

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

Contents

NOTES OF THE MONTH

By the Editor

PASCAL

By Bernard O'Neill

THE HEALING-CUP OF NANTEOS

By M. L. Lewes

THE SEERESS OF PREVORST

By F. Leonard

DREAMS

By Nadine de Grancy

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

By Franz Hartmann, M.D.

CORRESPONDENCE

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

REVIEWS

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

UNITED STATES: ARTHUR DELAPIERRE, 19 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK;
THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 86 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK;
NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, BOSTON: WESTERN NEWS COMPANY, CHICAGO.
AUSTBALASIA AND SOUTH AFRICA: GORDON AND GOTCH.
CAPE TOWN: DAWSON AND SONS, Ltd. INDIA: A. E. WHEELER AND CO.

124, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

Tel.: 3210 VICTORIA.

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OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

AMERICAN AGENTS: Arthur Delapierre, 19 Warren Street, New York; The *International News Company*, New York; The *New England News Company*, Boston; the *Western News Company*, Chicago.

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

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

VOL. XII.

AUGUST 1910

No. 2

NOTES OF THE MONTH

"AS a man thinketh" is the title of one of the numerous little books from the pen of Mr. James Allen, of Ilfracombe,* and the aphorism, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," in one form or another seems to run through the whole of Mr. Allen's writings as a sort of refrain, in whatever guise they have been given to the world. "As the fruit to the tree, and the water to the spring, so is action to thought." "Act," he says elsewhere, "is the blossom of thought, and joy and suffering are its fruits. Thus does a man garner in the sweet and bitter fruitage of his own industry." "A noble and god-like character is not a thing of favour or chance, but is the natural result of continued effort in right thinking, the effect of long-cherished association with god-like thoughts. An ignoble and bestial character by the same process is the result of the continued harbouring of grovelling

THE GOSPEL
ACCORDING
TO JAMES
ALLEN.

* *As a Man Thinketh*. L. N. Fowler & Co. *Above Life's Turmoil*. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3s. 6d. net. *From Passion of Peace*. W. Rider & Son, Ltd. 1s. net.

thoughts. Man is made or unmade by himself." So, Mr. Allen argues, the apparently sudden falling of a man under stress of temptation, is not in reality a sudden process at all. The falling was merely the outworking, the finished result of what commenced in the mind, probably years before. A cherished thought grew until at last it gained sufficient strength to attract to itself the opportunity which enabled it to ripen into action. Pursuing this line of thought our author proceeds to show that from the standpoint of his philosophy "the source and cause of all temptation is in the inward desire . . . the outward object is merely the *occasion* of the temptation, never the cause." "Circumstances are the means by which the soul receives its own." Temptation thus comes from within the man, and "a man

WHAT IS
TEMPTA-
TION ?

is tempted because of the evil that is within him." Mr. Allen appositely quotes the apostle James in saying "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts." The object of temptation is to show a man just where his weaknesses lie, and is a means of urging him on to higher altitudes of knowledge and purity. "When temptation is understood and conquered, perfection is assured." Temptation, then, according to Mr. Allen's creed, is not a lasting condition, as most people imagine. It is a passing phase, an experience which the soul must undergo in its passage to a higher life.

It can scarcely be said of the merely animal man that he is tempted, for the very presence of temptation means that there is a striving for a purer state. Animal desire and gratification is the normal condition of the man who has not yet risen into aspiration: he wishes for nothing more, nothing better than his sensual enjoyments, and is for the present satisfied. Such a man cannot be tempted to fall, for he has not yet risen. . . . He is happy as a beast is happy, because he is not conscious of what he is depriving himself. He suffers as the beasts suffer because he does not know the way out of suffering. He lives in a series of sensations, longings and confused memories which are unrelated to any central idea or principle.

It is in the attempt to emerge from this condition into a higher form of life that man is first brought face to face with temptation properly so called. When animal conditions no longer appear sweet to a man "in his sorrow he thinks of nobler things. When he is deprived of earthly joy he aspires to the joy which is heavenly." It is when impurity turns to suffering that purity is sought. "Truly aspiration rises phoenix-like from the dead ashes of repentance."

Working out the original idea that temptation comes from

within and not from without, Mr. Allen's "wise man" does not fight against outward allurements, but merely abandons all desire for them and the power of temptation is thus destroyed at its source. But the mental force which the desire represented is not annihilated but transmuted into a purer form of energy. "The law of conservation of energy," observes our author, "obtains universally, in mind as in matter, and the force shut off in lower directions is liberated in higher realms of spiritual activity."

Temptation is a condition of darkness. It follows, therefore, that it is only the knowledge of true enlightenment that can free the soul from its thralldom.

When a man fully understands the source, nature, and meaning of temptation, in that hour he will conquer it, and will rest from his long travail; but whilst he remains in ignorance, attendance to religious observances and much praying and reading of scripture will fail to bring him peace.

The man who obtains self-mastery will *ipso facto* rise superior to circumstance. "The circumstances which a man encounters with suffering are the result of his own mental inharmony. The circumstances which a man encounters with blessedness are the result of his own mental harmony." "Let a man radically alter his thoughts and he will be astonished at the rapid transformation it will effect in the natural conditions of his life." A man thus, though he cannot directly choose his circumstances, can yet by choosing his thoughts, indirectly but none the less surely shape his circumstances. Man must become the master, and when this is so, circumstance will be the slave.

MAN MASTER
OF CIRCUM-
STANCE.

You will be what you will to be ;
Let failure find its false content
In that poor word "environment,"
But spirit scorns it, and is free.
It masters time, it conquers space ;
It coves that boastful trickster, Chance,
And bids the tyrant Circumstance
Uncrown, and fill a servant's place.
The human Will, that force unseen,
The offspring of a deathless soul,
Can hew a way to any goal,
Though walls of granite intervene.
Be not impatient in delay,
But wait as one who understands ;
When spirit rises and commands,
The gods are ready to obey.

Reason, if rightly employed, will lead a man from the darkness of the purely animal condition of self-indulgence and the sensuous life, to the light of divine consciousness. Although it is perfectly true that reason may be enlisted in the service of the lower nature this is merely the result of its partial and imperfect exercise.

THE USE AND
MEANING OF
REASON.

Large numbers of people are possessed of the strange delusion that reason somehow is intimately connected with the denial of the existence of God. This is probably due to the fact that those who try to prove that there is no God usually profess to take their stand upon reason, while those who try to prove the reverse generally profess to take their stand on faith. Such argumentative combatants are governed more by prejudice than either by reason or faith, their object being not to find truth, but to defend and confirm a pre-conceived opinion.

Nothing, it seems to me, is happier than Mr. Allen's observations on this subject. Where Reason has found enemies its assailants have generally been those most in need of its "sweet reasonableness."

Without the aid of reason truth cannot be apprehended. Reason is in reality associated with all that is pure and gentle, moderate and just. It is said of a violent man that he is unreasonable, of a kind and considerate man that he is reasonable, and of an insane man that he has lost his reason.

It is reason which distinguishes man from the brute, and only by obeying the voice of reason and following its dictates does he cease to become brutish.

The *Word of God* is the *Reason of God*, and one of the renderings of Lao Tze's "Tao" is "Reason," insomuch that in the Chinese translation of our own New Testament the commencement of St. John's Gospel runs: "In the beginning was the Reason" (Tao).

If a man's temptations come from within himself, it is within himself also that he will find the condition that men have described as immortality. "This is a lucid state of consciousness in which the sensations of the body, the varying and unrestful states of mind and the circumstances and the events of life are seen to be of a fleeting and therefore of an illusory character." In this connection Mr. Allen does well to knock on the head one of the favourite illusions of modern preachers, alike orthodox and spiritualistic. The death of the body, he points out, cannot bestow immortality upon a man. "Spirits are not different from men, and live their little feverish life of broken consciousness and are still immersed in change and mortality." To desire immortality of this latter kind is not really to desire immortality at all in the true sense, but merely to have a selfish longing for the persistence

IMMORTAL-
ITY AND ITS
COUNTER-
FEIT.

of the ego with its pleasure-loving personality and its succession of little lives, "rounded by a sleep," without memory of the past or knowledge of the future.

At this point, and at a good many other points in his interesting writings, Mr. Allen trenches very closely on the subject of Reincarnation, and it is hard to see how the views he holds can be reconciled with any other form of belief. The question is inevitably brought uppermost in the mind of one who reads, for instance, the chapter "On the Supreme Justice" in a book from which I have already quoted, *Above Life's Turmoil*, just published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. "Is there Justice in the universe?"

IS THERE JUSTICE? is a question which has been put almost as often as Pilate's celebrated query, "What is Truth?" and the orthodox replies have generally failed to satisfy. "There is injustice," says Mr. Allen, "and there is not."

The man who lives in his passions sees injustice everywhere. The man who has overcome his passions sees the operations of justice in every department of human life. Injustice is the confused feverish dream of passion, real enough to those who are dreaming it. Justice is the permanent reality in life gloriously visible to those who have awakened out of the painful nightmare of self.

The good man, according to Mr. Allen (and I suppose we must regard the "good" man as synonymous with the "wise" one), never regards himself as treated unjustly, because he knows that whatever comes to him can only come as the effect of what he himself has formerly sent out. Accordingly, he fulfils the scriptural precept of loving his enemies and blessing those who curse him, as he looks upon them as the blind but beneficent instruments by which he is enabled to pay his moral debts to the Great Law. The good man is well content that it should be so; for he sees justice and love as only two attributes of one beneficent power, and realizes that as certainly as effect follows cause, so the consequences of his deeds will come home to their author.

"As for the gods of the heathen, they are but idols." So sang the psalmist who has long rejoiced in the pseudonym of "King David." The expression "gods of the heathen" to the modern thinker has come to bear a wider interpretation. To what gods, of what orthodox creeds is it not appropriate?

"The little party gods," well says Mr. Allen, "have had their day. The arbitrary gods, creatures of caprice and ignorance, are falling into disrepute. Men have quarrelled over and defended them until they have

grown weary of the strife, and now everywhere they are relinquishing and breaking up these helpless idols of their long worship.

NO GODLETS The god of revenge, hatred and jealousy who gloats over NEED APPLY! the downfall of his enemies; the partial god who gratifies all our narrow and selfish desires; the god who saves only the creatures of his particular and special creed; the god of exclusiveness and favouritism; such were the gods (miscalled by us 'God') of our soul's infancy, gods base and foolish as ourselves, the fabrications of our selfish self."

Mr. Allen sees the dawn of a new hope in the passing of these false gods, and in the turning of the human race from a faith in the God who can be cajoled and who will subvert the whole order of things to gratify his worshippers to the God of Law.

Those who enter the path of obedience to that Law no longer accuse; entering that path they no longer doubt; entering that path they no longer fret and despond; for they know now that God is right, the universal laws are right; the cosmos is right; and that they themselves are wrong, if wrong there is, and that their salvation depends upon their own efforts, upon their personal acceptance of that which is good, and their rejection of that which is evil. . . . The Law reigns and it reigns in men's hearts and lives, and they have come to understand the reign of Law who have sought out the tabernacle of the true God by the fair pathway of unselfishness.

Mr. Allen sees in selfishness the main cause of the world's misery and in altruism its way of escape. To him, "Being is simple. The universe is simple. Complexity arises in ignorance and self-delusion. If a man puts away egotism he will see the universe in all the beauty of its pristine simplicity." God and the universe are one. The universe is God in manifestation; but through this manifestation comes into being the world of illusions. In this illusory world the progress of the soul of man is made possible through experience and temptation.

Man evolves outward to the periphery of complexity, and then involves backwards to the central simplicity. When a man discovers that it is mathematically impossible for him to know the universe before knowing himself, he then starts upon the way which leads to the original simplicity. He begins to unfold from within and as he unfolds himself he enfolds the universe.

The man who has won his way back to the PURE GOODNESS is called "the slayer of illusions." Mr. Allen has interpreted the philosophy of the East in terms of morality and in doing so has pointed the pathway that leads forward from the most rudimentary consciousness to divine self-knowledge. The law of his "God of Law" is inherent in the essential attributes of the divine nature. The secret of attainment is involved in the

truism that the divine must not do violence to the principles of its own being.

Mr. Allen's writings are steeped in Theosophical thought and



MR. JAMES ALLEN.

conceptions ; but whereas Theosophy takes the form in the main of a philosophy, Mr. Allen's opinions express themselves as a code of ethics. He has, in fact, if I may so phrase it, given a religion to Theosophy. In other words, he has shown the bear-

ing of the main tenets of Theosophy upon life and conduct, and in doing so he seems to me to have filled a gap in the Theosophical ideal. The criticism, rightly or wrongly, has been levelled against Theosophy that whatever the Theosophist believes, he is in the main free to follow his own inclinations where life and conduct are concerned, and that for this reason he cannot be regarded from the point of view of good citizenship as the equal of his Christian brother. Mr. Allen has taught a high morality and a morality that is in harmony with, if it is not the natural outcome of, the noblest conceptions of Oriental faiths.

It is obviously easier to live the ideal life that Mr. Allen upholds, in the peaceful seclusion of Ilfracombe than in the crowded streets of London or New York. It is no easy matter for those who are immersed in the varied cares and worries of a business life to rise "above life's turmoil." The aspiration may be there, but the means of attainment may not always appear very obvious. It was, however, in a crowded centre of England, in the town of Leicester, that our author was born on November 28, 1864. Apparently the conditions did not suit him, for he suffered much ill-health as a child. At the age of fourteen he lost his father, and straitened circumstances compelled him

then to begin to earn his own living and help to support his mother. From his earliest years he was a voracious reader, being specially fond of the poets, dramatists, religious and philosophical writers, and of Shakespeare in particular. Religions interested him, but no special religion had his whole-hearted sympathy. Mr. Allen claims to have experienced in the first instance what is described as the *Cosmic Vision* at the age of twenty-four, after reading Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*. This was only a momentary illumination; but the experience returned in a more permanent form after an interval of ten years. Mr. Allen married at thirty years of age, and as he himself expresses it, "is blessed with a dear and devoted wife." He did not, however, write his first book, *From Poverty to Power*, until the age of thirty-five, as a direct result of his second experience of the *Cosmic Vision*. The writing of other books followed in quick succession. As may be readily understood, Mr. Allen's ambitions are not on the material plane, and he has never set himself to make money beyond what his modest requirements demand. Nor, again, has ambition any attractions for him, and he has invariably preferred a simple life in the country to publicity and self-advertisement. Mr. Allen's latest

RELATIONS
OF CREED
TO CONDUCT.

BIOGRAPHI-
CAL NOTE.

publication, *Above Life's Turmoil*, contains a portrait of the author, and a reproduction from the same photograph is here given for the benefit of readers of the OCCULT REVIEW.

I am sorry that I misled my readers in one particular instance with regard to the series of misadventures recorded in the Notes of the Month of the OCCULT REVIEW as having followed various people who incurred the displeasure of the supposed Priestess of Amen Ra, who is reported to haunt the mummy case at the British Museum. I refer to the record of "S. L. Morewood," and the challenge to the mummy which appeared under

THE
MUMMY—
A CONTRA-
DICTION.

this signature in the pages of the *Daily Express*. The story of the sequel to this challenge was narrated in the columns of the *Week End* and was quoted by me in all good faith from that paper. I now discover, however, through the medium of Miss S. L. Morewood herself (it is a lady, after all, and not a gentleman), that the *Week End* got hold of the wrong end of the stick. The Morewoods who met with misadventures at sea were not identical with Miss S. L. Morewood, but were cousins of that lady. They did nothing to call down upon themselves the wrath of the mummy Priestess, and Miss S. L. Morewood herself resents the insinuation that her challenge has been taken up by the mummy, of whose power she continues to express total scepticism. I trust this explanation will serve to put me right both with Miss Morewood and with the readers of the REVIEW, even if it fails to create a *modus vivendi* between Miss Morewood and the mummy.

PASCAL *

By BERNARD O'NEILL

IT would be difficult to cite any nation which has been richer in great names of various kinds than France, and among these from the earliest times she has been famed for producing men of powerful mind, who have expressed themselves with exquisite lucidity in a language which has been compared to Greek for its transparent purity. In one department of prose, at least, France stands pre-eminent in letters, that of the pregnant saying or aphorism. But scarcely have her writers accomplished less in more detailed criticism of life, whether of manners and society, art, politics or religion. In the France of the seventeenth century, among writers famed for criticism, there is no figure more arresting than that of Pascal, who was not only a great master of language, but attained to high rank in science, and is above all notable as the most distinguished of that group which sought happiness and the way of salvation at Port Royal.

The excellent biography of Pascal by Lord St. Cyres reveals the man to us in all his versatility and elaborates in a masterly manner the unique character of his mental development. The discussion of the influences to which he was subjected, and the careful analysis of the phases through which he passed, add greatly to the value of the book.

Blaise Pascal was born at Clermont Ferrand in Auvergne on June 17, 1623, and came of a family of lawyers and auditors. Even when quite young he suffered from a nervous instability which was reflected in the impulsive mental changes which characterized him throughout life. His sister Gilberte notes that veracity was his leading trait, and accordingly we find that he was early attracted to mathematics, and showed, even as a boy of twelve, remarkable acumen in geometry. His father found him on one occasion drawing chalk diagrams on the wall, and trying to prove that the three angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles, apparently without any external aid except that of a rough description of the meaning of geometry which his questions had extracted from his father.

* *Pascal*. By Viscount St. Cyres, formerly Senior Student of Christ Church; Author of *François de Fénelon*. With a portrait. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 10s. 6d. net.

Years afterwards he wrote in the *Pensées*: "The reasons that really convince a man are those he has found out for himself."

As he grew up to youth, Pascal became more and more absorbed by mathematics, and joined a club composed of ardent



BLAISE PASCAL.

geometers. A few years after his death this club became converted into the Académie des Sciences, or Royal Society of France. Infinite disputes animated this club, and it was a great lever in freeing scientific investigation from the clogging weight of Aristotle and his still heavier offspring, Scholasticism. The geometrical spirit became the sword with which the intellectual

hobgoblins of mediaevalism were to be decapitated. At a later time Pascal said: "All the world seeks a safeguard against mistakes. Logicians profess to offer it; geometers alone succeed. Outside their science, and such others as follow it, there are no real demonstrations. The whole art of reasoning is contained in its precepts. They alone suffice; they alone can prove; all other rules are mischievous or useless. This I know from a long experience, both of books and men." Pascal upheld the geometrical method against the new invention of Descartes, applied to and simplifying the whole kingdom of mathematics, and afterwards bearing such fruit in algebra.

Nevertheless, Pascal came in time to regard geometry as of very secondary importance. In one of his letters he says: "To tell you the truth, I think geometry the finest training the human mind can have; but at the same time it seems to me so useless that I scarcely trouble to distinguish between a geometer who is simply a geometer, and a clever artisan. It is the finest trade in the world, and nothing more than a trade—excellent, as I have often said, for us to try our wings on, but not fit to be the object of our flight. For my own part, I would not walk two steps for geometry, and I fancy you are very much of my opinion." Both as cause and consequence of this, Pascal became keenly interested in the religious thought of the time. The ethical doctrine of President du Vair, one of the chief men in France during the youth of Pascal's father, was founded on harmony or love of order, and culminated in self-realization or the development of true manhood. "The wise man," he said, "is the only true sacrificer of the great God, whose spirit is His temple, whose soul His image, whose affections His offering, whose greatest and most solemn sacrifice is His imitation." He declared that he founded on man the greatness of man. He held that the will and reason were free and thus led to God, and the soul he regarded as the master of its fate. With slight differences Descartes would have subscribed to these doctrines, but Pascal, by observation of the men and women in the world, found that the possibilities of this self-realization were not as great as Du Vair believed, and he expressed his opposition to this philosophy of harmony when he said, "Man is neither a beast nor an angel, and the worst of it is that he who tries to be an angel ends as a beast." Pascal agreed with Du Vair that the mind was infinitely perfectible, but he denied that a man could do anything of himself.

It was now, in the year 1646, that Pascal first became acquainted with the writings of Cornelius Jansen, a Dutch divine,

who was the author of a work on the theology of St. Augustine, published posthumously in 1640. This work analysed the miseries and faults of mankind, and pointed out God as the only consoler and rectifier. His teaching made an impression on Pascal, which was deepened when he had an utter physical col-



RENÉ DESCARTES.

lapse in 1647. But on this occasion he looked at the doctrine chiefly from the outside, and the effect of its teaching was evanescent, nor did he experience that great change which was to come later.

Pascal now passed through a phase in which he became keenly interested in experimental physics, which by no means involved a breach with the Jansenists, who were not opposed to sound

learning, and numbered among themselves more than one man of science. Cautious, yet full of enthusiasm, Pascal bent his whole energies in laboratory experiment, and combated with zeal the doctrine that "Nature abhors a vacuum," upheld by no less a man than Descartes. He achieved his crowning triumph in the great experiment which was carried out under his direction on the Puy-de-Dôme, a mountain three thousand feet high at the back of Clermont. Both in the garden at the foot of the mountain, on the summit itself, and half-way down the height, barometers were constructed in which the height of the column of mercury was found to vary with the altitude. Pascal's researches were continued by two Englishmen, Edmund Halley and Robert Boyle.

"Scientific abstractions long held me captive, but I lost all taste for them when I found how much they cut me off from my neighbours," writes Pascal in his *Pensées*, and thus indicates the genesis of another phase in his life, when he became chiefly concerned with the world of gaiety and fashionable life, under the tutelage of one to whom Madame de Maintenon was also indebted for her training, the Chevalier de Méré, a philosopher of etiquette, who concentrated all his energies in teaching and practising good manners. Religion itself he chiefly valued in that Christian humility added a final grace to character. Doubtless he sometimes found his pupil sufficiently trying, but Pascal seems to have studied under him in good earnest. Saint Evremond, a man of great intelligence and wit, and La Rochefoucauld, whose maxims often cut into the very marrow of life, were potent influences in fostering this ideal of the well-bred man. Pascal was bidden to study the passions, and so came to philosophise about love, and to hold the balance between Descartes, who argued that love was a mere caprice, and Madame de Sablé, who asserted that its whole content was intellectual. Pascal contended that love is a passion which is concerned with the whole nature of a man, and in his exposition may be seen the germ of the main argument of the *Pensées*.

Among the influences that played upon Pascal at this time were the thoughts and discussions of the spiritual descendants of Montaigne, called the Libertines. They represented the spirit of independence and revolt against religion, morality and custom. One of them, Miton, a man of fashion in the service of the Government, became the friend of Pascal. His arguments against the geometrical spirit and the study of the Essays of Montaigne which Pascal undertook at Miton's instance, undermined Pascal's

belief in the God of reason taught by Descartes, and soon the passionate and unstable student regarded Montaigne as the "minister of a great vengeance" in his deadly blows delivered against reason. As regards the general attitude of the Libertines towards religion, they held that it was ill-bred to attack it, but weak-minded to think too much about it. "The death-bed of Petronius," wrote Saint Evremond, "was the finest of antiquity. Cato showed resentment, even rage. Socrates died like a wise man, except that he was too anxious to know what fate awaited him in the next world, and had endless discussions on the subject with his friends in the prison. Altogether, death bulked large in his eyes. Petronius alone took leave of life with an exquisite indifference. No philosophic treatises were read to him, only the lightest verse. Not a syllable, not a gesture, betrayed the agony of a dying man. He simply ceased to be, and the *Vixit* of the Romans applied most properly to him." Pascal, however, saw that few could maintain this attitude, and he ultimately broke entirely with the Libertines.

Montaigne had converted him from the geometrical spirit to "Nature," but Pascal found that the cheerful, riotous Nature of the Essays did not appeal to him. Méré had introduced him to fashion, but that had quickly wearied him. He afterwards told his sister Jacqueline that since the autumn of 1653 he had loathed the world. From fashion he reverted to science, and most of the year 1654 he was eagerly engaged in mathematical activity, and he was corresponding with Fermat almost up to the moment of his conversion. But science could not content him. "When God deigns to speak to sinners," wrote Pascal in a tract based on his own experience, "his first step is to raise their soul on to a higher plane, whence their nature and surroundings appear in a wholly new perspective. They see that perishable things are perishing, nay, already perished. Every moment snatches some enjoyment from their hand. All they held dearest slips away, as they hasten on towards a day when they will be stripped for ever of the vain and fleeting treasures wherein they put their trust. Alone and forsaken stands their soul, because it would not turn to the one Good that endures unchanged through this life and the next."

On a day in September, 1654, Pascal, torn by indecision and inward confusion, set off to visit his sister Jacqueline, who was a nun at Port Royal, and it was a little later that he experienced that profound physiological upheaval and subsidence, followed by a complete change in his relation to the order of

things, which we commonly call conversion. His instability was succeeded by equilibrium. That he experienced something in the nature of ecstasy may be gathered from the writing on a slip of parchment found sewn up in the lining of his coat and discovered after his death. Prefixed to the contents was the inscription :—

“ In the year of Grace 1654.

On Monday, 23rd November, Feast of St. Clement, Pope and Martyr,
and of other Saints in the Martyrology.

Vigil of St. Chrysogonus, Martyr, and others.

Between half-past ten in the evening until half-past twelve.”

During the remaining eight years of his life Pascal was associated with the Jansenists of Port Royal, and gave to the world the *Provincial Letters* and his great work called *Pensées*. The moves and countermoves of the Jesuits and the Jansenists constitute a study in the history of religious controversy which has seldom been equalled in interest, and the brilliant pen of Pascal was the strongest weapon in the hands of the group of reformers at Port Royal. But, in spite of all, Jansenism was doomed, and its members were never made of that militant temper which produced a Luther or a John Knox. For the last four years of his life Pascal was unable to do any work, and he died at the early age of thirty-nine, on August 19, 1662, uttering as his last words, “ May God never forsake me ! ”

It cannot be denied that there was a morbid element in Pascal which may be seen in the asceticism which he practised after his conversion. Neither can it be denied that his mental development proceeded from an inner necessity which, though less regularly ordered, can be as clearly traced as that of Spinoza. Bred as a geometrician to believe in universal law, he soon learnt that no scientific system could be accurately applied to men and affairs, and he was taught by Montaigne, whose “ extraordinary greatness of soul ” he recognized, that man cannot rely upon reason as a certain guide. “ Let him be as wise as he can,” says Montaigne, “ in the end he is but a man ; what is more frail, more miserable or more vain ? ” But Pascal saw that as the dogmatist was routed by reason, so too the sceptic was conquered by nature, and, realizing that all knowledge rests finally upon feeling, or certain things given in consciousness, or, to use his own word, upon the heart, he became ripe for and experienced those “ thunder bolts and visible upsets of grace ” which translated him from misery to happiness.

To the well-constituted man the asceticism of Pascal is as

repulsive as the orgies of Casanova, and the balanced man, active and serene, yet at moments, as the spirit moves him, abandoning himself to Dionysiac ecstasy, is far removed from either of these types. Nietzsche, who saw more clearly than any one how the wells of health are poisoned, expressed the dislike for what Pascal thought so valuable when he said that he himself suffered a physical disgust if he merely took up a copy of *The Imitation of Christ*.

The conception of sin, which has done so much harm to mankind, turning men, where they have succumbed to it, into sick animals, is nothing else but the exploitation of the human race by Christianity. In this respect Buddhism is superior to Christianity, since it entirely gets rid of the notion of sin and calls all disaster sorrow, but it does as much harm as Christianity in another way by deliberately corroding the energies of life. Mahometanism embodies a more manly conception of human life than either. Pascal's preoccupation with sin maimed, though it was powerless to destroy, his noble intellect. He illuminated that broad tract in man's nature where undeveloped forces seethe, but instead of advocating the education of the will as the true method of ordering this chaos, he recommended the course, of which he proved himself a brilliant example, of falling back upon Christian salvation.

But no one has ever loved truth with a more single devotion than Pascal. If his course at times seems devious, he never failed to mark with sleepless vigilance every sign that could guide him upon his way. His defence of Christianity is at once so subtle and so profound that it is certain that no one has ever surpassed it, and if his devotion to the poor, his purity and simplicity, entitle him to a place among the saints, he claims by reason of his penetrating intellect supreme rank as a master of the psychology of the saintly life.

THE HEALING-CUP OF NANTEOS

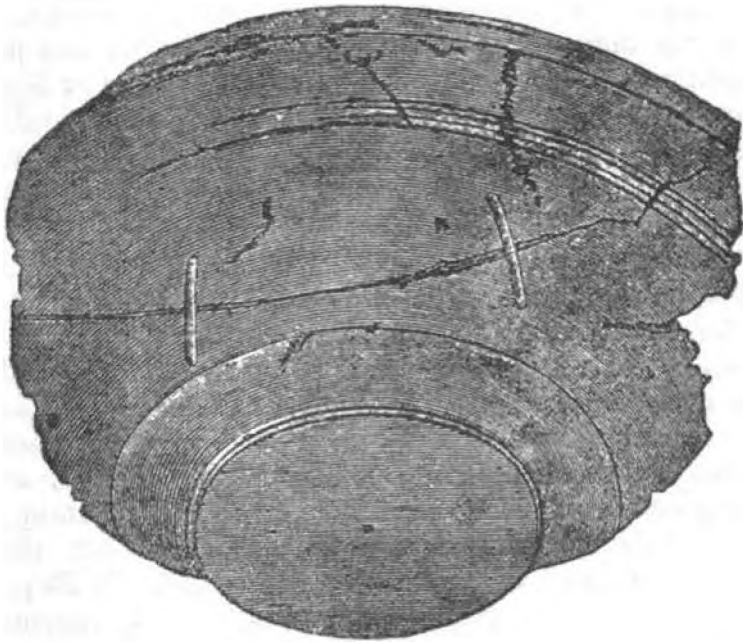
BY M. L. LEWES

FEW country-houses in Wales are more romantically situated than Nanteos in Cardiganshire, the home of the Powell family. Only three miles from the busy and rapidly-growing town of Aberystwith, it would yet be hard to find a spot at once so beautiful and so secluded from the noise and turmoil of the outside world, as the wooded glen at the head of which stands the old grey mansion. It seems, indeed, a fitting harbourage for the curious and interesting relic which is the subject of this article. Nanteos—which means “the ravine of the nightingale” *—has always been a place of importance in the neighbourhood, and of the present house, Meyrick, the historian of Cardiganshire, writing in 1810, says, “It is a very handsome structure, and stands beautifully embosomed in a fine wood. . . .” Oddly enough he does not mention the healing-cup in connection with Nanteos, though we know it has been celebrated as one of the family possessions for a hundred and fifty years at least.

Enshrined in a glass case in the library is a little sherd of blackened, crumbling wood, all that now remains of the famous healing-cup. The base and about half the sides are left, and show it to have been what in olden times was called a “mazer,” or wooden drinking-bowl, about six inches in diameter, and three to three and a half inches in height. The term “mazer” originally signified a bowl made of maple-wood, but it is probable that the name came eventually to include any wooden vessel of similar pattern, and even, say some authorities, gold and silver ones too. But local tradition says that the Nanteos cup is made of wood from the True Cross, from whence it derives its miraculous powers; while speculation has ventured even further in suggesting that the tiny age-worn bowl is nothing less than the Holy Grail itself, a picturesque, but I fear, too far-fetched idea, to which I will return presently. It is thought by most antiquarians, and by the owners of the cup, that it was probably used in old times for sacramental purposes by the monks of Strata Florida Abbey (in Cardiganshire), a great Cistercian house, founded by Rhys ap Gruffydd, in 1164, which for several centuries was the centre of religious life in that wild part of Wales. The founda-

* Though there are no nightingales in West Wales!

tions of the church, excavated in recent years, and one beautiful ruined arch, are all that survive to tell of the former splendours of one of the greatest monastic establishments west of the Severn, but there is no doubt that a community of such importance would be certain to boast the possession of some miracle-working relic, which it is quite possible may be the Nanteos cup. How the monks came by it, or discovered its miraculous properties, it is impossible to guess; but it probably needed little more than assertion on the part of the holy men, to impress what belief they pleased regarding any relic, on the minds of the devout and ignorant country-people by whom they were surrounded.



Evil times at length fell on Strata Florida Abbey and its monks in the reign of Henry the Eighth, when the dissolution of the monasteries took place; the church became a ruin, and the Abbey demesne being offered for sale was bought by John Stedman of Staffordshire, whose descendant about two hundred years later, through marriage with a Powell of Nanteos, brought the Strata Florida property—and presumably the famous relic—into that family. For it is, of course, supposed that the Stedmans became possessed of the healing-cup at the time they purchased the Abbey lands, and that they treasured it carefully, and handed it down as a precious heirloom to their descendants ever afterwards.

It seems at first sight extraordinary that such a frail and unimportant-looking object should have escaped destruction or loss in the chaos which followed wherever a religious house was dissolved and its property confiscated. But as was remarked by the late Bishop of St. David's in connection with this point: "The veneration accorded to it in the neighbourhood and still more a regard for their own health and that of their families would prompt the country-people to bring some pressure to bear on those who would otherwise have destroyed it, to secure this valuable relic."

Carefully preserved by Mr. W. B. Powell, the present owner of the cup, are some quaint receipts for its use, many of which have "Cured" written on them, with the names and addresses of those who borrowed it. The custom was, for the sick person to deposit a sovereign, or watch, or other valuable at Nanteos in return for the loan, which deposit was, of course, returned when the relic was brought back. The deposit made, the invalid took the cup home—or if he were too ill to fetch it in person it was sent to him—and the "treatment" consisted merely in drinking wine, or water, or medicine from the magic bowl. But some people in the fervour of their faith actually used to nibble fragments from its edge, which partly accounts for its ruinous condition to-day. It is said that at one time a golden band was fitted round the cup in order to preserve it, but when this was done, it ceased to heal, and only recovered its virtue when the band was removed. The late Mr. Stephen Williams, author of a most interesting work on Strata Florida and its antiquities, writes: "While on a visit to Nanteos in November, 1887, I made some inquiries from my host, William Powell, Esq., and found that the . . . cup is continually in use throughout the district by people who have faith in its healing powers. At the time I was there, it was away. . . . There are a number of recipes at Nanteos, some of which are rather curious as having endorsed upon them the nature of the cures effected. The belief in its curative virtue extends over a wide district of Carmarthen and Cardigan shires, and numbers of instances of cures supposed to have been effected by taking food or medicine out of the cup are related and believed implicitly by the peasantry and small farmers."

These words were written over twenty years ago, but as lately as 1903 the cup was sent out on the same conditions to an invalid in the county whom it is said to have cured.

But my friend, Mrs. Powell of Nanteos, told me once of a par-

ticular cure ascribed to the relic's powers, which I thought so interesting that I asked her permission to relate it here.

About four or five years ago, a certain lady, whose name I was told but need not mention here, wrote to Mrs. Powell from London, telling her she had heard from her priest of the famous cup, and asking if she might come to Nanteos and touch it, in hopes of being cured of a long-standing complaint which so far had resisted all doctors and ordinary treatment. It should be said that the lady was quite a stranger to Mrs. Powell, who was not even aware of her existence until her letter arrived. However, consent to use the relic was gladly given by my friend. In due time the invalid came to Aberystwith, and was driven out to Nanteos, where she was most kindly received, conducted to the library, and shown the cup. "Then," said my friend, "I left the room, as I guessed she would prefer to be alone. After a time she reappeared, evidently much cheered and comforted by her experience; and after thanking me for allowing her to come, and a little further conversation, she went away, and I did not see her again."

Soon, Mrs. Powell added, the pilgrim's visit passed more or less from her thoughts, but what was her surprise a few months later to receive a most grateful letter from the lady, saying her health had begun to improve immediately after her visit to the relic, and that the improvement had at length resulted in a complete cure of her malady; a cure she unhesitatingly and thankfully ascribed to the virtue of the Nanteos cup.

This absolutely true story is a wonderful instance of the power of faith on the human mind, and, re-acting through the mind, on the body; and listening to the tale, who shall say that the age of miracles—or seeming miracles—is past? "Seeming," because to those who have become accustomed to the idea of the enormous influence that our subconscious minds exercise on our bodies, there is nothing really extraordinary in the cure that followed the lady's visit to Nanteos. A Roman Catholic, her mind was trained to receive with faith suggestions from her spiritual director, and it is this very attitude of unquestioning openness to suggestion, which sets working that wonderful set of faculties, called by Dr. Schofield "the unconscious mind," and by the late Mr. Frederick Myers "the subliminal self." As Mr. Percy Dearmer remarks in his book *Body and Soul*, the authenticity of relics is a side-issue; faith in them is the main point, and the factor that makes for healing. Yet he also says—still referring to the belief in relics that are supposed to work bodily

cures—that people in earlier times had a very deep conviction that material things became impregnated with spiritual force; and that some people revert to this idea in the present day, when they believe that such a material thing as a sealed letter can convey impressions about its writer to a clairvoyante.

But whichever view we take, whether we ascribe the cures said to have been wrought by the Nanteos cup to faith on the part of the patients, or to some virtue latent in the vessel itself, matters little; the fact of its existence and extraordinary reputation is interesting enough in this matter-of-fact and critical age, without seeking too exactly to label its mystery.

I have referred to a suggestion that has been made that the relic may actually be the Holy Grail of ancient and mediæval romance; an idea which has for foundation the beautiful legend recounted by Tennyson, in his *Idyll of the Grail*. I expect most of us remember those lines—

The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with his own.
This . . . the good saint
Arimathean Joseph, journeying brought
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.
And there awhile it bode; and if a man
Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once
By faith, of all his ills. But then the times
Grew to such evil that the Holy Cup
Was caught away to Heaven, and disappear'd.

So runs the legend; but some enthusiasts have averred that the sacred Cup did not disappear miraculously from Glastonbury; that instead, it found its way in some manner to the great Abbey of Strata Florida, where it continued its blessed career until the break-up of the monastery, and since then, even in lay hands, has never ceased to heal the faithful and believing.

Personally I should much like to believe in this poetical idea of the relic's origin, but I fear the balance of probability is against it.

I have myself often wondered whether the cup may not have had quite a different history to the one usually assigned it, and the idea came to me when reading the pedigree of the Stedmans, as given by Meyrick in his *Cardiganshire*. John Stedman, who bought the Strata Florida lands in the sixteenth century, was the descendant, says the historian, of one Galearbus, Duke of Arabia, who was "through the tyranny of the king of that country

banished thence, and coming with his son Stedman and daughter, Clarissa, towards the Holy Land, died ere he arrived there. But his son came to Jerusalem, and being a gallant person, was by King Richard the First of England very much esteemed. He was made Knight of the Sepulchre, and had for arms a cross fleury vert in a field or. He came over to England A.D. 1191, and had given him in marriage by the said king, Joan, daughter and heiress to Sir John Tatsal or Tatshall, Knt." etc. Unnecessary to follow the pedigree further; but we presently find the Stedmans in Staffordshire, from whence as we have seen, a son of the house migrated to Cardiganshire. And I have sometimes imagined that perhaps the Healing-Cup, instead of being found by the Stedmans at Strata Florida, as the generally accepted theory affirms, was by them brought into the country as a precious talisman inherited from their Arabian ancestors. To my mind its curious power savours quite as much of ancient Eastern "magic" as of mediæval Catholic mysticism. However, sedate antiquarians will deem this but an idle speculation of mine, and indeed such a romantic career as I have sketched would seem scarcely fitted to the homely fragment called affectionately by the country-people "Cwpan Nanteos," of which I will relate a little story told me by a friend who was staying in the house at the time the incident happened. My readers must interpret it as they like.

A pedlar called one day at Nanteos, and spoke very rudely and derisively of the cup. Next morning, while the family were at breakfast, the butler came to ask Mrs. Powell if she would allow the relic to be taken out to the servants' premises, as the same pedlar had called again in a very repentant frame of mind, and desired to be shown the famous treasure. Mrs. Powell acceded to the request, and presently went herself to see the man. He said, "I have come to say how sorry I am for my wicked talk yesterday. I passed a terrible night of torment, but at last an angel came, and told me to return here and say a prayer over the cup. So I came back, and I have said my prayer, and now I feel more comfortable."

The illustration accompanying this article was given to me by Mrs. Powell, who most kindly permits its reproduction in these pages. It gives an excellent foreshortened view of the relic as it appears to-day, the rivets which repaired an old fracture being plainly visible.

THE SEERESS OF PREVORST

BY F. LEONARD

"Die Geisterwelt ist nicht verschlossen" (*Goethe*).

THE publication of a book in 1829 dealing with this remarkable person excited great interest in Germany, detailing, as it does, the most extraordinary occurrences in the spirit world, and some account of them may be read with interest by English readers. Perhaps a slight sketch of the author of the book may be prefaced to a description of the Seeress.

Justinus Kerner was born at Ludwigsberg in 1786, and at eighteen years of age he started on foot for Tübingen University, there to study everything in general, and nothing in particular. Chance decided his profession, as, arrived at Tübingen, he fell asleep on a seat, and when he awakened he found a doctor's recipe that had been blown to him by the wind. Kerner took this as a sign that he should be a doctor, and a doctor he became. He settled at Weinsberg and practised his profession there until his death in 1862. He was a man of sound common sense, and not of a melancholy or brooding disposition. "Those people" (says his daughter) "are very much mistaken who believe my father has prosecuted his investigations merely from a fantastic purpose. The statements in his book are true, and are attested by witnesses." When the book was published, animal magnetism was gradually becoming known in Germany, and a concrete "subject" like the Seeress was sure to excite general interest.

Friedrike Wanner (later Hauffe) was born at Prevorst near Löwenstein in Würtemberg in 1801. Her spiritual powers early developed, for when she was a girl, having been blamed by her father for the loss of some object, she dreamt where the object lay, and so found it. At nineteen years of age she was married to Herr Hauffe, and one day she attended the funeral of Canon T—— of Oberstenfeld. At the graveside of that worthy cleric her real ghostly life began, for, some days later, the form of the Canon appeared to Frau Hauffe as in a dream. Later, she saw her own double dressed in white, sitting on a stool opposite the bed where she lay.

In 1826 the Seeress went to live at Weinsberg, and from

April 6, 1827, she lived in the house of Kerner, who observed her temperament minutely, and wrote an account of her extraordinary experiences. He says: "I give here nothing but facts, and leave the explanation to others"; further, he compares the Seeress to a person who at the moment of death looks across into another world, and she herself said, "It often happens as if I were outside myself. I then move about my own body, and even think about it." Eschenmayer in his *Mysteries* wrote of her: "Her natural condition was a mild, friendly gravity, always disposed to devotion and prayer."

The faculty of peering into the unseen world, or the possession of magnetic power, has been claimed for many, and some persons are said to have been especially influenced by stones, water, minerals and vegetables. Minerals, vegetables and stones produced curious effects on the Seeress. If she placed her hands in water, she became quite weak, and if she drank any during the daytime, she turned giddy, but at sunset the drinking of water had no ill effects on her. She had such extraordinary power that when looking into the right eye of a person, she could see behind that person a shape, which she asserted was an image of the inner man. She claimed that she saw this image with spiritual eyes, and not by ordinary sight, as did Jacob Böhme who wrote: "I have a perception for seeing, not with fleshly eyes . . . the gates of heaven and hell stand open to me."

When looking at a person who had lost a limb the Seeress could see the lost member attaching to the body. Looking out of the house one day she saw a girl, and told Kerner that behind the girl there was a light boyish form. He thereupon asked the girl whether she had any relation about twelve years old, and the answer was no, but her little brother (who had died at the age of three years) would then have been twelve.

On one occasion at nine o'clock at night, the Seeress was in a magnetic sleep, and called out "Ah God!" The day after, news came of her father's death at Oberstenfeld, and Dr. Föhr, who attended the father, says: "On my arrival at Oberstenfeld I found Herr B. already dead, but at about nine o'clock, when I was in a room near to the dead man, I heard quite clearly a voice exclaim 'Ah, God!' (it seemed to me that of the dead man). I went into the room, as I supposed that Herr B. might be *apparently* dead, as I could only think that the sounds had come from him. Accordingly I inspected the body anew, and remained an hour longer to assure myself fully of his death." The Seeress after-

wards explained that her soul had temporarily left her body, and gone to her father's side, and there uttered the cry heard by Dr. Föhr.

The Seeress often saw spirits and spoke to them. She describes the appearance of a spirit as being that of a thin cloud that never casts a shadow, and in sunshine and moonlight she saw spirits more clearly than at other times. When her eyes were closed, she *felt* their presence. The form of a spirit she declared was the same as that of the being in life, only colourless—perhaps of a grey tint; sometimes the eyes were fiery, and the good spirits appeared light in tint, the bad as black. The sounds emitted by spirits are like the noise of sand throwing, the rustling of paper, or the rolling of a ball. Spirits can move and throw heavy objects, and can come through a closed door or a wall; the darker they are in tint the greater is their strength, and they move their lips like men, but, as it were, they breathe out their words.

The Seeress asked one spirit whether a person continued to grow after death, and the answer was Yes, in the case of those who died before attaining their full stature on earth. About a middle state after death, the Seeress says: "Some days ago I asked a bright-looking spirit where he was, and with what he, and in general all the spirits in the same place, were busied, and he gave as answer, 'I am not in a middle kingdom, I am already in a place of beatitude, and indeed in that one where the heathen are, and in general all the souls who, through no fault of their own, never learnt to know our Redeemer and Lord. There we are instructed by angels until [we are prepared for a higher blessedness.'"

To the question whether men are able to assist spirits to attain redemption, the answer was given: "Spirits are obliged to free themselves from their bonds. Many seek help from living beings, as they erroneously believe that men are able to redeem them, because they themselves have no idea of the great Redeemer of the world." Virtuous heathens, young children, and all who, without any fault of their own, never learnt to know the Redeemer, are instructed by angels and prepared for the kingdom of the blest.

Some twenty-six particular facts are recorded by Kerner concerning the Seeress, of which the following are specimens, and the names of various witnesses are given in the book, who vouch for the truthfulness of the events.

First Record

The house in which the father of the Seeress lived at Oberstenfeld was part of an old religious foundation. For a long time unexplained sounds, footsteps, knocking on the walls, etc., were heard, and in the basement (where the father worked and slept) still stranger things happened. An unknown animal used to come and sit on his (the father's) shoulder or on his feet, and sometimes there were sounds of glasses chinking, as if drinking guests were present. On New Year's night, 1825, the members of the family were startled by hearing a heavy weight apparently fall down; no explanation could be found, and later the Seeress, along with her sister, went to bed in a room in the basement.

Presently the Seeress noticed that the night-light was moving up and down the room, and a grey form (appearing as in the dress of a knight) stood in front of her bed. This shadowy form spoke with a hollow sound, and as if breathing out the words: "Come with me, you can lighten the bonds in which I am." The Seeress, then a girl, was frightened and awakened the servant. On the following night a brother of the Seeress decided to sit in the room and see if the strange phenomena were repeated. Just at twelve o'clock, the light began moving about as before, and the form appeared, and the Seeress cried, "There he is again," but although the brother and the servant heard very well, and could see the light moving about, yet they could not see the spirit. The latter appeared to the Seeress to be quite angry, and threatened her on her refusal to go with him.

On the third night, the form appeared again, and said to the Seeress: "You must go with me, I have hidden something under the sand box, and then I shall find rest." This visit made the Seeress quite ill, and her parents had her removed to another room, but again the form appeared and she said that only the Redeemer could save him; she taught him to pray, and often knelt with him several hours. The spirit explained that he belonged to the Weiler family of Lichtenberg, that he had attempted to murder his brother, and that he had always held the illusion that if the things hidden by him could be found by her (the Seeress), then he would be at rest.

On the twelfth night, the spirit again appeared and thanked the Seeress for pointing out the way of the Redeemer's mercy, and said that the hour of his (the spirit's) deliverance was near. Then he knelt down and prayed with her for the last time, his form now became lighter, and soon seven children of the

spirit appeared, formed a circle around him, and sang in indescribably beautiful tones.

Second Record

The Seeress went to Weinsberg in November, 1826; she had no acquaintances there, nor did she know Dr. Kerner at that time. She lived in a small room on the ground floor of a house near that of Herr F., and a large wine cellar ran under both houses, although this fact was unknown to the Seeress, and she knew neither Herr F. nor Herr K. When in a state of magnetic sleep, the Seeress saw the figure of a man, that came from behind the fourth barrel in the wine cellar. The figure showed her a piece of paper, slightly folded in one corner, and apparently with figures, etc., on the right; of these she could only make out J. The spirit wished the Seeress to understand that the document (that is, the original) lay under a heap of many deeds in a certain place, and that he had died without communicating something important in connection with it.

Two days later the Seeress, being again in a state of magnetic sleep, said: "This paper is in a building that stands sixty steps from my bed. I see a large, then a smaller room, and in the latter there is a tall gentleman seated at a table working. He is just going out, and now comes back again. After this room there is a still larger one, in which stand some boxes, and a long table, and I also see a rather long chest. . . . On the table, there stands something made of wood, and on this are some papers in three piles. . . . In the middle pile is the paper that so torments him" (the spirit).

By the description given, the Doctor recognized the Law Court, and the following day he went to see the Judge, explained the matter to him, and asked him to go through the papers mentioned by the Seeress, to convince the latter that it was all a dream. But the Judge said that he *had* been working at the hour named, in the room mentioned by the Seeress, that he had walked up and down as stated; nevertheless he could not find the paper. The spirit gave the Seeress no rest, but often appeared to her, and very anxiously desired that the paper should be found. Once more a search was made, and the paper was this time found, and proved that the dead man had kept a secret book in which important entries had been made.

The finding of the book was of the greatest consequence to the parties concerned, but the details are too long to be related here. This fact is certified by the Judge (Oberamtsrichter Heyd).

Third Record

On the night of July 20, 1827, a Spirit, in the shape of a man about thirty years old, appeared to the Seeress. He wore a long open coat with large buttons on, knee breeches, worsted stockings and buckled shoes (i.e. he wore the old peasant dress). He said to her: "You must come with me down to my stable," and on her asking where it was situated, he replied, "near the overseer's house . . . a large old house."

The night after the peasant again appeared, leading by the hand a young woman, also dressed as a peasant. Once more the Seeress was asked to go to the stable, and the female spirit said: "We have murdered a child, and have buried it in the stable. This has caused my death; he is to blame" (pointing to the man).

Later, the spirits again appeared to the Seeress, and this time, the female spirit was carrying a child. The man said: "I am Nicholas Pfeffer and am the seducer of her, and the murderer of this child, so kneel down and pray with us." Once again, the two spirits came, now with a third spirit—black—and he was the spirit of the man who had provided the means of killing the child, knowing full well the intention. These spirits disappeared, and never came again.

Fourth Record

One night, two spirits (a black and a white) appeared to the Seeress, and on the following night the white spirit came alone, and this conversation took place.

She asked him: "How long were you on this earth?" He said: "The number is 70." She: "When did you live?" He: "In the number 1700." She asked him further: "Where was your house?" He: "Not far from the little house where those orphans were." She: "Where did the other (i.e. the black spirit) live?" He: "He lived further away from that little house than I did." She: "Did you die before him?" He: "He died three years before me."

Once, the white spirit appeared to her in the day time, and said: "Through you I shall find rest; pray with me," and he asked her to go through the Ten Commandments with him.

The Seeress inquired whether he had left on earth any documents about himself, and he replied Yes, and that he had lived between the numbers 1600 and 1700. Asked what he meant by saying that he was in a middle kingdom, the spirit answered: "It is a place in which are principally those souls who, at their

death, have not believed that God could forgive their sins through Christ's death on the cross." The Vicar of the parish requested the Seeress to inquire whether the spirit knew "our lady" and whether she had any power in heaven. The spirit replied that he did know her, but he did not give further particulars. The Seeress ascertained that the name of the spirit was Bellon, that when on earth he had cheated two orphans, in 1714, that then he would be probably fifty years old; that he had lived in the house now occupied by the Vicar.

Kerner now began to make inquiries in Weinsberg, but found that the name of Bellon was quite unknown; even the oldest inhabitant remembered nothing of such a person. Kerner then went to the Mayor (Pfaff) and obtaining permission to search the Judicial records, he found that in the year 1700, there was a Burgomaster, named Bellon; and that he had died in 1740, aged seventy-nine years. This man had also been the guardian of some orphans.

Besides the particular facts related concerning the Seeress, there are others related by Privy-Councillor Hahn, of some very extraordinary occurrences at Slawensik.

The Seeress of Prevorst died on August 5, 1829, and was buried at Löwenstein.

If we examine some of the incidents connected with the seership of Friedrike Wanner we shall find that it is not at all times possible to concede the exercise of the supreme faculty. Thus in the early incident of the finding of a lost object, it is reasonable to suppose that as her father upbraided her, she was directly responsible for the loss, and what is more likely than that the nervous excitation induced by the reprimand had the immediate effect of galvanizing the subconscious memory into activity—and we must here note that all is subconscious which is automatic and involuntary. Small incidents, scarcely noticed at the time of an event, serve often enough to register the event on the inattentive brain and the occurrence slides into the limbo of forgotten things before we have had time to consciously register it. The subconscious memory, however, has taken due note of it. The impressibility of the imaginative sense is well illustrated by the repeated apparition of Canon T—after the Seeress had attended his funeral. The duplication of the personality which formed one of her experiences can hardly be regarded as directly connected with seership. The extrusion and objectivization of the fluidic body or astral "double" is a phenomenon by no means confined to those who are habitually clair-

voyant. Among those who are commonly known to have experienced this phenomenon may be mentioned Goethe, Shelley, and Bulwer Lytton, all hyperæsthetic subjects. That it was unusually common with the Seeress of Prevorst is shown by her own testimony, as quoted from Kerner's account. Her vision of the spectral boy who appeared of the age of twelve years, but who died when he was only three about nine years previously, seems to uphold the spiritist doctrine that deceased persons grow and mature to their full stature and adolescence in the spirit world and there remain. The corollary, that persons dying aged, thereafter grow younger until they reach their prime again, has not received equal confirmation.

In the astral visit to her father's death-bed, the Seeress gave additional evidence of her peculiar psychic mobility, but we may also notice the added phenomenon of "astral repercussion," by means of which effects pertaining to the astral or fluidic body are frequently reproduced in the physical without consciousness of any such transmission. Some forms of delirium and of ecstasy are known to be attended by this phenomenon.

Nevertheless there are undoubted instances of the supreme faculty of seership to be found in the brief but wholly remarkable career of Friedrike Wanner, and Kerner has given us some very circumstantial accounts of her faculty, which, although normally extending to clairvoyance, did at times undoubtedly reach to spiritual vision, penetrating to regions beyond "the valley of the shadows." One of the most interesting facts in the history of this case is that during the trance condition the Seeress habitually lapsed into an unknown language which she consistently maintained and which she said was the primitive language of mankind. It bears a relation to the Semitic languages, and some phrases and words were of sufficient frequency in a specific connection to be readily understood by Kerner. The Seeress affirmed that it was the language natural to all men and proceeded, not from the head or brain, but from the epigastric region, which, of course, is the seat of the sympathetic ganglion. Her descriptions of the three regions of the sun-sphere are also of immense interest, but space does not permit of a detailed reference to them.

Few cases indeed are more instructive to the psychologist than that of the Seeress of Prevorst, and on this account I have ventured to recall some incidents in this already well-known case.

DREAMS

By NADINE DE GRANCY

A GERMAN proverb says, "Träume sind Schäume," which, literally translated, means, "Dreams are bubbles"; in other words, they are of no value, mere nothings. In olden times people went by dreams; in our days people take little or no notice of them—that is, speaking of the majority of mankind. To them "Träume sind Schäume" seems quite a rational and true saying. We do not know what a great deal there is in a dream. A dream is sent for a reason; it is God's way of speaking, and did we but pay more attention to dreams, we should often escape the greatest dangers. The significance of a dream entirely depends on the hour in which it is dreamt, and on the person who dreams it. So, for instance, the hours 3, 5, 7, 11 and 9 are important hours for dreams. Anything dreamt at these hours is of deep significance. The following instances of dream experiences are well authenticated.

A Madame C—— whom I know and who is a great psychic, told me the following story: Some years ago a friend of hers and her husband's, a certain foreign minister, used often to come to their house. One day he told them that he had to leave for The Hague on some business or other, and they knew that he was leaving by a certain train on a certain day and had booked his passage. One night Madame C—— saw the minister in her dream, and was told to warn him not to go by this particular train, but to leave two hours later, as the compartment he was going to travel in would be smashed to pieces. By a very strange coincidence, if you can call it one, Mr. C—— dreamt of this minister the same night. They decided to write to their friend to warn him. Upon this the latter decided to leave Paddington, not as originally intended at 4.15, but two hours later at 6.15. However, when the day of his departure came, he had a great deal to do and forgot all about this warning. He got into his compartment with luggage and all, but just when the train was about to leave, suddenly calling it to mind, he shouted to the station-master to help him to get out as he could

not possibly remain in the compartment. The station-master thought he had gone mad, and asked him why he had booked a compartment for a certain train he did not wish to remain in. "For Heaven's sake," he replied, "help me to come out, because the carriage I am in will be smashed to pieces." Needless to say everybody by now who had heard him began to doubt his sanity, and so in the very last minute his luggage was thrown out of the van, and he found himself safely on the platform when the train left Paddington station. The dream proved to have saved the minister's life, as, sure enough, the carriage he was to have travelled in met with an accident and was destroyed. The minister left Paddington station two hours later.

Madame C——, the lady who had this remarkable dream, was once saved by another person's dream in the most extraordinary manner. Some years ago while lecturing in America, after one of her lectures in Chicago, an American lady came up to her, a perfect stranger, and said: "Have I been looking for you all these forty-four years to find you at last? I knew you would come into my life, because you had often been in my dreams, so I know your face well." Madame C—— was pleased to get this warm reception in a strange country by a stranger who was not a stranger. Shortly after this occurrence she left Chicago for San Francisco, and on her arrival there she found many letters from all parts of the country awaiting her, one of which came from this very American lady, telling Madame C—— to be most careful, as she had had a nasty dream about her for seven nights running, and every time at 3 o'clock in the morning, and she was sure that some danger threatening her was near at hand. In her dream she saw Madame C—— in her room with a bunch of red roses in one hand, and her other hand covered with precious stones of all colours imaginable. But in the folds of her dress was hiding a serpent in human form which took her by the throat and tried to strangle her; "and," added the lady in her letter, "perhaps it will help you if I enclose you a sketch of the face I saw in my dream." Madame C——'s surprise was great when she recognized in the drawing the face of her companion chaperone who was travelling with her, and of whose existence the American lady knew nothing. Madame C——, who believed in the significance of dreams, determined to be very careful. One night after she had retired to her room in the hotel and had as usual locked and bolted her door, she suddenly became aware of another person's presence in the room. She did not see or hear

anybody, but a strange something in the atmosphere told her that she was not alone. She realized that the dream was to become true and that the hour of danger had come ; but as usual she was perfectly fearless, and trusted to a higher power for help. She said her prayers in a low audible voice, begging the Master to give her the necessary courage in her hour of need. She was reading in a little prayer-book, and beside the bed on a small table she had a little statuette of the Christ. She left the candle burning, but in spite of all her self-control and courage she could not help hearing her heart beat. She then pretended to go to sleep. The first hour passed, and nothing happened ; the second hour passed, and nothing happened ; at the close of the third hour a movement was made, and she heard a man's voice from somewhere in the room, whether close by or from underneath the bed or from the remotest corner in the room she was unable to state, so much were her senses numbed with terror. This voice said : " I came here with evil intentions, but it is useless now. I cannot carry them out since I have watched you pray, and since I have noticed the statuette on your table. You can do with me as you like, and give me up to the police ; I will never do you any harm." This strange voice at 3 o'clock in the morning in a lonely room after two hours of mental agony and fright was anything but reassuring to Madame C——, so she asked her nightly intruder to stay where he was as she did not wish to see him face to face. " I do not believe that you wanted to do me any harm, or that you came with evil intentions. What is your Christian name, and what can I do for you ? " Again the voice said : " You are mistaken if you do not think me wicked. I came here to-night to murder you, and worse than that ; but your prayers and this statuette have disarmed me and saved you. I remember," the voice continued, " my mother used to pray a great deal and brought us up to be good, but I turned out a bad lot long ago. She is dead now, but in memory of her I keep two mosaics she gave me, and I always carry them with me. Will you take care of them for me ? " With these words he gradually came out from his hiding-place, " and so," Madame C—— told me, " I was suddenly looking into the most ghastly face I had ever seen, and which I shall never forget. He had a scar right across his face from ear to mouth. He left the two mosaics, begged me to pray for him, and left the room. It was then 3 o'clock in the morning. One of the mosaics represented a bunch of red roses and the other all kinds of precious stones, as was shown in the American lady's dream." As Madame C——

discovered later on, the person who let this man come into her room was her companion chaperone.

Another curious dream of an entirely different nature was told me by a Comtesse de S——. This lady was living in India, when one night during the absence of her husband she dreamt that she saw a strange man with the features of the Christ in her bed. She sat up to look whether this was really so, and while she was looking at him he seemed to dematerialize in her dream and then she woke up. "Dear me," she thought, "surely this is a very strange dream!" Whatever can it mean? She never found the clue to this until many years later, long after the death of her husband. One night she went to a reception with some friends, where she met a man in whom she immediately recognized the face of her dream of many years ago. This man fell in love with her at first sight, and they married, and she then told him her dream. "This is very extraordinary," said the Comte de S——; "they always called me the Christ while I lived in Germany because they thought I bore a strange resemblance to him."

Now as regards my own experiences in dreams, I can say that I know instinctively whether or not a dream is of any significance or value, and I should always know at what hour I had been dreaming anything that was out of the ordinary. It seems to me that the sleep master or mistress in our ordinary dreams may be regarded as instinct on the loose, for like instinct she acts without conscious reasoning; there is an unconscious cerebration or involuntarily exerted power loosely and irregularly imitating by habit something like the actions of our waking hours. On several occasions I had dreams in which events in the near future were indicated, as in one instance the illness of a friend, when on awaking I remembered hearing the words: "Ill in bed with bronchitis," and two days later I had the wire worded exactly the same way. This, I daresay, may be the experience of a good many people.

The following instance, however, which occurred to me a little time ago, is of so puzzling and unusual a nature that it especially deserves to be mentioned, as I have not been able to find an explanation for it nor to read a similar instance in any records. I must state that for a considerable time past I have tried to exercise a certain control over my memory so as to be able to remember my dreams the next morning, and I observed that while I was able to recall to my memory certain dream images, I was quite unable to remember the words in my dream only a second before

awakening. All efforts to call them back were utterly useless, so I eventually decided to take a piece of paper and pencil to bed with me and before going to sleep I determined to write down at the very first moment of consciousness whatever words I had heard in my dream. I know that only this conscious exertion of my will made me write down the words which otherwise would not have been remembered. I did not dream anything the first night nor the second, but the third morning when I was in a state of semi-consciousness between sleep and awakening I wrote down: "Mih evas evarb eb." When I first saw what seemed to be senseless scribble on the paper, I was so annoyed at wasting energy and efforts on dreams and their possible meaning and value, that I was just going to tear the paper to bits when like a flash the word *mirror-writing* crossed my mind, and needless to say the words which I had written in this state of semi-consciousness and which I had heard in my dream, seen through a mirror, became full of meaning: "Be brave, save him."

The dream itself would have been quite an ordinary dream, had it not been for these words which were whispered in my ear and the mirror-writing which above everything roused my interest, as I had never written in mirror-writing in all my life. I realized that I was face to face with a psycho-pathological problem. The dream itself played in a thoroughfare of London. I found myself surrounded by crowds of the most awful-looking people, who all seemed to be running, yelling and shouting, when suddenly I saw a very tall and fair man whom I knew well; but when I looked closer I saw he was wearing a most hideous mask, and was running away from the throng. All the people seemed to be running after this man, and I realized that he was in trouble. The wearing of the mask was also most characteristic for him. I was in great anxiety, and wanted to ask him what it all meant, when I lost sight of him in the crowd, and tired to death from running to catch him and from being knocked about in the crowd, I fell crying to the pavement, when suddenly a beautiful and kind-looking fairy, all dressed in blue, helped me up and whispered into my ear the words which I had been so anxious to catch and to retain which I had made the greatest efforts. The whole scene was most dramatic, and I awoke with the tears streaming down my face and bathed in perspiration, all the time remembering the mysterious words. The fact that in my dream I received no optic perception of the words, but that I was aware of an acoustic sensation puzzles me most and remains a riddle.

As I was evidently supposed to understand the words, why did they not appear optically in my dream? It was a mere chance that with the greatest of discipline I brought myself to write down the words. Surely it could not have been done intentionally by my dream Genius, as in the ordinary dream we proceed, or rather drift, loosely on a current, but are without oars, rudder or sail. I am certainly confronted by a riddle, and the more I meditate over this problem, the more mysterious it becomes. It occurred to me that probably mirror-writing which is known to manifest frequently in trance conditions would also appear in dream which is so similar to trance. But supposing that acoustic sensations in dreams do manifest in mirror-writing, why did this mirror-writing not occur anywhere in my dream? Why did my memory supply me with an acoustic sensation, and not with an optic perception? Why write words which in the way they were written were perfectly incomprehensible at first? This remains a mystery to me. I had a clear recollection of the whole of the dream—images, faces, scenery. I was fully conscious of the words whispered in my ear, but they had no sense until I was able to decipher them when fully conscious. I can find no explanation for this strange dream experience. Will any of my readers help to explain it to me?

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

THE question has been asked: "What is the *Philosopher's Stone*? Is it something entirely spiritual, or has it a material aspect?"

The ancient Alchemists and Rosicrucians speak of that "Stone," as if it were something substantial or material, by means of which "base metals," such as lead or copper, could be transmuted into pure gold, and there have been a great many people during the mediæval age who spent their life and fortune in search of that Philosopher's Stone, for the purpose of gratifying their greed for the possession of gold, and ultimately became insane about it. We now know that these ancient philosophers used a symbolical language for the purpose of hiding sacred truths and protecting them against being desecrated by the profane. The Philosopher's Stone of which they spoke is wisdom and fortitude of character, by means of which the energies which give strength to our animal desires and passions and intellectual faculties (symbolized as "base metals") are employed on a higher plane, for the purpose of attaining real knowledge. In this way the lower intellectual faculties were transmuted into the "pure gold" of divine wisdom.

Wisdom is real knowledge, the realization of truth, the perfect union of the knower with the known and the knowledge, as it is represented by the symbol of the equilateral triangle. Perfect spiritual self-knowledge or consciousness is attained only by the union of the self-conscious spiritual self with the spiritual object of which it is to become conscious in the power of the spirit, and the object of that knowledge is the spiritual self. Man, therefore, has to become spiritual, if he desires to enter that state of spirituality, and if he attains it, he is no more anything different from the object of his knowledge; subject and object are one; in himself the unity of his spiritual self with the spirit of the object has been established in the power of spirituality. Thus, if a man has attained real spiritual self-knowledge, he has found the Philosopher's Stone.

Man is therefore himself the Philosopher's Stone, if he has found his own real Self and become united with it, and as his real Self belongs to the realm of divinity, his union with his divine Self endows him with divine power.

But our own real Self is not a mere spirit or airy nothing.

We are at present clothed with a visible so-called "material" body which perishes when the spirit has departed from it. Spirit without a form is without individuality; it needs an organized body for its manifestation as an individual being. Our visible physical body, as it is constituted at our present state of evolution, is not yet capable of exhibiting the divine powers which belong to the spiritually regenerated divine man. To come into conscious possession of such powers it is necessary to develop within oneself that glorified form of which the apostle Paul speaks as the "incorruptible body" and whose germ is sown within our corruptible physical form. He describes it in his first letter to the Corinthians C. xv. 35 to 50 as the celestial body of the resurrection; but it may be added as an explanation, that the spirit of man, after having left his corruptible body, will not be in possession of that incorruptible one, if man has not become regenerated during his earthly life and that glorified body become developed in him.

This incorruptible body and its powers is also described in Patanjali's Yoga Philosophy as incorruptible, indestructible, transparent (and therefore invisible to our eyes), light and glorious. It is, therefore, in a certain sense far more "material" than our visible physical body. The word "material" is a relative term. Everything in the world consists of vibrations of what we will call "ether" in different states or degrees of condensation, and what seems to us material and visible may be invisible and appear immaterial on other planes of existence. Thought-forms, for instance, will seem to be very material on the mental plane and physical objects form no obstacles to the penetration of thought. According to the philosophy of the sages there is nothing real but God and all that appears is illusion (*Maya*). What we call "matter" is in its ultimate state nothing substantial; it has no existence of its own.

The old Indian sage also describes the different bodies of man in his *Tattwa-Bodha*, or "knowledge of being," and the same subject has been taken up by many theosophical authors. It is taught that the incorruptible body of man is built up by the material furnished by the ethereal body, the *linga sharira*. In the unregenerated this body dissipates after death; it is the corruptible body, whose external expression is the physical body, which disintegrates with it after the soul has departed. In regenerated man this ethereal body becomes consolidated and firm; it is the vehicle of spiritual powers and can express and manifest them by means of its union with the physical form.

There is a school of philosophy which teaches that this ethereal

or "astral" body was the true *physical* body of man in his original "paradisaical" state. This body was light, elastic, and luminous; but owing to the injurious influence of certain hostile forces with which it came into contact in the course of evolution, man was stripped of this physical body and deprived of its protection. This left his elementary sensitive body subject to the actions of the elements and consequent suffering, and now his object ought to be to regain this protecting covering, the incorruptible body, and thus attain physical immortality upon this earth. This view seems to me very selfish and egotistical, but however that may be, it is certain that man on whatever plane of existence he may be, cannot act without an organized body of some kind, and that therefore the true Philosopher's Stone is not a nebulous ideal thing, but has its material aspect. Man is only a perfect being when he is in conscious possession of all his powers, physical, psychical, intellectual, spiritual and divine, having also the organs and means for their expression.

However, I have no doubt that there exists also a physical aspect of Alchemy, by means of which certain transmutations can be made, and I have witnessed some such experiments, but would not recommend anybody to try them unless he is an adept and capable of controlling the spiritual influences which on such occasions enter into action, much against his will. Unlike chemistry, which, by its recently attained discoveries regarding the constitution of atoms and its use of electricity, has made a step towards Alchemy, spiritual alchemy deals with the spirit of physical substances and with "spiritual electricity" or the power of the spiritual will; for, as has been stated above, "matter" is merely appearance and in its ultimate aspect everything is made of "spirit." By applying the processes of Alchemy the spiritual foundation of substances is liberated. Spirit is life and consciousness, and as like attracts like, by such experiments influences of a certain kind are attracted from the astral plane, which are likely to be of an inimical or mischievous kind, seeking to hinder or destroy the work, and if the operator has not sufficient moral power, mental fortitude and spiritual self-control to resist such influences, he runs great danger of having his utensils overthrown; he may even become obsessed or insane and tempted to kill himself; for no one will be able to control the elemental spirits surrounding him, if he is not able to control these same elementals within himself. Instances of such cases are not rare, and some of them have come within my own personal knowledge.

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,—I am venturing to send you an account of four "visions" I have had at different periods, differing entirely in surroundings and impressions from the ordinary *dreams*. I shall feel grateful for any explanation. The first occurred some years ago, when I was passing through a time of terrible sorrow and strain, entailing much thought and anxiety for the future, and the welfare of others dependent upon me. It was at night, and I was asleep, when it seemed I found myself kneeling upon what appeared to be clouds, grey and white, which surrounded me on all sides; and then, at a little distance in front of me, but on a higher elevation to my own, there appeared three Figures. Those on the right and left I hardly noticed, as my gaze was fixed on the Centre Figure, which, to my mind, appeared to be the Christ. A great white light surrounded all Three, and then, very gently, the Centre Figure bent forward, and from out of a cloud which separated them and me, lifted a cup or chalice in both hands and raised it towards Himself. I heard distinctly the words, "It is quite full; it can hold no more." And I awoke, feeling impressed with the idea that the words referred in some way to my trouble, which certainly from that time lifted.

The second "vision" was some time later. I found myself in a huge hall or cathedral, apparently in space. The dome was so high and vast I lost sight of it. There appeared to be an altar at one end and on each side chambers, of which the doors were closed. Into the first of these leading from the altar, *on the right*, I was taken (but I cannot say by whom, as I saw no one); and on entering I saw long tables, at which were seated people in white robes. They took no notice of me, but I heard a voice say, "These are they who work and help the people on earth. This is the Council Chamber, and they send messages down from here to the earth by means of winged messengers." And I awoke!

Before relating the third vision I ought to mention that at the time I was debating as to whether it would be right to spend money and time on the training of my daughter's voice,

when other things were needed, and money was then *very scarce* ! Also the " friend " mentioned was himself working for the same profession.

I found myself toiling up long flights of narrow stairs accompanied by a friend, and as we mounted higher and higher, our clothes changed to white robes, and I saw him lingering behind. At the top was a door guarded by a tall figure in white, who opened it, and I passed through. I heard it close and looked for my companion—he was not there—and I said, " Where is Mr. X——? " and a voice said, " He is not ready. His time has not yet come." I found again a room with long tables and figures in white seated at them, some of whom turned round and looked at me, but did not speak. I recognized many of those I knew had " died," and said, " But *this* is a chamber of the dead."

I must have mentally asked the question about my daughter, which was worrying me, for again the voice answered, " A voice to do good with"—and I awoke, feeling I had received the answer, which I acted upon, and which has proved to be right. Regarding the friend, the " time has not yet come."

The fourth " vision " is even more strange, to my thinking, than the others. I found myself floating in space, and passing me hurriedly and in apparent fear were crowds of " beings." They seemed surrounded by dark clouds into which they disappeared as though driven by some compelling force. Looking up I saw a tall figure clothed in very dark garments, a very pale face, wonderfully beautiful but terribly stern (I saw the profile only). He stood with the right hand and arm extended towards these beings, apparently directing and commanding their movements. I felt in some way this man belonged to me, and I went towards him, feeling my safety lay with him. Without looking at me, but keeping his face turned towards the terrified beings, he put out his left arm and encircled me, and I asked " Oh ! when will you come to stay for *ever* ? " and he answered, without glancing at me, " Not yet, the time has not yet come." I felt myself almost melt away from his side—and awoke !

I usually dream a great deal, and distinctly ; but in these four visions everything is *entirely* different. Nothing is *solid* as we understand it here, and in each case an ethereal effect surrounds all.

When I experienced the first two I had read and knew little of spiritual or occult works, and although I have learned and experienced much since I am still puzzled.

Who is the man I have seen ?

Whose is the voice I hear ?

And *where* do I go ?

Can any kind reader explain ? I enclose my card and remain,

Yours faithfully,

AN INQUIRER.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN ?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Generally I can explain my dreams as being a jumble of impressions received during the preceding day, either from what I have seen, heard, experienced or read, but the one given below puzzles me, and perhaps some of your readers can explain it.

I dreamt on the night of June 30 to 31 (waking at 3.4½) as follows :—

I seemed in my dream to wake suddenly and saw (I dreamt I woke but was really *still* asleep) one of my daughters lying dead, dressed in white on the top of a small bed (also white), which was against the far wall (there is no other bed in *my* room, but it seemed a room I knew). I jumped out of bed and rushed to her. As I came to her, the colour came into her cheeks, and she sat up and smiled and said (as if she was repeating a lesson), "PREPARE TO BE . . . THAN WHAT YOU BE."

I could not understand the part I have marked in dotted lines, and I said, "What did you say ?" and she repeated "PREPARE TO BE . . . THAN WHAT YOU BE." Then I woke in reality.

Now as she is very ill I can imagine I was worrying about her in my sleep and thought she was dead. She has a quick way of talking which often makes me have to ask her to repeat words, and I had been reading an English translation of Plato and Socrates, but I cannot call to mind any sentence like the above in them.

What do you think it means, and can any one supply the missing word, or words ? It seemed to me a word of two syllables or else two words of one syllable. The room, *as so often in my dreams*, seemed familiar to me, though when waking I did not remember having ever seen such a room.

Yours faithfully,

W. W.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I read your remarks on the *historical* Christ. You may have much in favour of your views. I am personally convinced of the historical correctness of the New

Testament statements. Also I am averse to any encouragement of doubts concerning Him, for the Incarnation-idea has been, and long will be, one of the greatest forces of human morality for our present age. Eliminate the Incarnate Son of God from the human mind and the greatest ethical incentive for the preservation of common righteousness is removed. Even *error* is salutary to a *half-developed* humanity, e.g. the erroneous Calvinism and eschatology of the past theological period was, if nothing more, a deterrent against crime. The "*historical Christ*" is an *idolatry* in most cases, as I say in my books. We are opening a new page of religious history and re-instating the Pauline and Johannine idea of the "*mystical Christ*." My view is that the real Christ is the whole corporate body of humanity, which the *Church* exists to evolve and raise to the conscious state of the "*mystical Christ*" *in man*—regenerated—the "*hope of glory*." The work before the teachers of the Mystical Christ is one for generations to come—but it is the road to human regeneration.

With kind regards,

Yours truly,

S. MARY'S, GLOSSOP ROAD,
SANDERSTEAD.

H. E. SAMPSON.

N.B.—The "*Catholic*" idea of the corporate Body of Christ, and of the Sacraments, is the *true one*. But it has to be lifted up to a higher spiritualism and mysticism. At present it is only the *shell*, the exoteric truth. We have to "*breathe the breath of life*" into it, and make the "*dry bones*" stand up a living corporate *Man*.

"ANTIQUITY UNVEILED."

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—If I had not read in your deeply interesting journal of July, 1910, page 52, the letter from Dr. J. M. Peebles, I could not have believed that he would have written a letter concerning *Antiquity Unveiled* (the volume in question), which is so foreign to the facts, and so misleading concerning the contents of the book and the manner in which the valuable and important revelations therein contained were unveiled to the world.

Over a hundred and fifty ancient and prominent actors in the world's history down through many centuries claim to have been the authors of these revelations concerning the various religions entertained by the different nations and peoples of the earth.

As their testimony is before the world, therefore, would it not have been better for Dr. Peebles, instead of calling *Antiquity*

Unveiled a fraud, as he does in his letter before-mentioned, to offer something in evidence as a basis for his statements ?

To say a book or anything else is a fraud, unsupported by any evidence, is a statement which has little or no weight.

I now quote from Dr. Peebles' letter : " Concerning this book I have to say that I consider it the most abominable and disgraceful fraud ever palmed off upon the public in the precious name of Spiritualism." To which I reply that these important revelations were not brought to the attention of the people of this world in the name of Spiritualism, but rather in the name and under the headline of truths that ought to be made known to all.

Dr. Peebles presumes to write that Mr. Roberts was an inveterate hater of any form of Christianity and this was a key to the contents of the book.

I have to differ with the above statement. I was quite intimate with Mr. Roberts for years, and stood by to assist him financially in publishing his valuable paper called *Mind and Matter*, and in which a series of the important revelations found in *Antiquity Unveiled* were published weekly.

In the years of my acquaintance with Mr. Roberts I saw no indication of hatred in him concerning Christianity, but, instead, his most earnest desire was to gain the truth and discard error.

Furthermore, the doctor writes : " To promulgate his peculiar anti-religious theories Mr. Roberts took under his wing one called Alfred James, a trance medium, whose name was carefully excluded from this book." In reply I have to state that the medium's name was not carefully excluded from the book as represented by Dr. Peebles, but was simply omitted for the reason that Mr. James had nothing whatever to do with the contents of the book and knew no more as to the subject-matter therein than a telephone knows about the spoken messages that pass through it.

I was generally present at the meeting when these messages were being given, therefore I am in a position to certify what I have written concerning the medium as well as Mr. Roberts.

Dr. Peebles is again in error when he writes that " the hundred and fifty-nine communications constituting this volume purporting to come from distinguished ancient spirits were not taken down from the medium's trance speeches in shorthand or stenographically, but were pencilled down a point here and a sentence there by Mr. Roberts, and that the book was made up according to the long-cherished prejudice of J. M. Roberts himself."

This is not only positively incorrect but untrue concerning Mr. Roberts and his methods of procedure in receiving and publishing these important revelations to the world.

Further on in his communication the doctor writes: "Being personally acquainted with the parties instrumental in bringing this volume into the world I ask no pardon for doing a bit of strenuous unveiling relating to *Antiquity Unveiled*" (or words to that effect). The strenuous unveiling relating to *Antiquity Unveiled* fails to materialize in this connection, which is the important thing he should have done. If he has anything of interest or value to unveil concerning the question at issue he should have done it in his letter instead of abusing and misrepresenting those in both worlds who did the unveiling.

Now, as to the shorthand writer. These communications were taken down from the lips of the entranced medium by a professional shorthand writer by the name of Mr. King, and turned over to Mr. Roberts in proper form.

However, there were several instances when the shorthand writer could not be present to meet the engagements (as the meeting was held on a certain day of the week), then Mr. Roberts, who was a rapid writer, took down the messages, but only in such instances.

Especially has Dr. Peebles wronged and unjustly accused Mr. Roberts, who at least was regarded as a man of integrity, honesty and good habits as well as a man of good reputation.

I now leave this subject for the consideration of the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW.

Yours faithfully,

1,243, NORTH 13TH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., U.S.A.

B. B. HILL.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—A celebrated philosopher once wrote that prejudice was the spider of the mind; and the whole letter of Dr. Peebles in your last issue teems with prejudice without a single elucidation to justify any one of his strong denunciations. He pityingly refers me to certain works, which he erroneously imagines would have prevented my previous statement as to the book *Antiquity Unveiled* being the lost history and great revelation as to the mystery of silence in regard to the actual existence of Jesus of Nazareth and founder of the Christian religion. Now ten years after Pontius Pilate, as a spirit, returned to earth, and gave his testimony that no such trial and execution of Jesus of Nazareth ever took place under his rule, the very Rabbi Wise whose book Dr. Peebles wishes me to read to convert

me, made a special journey to Jerusalem for the sole purpose of verifying this trial and execution.

"The learned Rabbi says, he searched diligently the records of Pilate's court which are preserved, but found no such record existing. He states he found the records of all sorts of criminals of high and low degree, but not that of Jesus of Nazareth, for there never had been such an execution."

It is, therefore, perfectly clear that Dr. Peebles was ignorant of the fact that the book on which he so relies, but out of which he makes not a single reference, beyond the bare title, requires very considerable modification, in face of the disconcerting discovery of the luminous author. In this month's "Notes of the Month" the exceedingly clear and forceful manner in which the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW exposes the forged passages of Josephus and others completely vindicates the statements of their returning spirits, who endorse every word printed. Now it is an important fact that cannot be put on one side as mere coincidence that Apollonius of Tyana was born at the time of Christ, preached and *wrote* in Antioch and Judea, resided at Nazareth, was the world-famous Oracle of the Emperor Vespasian, and a spirit-medium of exceptional power. He was tried before Domitian for high treason, but acquitted; and his spirit-guides took such care of him that they spirited him away at the trial before their very eyes, in the presence of all the great men of Rome. It is quite possible that such an instance of spiritual phenomena on the spot, may have determined the acquittal; but to their great credit be it recorded, the spirit-guides of Apollonius were taking no chances. No wonder in Rome after such happenings they worshipped him as the reincarnation of the god Apollo. It is also another remarkable fact that the likeness painted of Apollonius in the reign of Vespasian is the original of many of the portraits of Christ.

Now, will Dr. Peebles answer these important questions? Why are the historical records of Apollonius missing, and only referred to, in the most inconsequential way, in the classical dictionaries? Why was Dr. Jowett's translation of "Philostratus's Life of Apollonius of Tyana," which discovered that the life of Jesus of Nazareth as to birth, doctrine, spirit-mediumship, wandering life and state trial for high treason, localities of activity, were all identical with those of Apollonius of Tyana suppressed?

Will Dr. Peebles dare to tell these same scholars to whom he appeals that the vested interests of the wealthiest Church organization of the world does not demand that suppression? and that

this very knowledge is the spirit of unrest and evolution that is now so conspicuous in the churches of to-day?

This explanation and series of questions fully answers the following extract from his letter: "To what extent hypnotic and obsessing spirit influences were behind the contents of this book, the evident purpose of which was to substitute Apollonius of Tyana for the Man of Nazareth, and so get rid of the existence of the Jewish Medium and Martyr Jesus Christ, I do not pretend to say." The reason is only too clearly shown. There is no evidence of the existence of this martyred Jesus.

Perhaps Dr. Peebles, instead of referring us to several modern authors whose books he says he has read, will give us some valid reasons for rejecting known facts of historical value, and accepting a sentimental ideal instead. Mere opinion and prejudice—all that Dr. Peebles offers us—will not do. Historical records we can search for ourselves. In regard to myself I am also a spirit-medium, my healing power being the sign of my anointing, and for that reason I take up the trail where Mr. Roberts laid it down.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. EDWARDS.

[I cannot pretend to follow Mr. B. B. Hill and Mr. W. H. Edwards in their arguments with regard to that very curious book, *Antiquity Unveiled*. It is quite true that the book in question brings forward a great many of the historical evidences which appear to throw doubt on the existence of Jesus Christ, and that, as I have already intimated in my Notes of the Month, a strong case may be made out from this point of view; but it is quite another matter to accept the testimony of "spirits" on the subject, whose identity it is utterly impossible to prove. I think that even those who are ready to admit the fact that this book emanated from the "spirit world" will have grave doubts as to the identity of the "spirits" alleged to be communicating. I cannot see that anything except historical research and the internal evidence inherent in the New Testament records is likely to throw any useful light upon the problem in question. I am proposing to discuss this internal evidence in a subsequent issue, and to treat it in the same manner as I have already treated the historical references. An attempt such as is made in *Antiquity Unveiled* to identify Apollonius of Tyana with Jesus on the one hand, and with St. Paul on the other, seems to me to carry with it its own condemnation. As a matter of fact, the life of St. Paul had very much more in common with the life, as we know it, of Apollonius of Tyana, than it had with that of Jesus. This is none the less true even should it appear on investigation that a portrait of Apollonius was the original of the picture with which we are familiar of Jesus Christ. There is no evidence of extensive travels on the part of Jesus, and I should be inclined to think that even his journey to Egypt in infancy was purely mythical, as the occasion for it, the massacre of the Innocents by Herod, is an undoubted invention. I suggest that in all probability he never left the boundaries of Palestine.—ED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE *Hibbert Journal* opens with a powerful and incisive appeal "to English gentlemen" to do something worthy in exchange for their hereditary advantages by manifesting a spirit of chivalrous service and self-sacrifice and to lead the way in social reform, so as to have "an England worth defending"—to form "a brotherhood of that high patriotism which is the fuller service of suffering humanity," and to take rank "as builders of Empire beyond their highest dreams." If, as is hinted, it is a characteristic of a "gentleman," by virtue of his training, to recognize the reality of ideas and ideals, and to strive by his manner of life to render them concrete on the plane of outward surroundings, then the "gentleman" becomes a practical occultist, or mystic, and will draw down powerful unseen forces to his aid. Principal Childs, in his dispassionate discussion of Woman Suffrage, also falls involuntarily into mysticism. He says:—

The only force at the disposal of civilized communities is never set in motion except in virtue of a moral resolve. The resolve may not always be formally registered, but it is a reality nevertheless. Action is taken because of a decision, and in shaping that decision women can bear their part as well as men. When a people goes to war, does any one maintain that there is such a thing as force, except by a misleading convention of thought, which is separable from the will and purpose of the men and women on either side? The only force known to politics is the organized will of the community in action.

Professor William James disinters from local newspapers the mystical writings of Benjamin Paul Blood, of New York State, whom he describes as "a pluralistic mystic," and gives his reasons for that designation at some length. Among the numerous quotations showing the "verbal felicity" of this writer, Professor James gives one which describes sensations felt, apparently many times, at the instant of recall from anæsthetic stupor, in which "the genius of being is revealed":—

The subject resumes his normal consciousness only to partially and fitfully remember its occurrence, and to try to formulate its baffling import—with but this consolatory afterthought: that he has known the oldest truth, and that he has done with human theories as to the origin, meaning, or destiny of the race. He is beyond instruction in "spiritual things." . . . It is the instant contrast of this "tasteless water of souls" with formal thought as we "come to," that leaves in the patient astonishment that the awful mystery of Life is at last but a homely and

a common thing, and that aside from mere formality the majestic and the absurd are of equal dignity. To minds of sanguine imagination there will be a sadness in the tenor of the mystery, as if the keynote of the universe were low, for no poetry, no emotion known to the normal sanity of man can furnish a hint of its primæval prestige, and its all-but-appalling solemnity; but for such as have felt sadly the instability of temporal things there is a comfort of serenity and ancient peace, while for the resolved and imperious spirit there are majesty and supremacy unspeakable.

The article on "The Message of Anarchy," by Professor Jethro Brown, of Adelaide, represents anarchy as based on the theory that men ought to be able to govern themselves without the need for the enforcement of laws, other than those to which they themselves consent; human governments, it contends, have failed to secure social justice, and they foster the spirit of militarism. The remedy lies in the inculcation of self-control as a moral duty and the fulfilment of the moral law by a self-imposed rule of life.

Professor More, of Cincinnati, writes on "The Metaphysical Tendencies of Modern Physics," and asserts that abstract speculation as to the ultimate nature of matter does not lead to discoveries in science; that the modern theories "are characterized by the same occult and unverifiable assumptions as the older theories and are really extra-scientific." In short, they will not help one to invent a new clothes-peg or an improved flying-machine.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's philosophy is represented by Professor Rogers, of Indianapolis, as bringing everything back to the test of reality and doing away with romance and self-deception. The doctrine of the Superman "reveals at bottom the most vicious fault of idealism, by quarrelling with reality and despairing of any result unless it can be provided with a new race of men to work upon." Yet Mr. Shaw's value lies in his "call to clear self-scrutiny and consistency in our social ideals," and if he can "force men to look below the labels to the reality, his exaggerations may well be forgiven."

Other articles are on "Why Athanasius won at Nicæa," which presents the struggle as one between Christianity as a form of thought and practice and as a living experience; on the true nature and object of punishment; and on the Greek comedy as based on the same essential material as tragedy, and capable of conveying the same deep lessons in human nature. The article on the philosophy of Henri Bergson should be read to be appreciated; briefly, it represents intuition as capable of perceiving the life of the universe and reality as a constant change and motion,

while reason can only examine the moving parts one by one. An optimistic summing-up of the gains for religious thought in the last generation, particularly as regards the recognition of divine causality in the laws of nature, so that we "seek through the natural to realize the divine," forms a fitting conclusion to a remarkably thoughtful and philosophical number.

The Quest for this quarter is scarcely less noteworthy, commencing, as it does, with Professor Barrett's outspoken article on "Creative Thought." Life, he tells us, with evolution as its mode of progress, is the motive power of the universe. Thought is dynamic, mind acts upon mind by telepathic impact, and can produce changes in the human body. Thought lies deeper than consciousness; it is "an inscrutable living directive power, seeking to express and thus to realize itself." Its unconscious action is seen in psycho-therapeutics and in suggestion, as well as in such effects of the subconsciousness as the power of finding water by the divining-rod. The evolution of human powers proceeds by acts which have been conscious becoming habitual or subconscious, "thus enabling the ascending conscious life to take another step upward to still higher aims." Dr. Eisler's article on "Orpheus and the Fisher of Men" in early Christian symbolism contains a wealth of illustrative citations from the most varied sources. Another study of Christian origins is Dr. K. C. Anderson's "The Sign of the Cross," with reference to the ancient mystery-religions. The Rev. H. J. Dukinfield Astley compares the animistic survivals in the Old Testament with similar cults elsewhere. There are articles on Japanese Buddhism and Indian art; "A Note on Mysticism" as an expression of intuitively perceived truth in symbolic or artistic language; another on guessing as an exercise of the intuition which, if cultivated, would lead to the development of a faculty akin to prevision; while Muriel G. E. Harris contributes a poem on "The Modern Mystic."

The Expository Times contains an article by Professor Hommel, of Munich, on the traditions of the Masai, which he says exhibit remarkable points of contact with Chaldæan traditions, which have not come to them through the Jews or Christians. "As regards the character of the Masai legends it is absolutely primitive, and in all its resemblances to biblical stories it is an entirely independent flow from the same source." This line of reasoning, together with Professor Hilprecht's recent discoveries, commented upon by Professor Sayce, lend colour to the supposition that the earlier biblical stories were brought to Canaan "when Abraham left his home on the Euphrates and moved westward," this being the

time when the Amorites invaded Babylonia and "became acquainted with Babylonian literature and civilization, which they finally accepted."

The writer of the series of articles in *The Theosophist*, now concluded, on "The Problem of Reason in Western Philosophy," after describing Kant's "Pure Reason," which he declared was incapable of proving the existence of God or of the soul, and his "Practical Reason," which postulates God, winds up by saying :—

Nineteenth-century idealism, which reads more like a series of inspired dithyrambs than a philosophic system, cannot be said to be merely the product of reason ; it represents the blossoming and the unfolding of the whole human nature, subject, of course, to the limitations of the age ; it is an interpretation of Reality in terms of the intellect, the emotions, the will and activity of man.

In *The Herald of the Golden Age* Dr. Josiah Oldfield expresses his belief that death, like sleep, comes quietly and painlessly, even when preceded by a painful illness :—

I believe that under all conditions and in all its manifold forms the angel of death is preceded by a handmaid bearing a bowl of the mystic water of Lethe, which she sprinkles with generous freedom as she passes. Death, then, is never seen and never known, and those who fear the pains and the grim visage of death do so without cause and without need.

The *Journal of the American Society for Psychological Research* gives the results of experiments in telepathy, which reveal a strong tendency to repeat images drawn in previous experiments, "the veridical element being freshest and most convincing at the first." Professor Hyslop discusses "Assumptions in Psychic Research," showing how strongly the consideration of new phenomena is influenced by previous experience or preconceived theories.

The Co-Mason continues to give interesting details as to the history of Masonry, with various allusions to the occult symbolism of its instruments and insignia, and has an article on "Astronomy and Masonry."

Many of the foreign reviews give prominence to the reports of the Spiritualist Congress held at Brussels in May ; the *Revue Spirite* and others lay stress on the admission of a stand of psychic photographs to the International Exhibition in that city as constituting a sort of official recognition of the subject ; and on the prospect of an International Federation of Spiritualist societies arising out of the Congress.

Ultra has articles on Paracelsus, on Froebel's mysticism as a factor in his educational work, and on the religious thought of the Incas of Peru. A selection of interesting phenomena is also given.

REVIEWS

THE DISCOVERY OF THE DEAD. By Allen Upward. London: A. C. Fifield, 13, Clifford's Inn, E.C. 3s. 6d. net.

MR. ALLEN UPWARD has cultivated a "familiar" from whom he has received a remarkable inspiration. Indeed, it would seem upon reading this remarkable book that the science of necrology has at last found an author and exponent. Nothing that I have read in the domain of necromancy has the remotest title to attention when compared with this effort. Had it not been that Mr. Upward forswears romance in this connection, I should have judged that he was hard at it in the pages of this book. But we are warned that he wishes to be taken seriously, and in all good faith puts forward the suggestion contained in his book to those who are sincerely interested in what some call spiritualism and others psychical research. The position is a fair one and should be fairly dealt with. I confess myself at the outset to be wonderfully attracted to the conclusions of the Wizard of Sastein, as Karl Lücke, the eminent scientist and discoverer of Necrolite, expressed them before the Chemical Society at Berlin in his address upon "Higher Physics." Still more am I attracted to the simplicity of his science. Observation had shown that there were certain bodies sensitive to the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, as shown by X-ray photography. It required only that a transparent body capable of resisting these rays should be discovered in order to render the invisible world objective. What more reasonable than that the elements of such should be found in the optic structure of nocturnal creatures such as cats, owls, etc. ? In effect, Professor Lücke discovered Necrolite and constructed a pair of lenses like spectacles. Thereafter, the superior and inferior worlds were an open book to him. It was convenient to regard the embodied living as biomorphs, and all other entities as necromorphs. These latter were thereafter distinguished as either "Dynamorphs," being denizens of the underworld, or "Pneumorphs," belonging to the upper world.

The fact that Professor Lücke eventually attracted the attention of the Arch-dynamorph, that is to say, his Satanic Majesty, does not detract from the scientific value of his posthumous revelations nor diminish in the slightest degree his claim to the recognition of a discerning public.

SCRUTATOR.

SOME MYSTICAL ADVENTURES. By G. R. S. Mead. London: John M. Watkins, 21, Cecil Court, W.C. Price 6s. net.

IN the sense that Mr. Mead adventures some opinions on subjects of a distinctly mystical character, the title of this book holds good, but the general import of the title is perhaps misleading.

The views expressed on the diversified subjects included in the book are characterized by Mr. Mead's treatment and crisp style and his usual marked lucidity. He is, I perceive, a stickler for exact meanings and exact methods. In etymology as in logic he goes to the root of things. After reading only one of his essays one would never suspect him of strain

or license. The chaos of the average mental lumber-room appals him. In the matter of sorting the useful from the merely ornamental and setting things in their places he displays a faculty which is very rare in the mystical student. Mr. Mead has no sympathy with the symbologist who imitates the conjuring feat of displaying the empty hat and extracting therefrom a multitude of coloured flowers and ribbons. He argues for the universality of the true symbol of the two-dimensional world of ideas as expressed by lines. Yet it is conceded the whole universe is a symbol and, for that matter, man also. "Symbols are the playthings of the Gods," the only language by which we can make any sort of appeal to them, in fact. But "Symbolism" is only one adventure, there are others of equal interest, displaying both cleverness and soundness; in all there are twenty essays on subjects of the highest importance to students of Mysticism, and every one of them will prove an education to the average reader.

SCRUTATOR.

THE STORY OF GLASTONBURY AND THE GRAIL; OR, THE LIGHT OF AVALON. By Melchior Macbride. London: Hunter & Longhurst, 58 and 59, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1s. net.

MR. MELCHIOR MACBRIDE'S mystery play, which concerns itself with the introduction of Christianity to England by Joseph of Arimathea, is so interestingly written that it was a very good plan to bring out a second and cheaper edition at one shilling net. Although one must not lose sight of the vast amount of legendary matter which is gathered around the romantic history of Glastonbury and the Grail, too much knowledge of this wonderful space of English history cannot be disseminated. In starting out to build up a drama upon such period, Mr. Macbride was both courageous and dramatically ambitious. But we are astonished that he has achieved so much. Glastonbury and the Grail! We dip our intellectual pennons at the majesty of these historic greatnesses. There was indeed scope for a vivid imagination: opportunity for a great expression. There pass in mystic dress all the human items, all the phases of a romantic past, woven into a silken, gauze-like atmosphere, which fill our life's book of legend, myth, and tradition. And Mr. Macbride has drawn the scheme into his artistic net with a subtlety which makes the whole a cohesive and dramatic pleasure. He contributes a pointed preface, and a modest introduction; he shows us a knowledge replete in historic detail; his play is readable, picturesque, and fervent. And what more? There is nothing more to add, but that we learn much of masonry, and there is a fine defence of pure Christianity, as well as a consideration of comparative religion. In Act II Mr. Macbride holds our attention (it was a great opportunity): he gives us a most dramatic and imaginative account of what Joseph of Arimathea told the people concerning the life of Christ on earth. For this alone the play is worth reading. M. C.

SCENES AND PORTRAITS. By Frederic Manning. London: John Murray. Second edition. Pp. xvi. + 283. Price 6s.

PERHAPS the ideal reviewer for this remarkable book would be, if trees had human speech, the date-palm; for tradition asserts that the date-palm was the first of trees, made of the same clay as Adam, and that it prophesied through its leaves. I make this observation because the

first and most imaginative thing here given to Mr. Manning's readers is a legend of Adam as he appeared before the Fall to a priest attached to a contemporary King of Uruk (in Babylonia). Adam's horoscope reveals him to this priest as a man fated to be famous while humanity "exists upon the earth," though he lives naked in a cabin of boughs and "his inheritance is poverty and pain." With rare skill Mr. Manning diminishes the effect of grandioseness or importance in the Biblical Adamite legend without depriving it of supernaturalism or of the serpent. The priest figures as the originator of the mischief in Eden and as the cause of Adam's first jealousy.

In an antique story called *At the House of Euripides*, Poseidon is made to manifest his divine power by the drowning of a sceptic, and some attempts at reviving great historical figures present St. Paul, Francis of Assisi, Machiavelli and Renan. Extraordinary elegance of diction is combined with dramatic flashes that haunt the eye more than the ear. The posthumous conversation between Renan and the late Pope contains the *mots*, "Humanity in the lump is a beast more terrible than any in Revelations," and "I have sometimes thought that the principal hope for religion lies in the fact that the lower classes do not think." Leo is made responsible for both the above sayings. A book like this, so artistic in intellectuality, is worthy to be placed on the same shelf as Landor and Pater.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE SEVEN RAYS OF DEVELOPMENT. By A. H. Ward. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, W. 1s. net, cloth; 2s. 6d. net, leather.

THE somewhat complex theosophy which teaches concerning the process of individual evolution through and along the various "Rays" of the Logos and its hierarchic emanations, has been much simplified by the endeavour of Mr. A. H. Ward to institute a correspondence between the Seven Principles in man and the Ladder of Life, as portrayed by Eliphas Levi.

The idea involves the existence of seven distinct spheres or circles of human activity and consciousness, beginning from beneath in mere psychophysical *vitality* and proceeding through *emotion* to *thought* and thence to *cosmic consciousness*, finally culminating in *self-existence* with its attributes of omniscience and omnipotence, the two wings of the supernal soul.

The overlapping of these seven primary states of activity and consciousness gives rise in Mr. Ward's thesis to intermediate states which connect them together by processes which are quite normal to an ordered system of philosophy. The subject-matter is well developed and clearly written, so that a first acquaintance with it cannot fail to be enlightening, while to the versed mind it affords many suggestive lines of thought. The thesis lends itself very readily to interpretation on the lines of the Qabalah and to a planetary system of cosmic analogy.

SCRUTATOR.

AMBERGRIS. A Selection from the Poems of Aleister Crowley. Elkin Mathews. Price 3s. 6d. net.

WE have lately received this book of poems by the talented author, Mr. Aleister Crowley, the high-priest of a cult as sacred as any which the Sufis cherish in their perfumed gardens, and having glanced in our usual

casual manner at the contents, we were immediately drawn to peruse the whole with avidity. Nor did we regret our labours, for, suffering from one of our slight attacks of depression, the optimistic spirit which pervades the poetry of this author left us in an unusually contented state of mind. Here is the conclusion of a poem called *Astrology* :—

So shalt thou conquer Space, and lastly climb
The walls of Time,
And by the golden path the great have trod
Reach up to God!

Yet are we not surfeited with this spirit, for the author shows himself not altogether unsympathetic with those who sometimes see a darker side. He can touch with a hand that soothes without repelling those subtle wrinkles of the brain which draw us into the depths without our being able to analyse them. Perhaps it is worth while here to quote the whole of the last stanza from a *Song* taken from *The Tale of Archaïs* :—

All the subtle airs are proven
False at dewfall; at the dawn
Sin and sorrow, interwoven,
Like a veil are drawn
Over love and all delight.
Grey desires invade the white.
Love and life are but a span;
Woe is me! and woe is man!

This seemed to us to carry some of the spirit of Swinburne and reminded us of *The Forsaken Garden*, especially the stanza beginning :—

Here death may deal not again forever.

The author assumes a certain mock modesty in the preface, but we do not think he need fear any "widely-spread lack of interest." The book contains between fifty and sixty poems, all with an exuberant style and showing great technical skill in metre. The lines flow in rhythmical waves and one is carried along by the sound as well as the sense. Space compels us to close with the following stanza, which carries with it a haunting memory :—

She laughs in wordless swift desire
A soft Thalassian tune;
Her eyelids glimmer with the fire
That animates the moon;
Her chaste lips flame, as flames aspire
Of poppies in mid-June.

PERCIVAL ROBERTS.

SPIRIT MATES. By J. M. Peebles, Ph.D., M.A. Peebles Publishing Co., Battle Creek, Michigan, U.S.A.

THE work of Dr. Peebles in spiritualistic propaganda is already very extensive, and there are few problems of modern life which have not been more or less exhaustively dealt with by him in the light of spirit teaching. The volume in review trenches upon delicate ground, and is in many respects destructive of time-honoured institutions as it is subversive of our ordinary views of social life. It is shown that half the great men in this world have been involved in what Dr. Peebles calls

"marriage wrecks." This gives the motif of much that follows. Love is extolled as a spiritual redemptive power, and without love there can be no true marriages. Hence an argument is framed to justify divorce in seeming contradiction to the spirit teaching which regards human relations on earth as temporary and non-effective to spiritual evolution. As an alternative we have set before us the Twin-soul theory of which Laurence Oliphant was so distinguished an advocate, despite the mixed relations of a somewhat remarkable career. But to those who are committed to the married life Dr. Peebles ventures some advice which rather loses point by generalization. An interesting chapter on the Origin of Spirit-germs concludes so much of the volume as is due to Dr. Peebles. The rest of the volume is a symposium of opinion on the subject of Spirit Mates or Twin Souls from the writings of various authors, such as Cora L. V. Richmond, Professor Whipple, Andrew Jackson Davis, Hudson Tuttle, Mrs. Petersilia, Dr. Babbitt and Judge Edmonds. How far these opinions will reconcile the world to things as they are or tend to the evolution of things as they ought to be, is a matter which will largely be determined by the degree of reliance we are disposed to place on these authorities after hearing them.

SCRUTATOR.

THE SEARCH AFTER ULTIMATE TRUTH. By Aaron Martin Crane.
Boston: Lothrop Lee & Shepard Co. Price \$1.50 net.

UNDER this far-reaching title the author has sought to develop the idea of divine perfection as inherent in man and in all nature. It is held that errors attaching to both Religion and Science are alone responsible for the apparent conflict. Whatever is true in either must of necessity be harmonious. Perceptions, and therefore all evidence and proof, being personal opinions, must be diverse and should therefore be free. From God as the First Cause the author proceeds to a logical consideration of the essentials and characteristics of God as cognized by us. He shows the Alternation theory of Good and Evil as positive quantities to be the cause of all perplexities, and affirms that there can be no such thing as evil if God be indeed God. In the course of a very powerful argument concerning the essential divinity of man, the author comes to the question of immortality and proceeds to argue logically the continuity of life, deducing therefrom the conclusion that man can never die nor his individuality ever cease. The book is an attempt of considerable merit towards the unification of the religious and the scientific idea and will, I am sure, be read with interest and satisfaction.

SCRUTATOR.

THE LOST VALLEY, and other Stories. By Algernon Blackwood.
London: Eveleigh Nash, Fawside House. Price 6s.

THERE is much that is distinctly original in this volume of stories. Mr. Blackwood, while lacking the profound knowledge of philology and the extraordinary analytical propensities of Edgar Allan Poe, is a much more *human* writer. The first of the stories, "The Lost Valley," is one of the most wistfully beautiful stories I have read. In "The Wendigo" the author of *John Silence* has succeeded with almost uncanny cleverness in depicting the nameless terror inspired by what might be described as

The Tyranny of the Unknown. Some of the stories are based on the vagaries of the subconscious mind; others concern the relation of the higher self in man to the lower. "The Eccentricity of Simon Parnacute" possesses a remarkable symbolic value.

The Lost Valley will charm and fascinate not a few of its readers.

MEREDITH STARR.

BISHOP SERAPION'S PRAYER BOOK. By John Wordsworth, D.D.

London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross, W.C. Price 1s. 6d.

THERE has been rescued from obscurity a very valuable old manuscript which from all the evidence would appear to be the work of a fourth-century writer. It constitutes a Liturgical Document of first-rate importance. According to the judgment of Bishop Wordsworth, it is in whole or in part the Prayer Book compiled or composed by Serapion, Bishop of Thmuis, the friend and contemporary of St. Antony and St. Athanasius. As bearing on Christian origins, it is superior in value to the teachings of the Apostles, the Canons of Hippolytus and the Liturgy of the Apostolic Constitutions, all of which are open to much discussion. It is of interest to know that the MS. in which Serapion's Liturgy is contained was preserved in the Lavra Monastery of Mount Athos. Bishop Wordsworth's study of this MS. is of great value to the lay reader, who else might never have had knowledge of this fragment pertaining to the period immediately preceding the profanation of the Alexandrian Church. In the course of the MS. the following books of the New Testament are quoted: "The Gospel of John"; "The most honourable Barnabas, the Apostle, surnamed Son of Consolation, in his Epistle"; "the sacred Paul the Apostle in his to Hebrews"; "the honourable divinely inspired gospel according to Luke"; "the sacred Paul the Apostle in his to Colossians"; "the Apocalypse of John"; and "the Apostolic word written in the Epistle to Hebrews"; but the reference to them is in a letter of the authenticity of which there is some doubt, though its genuineness is not questioned. In fine, a new and valuable land-mark has been disclosed to literary explorers.

SCRUTATOR.

THE FORGING OF PASSION INTO POWER. By Mary Everest Boole.

London: C. W. Daniel, 3, Amen Corner, E.C. Price 5s. net.

THIS is an excellent book, written with that firm purpose and employing all those carefully thought-out effects which characterize the works of this gifted authoress. As a teacher Mrs. Boole is sympathetic, and therefore lucid. She is also convincing; and one feels instinctively that she has argued and wrestled and wrought herself into the position where nothing but experience has any effective voice. This work is a deep psychological study, involving a clear and thorough analysis of human sensations and passions and a consideration of the means by which they can be brought to bear upon our own welfare and upon that of others by conversion into Power and by the application of that power in us to the condition of things known as the abnormal. The chapters on "The Training of the Imagination," on "Protective Instincts" and the "Conscious and Sub-conscious

Mind," are especially good. A concluding note most aptly conveys the new idea of order which it is the object of this book to help in producing : " Three main symbols of authority have shared between them the attention of the world : The slave-driver's whip, the shepherd's crook and the conductor's baton. A reasonable man should make up his mind which of the three he prefers : which he will submit to when it is his turn to submit, and wield when the time comes for him to rule." This is not merely the choice of the individual or the collective will, but something much more significant and of greater consequence, as the reading of this excellent work will discover. In the literature of the Higher Thought this book will take a foremost place.

SCRUTATOR.

PRACTICAL METHODS TO INSURE SUCCESS. By H. E. Butler. (24th Edition.) London : L. N. Fowler & Co., Ludgate Circus. Price 1s. net.

ADOPTING the doctrine of Berkeley, which prescribes the greatest good to the greatest number, Hiram Butler, whose work on Practical Methods has run through twenty-three editions, seeks to prove that the vital force animating both mind and body is vested in the sex nature and that its perversion is the cause of all disease and all unhappiness ; while, on the other hand, the vital force permeating the organism can be utilized for the upbuilding of the will, the intellect and the psychic powers. It is a little book that has met with much success.

SCRUTATOR.

CONSIDERATIONS FROM CONFUCIUS, arranged by R. Dimsdale Stocker. London : Siegle, Hill & Co., 2, Langham Place, W. Price 1s. net.

THIS example of the delicate little Thumb-books issued by Messrs. Siegle, Hill & Co. makes as strong appeal to the senses as its subject-matter does to the understanding. The editor has shown discrimination in his selection of the Confucian analects and whoever may possess himself of a copy of this little book will have a thing of great value which he may quite easily secrete in his waistcoat pocket and in it he will find a friend and counsellor on all occasions. To walk with Confucius is to go in good company along the path of security and peace.

SCRUTATOR.

SYNTHÈSE DUALISTE UNIVERSELLE. Par A. Alhaiza. Demy 8vo. Pp. vi., 440. Paris : H. Daragon. Price 5 Francs.

ONE would like to do more than dismiss in a summary notice the work of a writer who, in a preface which commands all our sympathy, gives so modest an account of his long labour of years, the attempts which he has made previously to give expression to his scheme of the universe, his complete failure to secure recognition, and the motives which have led him in the evening of life to offer the fruit of his researches at full length, inspired with very little hope that he will fare better, but satisfied at least that he has done his part. If there be any one among my readers who thinks that a new presentation of dualistic doctrine is desirable or even

tolerable, I suggest that he should give M. Alhaiza a patient hearing. I will deal on my own part with two questions only : How does his system affect the occultist and spiritualist ? What is its result to the mystic ? The answers are : (a) That as psychic or mediumistic phenomena exceed the field of this our present life, because all that we understand by the personality of man comes to an end at death ; it is resident on his physical part : But dualism is dualism in man as well as the universe, and there is therefore a spiritual man, as to whom it is held (b) That the spirit returns to God, Who is also Spirit ; integrally speaking, it has never been apart from Him, and in Him is its eternal rest. Whether the reunion is one of complete absorption or whether the self-knowing part in man preserves individuality in union, I do not know ; but I should think that there is no room for it in the system. It will be seen that the answers are not new ; the co-eternity of matter and spirit, which is what here is meant by dualism, has therefore nothing to offer in its final issues. But the work is worth reading by those who can take the pains ; if it fails rather on the literary side, the fact will signify little to persons who are attracted by the thesis.

A. E. WAITE.

THE LAW OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA. By Thomson J. Hudson.
London : G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 6s.

THIS is the twelfth impression of a book which now is everywhere known and recognized as a standard work on the subject of Psychic Phenomena, and consequently there is no need to say more on this occasion than that the impression is in every way a perfect one. The work is, and for a long time probably will remain, the most complete exposition of the theory of the subconscious mind.

SCRUTATOR.

ON THE LOOSE. By George Raffalovich. Publishing Office of the
Equinox, 124, Victoria Street, S.W. Price 1s.

WHOEVER reads these thirteen little sketches attentively will find a light and skilled hand, inventive imagination, delicacy and fidelity to truth. The adventures in other planets are the least satisfactory, as the subject demands more elaborate treatment to produce conviction in the manner that Swift achieves, but several of the later stories are admirable. *A Spring Meeting* gives us in an attractive setting a bird's-eye view of the three principal attitudes held by men towards the universe. *The Little Girl with the Grey Eyes*, though slight, is moving in its tale of beauty, cruelty and pathos ; and this passage from *Faithful Swallows*, the most charming story in the book, will give an idea of the author's style : " Her name ? Does it matter ? She was one of those little angels of whom the mere presence witnesses the love of the father for the mother, of the mother for the father, and the passionate affection of both for the little being for whose existence they are responsible." It is evident throughout that the writer is full of talent.

B. P. O'N.