front of it, upon the

ground, lie two human figures. One is attired in spotless white cerements, the other in the full robes of a fakir. One is the corpse of a dead mendicant brother, the other is the body of a living novice who is to become his successor in the order. In the gloom it is hard to distinguish the living from the dead, for both faces are livid and drawn. It is scarcely to be wondered at in the case of the novice, for he has been in underground solitude for forty days, fasting each day from sunrise to nightfall.

When all have taken their places the bearer of the sacred emblem marches into the centre and, taking his stand beside the "Kak," unveils the Sanjak. It is the bronze image of a peacock, perched on the central branch of a triple candelabrum.

The connection of the peacock with the worship of the Devil is thus explained. When the Almighty created the hawk, which destroys, Satan created the peacock, which is both beautiful and harmless, in order to show that all his works were not necessarily evil. It is also said that it was in the form of a peacock that the Devil tempted Eve in paradise, and it is through a peacock that Satan will eventually regain his place in the celestial hierarchy.

At the sight of the Angel Peacock unveiled, the worshippers raise their hands above their heads, exclaiming, "Khoda! Khoda!" dropping them mechanically after. The "kawals," or musicians, start a plaintive melody in a minor key, in which the women and the "pirs" join, though they do not understand the words of the hymn. When the singing ceases, the "Kak" begins the ceremony of initiation. At a sign from him, two black-robed fakirs raise from the ground the neophyte. He prostrates himself before the sacred peacock, and proceeds to divest himself of the white garment in which he is attired, and kneeling, shrouds with it the corpse of the dead fakir, beside which he has been lying. Then the "Kak" invests him with the robes of his order, consisting of a coarse black gown worn over the white cotton drawers and vest which are obligatory portions of a fakir's costume, a black cord about the waist and a black cap, which the neophyte must have made with his own hands; finally, the "Kak" throws over him the "mahak," or bridle, which never leaves him again in life or death. The "pirs" wear the twisted cord short, so that its ends are concealed beneath their flaming yellow robes, but the fakirs wear it outside their black garments, so that it is always seen.

The initiate now walks slowly round the temple, passing

the fakirs, each of whom spits in his face as he passes; this is done to avert evil and misfortune from him.

The first duty of the new-made fakir is to attend to his brethren present; he procures from the "tshavish" a pot of oil and some wick, which he immerses in it, and lights from the sacred lamp. He then walks round, holding the light, in front of the priests and fakirs. Each bends over it, holding his hand out as though to feel its warmth, then strokes his beard or chin, afterwards kissing his fingers and tapping lightly his forehead.

The peacock procession is then re-formed with the "Kak," the emir and the sheikh at its head, and regains the open air by a different ascent, which brings the members out on the opposite side of the small building above, where the white kine are stabled. The procession passes through the ranks of white-clothed worshippers, men and women, outside. The sacred peacock is now borne uncovered, and when the Yezidis see it, they fall prostrate on the ground with cries of ecstasy and devotion. The procession winds slowly down the glen towards the tomb of the founder of the sect. In the rear a "tshavish" leads one of the sacred white kine dedicated to the sun, her horns adorned with garlands of flowers. The women chant hymns, to the accompaniment of flutes and tambourines, and the rest of the worshippers follow. When the tomb is reached, a halt is made in the courtyard surrounding the main building, the white heifer is killed, and its heart is cast in front of the emblem of the Angel Peacock. The carcase is then cut up and distributed among the Yezidi worshippers.

The ceremony is over. One by one the lights are extinguished, the Yezidis return to their respective abodes, and the sanctuary of the devil-worshippers is given over to darkness and silence.

It would seem as though this worship was originally sun-worship. The Semites, when they gained predominance in Mesopotamia, were, to a large extent, sun-worshippers.

Curiously enough, in Accadian times, the moon was represented as masculine, and the sun-god as his offspring. The moon-god was named Sin (the bright). Tammuz was his son. Istar, the evening star, was the latter's wife. Later she developed into Ishtar, or Ashtoreth of Semitic worship. At Sepharvaim there was a temple believed to have already grown old and decayed in B.C. 3800, which was the centre of a vigorous worship, with many priests, scribes and schools. The fact that the temple of the devil-worshippers faces the rising sun, that the slender spire from the top catches the last lingering rays of the westering



orb, that the worshippers stretch their hands to catch these last rays, and that the white kine are dedicated to the sun, would seem to point to the fact of some connection of the Satan cultus with that of the sun.

A short time ago an interesting account appeared in a daily paper of the seizure of a young Yezidi by a Turkish recruiting party. By the laws of conscription a Yezidi is forced to serve in the Ottoman army. When the party arrives to take the recruit, wails and yells of despair are raised by the relatives. Men, women and children kiss his eyes, his cheeks, mouth and hands. Throwing themselves on the ground, they even embrace his legs and feet with every manifestation of extreme grief. The conscript appears quite dazed with sorrow. He caresses over and over again his weeping kindred, whom he will never see again. He kisses the walls and hearth of the cabin in which he was born, and wets them with his tears, for he well knows he is about to quit them for ever. When, accompanied by his Turkish captors, he leaves the village, the lamentations of the villagers cease, and, as though nothing has happened, they resume their work. Never again is the conscript's name mentioned. On joining his regiment the young Yezidi becomes a Mussulman. His kindred affect to forget him. Were he to approach the village from which he has been forcibly dragged away, every Yezidi, even his nearest and dearest, father, mother, sister, brother, friend and sweetheart would drive him away with curses, pelting him with stones, for he is accursed. The Yezidis make no proselytes, a Yezidi must be born such and must marry in the sect. A candidate for the priestly office must be the son of a priest. There are six priests of a superior grade who with the Kak form the "sacred seven," or hierarchy of the devil-worshippers, and there are twenty-four of a subordinate grade. All wear the black cord round the neck, with the exception of the Kak, who wears one of white more intricately knotted in front.

The Yezidis say that their "Black Book" was written by the angel Reziel for the advantage of humankind, but was withheld from Adam by the Creator of light. Satan, the great angel whom the Yezidis revere, stretched himself from the seven spheres wherein he was supreme, and reaching heaven, took the volume from Reziel and offered it to Adam. Adam, misled, refused it, and to punish him the book was withheld from his posterity for forty generations. At the expiration of that time it was revealed to Sheikh Adi, who founded the sect of the devil-worshippers. The book is written in an unknown character.

and cannot be deciphered save by the person who holds the office of "Kak."

The Black Book is in the charge of the "seven sleepers" and is only removed from their custody on the occasion of the annual sacrifice. It is kept in the mausoleum of Sheikh Adi, in a vault cut in the rocky hillside. In the centre is a square stone block, above which a flaring oil lamp is suspended, against one side are ranged seven smaller blocks, on each of which a figure is seated, propped up against the wall, attired in the robes of a Kak, with the distinctive white bridle. Each of these is a skeleton, and on the block in the middle lies the sacred book they guard. There are never more nor less than seven. When a Kak dies, it is here, in the presence of the departed, that the new head of the Yezidis always assumes the white mahak, or bridle, which is the badge of supremacy; and with his own hands removes the oldest of his sleeping predecessors in the office of Kak and makes up the tale of seven with the latest, whom he succeeds.

Yezidis are enjoined to wear white, never to have anything of metal in their attire, to abstain from using anything that is blue, and to lead quiet orderly lives. In fact, they are said to be a quiet and peaceable people, which is somewhat singular, considering the abhorrence in which they are held by the general mass of the population round about, and the records of blood-curdling tales told about them by the orthodox. To the Christian, Moslem and Jew alike, the Yezidi is an object of detestation, and the mere sight of the black head-covering that proclaims the devil-worshipping sectary is enough to send men, women and children scurrying out of his way. By these persons the Kak, who only goes abroad at night, is looked upon as something worse than the satanic master he professes to serve.

The Kaks are supposed to be incarnations of the angel Reziel. Sheikh Adi was the first in whom Reziel became incarnate.

The Yezidis believe that the dead of their sect gather in the valley to celebrate the festival, just as the living do. When the first anniversary of Sheikh Adi's death came round, generations ago, the faithful Yezidis flocked from all parts to join in the solemn yearly sacrifice. It was found on the day of the ceremony, when the worshippers met in the valley, that they were so tightly packed, that there was no room to move; they could scarcely breathe, and began to cry out. Amazed at the sound the Kak of those days turned from the sacrifice and saw that the dead of ages past were crowding there among the living. "Let each living man," he called out in sonorous tones, "remove the cord

that is round his waist, and tie it round his neck." Each did so, and immediately the dead began to fade away and disappear, so there was ample room for the living. Since that time every living Yezidî wears the mahak round his neck as long as he breathes ; also, since then, the dead no longer mingle with the living in the valley, but come to the shrine of the Sheikh only when the living, with the mahak to distinguish them, have completed the annual sacrifice and its accompanying rites.

The Yezidis believe that when the creation of man was resolved upon, Satan opposed it. In the shape of the beautiful bird he had created, not in that of the serpent, he entered the garden of Eden, and in this guise induced Eve to taste the fruit of the tree of knowledge. If Adam had been willing to worship him, he would have helped the man and woman to eat of the tree of life also, and they and their posterity would never have known death. It was because Satan created the peacock that the Yezidis take it as the symbol of their worship.

It is only after long waiting that a priest has a chance of becoming one of the seven holy Ones of the sect. The candidate spends three days and nights alone in the underground temple, in company with the deceased, whose body is placed on the altar. Only bread and water is allowed him during the vigil. On the third night, in the presence of the remaining priests, he sacrifices a black cock upon the altar, and sprinkles himself and the deceased with the blood ; he then exchanges garments with the dead, lastly taking the mahak to the Kak, who secures it round his neck, thus making him a full priest of the higher grade, and one of the seven holy ones.

It may be remarked as rather a curious circumstance that while the peacock and its beautiful feathers are accounted unlucky because of its connection with the fallen angel, the number seven, likewise connected with the Satan cultus (there being seven white kine, seven holy ones, seven sleepers neither more nor less) has never lost its reputation of being a lucky one.

Dr. A. Hume Griffith, who conducted a medical mission among the people of Mesopotamia, acquired a good deal of information regarding the Yezidis, who inhabit the mountains round Mosul. He spent a week with the sheikh at his mountain castle at Baadai. This tribe numbered about 20,000, and lived among the mountain fastnesses. They are very hostile to the Turks, who are unable to subdue them, owing to the inaccessibility of their homes. They will not admit that they worship the Devil, although there is ample evidence to that effect. Their priests

are clad in white, and carry with them a wand of office, surmounted by a brass peacock. These are most sacred, and it is the boast of the Yezidis that none have ever been lost. No Yezidi will ever utter a word containing the letters "sh." At the entrance to their chief temple is the figure of a serpent. This is looked upon with great veneration, and is kept black by means of charcoal. Each worshipper kisses this serpent before entering the temple. Their religious rites, which include the use of hypnotism, are only practised between sunset and sunrise. Some time ago the Turks captured their shrine, but were unable to make any progress with Moslem teaching, and lately handed it back to the Yezidis. The devil worshippers are afraid to venture into the towns, though some of them used to come down to the doctor for medical treatment.

# THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TAROT TRUMPS

By V. N.

BEFORE going into questions of revelation or tradition, let us try (for the first time in history) a little common sense.

Unbiased by things heard, let us apply our knowledge of astrological symbols and their correspondences to the task of fitting the Trumps of the Tarot to the elements, planets and signs.

It is generally admitted that the twenty-two trumps correspond to the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew Alphabet, and that the latter is referred to three elements (mother letters), seven planets (double letters) and twelve signs (single letters).

Good. Let us start with the signs.

Aries—The house of Mars, the house of exaltation of the Sun.

Where in the Tarot shall we find the figure of a warrior and king? "The Emperor" is the only one I can think of. All right; put it down provisionally. (Rider's pack shows ram's horns on his throne.)

Taurus—The House of Venus, the exaltation of Luna. There seem several cards that might fit this; but we should remember too the Bull Cherub, Apis-Osiris, the redeemer. Let us pass on for a minute!

Gemini—The twins, the House of Mercury. This might be "The Lovers" or "The Sun." We prefer the former; for there is Cupid with his little bow and arrow.

Cancer—The house of Luna. This might be "The Moon" with the beetle in the pool. Only the exaltation of Jupiter makes us look further. Well, we shall see further on.

Leo—The Lion. No doubt this time! "Strength" is our trump. There is the Lion, plain to see.

Virgo—The Virgin. The house of Mercury. What do you call a Virgin vowed to Knowledge? A "Hermit." Put it down.

Libra—The Balances. There they are in "Justice." Put it down.

Scorpio—The evil house of Mars, the house of death. "Death" seems a good card for this. Still, we'll suspend judgment.

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Sagittarius—The Archer. The house of Jupiter. This sign seems to claim "The Lovers" too. We shall see.

Capricornus—The Goat. The house of Saturn. No doubt here at all. "The Devil" is our card—the Sabbatic Goat—Saturn and Satan. Put it down.

Aquarius—The Water-Bearer. No doubt again. There she is in "The Star," with her two little jugs.

Pisces—The fishes. More Jupiter, and Venus exalted. Well, it's difficult to find an exact card, but "The Moon" is the only one with any water for them to swim in! Now let us look at the planets.

Saturn—Might be "The Devil" or "The Hierophant" or even "The Fool." Not very satisfactory as yet.

Jupiter—The Lord of Fortune. "The Wheel of Fortune" should be our card; the alternatives would be "The Emperor" or "The Hierophant."

Mars—The Lord of War. "The Emperor" would do again; if not, there's nothing for it but "The Blasted Tower" where you find a fine picture of a war in actual progress.

Sol—The Sun. "The Sun" it is, for my money!

Venus—The Lady of Beauty. Who is this smiling voluptuous queen, sceptred and crowned? "The Empress," surely. (Rider's pack marks ♀ (Venus) plainly on her shield.)

Mercury—The Lord of Knowledge and Skill, especially magical skill. "The Juggler" fits him like a glove.

Luna—The moon. There is only one alternative to "The Moon"; and that is "The High Priestess," a chaste and lonely Queen of Night, crowned with the lunar horns, initiating men into the mystery of holiness.

What about the elements?

Air—Not such a bad symbol for "The Fool," vacuous and vain, tossed about on every wind, incapable of concentration.

Water—Again a difficulty. But in some old packs "The Hanged Man" is called "The Drowned Man" and one pillar is supposed to be the bottom of the sea and the other the keel of Noah's Ark!

Fire—An easy one this time. In "The Last Judgment" the world is destroyed by fire—and there you see all the people coming out of their tombs with their arms up, making a  $\psi$  (Shin), the letter of fire.

Very good. Now let us make a table in four columns—certainties, half-certainties, and conjectures.

Sign Planet or Element.	Certainty.	Half-Certainty.	Conjecture.
♈ Aries	The Emperor	(The Lovers) (The Sun)	The Moon
♉ Taurus			
♊ Gemini			
♋ Cancer	Strength The Hermit Justice	Death	The Lovers
♌ Leo			
♍ Virgo			
♎ Libra	The Devil The Star	The Moon	The Devil, Hiero-phant or Fool
♏ Scorpio			
♐ Sagittarius			
♑ Capricornus	The Sun	The Wheel of For- tune or Hiero- phant The Blasted Tower	
♒ Aquarius			
♓ Pisces			
♄ Saturn	The Empress The Juggler The High Priest- ess	The Fool The Hanged Man	
♃ Jupiter			
♂ Mars			
☉ Sol	The Last Judg- ment		
♀ Venus			
☿ Mercury			
☾ Luna			
△ Air			
▽ Water			
△ Fire			

Not very luminous? No; but suppose we arrange this table in the order of the Trumps themselves, elevating half-certainties into certainties where the alternatives are occupied by other certainties, and we shall see what we shall see.

The Fool . . . . .		△	
The Juggler . . . . .	♃		
The High Priestess . . . . .	☾		
The Empress . . . . .	♀		
The Emperor . . . . .	♁		
The Hierophant . . . . .	♁		
The Lovers . . . . .			
The Chariot . . . . .			
Justice . . . . .			
The Hermit . . . . .			
The Wheel of Fortune . . . . .		♃	

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Strength . . . . .	♈		
The Hanged Man . . . . .		♃	
Death . . . . .		♁	
Temperance . . . . .			
The Devil . . . . .	♃		
The Blasted Tower . . . . .		♁	
The Star . . . . .	♁		
The Moon . . . . .			♃
The Sun . . . . .	♁		
The Last Judgment . . . . .	♁		
The Universe . . . . .			

It looks as if the cards might follow the order of the signs! Well, let us ask help from the Sepher Yetzirah, dividing the letters into 3, 7 and 12, as it advises and adding our close conjectures to our certainties. You will notice that the first three columns represent respectively mother letters, double letters and single letters.

א				
	ב		Aleph	The Fool
	ג		Beth	The Juggler
	ד		Gimel	The High Priestess
	ה		Daleth	The Empress
	ו		He	The Emperor
	ז		Vau	—
	ח		Zain	The Lovers
	ט		Cheth	—
	י		Teth	Strength
	כ		Yod	The Hermit
	ל		Kaph	The Wheel of Fortune
	מ		Lamed	Justice
	נ		Mem	The Hanged Man
	ס		Nun	Death
	ע		Samekh	—
	פ		Ayin	The Devil
	צ		Pe	The Blasted Tower
	ק		Tzaddi	The Star
	ר		Qoph	The Moon
	ש		Resh	The Sun
	ת		Shin	The Last Judgment
			Tau	—

Behold! the order of the cards is the order of the letters! and the division of the cards into elements, planets, and signs



coincides exactly with the Sepher Yetzirah division into mother, double, and single letters ! Only one exception is there ; Strength and Justice are interchanged. Doubtless they are very sympathetic symbols ; moreover, the mistake arose from XI, which is Isis with the Lion-God of Horus, but was thought to be Venus the Lady of Libra repressing the fire of Vulcan. (" Key to the Tarot," p. 94, agrees that this is so.)

But what of our blank spaces ? Is ו (Vau), the letter of the Son (in יהוה, Yod-He-Vau-He, the British " Jehovah "), so poor an attribution for " The Hierophant " ? The Bull for Osiris, the initiator ?

Is not " The Chariot " of mother-of-pearl, wherein stands a crowned king, well enough for Cancer ?

Is not " Temperance," an angel pouring water from one vessel into another, a fitting emblem of that Archer who is his own Arrow, cleaving the Rainbow ? For the equilibrium given by the feathers of the Arrow is a kind of " Temperance," is it not ?

Moreover, in the later Alchemical form of the card, the Arrow is shown.

Then we have Saturn for " The Universe "—not bad in this century, anyhow !

From this we get a perfectly simple, satisfactory, straightforward attribution, just published last year in the Book 777, though long kept secret in certain schools of adepts, and now only revealed in obedience to the direct command of the Master.

The many demands upon my time have made it impossible for me to enter at greater length into this matter in this place ; but the test is easy.

Once this attribution is known, it is accepted. Compare it with the normal attribution given by Papus ! Controversy becomes absurd. The truth proves itself ; and the more the matter is meditated upon by students the more luminous and perfect it becomes. The few lacunae left by common-sense are quickly filled by intuition ; and the Tarot, instead of being the great Riddle, becomes in truth the Revealer of all the Riddles. Benedictus sit Deus Dominus noster qui nobis dedit Signum !

1. Numbers printed on Tarot Trumps	2. General Attribution of Tarot.	3. Secret Titles of Tarot Trumps.	4. Hebrew Letters.	5. Yetziratic Attribution of Col. CLXXV.	6. English of Col. 5.
0	The Fool . . .	The Spirit of Aethyr . . . . .	Ⲁ Aleph	♁	Air
1	The Juggler . . .	The Magus of Power . . . . .	Ⲁ Beth	♁	Mercury
2	The High Priestess	The Priestess of the Silver Star . . . . .	Ⲁ Gimel	♁	Luna
3	The Empress . . .	The Daughter of the Mighty Ones . . . . .	Ⲁ Daleth	♀	Venus
4	The Emperor . . .	Sun of the Morning, Chief among the Mighty . . . . .	Ⲁ Hé	♂	Aries
5	The Hierophant . .	The Magus of the Eternal . . . . .	Ⲁ Vau	♄	Taurus
6	The Lovers . . .	The Children of the Voice ; the Oracle of the Mighty Gods	Ⲁ Zain	♊	Gemini
7	The Chariot . . .	The Child of the Powers of the Waters ; the Lord of the Triumph of Light	Ⲁ Cheth	♋	Cancer
11	Strength . . . . .	The Daughter of the Flaming Sword . . . . .	Ⲁ Teth	♌	Leo
9	Hermit . . . . .	The Prophet of the Eternal ; the Magus of the Voice of Power	Ⲁ Yod	♍	Virgo
10	Wheel of Fortune	The Lord of the Forces of Life . . . . .	Ⲁ Kaph	♃	Jupiter
8	Justice . . . . .	The Daughter of the Lords of Truth. The Ruler of the Balance	Ⲁ Lamed	♎	Libra
12	The Hanged Man	The Spirit of the Mighty Waters . . . . .	Ⲁ Mem	♏	Water
13	Death . . . . .	The Child of the Great Transformers. The Lord of the Gate of Death	Ⲁ Nun	♐	Scorpio
14	Temperance . . . .	The Daughter of the Reconcilers, the Bringer-forth of Life	Ⲁ Samekh	♐	Sagittarius
15	The Devil . . . . .	The Lord of the Gates of Matter. The Child of the Forces of Time	Ⲁ Ayin	♑	Capricornus
16	The House of God	The Lord of the Hosts of the Mighty . . . . .	Ⲁ Pé	♈	Mars
17	The Star . . . . .	The Daughter of the Firmament ; the Dweller between the Waters	Ⲁ Tzaddi	♉	Aquarius
18	The Moon . . . . .	The Ruler of Flux and Reflux. The Child of the Sons of the Mighty	Ⲁ Qoph	♋	Pisces
19	The Sun . . . . .	The Lord of the Fire of the World . . . . .	Ⲁ Resh	♌	Sol
20	The Angel or Last Judgment	The Spirit of the Primal Fire . . . . .	Ⲁ Shin	♌ (& *)	Fire
21	The Universe . . .	The Great One of the Night of Time . . . . .	Ⲁ Tau	(♌ &) ♄	Saturn

## CRYSTAL-GAZING

By A. GOODRICH-FREER (MRS. H. HAMISH SPOER)

IT must be evident, even to the most casual reader of the scientific literature of our day, that in no field of inquiry are we so often asked to assimilate new terms or to enlarge our notions on the subject of old ones, as in that of experimental psychology. Even in novels lately we have constantly been confronted with "secondary personalities," and "double consciousness," and "hypnotic suggestion," and "thought-transference," and though the common use of such terms may be as vague as is our perception of their meaning, we feel at least that they have a scientific ring and remind us that we belong to an age when every reader has a right to a taste of all the dishes at the intellectual feast.

When, however, we find, among the various mental curiosities now under examination, that a serious place is given to the phenomenon of crystal-gazing, we feel that we have arrived—to say the least—at an anachronism. To restore the Druid's circles, or to send to Delphi for the Pythia's tripod, would seem quite as reasonable, and perhaps, on the whole, more respectable. It is true that the crystal, as a means of divination, has played a part, sometimes an important part, in the world's history for over 3,000 years. But then we have done with divination, and that which gains a certain dignity when it ministers to the spiritual needs of Assyria, Persia, Egypt, Greece and Rome we relegate to the domain of quackery and imposture when it is practised in our own day in the market-square of modern Cairo. The goblet of Joseph "wherein my lord drinketh and whereby he divineth" is a very different matter from its lineal descendant in which some gipsy crone inspects the coffee-grounds in search of a handsome husband for an inquiring shop-girl!

But just as a study of the follies and superstitions of witchcraft have contributed to our knowledge of the uses and methods of hypnotic suggestion, so the phenomenon of crystal-gazing has served to illustrate certain processes of our secondary consciousness, and has contributed something to our study of some of the many problems in regard to memory and attention.

To the Arab magician all this is the work of his attendant jinn, just as in the Middle Ages the same practice was considered as evidence of devil-possession and as such censured by S. Thomas Aquinas, John of Salisbury, and the Faculty of

Theology in Paris. This, by the way, did not hinder its use by Court physicians, either in France or England, where it flourished under some degree of royal patronage up to the beginning of the seventeenth century.

I have been told by the late Mr. Churton Collins, an eye-witness, that even within the last half-century a scene resembling, in every essential particular, that described by Lane, could be witnessed, at a certain spot, upon the walls of our own cathedral city of Chester. And once more psychologists are interesting themselves in these phenomena. The advance of civilization has swept away the superfluous surroundings and accessories of crystal-gazing, just as the practice of hypnotism has swept away the useless lumber which encumbered and obscured the practical value of mesmerism.

The reading of fortunes in the sand is an everyday feature of life in Jerusalem. Special questions can also be answered, at a special price. Crystal-gazing, or its equivalent, hydro-mancy, has but once come before me at first-hand.

Some friends lost various articles belonging to their household, and a servant, whom we will call Hassan, was suspected. Now that we have a constitution, and freedom, and "civilization" in Turkey, criminals do as they like, and the rest of us do as we can, but this was over a year ago, in the "days of ignorance," when the Government officials were always ready to arrest any one you liked to point out, on payment of expenses.

The proper formalities were duly observed—they usually consist, so far as my own experience goes, in inquiries as to the name, age, and profession of one's father, however long deceased—and an officer, with several soldiers, was sent to arrest the suspected person. Fortunately, however, there were persons concerned who proposed that evidence should be required. None was forthcoming, and at last the suggestion was made that, in a certain village, not far distant—the inhabitants of which are especially savage and fanatical—there lived a seer who could reveal mysteries with the aid of a glass of water and a boy.

These were sent for to appear before the officers of justice. The boy was, however, unable to say either what was lost or who took it, and a girl was sent for, who, with very little delay, described with (mainly) correct detail what was lost, and further gave an unmistakable description of the appearance of the supposed thief, Hassan.

Nothing could have been more interesting, more characteristic of all that makes life in this country so delightful a contrast

to that of "the cab-shafts of civilization," as Lady Burton used to say—the group of government officials awaiting the instructions of a little girl, picturesque in her single tattered blue garment, fearless in her lack of self-consciousness, in her extreme youth, which, in a village where a girl is a mother at fourteen and a grandmother at thirty, was extreme indeed, as the condition of "seeing" is that of being under marriageable years.

The *dénouement* is interesting, too, and suggestive. It transpired later that Hassan was not the thief; but another man of entirely different appearance. For explanation I can offer only the supposition that the source of the child's pictures was thought-transference from one of the audience, a man of strong character, the principal loser by the theft. A certain *abbaye* (cloak) of his, was, for example, described with accurate detail. He was the person for every reason most interested, and most anxious to determine the thief, who, it finally transpired, was a near relative of his own, whom he had at the time, apparently, never suspected!

Some interesting references to crystal-gazing and divination in the sand occur in poems, which are preparing for publication, collected by Dr. Spoer among the Bedawi, mainly in Moab.

At the time that I was writing my monograph upon *Crystal Gazing* (1889), the first work of the kind in any language, there were not half a dozen references to the subject to be found under the heading of "crystal-gazing," "crystalomancy," "mirror-gazing," "onomancy," or the like in the British Museum library. Now there are dozens. Mr. Myers, with all his learning, referred me—I have the list still—only to Lane, Dee, Aubrey, Pausanias, *The Zoist*, Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*, and some experiments by Mr. Dawson Rogers. Eight months' research revealed a mass of unsuspected literature, a good deal of which I utilized, while a good deal more was rejected as "merely literary" or "merely folk-lore," by the Committee of the S.P.R. For years I have been remote from books in a land where the most delightful of libraries, those of "useless" knowledge, are unknown; and the hundreds of references I have accumulated must await return to the British Museum Library. Some experimental notes supplied by others I may meanwhile contribute. Weary as we get of perpetual illustrations to the very attenuated text of our knowledge of the occult, each contributes its special item; and in all investigation of phenomena, mental or physical, proof is necessarily cumulative. This is the more evident in that the phenomena are not to be commanded.

I have ridden many a long day over desert sands without seeing a mirage, although the conditions for mirage seemed to be much the same on the days when we entered fairyland, as on those when the distance was a dead wall of just that chrysoprase blue, which invites to mirror-gazing, whether it stretches to the infinite, or is precipitated in the jewel which lies in the palm of one's hand.

It is, by the way, interesting to find that the mirage is not necessarily visible to all who are present, a fact I have not seen noticed elsewhere. The Arabs, ever ready for a *fantasia*, are often the first to point it out, but among our European companions the perception may be much of the "backed like a camel" and "very like a whale" variety, revealing an absolute blindness to the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces visible to others.

I am by no means insisting, however, that the faculty of crystal-gazing is necessarily accompanied by other gifts, psychical or intellectual, as witness the following, sent by the Editor of a well-known periodical, the name of which it were perhaps better not to reveal. His communication, dated 1900, I think, was suggested by the reading, for purposes of review, of Mr. Andrew Lang's *The Making of Religion*.

\* It is now just about three years ago that an old friend of my wife's came to spend a week with us here in London. She is one of a very numerous class of unmarried ladies of a certain age, absolutely devoid of culture, totally lacking in imagination, with a curious innocent frivolity of mind in respect of all intellectual matters, a mere savage as regards the Arts, who can perhaps keep in tune while she joins in the hymns in church, who as far as pictures are concerned likes those best that are done by her friends (the others she imagines are produced in shops by the assistant), and as regards books and plays, prefers those that are exciting and end happily. These confidential details are given to realize the teller of the story. On this visit (three years ago) she related the following experience. She had been taken to see an elderly lady who believed in crystal-gazing and persuaded her to make an experiment. 'And it really was most extraordinary,' she said. 'I saw the most extraordinary things; I don't understand what it meant, etc. I saw a sort of mountainous desert place and a lot of men—sort of soldiers I suppose they were—leading horses down the hillside; it was very stony, and there was a camp in the distance.' 'Are any of your brothers in Africa—Rhodesia?'

we asked (for she either suggested herself or led us to infer that Africa was the scene). 'No.' Two brothers, it appeared, were in New Zealand, but she did not seem to think that what she had seen had any reference to them. To her it was a curious and absolutely inexplicable picture. We often referred to this story and repeated it to friends, but never till the outbreak of the War did we recall it as having any definite meaning. I have given the narrative so shortly because I do not wish to add a word of which I am not absolutely certain and on which my wife cannot corroborate me. Of course at that time there had been happenings in Rhodesia—Wilson's party, etc. But she never suggested them as having any connection with what she saw; and I very much doubt whether, unless a friend or relation is concerned, she ever listens to anything told her out of the newspaper, and I am sure she never reads one. With all my desire to come across experiences of this or some cognate character, I *never* except in this instance have done so, and this is what prompts me to inflict this narrative on you."

I do not find it at all necessary to explain these pictures by reference to brothers in New Zealand or the Boer War. It is a mere question of human faculty, and by no means necessarily associated with second-sight or thought transference. Nor, though for long I cherished the vain belief, is it necessarily associated with any special development of imagination or any other artistic faculty, though as *in vino veritas* I believe that the kind of vision seen may be, and often is, a sample of the mind-colouring, and most minds being commonplace, it is therefore largely conventional and imitative. Statistics prove nothing, or may be made to prove anything, but the reading of hundreds of letters and attendance at dozens of séances make this lack of originality very evident from the perpetual recurrence of angels, and harps, and palm branches, especially among those who look upon their "psychic gifts" as a means of religious propaganda.

All who are capable of "seeing with the mind's eye" (a faculty especially cultivated in certain walks of life, e.g. by designers of all kinds, shop-window dressers, milliners, as well as artists, poets and novelists), are potential crystal-gazers. The difference in the two kinds of picture is mainly one of duration. The image which is externalized lasts longer, is therefore more complete, and in many cases may be dismissed and recalled at pleasure. One correspondent very reasonably asks whether the visions produced on a background of darkness, do not come under the same category. "It seems to me that though wholly unlike

in method, the process may be similar, the difference being in the mechanism, so to speak. I can sometimes (not always) at night after I am in bed, with mind and body perfectly quiet, by looking, if I may so express it, with my eyes closed, see, projected against the wall of darkness, various forms and objects. Often they are only meaningless shapes, flowers or bits of landscapes, seldom anything of importance, but almost invariably of agreeable character. I have had, at long intervals, a few viridical visions, premonitions, or telepathic impressions"; that is to say, that in this person, who is an habitual visualizer, a message from her subliminal self is likely to externalize itself under these circumstances rather than others.

This correspondent's pictures are created out of nothing. Of Georges Sand we read that—

"She used to seat herself at her mother's feet before the fire, gazing into an old fire-screen covered with green. In that fire-screen marvellous pictures would design themselves, as they were said to do in the pool of ink in the palm of the Egyptian sorceress. She would lose the meaning of her mother's reading aloud. The monotonous drone of the words would lull her into a trance where her fancy was active. Woods and meadows and streams, towns and towers of gorgeous architecture, fairy palaces and enchanted gardens would come flashing out in brilliant colours on the old green stuff of the fire-screen. She shut her eyes and she saw it all still; when she opened them it was nowhere visible but on the fire-screen."

This is much the same kind of exercise as was recommended by Leonardo da Vinci to his students, in his *Treatise on the Art of Painting*. He advises them to contemplate the spots on an old wall as a means to revive latent ideas, as well as to originate new ones. Burt, referring to this, in his *Letters from the Highlands*, No. 7, adds: "I doubt not he meant in the same manner as People fancy they see Heads and other Images in a decaying Fire. This precept of his has sometimes come in my Mind when I cast my Eye on the various Forms and Colours I have been speaking of, and a very little Attention has produced the effect proposed by the Painter."

Burt, however, was neither poet nor artist. In another letter he gives an inventory of the magnificent scenery around Inverness, in which he dismisses the mountains as "a disagreeable subject," the colouring of the landscape as "a dismal gloomy Brown drawing, upon a dirty Purple, and most of all disagreeable when the Heath is in bloom," and "of all the views the most



horrid is to look at the Hills from East to West or vice versâ, for then the Eye penetrates far among them, and sees more particularly their stupendous Bulk, frightful irregularity, and horrid gloom . . . !” But even Burt could see pictures in the fire, and believed himself in sympathy with Leonardo da Vinci!

Even an ordinary degree of what we call “education” is, I think, rather a drawback than otherwise, as tending to conventionality of thought, that is, of course, when it is insufficient to transcend conventionalities. The Afghans, like the Highlanders, scry in the shoulder-blade of a sheep. Mr. Lang enumerates—I think in his *Making of Religion*—other seers—Polynesian, Huron, Apache, the Huilleche, the people of Madagascar, the Zulus, Siberians, the people of Fez, the Arabs, Australian blacks, the Maoris, the Incas and the Hindus. The following reached me by the kindness of Miss Marian Roalfe Cox—a quotation from a letter, in reply to a question from Mr. Andrew Lang, who had heard that Lobengula was addicted to mirror-gazing.

June 12, 1900.

“The fellow tells me that he has tried to get out of Lobengula’s sons what you wanted to know, but that he almost failed. In the first place, he had great difficulty in making them understand, as they have barely been a year among white people, and then he could get no satisfactory answers from them. Other Matabeles who are at the College [i.e. Zonneblöm] say that they are accustomed to look at the shadows in pools of water when in any difficulty, and, he continues, he has noticed them sitting on the edge of the swimming-bath looking into the water for hours at a time. All the Matabeles consider the Zambesi a sacred river, and one of them told me it was much larger than the sea, and I quite failed to make him think differently.”

Lobengula’s method is not a new one. “Julius Capitolinus reporteth that Pertinax, for ye space of three days before he was slayne by a thrust, sawe a certayne shadowe in one of his fishe ponds, whiche, with sworde ready drawen, threatened to slaye him” (*Of Ghostes and Spirites Walking by Nyghte*, London, 1572, p. 61), and Pausanias reports that the oracle of Gaea (Earth) at Patrae gave medical consultations with the aid of a mirror suspended by a thread, so that the water of a spring flowed thinly over its face. The oracle saw the sick person reflected therein, alive or dead, and pronounced accordingly.

(To be concluded.)

# THE SHADOW OF DEATH

BY ANNA MARGARETTA CAMERON

I AM a seventh child of a seventh child, Highland on my father's side, Cornish on my mother's. Whether these facts have any thing to do with what I feel to be the curse of my life, I shall leave those interested in psychology to determine.

I was born and brought up in a granite-built parsonage, situated in a remote part of the Scottish Highlands. From babyhood I had been considered moody and imaginative. Yet my parents were practical to a degree, and my numerous sisters and brothers were all merry and rollicking. My dreamy and abstracted moods were a great worry to my mother. Whenever she found me wrapped in dreams—dreams somehow influenced by the grandeur and majesty of the rugged peaks which not only frowned upon us from very close quarters, but stretched in seemingly endless chains for miles and miles—she would rouse me and scold me, but in a tender motherly way which made me feel ashamed of my fancies.

I was twelve years of age when the curse fell upon me. Yes, a curse, for I can call it nothing else ; that cursed—thrice cursed—faculty of second sight—the second sight that only sees disaster and death—chiefly death.

It began in such an ordinary way, in the days when I was sent to bed at 7 o'clock. We had our supper of porridge and milk at 5.45, so when I could not sleep until quite late, I used to become ravenously hungry.

One winter night I tossed and turned and debated within myself if I dare go down to the kitchen for some bread and butter. At nine o'clock I heard my father come in from a long tramp over the moor, where he had been called to minister to the spiritual needs of a dying parishioner. Soon a savoury odour was wafted upstairs. This proved the last straw. I put on my dressing-gown and crept down the stairs to the kitchen to find our good-natured cook. I was not disappointed in getting what I sought. Kirsty seated me on a stool by the fire, and gave me a delicious concoction to eat. Dear motherly soul she was, to be sure ! When I got up, warmed inwardly and outwardly, I turned to express to Kirsty the gratitude which was burning within me, when suddenly I saw a face appear above the kitchen door. It was the face of a dead woman ; the eyes were open and staring and glazed ;

long gray ringlets framed the face, and down one deathly cheek was a deep scar. The face did not disappear, but remained while I gazed fascinated and horror-stricken.

I was roused by cook, who had sprung to my side: "Miss Anna, whatever ails ye? God-a-mighty, what's the bairn glowerin' at?"

She swung me round, and, seeing the chill horror on my face did not lessen, sent Sarah—the other maid—flying for my mother while she held me in her kind strong arms, and spoke soothing words in her gentle Highland tongue.

Mother came hurriedly from the dining-room, amazed at Sarah's excited story of Miss Anna (whom she believed to be asleep) being terrified by something queer. I suppose the look of terror on my face convinced her that I had had a fearful shock, for she was sympathetic and loving, while I clung to her and told her the story of the awful dead face.

It was many years later when I learned that my mother had a distant cousin who had died suddenly on the very evening I had been scared by the vision. She had long gray ringlets, and had carried to her grave the marks of a fearful burn on her cheek. Why her spirit (or whatever you may call it) had appeared to me, who had never seen her and had scarcely ever heard of her, will always remain among the things inexplicable.

Three years later I was home for my Christmas holidays. The companionship of merry Edinburgh schoolgirls had done much to make me a different being from the shy, abstracted child who left the Highlands in absolute fear of the life she was going to. No one called me a dreamer now. The keen competition for good places in class, the indoor and outdoor games, the squabbles and friendships peculiar to the schoolgirl tribe were all novel, and I found them most engrossing.

Two nights after Christmas we had a fearful storm; our strongly built parsonage shook to its foundations. Sleep was out of the question for me, much to my disgust, as lying awake was so wearisome. In despair I reached out my hand for the matches, as I determined to read for the rest of the night; when suddenly out of the darkness grew the figure of a man—a man drenched from head to foot. Raising one dripping hand, he pointed to me and said, "Tell them there will be a death."

Not waiting for my visitant to disappear, with a scream that rose above the noises outside and brought my sisters hurriedly to my room, I buried my head underneath the blankets and shivered and shook, and felt horribly afraid. It was nice to see the

rather annoyed but intensely human faces of my sisters. Needless to say, I got chaffed most unmercifully. "Nightmare," they all agreed cheerfully. Vainly did I protest that I had not been to sleep. They were as incredulous as a certain Thomas of old. They would not even share my bedroom, so I sought my old comforter, Kirsty, and she willingly slept with me until morning.

Everything seems so different in the prosaic light of day, and as I raced to the gate, on hearing the postman's whistle, I began to feel ashamed of what my youngest brother called "my unearthly screeching in the night." The postman looked more than ordinarily important. "Have you heard the news, Miss Anna?" he inquired. "No, Duncan, what's been happening now?" "Why, the Woods' fishing smack was capsized in the storm, poor Wood is drowned, and they found his body washed ashore just below your gate."

I shuddered, and seemed to hear a voice—a voice coming from a man clad in dripping garments—a voice which said, "Tell them there will be a death."

That same winter I visited an Edinburgh palmist. She was not the usual palmist person, being an Indian and most weird. Among other things she told me that I had in my hand what is rarely found, i.e. a little disc which denotes the gift of second-sight, but only the second sight which foresees disaster. "The good things of life will come to you unknown to you," she said gravely; "but when the blackness of despair and the shadow of death creeps round you and yours, the shadow will fall first on your soul." I shivered. This dread shadow had fallen in the case of an unknown and unloved relative, and in the case of a total stranger, yet I had felt it acutely. How would I feel if it were a loved sister or brother?

I went out feeling sad and old for my years. Meeting one of my brothers, a hard-working parson in the unsavoury Edinburgh slums, I told him about my visit. He was most unsympathetic, and said many things concerning the devil and all his works, meaning, I fear, the palmist and all her sayings! He was forcible, but, in the light of all that had occurred, not convincing.

Many months passed and nothing school happened until I was nearly eighteen and was spending my last school holidays with a friend in Peterhead. It was a merry household, and for a couple of weeks I was as happy as possible, until one Sunday night I woke with a fearful feeling that something terrible was going to happen to my favourite sister Tinie. There was no apparent reason for my feeling like this. My sister had written to me only the

day before, and seemed to be in her usual unflinching spirits. Yet I felt she was doomed. As I lay awake in mortal fear and dread, I noticed a thin luminous mist in the corner of my bedroom (which was otherwise quite dark), and as I gazed at this in astonishment and growing terror, a bed slowly formed itself out of the mist, and as it grew clearer every minute, I saw lying upon it the dead form of my sister.

I think I must have fainted. At any rate I remembered nothing more until I found the motherly face of my hostess bending over me and realized that it was daylight.

She was very kind when I told her of my terrible vision, and agreed with me that I had better start off for Edinburgh at once. Tinie was living there at the time, and when I arrived I found that I had "crossed" a telegram from her husband, telling me that she had been stricken down with meningitis, and although the best skill in Edinburgh had been called in, no hope of her recovery could be given. She died that evening.

Eighteen months later I became engaged to be married and for a year was blissfully happy. One afternoon, while employed in the engrossing task of having my wedding-dress tried on, that accursed feeling of disaster came upon me once more. Unmindful of the dressmaker's wrath, I tore off my dress, and bicycling to the nearest post office, telegraphed to my fiancé in London, to ask if he were ill. A reassuring and teasing reply came back, but the dread in my heart remained. That night I dreamt that my fiancé came to me and taking me by the hand, told me that he was about to enter a monastery. As he was a strong Protestant, this seemed an extreme step, and I awoke feeling that the dream was a bad omen.

I scarcely care to write about the remainder of that day. Hatel telegrams, the sad faces of my parents wrung with anguish at the misery of their child, the sight of crying sympathetic sisters—all seemed mixed up with the fact that an accident—a fatal accident—had robbed me of all that life holds dear.

And now I work, and work hard, in the wards of a large London infirmary. My fellow-nurses often wonder at the unerring way in which I can foretell the death of our acute cases. They do not know nor do I tell them of that fearful sense I possess and which I would, oh! so gladly, dispense with. It has made me old and worn before my time. When I hear our Litany said in our Infirmary Chapel, I always add this clause on my own account: "From all presentiment of danger threatening my loved ones, good Lord deliver me."

## 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.

DEAR SIR,—The OCCULT REVIEW, which is lent to me by a friend, has reached me later than usual this month. I have therefore only just seen the “spirit” photographs, and should like to make a few remarks thereon.

To begin with the second, which is the more interesting of the two, supposing that room was really empty. At first I thought the appearance was due to *reflection*, having known a similar case in my own experience as an amateur photographer; but I soon dismissed this view. What, however, strikes one as very curious is that neither you, nor those to whom you showed the photograph, should have noticed that there is a *second* face (a child's) on the right of the old lady's. I showed it to a friend just now, and asked her how many faces were looking out of the window, and she replied “Two” at once. But was the room empty?

The No. 1 photograph is obviously a case of double exposure. Both figures are in perfect focus; and therefore, if taken at the same time, would have had to be at the same distance from the lens. But they were *not* at the same distance when the exposure was made, as the “spirit” portrait is on a larger scale. The original of the “spirit” (seemingly a seated figure, with hand resting on knee) was two or three feet nearer the camera than the man who is taken standing. There is no doubt in my mind that the plate had been exposed before. The resemblance to the sitter's cousin may be quite accidental. The nose and eyebrows do not seem at all to correspond with those of the young militiaman, and the eyes appear to be of a lighter colour.

I take rather an interest in “spirit” photography, though I do not believe in the spirit hypothesis. Like many other photographers, I have before now amused myself with faking such photographs.

Yours faithfully,

CRADLEY, MALVERN,

(REV.) GORDON C. GRIST.

[Several people have made the same observation about the second photograph. With regard to the first I incline to my correspondent's view, though how the double exposure came about is a mystery.—ED.]

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I quite agree with your reply to Madame Norna's letter, referred to in the March number, concerning the mediumship of Eusapia Palladino, except that I do not think that she is the only medium for physical phenomena now alive and willing to submit to any strict scientific tests. What about Madame Stanislawa Tomczyk, the wonderful medium Dr. Julien Ochorowicz experiments with? She may not be so well known as Eusapia, owing to her youth (I think she is only twenty), but the phenomena produced by her control, "Little Stasia," promise to become more interesting than Eusapia Palladino's. Read the phenomena communicated in *Les Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, 1909, and you will see that the studies of Dr. J. Ochorowicz have unexpectedly been interrupted by a most improbable-sounding, and as yet unheard of phenomenon.

Yours very truly,  
NADINE.

98, FULHAM ROAD, SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.

[This account appeared in the English edition, *The Annals of Psychic Science*, March, July, and September, 1909.—ED.]

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—Referring to "Thought Phantasms," by R. B. Span, permit me to point out that every instance he relates can be fully accounted for on the spiritual hypothesis; but it is difficult to establish any connection of merely thought—or wish—being the sole cause of the phenomena, as implied by the writer. The astral body is really the soul, or spirit-form, encased in its own aura or magnetism, which actually emerges from its mortal mould and reaches the place where it is seen. In the cases of people seeing their doubles, this is quite easily explained by those who have had such matters revealed to them, by the fact that the attendant spirit, which every mortal has sent to him or her at some period of their mortal careers, has accurately personated the medium. Many persons on earth have their doubles representing them in spirit states. I know this to be the case from my own experiences. This is also the case in regard to those who, having parted in this life, are waiting for the reunion at the close of the mortal career of the one left. The one in spirit has a power vested in him, or her, which enables them to assume

the form and responsibilities of the one on earth. I have on more than one occasion left my body and visited other places, where I have been able to notice everything taking place in another house, my body being miles away at the time. On one occasion I got up from my bed, stepped across the sleeping form of my wife, stood and gazed at my own body lying in the bed, and then glided through the fast shut door, down the stairs and through the *wood* of the street door. I then proceeded to the house of a person I had lately been introduced to, entered the house and the front room, where I saw her being very roughly used by her husband. My entrance appeared to quell the rage of the man and the violence ceased. The next day I met the lady in the street and related the incident, which caused her to burst into tears and admit all was as here related.

Thought-forms, like hypnotism, will by no means fit these facts. They are real, tangible satellites, who for a brief time are released from their bodies by the aid of their spirit attendants, and now and again such feats of helpful love, as given in the story of the shipwrecked crew being saved, are the primary object of the soul visitation.

Yours truly,  
W. H. EDWARDS.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps you, or some of your readers, may be able to give me some explanation of a rather curious vision which I had lately.

A few weeks ago, when I was confined to my room by a slight attack of illness, I was one day lying in bed, and as I lay thinking, my eyes rested on the opposite wall. Suddenly my attention was arrested by the shadow of a cross which lay across it, perfect in shape and outline, in form like the Cross of Calvary. It was a vivid purple, and the most striking feature of it was the exquisite beauty of the shades of colour. While I gazed, fascinated, it slowly disappeared (like a magic lantern view), but as I continued to look and wonder what could have caused it, the cross again appeared, not quite so deep in colour, but just as clear and distinct as before. After some seconds it again moved away, only to return for the third and last time, and I have often wondered anxiously since if there was any warning or meaning in it.

There was nothing whatever in the room which could possibly



have caused the shadow, and the day was dark, wet and gloomy, the sky a dull leaden grey.

I have had many psychic experiences, but this is the first of this kind, and I should be very glad if any one can give me some idea as to its meaning, for it seemed to me to be too beautiful to be the herald of trouble.

Thanking you in anticipation,

I am, dear Sir,

Truly yours,

W. F. T.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—I have noticed the references to the power of Mr. W. H. Edwards, who advertises in your columns; and I have heard it is stated, by sceptical doctors, that a genuine cure of paralysis by magnetism has yet to be authenticated. Under these circumstances, permit me to record my experience at the hands of Mr. W. H. Edwards. Owing to severe mental strain I was seized with paralysis of the left side of the face; my jaw dropped and my speech was very badly affected in consequence. I was managing director to a publishing company at that time, and my calamity was a great disaster. I consulted the leading physicians who had any claims as specialists in such cases, only to find they could not give me the slightest assistance, and my condition appeared hopeless.

At this stage my father, who was deeply impressed with spiritualistic phenomena, urged me to place myself in the hands of Mr. W. H. Edwards; and not wishing to let anything go untried, I reluctantly consented without in the least believing any good would result. Mr. Edwards quickly sensed an old injury to the left temple as the weakness which succumbed to the great strain I had undergone. After the second treatment sensation began to assert itself in my face, and at the end of a fortnight I was completely restored, both facially and vocally. This was a few years ago, and I have never been troubled with the weakness since. As I think a case like mine would be of great interest to the sceptical, and as it is clearly established that paralysis can only be touched by magnetism of this kind, I deem it a public duty to record my experience.

Yours truly,

J. B. CORP.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I do not think many of your readers are acquainted with, still fewer doubtless have read, a remarkable book, *A Suggestive Enquiry into the Hermetic Doctrine*, published in 1851.

The authoress of this book died last week. She has been my instructress and friend for over twenty years, and to her chiefly I owe my information on mystic doctrine, and which I sketched only in my last book, *On a Gold Basis*.

I hope in due course to write a short life of this remarkable and profound thinker, and to add her correspondence with me on these subjects; her letters are as admirable as was her lucid mind.

I should be glad in case any of your readers possess any letters of hers bearing on occult matters, if they would kindly entrust them to my charge for publication.

I am, Sir,  
Faithfully yours  
ISABELLE DE STEIGER.

*April 20, 1910.*

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

“PSYCHICAL Research and Current Doctrines of Mind and Body” is the title of an important article contributed to *The Hibbert Journal* by the Rt. Hon. Gerald Balfour, past President of the S.P.R. Of these current doctrines, that which regards mind as a product of brain-action—of molecular changes in brain-substance—is held to be incompatible with the phenomena of telepathy, which also negative the supposition that mind-events and brain-action are parallel but not related as cause and effect. Telepathy involves a transference of state from one mind to another, the brain-effect in the case of the percipient being an effect of the mental impression received, and not of any direct communication from brain to brain. This is in accordance with the third doctrine, that of interaction between mind and brain; and Mr. Balfour further argues that this involves the supposition that the mind must be *distinct* from the brain, in which case it is reasonable to suppose that it is *independent* of the brain, and can survive the dissolution of the physical organism. In his own words:—

We have already considered the minimum of faculty which must be ascribed to the psychic being if it is to be conceived capable of surviving as a personality and so deserve the name of soul. Such a being, we said, cannot be wholly dependent on the brain for the content of its consciousness, whether as knowing or as remembering: it must have some other environment to which it can directly react, and some independent source of memory either in this other environment or in itself. It is just at this point that the bearing of telepathy on the question of survival comes in. For telepathy, understood as I understand it, is evidence that the conscious self can be, and actually is, in direct relation with that environment other than the brain which we found it necessary to postulate as a condition of survival. This is not in itself sufficient to prove that brain is not indispensable to consciousness; but it does, I think, greatly weaken the force of one of the main reasons for holding it to be so. For if a mind associated with a brain can be in direct relation with that which is not its brain, there is at least a *prima facie* ground for supposing that this relation may subsist after the brain has been resolved into its physical elements. . . . We began by noticing how seriously the evidence in favour of survival was weakened by the counter-hypothesis of telepathic faculty combined with subliminal agency; we should have to end by recognizing in the telepathic faculty itself a hint that the alternative explanation may not, in fact, cover the whole ground, and that spirit-return is still a possibility to be reckoned with.

A short-lived excitement was produced in the psychical world by the announcement that Charles Bailey, of Melbourne, Australia, the celebrated medium for apports, was to give séances to a committee of French scientific men, brought together at Grenoble

by Col. de Rochas. An official report of the proceedings appears in the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*. At the first sitting a roll of cloth and some small crystals were produced; at the second, two birds and a nest. The test conditions applied had not been rigorous; when it was proposed to institute a closer personal examination, Bailey objected, and refused to give any more sittings. It was ascertained that the two birds had been purchased at a dealer's shop in Grenoble, and Bailey was recognized as the purchaser. The report concluded by saying that although Bailey appeared to have mediumistic powers, as shown by the difference in his mode of expression during trance, and without prejudging phenomena occurring elsewhere, the experiments at Grenoble were certainly tainted with fraud. Col. de Rochas, in a letter which is published as a supplement to the report, says that Bailey becomes completely insensible when in trance, and that the changes of personality are remarkable; but he suggests that they may only be such as can be produced at will in a hypnotized subject. The singular thing about this matter is that the *Harbinger of Light* (Melbourne) has repeatedly published photographs of objects produced as apports at Bailey's séances, which are stated to be far too large to have been concealed on his person by any means whatever.

*The Open Court*, in addition to articles on the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, the Babylonian Good Friday (the Tammuz Festival), and the origin and development of the Cabala, with its "wisdom and un wisdom," discusses "The Lost Resurrection Document," that is, the missing end of Mark's Gospel. The writer, Mr. Albert J. Edmunds, believes that it was suppressed because it stated, more clearly than the existing narratives of post-resurrection appearances of Jesus, that these appearances were subjective, and favoured Docetism to this extent, that after the resurrection Jesus was "not a real man, but a spiritual being who only appeared as a real man," while the tendency of the later Gospels was to emphasize more and more the substantiality of the resurrection body.

An article in *The Indian Review*, on "The Future of Moral and Religious Education," lays stress on the teachings of psychology and on the scientific study of religion; it holds that a "social consciousness" is growing, and says:—

The new inner world demands not only the general spirit of thoughtfulness in all relations, the recognition of a plain scientific trend, and of a plain social trend, but points quite unmistakably to the recognition of the *permanence of religious ideals as a fact of human nature and human history.*

The new inner world, with its great new science of comparative

religion, demands that man's future shall face the problem of keeping the meaning, the ideal interpretation of the world and life, side by side with scientific explanation of its processes. There will be a future religious education in the strictest sense of the term.

This is followed by an article on "The Wisdom of the East," in which it is said;—

We live in the mind, hence the science of our mentality is the science of our life. That science of mind or life becomes religion when it traces its principles to their prime source, the soul, the basic principle of our being—our soul, which is part of the All-pervading Soul of all that is. This is a religion, whether it is preached by Jesus or Buddha, Confucius or Krishna. This is the religion of old times, the expression of the inner laws of life, the eternal, immutable laws discovered by Prophets and Saviours who have dived into the depths of Life—the one eternal Religion which reveals the harmonies of the soul whose attribute is Love, otherwise called God.

Mary A. Wymore, considering "The Nature of Force" in *The Metaphysical Magazine*, draws a parallel between the working of vital force in life-processes and in the mind, and the working of physical forces in the material world. She concludes that as physical forces need matter to work on and through, so vital force needs a substance comparable with matter, but of a finer grade.

This unmaterial but yet substantial being we have called the psyche. Upon the psyche the vital force can continue to work when it parts company with the material body, and can continue to realize in spirit both the form of its body and its conscious content, *i.e.*, its "mind." It will after death continue to be the living intelligent being that it is now: "the soul is immortal." The permanence of force and the conservation of energy are our assurance for the fact.

In *The Word*, Dr. W. Williams quotes the following from Savonarola:—

Reason proceeds from the seen to the unseen, inasmuch as all our knowledge is derived through the senses that are cognisant of outer things. Intellect or understanding, on the contrary, passes to the substance of things, and from the knowledge of matter or of things seen rises to the knowledge of the unseen and of the Divine. Philosophers make a tabulated arrangement of all created works and beings, the better to study them as a whole and appreciate their divine origin. So we would gather up all the operations and facts of the higher life into a single image, so that their divine origin may be more surely apparent.

Mr. R. Dimsdale Stocker is editing a *New Thought and Psychic Review* (L. N. Fowler & Co.), the first number of which contains an interesting account of the teachings of Seneca, the Stoic, showing their similarity with what is now called "Higher Thought," and explaining his use of the word "virtue" as denoting a spiritual intuition of true wisdom. This moral intuition is innate, but to apply and perfect it is the business of every man.

## REVIEWS

MODERN BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY. By Newman Smyth. London : T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace. 1910. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS little book had its origin in a lecture which was given on the Drew foundation at Hackney College of the University of London. It has since been recast and enlarged.

The author does not lay much emphasis on phenomenal evidence for survival, though he alludes to it in a friendly manner. He prefers to take the philosophical or psychological rather than the scientific position ; and, indeed, it is the deepest and strongest one, for it concerns itself with ultimates. What are we most sure of ? Our own personality, our own wills. The outside world is but a symbol of something unknown ; matter has dissolved away, in the hands of modern physicists, into electricity or energy, and we know nothing of what it really is. Therefore all the old materialistic arguments against survival—psycho-physical parallelism and what not—are utterly invalidated. There is no reason why survival should *not* be a fact. Turn now to the positive side. Our own personal energy—our own mind and will—is the best known power in existence ; "forces of nature" are mere animisms and anthropomorphisms. And we cannot conceive—after getting rid of materialistic myopia—how this energy can be brought to any sudden stop, or can cease to be. We cannot comprehend in what form it will continue to act, after its usual bodily organ is discarded ; but that it *will* continue to act is a more rational supposition than the contrary. In short, our capacities and powers, as Goethe said, are in themselves proofs of immortality. We cannot conceive ourselves non-existent.

The book is admirably written, and is interesting and instructive throughout.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

PSYCHIC HEALING. An account of the work of the Church and Medical Union. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. Price 6d. net.

SUGGESTIVE Therapeutics may now be regarded as a well-established method of "ministering to a mind diseased." Such treatment may take various forms, but the most recent, and in certain cases the most effective method is by taking advantage of the religious instincts which in some persons appear to be craving for satisfaction. Following the lead of the Emmanuel Movement in Boston, the Church and Medical Union brings into collaboration the physician and the clergyman as valuable allies, each bringing a power to bear which the other cannot. We read of one man who had contemplated going to a Christian Science healer, but who was sent instead to a general practitioner, and of others who "had been going from one doctor to another to be treated for 'nerves,' but who really were suffering from spiritual troubles that any clergyman could have set right."

THE PATH OF LIGHT. By L. D. Barnett, M.A., Litt.D. London :  
John Murray, Albemarle Street. Price 2s. net.

DR. BARNETT'S contribution to the "Wisdom of the East" Series, so capably edited by Mr. Cranmer-Byng and Dr. A. Kapadia, will not fail to reach the standard of success which has attended the publication of this series, for it is marked by a scholarly appreciation of the requirements of a public as yet only partially informed on the contents of the Oriental treasure-house of literature. The author has given us the first English translation of the *Bodhicharyāvataṛa* of S'anti-Deva, a manual of Mahâyâna Buddhism.

The doctrines of *Karma* and *Samsâra*, popularly understood as the laws of moral causation and re-incarnation, are shown to be continuous and without end so long as desire dominates human motive and action. The doctrine of Liberation as here defined opens up the possibility of a way out—a middle path between necessity and desire. It is called the "Noble Eightfold Path," or the Path of Liberation. It consists in righteousness of views, desires, speech, conduct, living and effort. The doctrine is nowhere better defined than in the eighth book of *The Light of Asia*, by Sir Edwin Arnold, and here, thanks to the labours of Dr. Barnett, we have the original body of teaching as it has been preserved in the Buddhist Church for the past twenty-four centuries. It is enhanced by the addition of a translation of the twenty-eight stanzas of S'iksha-Samuchchaya, the perfect disciple, and will form a very valuable literary asset to the publishers of this series. SCRUTATOR.

A MESSAGE TO THE WELL. By H. W. Dresser, Ph.D. (Harv.).  
London : G. P. Putnam's Sons, 24, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.  
Price 5s.

THIS volume contains a number of essays in the form of addresses to those who are well, those who are sick, to an imprisoned soul, to a clergyman, etc. The teachings of the author appear to be based upon Mental Science and incidentally it is said that Quimby's view has not been sufficiently recognized and has been obscured by confusion with the New Thought. It should be said rather that they have been distorted by amalgamation with Christian Science. Dr. Dresser intends that his book should reach people where they are and help them to know their powers and to gain self-knowledge and self-mastery. In this light it is seen that any of the doctrines now in vogue would serve the author's purpose equally well. "The Victorious Attitude" is by far the best of the essays, and in this the author speaks to the reader direct instead of through the intermediary of a "case" person. The addresses strike one as being too didactic and lacking in the essential of sympathy. His platform is above the level of the man in the street necessarily, but it is fatal to call attention to the fact. There is, however, much sound teaching in the book.

SCRUTATOR.

THE PRIESTESS OF ISIS. By Ed. Schuré. Translated by F. Rothwell, B.A. London : William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

A MOST fascinating story is this. It employs all the best faculty of the clever author and deals with one of the most enthralling subjects the mind

of man can conceive. It is that of a deadly struggle between two rival devotees for the soul of the patrician Ombricius Rufus. Hedonia Metella, priestess of Hecate, an avowed Black Magician, strives by all her arts and blandishments to enslave Ombricius, while Alcyone, the daughter of Memnon, priest of Isis, holds silent sway over his affections and seeks to encourage his better nature. But Ombricius is devoured by an unquenchable thirst for power, and is swayed alternately by his spiritual aspirations and his temporal ambitions, adhering first to the priestess of Isis and anon to the priestess of Hecate. The story, which develops to a fine conclusion, holds the reader in an atmosphere of reality which the ancient setting does not in the least dispel. The characters are well drawn and the diction admirably suited to the theme. The story will prove to be one of the most entertaining works of this prolific author and is in many respects equal to the best work of Rider Haggard.

SCRUTATOR.

KAMI-NO-MICHI: THE WAY OF THE GODS IN JAPAN. By Hope Huntly. London: Rebman, Limited, 129, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C. Price 6s.

HERE we have a very interesting and valuable book. The author has brought into her story an enthusiasm which does not obliterate the accuracy necessary to make the volume reliable and attractive. Of late years Japan has been unmasked. But what an infinitesimal portion has been exhibited to the occidental gaze! There is an ancient past which will take many decades to unravel. The romance within her boundaries, the religion of her people, the extraordinary history of her dynasties, the untold mine of knowledge which may be discovered inside her gates, would fill tome upon tome. Slowly, but very definitely, are we gathering fresh knowledge concerning her mighty past, and slowly, but surely, are we of the West discovering a philosophy and a wisdom in her history which can be applied to our own systems and methods to our great and lasting good. The reviewer has just had the privilege of dealing with an important volume concerning a part of that other great Eastern marvel, China. After reading the present volume, so full of interesting details and mature thinking, the feeling comes in a kind of duplicated impression, that we Westerners are but babes in the matter of the world's history, compared with the vast experience of those two great peoples, the Chinese and the Japanese. The attitude of Miss Huntly is one which we are glad to applaud. There is no egotism in her writing, yet she writes with a fullness of understanding which would amply justify a more fervent belief in her own competency. It is always a high character which can see good in other people; so the prospective reader of *The Way of the Gods in Japan* may anticipate an intellectual delight in taking up the volume. And the ground is well and ably covered. Not a road is left unexplored. We see Japan in three great and important aspects: we have views of it in the ethical, philosophical, and romantic atmospheres. The story is indeed an inspiring one, as may be expected. The soul of Japan, the wonderful and fascinating *Bushido*, one never tires of reading about. In whatever light we take up the gem, there is a fresh scintillating radiance. Opaque may seem the Japanese character to the superficial; but let the gaze be more penetrating, and the opaqueness will give place to a mirage of wonder which will startle the



observer. The depths of Japan's mind are, at present, unexplored. In Miss Huntly's book we get a view which is reflectively beautiful; we garner a knowledge which deepens our impression; we see things which had not occurred to us before. Miss Huntly's descriptions are delightful and her charming method of imparting the information will claim our attention yet again on some future occasion.

M. C.

**THE BURDEN OF ISIS.** By James T. Dennis. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W. Price 1s. net.

FROM papyri discovered in Luxor, Mr. Dennis has given us a translation of the "Chants of Isis." The texts date from about 300 B.C., but the legend to which they are related may probably be found to have had an historical basis in the Mayan civilization of ten thousand years ago. In these chants we find we have the lamentations of Isis and Nephthys, on the death of Osiris, expressed in stirring and deeply religious language. One chant refers to the Inundation, but it is not conclusively determined if this is the Great Flood. Admitting the Mayan origin of the legend, however, it is extremely probable that this Egyptian setting of the cataclysm is to be regarded as a traditional reference to that event. The chants are often obscure, and something more intimate than the Introduction—excellent in itself, although inadequate—appears to be needed. Reading as one goes, it is forced upon us that the historical in Egyptian literature must eventually give way to the symbolical so far as interpretation is concerned, and the historical is so frequently only the traditional, that we are prepared to find the traditional to be at root largely allegorical. The book is a distinct acquisition to the "Wisdom of the East" Series.

SCRUTATOR.

**THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS.** By Princess Karadja. London: Wooderson, 4, Great Russell Street, W.C.

THE esoteric meaning of the seven sacraments has not only escaped popular recognition, but also appears to have been lost to the clergy or purposely obscured by them from exoteric and worldly considerations. Princess Karadja has endeavoured to restore their ancient significance to these sacraments, which are shown to have degenerated into mere ritual functions, and against which the gifted authoress inveighs with scathing criticism. The effort displayed by the present essay is, however, thoroughly constructive, and will be found capable of bearing close scrutiny. In the process known as the cleansing of the Temple, the burnishing of the holy vessels is a work of some distinction, and this has been done by Princess Karadja in very effective manner.

SCRUTATOR.

**BOTH SIDES OF THE VEIL.** By Annie Manning Robbins. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. Price 4s. 6d. net.

A TEMPERATE and evidently sincere statement of a spiritual evolution such as this must needs be of great help to those who are seeking a firm foothold. The authoress, whose work carries the recommendation of Professor James, writes from the authority of "a deep conviction, of actual experiences, of ever widening vision, of increasing happiness and

growing power and a belief that these things are for all who will seek." As we learn from the biography she was one of those who early in life suffered a loss of creed, who had to seek a means of livelihood and came by a spiritual guidance into the working-sphere of a man since deceased, whose name is well known in connection with the work he had in hand. Then came a first personal experience of the life beyond the veil, a series of communications through Mrs. Piper, and finally an organized research in the matter of soul-survival and spirit-identity. The various experiences and many of the communications are given in detail and together appear to form a connected chain of evidence capable of sustaining the one most weighty fact of a life after bodily death. The authoress appears to recognize a point too often overlooked by writers, namely, that experience is to and for the individual alone, and only in a secondary sense can it serve the need of others. "Each one . . . must make the knowledge his individual possession as if no one had ever lived or talked before." It is a matter also of individual effort, not of being pushed by spiritual forces towards knowledge. You find what you go forth to seek and from the moment of the springing up in the mind of a desire for spiritual knowledge, opportunities occur for the getting of it. Nevertheless and because it may stimulate the desire to know, the evidence here given ought to be valued.

SCRUTATOR.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE AND THE LARGER HOPE. By J. E. Mercer, D.D.  
London: Longmans, Green & Co., 39, Paternoster Row. Price 3s. 6d. net.

WHAT a pity it is that more care is not taken to avoid the sense-repetition of titles. How readily this book might be mistaken for the already well-known publication of the Philip Wellby Series entitled *The Science of the Larger Life*. Not that anybody getting the Reverend Dr. Mercer's book by mistake would be disappointed. On the contrary, so far as the demand is for intelligence regarding the wider and more permanent issues of the conscious life and whatever may be reasonably held in regard to the life beyond, this book is adequate. Dr. Mercer takes a view of terrestrial life as a whole, shows the utter futility of the mechanical theory as applied to it, and explains the part played by the factors of vitalism and will. The constitution of man is investigated and the phenomenon of death accepted as the gate to a larger life and hope, concerning which consideration is made in a most notable chapter entitled "After Death." Nothing more catholic or logical could have been written. What is said leads directly to the postulate of life as a creative process, and the indissoluble connection of life with consciousness and responsiveness is the final conclusion. The larger life and hope are to be found in the increased ability to respond to a consciously wider and greater world than that of which we are now dreaming.

SCRUTATOR.

THE MASTERY OF DESTINY. By James Allen. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 3s. 6d. net.

HERE is a volume of thought which can safely be recommended to the service of the free mind. In it we find an attempt towards the solution of

the vexed problem of "Determinism or Freewill?" Admitted that the circumstance of our daily lives is not of our own choosing and that at all stages our individual wills are found to be in conflict with those of others about us, that, in short, there is a law of Necessity to which we are compelled to conform, there may yet be a play-space, a "mean free path of vibration," proper to the unit of life according to the measure of his soul in the economy of that body to which he belongs. Mr. Allen argues for a "golden mean" which brings Freewill and Fate into close relationship as aspects of one central law pertaining to our moral nature. As long as the law of causation is in evidence, as long as cause is balanced by effect, so long will there be a state of freedom involved by this very equilibrium. A fuller consideration of the problem leads to the conclusion that man's disposition of the realm of effects will be in direct ratio to his ability to contribute to the realm of causes by the use of his thought, imagination and will-power. The fact that character is not ready-made but the result of evolution, as well individual as racial, is the guarantee of our power to originate causes. It is perhaps false logic to speak of Character as "the combined result of an incalculable number of deeds"; one would rather say of motives, an effect of continuous purpose. Mr. Allen accepts re-incarnation and makes effective use of it in his argument. He shows how character may be formed and made powerful for good in the causative world and thence in the world of effects, by self-control, training of the will, concentration, meditation, etc., on all of which a systematic course of instruction is contributed. The book is well written and the subject-matter carefully arranged. Author and publishers have conspired to the production of a really useful and artistic work.

SCRUTATOR.

ANGELUS SILESIUS. By Dr. Paul Carus. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., Gerrard Street, W.C. Price 4s. 6d. net.

THE works of Johannes Scheffler have passed through many editions since the Society of Jesus gave its sanction to the "Cherubinian Wanderer" and the verses. Dr. Paul Carus has attempted an English rendering of selections from the rhymes of the German Mystic and has prefaced the work with a well-written biography. Reading the verses of Scheffler one cannot but wonder that so rigid a council as that of the Jesuits should ever have accorded its sanction and support to them. But so it was, and the conclusion it points to is that such mystical teaching as that of the Silesian philosopher was sufficiently above the heads of the people as to be practically harmless. What Jacob Behmen said in cryptic language Scheffler voiced in plain words and trite sentences. At a later date Swedenborg gave the world a laboured exposition of the same principles. The mysticism of Scheffler was self-evolved, and the form in which it is expressed displays the same simplicity as that which characterized his life.

Dr. Carus has wrought with much skill to give us an English translation which retains the same characteristics and employs the same metre as the versification of the German Mystic. To this effort much praise is due, and the admirable essay on the mysticism of Scheffler preceding the verses is a work of real service to the modern movement of Christian mysticism.

SCRUTATOR.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE: An Interpretation. By Carl Reinheimer.  
London: The Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 6*d.* net.

WAGNER as poet and master musician may be said truly to be his own interpreter, so far, at least, as the public intelligence is concerned, and in either capacity he is better known and appreciated to-day than was the case twenty years ago, and this is solely the result of the Master having come to be known as a mystic and philosopher, deeply interested in the old-world doctrines of Reincarnation and the Law of Retribution. These and resultant or allied concepts furnish the motive of the greatest of his works, and without an understanding of them it is not possible rightly to apprehend the purpose to which his great creative genius was applied.

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Those who have had the pleasure of reading Dr. Ashton Ellis's clever exposition of Wagner's mysticism as expressed in his various works will be in a position better to appreciate the present essay, and although it may be a question for Art as well as Psychology to decide as to whether the work of Wagner has been laboured and elaborated with attention to so much detail as is claimed, there can be little doubt that his deep interest in Oriental philosophy, and especially the teachings of Buddhism, must have greatly influenced his poetical conceptions, and possibly the main doctrines of that spiritual philosophy may be fundamental to the story of Tristan and Isolde as interpreted by him. What Wagner himself has said of it leads one to think that it is so.

SCRUTATOR.

MYSTICISM. By Mary Pope. London: The Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 6*d.*

THIS clever representation of the principles of true Mysticism is one of the clearest expositions I have ever read. In face of the strange distortions to which the system has been subjected not only by its critics but by its advocates, this treatise shows extraordinary clearness of vision and logical cogency. It is pointed out that the unrest everywhere apparent in the Church of Christ may find its culmination in a revival of the mystic side of life and religion. Dr. Inge says in regard to the British race that there is none richer in its idealism and deep sense of the mystery of life, and the authoress of the present work shows that our literature is replete with the teachings of devotional and nature mystics. It is pointed out that "the most damaging error, made by the careless seeker, is the neglect to distinguish between psychic or spiritualistic phenomena and the phenomena which accompany mystic transcendence." A useful note of warning is also sounded in the following statement:—

"We cannot flatter ourselves that the twentieth century has outgrown the phenomenal fantasies of the Middle Ages. A slight acquaintance with the books which rapidly succeed one another, and which come chiefly from America, should convince every sane person of the imperative need of Dr. Inge's warning. The

specious rubbish found in many of these cheap publications has a queer attraction for the partially educated, psychologically unbalanced person, an attraction which a little, a very little, sound physiological knowledge would do much to overcome. Borrowing practices and symbols from the East and mixing them up with much that is good and useful, these writers strive to inoculate the West with methods that are wholly unsuitable and dangerous for Western minds and bodies."

A capable monograph on "The Quest of the Holy Grail" very suitably concludes this admirable little work, which no doubt will find a wide appreciation.

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THE EVOLUTION OF WORLDS. By Percival Lowell, A.B., LL.D.  
London and New York: The Macmillan Co. Price 10s. 6d. net.

ASTRONOMY will ever be a wonderful science, wonderful even to the most confident Columbus that ever adventured the ocean of space in quest of new worlds. How wonderful a science it is can be more easily conveyed by a study of Professor Lowell's magnificent work than by any means known to the art of the journalist. It may truly be said in a case like this that to partially represent the subject is to misrepresent the whole work. It must suffice to say, therefore, that the title of the book is thoroughly carried out, though possibly not with that encumbrance of mathematical detail which robs so many works of this nature of all charm to the popular mind. Professor Lowell has the supreme faculty of intelligibility and the great art of interesting whom he would instruct, an example of which we have in Sir Robert Ball.

The author tells us of the birth of a solar system in the nebula of the great space and shows us by what initial catastrophe the beginnings of a system are endangered and yet by which an articular system is alone made possible. Referring to the dark or non-luminous bodies in space which are abundantly present wherever there is a gravitational vortex, he says:—

"What brought about the beginning of the system may also compass its end. If one random encounter took place in the past a second is as likely to occur in the future. Another celestial body may any day run into the sun, and it is to a dark body that we must look for such destruction, because they are so much more numerous in space. Our sense could only be cognisant of its proximity by the borrowed light it reflected from our own sun. Dark in itself, our own headlights alone would show it up when close upon us. It would loom out of the void suddenly before the crash."

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REVIVALS: THEIR LAWS AND LEADERS. By the Rev. James Burns, M.A. 8vo, pp. xii. 312. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1909.

IN view of the growing interest in folk psychology, as well as of the rather recent occurrence of a revival in Wales, this book may be considered opportune. Its most original feature is, perhaps, the introductory discussion of the Laws of Revival. It seems that revivals are preceded by periods of spiritual apathy wherein various abuses invade the Churches. A sense of gloom and satiety impels men to gather into groups and to pray for a new breath of spiritual quickening. Simultaneously, important social or economic changes are always at hand. A veritable epidemic of conversions follows the emergence of the destined leader; the awakening of a deep sense of sin is rapidly succeeded by outbursts of irrepressible joy, finding appropriate outlet in song. A new religious era is initiated, by the inauguration of some sect or fraternity. The fact that every revival has its prescribed limits of time and space and cannot be forced beyond these, would suggest an intimate relation to the social conditions under which it arises. Mr. Burns considers that every revival implies a reversion to simplicity of doctrine, and is caused by "the mysterious action of the Holy Spirit operating in the heart." While admitting that "in every great spiritual movement which profoundly affects a nation's life, political and social changes are bound to enter," the author denies that the dominating impulse is either social or political. The awakening of that wave of enthusiasm which constitutes a revival is for him a miraculous event. Such a conclusion could, however, only be scientifically justified supposing that an exhaustive analysis of the social or economic changes associated with a revival and of the psychological phenomena implied by these, had utterly failed to account for its genesis and course. In the chapters dealing with the revivals initiated by St. Francis d'Assisi, Savonarola, Luther, Calvin, Knox, and Wesley, the reader will find much to interest and please him, but he will not find any impartial investigation of the problem whether or not these revivals, through the failure of any simpler and more modest explanation, can claim to be regarded as essentially supernatural events.

In the interests of truth it must be said that this book is not in any strict sense a contribution to science. It is, however, written in a charming and fluent style; it gives with much dramatic feeling concise accounts of some great lives and movements, and is permeated by a spirit of tolerance and enthusiasm deserving of high praise.

In his chapter on Wesley, Mr. Burns just refers to the famous episode of the Epworth knockings of "Old Jeffery." But he passes over in silence the more interesting topic of the alleged stigmatization of St. Francis.

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THESE are essays of two decades collected from several quarters, but the unity of purpose which is their basis makes them substantially or practically as if sections of a single work in two main divisions. The second of these, which is more especially but not only historical, seems to me of great interest and excellence, but I speak rather as an ordinarily acquainted reader than as an expert who rules with authority. The papers on the Athanasian Creed, the Eastern Churches and the teaching of the Russian Church are memorable in several ways. The unity of purpose which I have mentioned appears, however, most prominently in the earlier sections, and that purpose is the defence and restatement of Christianity. We have papers on Dogmatic Theology, the putative New Theology of Mr. Campbell and his counterparts and analogies at the moment, and an introduction of much attraction and heroism in which Dr. Headlam strives to make salvage of the root-matter in Christian religion after large concessions to the recent and current schools of Biblical criticism. But I do not think that the root-matter emerges in this instance under any aspect of added certitude. The spirit of the reasoning seems illustrated accidentally in one ruling which happens to be apart from the larger issues; it tells us that "the verification of a philosophic theory" lies in "its influence upon life." I do not wish to debate this question; it is for the reader to take or leave. If he can take it, there is a fair likelihood that the result of the salvage may please and satisfy him as a whole. Having no sense of its validity, I will take out a licence to issue from these burdens of demonstration by a side-door which Dr. Headlam provides otherwise. He suggests that it is "the business of the metaphysician" to offer "an adequate explanation of the facts of human experience." Now, I seek an explanation of an experience which is obtained in the highest state of sanctity—that realization of the Divine Union which I have met with in certain people, which has taken the life of their nature, has turned it round and changed all the axis of its inclinations. Instituted metaphysics and authorized metaphysicians can give no explanation, nor do I think that Dr. Headlam will help; his thesis is concerned too largely with the counsels of probability, the middle way, the external reasonableness and faith in the strong presumption. If it were suggested that a time comes when there is no longer "an appeal to the intellect," because the intellect has laid down its arms in reverence before another mode of consciousness, I venture to believe that Dr. Headlam might scarcely understand. But as I am on the side of the exotics, I have no doubt in conclusion that these essays may help many of the kind that are called thoughtful people, that it may be good for those who follow the middle way. If this be so, it is of little general consequence that it spells nothing to a few others who have experimented in the results that ensue when, the mean and equilibrium being abandoned once and for ever, the soul weights all balances till they dip beyond adjustment on the side of God. A. E. WAITE.



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