

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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OCCULT REVIEW

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EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THERE is probably a fair sprinkling of readers of the OCCULT REVIEW who remember, as I do, taking up Marie Corelli's first book, *A Romance of Two Worlds*, when it was first published some twenty-five years ago, and reflecting, in spite of the fact that the book was cast in the form of rather dramatic fiction, that the writer was, even then, a deep student of the more profound problems of occultism. Since that date this author has published many works, and her writings have been discussed for

MISS good and evil with more than the usual licence of
MARIE the press. Nor has the occultist always been able
CORELLI. to trace in them the same sympathetic vein of
thought that he detected in her earliest romance.

The reader has frequently felt, or more than half suspected, that the talented writer was drifting on to a lower plane in her romances, and that her style had taken on a tinge of bitterness which was not to be met with in her earlier work. More especially he may have felt that he missed that warm and generous sympathy which is as much part and parcel of the occultist's

equipment, as the "charity" of St. Paul ever was of the Christian's, that sympathy for all mankind which is so magnificently expressed in Laurence Oliphant's lines :

Oh! she will gladly give her hand and fondly cling to his embrace
Whose love is passionate and grand, for all the stricken human race.

There has been consequently a sense of something missing, a sense that even the present book does not quite dispel, a sense of a growing aloofness on the part of the author from her kind, an aloofness which to some extent mars at once the effect of her work and the argument and force of her occult philosophy. But at least in Marie Corelli's new book, *The Life Everlasting*,* we are back once more amid the deepest problems of the occult, though, that these have never been out of her mind in writing, we are reminded by the list of books which she gives as the result of a deliberately conceived plan and intention, all

linked together by one theory. Her statement
"THE LIFE
EVER-
LASTING," on this point is one of the greatest interest and
at the same time a most important admission.

She names these books in their order as follows : *A Romance of Two Worlds* ; *Ardath* ; *The Soul of Lilith* ; *Barabas* ; *The Sorrows of Satan* ; *The Master Christian*. Certainly the general public never realized this sequence, although the vein of occultism running through the first three of them is sufficiently patent. Never, however, outside the present work, has Marie Corelli preached quite so openly her occult philosophy. Never has she admitted quite as much as she admits in the prologue to the present book.

I began to write (she says) when I was too young to know anything of the world's worldly ways, and when I was too enthusiastic and too much carried away by the splendour and beauty of the spiritual ideal to realize the inevitable derision and scorn which are bound to fall upon untried explorers into the mysteries of the unseen ; yet it was solely on account of a strange psychical experience which chanced to myself when I stood upon the threshold of what is called "life" that I found myself producing my first book, *A Romance of Two Worlds*. It was a rash experiment, but it was the direct result of an initiation into some few of the truths behind the veil of the Seeming Real. I did not then know why I was selected for such an "initiation"—and I do not know even now. It arose quite naturally out of a series of ordinary events which might happen to any one. I was not compelled or persuaded into it, for, being alone in the world and more or less friendless, I had no opportunity to seek

* *The Life Everlasting : A Reality of Romance*. By Marie Corelli. London : Methuen & Co., Ltd. 6s.

advice or assistance from any person as to the course of life or learning I should pursue. And I learned what I did learn because of my own unwavering intention and WILL to be instructed.

Miss Marie Corelli does not enter into further detail as to the means whereby she obtained her instructions, or as to the personality of her instructor. The instruction, she says, was gradually imparted to her in such measures of proportion as her own receptivity to the teaching allowed. The essential basis of this philosophy of life lay in the recognition of Nature as the reflection of the working mind of the Creator, and the ascription of all the sorrows and despairs of the world to the fact that man has been continually working against Nature, while Nature, ever divine and invincible, pursues her God-appointed course. There is, perhaps, nothing very new about this; but it is rather in the logical working out of this radical idea than in the idea itself that the originality and force of the philosophy consists.

The heroine of the book, Miss Corelli expressly tells us, is not herself, though it is obvious that there is a sense in which the author's character and standpoint overshadow the personality of the assumed narrator of the story. The book, indeed, though written in the form of a novel, is, under a thin disguise, the writer expounding the teaching which she claims to have received whether this teaching is unfolded in the words of the heroine

or later on, and much more fully, by the master-occultist, Aselezion, for the benefit of his disciples.

THE
TEACHING
OF NATURE.

The same radical conception is evolved through it all, and the deductions are drawn from these original premises. "I, in my capacity," says Aselezion, "am only striving to teach what Nature has been showing you for thousands of centuries, though you have not cared to master her lessons." "We know," says Aselezion again, "that from the past, stretching back into infinity, we have ourselves made the present . . . and that we shall ourselves evolve all that is yet to come. There is no power, no deity, no chance, no 'fortuitous concurrence of atoms' in what is simply a figure of the universal mathematics." It is curious how the different lines of thought of the present age find themselves converging to common centres. In a book recently brought out by the publishers of the OCCULT REVIEW, *Death, Its Causes and Phenomena*, by Hereward Carrington and J. R. Meader, and written from an essentially scientific standpoint, we find the same principles enunciated—tentatively no doubt—with regard to life and its nature, that have already

been enunciated in a far bolder form by Prentice Mulford and are enunciated again in the book before us, by Miss Marie Corelli. Underlying all existence are two forces. They are the building up and the disintegrating forces of the Cosmos. Man's Will

THE TWO
COSMIC
FORCES.

Power, which is part of the Divine creative influence, is set within him to govern them. You may call them, if you will, Good and Evil, Life and Death; but both these forces are actuated by good, both have their needful mission to fulfil. The object of the destroying force is to break down what is effete and harmful, in order that stronger and higher forms may be built up in place of what is destroyed. The other force aims at preserving the equilibrium of health, at developing and increasing the life forces working through their forms. In order to oppose the disintegrating force, man has been endowed, doubtless in microscopic proportion, with the potentiality of the Divine will force. "There is no moment," says Aselzion, "in which you do not consciously or subconsciously will something. The amount of power used by willing perfectly trivial and ephemeral things could almost lift a planet." The secret of health is to resolve upon a firm attitude and maintain it.

If you encourage thoughts of fear, hesitation, disease, trouble, decay, you at once give the impetus to the disintegrating forces within to begin their work and you gradually become ill, timorous, and diseased in mind and body. If, on the contrary, your thoughts are centred on health, vitality, youth, joy, love and creativeness, you encourage all the revivifying elements of your system to build up new nerve tissue and fresh brain cells, as well as to make new blood. No scientist has ever really discovered

THE PER- any logical cause why human beings should die—they
PETUATION are apparently intended to live for an indefinite period.
OF YOUTH. It is they themselves who kill themselves—even so-called
"accidents" are usually the result of their own carelessness, recklessness, or inattention to warning circumstances.*

Aselzion then teaches that the secret of the renewal of life is adjustment, the adjustment of the atoms of which the body is composed, to the commands of the soul. Again we seem to

* This question is discussed at length in the book above referred to, *Death, Its Causes and Phenomena*, by Hereward Carrington and John R. Meader. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. The authors quote Dr. Wm. A. Hammond as making the observation "There is no physiological reason why man should die," and also Dr. T. J. Allen as stating that "the human body is not like a machine which must wear out by constant disintegration, for it is self-renewing," and proceed to discuss the phenomena of old-age and death and the still very abstruse problem as to why the human body grows old and what are the causes of so-called natural death.

hear an echo of teaching with which the present age is familiar, in the following words:—

In the renewal of life and the preservation of youth, Thought is the chief factor. If we think we are old—we age rapidly. If, on the contrary, we think we are young, we preserve our vitality indefinitely. The action of thought influences the living particles of which our bodies are composed so that we positively age them or rejuvenate them by the attitude we assume.

It is easy enough, of course, to enunciate these theories, but the working of them out in the practical affairs of daily life is a very different matter. Aselzion does not minimize the difficulty of the task. "It is not," he says, "climate or natural surroundings that affect man, so much as the influences brought to bear upon him by his fellow men. Human beings live surrounded by the waves of thought flung off by their own brains and the brains of those around them." The average man has not sufficient centrepole to resist all these cross-currents. He is drifted hither and thither by the desire-currents and emotions of others, and by the forces of stronger wills than his own. To master these forces is the first step of the occultist towards the attainment of self-realization. "The soul is always young and its own radiation can preserve the youth of the body in which it dwells." And again "The soul is the only barrier against the forces of disintegration which break down effete substances in preparation for the change which humanity calls death. If the barrier is not strong enough the enemy takes the city." The soul is young inasmuch as in essence it belongs to eternity, and time has no existence outside the material plane. Selfishness and bigotry are two of the greatest factors working for the cause of disintegration, while love, being in its essence eternal, ever aids in the perpetuation of life.

One of the surest means that may be applied to test the genuineness of a creed is to be found in the extent to which it responds to the realities of the psychic life and to the experiences of man in his relation to a higher plane. A science or a creed that ignores the prophetic power inherent in the human soul is wanting just to that extent to which it fails to account for this power if it is science, or to satisfy this need or instinct if it is religion. The secret of the psychometrist lies in the inevitable self-revelment of the person or article psychometrized. Nature can keep no secrets. She is as powerless to conceal her self-knowledge as Midas was to keep counsel about his ass's ears.

Truth has been depicted as nude. The symbol is equally true of all Nature. It is not in Nature's disguise but in the blindness of the eyes of those who look upon her that her mystery consists. Nature's book is open always and everywhere to those who can read Nature's language. Thus, as Santoris, the hero of Miss Marie Corelli's Romance, well observes, "The process of self-revelment accompanies self-existence as much as the fragrance of a rose accompanies its opening petals." Christ recognized this when He bade His disciples "let their light so shine before men that they might see their good works and glorify their Father in Heaven." Christ, argues Santoris, was not talking in symbols merely, but alluding to the enveloping aura that encircles every one, present always, whether visible or not to those around. Miss Corelli claims, with some justification, that the scientific world which ridiculed her theories in *The Romance of Two Worlds* has already, before a quarter of a century has passed, begun to unsay its criticism. Her "electric theory of the universe" enunciated there finds an apostle to-day in the person of Sir Oliver Lodge. Writing in the *Hibbert Journal* for January, 1905, the celebrated scientist observes :—

The last years have seen the dawn of a revolution in science as great as that which in the sphere of religion overthrew the many gods and crowned the One. Matter, as we have understood it, there is none, nor probably anywhere the individual atom. The so-called atoms are systems of *electronic* corpuscles, bound together by their mutual forces too firmly for any human contrivance completely to sunder them—alike in their electric composition, differing only in the rhythms of their motion. *Electricity* is all things, and all things are *electric*.

"This," claims our author, "was precisely my teaching in the first book I ever wrote" (*A Romance of Two Worlds*), and which, to the critics of those days, appeared in the light of a mere fairy tale.

Miss Marie Corelli is often asked (she tells us) what it is she believes, and whether she is orthodox, sceptic or agnostic. It is doubtful if she has ever found a label which she could pin to her creed, and while she tells us that her belief in God and the immortality of the soul is absolute, we may feel that there is much in her standpoint which has affinity with what has been not inappropriately denominated "The Higher Pantheism."

She writes :—

"The dawn of Christianity brought the first glimmering suggestion that a gospel of Love and Pity might be more serviceable in the end to the

needs of the world than a ruthless code of slaughter and vengeance. . . . Only in these latter days has the world become faintly conscious of the real force working behind and through all things, the Soul of the Divine, or the Psychic element animating and inspiring all visible and invisible Nature."

It is the Divine Life, the Divine Spirit, if you will, immanent throughout all manifested phenomena, the consciousness of which seems to us to be the most salient characteristic of her faith; beyond this, the realization that the Divine Spirit, however manifested, is ever indestructible, ever struggling upward and onward to some far-off Divine self-fulfilment, working through all transient forms and changing vestments towards its own self-appointed end.

One of the most important points on which Miss Corelli lays stress in her occult philosophy is the fact that whatever man is he is himself responsible for. Man, she maintains, is the author of his own individuality, inasmuch as this individuality has been evolved through experiences in countless forms from the lowest type up to its present state. This evolution has been throughout the result of his own effort and his own struggle—a struggle, first of an automatic, blind, and involuntary kind, but becoming more and more self-conscious as he painfully and by slow degrees develops the sense of responsibility. Man, then, according to this philosophy, is in the truest sense self-made. He has the power of developing his own character, and by so doing working out his own salvation, a gift with which he has been endowed by virtue of his sonship to the Divine.

MAN
HIS OWN
ANCESTOR. It was Napoleon's generals who, when taunted by the nobles of the *ancien régime* with the plebeian character of their pedigrees, retorted with the magnificent boast, "We are our own ancestors." According to this occult teaching, every man, woman and child on this earth may echo these generals' retort, and claim in truer sense than was ever claimed by them, that they are in very deed their own spiritual ancestors, and the heirs of countless lives lived out, and battles fought through an illimitable past. To have won its way thus far in spite of endless set-backs and endless humiliations and defeats, should be an earnest to the human soul of future victories and future infinite possibilities of attainment.

OLD STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN WALES

By M. L. LEWES

THE supernatural incidents described in this article are translated from a miscellany of such tales, collected and written in Welsh by a local antiquarian, named Lledrod Davies, and published after his death (in 1890) by his friends. Interested as I am in the old beliefs and legendary lore of Wales in general, and Cardiganshire (my own county) in particular, this little book, when I came across it, struck me as a perfect mine of wealth in regard to such subjects; especially as the stories and traditions it contained were taken down exactly as the author heard them, thirty years ago, from the lips of old people and others amongst the inhabitants of the remote Cardiganshire parish of which he was a native.

It is difficult indeed to realize nowadays, even here in Wales, how absolutely our country-people clung to their belief in all kinds of occult happenings until the last two decades of the nineteenth century, when at length the whistle of the train and the clanging bell of the Board School scared away the last of our fairies, ghosts and goblins for ever. Nor could we wish it otherwise; the world must progress, and it is the fate of all such picturesque beliefs to be outgrown. But though outgrown, they need not be forgotten; for such old-world lore is after all part of the romance of life, tempting us occasionally to step aside from the hard, dry road of daily existence, and wander for a while in the sunlit glades of imagination.

The majority of the stories relating to certain definite superstitions, I translated and have dealt with elsewhere; but these few that follow are, if I may so express it, odds and ends of ghostly gossip, not illustrating any particular belief, but just interesting from their quaintness and variety.

"Ysprydion" (ghosts) in the form of animals seem to have been a common form of bogey in West Wales, and I have here a story about a ghost-dog which, slightly condensed (a process I must apply to all the tales on account of some unnecessary repetition), is as follows:—

"N—— was formerly a very famous place for ghosts. It was said that in old times Saxon gentry had lived there, and it is also said that some of them did not play fair in living their after life by the rules of nature and the course of existence. . . . N—— is a farm now, but though going down for lack of repair, it still bears the remains of antiquity in its appearance. The ghost preferred to make its appearance in the form of a greyhound, and in this shape it would accompany people, which is what happened in this particular case. It seldom went beyond its own bounds, which were down the lane leading from the house to the high-road, and along this towards two open fields, where it disappeared.

"Two young men started to go courting one Saturday evening, and their way led along that piece of the high-road which the spirits had adopted as their own. As the two drew near this spot, they talked lightly about the ghost, which they remembered was always supposed to follow people till it came to the edge of a brook near the two big fields. On they went, past the top of the farm lane, and just then one of them looking behind, saw a little grey dog following them. He said to his friend, thinking it really was a dog—

"'Look, boy, at that little dog coming with us.'

"The animal continued to follow them closely, with a sort of natural air of belonging to them, but the other man suddenly felt doubtful of its reality, and exclaimed to his companion as they came near the brook—

"'Boy, what do you say that is?'

"'Why, a dog,' answered the other. With that he lifted his stick, and struck it, as he thought, across the back. But what was his astonishment and horror when the stick went right through its middle, dividing it in halves, which instantly and separately darted away from them, causing some thorn-bushes near to shine like sparks of living fire, just as when heather is burnt. At that moment they could have seen a pin on the road, and immediately after came darkness so that they could not see a hand. After such a fright there was no more thought of courting that evening for them, and they made the best of their way home as quickly as they could."

In his *Cambrian Superstitions* Howells relates a story somewhat similar to the above, which was current in Carmarthenshire in his day (1831) of a farmer who, "walking up the road to Newchurch one night, was met by a ghost . . . in the formidable shape of a great shaggy dog; having a stick in his hand,

he thought he would ascertain what materials this bogey was made of, so he strikes at him, but . . . the stick hit the ground, going through the ghost as if he were air ; upon this the spectre gnashed its teeth, grinned horribly, and disappeared. . . ."

There is a ghost-dog also mentioned by Brand in his *Antiquities* as having formerly haunted the streets of Newcastle-on-Tyne. It "appeared in the shape of a mastiff dog and terrified such as were afraid of shadows. I have heard when a boy many tales concerning it."

To return to Cardiganshire. Another of these horrible ghostly animals figures in my next story, but this time it takes the shape of a cat, which was seen at an old house called Rhosmeherin. According to Mr. Davies, it was "a perfect nest of spirits. No one liked to pass by there after nightfall, for if they were obliged to, they were certain to see a ghost in some form or other, most often in the shape of a cat, which would sometimes swell and swell until it looked like a great calf. It would also follow people down the road, and they often had trouble to escape it. In fact the mere thought created fear and horror in the bosoms of many of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, without even a sight of it.

"At that time it was the custom amongst the brotherhood of tailors to go round the country working, and it so happened that one of that guild had a job at a house called Blaen Pincher, not far from the haunted farm, and in order to go home he had to pass that place of spirits, or else go round a long way. And being a timid man by nature, the very thought of having to pass the farm sent terror through his bones.

"Generally he was careful to be home before complete darkness set in (though to do so he had to double the haste of his stitches), and one evening he began his journey hoping to pass the farm before dusk. A little way from the house there was a spring of water, and it was there as a rule that the ghost made its first appearance. The tailor reached this well and was passing it, when he happened to glance behind him, and experienced a shock of fear as he saw a reddish-gray cat trotting close to his heels, which, as he stopped short in alarm, leaped to the top of the garden hedge belonging to the farm. He struck wildly at it with the stick he carried, but the cat, eluding the blows, snarled and grinned, and presently began swelling out in some extraordinary way till it seemed double its size, and made as if it would fly at him. Just then he managed to hit it hard and fairly on the back, but what were his feelings when the blow,

which should almost have killed an ordinary animal, went through this one as if it had been vapour, producing a shower of sparks in which the cat disappeared! This was too much for the poor tailor, who made for home as fast as he could, though he could never afterwards remember how he got there. . . . I have heard him tell this story many times, and believe he felt real terror every time he came to the part where the cat disappeared in fire. He saw many spirits in the course of his life, but this was the only one that ever made any lasting impression on him."

Belief in these peculiarly uncanny ghosts of animals was probably a survival of a very ancient idea regarding the transformation of souls, traces of which might still be found amongst the Welsh peasantry until quite recent times. In some districts it was also believed that certain living people, particularly confirmed evil-doers, were able to transform themselves at will into animals, for purposes of harm. I have heard a story of this kind quite recently, located in Cardiganshire, and have referred to it elsewhere.

Traditions of phantom horsemen are common to several localities in Wales, so one is not surprised to find an instance of the kind recorded by Mr. Davies, who quaintly entitles it "The Gentleman on Horseback," and writes:—

"I noted down this story as I heard it related by an old countryman famous for seeing ghosts. . . . There was truth in all his words. He told it something as follows—

"I was going home one night from my work at Ros y Wlad, and I had to go by Rhosmeherin, which, as you know, is a fearful place for spirits. They are seen there in broad daylight. But I never saw one in the day-time, though at night when I kept the flock there, I have seen a "Jacky Lantern."* I have seen a spirit like a cat there also, and when I struck it, away it went in a shower of sparks until I thought the whole sky was like a white flame. But about the gentleman on horseback. I was drawing near the place where I had seen the cat, when I heard the sound of a horseman coming behind me, so I went on one side to make room for him to pass. But when he came alongside of me, he did not go a single step faster than myself. When I slowed, he slowed also; when I went faster, he did the same. I said to him, "Good-night," but he answered nothing. I called out that it was a fine night, but not a syllable did he reply. Then I said "Good-night" in English, for fear he might be an Englishman, but still not a word. At this the cold sweat of fear broke

* Corpse candles were sometimes called "Jacky Lanterns."

out all over me, and I watched to get away, for I thought it was the devil appearing to me in the form of a gentleman. I knew by the sound of the saddle and the brightness of the stirrups that it was an expensive new saddle, for it squeaked and the irons tinkled like new. We had been going along a narrow dark lane, but soon we arrived at the main road, where it was a little lighter, and I took courage to turn my eyes to see who it was. The horse looked like a military horse, very fine and splendid, but its foot was like the foot of a foal, with no shoe on it, and the gentleman's foot also was like a calf's foot in the stirrup. My courage failed before I could see what sort of a head and body he had. On we went until we came to some cross-roads. I had often heard there was a bogey at every place of that kind. Well, to the cross-roads we came, and by that time I was nearly dead. But O goodness! there I heard the earth rend itself, and the sky as it were falling on my head. And in the confusion I lost sight of the rider, but how he went away, or what direction he took, I don't know.'

"I have heard of many people seeing ghosts in the form of a gentleman on horseback, but some came from some one else, and others knew others who had seen them, but here I had a person to tell me himself what he had seen, and it is not my business to explain these mysteries, but merely to note them, leaving explanation to others."

The next story is interesting as an example of the "warning" type, familiar to all collectors of occult experiences. Our antiquarian says it was told him in the following words:—

"When the mines * were doing well, I worked in the Glog Fach, and I always had to walk to my work, although it was miles to go. Sometimes it was darkest night when I went or returned home, at other times it would be daylight, according to the shifts, for in those mines the time was divided into shifts. And those who worked by day one week, worked by night the next. I shall always remember one night when I came home very late; later than usual, because there had been a hindrance in the work. When I got to Hendre moor, I thought I heard a sound of something in the distance, so I stopped and I heard it again. It was too far off to tell exactly what it was, but I became aware that it was the sound of a human voice crying and wailing . . . and I looked in the direction it came from to try and see who was calling, for it was a beautiful star-lit night, and not at all dark. But I could make out nothing, although

* Lead-mines, not much worked now.

the sound got nearer and nearer. At last I understood the voice to wail, 'O Lord, O Lord,' quite plainly, and at that fear rose in my bones, to hear the crying and to see nothing. Again it came, this time, 'O Lord, my son, my dear son.' I could stand it no longer, but hastened away home as fast as possible. I could not get the sounds out of my head, and I tried to find out a cause for them, but nobody else had heard the cries, for no one had been along that road that night, as far as I could hear.

"A month or two went by, and I happened to be coming home from work along the same path, but this time by daylight. And as I reached the place where I had heard the mysterious voice before, I heard it again, and recognized it instantly, calling out, 'O Lord, O Lord.' Then I saw men running, and I ran after them, and close by we found the corpse of a young man, who had shot himself. Afterwards I heard that he was the son of a mining captain; he had gone out shooting that morning, and in getting through some thorn-bushes his gun had gone off and killed him on the spot. And it was his mother's voice I had heard, crying for her son, and heartrending it was to hear her and see her caressing the dead body of her child. Never shall I forget that time."

In conclusion Mr. Davies adds: "The narrator of this story is alive and well, and ready at any time to testify to the truth of every line of it."

In old days in Wales it was not uncommon for apparitions of living people to be seen. According to a well-known modern authority on folk-lore, this kind of ghost was known in Glamorganshire as "Lledrith," and to see one was a sure forerunner of death. But from Lledrod Davies' description, this does not seem to have been the case as regards these appearances in Cardiganshire; they were seen very often without having any special significance attached to them. He says: "It was commonly recognized on the authority of seers of spirit-apparitions that ghosts of living people could be seen, for the reason, perhaps, that a man after setting his mind on going to, or being at a place at such and such a time, and thinking he was there where his desire was, might be there in spirit at the appointed season. In connection with this, I heard someone give his opinion about sudden deaths. He said that when the spirit had gone out of a man, so that he was neither asleep nor awake, it was very dangerous for anyone to go between him and his spirit; if such an unfortunate thing happened unavoidable death was the result. This, in his opinion,

was the cause of sudden death, namely, that the spirit was wandering at the time. There was a certain class of people who were called by the old folk 'yn yspryd' (ghostly people), whose spirits were seen before themselves. When far from home, on an errand to fair or market, if they said they would be back at a certain time, they might not be as good as their word, but their spirit would most surely always come punctually to time; it would be heard coming at a wild gallop on horseback, if they had a horse, then dismounting and entering the house. But, in spite of the sounds, no one could be seen, and a little while afterwards the real person would come in exactly the same form as the spirit. If he had a carriage the sound of wheels would be heard exactly like reality."

Mr. Davies then tells a story called "The Ghost of Old Jenkin."

"Old Jenkin, who was accepted as a bit of a celebrity in his day, was very fond of whisky, but besides that, he had another failing or two which were eventually the cause of his leaving his home, wife, and family in these parts, for he had made the atmosphere of his neighbourhood rather too warm for him to live there. Nominally he was a farmer, and amongst other animals he had a funny little grey mare, which doted on Jenkin, and he on her. The mare was sold to a neighbouring farm, but when going along the roads to which she had been accustomed with her former master, it was observed that she would sometimes neigh, prick up her ears and snuff the air, exactly as if she saw someone. When this happened the other horses would set off galloping in spite of the men's efforts to hold them. It was whispered that it was her old master whom she saw, and there is a story that he was seen by some of the men out working one spring afternoon, when the head man on his way home from ploughing had sent the horses back along the road, while he himself went through the field. To his astonishment he saw old Jenkin coming to meet the horses. His clothes were exactly what he usually wore at home. At first the workman thought it really was Jenkin come back to the place. But as he came nearer the horses, one of them made as if to pass him, while the old grey mare, his former property, went straight to him; he stopped, and she stopped, as if to fondle each other. The servant thought to keep him there by calling to him, but what was his fright as he approached the figure to behold him disappear! and nothing but the mare to be seen when he reached the spot.

"The old man who told me this story is alive and well, and

I am pleased to get his story, because he saw the thing himself."

The opinion quoted by Mr. Davies as to the cause of sudden deaths is rather interesting, though one cannot exactly believe that all such catastrophes are caused by someone coming between a man and his spirit. However, there is the same idea at the root of the fact that it is exceedingly dangerous to rouse a somnambulist suddenly, or any one who is in a state of trance, either natural or induced. The curious faculty believed to be possessed by those known as "yn yspryd," of sending their spirits in advance of their bodily presence, reminds one of what Martin tells us in his quaint *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*. How when he landed on the island of Rona, "the natives received me very affectionately, and addressed me with their usual salutation to a stranger: 'God save you, Pilgrim, you are heartily welcome here, for we have had repeated apparitions of your person among us, after the manner of the Second Sight.'" Though in Cardiganshire apparently the spirit was more frequently heard than seen.

The story of "The Little Fair-haired Child" presents an uncommon type of apparition, of which I have never before heard in Welsh ghost-lore. It is related as follows:—

"I have heard many diverting stories of ghosts from the person who told me this one. He had seen many spirits in his day, but this he considered more mysterious than any other. From time to time he had seen a ghost like an ugly old sow in appearance, following and making towards him. And he had seen a coffin coming to meet him on the stairs from the loft, and he could read the writing on the coffin-plate, because the moon shone full on the spot, and he saw that the coffin was for his fellow-servant; yet neither of these things had the effect on him that was caused by the sight of the Fair-haired Child.

"One night when it was quite dark, he was coming home from the shoemaker's house. He had not more than a quarter of an hour's walk, but he had to go by a very narrow road and one famous for ghosts, for even in broad daylight a traveller could scarcely walk there without being disturbed by one of them.

"After getting his shoe heeled, and bidding the shoemaker and his wife 'Good-night,' he left Gilfach y Whiw, puffing his pipe, as cheerful as a cricket by the fireside. It was a clear, starry night, but very cold, and it was perhaps for that reason that he got within a few yards of his home without seeing any alarming being or hearing sound or whisper to cause him fear.

But as he neared his house, there stood by him, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, a little naked child, fair-haired, and beautiful to see. How, or whence it came he could not tell, for the road had been empty a moment before. Of course he thought it was a real child, and that he must take it into his house to be looked after. So he said, 'Well, little yellow-head, what art thou doing out of doors on a cold night like this?' At the same time he raised his hand to pat its head, when, without a word, it vanished under his hand, and never a sign more did he see of it.

"Such visitations by extraordinary beings of this kind were not uncommon in that part of the country, but they were always considered as messengers from the other world, with a special mission to fulfil before returning. They invariably made their appearance in the same form—namely, as a naked child—but I never heard the colour of the hair. They showed themselves before famine or war, or great floods or celestial happenings, and foretold such. But this one foretold nothing, for we have never heard of anything extraordinary following his appearance."

Brand says in his *Antiquities* that in Scotland children dying unbaptized were supposed to haunt woods, lamenting their sad fate, and often seen.

The next story on my list is called "The Bogy of Cilfach y Whiw," and I will begin it at the point where it becomes interesting. Mr. Davies says that this well-known spectre had its regular haunts, and one of these places was the farm near Gors Goch Glyn Teifi (which in English means the Red Bog of the Vale of Teifi). And "in that farmhouse field, it was seen by the man who lived there then, in the form of a lady with the most shapely figure his eyes had ever seen. As he went from the house to the stable in the dusk, the lady came to meet him, but to his terror and alarm, she had no head! Yet her step was as light and lively as a young girl's. Straight towards him she came, and before he had time to retreat or to cry out, she disappeared at his feet, exactly as if the earth had swallowed her up.

"He never ventured to the outhouses after nightfall again, and if it got dark before he could get home from his business he always got somebody to accompany him to the door of his house."

I heard the following from the eye-witness herself. "She and her father were going to the bog—Gors Goch—to cut turf, both with baskets on their backs. (In that part of the country turf was entirely used for fires, and the peat-cutting was just as

important as the sowing, or the hay, or the harvest, or the potatoes.) They had to go along the haunted road, which the daughter did not like much, but with her father she was afraid of nothing in the world. As they went along, she was a little behind him, knitting as she walked. And there was a turn in the road, where for a moment she lost sight of her father, being a little in the rear. When he came in sight again, she perceived a lady at his heels, going gaily along with him. She was dressed in white, and walked as lightly as the waves, as swiftly as the breeze, and as graceful as a bow. The daughter made haste to get up to them, for they were walking very quickly; but, as she got near them she had to bend down to fasten her shoe, and when she straightened herself again, there was only her father to be seen. She called to him, and asked who the lady was and where had she gone, to which he replied that nobody had been with him. Yet most certainly the daughter *had* seen the lady following him. But though she looked about in every corner of the fields around, she saw no further sign of the mysterious stranger.

"It was said that some had seen her walking side by side with them, and by turns either dumb or else making disjointed sounds as if trying to speak. But there is no knowledge that she ever really said anything to anybody. In old times there were nightly stories of this 'bogey' in some form or other, but nowadays it is quiet and troubles no one any more."

I will conclude this article with the notes regarding "Ghosts and Coffins"; a gloomy belief peculiarly Welsh, I think, and of which one hears as formerly prevalent all through the Principality.

"In former days there was a 'ghost' for everything, and as a forerunner of every event. When a new building was raised, or an old one repaired, the 'ghost' of the mason was heard long before he came to the place. He was heard working the mortar and stones exactly in the same way as the living man. A weaver once told me he had heard *his own spirit* at the loom, when he himself was in bed . . . and he was much disturbed to hear it.

"But of these spirits, the kind mostly observed were the carpenter ghosts who made coffins. I was told of one carpenter who, as sure as he heard his 'spirit' at a coffin, was certain to receive an order for a real coffin within a few days. For that reason many carpenters had to give up working in the part of their houses that they used as a workshop, and do their work

away somewhere, lest the ghostly noises should trouble the wife and family. . . .

“At a respectable farm by Gors Goch, where the master of the house died, it happened that a carpenter lived as a sub-tenant in the home field, and according to neighbourly law, it fell to his lot to make the required coffin. Besides, he was a relation of the deceased’s. On the evening that the farmer died, another relation went to the carpenter’s house to ask him and his wife to come to supper. In going to the cottage she had to pass the workshop, and as she went by she saw the carpenter working diligently at a coffin. She went on to the house where all was in darkness, and called to the wife, who answered from her bed. The visitor asked how was it she was in bed, while Thomas was working in the shop? But the answer was that Thomas also was in bed. The relation almost doubted this, but was obliged to believe it at last. She had to pass the workshop again on her way back, but this time saw nothing, for darkness reigned there. It is unnecessary to say that she was much frightened, because she knew she must have seen a ghost.

“I heard this from a truthful woman, and they were her own eyes that had seen the vision.”

THE PASSING OF THE CHRISTMAS GHOST

By ALEX. J. GRANT

THERE are certain properties which are the peculiar possession of particular seasons; certain accessories which are not only valuable in themselves, but which tradition has made indispensable for the completion and the setting of certain periods. Greens and blues, magical in their beauty, and winds which seem to hold the enthusiasm of youth within them, are the accessories, the outward manifestations, of Spring. Summer has its heat, its sun and colour glories; Autumn the red fires which blaze on the trees and flame from the ground; its spirit of melancholy in the air and the land; and to Winter belong the snows and the ghosts.

According to some old writers, the earth represents the body and the forces in it which go to the making of earth-life, and colour and beauty represent the soul. In Summer both soul and body are active, working visibly together. But after a while, the soul seeks rest for itself in order that it may be strong for the tasks which another year will place upon it. And, while the soul rests, the body sleeps, ceases its activities, and we have Winter. And, continue the old writers, as man has kinship with the earth, with nature, his body sleeps as well, and leaves his soul free from the flesh bands which before held it, and he becomes conscious of spiritual things, of happenings, which are known to no outward sense, and of beings which, though the hand of the flesh cannot touch them, the eye of the soul can see. And thus it is, they conclude, that the Winter is the time of ghosts.

There is much to ridicule in the old theory, much to condemn in the quaint reasoning; and yet, since no better can be found, both may be accepted. For, from the very earliest ages, Winter has ever been recognized as the season of occult happenings, when the doors between Here and There are open to those who care to look, and when hand touching between the material and the spirit worlds is possible. One of the most curious facts concerning tradition is that it groups the separate happenings of a year, a dozen years, or even a century, round the outstanding incident of that particular period. Thus it is that

with the details of, say, any one decisive battle in the world's history, are amalgamated those of the preceding ones; while the world's great conquerors as known to us to-day, are really composite portraits of all the mighty ones who went before them. It is, therefore, only to be expected that around the Central Figure in the story of Christianity, to take another example, multitudinous traditions should have gathered, and that He should, at least, have been associated with all the events which took place in His birth-season. And it is because of this, no doubt, that the old writers identified ghosts and the seeing of things at other times hid, not so much with the Winter season in general, as with Christmas in particular.

In the old legends it is told how, at Christmas, the dumb animals spoke with human voices, and how the Season was so wonderful that even the dead returned to earth and had speech with the living. These legends, circulated among a simple imaginative people, obtained instant credence, and, in the early ages, when the most ordinary happenings had superstitious importance attached to them, it is not to be wondered at that Christmas was immediately associated with the extraordinary, and that the Christmas ghost became a recognized institution.

It was not until its introduction into literature, however, that the Christmas ghost made a general appeal to popular imagination, and took definite form. The old tales were, in their most lucid moments, vague. They spoke of "strange shapes," of the "beckoning of hands," of the "flashings of eyes," and left individuals to fit these things to individual experiences. The old romancers first brought these vague descriptions together. They clad the ghost in white, they gave it skeleton hands, and eyes which burned in their sockets, and in order to adorn their tales with a moral, they made the spectre either revisit the scene of a crime, or warn of approaching death. The latter was the more usual, for at first the ghost was regarded rather as a picturesque accessory than as having any direct bearing on whatever plot the tale presented. Its field was widened, however, until, in sixteenth and seventeenth century literature of a certain type, it was invested with a human interest, and waved weirdly through the pages to the rustling of shadowy garments and the clanking of seemingly material chains.

Twenty years ago, even ten, the Christmas ghost received public recognition along with the Season itself. No Magazine was complete without the thrill which its presence in a story imparted. No family with any claim to importance or even

respectability, could afford not to possess one, and so the ghost took rank with Santa Claus as a Christmas personage of no inconsiderable consequence.

And yet, the day of the Christmas ghost is now over. Slowly, so gradually, in fact, that none knew the difference, it ceased to occupy the chief place in the Magazines. The younger generation, who made ghosts to order with a turnip lantern and a white sheet, began to poke fun at it, and, paradoxical, yet true, the final blow was dealt when occultists published forth their belief that ghosts really existed. Before this, the ghost was accepted without question. Its origin was hid away back in the centuries, and only a few thought of doubting it. If these few had gone on doubting, the belief in the Christmas ghost would have continued. But the British mind is so constituted that it refuses to accept any definite belief when set forth as such, and so the Christmas ghost, although formerly accepted in the abstract, was rejected in the flesh, as it were.

Seriously considered, this passing of the Christmas ghost reflects curiously upon public intelligence. In no age has inquiry in psychical matters been pushed to such an extent, or proof of the existence of forms and beings other than the material so firmly established. And yet, when psychical science supported one of the oldest of traditions, that of the Christmas ghost, the public dropped it in alarmed haste. A solution of the matter cannot be arrived at or even attempted here. One can only wonder if the present age is one in which the people shirk the responsibility of facts, and consider theories the only safe things to handle, or if the old writers were wrong when they spoke of the special keenness of the soul in Winter; and if our allowing the Christmas ghost to pass from amongst us, marks an increase in wisdom instead of a falling off in spirituality?

SOME REMARKS ABOUT THE SPIRITS OF NATURE

By FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

" All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is and God the soul."

Pope.

IF we begin to realize that the whole of nature is the embodiment of soul, and that this soul becomes differentiated in various forms during the process of evolution, in the same way as we see universal "matter" differentiated in an endless variety of visible bodies, it will not be difficult to grasp the idea, that besides the visible inhabitants of this world there may be other kingdoms, invisible to our eyes, but nevertheless as "real" to their inhabitants as this world is real to us, and that these kingdoms are peopled with innumerable beings, each class and each individual having its own character and qualities, be they good or bad or indifferent. Lord Lytton says in his *Zanoni* :—

" Life is one all-pervading principle, and even the thing that seems to die and putrefy but engenders new life and changes to new forms of matter. Reasoning then by analogy—if not a leaf, if not a drop of water, but is no less than yonder star, an inhabitable and breathing world—common sense would suffice to teach that the circumfluent Infinite, which you call space—the boundless Impalpable which divides the earth from the moon and the stars—is filled also with its correspondent and appropriate life."

And further on he says :—

" In the drop of water you see animalculæ vary ; how vast and terrible are some of these monster motes as compared with others ! Equally so with the inhabitants of the atmosphere. Some of surpassing wisdom, some of horrible malignity, some hostile as fiends to man, others gentle as messengers between Earth and Heaven."

Such descriptions may perhaps be taken as the outcome of the imagination of some writer of fiction ; but there is a long array of accounts of clairvoyants and scientific investigators in no way given to fiction, whose experiences have proved to them that all the four elements—earth, water, air and fire (ether)—are peopled with beings, possessed of organisms adapted to their surroundings, and that these spirits of nature, under certain

conditions, may even become visible and enter into intercourse with man.

Theophrastus Paracelsus describes these nature spirits as follows :—

“ There are beings who live exclusively in only one element, while man exists in all four. Each of these elements is visible and tangible to the beings dwelling therein. Thus the *Gnomes* (the spirits of the earth) may know all that is going on in the interior of the earthly shell of our planet ; this shell being to them what air is to us ; the *Undines* (or water nymphs) thrive and breathe in their watery world ; the *Sylphs* live in the air like fishes in water ; and the *Salamanders* are happy in the element of fire (ether). To each nature spirit the element in which it lives is transparent, invisible and respirable, as the atmosphere is to ourselves. They cannot properly be called ‘ spirits,’ because they have astral bodies made up of (astral) flesh, blood and bones ; but there is a great difference between the substance composing their bodies and ours. They live and propagate ; they eat and talk, act and sleep ; they occupy a place between men and spirits, resembling men and women in their organization of form and being like spirits in regard to the rapidity of their locomotion. They have no higher principles, and are therefore not immortal. Neither water nor fire can injure them, and they cannot be locked up in prisons. They are, however, subject to diseases. Their costumes, actions, forms, ways of speaking, etc., are not very unlike those of human beings ; but there are a great many varieties. They have only animal cunning, and are incapable of spiritual progress.” *

THE GNOMES,

or “ spirits of the earth,” are said to inhabit especially mountainous regions, rocks and subterraneous caves. And here it may be remarked, that what to us appears as solid rock may be to them a cave or even a palace ; because their world is the product of their imagination, as ours is the ultimate product of our own will and thought, and if a sleeping man penetrates in his astral body into the residence of the gnomes their dwellings will appear perfectly natural to him, and on awakening he will perhaps fully believe that he has been there in his physical form. The gnomes are like little men and women, about one foot high ; but they are able to change and elongate their bodies, so as to appear like giants. They build their own houses and strange-looking edifices ; they can pass like a thought through grossly material substances just as easily as we can pass through the air. They have their leaders and authorities, their kings and queens ; they beget children and resemble mankind in many ways. They see the sun and the sky the same as we, because each element is transparent to those who

* For more particulars, see F. Hartmann, *Paracelsus*. London : Kegan Paul, 1896.

live in it. They are on the whole kindly disposed towards man, but they have an aversion against self-conceited and hypocritical persons or vulgar people of any kind. They love peace and tranquillity, and are often driven away from their homes by the noisy industrial activity of mankind invading their realm.

A MYSTERIOUS MOUNTAIN.

Whoever has visited the city of Salzburg in Austria knows the renowned *Untersberg*, of which mention is made in the books of Theophrastus Paracelsus and other writings. This mountain is known to every occultist in Germany, and as late as the year 1848 a certain society of Rosicrucians met once a year within its mysterious recesses, to celebrate their anniversary, presumably in their astral forms. I well remember having been acquainted in my youth with one of the members of that Society, who told me some wonderful stories about his experiences on such solemn occasions. He was a poor man, having no means to travel so far in his physical body, and there were no railways at that time. Nevertheless he showed me his picture in which he was represented as wearing the habit of his order together with its emblems and regalia, and this picture is still in the possession of one of my friends.

In my book *Among the Gnomes in the Untersberg* I gave a detailed description of that mountain, from which I extract the following :—

“ Like a gigantic outpost of the Austrian Alps the ‘ Untersberg ’ stands on the frontier of Germany, overlooking the Bavarian plains which are dotted with hills, forests and lakes. Its summit dominates the valley, through which the Salzach river winds its way to the Danube. Seen from the north side, where the city of Salzburg is nestled among the hills, the mountain looks tame enough, as it rises in undulating, forest-covered lines up to a height of some 7,000 feet ; but on the south side it exhibits an almost endless variety of perpendicular walls, formed of many coloured marble rocks, thousands of feet high and interrupted by deep ravines and chasms, craggy cliffs, spurs and precipices, over which in the spring time, when the snow begins to melt, great avalanches come thundering down, and a sharp eye may detect in many inaccessible spots mysterious caves that seem to penetrate into the bowels of the mountain. There is no end of cataracts and labyrinths of boulders, where the inexperienced wanderer may lose his way, especially if he is misled by the gnomes. This may occur if his intentions are not pure.”

Here I may add that these actually inaccessible caves in the midst of some perpendicular wall are on certain nights of the year often seen illumined by strange floating lights wandering about in a manner unaccountable by any known scientific theory.

These nights are usually such as precede some Catholic holidays. But this is not all. On certain nights processions of gnomes have been seen going to a solitary chapel. Presently the interior of the chapel becomes illumined, pious songs and hymns are heard ; but when one opens the door and enters the building everything appears silent and dark. If you are on friendly terms with the human inhabitants of the surroundings, they will tell you plenty of stories of things they have experienced themselves or their parents ; but to the curious reporter or sceptical investigator they have nothing to say, and he will extract nothing from them ; for they are very averse to having ridicule thrown on their belief or their " superstitions " noised about.

One such story resembles to a certain extent that mentioned in the OCCULT REVIEW concerning the adventure of two English ladies visiting *Le Petit Trianon* at Versailles and seeing the Queen Marie Antoinette and her court. In the year 1529 a peasant by the name of Lazarus Gitschner disappeared in some mysterious manner within the Untersberg, where he spent ten days as a guest of the gnomes. What he saw there he would never reveal to anybody except to the priest in the confessional ; but he came out of the Untersberg entirely changed from what he was before he went in. He henceforth lived a sober life and absolutely refused to drink, and even the priest to whom he had confessed became sober and pious, and died not long afterwards in the odour of sanctity. It seems, however, to have leaked out that the gnomes showed to Lazarus Gitschner gorgeous marble halls and rich treasures of gold and silver and precious stones, and that he there saw the great German Emperor Barbarossa, who sleeps an enchanted sleep within these rocks, waiting for the liberation of his country. The time of his awakening will come when " the black ravens cease to fly about his head." This, however, is probably to be taken as an allegory and the " black ravens " may represent the ecclesiastical dominion of certain black-robed gentlemen.

Moreover, there are many tales about gnomes having in olden times appeared among the inhabitants, taking part in their festivals and amusements. It is also said that they sometimes took peasant children with them into the Untersberg, treated them well, and after a certain time returned them to their parents, and incredible as it may appear, it is asserted that even marriages have taken place between certain inhabitants of our plane of existence and the gnomes ; but I am not prepared to vouch for the veracity of such reports.

Some of these tales are evidently not intended to be taken literally; but are intended to illustrate certain truths and to convey a moral teaching. One such story is the following:—

Not far from the foot of the Untersberg, upon a hill covered with a forest of pines, stood in ancient times the castle of Tollen-



SALAMANDERS.



UNDINES.

stein, of which at present only some remnants are left. The walls are in ruins, but these go to show that formerly they were parts of a palatial building. One remnant, composed of huge square stones, still indicates the extent of the large banqueting-hall, where festivals took place, and it is said that on certain nights

the orgies which these stones witnessed are spectrally repeated and enacted in the astral light by the ghostlike shapes of deceased ladies and knights ; while not far off there is a dilapidated tower of massive structure, enclosing a deep hole in the ground, where the subterranean dungeon was located, the *oubliette*, or living



SYLPHS.



GNOMES.

tomb, in which poor wretches for some offence were buried alive and "forgotten," left to starve among horrid surroundings. It is also said that on certain nights when the ghosts in the banquet-hall hold gruesome carousals, cries and groans and wails may be heard coming from the bottom of that pit.

In ancient times the owner of that castle was *Burkhart von Tollenstein*, a youthful and valorous knight, admired by all the ladies in the country on account of the voluminous mass of golden hair which adorned his head. This, together with his manliness and beauty, gained for him the hearts of all those fair ladies, except one, and this was the very one for whose possession he craved, namely, the beautiful but proud *Julia von Horst*.

He had seen her only once, but that was enough to make him fall desperately in love with her face and figure. He would have been happy enough, had he not been so unfortunate as to have the tranquillity of his heart destroyed by the sight of her dark and languishing eyes. From that day forward an image of the beautiful *Julia* was formed in his mind, and its contemplation absorbed him so that he thought of nothing else. He sought to woo and to win her; but alas! his sighs and tears were in vain, because he was poor, and the proud *Julia* cared far more for money than for love. She knew that *Burkhart's* fortune was too small to supply her with all the luxuries she desired, and when he offered her his heart she rejected it and sneeringly said—

“Of what use will be your heart to me, if starvation waits for me in your house?”

This offensive remark was more than *Burkhart* could bear, and cursing his poverty he went home in despair. From day to day he now became more morose, grieving about the insufficiency of his means. Finally he determined to enrich himself by whatever means he might find, and if possible to rob the gnomes of the *Untersberg* of their gold.

In these times it was customary for every stupid knight to have a wise and faithful steward to give good advice. *Burkhart's* steward tried his best to dissuade him from this wicked and dangerous undertaking; but in vain did old *Bruno*, for this was his name, entreat him to desist from his evil thoughts and to forget the proud *Julia*, as she was unworthy of his affection. The knight would not listen.

“The Lord be merciful to you!” exclaimed *Bruno*. “Shake off this delusion, O noble knight; think of your high descent and what your ancestors would say. Look upwards, to where your salvation rests; the spirits of the lower world will mislead and ruin you.”

But the knight answered: “I am not afraid of losing my life, which is worthless to me without the possession of *Julia*. More than once I have looked into the face of death while engaged in battle. I want the gold of the gnomes and must have it, let the

consequences be what they may. If the gnomes are not willing to surrender their gold, I shall take it by force."

Thus spurning good advice, the knight gave orders to bring his black war-horse forth. This he bestrode and trotted towards the Untersberg.

It was a gloomy evening in November ; the leaves of the trees had turned yellow and red and rustled in the wind. Their voices seemed to warn him not to proceed, while the waving boughs motioned to him to return. Soon the queen of the night began to spread her mantle over the face of the earth, and there arose in the gloom like a gigantic shadow the outline of the mysterious mountain. For a moment fear overcame the youth, and he stopped ; but his desire overcame his fear, and pronouncing an oath he spurred his horse, determined to push on. Just then the horse shied, and looking up Burkhart saw sitting by the roadside a dwarf clothed in a steel-grey gown. The dwarf looked steadily with glittering eyes at the knight.

"Avaunt !" exclaimed Burkhart angrily. "Why do you sit here, and frighten my horse ?"

"Ho ! ho !" laughed the dwarf. "Know, you creeping worm of the earth, I am *Pyro*, the king of the gnomes. Mine is the Untersberg with its treasures. What have you to seek in my territory ?"

When Burkhart heard these words he deemed it prudent to speak politely to the king of the gnomes. He explained to him his situation, and asked for the loan of a sum of money, for which he promised his everlasting gratitude.

The king began to laugh. "Confound your gratitude," he said ; "there would be plenty of beggars like you coming to borrow money from me if it could be had at such a cheap price."

"What, then, do you demand ?" asked the knight. "State your terms, and I will accept them, for I must have gold at any price."

"Listen, then," said the gnome ; "it is not much that I ask. Only one hair from your head for each thousand florins." Thus saying, his eyes rested searchingly upon the face of the knight.

"Only one hair from my head ?" exclaimed Burkhart in great astonishment. "A whole bunch of hair you shall have and be welcome to it, if you only furnish me the money necessary to obtain the favour of Julia."

"I am putting no limits to the amount you may draw,"

laughed the king. "For each thousand florins which you receive from me you will have to leave me one hair from your head."

"It is a bargain!" exclaimed the knight joyfully, and drawing his dagger, he was about to cut a lock of hair from his forehead to offer it to the king.

"Not so," said Pypo. "Only one hair at a time, and I will have to pull it out myself by the root."

The knight dismounted, and as he bent down the dwarf tore a single hair from his scalp, after which he threw a bag of gold at Burkhart's feet.

"Thanks!" exclaimed the knight, as he hugged the bag and gloated over its contents.

"No thanks are wanted," replied the gnome. "See to it that the hairs upon your head will not become too few in time to purchase enough gold for satisfying the greed of your Julia."

So saying the gnome vanished; but the knight returned joyfully with his bag of gold to his castle. He now began to enlarge his castle in exquisite style; he bought costly furniture, hired servants and cooks, sent out invitations for dinners and balls, and every evening he went to the Untersberg for another bag of gold, leaving in return one of his hairs.

Soon the news of the riches of Burkhart von Tollenstein began to spread, and everybody wondered and came to see and admire the luxury displayed by the knight. Now the consent of Julia was easily gained, and before many days the walls of the castle resounded with gay music, merry-making and laughter; for the marriage of the valorous knight with the beautiful countess took place. All the nobility were invited, and took part in the revel.

Henceforth the castle of Tollenstein became the scene of an uninterrupted succession of costly festivities of all kinds. There was a round of gaieties and the doors were open day and night to visitors. Parasites of all kinds peopled the castle; dinners, dances, masquerades, tournaments, theatrical performances and hunting excursions followed each other without end, and the beautiful Julia had the sweet satisfaction of being surrounded by flatterers and admirers to her heart's content; but her desires grew in proportion as they were gratified, her vanity in proportion as it was tickled; her whims were incalculable, but the resources of her husband seemed inexhaustible, and he was an object of envy to every one.

More and more frequent were his visits to the Untersberg, from each of which he returned with a thousand florins in gold, but with one hair less on his head; and for all that he seemed not

happy, for he saw only too clearly that he had bought only the appearance of love, and that his wife loved not him, but only his money. Whenever he did not at once comply with her unreasonable and extravagant demands, she would treat him with contempt, so as to render life a burden to him. All this caused him a great deal of grief, which he sought to drown in {the wine cup. Thus he became at last a confirmed drunkard and an object of disgust to his wife. All the evil germs in his nature began to grow luxuriantly and to bear fruit. He became a weakling, a cruel tyrant towards his subjects and an abject coward in the presence of his wife, who treated him as if he were a slave. His troubles caused him to grow prematurely old, and the hair upon his head grew thinner from day to day.

Thus a few years passed away in great misery, and at last poor Burkhart was entirely baldheaded. The last florin was gone, but the countess had ordered a great tournament and dinner, to which many noblemen and ladies of rank were invited. Once more Burkhart went to the Untersberg for the purpose of asking the king of the gnomes for money; but no more hair did he have to give in return. The gnome appeared, and the knight, removing his helmet, showed him the deplorable condition of his scalp, hoping to arouse the pity of the king.

"Ah, Burkhart," exclaimed Pypo; "did I not tell you to beware that your hairs may not become too few?"

"I now see my folly," sighed the knight; "but for pity's sake let me have only one more bag of gold, to save myself from disgrace."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the gnome. "Nothing brings nothing; no hair, no money. Our bargain is at an end."

"Ask what you will!" cried the knight; "but hair I have none to give. Take my soul, but give me only one bag of money. Only one bag of gold I am asking of you!"

But in vain Burkhart implored the gnome; Pypo was inexorable and laughed at him. This exasperated the knight, and becoming enraged he cried: "Hell-hound! you have completed your devilish work. With each hair that you took from my head you robbed me of a part of my manhood. Now I recognize you as the fiend that you are. Give me back my lost energy. Give me back the beautiful golden hair of which you have despoiled me by means of your accursed gold. Give it back to me, or look out for the revenge of the Tollensteins."

But the gnome laughed "Fool!" he said, "do you wish to frighten me? Would you now curse the one from whom you

received all that you asked? I laugh at you and your threats; but if you wish your hair returned, be it so."

So saying the gnome drew forth a cord twisted from Burkhart's hair and threw it at the feet of the knight. He then disappeared within the depths of the Untersberg, while from all sides a mocking laughter shook the air, as if coming from a multitude of invisible spectators; but the knight went home and locked himself up in his bedroom.

At the castle of Tollenstein everything was in readiness for the beginning of the great tournament. Knights in glittering armour and ladies in costly dresses were thronging the halls; while in the courtyard below richly decked steeds, attended by grooms in bright colours, neighed and stamped the ground, impatient for the opening of the sham fight; for the beginning of which nothing was now needed but the presence of the host. The trumpets sounded, but nothing was seen of Burkhart. Repeatedly were messengers sent to his room, but they found the door locked and were not admitted. At last Julia, losing her patience, went up with clenched fists; but her knocks at the door elicited no reply. She therefore ordered the door to be forced open, and then a ghastly sight met her eyes. Burkhart von Tollenstein was lying dead on his bed, his features distorted as if he had died in great agony; around his neck was tied a cord of yellow human hair, with which he had been strangled; his eyes were protruding as if starting from their sockets; while his fingers were spasmodically closed around a bag containing a thousand florins of gold. This was the end of the Tollensteins.

(To be continued.)

BRAM STOKER : A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

By SCRUTATOR

THE author of *The Lair of the White Worm*, the most recent of the works of fiction published by William Rider & Son, Ltd., is a genial Hibernian whose directness of thought and vivacity have found play in many rôles of distinction.

Son of Mr. Abraham Stoker, of the Chief Secretary's Office, Dublin, he was trained in a private school and entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1866, and the same year joined the Civil Service, eventually succeeding to the Chief Secretary's Office as Inspector of Petty Sessions. He took honours in Science and was President of the Philosophical Society. To those who have known him in his prime it will be no surprise to learn that he was athletic champion of his College in earlier days. He took the silver medals in History and Composition in the Historical Society, and in many other ways distinguished himself as a man of considerable intellectual powers. Among his friends he numbers men of great faculty, including Sir Oliver Lodge, whom he regards as a giant of intellect.

His long association with Sir Henry Irving, extending from 1878 until the death of the great actor, added to his wide and varied experience, and afforded new opportunities for a deeper insight into human character. Mr. Bram Stoker is a medallist of the Royal Humane Society and also a Barrister of the Inner Temple.

In an interview with him recently it transpired that, despite a somewhat indifferent state of health, the result of long years of very strenuous work, he was yet fully occupied with a variety of interests, literary, scientific and philosophical. The central idea of *The Lair of the White Worm*, he explained, is an old legend and a very attractive theme. It involves the folklore to be found in various parts of the country about monstrous snakes and great dragons, traditional stories of a survival from prehistoric times of some examples of the great saurians; the notion that the well-holes, still to be found in and about the Peak district, were the lairs of these monsters; and the evolutional concept of metabolism, which accounts for the persistence and specialization of certain modes of growth and development. The human element is afforded by the struggle which takes place between two kinds of souls, the one typified by the vulture—cold, cruel and rapacious, the other by the gentle and harmless dove, a conception that has been cleverly carried out in an illustration by Miss Pamela Colman Smith. The idea had originally been framed for a short story as far back as the year 1873, and its final elaboration, undertaken

in response to a demand for another story of the nature of *Dracula*, resulted in the story of the White Worm.

Surprising as it may appear, the author of *Dracula*, certainly one



BRAM STOKER.

From the Painting by C. Goldsbrough Anderson.

of the creepiest books ever penned, does not own to any unique psychic experiences. He admits the facts of Hypnotism and has an interesting theory as to why some dreams come true. But beyond this he reserves judgment.

ABOUT GUARDIAN ANGELS

By M. S.

I HAVE often wondered why so little is thought or written about guardian angels, for, if facts, they are such very important ones. The Roman Catholic Church accepts these angels as realities, but most Protestants of my acquaintance look upon them in the light of charming but poetic fictions. To them, they are subjects suitable for portrayal in sentimental semi-religious art, or to be sung about in hymns. I have sometimes noticed, hanging on the wall of a bedroom, that well-known, rather "banal" picture of two lightly clad children, wandering near a dangerous precipice, whilst beside them with a restraining hand stands a large and visible angel with a benign countenance. I once asked a friend who had one of these pictures, "Do you believe in guardian angels?" she replied hastily, and evidently surprised at my question, "Of course not, but it is such a charming idea that children, at least, should be watched over like that."

People often speak, though figuratively I presume, of a man's "good angel" having saved him, or of a man having listened to his "evil angel" and so gone astray. If these poetical ideas are given to the world in metre, or in blank verse, they are accepted, but if written down soberly in prose, the world thinks what extremely odd ideas the writer has. "Why should there not be guardian angels?" I once asked a friend. "Too good to be true," was his laconic reply. Is anything too good to be true where our Father's loving care for us is concerned?

Since I came consciously into touch with my own guardian angel—as I humbly believe—I have found it easier to unravel what had before often puzzled me. If one grants that clairvoyance and clairaudience are facts in nature—and I personally, from eleven years' experience, am convinced on that point—it is much easier to understand a little of the mystery connected with certain well-known historical characters such as Socrates and Joan of Arc. I notice that in most of the lives written, the biographer, however much he may admire their personalities, half apologizes for their vagaries and hallucinations with regard to the *daimon* of Socrates and the "voices" of Joan. I

do not think apologies are at all necessary; they were not mad, but spoke the words of "Truth and Soberness." These two wonderful personalities were utterly unlike each other, one a great and learned philosopher, the other an ignorant young peasant girl, yet both were guided and inspired from the unseen world. There can be no doubt that Socrates not only firmly believed in his *daimon*, but that he had always the greatest reverence for him and looked up to him for spiritual guidance. The question is: did the vivid imagination of the philosopher create this *daimon*? Was he, his own higher self? or was he—as I am inclined to believe—a separate highly evolved entity, whose mission it was to guide and guard Socrates throughout his earthly career?

Then again, in the case of Joan of Arc, who were these spirits—*mes voix* as she always calls them—who helped, warned, comforted and guided her? That she was directed from the unseen there can be no doubt; how otherwise could an ignorant peasant girl of seventeen have undertaken the command of a whole army, being put by Charles himself over the heads of many war-worn veterans? In the whole history of the past, surely a more wonderful thing than this never happened before. One at least of Joan's "voices" must have been an expert on military tactics, even setting aside what was automatically achieved through the superstitious fear with which she was regarded by her enemies. The girl herself believed these spirits to be St. Michael, St. Margaret and St. Catherine, who no doubt were the tutelary saints to whom she prayed at the altars of the village church at Domrémy. Who they really were we cannot now tell, but it may be that her guardian angel or some kindly spirits assumed the familiar forms to give her greater confidence. There can be no shadow of doubt in any one's mind who has read the accounts of her trial at Rouen, that no cross-examination, no threat of torture, could shake the girl's utter faith in her spirit friends and no purer souled, more truthful child ever lived. The awful, piteous tragedy of her fate, alas! her friends could not avert, for her hour had struck, and as nothing in our lives happens by chance, her tragic end must in some way and from past causes have become inevitable. "Needs must that offences come," said the Christ, "but woe unto him through whom the offence cometh," and for this particular offence, surely the Roman Church was as responsible as the English nation.

In her hours of dread, and even in the flames, Joan was helped and supported by the spirits, up to the moment when her pure

valiant soul took its flight, entranced by the Beatific Vision. We cannot doubt that those same spirit friends were waiting near to greet and comfort so that soon her shuddering soul might be soothed into the "peace which passes understanding."

Socrates, too, if I remember rightly, was guarded and warned of evil on many different occasions, but in the last great danger which finally led to his doom no warning voice was raised by his *daimon*. When Socrates was asked why this should have been permitted, his explanation was—that his time had come, and that Death, seen from the higher standpoint, was no evil.

In that beautiful, spiritual little book by Father Benson, called *The Light Invisible*, what struck me most forcibly was the story told by the gentle clairvoyant old priest of the death of the little boy killed, as we say, "by accident." For those who have not read the book, I will give a brief summary of the facts. The old priest, taking a country walk one day, observed two children, a boy and a girl picking blackberries in the hedge. After passing along the road some distance he suddenly heard the galloping of a horse accompanied by the noise of wheels, very evidently a run-away horse and vehicle. Instantly the thought of the children's peril came across his mind, and he hastened back to warn them. He was too late; a driverless cart, drawn by a fear-maddened horse, was gaining fast on the children; the little girl had run back into the hedge for safety, but the boy stood as if dazed in the middle of the road, deaf to all warning shouts. Then came the remarkable vision which astonished, nay, even angered, the old man at the time. He saw an angel, with the tenderest, divinest expression of love on his face, standing with one arm round the little fellow, whilst with the other hand over his eyes, he seemed almost to be pushing him down under the horse's feet. At the sight there was a natural feeling of revolt in the priest's heart, but later on the remembrance of the look on the angel's face helped to convince him that in some way unknown to him, the child's death was necessary, and that his guardian angel was making it as easy for him as he could by comforting and soothing the child in his loving arms after the shock was over.

A friend of mine told me that towards the end of her mother's life, during her last days on earth, as she sat by her bedside, she saw her constantly smiling up at some one invisible to her. Once she asked her what she saw, and the mother, with a look of radiant content mingled with awe, said, "Don't you see, Katie, the beautiful messenger in white? He is waiting for me." Her "Azrael," the angel of death, her guardian angel, was no doubt

waiting to greet her on the other shore, and in the weakness of the fast-coming dissolution of the body, her eyes were opened to see what had hitherto been veiled from her by the density of the flesh.

In connection with this story, I may say that quite a large number of spirits have told me that they were met when passing over by an "angel with a beautiful face" who "explained things to them." Some evidently took this angel for the Christ, or if Roman Catholics, for some favourite saint to whom their prayers had been offered in life. Some spirits again were unconscious for a longer or shorter time after leaving their bodies, so had no personal experiences to relate about their guardians, who, I am told, generally leave the souls under their care, after they have safely piloted them "across the Bar."

I feel very diffident in speaking of personal experiences, but hope that by doing so I may bring encouragement and help to others. I have often longed to be able to pass on something of the joy, comfort and peace which have been brought into my own life by the knowledge that my guardian angel is always beside me, and that having perfect knowledge and perfect sympathy, he can help me so much better than any one else. A human soul is often very lonely, passing silently through spiritual experiences or struggling against moral weaknesses and limitations. Think what it would mean for us all to feel there was someone in great interior sympathy, who knew us through and through, all our good points as well as our weaknesses, someone who always sided with our higher selves, who reflected the Divine to us, who encouraged and nerved to further effort, who counselled and warned against danger and whose faithful friendship, we knew, could never fail us throughout our earthly life. What is the most perfect, ideal marriage on earth compared to such a union?

We all account it a privilege to be brought into contact with some great and good man or woman to whom we can look up with heartfelt reverence, but how much greater is the privilege of being enabled to hear the "still, small voice" of our angel who has been with us from birth and who will tirelessly watch over us till we have passed through those portals we poor humans so often dread, chiefly from the fancied loneliness of the journey. I have been assured that we all have these guardians, could we only realize the fact. The only exceptions to the rule are very young souls, low in the scale of evolution, who are just out of the animal stage, and those very highly evolved ones who have become one with the great Cosmic Consciousness, and therefore no longer

require an angel to reflect the Divine to them, for like the Christ and all great Souls they have learned to say truly, "I and my Father are One."

I know well that at present psychic powers are not very widespread, but if people would only try to realize that their guardian angels were close beside them, if they would commune with them in their hearts in the quiet of the night time, or in the early morning before the day's duties commenced, I feel sure that in many cases their guardians would grant their requests and in some unmistakable way impress them with their nearness. Tennyson's lines, though not originally referring to the guardian angel, are applicable and literally true.

"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears;
And Spirit with Spirit shall meet.
Closer is He than breathing,
Nearer than hands and feet."

(Higher Pantheism.)

Not once have I appealed to my guardian day or night without an instant response, but never has he interfered with my liberty of thought or action. When I have asked his help or advice in my work at night when away from the physical body, it has always been given, also protection when necessary against spirits of the "baser sort" who tried to frighten or injure me. For some time past I have discovered a certain power of magnetism in my fingertips to charm away pain and nervous headaches. In this work, also, my guardian is always ready to help by pouring through my head and arm his beautiful pure magnetism. If the patient is sensitive and of a fairly high type, the effects are very remarkable, as then my guardian can pour in stronger magnetism, but if of a lower, more earthy type, he has to exercise great care so as not to injure the coarser astral matter with his very rapid vibrations.

One case my guardian treated through me was that of a woman of very highly developed sensitive nature, who had suffered much from torturing headaches, and who had tried in vain all the usual remedies. This magnetism seemed alone to afford her the slightest relief. Every alternate day she was treated for half an hour. At first the pain was driven away for a few hours only, then for twenty-four hours, for forty-eight hours, finally as we persevered the headaches were completely cured. On one occasion whilst I was treating this case there entered unexpectedly the chaplain's wife, whose face was an amusing study as it stif-

fened disapprovingly at the sight which met her gaze. She saw me sitting close to my friend with one hand on her forehead, whilst with the other I clasped her hand. Feeling the position required some explanation, I said, "Poor Mrs. L. R. has a very bad headache, and I am trying to take it away."

"That sort of thing is very wrong," snapped the lady severely, "and very bad for the head."

"But for whose head?" asked the patient sweetly. "Mine is ever so much better for the magnetic treatment, and Mrs. S. seems to keep perfectly well and sane."

The lady departed, metaphorically shaking our wicked dust from off her feet.

The advantages of this kind of treatment are, firstly, the purity and power of the magnetism, and secondly that the operator, instead of feeling depleted and devitalized, is invigorated, for as one is simply used as a channel of communication the magnetism on its way through to help others also fortifies and strengthens oneself.

As this friend knew something of occult matters I could explain why I did not suffer any depletion and could give the praise where it was due, but in dealing with ordinary cases I am perforce obliged to accept the "kudos" with many silent apologies to my guardian angel.

This power of being impressed from the other side, has also made clearer to me the subject of "inspiration," which puzzled me for years. I have so often of later years been helped in my small way by a sudden thought flashed into my mind, by an intuition how best to help and comfort, or by an unexpected argument when trying to explain my religious point of view to some friend, that I feel sure this sort of aid is much commoner than we think.

Of course this sensitiveness to impression cuts both ways, but whether for good or for evil, will depend upon our own characters and upon the usual trend of our thoughts.

Once a sudden warning of danger to a friend at a distance and in grave moral peril, sent me to my knees praying for help, though at the time I knew not what sort of danger threatened. Long afterwards I discovered through a voluntary confession that it was a true inspiration on the part of my kind guardian angel, for the friend in question, at that time sorely tempted and miserable, was only prevented from doing away with herself by the oddly persistent way in which my face came before her mental eyes.

If an ordinary person with an ordinary brain can be thus impressed, what is there astonishing in the fact that poets, painters, musicians, scientists or inventors should draw their greatest inspirations from the unseen world? The greater and subtler the brain of the genius on this side, the easier it would be for some highly developed entity on the other to inspire him. To be a really satisfactory medium of communication, one ought to be highly and evenly developed all round, spiritually, morally, mentally and physically. It is also very desirable in my estimation that there should be no personal gain or question of *£ s. d.* brought into the matter.

Very often when I have asked for the true meaning of some mystery, I have been told that the subject was too abstruse to be explained, because the requisite brain capacity to grasp the idea was wanting; sometimes the spirit has added, by way perhaps of letting me down easily, "You can grasp the idea when away from your body, but not with your physical brain."

One point more I should like to dwell on before I close. My readers may think there would be considerable danger of becoming invertebrate by depending too much on a guardian angel; danger of losing rather than gaining individuality. This is not the case; the guardian angel is very wise, he knows we are here to evolve, to build up our own characters, to gain necessary experience; he also knows how useless we should be were we to become mere automata pulled by a string, no matter how high the string-puller, and he never interferes. My guardian has often said to me, "Act on your own judgment and responsibility; even if you do make mistakes from ignorance, do not be disheartened, this is the way you gain experience which means knowledge in the future. Do your best; it is the motive which matters."

If this paper should bring to light other personal experiences of the "guardian angel," or even help people to realize how much they are shutting out of their lives by denying or ignoring their guardians, I shall be more than content.

THE EMPTY HOUSE : A TRUE STORY

By C. A. DAWSON SCOTT

"I'M just off for ten days in Cornwall," said Margery Frayle in her joyous voice, as she pushed open the door of her friend's sitting-room.

Janet May was correcting grammar exercises and finding it rather a lamentable occupation for a summer evening. She pushed her books aside and leant her tired face on her hands. "Cornwall in June," she said enviously, "after all it's better to be a journalist than a High School teacher."

"Sometimes," admitted Margery, "but you must remember you get two months in the summer and I, being a mere underling, have to stop in London toiling, while my editors and sub-editors make holiday."

"With double pay!"

"What's double pay to months by the sea?" She threw a couple of keys on the table. "I came round to say my Upper Part is at your disposal."

"Thanks very much, but I don't suppose——"

"I thought your married sister talked of coming up for the Charity Ball?"

"Alice? So she did!" Mrs. Disney, Janet's sister, was in the habit of making sudden descents upon any one who could put her up. Not that Janet belonged to this category, for she had only the two rooms; but the other saw no reason why she should not occupy the High School teacher's bed and let her sleep on the sofa in the sitting-room. Nor would Miss May have objected to the arrangement if the couch had been cushiony and comfortable. Unfortunately it was of horsehair and sloped in unexpected directions, with the result that its occupant never felt secure, and indeed had more than once made a midnight glissade on to the cold and yet harder floor.

"I'll leave the bed made up and everything ready. You'll have the house to yourself too."

"How's that?"

"Somebody in authority says the terrace is to come down as soon as the various leases are up. So the little old ladies who used to keep the fancy shop downstairs have fitted. I hope you'll be comfortable."

"Sure to. By the by if I do make use of it, I suppose I could get my breakfast at the little restaurant next door?"

Margery Frayle looked dubious. "It's some time since I've been there."

"I thought you had your meals sent in?"

"I've been so much at the office lately. Besides—oh, I don't know, I suppose I'm prejudiced." She did not seem inclined to explain further, and Janet supposed either that the cooking had not been to her liking, or that she had had a difference with the proprietor. She remembered him as a big, fat man with a head which was entirely bald, and which from its shape and colour had always reminded her of a bladder of lard.

A week elapsed and then in a gay whirl of chifcons, engagements, gossip and sisterly affection Mrs. Disney descended upon her. Janet interviewed the landlady; and after telling her that as she had the offer of a friend's bed she should sleep out, went off to make sure that Margery, who was rather careless, had left the room ready for occupation.

No. 14, Upton Terrace, was one of a row of small old-fashioned houses with shop fronts. To right of it an antique hair-dresser's sported the red and white barber's pole, while on the other side lay the small Italian restaurant of which she and Margery had spoken. The June day was warm, and Janet, looking at the stale vegetables in the window, at the flies and the one red lobster, felt that she could understand her friend's objection to the place. And yet she could remember it with bright, clean windows and an appetizing display of comestibles. The door stood open, and as she passed she glanced in, looking for the bald-headed proprietor. In the dimly lighted place this bladder-like head as it passed up and down, one eye on the waiters, the other on its customers, had been conspicuous, and was so now—by its absence. Miss May must suppose either that Giacomo was eating his macaroni behind the scenes, or that the place had changed hands; and she inclined towards the latter, as that would account for the manifest deterioration of the restaurant.

She let herself in by the side door of the empty fancy shop, and went slowly up the flight of stairs that led to her friend's quarters. Margery, in insisting upon a stout partition across the landing and a front door of her own, had, Janet thought, shown only common-sense; and closing the door after her she heard it snap to, with a feeling that here at least she would be safe from intrusion of every sort and kind.

The upper part consisted of two stories. On the first were the dining and sitting-rooms and above them bedroom, bathroom and kitchen. Janet, going up, found that the blue and white bed-chamber had been left ready for her occupation, and that she was likely to be as comfortable as Margery had hoped. She came away well satisfied. A night in this room of soft mandarin blues and creamy whites would be a different matter to one on her sofa. Alice, who made the most of what pleasure came her way, was wont to lie awake and talk; a habit which Janet, who earned her own living and had to think of the morrow, found rather trying. In No. 14 she would be certain of quiet and peace.

When Mrs. Disney heard of the arrangement, she was by no means so well pleased. The Charity Ball would be a big affair; and she had looked forward to discussing its dresses and events with her patient sister, in the early hours of the morning.

"Do you mean to say that you are going to sleep in an empty house?" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't do such a thing for the world."

"Margery has been living there for more than a year."

"Of course girls do very odd things nowadays, and if there had been anybody downstairs——"

"What do you think would happen to me?"

"You might be taken ill."

"If so, I could put my head out of the window and call a policeman."

"It might come too suddenly."

Janet laughed. "Really, Alice, you are absurd. Sudden and mysterious illnesses don't attack one in real life."

Mrs. Disney shrugged her shoulders, and glancing at the clock went off to dress. It was annoying that her victim should have escaped; and that more particularly because she must return to the country on the following day.

As usual, Janet spent the evening preparing the work for her classes on the following day. After a frugal supper she packed some necessaries in a hand-bag, made one or two arrangements which she thought might add to her sister's comfort, and prepared to start. It being the middle of the season, the evening streets were gay and busy. Janet, whose mind was weary, felt it a relaxation to watch this flood of life which was being swirled backwards and forwards; and as she let herself into the silent and empty house, felt sorry to shut out all the stir and brightness. No. 14, Upton Terrace, was on one of the big London highways; and the

taxis that shot past full of men and women in evening dress, the decaying hansoms with their shambling steeds, the crowded 'buses, all spoke of pleasure and its ministers; she alone seemed to be thinking of rest. To the people of the road, evening brought enjoyment, brought dinners, theatres, the society of their kind, but for her there was only labour during the day and sleep at night. Janet did not usually concern herself with the contrast between her lot and that of the drones; but the stroll through the evening streets had brought it home to her, had made her feel how little part she, the working-bee, had with these others.

The roar of the traffic had been continuous, but once the heavy street-door was locked behind her it sank to a sea-murmur. She took a candle out of her bag and lighting it looked round. The narrow hall-way was dusty, and the air had that deadness which speaks of long-closed doors and windows. In front of her the stairs ran steeply up into darkness; and to the right was a door into the shop and a passage leading to other empty rooms. Janet was not a nervous woman, her outlook was too modern for her to be conscious of those dim terrors to which our fore-mothers confessed; but she was glad that she had thought of the candle. She would not have liked to have gone up those stairs, stumbling through the velvet blackness of the night, and believing doubtfully that presently her outstretched fingers would chance upon the wood of a door.

"Really, listening to Alice's foolish talk has almost made me nervous," she thought as she went up, and she was conscious of feeling amused. But in spite of the good face she put upon her solitude, her breath came at longer intervals when once Margery's door, with its neat brass chain and Chubb lock, lay between her and the rest of the house.

Beyond that door reigned a certain elegance. The journalist had assembled about her as many relics of eighteenth-century state and importance as the tiny upper part would hold. A design of silhouettes looked restfully down from the wall of the stairway and Janet forgot her tremors in studying them as she went by. The pleasant bed-chamber was as she had left it on the preceding day; and reassured she threw open the two windows and sat to gaze down upon the busy world that she had left. After the heat of the day it was restful to sit in the cool dark and dream. A clock striking eleven roused her from her reverie, and before long she was between the chill linen sheets, addressing herself to sleep.

Now Janet was tired. She was also a good and dreamless

sleeper. Therefore she had lain down expecting to fall at once into her usual deep and refreshing slumber. She did indeed drift that way, but hardly were her eyes closed than she remembered that she had not locked her door. Janet had grown drowsy and did not want to get out of her comfortable bed. She remembered that other doors were locked—the door into the upper part, the street door! Why then should she trouble about that of her bedroom? It was a matter of no importance and she decided to stay where she was.

There followed a brief season of rest and then Janet woke suddenly, conscious of an urgent necessity to do something, though what she did not know. She lay wondering, her heart beating rather fast, her mind full of vague alarms; and once more this matter of the door began to force itself on her attention. How was it she had forgotten to turn the key? An unlocked door between her and—well, between her and what? Janet was not easily alarmed, her hard life as a teacher had nerved her to a real coolness, and emergencies had never hitherto found her wanting. Now, however, in this pleasant blue and white chamber, with the roar of the traffic in her ears and the certain knowledge that help was within reach, she was conscious of the vague beginnings of what was curiously like fear.

"I am afraid," said Janet to herself in troubled fashion. During her holidays the spirit of adventure had taken her into many lonely places, she had once even slept under a haystack, but never before had she known fear. Moreover, the fear was bodiless, a crescent emotion which seemed to be without foundation. "What is it," thought our reasonable Janet, "of which I am afraid?"

She found she was lying still, dissembling the very fact of her existence and that because she dared not move. But Janet's outer and inner selves were detached, and though fear might paralyse her limbs and even her will, the inner self looked on and marvelled. What was this terror by night? At full length in the springy bed, her dark hair in two plaits on the pillow, her hands clenched at her sides, she lay considering the situation, wondering what was about to happen. She was a woman to whom none of the little psychic experiences so common nowadays had ever come, and she was ignorant as well as inexperienced.

Her sense of fear was growing and she realized that behind her closed eyes, her mind was beginning to present her with dim vague pictures, which were in a vital way connected with her feelings. She strove to see, and gradually, very gradually, she

gathered a sense of stairs. The stairs were in darkness, and that of which she was afraid was stealthily climbing them.

"The stairs outside my room," thought Janet, "outside that unlocked door." She opened her eyes and with that her fears vanished. She no longer felt in the least afraid; and sitting up, looked about the shadowy room in which the light of a street lamp was making "darkness visible," and throwing patches of midnight gold on to ceiling and wardrobe. "How absurd!" thought she, quite reassured, "the house is empty and even if it weren't, I've no money, no jewellery, nothing of which I could be robbed." And she forthwith settled down again.

But no sooner were her eyes closed than the vision returned. She now saw not only that a man was coming up, but that he carried in the hand held behind his back a weapon of some sort. Though the hand was scrupulously hidden Janet felt as if she could see the long gleam of the steel. But why should he be carrying this long knife, and above all, what had it to do with her? She trembled and her hair crisped—for she had the fore-knowledge that it concerned her, that it concerned her terribly. Moreover the vision was growing strangely clear and now at last she could see the face of the man.

He wore the likeness of the bald-headed restaurant proprietor!

Janet had always thought of "Bladder-of-Lard" as kindly. Now she saw him under another aspect. In the strange white head, the little eyes shone cruelly bright, while the pointed mouth set deep in the unwholesome fat of the face, was twisted into a smile at which she shuddered. Why should he be climbing the stairs so softly, so inevitably, and with that knife held behind his back? Ah, but now she knew. He was coming to cut her throat, and although the door between them was unlocked she dared not spring out and turn the key. She must lie there, paralysed by her fears, must lie there until it was too late.

With what seemed to her a violent effort she once more opened her eyes and as before her fears vanished. She was in Margery's comfortable bed, in Margery's comfortable room and outside were the carts rumbling into London with the food for the incoming day. Janet experimentalizing found that as long as she kept her eyes open she was not troubled by what she termed gruesome fancies, but no sooner did she close them, than the visions recommenced. She saw "Bladder-of-Lard" climbing the stairs, she saw the long knife and she knew that he meant to cut her throat. With her eyes open she could argue that it was all nonsense. The door into the upper part was locked, the door into

the house was locked. "Bladder-of-Lard" could not by any possibility be creeping up her stairs with fell intent. Yet no sooner did her eyelids droop than she saw him again.

Janet spent a sleepless, terror-haunted night. Nothing happened. The bedroom door did not open to let in a murderer. Her vision remained a vision only, and as soon after daybreak as she felt she could without comment return to her lodgings, she rose and dressed. She was still at a loss to understand to what she owed her curious experience; but as it was hardly one that she wished to discuss, she did not speak of it to her sister.

When Margery Frayle returned, however, she could not resist leading up to the subject. She had been dwelling on its incomprehensible aspect, and wondering whether this faculty of inward vision were a fact or a fancy. Had she seen, really seen, or was it imagination? If imagination, why had it persisted, returning whenever she closed her eyes; and if it were real, why should it have come to her and what did it mean?

"I used your room one night," she said as she returned the keys. "You've made it very pretty."

"It isn't a bad little place, but I don't know that I shall be sorry to turn out."

"No? I wonder why?"

Margery fidgeted with a long chain of thin gold that she habitually wore. "I hardly know, but sometimes when I'm alone there at night I get nervous."

"You?" said her friend with pretended incredulity.

"Silly, isn't it?"

"What are you afraid of?"

The other hesitated. "I don't quite know, but somehow the place has never been the same since Giacomo killed his wife."

Gia-come—that was "Bladder-of-Lard"—since Giacomo killed his wife! Janet felt again that unpleasant cringing of the hair.

"I didn't know."

"Last Easter!"

"When I was in Paris?"

"Yes. I expect you remember him, a fat creature with sly eyes and a tiny mouth. It used to open like a bird's beak."

"I know," said Janet and shivered. She had seen it opening and shutting as he crept up the stairs.

"His wife slept at the top of the house, and one night he went up and cut her throat with the big carver."

Janet thought of her overmastering terror. "Oh, the poor

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woman," she cried, "let's hope that she did not know beforehand—that she died in her sleep," and then she related her experience.

Margery's eyes widened. "How odd!" said she.

"It seemed to me that what I saw was happening. I had no idea it was past and done with."

"And why should you have visualized this tragedy which had been enacted on the other side of the house-wall?"

"I got the echo," smiled Janet, "and took it for the real thing."

"But why?" persisted Margery.

"Why?" the other mused. "I'm more interested in the 'how' than the 'why,' and all that I've got to at present is that I spent a sleepless haunted night—because Giacomo murdered his wife!"

"TO THE UNKNOWN TWIN SOUL"

BY REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH

I.

TO thee I cry, Belov'd, to thee I cry,
My life, my laughter and my bitter tears,
I cannot find thee, though I live and die;
Though I have been a milliard, milliard years:
The world is a pale garden where I weep,
Art thou evolved, unborn or increate?
Art thou a shadow darkness lent my sleep?
Ah soul, my soul, that I should live and wait.

II.

Where art thou? Hast thou been, or art TO Be?
My abstract thought, my second perfect mind.
In every sobbing of the changeful sea,
In every sound I hear a thrill of thee,
Electric, distant, yet a part of me.
Ah God, my God, if I should seek and find!

CORRESPONDENCE

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

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

J.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to the letter signed G. H. G. in your
S.

November issue, I would like to say that the theory of Reincarnation is held by many idealists who find it neither material nor saddening, but who, on the contrary, derive from it that spiritual hope and comfort which idealists so often seek in vain when confronted by the problems and miseries of this puzzling world. It is *not* "taken for granted that this planet is the only possible scene of the Spirit's progress." Nothing could be further from the truth, as I understand it; but it surely seems reasonable to suppose that the spirit returns again and again until it has learnt all the lessons that the conditions of life on this planet can teach it. Time enough, when that is accomplished, to continue its progress in other more ethereal spheres of existence (though we believe, of course, that it experiences these in the intervals between the earth-lives, as well as afterwards). No man, even at the end of the longest life, can feel that he has had time, or opportunity, to learn *everything* that it would be possible for earth-life to teach him—and how much less is this the case with savages, slum-dwellers, and those who die in babyhood? Are they to have no other chances of attaining that knowledge and force of character which all agree to be the reward of well-spent lives on earth? Your correspondent does not, perhaps, realize the difference—which the theory of Reincarnation lays stress on—between "individuality" and "personality." The individuality certainly does not "endure without memory," and Mrs. Besant's remarks on "the memory of the Spirit" (pp. 84 and 85 of her lecture in the OCCULT REVIEW for August) should make this clear. I cannot see that alternate reincarnation, as man and woman, would be any obstacle to the continuance of character. How many men have much of the woman in them! How many women much of the man! That the Spirit's return should be "quite unnecessary" seems rather a strained point of view for even an idealist to take, but, my own ideas on this very wide

subject having been somewhat fully expressed in a poem which appeared in this REVIEW in December, 1910, I will conclude by recommending two little books to your correspondent. They are *Reincarnation and Christianity*, by a Clergyman of the Church of England, and *Religion and Immortality*, by G. Lowes Dickinson. The price of each is 1s., and each states the case very clearly from a different point of view. The writer of the latter is undoubtedly an idealist—also a philosopher—and his argument will perhaps be found the more convincing. If the theory is as saddening as your correspondent thinks, whence comes the strong appeal which it has made to the minds of many of the greatest poets of all nations?

Yours sincerely,

EVA M. MARTIN.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to the letter in your November issue *re* Mrs. Besant's article on Reincarnation, may I suggest that this planet may not be the "only possible scene" of the spirit's progress, but the scene necessary for our humanity *at this stage of evolution*. It is a general belief that we are sent into this world to gain experiences, that, through these lessons, our spirits may evolve, and few at the end of earth-life will consider they have learnt all that it can teach. Doubtless in time to come we shall climb to higher evolutions, but many of us think it reasonable that at this stage we should return to the earth-school until we have learnt all its lessons.

Your correspondent asks, how can individuality endure without memory. But surely it is possible that memory is only sleeping, and may be awakened. Think how many facts of even our present life we have forgotten. In each earth life the spirit is born into a new body, with a new mind and brain, and it is obviously impossible for this fresh brain to remember events of past lives. But our Real Memory is part of the spirit which incarnates, not of the body which the spirit wears as a garment; it belongs to the individuality which has passed through all experiences and forgets nothing. This real memory has been recovered by many, and can be again, by those who will turn their energy inwards, striving to be one with the spirit.

Again, from my point of view, incarnation of the spirit in bodies of both sexes is the essence of wisdom for the formation of character. When we think of the different qualities of man

and woman, and of the sexless spirit striving consciously to perfect itself in all, surely it is not an "obstacle to the continuance of character," but a divine plan for its perfect formation—the passport for the spirit's further progress.

Yours sincerely,

BATH.

O. C. G.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I should be glad, with your permission, to write a few lines in your REVIEW with reference to a work very lately published, a magnificent and monumental one, by Mr. A. E. Waite, entitled *The Secret Traditions of Freemasonry*. I have a copy, and in the Appendices (p. 415, Vol. II) I read with much surprise the following words:—

"The mystical side of Alchemy is represented in England by one remarkable work, published in 1850 under the title of *A Suggestive Enquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*; it is not, however, final or satisfactory as a critical study, indeed, in some respects it is a morass rather than a pathway."

Now in Mr. Waite's *Lives of the Alchemical Philosophers* (published in 1888) in his admirable and very notable "Introduction," he says (pp. 14, 17 *et seq.*): "In the year 1850 a work entitled *A Suggestive Enquiry*, etc., was published anonymously in London, by a lady of high intellectual gifts, but it was immediately withdrawn for reasons unknown, and this curious and meritorious volume, quaintly written in the manner of the last century, originated the controversy of the transcendental, as opposed to the physical theory of Alchemy. This unparalleled woman is far more profound, and evinces a far keener insight than does a later (American) writer, Hitchcock, in his *Transcendental Theory*." Mr. Waite speaks further in praise of Mrs. Atwood's book; and then he commends to his readers' notice a forthcoming work of his own, to be entitled *Azoth*, for a continuance of his theme.

That book was published in 1893, thus leaving time for the author to reconsider any previously stated opinions, but on p. 60 we read as follows:—"The Spiritual interpretation of the literature of the physical Mystics is not a new interpretation. It began openly with Jacob Böhme, but it was first systematically developed in the work *A Suggestive Enquiry*, etc., that wonderful elaboration by the daughter of Mr. South." Then on p. 76 he says: "We refer to that epoch-making book *A Suggestive Enquiry*; without being committed to the entire scope of its doctrine we gratefully

acknowledge that it has been a source of help and leading, and has chiefly impelled our researches into the transcendental activities of *Azoth*, and the supreme mystery of spiritual evolution."

In these two successive standard works, Mr. Waite states his views as above. I am therefore much puzzled to find that he has in 1911 so completely reversed his former opinion. May not such a complete *volte face* tend to invalidate some of his other opinions? I cannot consent at all to his description of the book as "*a morass*." May it not be perhaps that owing to some misapprehension on his part, he does not see the clue, which I submit is shown far more clearly in Mrs. Atwood's book than it is in any other Alchemical work?

The authors—for the work was originated by Mr. South, but inscribed with complete understanding by his daughter—recalled the work from further publication, from their then assured conviction that there were no sufficiently serious students to follow the clue they offered. I may here state that this work will be again re-published* with a preface by me, the justification for which I hold to be a twenty years' friendship and constant correspondence. I have also in my keeping a copy of the work, corrected by Mrs. Atwood, by which I have carefully revised the next edition myself. She always intended to re-publish eventually, having revised her work for that purpose, but an increasing personal dislike to publicity finally deterred her.

Now the Transcendental Theory of Hitchcock and others is, of course, of prime value, being on a line with all the great Mystics, who teach the paramount importance of the ancient doctrine of Regeneration, which is known by mystic theologians of the school of the Apostles, the Hermetic St. John of the Cross, Eckartshausen and others, to be a complete reversal of the circulatory system, a very much more profound doctrine than that taught by the later Evangelical teachers (that school which watered away all the wine of the mystics), and the *Divine Art* was always implicit with these, in the doctrine of Regeneration.

It is clear that Mr. Waite agrees there is more in Alchemy than the modern Transcendental Theory admits. Nevertheless, I object entirely to his latest criticism of a book which, owing to peculiar circumstances, is withheld from study at present, so that he has the field as it were unopposed. My own view is that far from the book being a *morass*, this work is the clearest and simplest ever written; it is certain that if that same clue,

* By William Tait, Publisher, Belfast.

which was handed by Hephæstus to Ariadne, be passed on from hand to hand carefully and *not rejected* and thrown away, as is the *Corner stone* now, the Traveller will safely penetrate the Labyrinth.

I will here transcribe a few lines from a certain MS. in my possession by the same Writer, sent to me with all other MSS., books and letters by her executor :—

The Alchemical symbols, phrases, metaphors which so disguise the art, are more than what they seem ; they point out a reality, and were we in the spirit of their truth we should find them to be far more true literally than they are thought to be—for the physical problem, as Baron Kerchberger (in that most instructive and enlightening *Correspondence* with de St. Martin) calls it, is the making visible the invisible spirit. *Verbum invisibile fiat palpabile et germinabit ut radix*, it is a taking of the infinite Light nature into bonds by hypostatical multiplication of its shadow or image. The *Philosopher's Stone* is a real entity, produced by spiritual generation, and it is a real *ens* of Light, it is both objective and subjective, an Actuality as well as a Theory.

If, therefore, the Divine Art of Alchemy were vapourized sentimentally into a condition of the medial life *alone*, it would inevitably lose all savour, all reality, as indeed it would have done centuries ago, if such had been the case ; for metaphorical writings, having no base in understood Cause, can be but of temporary value. The contrary is the case with the Alchemists and is their continuous *raison d'être* through the ages. The great writings of ancient, classical and mediæval times, all *exist*, though other literature may and does perish, because *their* basis, on which they were correctly planned, not only *exists* but *subsists*.

There is one thing else I should like to say with all the earnestness I can, that, with regard to Regeneration and its sister science, Alchemy, sentimentality, intentioned obscurity, ambiguity and self-seeking are qualities which *must* be rejected, and not handed on (note the Latin derivation, *jactum*), for truly they are deterrent *impedimenta*, which eventually land the Traveller in a genuine morass and quagmire, the *realm of the Sphinx* from which in this life it is hard to return. The proverb, "*Facilis, descensus Averni,*" a maxim first taught to ancient travellers, applies equally, as truth must do always, to the present time.

The "gods hate the impudent" was said in ancient times, and I am sure this is true even more now. With irreverence or sentimentality no progress can be made. The *stone of the Wise* is found only by those who honour all Religion, and respect Philosophy as her handmaid.

I do not say that the modern and extant transcendental

school is only a sentimental one, but I say it is perilously near it.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

BOURNEMOUTH.

ISABELLE DE STEIGER.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEACE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I am greatly interested by the question started by "Inquirer" in your correspondence page of the OCCULT REVIEW. That look of "beautiful peace" on the face of the dead: what is it? That was the question I asked myself, nearly fourteen years ago, when I lost a dear child—a sweet girl of six, who was taken from us suddenly, after twenty-four hours' illness. She had been wrestling for hours with what was practically slow death by suffocation, and her strength seemed to be rapidly failing when suddenly something seemed to "catch her eye," and with a fresh effort she upturned her face, which, losing the agonized expression of weariness and suffering, assumed a look of intense happiness and surprise, as she gazed apparently at some object—invisible to all else, at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the face. The gaze continued steadily, until the intelligence gradually faded, and we were "left with our dead."

I have only witnessed one other death-bed, that of my dear wife, and strangely enough, the incident was repeated, on almost identical lines. On the latter occasion, I *knew* it was the recognition of friends gone before who had come to receive the dear one into her own; but lest it be thought there was any prepossession in favour of this view, in the first case, I ought to add that when we lost our little darling neither of us knew anything of the continued life beyond the tomb, and indeed I had lost all belief in a spiritual existence of any kind. That look remained with me, however, and I determined to solve the problem if it were soluble. After three months' diligent and careful investigation I decided that it was; and I solved it.

I think, however, this only answers a part of "Inquirer's" question; because, apart from any such experience as I have related, there is, as he has said, an awful majesty which seems to be indescribably mingled with the beautiful peace which rests on the face of the dead. To solve this part of the question involves a deeper search into the metaphysics of life and its metamorphosis. I think the solution lies in the fact, which requires to be grasped, that Death is not the Destroyer in any essential sense: that He comes as the Great Deliverer, as an Angel of

Mercy, Peace and Love, to relieve from pain and suffering, and *readjust* elements in the conditions of life that have gone hopelessly wrong, or have been outgrown.

The impression that comes to me about it is that the Body and Soul are like two ill-assorted "partners" in a concern, whether of life or business, who, having two different natures, with different tendencies, aims and motives, have become hopelessly incompatible. They have mutually agreed to dissolve the co-partnership, and the time agreed upon for separation having come they take their respective ways, both well content that the connection should be over with its jars and strains and irritations. The body started as master, assuming the position of senior partner; but, speedily discovering the unexpected strength and superior knowledge of the soul, finds he must become the servant or nothing. So each is well content to go his own way, and in doing so is best fulfilling the Divine Law, which sets each in his own order.

I am, etc.,

LAWRENCE I. GILBERTSON.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The review of Mr. Prince's book, in the November issue of your journal, contains some references to Christian Science, in reply to which I will ask you to allow me to say a few words.

In the first place, may I repeat what has already been stated many times in the Press, namely, that Phineas P. Quimby was not "the author of the Christian Science manuscripts." Dr. Quimby was what was known as a magnetic healer, or mesmerist, and therefore employed methods which can only be described as the very antithesis of Christian Science. May I further point out that, in the year 1883, it was proved in the law courts of Boston, Mass., that Dr. Quimby was in no sense the author of Mrs. Eddy's writings, in addition to which some three or four thousand infringing books were destroyed by order of the court.

Neither personal magnetism nor mesmerism can enter into the practice of Christian Science, and those who seriously maintain that Dr. Quimby's methods bear the faintest resemblance to the teachings of Christian Science, are merely proving that they are entirely unfamiliar with the practice of the latter. Dr. Quimby taught and practised manipulation as well as magnetism, both of which are wholly foreign to Christian Science. The control of one human mind by another, or anything in the nature of such practice, is the reverse of the teaching and practice of Chris-

tian Science, which declares, as did the Apostle James, that the same fountain cannot send forth both sweet water and bitter. It requires no explanation from me to show that the human mind, admitting as it does that evil is as real and powerful as good, must be as capable of doing evil as it is of accomplishing good, surely a house divided against itself. On the other hand, Christian Science, based entirely on the Bible, affirms and proves that good alone is real, is, in fact, the only power. Jesus the Christ taught this and proved the truth of what he said by healing sickness and destroying sin, declaring also that all who understood his teaching would be able to accomplish the works he did.

Now, Christian Science maintains that those commands are just as practical and just as much to be obeyed to-day as when first taught and practised by him and his disciples. It becomes obvious then that the teachings of Christian Science can only be demonstrated to the extent that we are willing to have the Mind of Christ, willing, that is, not to accept evil as a power equal to, or frequently more powerful than, good, but to take our stand upon the declaration of St. John, that "All things were made by him (God, good); and without him was not anything made that was made," and to understand at least in some measure, the unalterable truth that, in the perfect creation of God, there can be and is no evil, no discord. Sickness is healed and sin destroyed through the realization of this great truth alone, and in no other way. As, however, the teaching of Jesus was misinterpreted and rejected by those who were unable to discern the true spiritual meaning of his words, so to-day, it is sometimes maintained that the works accomplished by Christian Science are the outcome of some operation of the human mind. Christian Science is, however, a tree known by its fruits, and can be judged only by the results it accomplishes. Because, therefore, its fruits are good, because of the incalculable benefits accruing to humanity through the practice of its teachings, Christian Science will, as Mrs. Eddy has written, on page 383 of *Miscellaneous Writings*, "go on with the ages, go down the dim posterns of time unharmed, and on every battlefield rise higher in the estimation of thinkers, and in the hearts of Christians."

Yours truly,

For the DISTRICT MANAGER,

ALGERNON HERVEY BATHURST.

23-29, AMBERLEY HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET, W.C.

[Further Correspondence is unavoidably held over.—ED.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THERE is perhaps only one thing to be desired from a purely impartial standpoint in respect of *La Revue Spirite*, and this is some slight change in its title which would suggest the philosophical catholicism that is the note of its chief contents. Such an alteration is of course impossible; the magazine has existed under the same designation for a period of fifty-four years, and as such it has been always the official organ of the Allan Kardec or reincarnationist school of Spiritism in France. Even from this point of view a set of its volumes would be no mean, and would be indeed an important, addition to the library of any interested student; but as time has gone on, while in no sense departing from its original ground and concern, it has broadened—perhaps insensibly—and nearly all its issues appeal to a thoughtful and informed reader from many other points of view than the expression of the doctrine of successive lives and the exhibition, with interpretation, of what is best in the phenomena of French Spiritism. The last number is characteristic in several respects. Brief studies of certain psychic phenomena and transactions of groups for their study may be passed over as official; they are not without their interest. A criticism of Col. Albert de Rochas' monograph and documents on the question of reincarnation has a captivating sound because of his position as an experimentalist; but a single reference suffices. Outside these there is the philosophical consideration of Professor Moutonnier on the Divine Immanence and Transcendence. This has several sane and illuminating distinctions and reminds us, among other points, that St. Thomas Aquinas held tentatively to a doctrine respecting relative infinitudes below that infinite which is absolute. Another article discusses determinism and free-will, holding that the former is irreconcilable with spiritualism in any form or phase. A third contribution is a study of Schopenhauer and certain of his memoirs on matters of occult science, recently, and for the first time, translated into French. It offers an opportunity for the discussion of subconscious activity and its infinite extension beyond the limits of the conscious field. One is inclined to regret that *La Revue Spirite* is so little known in England.

The last issue of *The Path* is noticeable for a very clear article on Nietzsche and his *Thus spake Zarathustra*, regarded as "the

most complete expression of his philosophy." The German thinker notwithstanding, we shall most of us continue in our certitude that "God's in his Heaven" is a truer symbolical expression than that "God has died," though for Nietzsche this is also symbolical. We may accept, moreover, the corollary that "all's right with the world" as on the whole more profitable than over much shattering of ideals on the hypothesis that they are worn out. We shall assuredly continue to believe in the Divine Immanence in man and the universe, but seeing that we do not separate the universe from man, we shall probably reject the statement that "the only God is within us," because it is an ill-sounding formulation of a truth expressed in better language which we have long since taken into our hearts. Yet it is good to have, within the compass of a few pages, this account of the work and the stages of development which it presents: the stage of seeing, the stage of willing, the stage of becoming, and the stage of being or realization.

Our contemporary *The Word* has had, to the satisfaction of its readers and our own, a considerable lease of life. It has just entered on its fourteenth volume, and we wish it the continued success which it has done so much to deserve. At the end of a recent issue it has printed a few pages taken at random from the *Zohar*, and by the title selected it would appear to suggest the intention of producing the entire work in similar instalments.

Old Moore's Monthly Messenger for November contains a large and varied stock of useful information, some explicit predictions and a number of illuminating articles, among the latter being "Points in Debate," by the Editor; "Sunspots and Gunpowder," by Sepharial; "Personal Magnetism," by W. de Kerlor; "The Plague," by Jas. Harvey, and "Electrical Forces and Psychic Phenomena." There is also a fair bulk of interesting correspondence, elucidating many points of inquiry and debate. The tone of the journal is good and well up to the standard of popular requirements.

REVIEWS

PREVENTION AND CURE. By Eustace Miles, M.A. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36, Essex Street, Strand, W.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE well-known dietetic reformer has taken for his central subject the popular expression "Prevention is better than cure." It is also most certainly cheaper. This is very clearly and forcibly demonstrated in a series of chapters, most of which have formed the substance of lectures delivered at the famous Home of Health at Chandos Street, W.C., where they have been enjoyed by hundreds of people, and here will be of even greater benefit to hundreds, and probably thousands, more.

There is a great variety among the subjects dealt with, and it is only when one has thoroughly gone through them that he is for the first time aware of the large number of unrecognized but very real diseases to which humanity is subject—all of which, in our author's belief, are preventable. Thus we have Self-slavery, Crankiness, Slackness, Self-consciousness, Hurry and Dis-ease, in addition to the category of things evil arising from indigestion, mistakes of diet, of fasting, of surfeit, sleeplessness, brain fag, bad circulation, kidney disease, *et hoc genus omne*. It is observed that unfortunately prevention is less popular than cure, and perhaps the author does well to trace most modern diseases to the prevalent craze for hurry. For hurry is itself a disease which reacts on every one of our physical functions. We begin by eating in a hurry and end by dying in a hurry also, at all events before we have availed ourselves of half the natural resources of human experience and enjoyment. This book is bound to be of great service to many, and will be read and thought over by all who regard good health and capacity to enjoy as the chief and best of assets.

SCRUTATOR.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE INVISIBLE. By James Coates, Ph.D., F.A.S. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, E.C. Price 7s. 6d. net.

SPIRITUALISTS believe that spirits can be photographed, and experts declare that all spirit-photographs are fraudulent. In the opinion of Dr. Coates, "The evidence does not support either hypothesis, but for the fact of spirit-photography it is most conclusive." Had the author said "the more conclusive" we could go the whole way with him. The fact that thought images are capable of impressing themselves on inanimate objects as well as upon human minds is well known to every experimental hypnotist, every psychometrist, and to all occultists it is a fundamental idea. If thoughts are things they can be photographed if we can afford the suitable media. Here the author joins with us in saying that these "spirit-photographs" are "either produced by the operations and intelligences in the invisible through appropriate media, or man possesses psychic faculties and powers which have not yet received the attention they deserve." It is in this latter direction that neglect has been most conspicuous. After sixty years of active spiritualistic propaganda and experiment no single new fact has been added to the sum of human know-

ledge. Post-mortem existence is not a new fact. Immortality is not yet proven. It remains the hope of the world. Of the possible impressibility of inanimate material by human thought, Dr. Coates affords us a striking example in which an unrecognized photograph of a "spirit" was afterwards identified by some Glasgow manufacturers as the true portrait of a deceased junior member of their firm. He was unknown to the sitter and to the medium or photographer; but the greater part of the outfit or photographic furniture had formerly belonged to him! On the other hand the author is convinced of the fact that the photographs are not all "old memories," but veritable persons and things existing in the invisible, and he argues that there is evidence of extraneous intelligence, because "the spirits take an interest in having their photographs taken, many of those produced having been pre-arranged." Dr. Coates has reproduced upwards of a hundred of these photographs in his book, and those who wish to study this very controversial subject cannot find a better means of doing so than is afforded by this publication. SCRUTATOR.

ATLANTIS AND LEMURIA. By Rudolf Steiner, Ph.D. (Vienna). London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, W. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS remarkable work of the well-known German occultist, Dr. Steiner, sketches the development of the earliest races of mankind as it may be traced in the Akashic Records by those gifted with the faculty of placing their consciousness en rapport with that great reservoir of the past. Those who lack this faculty, of course, are obliged to accept the results of such investigations more or less as suggestive hypotheses. Dr. Steiner himself points out that Occult Science knows no such thing as infallibility, although (and that is important) discrepancies are fewer between the statements given out by initiated occultists than they are amongst ordinary historians, for example. The present volume, then, carries us back to that dim past where the first race of mankind possessed a physical body which had "solidified to the density of water!" Thence we trace the concurrent development of man's consciousness and organism through the second and third up to the fourth or Atlantean race. Our author's graphic description of the dawning of self-consciousness, of the differentiation of sex, of the origin of good and evil, and the peculiar states of consciousness experienced in the strange forms of these early races makes interesting and indeed fascinating reading, whilst the excellent printing and artistic binding of the little volume also contribute in no small measure to the general feeling of satisfaction on the part of the reader.

H. J. S.

THE DIVINE SYMBOLS. By Delmar de Forest Bryant. Boston: Sun Center Publishing Co. Price \$1.25.

IN this series of symbol interpretations the authoress takes the first ten letters of the Hebrew alphabet, shows the origin of their forms, and deals with their kabalistic significance and symbolism. The material, while decidedly interesting, is by no means new. To many readers, however, the book will afford an introduction to a subject of deep interest, the study of which in its entirety involves an erudition barely represented in the present instance.

SCRUTATOR.

THE LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM. By Bram Stoker. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 6s.

"Such goings on—and in England too!" as Mrs. Widgeley would say. Here we have Oolanga, a potential human, who began life in West Africa as a witch-finder, and attained to the honours of a Voodoo priest, a man whom Adam Salton always wanted to "send back to Hell" because of his devilries; Edgar Caswall, a lineal descendant of a man of the same name to whom Anton Mesmer confided his secrets and entrusted his papers; and the Lady Arabella March who by some strange metamorphosis in nature had been born human instead of reptile. These three, all intent on their own various phases of evil, mutually distrusting, yet linked together by that subtle law which determines evil to that which is evil, and good to that which is good, form the chief centres of interest. Oolanga meets his death at the hands of the White Worm, as the great monster of Diana's Grove is called, falling headlong in the frenzied clutch of the Lady Arabella down the well-hole by the atrium of the old Roman house. After killing Lilla Watford by his mesmeric art, Caswall, who has a craze for kite-flying of a grotesque character, meets his death on the tower of Castra Regis during a night storm in which he is exulting in his favourite pastime by the aid of steel wires and magnesium lights. By the same stroke devastation and death are carried to the neighbouring estate of Diana's Grove, whither the Lady Arabella had taken the reel of wire so that she might plumb the depths of the well-hole and gloat over the abyss into which her other self, the White Worm, had hurled its thousand victims. The *dénouement* is horribly fascinating, dramatically strong and spectacular, and calculated to leave a very lasting impression on the mind's eye. The plot is chiefly developed and the mystery explored within the narrow limits of the study at Lesser Hill, which gives the author an opportunity of displaying his really interesting archæological knowledge regarding ancient Mercia and the geological formations of the Peak district, where the theatre of this romance is pitched. For weird and uncanny concepts Mr. Bram Stoker has already shown exceptional faculty, and in the working out of this story he used that faculty to good effect. At any time the novel would prove exceptionally fascinating, but its appearance on the Christmas bookstall will appear very well timed by those who are in search of very creepy Yuletide stories.

S.

IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY. By a F.T.S. London: Percy Lund & Co., 3, Amen Corner, E.C. Price 1s. 6d.

"Of making many books there is no end," said the preacher in a moment of prophetic inspiration. We, who are daily dosed with books of all kinds, sustain with difficulty our omnivorous faculty in the hope that something new will come our way at last. We are fed up with the "Seven Principles," with "Manvantaras and Cycles," with "Re-incarnation and Karma," concerning which no new thing has been said since the advent of Theosophy in the West. Perhaps we are asking too much of a philosophy which does not lend itself immediately to experimental proof. We find the "Days and Nights of Brahma" too long, and our interest in the fact that "the night is far spent" is apt to wane. It is no cure for our chronic

insomnia. What can be done to remedy it? No more than the author has here attempted with a reputable measure of success—a rehash of the old material served up in a new form with the coloured side-lights of thought adding something of zest to our jaded appetite. It is a well-written little book, but the author falls into the common way of dogmatizing where he should argue and discuss.

SCRUTATOR.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. By Charles Gilbert Davis, M.D. London : L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

A FIFTH edition of any work on philosophy is a credential for its inherent value as well as for its author's faculty. This book, which is dedicated "to all the weary millions who are seeking happiness," is capable of filling a great need by the presentation of correct principles in a popular and straightforward manner. This is assured by the forceful and convincing style in which Dr. Davis develops his arguments. What he has to say is said in a manner that goes home to the reader in every one of his excellent chapters. The book opens with "The Vision of Evil" and its obverse, "The Vision of Good." Evolution as the natural means of increasing wisdom is effectively dealt with. Desire is shown to be the mainspring of all action, and on the regulation and direction of desire all human experience of good and evil is seen to depend. The Duality of Mind which relates us to the opposite forms of experience and is primarily the occasion of all doubt, question, reasoning, and research, puts us in touch with the world of things on the one hand and that of Ideas on the other. Then we see "the Creator building by suggestion" through human agency. Thus it is seen that thought properly directed is omnipotent, and so far as we are concerned, the action of the immortal mind in the human body is a fact in nature which, like some psychic laws, is not always demonstrable although obvious. Vice and crime are shown to be only misdirected good—a statement which at first appears subversive of the foundation principle of the integrity and omnipotence of the Deity, but which falls into the true evolution when regarded as desire-force. It is universally convertible.

The author answers the important questions: "Can suggestion create desire? Can suggestion prevent or cure disease?" He shows also how Heaven and Hell are realized by us, how health and happiness are to be attained, and in what they essentially consist. Finally, we are exhorted to live in harmony with physical law and in regard to the future it is shown that healthy individual thought is the secret of national growth. The book is in every way to be commended, its literary style, argument and subject matter being all that could be wished for in a work of this nature.

SCRUTATOR.

MOTIVE-FORCE AND MOTIVATION TRACKS. A Research in Will Psychology. By E. Boyd Barrett, S.J. London : Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. 225. Price 7s. 6d. net.

CONSIDERING how much we have learned of perception and cognition, the psychology of choice and volition may be regarded almost as virgin ground. The nature and laws of the will are of vital concern to all, but the subject is difficult and highly complex. Its study implies an attitude of provisional (not metaphysical) determinism: we must assume that the will has laws. Further, it must be based on introspection, for "nothing

can be learned of the will apart from systematic introspections of will-acts." This book is based on the analysis of introspections furnished by the four subjects of over 1,000 experiments conducted at Louvain University. The main experiments took the form of choosing and drinking under test conditions one of a pair of mixtures, taken from eight such mixtures, all familiar by taste and name to the subjects. Each of the twenty-eight possible alternatives was presented to each subject many times over; thus the building up of real motives in real choices could be watched.

It is not enough that one of several conflicting motives should predominate; it must itself reach a certain degree of intensity—its "critical point." The choice then ensues automatically. In repetitions of the same choice a tendency to the repetition of the original psychical factors was evinced. "It would seem as though the mind followed in the furrow already ploughed." In the development of such furrows or "motivation tracks" the mind economises effort in several ways. The duration of the choice-act shortens; the various motives, at first sensuous and concrete, become increasingly mental and abstract; superfluous psychical factors are altogether dropped; the whole process in place of being broken into distinct phases becomes smooth and continuous; finally the goal of almost complete automatism supervenes: the choice may be made and realized before the subject is fully aware what he has done. Yet even in choices which have reached this automatic stage there always remains the possibility of inexplicable inconsistency or caprice. An interesting section discusses that "disease of the will," hesitation, which the author attributes mainly to the subject's lack of a definite scale of values, to careless motivation, or to futile repinings over a choice once made. The best cure is "to hold firm to one maxim or principle in times of doubt." The author discredits the pleasure-pain theory of action: "it was but rarely that purely hedonic motivation occurred." From a discussion of the relativity of values he draws the sound conclusion that we cannot safely judge others because the *force* of their motives must remain unknown. He justly asserts that in the choice process all the essential elements of character are disclosed to view. It seems to me that it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of this work or the importance of the research it records. I regret only that so many misprints and errors of punctuation appear to have been overlooked.

C. J. WHITBY.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH, A STUDY IN MAGIC AND RELIGION. *Part III.*

THE DYING GOD. Third Edition. By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. London: Macmillan & Co. Price 10s. net.

BOTH from the sociological and the mystical or philosophical points of view the question of the origin and significance of the sacrificial idea is one of intense and even painful interest. This volume of Dr. Frazer's monumental work might well bear for a sub-title "The Cost of Greatness," for it shows with what savage jealousy throughout the ages the people has exacted from those upon whom it has conferred the "privilege" of leadership a price of agony and blood. "There was never yet a king," said a friend to me one day, "but wore his crown of thorns." And of this deep saying I was constantly reminded while reading *The Dying God*. For the god of whom Dr. Frazer tells is a human god always, a god who suffers, and dies a premature and violent death. In the belief of primitive peoples, even the invisible deities are mortal; the man-god who is an incarna-

tion of divinity is obviously mortal also. And since it is believed that the course of nature is magically regulated by the man-god or king, so that upon his physical well-being the favourable course of the seasons, the abundance of the harvest, the success of his tribe in war, in short, the very existence of his subjects, depends, it inevitably follows that out of a regard for their own lives the utmost care is taken of his. Let him lose but a single tooth, and his world must suffer a corresponding decay. So, to avert this danger, the one obvious course was taken: the man-god was killed as soon as his powers began to fail, and his soul transferred to a vigorous successor by some ceremonial of priestly device. A modern instance of the killing of the divine king at the first sign of infirmity existed until recently, perhaps is not yet extinct, among the Shilluk tribe of the White Nile. Formerly their king was walled up in a hut with a virgin, and the two were left to perish; but of late a more merciful method of execution has been practised.

Some peoples are not satisfied to await the first signs of decay, and insist upon their king's death at the end of a fixed term, generally decided by astronomical considerations. Thus it is only once in eight years that the full moon coincides with the longest or shortest day; and to this fact Dr. Frazer attributes the octennial cycle of the king's reign among the ancient Spartans. The king of Calicut, whose title signifies "God on Earth," was until recently obliged to cut his throat after a reign of twelve years, at a festival falling when Jupiter was in retrograde motion in the sign of the Crab. Twelve years is approximately a Jovian orbit.

As it is quite impossible to deal fully with *The Dying God* in the space at my disposal, I have limited myself to indicating the motif of the poignant drama its fascinating pages unfold. Question after question is suggested by the wealth of its graphic instances of the strength of man's instinctive sense of unseen powers, and the ferocity born of his dread and mistrust.

C. J. WHITBY.

SHADOWS CAST BEFORE. By Claud Field. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

AN anthology of prophecies and presentiments cannot fail to be of especial interest to students of psychology and occult science. The view that the universe as symbol appeals to us only in so far as it is interpreted to our minds by the course of events, lends support to the suggestion that events themselves may be rightly regarded as signs or omens. Thus dreams and visions which are psycho-physical effects may be significant of a causative relationship which the interior world holds to the world of external phenomena. In some such deep-thinking vein Browning has "trust in signs and omens."

While not by any means exhausting the material at hand, the author of this anthology has given us a collection of some of the more remarkable apprehensions, prophecies and psychic experiences of a large number of well-known characters, whose names are used as capitations to the various sections of the work, so that they can be readily referred to. Some of these narratives are to be found scattered through the biographies of our great men and women, and collated in works such as "*Predictions Fulfilled*," and "*The Night Side of Nature*"; but in no other book are they to be found set out in such accessible form.

Here are stories of Jung Stilling, of Madame Le Normand, William

Lilly, Nostradamus, Swedenborg, and other recognized illustrants of the higher faculty of prevision and foreknowledge. But there are also records of strange experiences and illuminations among those who are not generally known to have had any glimpse of things beyond the veil; such, for example, as Leibnitz, Archbishop Laud, Mozart, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Beaconsfield, Dr. John Hunter, Dr. Smollett, and a host of others. If we may believe them, or their biographers, it is quite evident that the superior sense is more in evidence than is commonly understood to be the case; and while there is no continuity of experience of this sort in most cases, there are yet such a great number of detached experiences as practically to constitute, when taken together, a mass of evidence altogether unassailable and beyond question. SCRUTATOR.

SPIRITISM AND PSYCHOLOGY. By Theodore Flournoy. Translated, Abridged, and with an Introduction by Hereward Carrington. 8½ in. by 5½ in., pp. x + 354 + 10 plates. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Price \$2.00 (7s. 6d. net).

MR. CARRINGTON is to be thanked for rendering into the English language (even if in an abridged form) a work pre-eminently sane and open-minded upon a subject with which both insanity and bigotry are so frequently associated. The quasi-scientific materialists pooh-pooh the whole subject, and reject the phenomena of spiritualism as impossible on *a priori* grounds, reasons which are obviously puerile in the face of actual experience; the spiritists, on the other hand, have only to witness some phenomenon a little "out of the ordinary," to attribute its production to the agency of departed spirits. The professor of psychology at the University of Geneva belongs to neither of these classes. He does not attempt the impossible task of proving that everyone who attests to having witnessed the extraordinary occurrences in question is either a liar or a fool; but, on the other hand, he will accept no explanation of the phenomena that involves the agency of discarnate spirits so long as he finds it possible to explain them in terms of the powers of the subliminal self. Professor Flournoy is a spiritualist: but he is not a spiritist; and in a very interesting chapter in his work he shows that spiritualism and spiritism are not necessarily involved one in the other. There are other arguments in favour of spiritualism than those based on spiritism; and, indeed, spiritism may be, and in fact often is, combined with a philosophic view of the nature of "spirits" which, accurately speaking, is materialistic. We entirely agree with Professor Flournoy; he emphasizes facts which are too often forgotten. It must not be thought that Professor Flournoy has any animus against spiritism; he is ready to accept it if evidence be forthcoming; only, in his opinion, the facts as they are may be more easily explained in terms of the powers of the subliminal self. Personally we feel that certain of the phenomena recorded can be far more easily explained by the action of discarnate spirits; indeed, the cumulative weight of evidence in favour of this theory is, to us, irresistible. But there can be no doubt that spiritists are most frequently deceived by the ravings of the subliminal consciousness, and their attitude, in any case, is very uncritical. Like Mr. Carrington, although we may disagree with certain of Professor Flournoy's theories, we can heartily commend the book for its *method*. It is most excellent; no one interested in the important problems of Psychical Research can afford to miss reading it. H. S. REDGROVE.

ANCIENT JEWISH PROVERBS. Compiled by the Rev. A. Cohen.
London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W. Price 2s. net.

THESE proverbs, taken from the Rabbinic literature, are evidently the best which the Jewish people possessed, as one may infer from the sources from which they are gathered. They deal mainly with material interests, and give us an insight into the "Volkpsychologie."

A special interest lies in the fact that many of the proverbs belong so entirely to the place and people which gave them birth, that without the explanatory notes which accompany them, they would be, in a large degree, meaningless to those who know nothing of the East. Others again require the explanation afforded by the context in which they occur, which often necessitates the narration of some fable or incident. This part of the work has been adequately executed by Mr. Cohen. His Introduction gives an additional value to the collection.

Some of the proverbs bring out the religious side of life, showing that predestination and even fatalism were accepted beliefs: "No man pricks his finger below, unless it has been decreed above, for it is said (Psalm xxxvii. 23), 'A man's goings are established of the Lord.'" The compiler also points out that the horoscope had a place in Jewish thought (p. 102 seq.). Dreams are declared to be a "sixtieth part of prophecy" (p. 126), while "a dream that has not been interpreted is like a letter unread," (Prov. 348).

HANS H. SPOER.

THE DOMAIN OF BELIEF. By John Henry Coke, Author of "Creeds of the Day," "Tracks of a Rolling Stone," etc. Macmillan & Co., Limited, St. Martin's Street, London. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THOSE who take an interest in philosophy will welcome this book, for it is the product of a mind accustomed to carefully discriminating thought, conspicuously fair in producing evidence, and fortified by wide and judicious reading. The author tells us that "the object of this treatise is to promote and strengthen religious faith," and there is evidence throughout the book of a spirit genuinely religious, at the same time that it is imbued with the accuracy and the rigour of science. A most convincing portion of its contents is its refutation of materialism, a view of things which had and still has a large following, partly on account of the extraordinary development of the physical sciences, and partly because of the materialistic bias of leaders of thought who were not themselves, technically speaking, materialists. Here we have the idealistic argument put in admirable terms, and we are also shown that the atom brings us to an *impasse* and is the end of realism or materialism and the beginning of idealism, for it leads us to the verge of the unconditioned. In the part of the book specially devoted to freedom and responsibility, the author makes it plain that the controversy about free will hinges largely on the misunderstanding of terms, and he endorses with a slight qualification John Stuart Mill's words: "What is really inspiring and ennobling in the doctrine of freewill, is the conviction that we have real power over the formation of our own characters: that our will, by influencing some of our circumstances, can modify our future habits or capacities of willing." Beside interesting discussions on Pessimism, Immortality and the Belief in God, there is an acute criticism of Mr. Archdall Reid's arguments

for the non-transmission of acquired characters, and the pages dealing with that extremely vexed question are well worthy of note. Mr. Coke follows Kant in his transcendental solutions of the three great problems, God, Freedom and Immortality, and, as regards positive faith, inclines himself to a belief in Pantheism. *The Domain of Belief* is an excellent book, and should be read by all who value cogent reasoning, a generous mind and a devout temperament.

B. P. O.'N.

THE GRAVEN PALM. By Mrs. Robinson. London: Edward Arnold, 41 and 43, Maddox Street, W. Price 10s. 6d. net.

FROM ancient India, through Chaldea and Egypt to the salons of the West End of London, the science of Palmistry has made its way insidiously, stealthily, but surely, to be reviewed again in a new light and received by intelligent people as one among the large number of old-world notions which lends itself to a scientific empiricism and to experimental proof. The clever authoress of this work is probably known to most readers as one of the most successful of practical palmists in modern times.

It is admitted that the science as we now have it is most incomplete. It was Eliphas Levi who rescued the science from the oblivion into which it had fallen. It is further pointed out that there is no general rule which can uniformly be applied to every hand in reference to dates, and this, with the fact that certain lines are being continually modified by the influence of individual character, prevents that degree of completeness which could be desired. Some hands are difficult even for an experienced palmist to read correctly, so much being potential that has never found expression in the life, while others are like a page of clear printed history. The authoress allows that manual occupations will modify the shape and lineation of a hand, but yet it is to be observed that the hands of most babies are as full of lines and markings as those of an up-grown person.

Palmistry is not helped towards completeness or scientific integrity by the number of people who purposely seek to mislead and puzzle the delineator and frequently to wilfully deceive him—men of no military persuasion claiming to be soldiers, unmarried women wearing wedding rings, others heavily veiled, and men attired as clergymen, all intent on drawing the red herring across the trail. For it is not as if palmists claimed infallibility or sought to read character and tendency, aptitude or event, otherwise than in terms of the individual sphere of life and activity. And yet, says Mrs. Robinson, "I think I can honestly say that I have never been really deceived on any occasion of this kind as to the status and profession of my client."

To this interesting information the authoress adds all that which is necessary to be known by students of this fascinating art, and in a volume of upwards of 400 pages, illustrated by line drawings and by photographs of plaster casts of typical hands, the whole subject is laid before the reader in a manner which, both from a technical and a literary point of view, is extremely gratifying. It is a system in itself; it embodies the long and exceptionally varied experience of its authoress and owes little or nothing at all to the traditional teachings and well-worn manuals with which we are familiar. In every way it is a most desirable addition to the literature of the subject.

SCRUTATOR.

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