

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

Contents

NOTES OF THE MONTH

By the Editor

THE SPHINX

By Ethel Archer

A SPECULATION AS TO THE ORIGIN OF
PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

By W. Johnson Roberts

WILLIAM SHARP AND FIONA MACLEOD

By Arthur Edward Waite

SPURIOUS ECSTASY AND CEREMONIAL
MAGIC

By W. L. Wilmshurst

SOME SYLLABLES OF THE AFTER LIFE

By M. S.

CURIOUS FORMS OF WORSHIP. VI. Fire

Worshippers

By A. M. Judd

THE HISTORY OF AN ATTEMPTED
SUICIDE

Translated by V. E. Dillon

CORRESPONDENCE

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OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THAT the lot of a celebrated society seer is not altogether an enviable one may be gathered from the *Recollections of a Society Clairvoyant*, published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash; but certainly he, or she (it is a "he" in the present instance), is likely to hear and see a good deal of a certain rather curious if dubious side of life, and perhaps in this for many may lie its special interest.* The author of the present work prefers to remain anonymous, but gives a variety of facts which should enable one to establish his identity. It is almost inevitable that many readers will arrive

RECOLLEC-
TIONS OF
A SOCIETY
CLAIR-
VOYANT.

somewhat hastily at the conclusion that the writer of these reminiscences is no other than a certain striking-looking and handsome gentleman of foreign extraction who, some years ago, before clairvoyants were as numerous as they are now, took London Society, or at least the superstitious side

of it, by storm. In this, however, I am authoritatively informed, they will be in error. This gentleman who, I understand, is at present following in the footsteps of Pythagoras in the endeavour to relate the Science of Numbers to the destiny of the human race, has in fact already prepared his own reminiscences for the press, and I gather that they are likely to be published at a not far distant date, simultaneously in America and in England.

* *Recollections of a Society Clairvoyant*. London: Eveleigh Nash. 7s. 6d.

Readers must therefore guess again. Here at least is what the author tells us of himself:—

He was born, both on the maternal and paternal sides, the descendant of Alsatian ancestors whose property was confiscated at the French Revolution, and who, like so many others, took refuge amongst the hospitable Swiss mountains. He claims to have inherited the clairvoyant faculty from his grandmother. This remarkable lady was, it appears, one of the rather numerous loves of the great Napoleon, who was in the habit of carrying on a correspondence with her in which the superstitious despot consulted her as to the probable turn of Fortune's wheel, and was accustomed to address her as "*ma petite sorcière.*" Finally she settled down to a respectable marriage; but, after some years of married bliss, her husband, who was considerably her junior, thought fit to set up another *ménage*, leaving his legitimate family to shift for themselves and make the best of a difficult situation. The lady in question lived to see her children's children grow up around her, and died at the great age of 91. The tie was a strong one between the grandmother and grandson, and was increased by the fact that she realized that he alone of her descendants had inherited her mystic and occult bent. There was evidence of this at an early date. Our author writes:—

The first premonition I had of my future career as a clairvoyant occurred when I was eight years old. One night I had an extraordinary dream, which must have been more of a vision than a dream, as I was semi-conscious. I called out, and grandmother, whose room was next to mine, came to see what ailed me. She sat by my bedside and looked at me long and curiously. "Frederic," she said, "what have you dreamt of?" "I was dreaming of bells," I answered. "But it is all so confused—they seem covered up, and yet once I could almost hear them ringing." "Dream again," murmured the old lady, "dream and see plainly."

It must have been a case of hypnotic suggestion, for I soon fell asleep, and I dreamt that some silver bells were buried in a garden belonging to a large house close by. I could locate the spot exactly, and when I awoke I told grandmother all about it.

Naturally my father and mother were somewhat sceptical and the matter was forgotten, until one day my mother happened to tell the curé about my dream of the buried bells. To her astonishment the good father became greatly excited.

"Le bon Dieu has revealed to the little one where our long lost treasures are hidden; it is a miracle!" and he narrated a wonderful legend about some silver bells, belonging to the church, which had been tarred over and buried during the French Revolution. The two priests who had seen the bells hidden had been guillotined, so the secret had died with them, and the story was now regarded as more or less of a fiction.

A DREAM
OF BURIED
CHURCH
BELLS.

The curé's excitement was contagious, and my father interviewed the Maire, who persuaded the owner of the garden to allow digging on the spot I had indicated. A large crowd came to watch the proceedings, and I can well remember the breathless interest with which we saw the hole getting deeper and deeper. Then—thud—as the spades struck something hard. Could it be the bells? Every one was on the edge of expectation, and, at last, blackened and earth-stained, the bells were taken from their hiding-place and restored to their former place of honour in the old church. The town authorities gave me one hundred francs, but I was far happier in feeling that I was now apparently able to enter in my dreams an enchanted land which was peopled with unseen things and delightful mysteries of which others knew nothing.

‡ From that day my psychic powers commenced to develop. I became dreamy, filled with mind-pictures of places and people I had never seen, but which were repeated with unvarying persistence. In after years when I actually saw the places, and met the people, I easily recognized both as old acquaintances of my childhood.

It was about this time that my grandmother died, and, always original in life, she was equally original in her manner of dying. One evening when her usual time for retiring had arrived, she kissed us all with peculiar solemnity, and, turning to my mother, said, "I shall not be getting up to-morrow." Her words were true. When her maid went to call her in the morning, she found her dead! The writing-table was heaped with her little belongings, neatly done up, and each directed to the person for whom it was intended. A letter to my father said that she had foreseen her death on that date, and had made her preparations accordingly.

It is curious to note that one of the dream pictures referred to, which our author had in his early days, before he had ever seen the place in question, was of the Palace of Versailles. He states that on his visiting this spot he could confidently fix the locality of certain rooms and knew beforehand what would be in them. Versailles is certainly haunted with strange memories. A story of two ladies who made a visit to this historical spot has obtained currency among a number of people interested in occult matters, and now, I am interested to hear, is about to be given

HAUNTING
MEMORIES
OF VER-
SAILLES.

to the world in printed form, under the title of *An Adventure*, by the publishing firm of Macmillan & Co. The ladies in question, on arriving at the Petit Trianon, found themselves in the presence of buildings and scenery not as they now exist, but as they had been formerly in the days of Queen Marie Antoinette. They claim to have spoken to people in the park and grounds about the building, who lived at that period, not realizing at the time that they were addressing other than living people. The book in question, which will see the light very shortly, contains independent accounts by the two authors of these very remarkable occurrences which took place in the years 1901-2. Historical

data are given bearing on the details of this curious experience which have been collected since the occurrence took place. The ladies whose adventure is described have, for reasons sufficiently easy to understand, preferred not to disclose their real names, but the Publishers state that the signatures appended to the preface are the only fictitious words in the whole book.

Recollections of a Society Clairvoyant is, as will be expected, full of stories of curious predictions, and their fulfilment. The author states that when he first went to Paris he was taken by a lady in the British Legation to see Monsieur Stephanie, then enjoying a great reputation as a marvellous psychic. Some of the events foretold seemed, we are informed, most unlikely to happen at the time, "but," says the writer, "they have nearly all come true." "Monsieur Stephanie," he continues, "also told me I should meet many royalties and travel a great deal," and concluded by saying "when you are far away you will hear of a dreadful accident to a relation who will die after much suffering. This will happen on May 19, 1892, and the death on July 21, 1892." I will let the writer tell the story of the fulfilment of this remarkably detailed prediction himself. He says:—

I fell a victim to influenza in May, 1892, and was really very ill, and it was then that Monsieur Stephanie's prevision of an accident came true.

One evening (May 24), about nine o'clock, I was in bed enjoying some appetizing chicken broth, when suddenly I saw a cloudy form materialize at the foot of the bed, and gradually I recognized the face of my brother. He looked very ill, and I could see a blood-stained mark in the shape of a cross right under his chin. I knew it was no delusion of illness, and I felt sure that he had met with an accident and wished me to know. I looked at the clock: it had stopped at nine, although it was fully wound up, and my watch had also stopped at the same time.

The figure disappeared in a few seconds, and, greatly alarmed and agitated, I told my friends what I had seen, only to be consoled with the usual theory that I had imagined it owing to my illness and supersensitive brain. I determined to cable home the next morning, and the reply was that my brother had met with an accident on May 24, at the time he had appeared to me.

That evening I saw the figure again, and I knew that it presaged death. As soon as I was strong enough to travel I went back to France, and found my brother still alive, but I felt that he was dying, although the doctors held out great hopes of his recovery. Curiously enough, the cross-shaped scar I had seen was actually under his chin, and he died on July 21, 1892, the dates of his accident and death coinciding with those given me by M. Stephanie.*

* It will be noticed that though the latter date is exactly correct, the first is in error by five days.—ED.

Many readers of this book will turn with special interest to the stories about royalties and their superstitions, in the last chapter. It would probably be impossible to find as many superstitious people per cent. of the population in any other class than among the royalties and the older aristocracies of Europe. Wherever there are long traditions and old family properties and possessions handed on from father to son, the atmosphere seems to become surcharged with memories of the past which afford a congenial background for the weird and uncanny. The terrible disaster on the occasion of the present Czar of Russia's coronation which resulted in the loss of over 2,000 lives, a disaster aggravated by the attempts of the mounted Cossacks to restore order by riding into the crowd and freely using whip and sword, will be recalled by most of my readers. In this connection we are told that during the coronation festivities the Czarina, who firmly believes in dreams, had fallen asleep one afternoon when she was awakened by one of her ladies, who was alarmed at the way she cried and moaned in her sleep. The Empress stated that she had been troubled by a bad dream in which an old moujik, covered with blood, appeared to her and exclaimed: "I have come all the way from Siberia to see your day of honour, and now your Cossacks have killed me." To calm her apprehensions, inquiries were made by the Czar, who telephoned the Minister of the Household. The reply which was given him contained the news of the terrible disaster above referred to.

The German Emperor, my readers will learn with interest, is cited as a superstitious sovereign, who is very apprehensive of the number thirteen. It is also said that it has been foretold to him on several occasions that he will die by the hands of an assassin, a prediction which has made a great impression on his mind. The astrologer need only refer to his horoscope to see the probability of some such termination to his career. Some violent fate at least is threatened, and there is, in addition to this, the probability of grave misfortune if his life is long protracted. The years 1912 and 1913 have an ominous significance.

Those who are sufficiently interested I must refer to the book itself. I will merely conclude these somewhat disconnected observations by quoting the story of the famous Black Prophecy relating to the fate of Servia and its kings. It appears that in the little Servian village of Kremna there lived a man of the name of Mata, who had

THE
CZARINA
DREAMS OF
A TRAGEDY.

THE BLACK
PROPHECY.

the reputation of being somewhat eccentric. On May 28, 1866, he started calling out in the streets of the neighbouring town of Ujitzá: "They are killing our prince! Prince Michael is murdered." The police arrived on the scene and arrested the supposed lunatic, but the next day brought news from Belgrade of the murder of Michael Obrenovich in the Deer Park close to the capital. Mata was liberated and subsequently had an interview with King Milan, Prince Michael's son and heir, to whom he delivered the famous Black Prophecy, which runs as follows:—

Prince Michael (said Mata) will be succeeded by a relative who will be to a certain extent a torment to the country; he will gain a Crown, and under his reign the country will be enlarged and strengthened. He will be a King, but will have many misfortunes. He will die in the prime of life. He will have only one son, who will be still more unfortunate, dying very young, indeed before his thirtieth year. With him his candle will be blown out, and after this another House will come to reign in Servia. But not for long. Internal struggles and bloodshed, revolts and conflicts will take place, which will cause a foreign army to enter into and occupy Servia. That foreign Power will subject the Servian people to great oppression. But after many years of great suffering a man will appear in the midst of the nation, will raise it up, and lead it against the foreign oppressors, and will succeed in liberating and uniting all the Servians in one and the same free and independent State.

THE SPHINX

By ETHEL ARCHER

ALONE I stood amid strange, sandy spaces,
 Where Silence seemed to swoon.
 The Sleepless Guardian of the Desert Places,
 Smiled 'neath the sad young moon
 The deathless smile that countless climes and ages
 Have sought in vain to fathom from Life's pages,
 Since many an ardent fool and wisest sages
 First craved the boon.

Long time I stood and marked the moonbeams quiver,
 Lighting the yellow sand.
 Watched till the very silence seemed to shiver,
 Held by some wizard wand!
 And, in that Silence deep as Prayer, came stealing
 The thought of that slow smile, its truth revealing!
 Surely the Sphinx her *ignorance* was concealing,
 Sublime and Grand!

A SPECULATION AS TO THE ORIGIN OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

By W. JOHNSON ROBERTS

TO any one who has studied psychic phenomena, the desirability of some working theory of their causation is apparent—some theory which will serve, if no better purpose, at least as a forcing house or seed bed where new and possibly more satisfactory theories can germinate and fructify.

Although psychic phenomena include things apparently so widely separated as telekinesis and telepathy, materialization and mathematical prodigies, yet all seem to possess much in common, and appear to be manifestations, more or less perfect, of powers present in us all; either in an embryonic, or possibly fully developed state, but not obedient to our normal will. Archbishop Whately, Inaudi, and others in a greater or less degree seem in the literal sense of the words "born mathematicians." They were able almost instantaneously, and that without any conscious mental process, to solve the most difficult mathematical problems, and this practically from their earliest days. Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart and other great musicians exhibited a similar abnormal precocity in music, as did Michael Angelo, Rubens and Rembrandt in art. They knew in an abstract way all that there was to know about their arts, one might say, from their cradle. Years brought no further knowledge. Teachers only taught them how to express by conventional methods the art which was always theirs. D. D. Home also possessed his extraordinary powers from early youth. In his case they seemed to be chiefly confined to the production of effects of a telekinetic and parakinetic nature. I include in the former class, raps, movement of objects at a distance, sounds supernormally made on instruments, and lights. The latter class is chiefly made up of phenomena of which the experiments of Sir Wm. Crookes form good examples. Outside of these two classes he (Home) produced other remarkable phenomena, such as levitation, the materialization of objects, the production of scents, etc. No well authenticated case of clairvoyance, mathematical precocity or precocity in any other science or art seems associated with his name. Mrs. Piper's gifts, which are recorded and dis-

cussed at great length in various volumes of the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, again exhibit only one class of phenomena, or rather one group, i.e. telepathic and clairvoyant. Home then was a great "medium" of the telekinetic and parakinetic type; Inaudi and Whately mathematical prodigies; Mrs. Piper a great clairvoyante and telepathist; Rubens, Rembrandt and Michael Angelo shining lights in art. But here their abnormal greatness, which in most of the examples given was the only feature which distinguished them from the common herd, ends. Home, outside of his mediumistic gifts and the social advantages which he derived from them, was a very ordinary man indeed. Inaudi, excepting his abnormal mathematical powers, might almost be described as uneducated. Excepting a few cases of rare occurrence, of which Archbishop Whately may be taken as a type, abnormal precocity or peculiar psychic gifts only seem to exist at the expense of the normal faculties, or at any rate to be more frequently found in persons of low mental capacity and indifferent physique.

Almost every faculty both of mind and body possessed by man in his normal state has at one time or another been duplicated in man in an abnormal fashion, intensified, idealized. Conversely, no abnormal faculty has appeared in man which at least in a minor degree does not appear in him normally. This is another most significant fact.

All abnormal powers seem to be merely extensions or magnifications of already existing normal powers. For example, muscular power which man can only normally exercise on objects by direct or indirect contact with the article to be affected appears in some individuals (e.g., Home) capable of being exercised at a distance and without contact (telekinesis). Sight and hearing appear as psychic gifts, but intensified so greatly that distance and opaque material objects intervening present no obstacle to their exercise (clairvoyance and clairaudience). Exchange of ideas by words, signs and writings has by telepathy been extended into exchange of ideas without any of these media. In painting, music, sculpture, mathematics, oratory, literature—in fact, in all arts and sciences—we have numerous examples of individuals whose dazzling attainments seem scarcely, if at all, to be due to normally acquired knowledge. Yet, as before stated, nowhere do we find traces of a faculty or power which we cannot in a minor degree at least duplicate in normal man. This in itself is very suggestive. Another curious fact is that the entire set have never so far as I know appeared in their

perfection in the one individual. Let us create an imaginary man in whom all these, to us, abnormal faculties are normally and fully present. What do we find? We find we have constructed an ideal man, one who has all knowledge without the labour of acquiring it, one to whom to will is to accomplish. Man's subjugation to the material world is ended, time and space defied. The organs of speech, sight, hearing and muscular power are all mere superfluities to such a being, the body itself, save as a habitation and a shelter or possibly as a means of contact with the material world, a mere worthless incumbrance. Each of us is potentially such a being.

Some scientists say that the evolution of man may be described rather as an ascent than a descent. Theologians, on the other hand, speak of "the fall of man" from a higher and happier state. Can it be that now in the twentieth century science will once again become the handmaiden of religion? It may be so. The Biblical account of our first parents and of the Garden of Eden seems, in the light of modern discovery, pregnant with meaning, and difficulties once deemed insurmountable, viewed in the light of modern research, immediately disappear. Let us consider for a moment. Man, in order to have enjoyed himself in the Garden of Eden and to have accomplished the things he is stated there to have accomplished, must have had an intuitive knowledge of all sciences, botany, zoology, mechanics, mathematics, hygiene, etc. He must, in order to have seen the Lord and His angels, been gifted with powers which we should now call mediumistic. He was probably able, without the use of language, to communicate, not alone with his helpmate Eve, but also with the animal creation, and they in turn may have been able to communicate their limited ideas to him. That it is by some form of telepathy that animals can communicate with each other, seems to me to be beyond reasonable doubt. To extend that power of communication in the golden days of Eden to the power of communicating their thoughts and desires to man does not, in the light of modern research, look at all so impossible as it has been considered. Man endowed with the psychic faculties I have enumerated would be man perfected and idealized. Before "the fall," the physical was subservient to the psychical, and the faculties and powers which we now regard as abnormal were then the ordinary attributes of mankind. As a result of doing something which is mystically described in the story of the temptation by the serpent, man fell from his high estate and the physical part of him improved and developed at the expense

of the psychical. He did not lose his psychic powers, but their existence became obscured, and their use impeded by the undue development of his physical part. I take it that the supraliminal or normal consciousness is the governing factor of the physical part of man, and that the subliminal consciousness is the consciousness of the psychic portion. The Scriptures speak of man as being composed of body, soul and spirit. The body we know. Can it be that the soul is the supraliminal consciousness or life which animates the body, and the spirit the subliminal consciousness? This supposition would get over a number of difficulties otherwise altogether insurmountable. It would explain things hitherto inexplicable, and would bring modern science and dogmatic theology into close conformity, at least, on the very important and fundamental question of the constitution of man. I take it that the supraliminal or normal consciousness is the governing factor of man's natural material part. It is his "life," to a great extent, and is subject to periods of obscurity and ultimately (possibly) on the death of the body to final extinction. The subliminal consciousness, on the other hand, seems ever observant, ever remembering, never subject to periods of apparent extinction like its supraliminal brother, absorbing information at all times and through all channels, whether the body be waking or sleeping. It knows not alone all that it has gathered through its own special sources of knowledge, but also all that the supraliminal consciousness is aware of. The *Records* of the Society for Psychical Research support this view. There are quoted numbers of cases where the subconscious memory of the subject exhibited a retentiveness and accuracy far surpassing that of the normal consciousness. In the *Proceedings* of the same Society there is recorded a case of a woman who met with a severe injury to the head which rendered her unconscious for a period of two or three weeks. On recovering her senses her mind was a blank as to that period, but when hypnotized she remembered perfectly every incident which had occurred during it. This case (which is *not* unique) goes far to show that in case of physical injury the subliminal or psychic consciousness remains unimpaired. Of course, it cannot manifest itself physically so long as the consciousness which governs the physical part of the man is disordered. Whether it might do so psychically is another question which may some day be experimentally answered. Lunatics and persons of unsound mind are practically incapable of being hypnotized, owing no doubt to this very unsoundness. Yet, whether or not the

subliminal consciousness in such a case retains its sanity has never yet, so far as I know, been experimentally determined. It would be very interesting to learn if a fact known to the lunatic alone, the knowledge of which was acquired by him in a state of sanity and which is entirely unknown to any other person, could be communicated telepathically by him to another person, say by means of automatic writing or some similar method. If this could be done, it would go a long way to prove the independent sane existence of the subliminal consciousness or mind. This theoretically should not be a very difficult experiment, as there are hundreds of recorded cases in which information known only to one person in a room has been telepathically conveyed to another, and that without the former's knowledge or consent and frequently against his will.

I do not think the peculiar properties, or rather attributes, of the subliminal mind have ever been properly appreciated. That it possesses a consciousness of its own far more ample, retentive and accurate than the normal consciousness must be admitted. Recorded cases seem to show that the days of childhood and old age, the hours of sleep and of stupor, of illness and of health are to it alike. Through the eyes of the senses, aided by its own peculiar faculties, it sees and records all that passes before it, registers every action of the body and preserves every thought of the supraliminal mind. It rarely interferes with the management of the body or its powers, and demands a similar non-interference in its own province. It seems almost powerless to will and impotent to act through the medium of the body, as the wishes and powers of the latter seem inoperative on it. Its sole province seems to be to watch and record, and *possibly* to suggest. In dreams it seems to awake and recover its lost kingdom. In dreamland we can fly, pass through material obstacles, speak and understand all languages. There animals speak once more to men. There, to desire is to accomplish. There telekinesis and levitation are everyday experiences, time and distance cease to exist, and we are to ourselves and all others as we would wish to be. Science strives to explain some of these dreamland peculiarities by saying that they are reminiscences handed down from a long line of simian ancestors. But such a far-fetched theory does not to my mind in any way account for the power to pass through material obstacles, to speak and understand all tongues, to converse with the lower animals and to fly, which so commonly form part of our dream experiences. My theory, as stated earlier in this paper, explains all these

things and many more. They are undoubtedly hereditary and equally undoubtedly refer to some long distant stage or state of existence or development in which they were veridical facts. Once you grant the existence of a place or state on the lines of the Biblical Garden of Eden, these powers and faculties become almost a necessity. There the spiritual or psychic side of man was developed to its utmost. There clairvoyance, clairaudience, telepathy, levitation, etc., were the mere ordinary events of everyday life, and were powers inherent in and capable of being voluntarily exercised by every human being. Probably at that time the material body of man was very unsubstantial and of great tenuity and merely served as a vehicle or machine by which the psychical part could operate on inanimate nature. Even after that mysterious event known as "the fall of man," which I take to be the victory of the physical over the psychical, these faculties remained, and still remain to this day, unaltered in their nature and unimpaired in their strength, but overclouded, cribbed, cabined, confined and obstructed in their operation by their physical envelope.

Man from a psychic or spiritual standpoint fell, while from a purely physical point of view "the fall" was the commencement of his ascent. It seems that the development of the psychic faculties must be at the expense of physical ones and *vice versa*. The less developed the physical side of man and his supraliminal consciousness, the more brilliantly do his psychic gifts shine forth. This is demonstrated by the prevalence of great psychic powers in savage peoples, amongst children and in individuals in whom from age or disease the physical structure has become weak or begun to degenerate. We are nowhere told that the powers with which man was originally endowed were ever taken from him. His punishment seems to consist in the permission to suffer from the natural results of his own act. He wanted to forward his development and live his life on physical lines; he was allowed to do so. Every increase in power of physical man, brought a corresponding obscuration of the psychic man. Now that man has reached a state of physical perfection in all probability hitherto unsurpassed, his psychic faculties are obscured to a degree never heretofore approached. Now and then, owing to some fleeting phase or condition of existence, the hidden gifts burst forth, sporadically possibly, but undeniably none the less. Whether it will ever be given to man, whilst in the body, to tear aside the veil which hides him from himself, is yet a profound mystery hidden in the womb of time.

WILLIAM SHARP AND FIONA MACLEOD :

TWO ASPECTS OF PERSONALITY

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

IN the life of William Sharp,* written by the one person—for there is indeed no other—who could tell it from first to last, there is for my present purpose scarcely anything to extract of the formal biographical kind. He was born in 1855 and died in his fifty-first year at the end of 1905. Fiona Macleod came into manifestation within him in 1893. I shall assume that my readers are less or more acquainted with his literary career on the acknowledged side and with the fact that the true authorship of *Pharais* and the *Dominion of Dreams*, with other books which are dear to the hearts of many, became public only after his death.

The distinction of his two literary sides is that of the man and the woman in literature, but it so happens that in the present instance the feminine was the greater and more real side. There is therefore more to explain than arises from, and is explicable by, the recognized truth that the poet, psychically speaking, has the two senses within him.

When William Sharp became Fiona Macleod, it is clear to those who have eyes that he did not assume a pseudonym as one takes up and puts down a mask, or adopts, after considerable toil, a concealed style of handwriting. When I say that he became her I think that the essence of truth escapes in the expression, though for want of a better form I have put it tentatively like this. One alternative is to speak of dual personality, but I am more certain that this is untrue and from my point of view as a mystic is not short of mischievous. The case is not to be explained by the crude experiences which are called spirit control; by the obscure embryonic state recognized in the so-called reincarnation of Kabbalism; by the inspirations of an angel guide; or by the notion of a feminine complement on

* *A Memoir of William Sharp*. By Elizabeth Sharp. Royal 8vo. William Heinemann. 16s. net.

another plane. The fact is that we are in the presence of a problem which in one sense is psychic and in another lies deeper than the psychic nature. It is a question of the opening of a door in consciousness, as a result of which another side of the one nature may occasionally manifest. We have most of us met with this in certain individuals and up to a certain point, but we have not found it previously in literature. The case of William Sharp seems to stand alone therein, and he has an abiding interest on this account. It offers in literature a very curious illustration of the psychic life, but there is very little to account for it along ordinary lines of psychology. In his childhood he was dreamy, imaginative, with a love of wandering, and there was a wild part of him, as if he were a pilgrim from the sun striving to escape the restraint of earthly conventions. I saw him at his middle period, when he was writing against time for his life and leading the ordinary life of literary journalism, qualified by occasional literature. But it was not under this aspect that one got to know him really, because, as I have said, it was his lesser part. The other side of him was greater, because it had not been with him except sub-consciously in the mill of his daily life. There is a part in all of us which stands outside the diurnal round and has not been wearied thereby, but a few only enter into realization concerning it.

It is evident that William Sharp thought in his heart that Fiona Macleod was in some sense "the true inward self." The intimation was in no sense correct, and of this he was in part aware. He spoke alternatively of something that had breathed to him or had awakened him, of something that he remembered or that was lurking within him. None of the descriptions satisfied him, and this is why they are rather numerous. Mrs. Sharp, speaking her own language, recognizes a third self which lay behind the dual expression, but she calls it the "psychic quality of seership," and this is also incorrect. The inner self which lies behind all our forms of expression is the part which watches them all and is yet none of them. It is neither male nor female; it is the part which knows. It is that which can and does say to us in certain high mystic states: I am the resurrection and the life; I am Alpha and Omega; behold I am alive for evermore.

In his later life William Sharp passed through periods of illness which took him into cosmic states. He who had been on the hills of heather lay on his bed of sickness, but was "in the greater and freer universe," or rather that universe had

WILLIAM SHARP AND FIONA MACLEOD 77

opened up some part of itself within him. Nature had also nourished him in many ways, and he had been nourished on food of faerie. He had the sense of the infinite and realized the conscious presence of the eternal Goodness. He had also



WILLIAM SHARP.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

the inner life of dream and vision ; he saw the white ladies and the nature spirits. The sense of these things was put to sleep in the working world of literature till it awakened to a fuller being in Fiona Macleod. Of this awakening I should

have no space to speak, supposing that the need arose ; most of us are acquainted with the books and the eloquent messages therein. It is as if all that was best in the Celtic spirit had entered into a new life ; it was as if the voice of womanhood were being heard after a new manner. The response to it was immediate and wide. As Fiona Macleod of necessity dwelt in a world of mystery, being heard but not seen, the speculations were great concerning her, and she was identified many times by people who thought that they knew, but it was never dreamed that her veil concealed the personality of a man.

The idle chorus of reviewers thought that Fiona Macleod was wondrous till they found at the end of all that she was also William Sharp. They said then : after all, it is only Sharp. They had proved to be wrong at the beginning, which made the idle chorus not unnaturally angry. They were much more wrong afterwards, but this time they will not know. Fiona Macleod was not the William Sharp who wrote for *The Academy* and something called *The Athenæum*, or for that *Young Folks' Budget* which first enabled Stevenson to testify concerning himself. It is just this that the chorus is not qualified to understand. But there are some of us who, on our part, do know exactly why Fiona Macleod was not William Sharp and why, which is for the same reason, when we remember William Sharp, we shall say always : Yes, he was Fiona Macleod. God keep green among us the memory of the man who had so much of such a woman within him.

Let me add in conclusion one word of cordial recognition in respect of Elizabeth Sharp, who has done her labour of love in a manner which is excellent from all points of view. Her reward will no doubt be with her in many ways.

SPURIOUS ECSTASY AND CEREMONIAL MAGIC

By W. L. WILMSHURST

THE strongest evidence of man's dissatisfaction with his present status and surroundings is furnished by his desire to transcend the drab routine of life and to escape from himself. The yearning for *ec-stasis*—the desire to *stand out* beyond his physical limitations—manifests in many ways. Some of these—conventional amusements, æsthetic or religious emotionalism—are innocuous enough, but when they enter the region called occult, many become wholly evil even when initiated with good intentions, whilst one only is otherwise than entirely spurious, transient, and imperilous. Of the evil methods it may be premised that they are the shadows and perverted forms of the wholesome way; the homage of imitation and imperfection that vice pays to virtue and its attainment. The vulgar drunkard, for instance, enters after his own manner a spurious temple of the Mysteries to seek the joys of the pothouse, and his cup runneth over as surely, if in a grosser fashion, as his who is inebriated by the mystic Grail in the sanctuary of his own soul. The exhilaration of the aviator is a low-grade replica of that of the religious aspirant who, sighing for the wings of a dove, learns to soar—*superasque evadere ad auras*—otherwise than in modern airships. But the mild delights of the bottle and the thrills accruing from venturesome sports pale to nothingness before the gorgeous illuminations of consciousness inducible by certain drugs and anæsthetics. Few, however, care to undertake the experiences of the opium and hashish eater in view of the reaction and inexorable penalty exacted by outraged Nature from those who wilfully or through moral infirmity explore the caverns and abysses of the subliminal mind. Of recent years experimental psychology has probed this matter, and Professor James has described very graphically the effects upon himself of intoxication by nitrous-oxide gas. There is produced, he says, an intense and rapturous metaphysical illumination in which truth lies open to the view in depth beneath depth of almost blinding evidence; where subject and object, *meum* and *tuum*, the centre and periphery of things, become one; and where one becomes consciously blended with the Infinite.

Important philosophical deductions result from these experiments and a treatise upon *The Anæsthetic Revelation* by an American citizen is, in its way, of undoubted educational value.* But what is the effect of these practices upon the personal organism of the experimenter? It will vary in individuals proportionately to their native moral or immoral condition, and it may be assumed that in the morally degenerate the results would be much more appalling than those attending alcoholic delirium. But even the average clean-minded man, actuated by the good motive of scientific inquiry, testifies in the person of Professor James himself that he is left with "the sense of a dreadful and ineluctable fate; a pessimistic fatalism; depth within depth of impotence and indifference; . . . terminating either in a laugh at the ultimate nothingness, or in a mood of vertiginous amazement at a meaningless infinity." So far, then, so bad; even at the best. The immature Icarus flying to the sun, gets his wings scorched for his pains and falls back into a sea of trouble.

Contraband illuminism is obtainable also by certain oriental *yoga*-practices and by the frenzy of the dance as exemplified by the whirling dervish who performs his gyrations with the object of deadening the senses and awakening higher centres of consciousness than those to which the senses are the portal. The dance has been used in the rites of sanctity, and perhaps even in connexion with the Christian Mass; but it has also served in the mysteries of iniquity as a sensuous and illicit attempt to capture elements latent in the depths of human nature to the legitimate possession of which that nature has not yet attained. This latter was the classic sin of Prometheus in stealing the Divine Fire and using it for carnal ends. But it is perhaps little known that the excitation of psychic passion and the promoting a spurious ecstasy by unlocking an imprisoned essence which, by its proper user, may be suffered to act as the purifier and baptizer of the lower nature, is illustrated, beneath a thick veil of dramatic imagery, in the biblical reference to the lascivious dancing-woman whose object was to reduce into possession what is figuratively described as "the head of John the Baptist in a charger."

The practices of Theurgy and Ceremonial Magic are cognate in character to those already named. At their best (if the epithet be not an abuse) they are attempts, under cover of *pseudo*-dedications of sanctity, to stimulate and exercise occult faculties by

* See Prof. James's *The Will to Believe*, pp. 294-8; and his article in the *Hibbert Journal*, July, 1910.

constraining to the ends of selfish gratification sub-human intelligences and forces that mercifully remain unmanifested to our ordinary perceptions ; at their worst, and even at a stage far



THE SABBATIC GOAT.

anterior to that, they are unnameable abominations. As one of the great series of studies upon the varied manifestations of the Secret Tradition in Christian times upon which Mr. A. E. Waite has now for long been engaged we have before us an elaborate

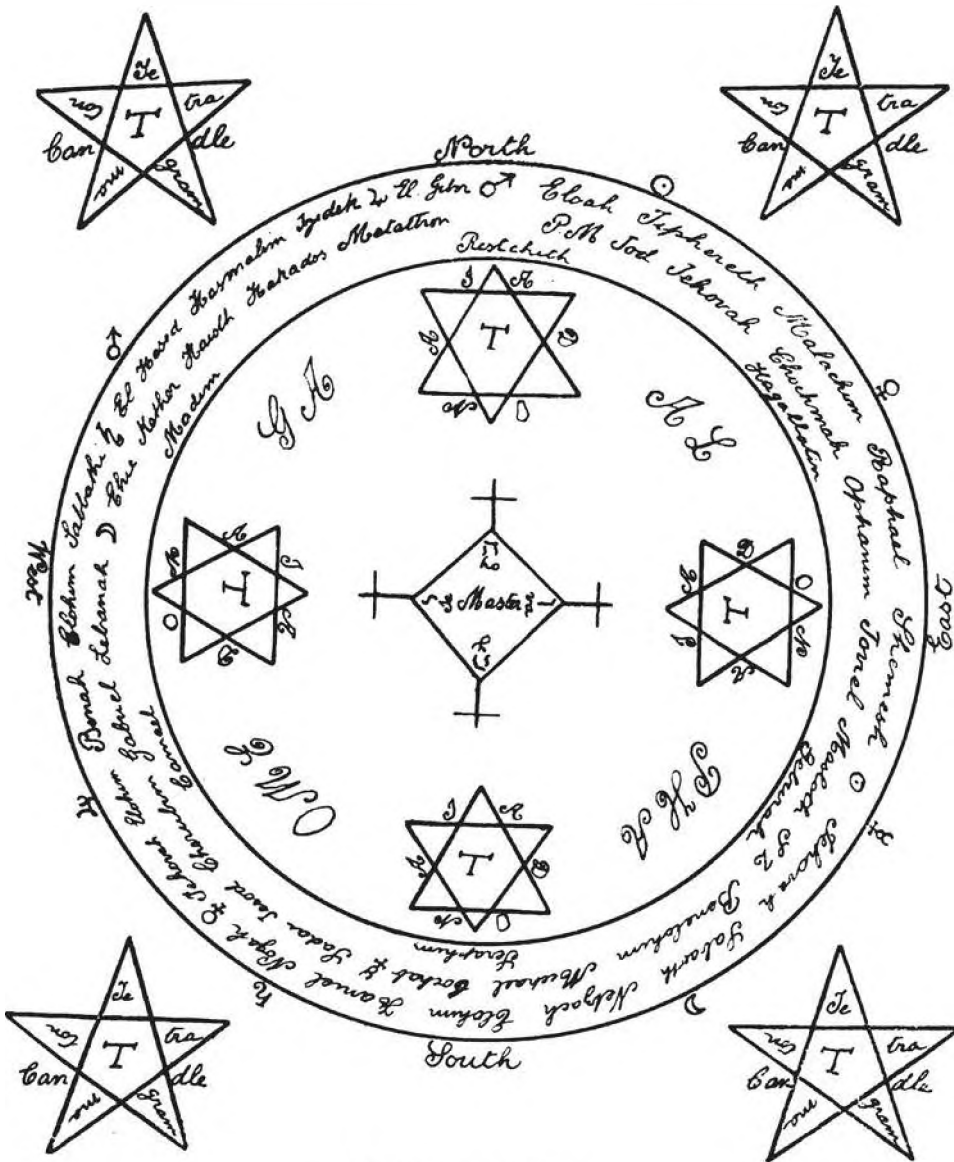
volume, *The Book of Ceremonial Magic*; * a most comprehensive treatise in that it supplies the texts of all the chief magical rituals extant, describes the methods and operations, and supplies much historical and critical commentary. But the author's avowed purpose being to show that Magic, Sorcery, Necromancy and their cognates are perverse corruptions and fungoid growths upon a body of doctrine that is high and holy, the book is negative rather than positive in value; its motive is that of the Spartan fathers when they paraded drunken helots in the presence of their sons; namely, to show them something well worth avoiding.

That definite results accrue from magical practices is of course indubitable, but if from following them one were to gain the whole world, or even an inconsiderable portion of it, there is probably no surer way by which to disintegrate eventually one's own soul. It is significant that these operations demand from their devotees preparations as arduous as, and certainly far more ingenious and troublesome than, are required from those who aim at that genuine occult wisdom of which art-magic is the complementary foolishness. The doctrine of both prescribes rigorous discipline of body and mind, but whilst in the one case the end proposed is that of assisting the Divine in man to find its rest in the Divine in the Universe, in the other it is to provoke auto-hypnosis and self-hallucination, to indulge in vanity and self-glory, to truckle with obscene powers, to steal nefarious marches upon and influence the freewill of one's neighbour, and to obtain abnormal facilities for practising lewdness unperceived. *Corruptio optimi pessima*; or as S. Francis of Sales once said in taking the pure and sweet-scented lily as the symbol of the perfected soul, there is no scent so foully malodorous as that of rotten lilies. Mr. Waite has performed a considerable service, though doubtless a disagreeable task, in collating the literature of Ceremonial Magic, in indicating its methods and aims, and especially in demonstrating the invalidity of the distinction popularly made between magic that is thought to be White and that which is admittedly Black. It is perhaps too much to hope that efforts towards attaining artificial illuminism or that the prostituted use of occult powers will cease to be made as the result of this volume, but, so far as literature can pronounce it, for all but the ignorant, the imbecile, or the wantonly wicked, this book is as the Last Judgment thereupon.

One turns with relief from contemplating the ways of vanity

* *The Book of Ceremonial Magic*, including the Rites and Mysteries of Goëtic Theurgy, Sorcery and Infernal Necromancy. By A. E. Waite. 376 pp. with 180 engravings and plates. William Rider & Son, Ltd.

and evil, to the one remaining path leading to the true ecstasy and veritable Magia ; the path which I have said above is alone legitimate and safe as it alone is to be computed genuine occultism



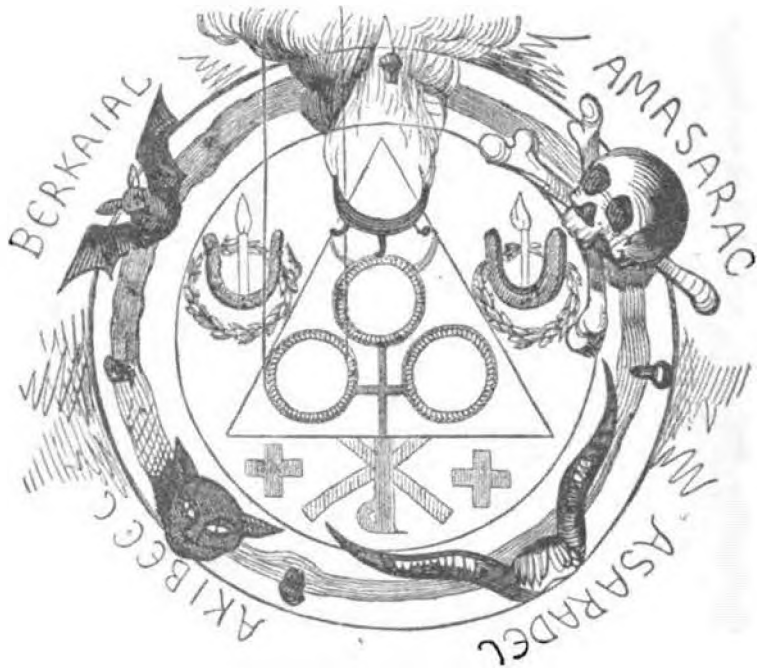
THE MAGICAL CIRCLE.

and the only one worth any one's while to pursue. Given the fact, which lies at the basis of all occultism, that high and hidden centres of consciousness and power exist sealed up within the human organism, there exist also alternative ways of unlocking

them. One is by forced, illicit methods conducing inevitably to mental and moral disintegration ; the other is by a " graduated fire " and methods inducing legitimate and normal growth towards, and ultimate absorption in, the focal source and holy centre of all consciousness and power, where, voided of all vain desires and in utter immunity from any peril, the soul

In the ultimate Heart's occult abode
May lie as in an *oubliette* of God.

As regards the former of these methods the best of all authorities stigmatized as thieves and robbers those who sought to " climb up into the sheepfold by some other way " than that of growth in



GOETIC CIRCLE OF PACTS.

grace and sanctity and through the strait gate and narrow way prescribed by the law and the order ; whilst a lesser one who learned the Secret Doctrine independently of the Christian fold has also testified that those few who find the hidden door legitimately are such as have been found specially worthy to be interiorly illumined or have won their title to the heights by an inflaming passion for holiness ;

Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
Dis geniti potuere.*

* Virgil, *Aen.* VI. 129-131.

I will add but one word, lest Mr. Waite's new volume should by any be thought negligible because it treats of a subject that is so. In a succinct and powerful introduction he has himself provided the antidote and counter-thesis to the main subject-matter of his book. No terser summary, yet no more explicit and luminous exposition of the one legitimate occult path, as often defined and often traversed during the age of Christendom, has to my knowledge appeared in public literature. And at a time when many minds are seeking for sound counsel and feeling after the true way, and yet when, to meet this demand, glittering temptations exist to divert them towards spurious and dangerous processes, Mr. Waite's introductory pages to the collated records of *pseudo-occultism* come as a warning to inexperienced aspirants and as a trumpet-challenge that says, "Choose ye this day whom you will serve!"



THE APPARITION OF THE GRAND CABALA.

SOME SYLLABLES OF THE AFTER LIFE

By M. S.

" I sent my Soul into the Invisible,
Some syllable of the After life to spell ;
And by and by my Soul came back to me
And answered, ' I myself am Heaven and Hell.' "

Omar Khayyám.

IT has occurred to me that it might be helpful to some who are vainly seeking more definite ideas about " death " and what comes after, if I were to give some of my own deductions as the result of numerous experiences poured into my ears at different times during the last ten years. I think I may safely aver that never has a day passed without bringing some spirit entity to speak to me. Many have volunteered their personal experience of death, and from others the required information has been elicited by dint of questioning. What has always impressed me most is the vagueness of the teaching of Christian pastors and masters on these subjects. This is only too clearly evidenced by the utter astonishment, not to say dismay, of ninety-nine out of a hundred spirits who have found all so strange and unlike anything they were taught to believe as true. Many professional men, like doctors, barristers or scientific men who have been agnostics here, generally express to me their pleasure and astonishment at finding consciousness and mental power so much enhanced and so many opportunities offered, to those who desire it, of advance in knowledge along their own particular lines of research. " You talk of us as the dead," said one ; " why, we were never so much alive before ; you can't imagine what a prison house the body can be."

Orthodox people, in my experience, gravitate between two opposing ideas equally untenable—one is that the loved one is at rest and peace in the grave where he will remain, until on a distant unspecified day an angel with a mighty trumpet blast will wake up all to a bodily resurrection, or that immediately the " Soul " has left the body it is ushered straight into the presence of the Great First Cause who sits on a white throne surrounded by saints and angels playing on harps and ceaselessly hymning His praises. I shall never forget my deep but silent terror as a small child brought up in Edinburgh by the

strictest sect of the Calvinists, when in the words of the well-known hymn I was forced to think of Heaven as "an eternal Sabbath day." Up to then my Sabbath days had been anything but unalloyed bliss. They were associated with best clothes, tight and uncomfortable, straight hair tortured into curls foreign to its natural bent, long interminable prayers and sermons of which the text and general outline had to be remembered and quoted; no story books to read, only dull sermons far beyond one's immature comprehension; no laughter or jokes on mundane matters, only solemn dulness and pious depression! The absurdity of some conventional ideas of Heaven and the hereafter has been caustically exposed by Mark Twain in his recent book, *Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*. In this the author ridicules the idea that haloes, wings, harps and golden crowns are served out like so many stage properties to all and sundry as soon as they arrive from the earth sphere.

Wings, I am frequently told, are not necessary to convey the denizens of the astral world from one part to another. A strong desire, wish or intention is sufficient to take them where they would be. The old fairy tale of the "wishing carpet" is much nearer the truth of things than the birds' wings with which mediæval painters and poets endowed their angels. At the same time, I fancy if wings be necessary to the happiness of any one, he or she can think them on just as easily as they can think themselves into any costume they fancy, as I am assured can be done. What a comfort that must be and what a great saving of mental wear and tear! Once when I was a good deal worried by a very undesirable entity whose threats rather scared me, I prayed for protection and was granted it on the spot. The messenger who came to my assistance and whom I saw clairvoyantly had dazlingly white wings, and when I asked him the reason, being under the impression that wings were not necessary, he replied that it was quite true, but that as he thought I might expect to see them, and look upon them as the proper appurtenances of the angel messenger, he had "thought himself into those wings" as he came down to me!

As far as I can gather, "haloes" are not suddenly put on after death; they have to be grown as it were all the time. They are emanations from one's soul and spirit. The man who is highly developed mentally and spiritually always carries his golden halo around his head, if only our blind eyes could see. Many clairvoyants *can* see the light of varying tints—"the aura" which surrounds all of us—though, alas! it is not

always beautiful! The yellowish light, seen around the head of some holy man or woman by a semi-clairvoyant disciple, was no doubt the origin of the saints' halo, represented generally in pictures by a thin circle of gold round the head. I have been told that often an angel messenger, bent on some errand of mercy, will flash like a meteor through the lower astral planes, dazzling, nay even almost blinding, those who catch sight of him; also, that as the soul gets purified and the coarser astral atoms fall away; as the character becomes more Christ-like, the garments shine more and more resplendently white; the whiteness being the outward symbol of the inner purity and selflessness.

The sad result of so much ignorance about the hereafter is felt most when the uninstructed person passes over to the astral plane. One good pious woman, whom I had known in earth life and admired for her unselfish devotion to others, was terribly upset and nonplussed. "Where am I?" she said; "what place is this?" "Am I too sinful to be allowed to see my Saviour?" "Surely this can't be Heaven?" and so on. Her distress of mind was great, poor thing, and so also was her ignorance, and I almost despaired of ever making her understand that we ordinary people were not fit for such high altitudes, and would be struck as if by lightning by such tremendous rapidity of vibration. The Roman Catholic, in a way, has an immense advantage over a Protestant. His Church teaches him of an intermediate state which is called purgatory, where he must remain until his sins are purged in purifying fires. Unfortunately, he also thinks his priests have the key and can let him out sooner if they are paid to say masses for his soul. In one case I came to know of, the man, an Irish Roman Catholic, begged that masses might be said for him. When I rather demurred my guardian reminded me that the man must be helped in his way not in mine, and that his belief in the efficacy of masses helped considerably to make them effective. I mentioned this tentatively to the friend of his who had asked my assistance, and she, though a strong Protestant, at once acquiesced, and was fortunately able to obtain the services of an earnest, enlightened priest, who put his whole heart into these masses. The poor fellow expressed himself at the time as duly grateful and much helped, but later on, when his friend had explained things more clearly to him, he stopped them of his own accord as "no longer necessary."

One fact we ought to realize is that death does not bring omniscience; the average man is just the same after death as

before; he has the same character, the same prejudices, tendencies, limitations; he will naturally gravitate towards the company of those who think with him, and as naturally disapprove of all who differ, especially in religious matters. For none of us is there any sudden stepping into the bright light of absolute truth. If mentally lethargic here, a man will be the same yonder, drifting aimlessly about, learning nothing, and in many cases caring nothing. Many of this type have spoken to me, clubmen, men about town, racing, hunting and shooting men whose principal object in life had been to kill time pleasantly. Over and over again they have confessed to being horribly bored, not knowing how to amuse or interest themselves. Freewill is respected there as here, no one is coerced into the right path. The desire for knowledge and progress must come from within; the helping hand is always ready as soon as help is asked for; until then the entity is left alone to do what seems good to him. According to the fulness or poverty of the mental and moral equipment taken over by a man, will be the fulness or emptiness, interest or boredom of his future life. All fulness is there but we may be like blind men on the Alps, or deaf men at an orchestral concert.

Truly is character destiny, "I myself am Heaven or Hell." Over and over again I have found that the man who has been merciful and loving, tolerant and forgiving, no matter how heterodox his views, or vague and unformulated his beliefs, finds himself in much better surroundings than the "true believer" who has been hard of heart and harsh in his condemnation of others. In two cases where the spirits were personally known to me in life, both confessed to having wandered alone for a long time in the "land of shadows." One was a clergyman of the Church of England, upright and honourable, the very apotheosis of all that was respectable and orthodox, and regarded almost as a saint in his own family. Even *he* confessed humbly—for he had learned his lesson—that his hardness in the past and his denial of God's mercy to others had kept him down for a long time on the lower astral planes. The other was a woman whose every duty in life had been conscientiously and punctiliously performed, and yet who, though both wife and mother, had had very little affection roused in her for any one.

The denizens of the lowest planes are, I find, as a rule unable to come and speak to me, and it is only as the result of working amongst them that I have brought dimly through into my physical consciousness the horrors of their environment. I shall

never forget the appalling sense of remorse with which I woke on one occasion with the words, "This is Hell, this is Hell," audibly on my lips, nor the severe pain in the region of the heart which always assails me when unhappiness is near me, and warns me that I have come across another tragedy in the astral plane. In this case it was an unfortunate doctor, who, driven desperate by the shame and disgrace brought upon him by a drunken wife, had been tempted in an evil hour to get rid of her by slow poison. His knowledge of chemistry lent itself to the deed never being discovered by man, but all mental peace was gone and the man lived in hell, a hell of his own making, for many years before he died. Murderers and suicides seem compelled to experience over and over again the feelings of hatred and despair which prompted them to the fatal deed; the feelings of bitterness and revenge towards all law and justice and those who stand for them, being specially acute in the case of those who have paid the full penalty of the law, and thus have been hurled violently out of the earth plane with all their evil passions strong in them. These men are an unthought-of danger to the whole community; they become the soul and centre of further crime by urging on other men of like passions on this side the veil. May not this be the reason for that curious psychological fact noticed by many, that "one suicide makes many," and one murder is often the prelude to a veritable epidemic? The possibly deterrent effect of capital punishment is more than counter-balanced by the certain evil results of crowding the lower astral planes with vindictive criminal entities. An extraordinary case of the kind came within my own ken and will serve to "point the moral" of what I have just written regarding the pressure brought to bear on some unfortunate from the other side. Some years ago now, a friend of mine, an experienced psychic herself—we will call her Mrs. Tait—told me of her anxiety on a brother's behalf, begging me to help if I could. Major Bowen, the brother, had had a fall from his horse, and the effects, not apparent at first, had later developed into an injured spine and brain. This injury took the form of a religious mania and, curiously enough, all the early orthodox teaching of an angry God and hellfire, overlaid for years by the ordinary life and interests of a military man and county magnate, came to the front; and poor Major Bowen suffered mental tortures imagining he had committed the unpardonable sin and was therefore doomed to eternal damnation. At the same time he became "sensitive," seeing and hearing much that he had never seen or heard before. He distressed

his devoted wife much by waking up screaming at night, and begging her for protection, saying that "they were trying to tear him in pieces." The poor man had little rest, mental or physical, day or night, and was in a pitiable condition. A spirit friend of mine, after going to look him up, brought back the report that the Major was in very bad surroundings, and had opened the door somehow to many evil entities, who, having discovered he was sensitive, tormented him ceaselessly with evil suggestions. Feeling very sorry for the Major's wife and sister, I put my whole heart into praying for help, and eventually, to my great joy, a message was given to me to hand on to Mrs. Tait, "Tell her to be of good cheer, he will not be permitted to harm himself; the lesion in the brain is but temporary and he will soon be himself again." This message was the first intimation I had had that the poor man had tried to put an end to himself. This promise brought great comfort to both Mrs. Tait and Mrs. Bowen and encouraged us all to persevere in prayer. Fortunately for the Major, his wife was sensitive in some ways and used to bring through to her waking consciousness certain names, the names, as it afterwards transpired, of some of those who were tormenting her husband. One name especially was always on the Major's lips, the name of a man who had once commanded his regiment and who had committed suicide some years before. "Colonel Lloyd"—so we will call him—"says I must come; it is the only way out of the trouble." Two other names were also given by Mrs. Bowen, one that of the family solicitor who had done away with himself owing to financial troubles and that of a naval lieutenant who, from a mistaken sense of honour, had also taken his own life. These spirits, egged on by others more evil and far more powerful than themselves, were perpetually urging the Major to follow their bad example. On receiving this information I immediately made up my mind to go in search of these three men and plead with them to leave poor Major Bowen alone. I had some preliminary difficulty in getting at the Colonel, who was forcibly kept away, but finally with perseverance I managed to extort a promise from him that he would henceforth cease his importunities. This promise was nobly kept by the Colonel in the face of much violence and persecution. "I give you my word," he said, "on the honour of a gentleman, but what is the use? There are hundreds all bent on his self-destruction." The two others came voluntarily to speak to me before I went off to sleep, so that my conversation with them was in my full physical conscious-

ness. They likewise promised to desist, and said practically the same thing, adding that they could not help themselves, being dominated by powerful spirits who forced them to this devilish work. After a time I am glad to say Major Bowen was saved out of the clutches of these fiends and protected at night, so that he had quiet restful sleep; and—as promised—he regained his normal health, but, with it, lost both his clairvoyant and clairaudient powers. The doctor's verdict was the poor fellow's mind was unhinged by the accident; it was all mental hallucination, and naturally ceased when the brain and spine recovered. True enough from the physical plane point of view, but do doctors know everything pertaining to this complex body of ours? Was the greatest Healer of all mistaken in his diagnosis, when he restored suffering men to sanity and health by driving out the obsessing "devils"? I may here mention another case which came to my knowledge some years ago and which may be remembered by some of the readers of this REVIEW; it was the case of a verger of a Bayswater church who attempted—fortunately unsuccessfully—to cut his throat in front of the altar. When remonstrated with and asked what tempted him to such a course, he replied that just before he had heard a voice urging him strongly to perpetrate the deed.

My communications with "the other side" have taught me many valuable lessons, not the least being the necessity of learning to control one's thoughts, to think purely, to think kindly and to think truthfully. We live surrounded by, not only our own, but other people's thought-forms. If we try to think only good, evil is automatically repelled, but if we give way to evil passions the soil will prove congenial and we shall attract the evil thoughts of others. With every thought we think we are helping either to raise or to debase the moral atmosphere about us. Here I should like to quote some helpful and weighty words by an American professor on the importance of right thought. He says: "Thought is produced by vibrations in the cells of the brain, which are communicated to the universal substance and go out as thought-waves. Thought also reacts through the cells of the brain upon the sympathetic nerve system, which is a prolongation of the brain. In the psychological laboratories of our universities (American), it has been shown that each thought has its own rate of vibration. Thought-vibrations, then, not only go out in universal substance and act upon other minds but they react upon the physical organism through the sympathetic nervous system, which is a part of the brain and has complete

control over every organ in the body. From experiments made in the psychological laboratories it has been discovered that thoughts of the 'flesh' produce vibrations that are coarse, destructive, and degenerating; and that thoughts of the 'spirit' produce upon the sympathetic nervous system vibrations that are gentle, harmonious, constructive and regenerating. Wrong thought-activity engenders destructive action in the physical organism, whereas right thought-activity engenders constructive action."

In cases where the thoughts have been persistently evil for any length of time and have had great intensity—say of hatred, malice, jealousy, bitterness towards some one—the form taken in the astral plane is often bestial or quasi-human, quasi-bestial, and this may endure strong and active for long periods of time. In these facts, may there not lie some explanation of those horrible hobgoblin sort of creatures of whom one has read as haunting certain old castles and mansions? In most of the cases recorded the mansion haunted has been an old one in which in mediæval times awful cruelties, murders and treacheries have been perpetrated until the very stones must be saturated with vileness. I have been very often told that a dense gloom, like a fog, hangs all round this earth and is specially black and fœtid over great crowded cities like London, Glasgow, Paris, New York, etc. This gloom, "like black clouds lowering over one's head," as a spirit once described it to me, is much felt by denizens of the lower astral planes—those most in connection with the earth. As the coarser astral atoms disintegrate and the spirit rises gradually to the higher planes, this gloom lessens, becomes a misty grey and finally merges into brighter and brighter light. All have noted that the light seems equally diffused, that no visible source is seen in sun, moon or stars. The reason of this I do not know. I have always understood that the astral and mental planes through which we all pass are situated—if one can use this phrase in such a connection—in the "aura" of the earth, and it seems as if the sun, moon and planets ought to be visible from these surroundings. It may be that they are obscured only by the black and grey clouds of the lower planes and shine out visibly again from the higher.

People often ask me, "But what do they tell you of their surroundings? What do they do with themselves? What scenery have they around them?" The scenery in some cases seems much like what has been left behind here. The mind may perhaps unconsciously create it. Others say it is like the Devon-

shire moors or the South African veldt—stretches of wild moorland right to the horizon, trees, shrubs, hedges, long white roads leading away and away, sometimes wild flowers larger and brighter in colour than those of earth, blooming in the fields and hedges. One officer, relating his experiences after death to a friend of mine and his through automatic writing, wrote that he had died in a hospital in South Africa from enteric. He was unconscious for days before the end came, and when he again regained consciousness he found himself, to his surprise, in a vast plain with trees, shrubs and beautiful flowers all in bloom around him. Looking about him, he discovered a friend who had died in the same hospital after being unconscious through opiates for some days. These two men discussed their affairs together, having no notion at first that they were "dead." Feeling so much better and free of all pain, and noticing the changed surroundings, they came to the conclusion that they had been sent somewhere away from the hospital to convalesce. It was with some difficulty that finally an older denizen of the spirit-world managed to convince them both they were really "dead."

Artists and other nature lovers think their favourite or ideal scenery for themselves; they *must* have beautiful surroundings and can have them if they only wish strongly enough and make mental images of what they have most loved. Can any one, for instance, imagine the dear old "Autocrat" without trees in his environment, trees amongst which he could wander at will, and round which he could put his pocket measuring-tape?

Musicians have told me they are always listening to the great tone masters; playing themselves on instruments earth cannot manufacture, or catching new inspiration for their creative work, from higher spheres. Over there, the joy is enhanced twofold, for there are symphonies of colour as well as of sound and not only so but form also, every note of sound having its distinctive colour and form. As the music rolls forth, exquisite shades of colour are seen blending with each other and wonderfully intricate architectural or floral forms build themselves up, from the dainty filigree outlines of a Mendelssohn's "Spring song" to the grand majestic battlements of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung."

Scientific men continue their observation of natural facts, and deduce therefrom great general laws; also they try hard to impress the minds of scientists still with us, helping largely in most of their discoveries.

Those who were book lovers here are often immersed in astral libraries. I know one dear old friend who simply refuses to be

dug out, but sits absorbed, his nose glued to the page, oblivious of time, past, present or future.

There are also halls of learning where lectures are given on every conceivable subject, scientific, religious and literary. Once I myself brought through smatterings of an astronomical lecture to which I had been listening and once or twice I evidently passed by some sort of religious gathering, for I awoke with a well-known ancient and modern hymn ringing in my ears. At another time I heard part of the litany to the Virgin chanted by men's voices. "Mater purissima," "Mater castissima" were the words I brought through distinctly into my physical consciousness.

Several doctors have told me that though, like Othello, "their occupation was now gone," they were still so interested in their profession that they often haunted the London hospitals to look on at operations and diagnose difficult cases of disease. Their anxiety was great to help their old colleagues, but, alas! they found it impossible to impress them! I had rather an interesting experience not long ago. Being at the time a little worried by some disquieting symptoms, a good deal connected with my psychic development, and feeling it would be of little use going to an ordinary medical man, I made up my mind to try a "clairvoyant diagnoser" of whom I had heard. He had certain hours for paying patients, but did an immense deal of good work for poor people, gratis. I went on the day and hour appointed, and found a number of people all waiting their turn in an ante-room. We were all provided with pencil and paper to note down the advice given, and one by one we went into the inner room where sat the diagnoser. After shaking hands with the old man, I remarked, "You must feel very tired and confused after seeing so many different patients." "Oh no," he replied, "I know nothing that happens, unless the information is volunteered by the sitter." This statement aroused my interest, so I began to cross-question him. As he saw I knew something of occult matters, he told me that he personally had nothing to do with diagnosing, but that after he was driven out of, or had left his body, an ex-medical man took full possession, and gave the necessary medical advice. This doctor, the medium assured me, he had known for years, and that he had seen him more than once; moreover, all the facts given of his own life, dates, names, etc., had been verified; at the same time the doctor expressed himself as anxious to remain incognito, and so his wish was respected. After listening to the doctor's pronouncement in my

own case, which by the way quite tallied with what I had been told by my own friends on the other side, I spoke for a few hurried moments with him on psychic matters, telling him I was clairaudient, with the secret hope that he would test it by coming to speak to me. That same evening whilst I was sitting quietly thinking of the day's experiences, some one purporting to be this doctor came and spoke to me. The same entity came again and again during the ensuing weeks, often having to hurry away because he said the hour for diagnosing through Mr. P—— had come. He never vouchsafed his name, but told me the arduous and continuous work he was now engaged in he regarded in the light of "expiation." He had been a rank materialist, and had had much influence over young medical students. He was now trying to undo some of the mischief done in the past through ignorance, by helping suffering bodies and blind souls. Some time after this, I had occasion to take a cousin of mine to see this "clairvoyant diagnoser," as she had grave fears, happily quite unfounded, about her own physical condition. At her request I accompanied her to the private interview, in order to write down what was told her. When I shook hands with the medium, I said, "Do you remember me, Mr. P——? I came myself to consult you some months ago, etc." The man's face was a blank, and I was not surprised when he apologised for not remembering me, on the plea of seeing so many different faces day after day. As soon, however, as the "doctor" had taken possession of the medium's body, he held out his hand, grasped mine, and said: "How do you do, Mrs. S——?" "So you remember me, doctor? Was it you then who came and talked to me several times and told me a good deal about your work?" "Yes," said he, "I have been several times to see you, and would have come oftener, only my work ties me a good deal." This proved to me that the medium was right when he said he was driven out of his body; in my case it is obvious there were two separate entities involved—one who having seen me once, had quite forgotten me, and the other who had seen and spoken to me several times and remembered me of his own initiative.

The existence of astral libraries always seems to astonish spirits still new to their surroundings. To the intelligent ones they become a great solace. One friend of mine, a charming clever cultivated woman who always thirsted for information of all kinds this side, told me she now spent a good deal of time in one of these libraries. She was under guidance studying as-

tronomy with special reference to the habitability of the planets. Knowing how interested I have always been in the speculations regarding Mars and its "canals" she came to assure me that Professor Percival Lowell was quite right in his conjectures, and that there all is much more marvellous than any of us can imagine.

There are, I think, many of my own sex, the ultra domestic variety, to whom the possession of a "home" is absolutely necessary for happiness. What they yearn for is a little *pied-à-terre* here, and—shall we call it?—a little *pied-au-ciel* there, when they pass over. Let these derive some comfort from the following episode. A certain professor, a friend of mine, came, not long ago, to beg me to allow myself to be introduced to his wife—also on the other side. This, he frankly told me, was partly because his wife had expressed her disbelief in the possibility of any living woman being able to get away from her body in sleep, and because he was anxious to prove to her that he was right and she was wrong! That night I went off to sleep with the intention of going to see this lady, and I knew that the professor himself was waiting in the offing to conduct me. I woke up in the early morning bringing through very clearly the professor's face, also a very cordial handclasp; it seems he escorted me back and shook hands just before I slipped back into my body again. I also had a vivid remembrance of having a long talk in a house with a lady—whose face, however, did not come through—who showed me with pride all her most cherished treasures in the way of curiosities. Whilst talking, I heard a carriage drive up and saw distinctly through an open door the sleek well-groomed hindquarters of two bay horses, their heads being hidden by an intervening wall. On waking, I concluded that realities and dream fancies must have got considerably mixed up, but on my asking the professor for an explanation he said, "You are quite right; my wife could not bear to be homeless, and so thought out for herself a replica of the one we had in Edinburgh, even to the ornaments and curios she had been for years collecting." "But," said I, "surely the horses and the phaeton were imaginary." "No," said he, "they were real enough, our old friend, Mr. Wood, always drives up to see my wife; the horses are old pets of his who found him out when he passed over and insisted upon following him about like dogs!" I gather that the professor himself finds this sort of feminine domesticity rather cramping, so goes off on various expeditions of his own, picking up knowledge on the subjects which most interest *him*.

If we could only look at "death" from the real standpoint, as only a change in life conditions, we should be able to help our loved ones instead of hindering and torturing them, as we so often do. If we could only realize how disastrous is the effect upon them of a morbid hopeless grief, black swathings of crape and all the barbarous mediæval paraphernalia of woe, we should never rest until we had reformed it out of existence. There is no greater mistake than to imagine that by mourning we are adding to the happiness and well-being of our dead. In fact it is quite the contrary. A heavy pall of gloom and depression hangs over them all the time. What they need most is our love, warm around them, and our prayers to help them, not stony grief on the one hand, or on the other a deliberate putting of them out of heart and mind as soon as the body has been consigned to the earth. One dear old friend said to me, "What is the use of heaping up wreaths on a grave? Your loving thoughts and prayers have helped me much more than all the flowers now withering in the cemetery." A young girl, the only child of doting parents who are simply distraught at her sudden and unexpected death, said in reply to a question of mine as to whether she was with her mother at night or not. "Yes, we are often together and mother is quite conscious of my being there, but, oh dear Mrs. S——, do tell her to cheer up; she does nothing but cry and cry and cry, and I really don't know what to do with her, it is so depressing." She also told me a "black cloud" followed her about everywhere, and though she still knows little about her new environment she has learned to connect this cloud with the grief of her parents.

Of the higher planes with their denizens, alas! I am not competent to speak. Echoes only come to me from friends who are passing on and away from earth. Though they sometimes speak to me from afar off, I can feel all through me their sense of happiness and well-being, for to them the words of Tennyson are literally true. "Farewell, we lose ourselves in light." Earth and its troubles recede more and more, memories of old griefs fade away till finally after a painless slipping out of their astral shell, they awake to full consciousness in the heaven world, where all bliss is theirs; that is, all the bliss they are capable of responding to and assimilating.

"The veil is rending and the voices of the day,
Are heard across the voices of the dark."

Tennyson.

CURIOUS FORMS OF WORSHIP

By A. M. JUDD

VI. FIRE WORSHIPPERS

ONLY a few thousand of the Parsees still keep up the ancestral worship in Persia itself, in Yezd and its neighbourhood. The majority, about 70,000, live in Western India and the peninsula of Guzerat, where their ancestors took refuge, when in the seventh century the Persians were overthrown by the Mohammedans. The Zend-Avesta is the name of their religious books. The priests of this ancient religion were the Magi, or wise men of the East, living among the Chaldeans and Persians. These Magi held a high position and great respect was paid to them.

Zoroaster, or Zarathustra, in modern Persian Zardusht, was the founder of the Persian religion. His birthplace is uncertain, but much of his active life and teaching was placed in Eastern Iran. In the Avesta he is described as teaching during the reign of Vishtaspa, who was his friend and patron. The Avesta does not mention his death, but in the book of Turanian kings, thirteenth century, it is related that he was murdered at the altar in the storming of Balk by the Turanian conquerors. The date when he lived is variously conjectured between 1000 and 1400 B.C. Zoroaster taught the dualistic principle, according to which Ormuzd, the good spirit, is continually warring with Ahriman, the originator of everything evil. Ormuzd was believed to have existed before any material thing. He was the creator of the world, of the holy mind, of religious truth, and fire was a special creation of his. The sun, Mithra, was spoken of as "the body and the eye of Mayda" (Ormuzd). Mithra was lord of the heavenly light, sun-god, god of light and truth, of moral goodness and purity. Asha (fire) is spoken of as the son of Ormuzd.

The Avesta makes no mention of temples; the sacred fire was kept up on altars in the open air on elevated places, at most surrounded by a simple wall. No image or representation of the gods was made; fire alone was sufficient to symbolize them, kept up perpetually in great stone or copper basins, fed with the choicest wood.

The principal festivals were the new year's festival to Ormuzd, and that of the autumnal Equinox to Mithra, and the dead in

general were celebrated on the last ten days of the year. Besides these were several holy days, sacred to Ormuzd and other deities.

In the time of Darius, the Magians acquired great influence as priests of the Avesta religion. They carried the sacred fire before the kings, and the king's sons were instructed by them in the religion of Zoroaster. No one could sacrifice in Persia without a Magian. They offered sacrifices at high places, first praying to the sacred fire. They sacrificed animals, striking them down with a club; but no part of the flesh was set apart for the deity, the soul of the animal only being required.

Strabo relates that "As far west as Cappadocia there were enclosed places, in the midst of which was an altar heaped up with ashes. On this the Magians kept up the unquenchable fire. Each day they went and sang for an hour before the fire, holding in their hands a bundle of twigs."

There were a great many rules for purification, especially after touching a dead body. No man was allowed to carry a corpse alone, and every corpse, if buried, must be disinterred for exposure within six months. Fire, earth and water being all holy, corpses were to be kept as far away from them as possible and placed on the highest summits. When the bones were picked clean by the birds they were laid in the Towers of Silence.

Impurity was believed to be the work of a demon which especially inhabited corpses, and passed from thence to those who touched them. This evil spirit was expelled from the corpse itself by the "four-eyed dog" being brought near and made to look at the dead. This four-eyed dog was a dog which had two spots above the eyes. Wherever the corpse passed, death walked with it threatening the living; consequently no man or animal might pass that way till the deadly breath had been blown away by the four-eyed dog, a priest aiding with his spells. Even in the present day a dog is brought in to look at a deceased person, this being known as the *sag-did*, or dog's gaze; this is now explained as securing the passage of the soul over the Chinvat bridge, over which only the pious pass to heaven.

The modern Parsees are influential and wealthy, a Parsee beggar being unknown. They have survived the persecution that was long their fate in Persia and India. Fire is the symbol of their god, fire they revere and do not treat lightly in any circumstances; they are the only people who universally refrain from tobacco-smoking, as offending their religious principles. The greatest number of them are to be found in Bombay.

The priesthood is handed down by inheritance from father to

son, although priests may become laymen. As to the latter, a man who is very religious will say prayers many times a day, albeit in the Avesta language, which he does not understand. Prayers are said on rising from sleep, after bathing, after every operation of life, before and after meals and before going to bed.

The strangest practice of the Parsees, to western notions, is the habit of rubbing *nirang* (cow's urine) over the face and hands, as a specific against *devas*, or evil spirits, a prayer being recited at the same time.

Devotions at the Parsee fire-altars may be performed at any time by the worshippers, who usually give something to the priests. There is considerable attendance at the festivals at special seasons. On the tenth day of the eighth month there is a festival to Fravardin, who presides over the souls of the departed, when special ceremonies for the dead are performed, the towers of silence visited and prayers said in the small fire-temples in the vicinity; these are in addition to the annual celebrations for the dead in each house.

New Year's Day is both a day of religious festival and social intercourse, when the fire-temples are visited and prayers said, looking towards the altar of sacred fire. Visits to friends with ceremonial hand-joining follow, and alms are given to the poor.

A Parsee infant, born on a ground floor, to which he is again brought as soon as he is dead, has his nativity cast on the seventh day by an astrologer-priest. At seven years he is purified with *nirang*, and invested with the sacred girdle of seventy-two threads, representing the seventy-two chapters of the Yasna. As the priest blesses the child he throws upon its head portions of fruits, spices and perfumes.

Marriages are arranged by the astrologer, and are celebrated with a religious ceremony, in which the couple are tied together by a silken cord gradually wound round them, while a benediction is pronounced.

When dying a Parsee will be attended by a priest, who repeats to him consolatory texts from the Avesta, gives him the sacred Haoma juice to drink, and prays for the forgiveness of his sins. After death the body is taken to a ground-floor room from which everything has been removed; it is laid upon stones, washed in warm water, dressed in clean white clothes, and placed upon an iron bier. The priest, in the presence of the corpse, gives an exhortation to the relatives to live pure and holy lives. A dog is then brought in to look at the deceased. The carriage of the body to the Tower of Silence is committed to a special class of

Parsees called *Nessusalar*, or unclean, from the work they perform. On arrival at the appointed tower, prayers are said at the neighbouring fire-altar. The body is then exposed on a stone platform within the tower, so that all fluids pass into a well, into which also the bones left by the vultures are swept. During the three days after death a priest constantly prays before a burning fire fed with sandal-wood near the spot where the dead body was laid, the soul not being believed to leave this world during that period. On the fourth day after death there is a further ceremony for the soul of the departed. Contributions to charities are made in memory of the deceased and successive annual ceremonies of departed souls keep them in remembrance. One peculiarity of the Parsees is that they keep their heads covered day and night, owing to an idea that it is sinful to be uncovered.

Like so many other religions this also seems to have originated in sun-worship. Prayers were addressed to the rising and the setting sun. That it is a very ancient religion is evident from the *Avesta* itself. It speaks solely of Aryans, making no mention of Persians or Medes as such, neither does it contain any reference to the battles between the Medes and Babylonians. The statement of Herodotus that the Medes were anciently called Aryans supports this view of the antiquity of the record, which deals solely with Aryans, before the Medes had become a distinct people.

The *Avesta* teaches the doctrine of immortality and a coming world, which is "better than the good." The souls have to cross a *chinvat* bridge, or bridge of retribution, at which justice is administered. The good go to the abode of light and glory where *Ormuzd* reigns and is praised in hymns. The evil go for all eternity to the habitation of the devils, in eternal night. A good man's spirit, remaining near the head of the body, tastes during the three nights succeeding death as much happiness as the whole living world can taste. He passes into the most blissful region, and is met by his own conscience in the shape of a beautiful heavenly maiden who recites to him all his good actions, and then conducts him through the *Paradises of Good Thought, Good Word, Good Deed and Endless Light*.

The wrong-doer, on the other hand, suffers as much agony in the three nights succeeding the death of the body as the whole living world can suffer, and then is brought through a foul region into the hills of *Evil Thought, Evil Word and Evil Deed* and finally into *Endless Darkness*.

The general tenor of the *Avesta* is to look for a regeneration of the earth, with a resurrection of the bodies of the dead, to join

their souls. Some say that this view of the resurrection was original in Zoroastrianism and that it was adopted from the Persians by the Jews.

A modern Parsee catechism for the instruction of children shows that they are taught to believe in one God, Ormuzd, and that Zardusht (Zoroaster) is his true prophet, that the religion of the Avesta was communicated to him by God, that it is true beyond doubt that God is good, and that good deeds are enjoined.

Reverence and worship for Ormuzd, the supreme Being, principally typified by the unquenchable Fire, dread of the evil spirit, anxiety to avoid the evils he can bring, and practical charity, chiefly characterize this most interesting survival from past ages.

With regard to the four-eyed dog's power of expelling the evil spirit from the corpse, it is interesting to note that, in the early Vedic religion, Yama, the divine ruler of the spirits of the dead, is said to have a couple of four-eyed brindled dogs who watch for the departed. They guard the road to Yama's abode and the dead are advised to hurry past them with all speed. In this they resemble Cerberus, the dog of Tartarus.

Sir Monier-Williams mentions them in his verses representing Yama :—

Soul of the dead ! depart ; fear not to take the road—
 The ancient road—by which thy ancestors have gone ;
 Ascend to meet the god—to meet thy happy fathers,
 Who dwell in bliss with him. Fear not to pass the guards—
 The four-eyed brindled dogs—that watch for the departed.
 Return unto thy home, O soul ! Thy sin and shame
 Leave thou behind on earth ; assume a shining form—
 Thy ancient shape—refined and from all taint set free.

When the remains of the dead one have been placed upon the funeral pile, Agni, the god of fire, is besought not to scorch or consume him, but to convey him to the fathers as an offering, " Let his eyes go to the sun, his breath to the wind. Go to the sky and to earth, according to nature ; or go to the waters, if that is suitable for thee. As for his unborn part, do thou (Agni) kindle it with thy heat ; with those forms of thine which are auspicious convey it to the world of the righteous." The spirit is then supposed to enter upon a more perfect life.

THE HISTORY OF AN ATTEMPTED SUICIDE

From the *Birsheviya Vedomosti*

TRANSLATED BY V. E. DILLON

NOT long ago, our paper and several others gave accounts of an attempt at suicide at Lesnoi made by the wife of a certain student, M. B——.

It was stated that while hanging she had been quite unexpectedly rescued from the noose, but refused to give any reasons for her act.

We have since received a letter from Mrs. B—— in which she asks us to correct this misleading statement. She announces that the attempt she made upon her life was due to hypnotic influences, the result, in fact, of a séance she had had with a student K——, who, having placed her in a trance, did not fully awaken her at its termination.

Mrs. B——, who is taking a course of University lectures in obstetrics, is twenty-two years of age, has two children, and is living apart from her husband.

"I had no thought of suicide," she states, "as there has been no cause for it whatever. It happened in this way:—

"Two weeks ago I attended an evening party at the College Club. A university student, a friend of mine, Mr. K——, went up to me and offered to hypnotise me there and then. I told him that in the first place I had but little faith in hypnotism, and secondly that were he to succeed people might imagine I was drunk. However, to convince me of the reality of hypnotism, he named the 20th February (Russian style), for a séance. It was his purpose to stimulate my mind, by a series of suggestions, to a greater application in my studies.

"On the 20th I called on him and saw a young lady there whom he sent into a sleep in my presence. She speedily gave way to his magnetic influence, and while in the trance answered all his questions and executed his commands.

"He then tried to mesmerise me, but because of my scepticism he was not able to induce more than a slight state of somnolence, in spite of great perseverance. With that our meeting ended and I left.

"Some days later K—— telephoned to me and asked if I had any headache as a result of the recent interview. He also made a further appointment for the following Sunday, the 28th February (Russian style). Again the object was to strengthen my power of concentration on my work.

"I saw him about six o'clock that Sunday. He hypnotised me then, without much trouble. What most surprised me was the following: During the sitting, he held up a decanter with water, saying as he did so,—'I will look at you and you must keep your eyes on this decanter. There you will see what is passing through your mind and also something which you are to witness in the future.' I was thinking at the moment of my contemplated visit to my student friends where in all probability cards would be played.

"Will you credit me? In the decanter there vividly appeared the room of the friend I was about to visit! At a table some students were sketching something. Clearer than all, the number 72 impressed itself upon my mind. This figure I saw written in the middle of a clean, white sheet of paper.

"At the conclusion of the séance the student inquired several times if my head ached.

"'Yes, it does ache,' I replied.

"'Never mind,' said he, 'that will soon go. Keep up your spirits!'

"Arrived at my friend's, I was astounded to recognize that very scene which had arisen before me in the water-bottle. Further, I had observed in the decanter four students, but here I found only three. Strangely enough, I was told that a few minutes before my entry the fourth student had left.

"I went on then to examine the papers and sketches which strewed the table.

"The first few papers revealed nothing of interest, then, all at once I stumbled upon a sheet in the centre of which stood the number 72.

"It transpired that one of the students had begun to pencil a railway line, jotted down the figure 72, and then stopped.

"My amazement was further increased by another incident. In my vision I had perceived one of the students seated in an overcoat. I now saw him before me in the same attitude and similarly attired.

"The deep impression these wonders made upon me remained with me the whole of that Sunday evening. On Monday I lay awake all night. Tuesday came and found me with an acute

headache. It occurred to me then, that the student had not restored me to my state of normal wakefulness at the conclusion of the séance, and that I was still under a partial hypnosis.

"I sent a message to K—— to see me at once, but he was nowhere to be found. This was towards five of the evening.

"Of what followed after I have no remembrance. All was a blank from that moment until the instant when a blow restored me to consciousness and my full senses.

"It appears that at six o'clock that evening I exhibited all the symptoms of nervous disorder. I was alone in the house. A student casually called in and discovered me pacing from corner to corner of the room with my hair down. By turns I would cry and run my head against the wall, and I behaved altogether like a wild beast. It seems I drove the student out.

"Some time after six, D——, who was a student-boarder, arrived. Hearing a startling sound of stertorous breathing he made a hasty search through the dark rooms, an electric torch in his hand.

"At length his eye fell upon me.

"Both halves of the double dining-room door stood open. Across the top of them was laid a poker. To this poker was attached a silken scarf from which I hung suspended by the neck. The sudden shock of this discovery robbed him of clear thought and he fell to shouting for the neighbours to help, but recovering from his momentary stupor gave a great tug at my legs. The poker gave way and I came down. The jar of my fall and the application of ammonia recalled my faculties. The police subsequently appeared and drew up a report.

"Since then I have been a nervous wreck. My attempt at self-destruction I ascribe without hesitation to the hypnotic influence which had not been completely removed. These lingering traces of hypnosis caused the nervous breakdown which brought on the suicidal attempt."

* * * * *

In regard to this case we have sought some explanation from Dr. A. L. Mendelssohn, a well-known psycho-physicist. He informed us as follows:—"Undoubtedly there existed a connexion between the hypnotism and the suicidal mania which followed it, notwithstanding that while under the hypnotic influence no direct suggestions of that nature had been made.

"Generally speaking, suggestions, made by strangers unacquainted with the proper application of mesmerism and ignorant of neuropathy, may be fraught with danger to nervous sufferers.

“Of course a man of sound constitution, even when unskillfully treated, is not affected in health afterwards but recovers his normal bearing. It is otherwise with hysterical people and the victims of nerves. If the séance does not end with adequate suggestions of assurance, nervous troubles may follow.

“Now it is known that hysterical people are subject to auto-suggestion and they may unconsciously fall into a state of self-hypnosis in which, imagining themselves to be under the original influence, they carry out various thoughts into action.

“For example, a person so constituted might wake up one fine morning with the conviction that his arm is paralyzed, and as matter of fact, for a period of months and even years there would exist a corresponding ‘hysterico-paralysis’ of the limb.

“To obviate this possibility we make special safe-guarding suggestions.

“I may mention that the knowledge that such cases are not uncommon has created a great practice among charlatans and mountebanks who undertake the cure of these paralytics at one sitting.

“You see the question is still unsettled as to whether it is right to make suggestions to hysterical subjects. Many consider it is not! Others hold that it may be done safely but that every precaution should be used. Therefore when a séance is about to close it is necessary to give suggestions of a reassuring and a pacifying kind which would forestall the chances of auto-hypnosis.

“Doctors, for instance, usually announce to their patients in what manner the sitting will terminate. They will say that after counting five the process is to end or something of that sort. Such cases are free from evil consequence.

“This particular instance you have mentioned does not point to the party being nervous or hysterical. But undoubtedly the student who imposed the suggestions had little experience and no idea of precautionary measures. Often enough it happens that the one who induces the hypnotic state is unable to re-awaken the patient in the usual way.

“Quite recently I may tell you, a doctor who had mesmerised a woman could not rouse her and appealed to me by telephone. I had to give him specific instructions.

“And to your question, whether the thought of suicide could occur to Madame B—— as the result of an ill-managed séance, I must answer in the affirmative, as I consider it an indirect consequence of the trance.”

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.*]

NIETZSCHE AND CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In the January number of the OCCULT REVIEW, when referring to the Sermon on the Mount you say:—"It seems to me that the injunction to turn the cheek to the smiter, if it is seriously intended, can admit of no sort of moral justification." And you afterwards contemplate the possibility that Jesus Christ used paradox and that hyperbole and overstatement which is so dear to the Oriental temperament.

With great respect, I would suggest that you are wrong: you omit to take into consideration the contradiction which must always exist between the ideal and the practical.

If we confine ourselves, for the moment, to purely human affairs, I think I can give a good example of this distinction between the ideal and the practical:—

As idealists many of us fully accept the principles of socialism: that is, equal opportunity for all; common labour; abolition of warfare; reasonable necessities for bodily existence at the command of all. But as *practical men* we would fight tooth and nail against any sudden and revolutionary introduction of these principles. The ideal social state is no more than an *ideal*, which we must strive to attain by evolution in the laws of the State and by slow education of the people. And will any one—even the most extreme individualist—deny that equal opportunity for all, the abolition of warfare, and subsistence allowance for every one, however impossible in the present, are good things in themselves to strive for? Is it not a fact that the *tendency* in the evolution of state law and social relations is towards the establishment generally of "these good things"? On the other hand, will many deny that to suddenly introduce the *ideal* into practical legislation would end in disaster? The ideal is always in conflict with the practical.

Nietzsche was a man of practical economic ideas : he denied the ethical. But if Jesus Christ was, as He Himself alleged, the manifestation of God on earth, he was bound to preach an *ideal* state of things on earth : peace on earth and good-will amongst men. As God he was under the necessity of revealing to us the *ideal* : but as man, as a practical man, He preached also the impossibility of general acceptance by humanity of His ideal : He revealed the ideal to us only as that we are *to strive* to attain. The contradiction runs through all his teaching : as God he revealed the ideal ; as man he recognized (never justified) the evil state of humanity which prevented (and still prevents) the immediate putting into force of His ideal.

From the standpoint of philosophers like Nietzsche and politicians like Bismarck, Jesus Christ must always be regarded as an impractical utopian idealist. The outlook of such men is confined to this earth ; they worship brute force and brute intellect : they cannot see beyond the economic, for them the ethical has no existence. And so they view humanity as merely a seething mass of competitive suffering, out of which is to be evolved ultimately the superman. They regard the universe as founded on the misery and degradation of the many for the benefit of a favoured few. For the vast majority, Nietzsche writes up over the portal of entrance on earthly life :—" All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

But Jesus Christ, by the very *impossibility* of realization of the Ideal He revealed brings present hope to all ; and, as man, He showed us how we can *strive* to better the lot even on earth, not of a chosen few, but of *all*, under the guidance of the Supreme God.

I repeat :—The very divinity of Jesus Christ's revelation lies in the impossibility of His ideal being reduced into practice in the present : but the glory of His revelation lies in the present hope it brings to all, not a chosen few—hope which moves even nations to strive for the betterment of the lot of all on earth.

Yours faithfully,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

AN admirable criticism of the late Mr. Frank Podmore's new view of ghosts appears under the title of *Telepathic Hallucinations* in the last issue of *The Journal of the American Society for Psychological Research*. The writer finds that, unconsciously of course to its author, the whole book is an equivocation, both as regards the term "ghost" and the term "hallucination." The new conception consists in the hypothesis that ghosts are hallucinations telepathically produced. The telepathy is not, however, exercised by the dead in respect of the living, but has apparently a more obscure root. "By combining the phenomena of hallucination and the function of telepathy," Mr. Podmore endeavours to explain apparitions "without resorting to 'ghosts' for a theory." The criticism is temperate, indeed exceedingly restrained, but it points to the illusions that the work is likely to produce, and concludes that the author renders his telepathy "both indefinite and infinitely mischievous." On our part, and as it appears that in Mr. Podmore's opinion telepathy may even cast "a strange gleam of light upon the structure of the Cosmos," we have no hesitation in saying that the hypothesis is on the borderland somewhere between nightmare and madness.

The large circle of spiritualists in this country will learn with regret, through the medium of *The Two Worlds*, that Hudson Tuttle has passed from the circle of workers in the seventy-fourth year of his age. The news has been somewhat long in reaching this country, as the death took place in the state of Ohio on December 15, 1910. He was and remained through life an Ohio farmer, which may be heard in surprise by many who have connected him only with his public vocation as "seer, medium and author." In the first of these categories, his early experiences, like the environment of his childhood, will recall Andrew Jackson Davis; but though he is classed in the memoirs under notice with "the great ones of the early days," it is questionable whether he has ranked in any sense as co-equal with the "seer of Poughkeepsie." His work on *The Arcana of Nature* has, however, had a wide, if not instructed, circle of readers and admirers for something like forty years.

The reference to Davis takes us to the little monthly published at Rochester, New York, under the title of *Reason*, for-

merly *The Sermon*, both designations seeming unsuited to the contents. Its last issue raises the question whether a statue should be erected to commemorate the author of *Nature's Divine Revelations*. Davis is described as the great emancipator of men from intellectual bondage. This is the kind of panegyric which seems apart from all discrimination, and so also is the claim that his system of "Harmonial Philosophy" constituted Davis a world inspirer, world healer and world teacher. Both statements are an exercise in the art of superlatives, and few readers will feel inclined to endorse our contemporary. Davis had a very curious experience and was remarkable in his own way, but he belongs to the outskirts of thought and experience on the great subjects.

A curiously noticeable article on Tolstoi in *La Revue Théosophique* seeks to appreciate the writer who has passed recently from among us from a more moderate and detached standpoint than he is usually approached. It recognizes that a great moral force and an exalted human motive are removed by his death; but those who have represented him as a teacher of the race at large have taken an exaggerated view. As a fact, his conciliation of Nihilism with Christianity has confounded "the moral beauty of the Christian idea" with actions in diametrical opposition "to the very spirit of the Gospel." Those who have sought their salvation by putting his theories into practice have naturally brought dire catastrophies on themselves and their environment. The mistake has been to regard him as a regenerating apostle of the truth, whereas he was only an impassioned seeker of that which he regarded as the true. Moreover, and it is here that the paper endeavours to perform its more especial office on the missionary side, he was unacquainted with Karma, and being consequently unable to distinguish between true and false, the just and the unjust, it was possible for him to be a hero but not a sage. That which he lacked was theosophy; he could, therefore, fail only in a mission which was theosophic on a proper understanding thereof.

This is sufficiently tempting to carry one step further, and it may be done by referring to the pages of *La Revue Spirite*, which has also its message to convey on the transition of Leo Tolstoi, who is characterized as most great among spiritualists, *mais ce ne fort pas un spirite*—in the sense of a believer in spiritism as it is understood by the Kardec school. If he had been only of that school, he would not have spoken of human life as the space between two knots with nothingness on either side. Here we

can register our agreement cordially and without reserve, while seeing that the Kardec school confesses to a reincarnation system, our contemporary may be really saying in its own language much the same thing as the exponent of the school of Karma. How Leo Tolstoi, under the circumstances, was either spiritualist or Christian is another question.

Theosophy in Scotland, which is the official organ of the society in that part of the kingdom, regards the proposed coronation at Delhi as a recognition of the large part which India is destined to play in the great drama of the empire. It dwells upon Mrs. Besant's belief in the importance of that part, as she has expressed it in certain lectures on the future of India. In the general connexion it quotes a luminous paragraph from *The Christian Commonwealth* on the vision of the one religion within the world religions and on the witness of the East thereto. . . . An article on the *Sephiroth* of Kabalism in *The Path* offers its points with clearness and reproduces a well-known diagram which will assist the beginner. It is, however, an exceedingly involved subject, and it is questionable whether an isolated paper will convey much to a reader, especially in the absence of intimations as to the direction in which the subject can be taken further. . . . *The Word* in its chief article discourses of Heaven and the possibility therein of what is understood by the word "reunion." Some of it is put rather bluntly, and here and there even with a touch of the ludicrous; but it will give material for reflection to those who are strangers to the science of the blessed and unitive life, as contemplated by advanced mysticism. The thesis ends by enforcing the doctrine of reincarnation. The remarkable life of the mystic Gregorius Lopez concludes in this issue.

Perhaps the most generally interesting article in the last number of *The Quest* may be regarded as that of the editor, Mr. G. R. S. Mead; it is on *The Way of the Spirit in Ancient China*. This is a study of the writings of Chwang Tze, whose period was the late fourth and the early third century B.C. The account of him and of his teaching is based on three, but more especially on two, translations of the *Divine Classic* into English. Chwang Tze is contrasted with Heraclitus in respect of his obscurity—though he is in great repute as a stylist—and with Democritus on the lighter side of his philosophy. He was also an artist in paradox. Dr. Robert Eisler writes on the symbolism of the Miraculous Draught of Fishes, based upon the allegorical interpretation of what is called the Tübingen school in Germany. He takes the subject much further and finds the main motive of

the story paralleled in popular tales, as, for example, in *The Arabian Nights*. Thence he proceeds to far deeper questions of Greek numerical mysticism, which provides a rich field.

In the January *Hibbert Journal* Dr. D'Arcy in *Theology and the Subconscious* maintains the sovereignty of the conscious self, and the Bishop of Tasmania in *The Theology of Laughter* develops the theory that the Deity possesses the attribute of humour, and this the writer conceives to be of a kind from which all malice is eliminated and which resembles "the laugh of tender, loving insight." In a paper on *Prayer* Charles Stewart affirms "that the effect of prayer is subjective only," and thinks "that only a slight change in the present formula, a change from the form of supplication to the form of aspiration, subjection to God's will, and resolution, is necessary."

The name of Mr. J. Arthur Hill will be well known to our readers as that of a frequent writer in the pages of this magazine. To the current issue of *The National Magazine* he contributes an article on Christian Science, in which he sketches the life of Mary Baker Eddy, and indicates after what manner she drew through personal knowledge from an earlier faith-healer, Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, whose mantle she assumed, together with his teaching and his MSS. It is a destructive criticism, but in so far as Christian science demonstrates the influence of mind over body it is allowed that the movement has produced some good fruits.

Whenever a claim is made for the science of prediction we are reminded by the Philistine that "superstition dies hard." Mr. Wilde believes at all events that there is enough of the right sort to go round, for after lamenting in very blank rhyme that there are no less than four Old Moore's almanacs, he has ventured a fifth similar publication with the distinction of a name that is all its own, to wit, *Antares Almanac*. The much matured "test" horoscope is in evidence, and the usual star readings of political events, weather predictions, birthday information, horoscopolical readings of the reigning monarchs and other rulers, and some interesting notes on the star courses of prominent people and Cabinet members. The issue of this first number of an almanac bearing Mr. Wilde's name will, no doubt, prove a matter of some interest to the public and to the four Old Moore's aforesaid. To those uninstructed in astronomy I may add that *Antares* is a star of the first magnitude classified as a *Scorpionis* in longitude 248° , and astrologically considered to be a violent star of the nature of Mars. The Publishers are the Rexo Company, 3, Central Street, Halifax, and the price fourpence.

REVIEWS

THE GRACES OF INTERIOR PRAYER. By R. P. Aug. Poulain, S.J.
Translated from the 6th edition by Leonora L. Yorke Smith.
Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.

LOOKING over the history of the Roman Catholic Church one cannot help noticing, in comparison with the Protestant, the large number of mystics within her pale—not that we are forgetting that prince of mystics and occultists, Jacob Boehme. The fact alone that the Roman Catholic Church possesses a definite system of training for religious contemplation, preserved from remote times by that very Priesthood which has so often proved the bitter enemy of the mystic, sufficiently accounts for the growth of saintliness within her fold. Thus it is that in Roman Catholicism Mystical Theology has always been a subject of close research. Of existing treatises upon this subject that of Scaramelli (1865) has perhaps held the place of honour until, within recent years, we find renewed attention being given to this phase of religious life by the Abbé Saudreau (*The Degrees of the Spiritual Life*, 1897) and by the Rev. A. Devine in his *Manual of Mystical Theology*. The work before us is an example of modern scientific methods applied to the study of the interior life. In the work of the Rev. Father Poulain, the outcome of forty years' research, the student will find a veritable mine of information with regard to Mysticism. Intended primarily for use within the Catholic Church, its orthodoxy stands unchallenged. Those, however, who are seeking to build their religious life, not upon the authority of any particular church, but upon the unshakeable rock of personal experience, will already have learned sufficient tolerance to make due allowance for the author's point of view. For example, the author's view of Yoga takes into account only that lower form of psycho-physiological practices denominated Hatha Yoga, ignoring the existence of the science of Raja Yoga. The reader is furnished with a description of how the Yogis produce a counterfeit of ecstasy, falling into a comatose state from which they emerge no wiser than before they entered it. But, as Swami Vivekananda says, "When a man goes into (true) Samadhi, if he goes in a fool, he comes out a sage, a saint, his whole character changed, illuminated." The similarity of the highest stage of mystical union with that of the illumination gained through Samadhi, is brought very vividly before us. "Of all expressions used to describe it," says M. Poulain, "the most accurate is that of 'Transforming Union,' which indicates the inner nature of this grace better than any others." And the accompanying description of this transforming union (Ch. xix) still further bears out this fact. It is "a union that is almost permanent, persisting even amidst exterior occupations, and this in such a manner that the two different operations do not interfere with one another." Compare this with the description given by Mrs. Besant in *Yoga*—"He (the devotee) is always worshipping while mind and sense are busy with external and internal objects. Let his mind and body go into the outer world and do their share in the world's work. It is not himself, he is always worshipping at the feet of his Lord." But it is less our wish to cavil than to draw attention to the unanimity of experience in the state of mystical union. The Beatific Vision is the supreme goal of all religions, and the ineradicable yearning of the

human soul for union with the Perfect is the constant witness of man's innate Divinity. For the views of the author regarding some of the attendant phenomena of Mysticism we must refer the reader to the book itself. An adequate summary of the contents of this work would require an article of several pages. It only remains, therefore, for us to tender to the author the expression of our highest admiration for *Des Grâces d'Oraison*, and to congratulate the translator upon the careful and painstaking manner in which the task has been carried out; whilst to the reader of these lines we have every confidence in recommending the work as an absolutely invaluable compendium of Mystical Theology.

H. J. S.

BLAKE'S VISION OF THE BOOK OF JOB, with reproductions of the illustrations. A study by Joseph Wicksteed, M.A. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., Aldine House, 29 and 30, Bedford Street, W.C. Price 6s. net.

IN a scholarly attempt to interpret the teaching of William Blake as embodied in his last completed and grandest work, his *Vision of the Book of Job*, Mr. Wicksteed has delved into the mine of those essential truths too often concealed in the unintelligible thinking of that most inspired of English prophets. To this task he has brought not only the light of wide and exhaustive reading round and about his subject, but, what is more, the zeal of a heart set on discovering the message which Blake was delivering, whatever his own intent, not "for himself and the Gods alone" but for humanity in general. Thus in his able introduction to his reading of the symbolical pictures, the writer shows how Blake in his interpretation of the Bible story sought to solve the problem of human suffering instead of leaving it, as the Bible is content to do, "a sublime but unsolved mystery." And how he did this, breaking himself free of the primary meaning of the story and fitting it to his own characteristic ideas, is told us by Mr. Wicksteed, detail by detail, with the touch of an enlightened revealer.

It is easy to cavil at this method of "appreciating" Blake, for it is obvious that the preconceived ideas of a twentieth century interpreter must necessarily colour his rendering of Blake's meaning. Moreover, it is easy to stand aside with the little group of those who worship Blake *quâ* Blake and prefer the sound of his music to the understanding of his ideas. Yet for some of us the idea expressed is of as great an importance as, if not greater than, the method of expression, and the esoteric in art outweighs the exoteric. And since we know that in the "precious casket" of his art Blake hid his message concerning the burning problems of life, we must open that casket if we would read from the scroll it contains and not be content only to admire or criticise the elaborate workmanship of the exterior. This being so, the work that Mr. Wicksteed has undertaken has an inestimable value, helping as it does to a fulness of realization of the genius of Blake not only as a poet and artist, but as a profound thinker, "speaking to future generations by a sublime allegory."

Of the form of the book, of its cover and printing there is nothing to be said but praise. The reproductions of the poetic designs, many of which are very beautiful, with that austere decorative beauty so characteristic of Blake, though slightly reduced from the originals, are excellent, and certainly form, as the author hoped, "a worthy introduction to the study

of Blake's poetic designs as used to express the universal ideas he found typified in the incidents of Job's story."

A. AUDREY LOCKE.

THE ALCHEMY OF HAPPINESS. By Al Ghazzali. Translated by Claud Field. "Wisdom of the East" Series. London: John Murray. Price 2s. net.

THE Arabian philosopher Ghazzali is offered here to our consideration (a) as a philosopher, sceptic, theologian, moralist and mystic; (b) as a mystic more especially on the practical side, even the side of common sense; (c) as a precursor of Bunyan and Bishop Butler. On the side of realization the preface of Mr. Claud Field does not enable us to understand clearly the kind of mysticism of which he intends to make his author the spokesman, for (a) he shows by a quotation that Ghazzali derided those who "boasted of a union with the Deity" and (b) that his aim was to lead man to "a real knowledge of God." I do not see by what hypothesis this knowledge is attainable apart from union; in the merely intellectual order, it would not be realization at all and it would not be mystical. So much of the original work as is here put into English treats of the knowledge of self on the basis of the doctrine that he who knows himself knows God. It treats otherwise of the knowledge of God, but the author confesses to a reservation—or the presence in his mind of an exotic part which is not drawn into language; of the knowledge of this and the next world as each is in reality; of the love of God; and of aids to the religious life, among which marriage is included. His doctrine on the last subject is not in a state of perfection, mystically or otherwise, yet it may be almost described as a revelation to the western mind. It is based on the teaching of the Koran that "the rights of women over men are precisely the same as the rights of men over women" and on the fact that marriage is a religious institution. The section on the knowledge of God leaves us, I think, cold, and that on the love of God raises a feeling of rebellion at its insufficiency, notwithstanding its approximation to the Christian doctrine of the Beatific Vision; but "marriage as a help or hindrance" should be read by all who wish to correct their views on the place of women in the Muhammadan scheme, as exposed by one who is considered an orthodox authority.

A. E. WAITE.

THE PSYCHIC REALM. By E. Katharine Bates. London: Greening & Co., Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

SINCE the publication of *Seen and Unseen* by Messrs. Greening & Co. there has been an association of its authoress with ideas of a new method of psychic investigation. In this present work Miss Bates emphasizes the need of a constitution in regard to psychic matters. She calls it "our gold mine" and shows how she would have it worked. Beyond the mere digging, there is the registration of output, and, though this seems not to have escaped the zeal of the authoress, the possibility of "salting the mine." Indeed, in the section on "Normal and Abnormal" it is distinctly confessed that there is evidence of flagrant deception on the part of accredited mediums. The much-lauded Charles Bailey produced as an *apport* from Egypt to Melbourne a paper written in Arabic which was said to be only five days old, but which afterwards proved to be five *months* old! His purchase of birds in Grenoble, where he

held a séance, with the intention of subsequently producing them at another place as an *apport* from India, is on all fours with the record of this impostor. But as Miss Bates wisely says: "A person of this type is just as much good to us . . . as a chemist would be who, instead of honestly admitting he had not some special drug in stock, should set to work to make up a mixture that would look as like it as possible on short notice!" Throughout the book Miss Bates shows considerable acumen, prudence and discernment and withal a very liberal and commonsense attitude in regard to questions of evidence and method in psychic investigation. The book will prove of great interest to students of psychic and mental phenomena.

SCRUTATOR.

ALCHEMY, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc. (Lond.), F.C.S. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. 4s. 6d. net.

THE bibliography and biography of Alchemy has already been thoroughly handled by Mr. A. E. Waite, whose works on these subjects are voluminous and well-nigh exhaustive. But it needed the critical work of a scientifically trained mind to enable us to set a true value upon the claims of the Alchemists, and this by good fortune we have in the present volume. The author very modestly refers to his work as "a brief account of the alchemistic doctrines, and their relations to mysticism on the one hand, and to recent discoveries in physical science on the other hand; together with some particulars regarding the lives and teachings of the most noted alchemists." The work nevertheless runs into some 200 pages and is as copious in its information as a synoptical work of this nature can well be.

Mr. Redgrove gives us a very complete view of the pre-Paracelsian Alchemists and those, too, who came after the great physician. The Meaning of Alchemy, the Theory of Physical Alchemy, and the outcome of the teachings and practice, are fully considered. The testimony of Van Helmont and that of Helvetius, together with a full account of the experiments of both, is entered into with some particularity. Then comes the Age of "Modern Chemistry," which began with Boyle and Dalton, the investigation of the constitution of matter, and finally the genesis of Modern Alchemy, wherein the theories of the old Alchemists appear to a large extent justified, whatever we may say regarding their practical experiments. It is admitted that "the Alchemists did grasp the fundamental truth of the Cosmos," and this truth is that "All the metals are one in origin and are produced by an evolutionary process. The soul of them all is one and the same; it is only the soul that is permanent; the body, or outward form, is transitory, and one form may be transmuted into another." How nearly this view approaches to the modern scientific theory of matter will be apparent to all. Mr. Redgrove has pointed out in the clearest possible manner the similarity of the ancient ideas regarding the physical universe and the most recent conclusions of modern science, and there is left no doubt that his training in Mysticism and Transcendentalism has served the chemist and physicist in his treatment of this difficult subject in no small degree and to obvious advantage. In all respects Mr. Redgrove is to be congratulated on his production, which is further enhanced in value by the inclusion of some scarce portraits and old alchemical pictures.

SCRUTATOR.

THE CREATIVE PROCESS IN THE INDIVIDUAL. By T. Troward.
London: Stead, Danby & Co., 11A, Church Street, Kensington.
Price 2s. net.

It gives me great pleasure to review this book. One rarely comes across a writer like Mr. Troward who can clothe the most profound problems of philosophy in such beautiful, simple and artistic language. From start to finish *The Creative Process in the Individual* is based upon the universal, necessary principles of reason. Truth may transcend reason, but it can never contradict the fundamental principles of reason. Faith in proportion to what is known, is power; otherwise it is worse than folly. The doctrine of the Microcosm and the Macrocosm is set forth most clearly in *The Creative Process in the Individual*, as is also the doctrine of the One and the Many. The more man makes himself receptive to the general principles of order and unity which we see everywhere manifest in the universe, the nearer will be approach to God, or that Originating Cause "in essence Unity, in manifestation Multiplicity." Mr. Troward expresses the "conception of the Creative Order" as follows:—

"The Spirit wants to enjoy the reality of its own Life—not merely to vegetate, but to enjoy living—and therefore by Self-contemplation it projects a polar opposite, or complementary, calculated to give rise to the particular sort of *relation* out of which the enjoyment of a certain mode of self-consciousness will necessarily spring."

In the degree man *specializes* this conception, in the degree he applies this conception to himself, will he enable the Creative Principle to work in and through him: "because we are miniature reproductions of the Original Spirit, our contemplation of It becomes Its contemplation of Itself *from the standpoint of our own individuality*." The book ends with a masterly chapter on "The Dénouement of the Creative Principle" which is of absorbing interest. All students of the Qabalah, in addition to others, would do well to read *The Creative Process in the Individual*, as it possesses the inestimable merit of being grounded on the principles of universality, necessity and analogy.

MEREDITH STARR.

PSYCHIC SCIENCE SERIES. No. 1. Psychology. By Edward B. Warman, A.M. 4½ in. by 7½ in., pp. 64. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C.
Price 1s. 6d. net.

PSYCHOLOGY, as one of the sciences, is concerned with phenomena only as phenomena; briefly defined, it is the study of the phenomena of mind. Metaphysics, on the other hand, as that which "comes after physics," deals with experience as a whole; it attempts to grasp the fundamental reality underlying all phenomena. It is not likely, therefore, to lead to clearness of thought with regard to the distinction between psychology and metaphysics to be told by the author of this work that metaphysics (of which he appears to have a very poor opinion) is the science of that mind which is merely the function of the physical brain, whilst psychology is the science of the soul and deals with that mind which is of the soul as well as this lower mind. However, Mr. Warman does make some true remarks (we think) regarding the relation between the soul and the body: "it were better to say, 'My soul has a body,' than to say, 'My body has a

soul.' The soul is paramount," for example; and again, "the soul of man . . . is not located in any particular part of the body, but permeates the entire being. It is immanent (indwelling) in the body, but not inherent in it." The latter part of the book is concerned with the application of certain psychological principles held by Mr. Warman to matters of everyday life and business. Probably such are not without a certain element of truth, though we must confess ourselves sceptical as to all that is claimed for them by the author.

H. S. REDGROVE.

A DREAMER'S TALES. By Lord Dunsany. London: George Allen and Sons. pp. 252.

LORD DUNSANY confesses himself a dreamer, and is a dreamer. Is that praise? It is, for no man can deny that a dream is a wonderful and love-worthy visitation, being a sign of the refusal of life to absent itself from one whom weariness makes willing to be temporarily dead. But Lord Dunsany should be careful not to dignify by the title of dreams the tales which spring so instantly from objects that they are merely expressions of objects—surfaces of them, so to speak.

There is that in this book which deserves the above warning, but there are stories, among the sixteen collected herein, which show the imagination without which a dream is a mere flaw upon slumber. If one looks into Lord Dunsany's dreamland for a discovery, if one listens in it for a "Eureka," worthy the eyes and the ears of a Poe, disappointment results. Yet in "Where the Tides Ebb and Flow" (the story of a criminal's release from "troubled and terrible centuries" of dream by the kindness of birds whom he had not offended), the author approaches glory of revelation. But the ending of the dream is enfeebled by pious conventionality. Sometimes, as in "The Hashish Man," ingeniously horrible in anecdote, Lord Dunsany allures by vivid sensationalism. In "The Field" he ventures the supposition—which perhaps Dr. Hartmann (to soothe my alarm) will kindly prove to be ridiculous—that the evil of the future is palpable to the sensitive mind in the place where that evil will happen.

Mr. Sime's illustrations are of extraordinary merit. The expression of evil in things inanimate is hauntingly realized in his illustration for "Poor Old Bill," a tale which cleverly combines the grotesqueness of Gilbert's "Yarn of the *Nancy Bell*" with the eeriness of "The Ancient Mariner."

W. H. CHESSON.

THE ART OF SYMPATHY. By T. Sharpson Knowlson. London: Frederick Warne & Co. Price 2s. 6d.

THIS volume completes the trio of essays on Thought, Action and Feeling. In it the author deals with a number of problems arising out of feeling, especially such as have practical issues. It is admitted that the whole subject of social psychology is too wide to be entertained in a work of this nature and Mr. Knowlson is too wise a writer to attempt the impossible. Sympathy and antipathy are shown to be primary forces in life and it is the author's aim in this instance to show that by far the greater measure of results and experiences are directly traceable to the play of the emotions, and that progress in life is only to be assured by correct social employment of these emotions. Sympathy is shown to begin very early in the animal stages of evolution and to persist in ever-widening and more refined

functioning power through the upward course of human development, assuming in its latest phases an intellectual and an ethical expression. The wider relations of social life give rise to the sympathy of patriotism. The most entertaining of Mr. Knowlson's chapters is that upon "the Art of Sympathy," and this concludes a work of unusual interest and undoubted merit, and which, moreover, will be found of practical value.

SCRUTATOR.

A MESSAGE OF THE GODS. By Melchior Macbride. London: Hunter & Longhurst, 58, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 1s. 6d. net.

THE author of this remarkable drama claims that it is the product of pure imagination, that is to say, of the exercise of the poetic image-making faculty illuminated by clairvoyance. He regards imagination as the process of creating thought-forms by aid of the spiritual light within. It is affirmed that the faculty of recalling the records of the past or of foreseeing the future is an accomplishment in which all true poets share with the prophets and teachers of mankind. The scene of this drama, which consists of four acts in blank verse, is laid in the Mayan country of Aztlan, that part of Atlantis which lay to the north-west and which is now represented by Yucatan and the Carribbean Sea. The argument concerns the people called the Mayas, and the great religious strife between the Magi and the exoteric priests, in which the Magi make a supreme and successful effort to overthrow the practice of the human sacrifice to the sun-god. Throughout the play, which has some very striking situations and tableaux, a great deal of high teaching is voiced as that of the pure Mayan religion. The drama will be read with exceptional interest by those who are concerned with either Mayan antiquities or religious origins.

SCRUTATOR.

OUT OF THE DARK. By the Countess of Cromartie. With a Frontispiece by Henry J. Ford. London: Elkin Mathews. pp. 151. Price 3s. 6d. net.

To one who frets under the constraints and amid the obscurities of modern civilization, and who feebly gropes for his or her true mate in lands populous with strangers, this story will pathetically appeal. It is the story, told by its heroine, of a love, unhesitating and sure, that regenerated a royal demon, tainted by vampirism. Arás is his name; he counts his age by centuries; and the heroine meets him in a desecrated barrow. He expiates his offences against humanity, and appears in fashionable society in the form of a man, though to sustain life he requires a wine, of which the recipe is, unfortunately, withheld from the reader. One expects tragedy, and is honourably disappointed. The story is neither powerful nor ingenious, but it is readable and likeable. Even its untruth is worth more than a shake of the head, as when love is defined as "that agony of recollection"—an untruth which is beautifully atoned for by the apothegm, "Love makes more than this world go round very often."

Joy in solemnity is rare: it is this joy which gives value to the Countess of Cromartie's little book. Inadequate as is her realization of the majesty and marvellousness of her hero, faintly as she suggests to us his expiation, she casts over her reader the glamour of an unexplained joy: her sweet dream is his anodyne; and the hostess will be kindly wise who deposits this book by the bedside of her guest.

W. H. CHESON.