

THE OCCULT REVIEW



EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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No. 6

NOTES OF THE MONTH

I DREW a parallel the other day in a paper I read before the International Club between the English Society for Psychical Research and a modern brickyard. I pointed out that the work (doubtless very excellent work) that the Society in question is doing is on all fours with the turning out of bricks by a brick kiln, and suggested that it is useless to turn out bricks indefinitely unless they are to be used in the construction of buildings. I

THE BRICK-
YARD OF
PSYCHICAL
RESEARCH.

made the observation that the S.P.R. was continuing the turning out of bricks at a rapid rate, and had been doing so for a considerable number of years, but so far it had not seemed to have occurred to its members to utilize these bricks in the construction

of any psychical edifice. Possibly it is that they believe in the specialization of industry so characteristic of the present age, and do not regard the business of building as falling within their own province. As to this I cannot say, but it appears to me that the output of bricks from this psychical brick-kiln has recently been greatly in excess of the demand. Clearly what we require now are builders and architects, and if the S.P.R. do not consider it

their function to provide them, they will have to be looked for in other directions.

One admirable builder has at last put up his sign-board, one whom we have heard from before on various matters sociological, and who, on whatever subject he touches, is always well worthy of our attention. He has evidently found his way through a back door into the psychical brickyard and with the bricks he has purloined is trying his hand at the builders' craft. This is the best of being by nature a *doer* and not merely a *collector*. It has always seemed to me that the world has too many collectors and too few practical workers. No one would ever dream of accusing Mr. Edward Carpenter of being merely a collector. The conclusion to be drawn from his latest book * as a whole is that all the dogmatists are wrong in the main and that no cut and dried system of simplicity will fit the facts of the psychic problem. The

MR. EDWARD
CARPENTER
AND
PSYCHICAL
RESEARCH.

author does not commence dealing with his problem from the standpoint of the condition of man as now existing, as is most commonly done by the theorist, but quite rightly, as it seems to me, goes back to the very beginning of things and the first evidences of primordial life of which we are able to take account.

He takes the various solutions of the riddle of life which have been offered by our philosophers, our psychologists, our theologians, our psychical researchers, our theosophists, or whatever else, and proceeds to approach and criticize them from this standpoint. If, for example, man passes after death into another life, carrying with him his consciousness into a new and more ethereal form, How was it, he asks, with the early infusorians, with the protozoa, or with the metazoa? If the spirit of man passes into another form at the dissolution of the ordinary physical body, When and how—at what date in his development—did this process commence? Again, he tackles the theory of Reincarnation, so popular always in the East and now becoming so popular in the West also, from a like platform. If mankind eventually reincarnates after death, how early did the evolving consciousness, growing up from the mineral and vegetable stages, through the lower grades of animal life right onward to man—how early did this evolving consciousness adopt this particular means of developing its tendencies and its latent powers? How, again, and at what period of evolution did the individuality assert itself? What is the test and criterion of individuality? and can we conceive of

* *The Drama of Love and Death: A Study of Human Evolution and Transfiguration.* By Edward Carpenter .5s. net. Publisher, George Allen.

Reincarnation apart from individuality? If so, under what conditions? It will be at once apparent that the whole problem, looked at from this, as it seems to me, the only true standpoint, bristles with difficulties that are not necessarily insoluble, but which defy the dogmatist who attempts to place the solutions each in its own special pigeon-hole in his apple-pie system of scientific or theological faith.

To my way of thinking, of all the criticisms ever launched against orthodox Christianity, the one of which we hear least, the criticism, namely, that it is much too *simple*, is by far the most deadly. "Nature," says the old Latin saw, "does not make jumps."* The theologian's Deity and Nature's God have nothing in common in this respect. Theological systems are of the *kangaroo* variety. The absurdity of the Methodist's system of "finding salvation" is no greater than the absurdity of the passage of the spirit at the death of the body to eternal bliss or eternal damnation. All we know of the superphysical convinces us that what is beyond our ken is under similar law to what is within our ken, and that nature and supernature are both children of one parent, are both kindred, though different, conditions—differing chemically but not radically—under which the same forces that are at play in this and other worlds work out their destiny to its inevitable fulfilment. "Nature," says Henry Clay Hodges, "never contradicts upon one plane what she asserts upon another plane." The Hermetic axiom, "As above, so below," has a universal validity, and will prove fatal in the end to all theological systems which repudiate its infallibility.

There is one point which must inevitably be faced in all inquiries into the question of the persistence of the individuality after death, and which confronts one in an even more challenging form in dealing with the problem of Reincarnation than in the other solutions propounded in connexion with man's survival. I allude to the question as to what constitutes individuality. Wherein lies the continuity of existence, if there is not some chain of memories than binds a series of lives together? Mr. Edward Carpenter holds that, apart from memory, there can be no continuing individuality. He is, however, inclined to postulate a form of latent memory which inheres in the sub-conscious self. This sub-conscious individuality acts—so he suggests—as a kind of storehouse of memories of earlier lives which are susceptible of being evoked sooner or later, given the necessary stimulus for

* *Natura non facit saltum.*

their manifestation. But even where, as is normally the case, they remain latent, the suggestion of the sub-conscious to the conscious self, built on the results of past experiences retained by the sub-conscious memory, acts as a potent impelling force upon the individual in determining his bent of character and his course of action in life. Hence the instinct of animals, and the varying temperaments, tendencies and dispositions of the human race. According to this theory, man responds to his environment one way or another as the result of what he has done, thought and

ORIGIN OF
CHARACTER
IN INDIVI-
DUALS.

suffered in past lives which have left their imprint on the sub-conscious memory, and which thus influence him towards certain lines of action without his being able to realize whence comes the inner prompting which directs his will. Character is, on this supposition, the net result of this accumulation of past experience of which the sub-conscious man is at once the store-house and the transmitter, handing on a fuller increment of wisdom gained from life to life.

Nearly akin, and liable enough to be confused with this question of the individuality and what constitutes its persistence, is the further question: what do we really mean by the *ego*, and what relation does this ego bear to the conscious self of a single lifetime? This question of the ego is, says Mr. Carpenter, a terribly difficult one.

"It lies (though neglected by the philosophers themselves) at the root of all philosophy. Perhaps really all life and experience are nothing but an immense search for the answer. . . . All we can at the outset be sure of in the way of answer is the enormous extent and depth of the being we are setting out to define. We sometimes think of the ego as a mere point of consciousness, or we think of the ordinary self of daily life as a fragile and ephemeral entity, bounded by a few bodily tissues and a few mental views and habits. But even the slight discussion of the subject in former chapters of this book has revealed to us the vast underlying stores and faculties which must be included—the wonderful powers of memory, the subtle capacities of perception at a distance or without the usual organs of sight and hearing, the power of creating images out of the depths of one's mind and of impressing them telepathically upon others, the faculty of clairvoyance in past and future time, and so forth."

One difficulty which our author raises with regard to Reincarnation is, I think, somewhat less formidable than he would have us suppose—the difficulty, I mean, of identifying the self under new conditions and new environments:—

"Supposing," says Mr. Carpenter, "for instance, you had been planked down a baby in the Arabian desert, and grown up to maturity or middle age there instead of where you are, would any of your present-day friends recog-

nize you ? Where would be your charming piano-playing, your excellent cricket, your rather sloppy water-colour painting, your up-to-dateness in the theatrical world ? Where your morality (with three wives, of course) or your religion (something about ' Christian dogs '), or where your British *sang froid* and impeccability ? And if it is obvious that in such a case as this you would, owing to the changed conditions, be changed out of all recognition, much more—one might say—would this be the case if you had been born again five hundred years ago, or were to be born again five hundred years hence ? Your whole outlook on life, and its whole impress on you, would be different."

Much of this is doubtless true in a general way, but surely, wherever they are in the world and under whatever conditions of life they may be, kindred souls ever recognize each other ; and for those whose idea of the real person consists in the superficialities of his education and the accidents of his position in life, soul-recognition is without a meaning. Following on the same idea,

" Reincarnation," says Mr. Carpenter, " can hardly be the reappearance in a new life on earth, or even in some other sphere, of the very local or superficial traits which we know so well in ourselves and our friends, which are mainly a response to local and superficial conditions, and which mainly constitute what we call our personalities. If Reincarnation does occur, it must obviously consist in the reappearance or remanifestation of some such very interior self as we have just spoken of—some deep individuality (as opposed to personality) some divine æonian soul, some offshoot, perhaps, of an age-long, enduring race-soul, or world-self."

It is obvious that, following the line of argument adopted, in tracing back life to its beginnings we must revert to a period when the reincarnation of the individual as an individual is not yet possible, the evolution of the life force not having reached such point of differentiation as could enable this to take place. Mr. Carpenter therefore postulates two different kinds of Reincarnation proper : first that of the race-soul (corresponding roughly with what is termed by Theosophists " the group-soul "), in which the individual members of the race share only in what he calls a " streaky " fashion, each going back at death into the race-soul, and emptying its memories and experiences

into that soul for general sporadic inheritance, but not for transmission in mass into any one later individual ; secondly, the Reincarnation of the individual who has found his divine soul, and evolved his inner body to a point where it cannot be broken up again, and who is thus re-embodied as a complete being through successive materializations. It stands to reason that there must be a condition intermediate between these two, a period when the embodied life is seeking

MR. CAR-
PENTER'S
THEORY
OF REIN-
CARNATION.

to find and assert its individuality with, for a period, partial only and imperfect success. This period of transition, Mr. Carpenter holds, mainly covers the state of evolution in which we now are—the great period, as he calls it, of civilization. The soul of the animal may be assumed to be so close to the race-self and so little differentiated from it that it readily returns to it at death. Such, however, would not be the case with the human soul, at least after it has evolved beyond the condition of primitive man. Our author sees the human soul at this period anxiously seeking reincarnation as a separate entity, longing to separate itself from the race, to mark its distinction and independence, but without having, so far, found the divine nucleus which alone can give it real independence. It is, in fact, not yet specially differentiated from the race-self, and is consequently only able to find for itself “a very mingled and broken expression.”

Mr. Carpenter suggests that there does occur at death “a certain break up of the psychic organism, that the animal soul, the human soul, and the divine soul do to a certain extent part from each other, and go along different ways. The former (he says) may persevere for a time as a wandering passionate centre liable to attach itself to the organisms of living folk or to figure as a ghost of very limited activities and occupied with eternal repetitions of the same action. The second portion may function on for a long time in a kind of dream-land, able, perchance, to get in touch with its mortal friends in earth-life and to communicate through “mediums.” A third portion may pass into that far wider and grander state of being, that of the divine soul which recognizes its unity with all others and its freedom of the whole universe.

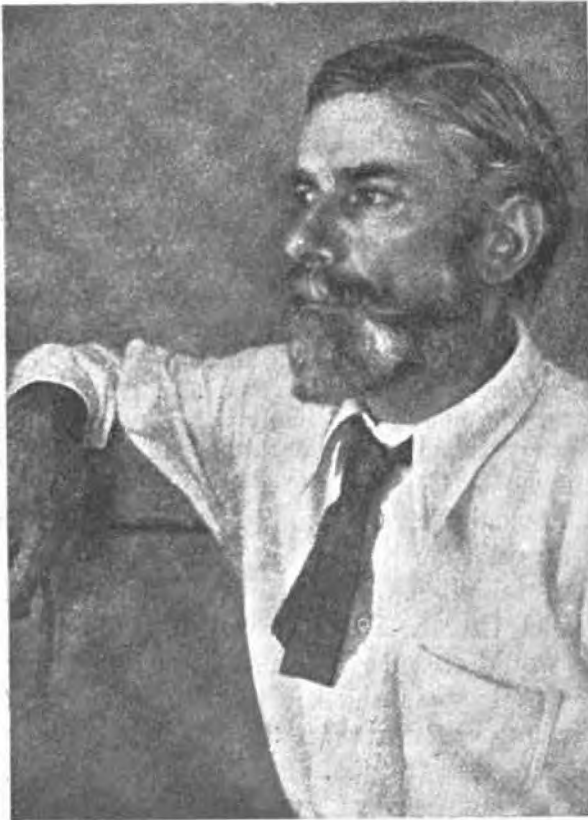
FATE OF
THE UNDE-
VELOPED
SOUL.

“The career of the evolving ego during this period of transition, and its life on earth, are marked by a continual inner struggle and conflict—both physiological and psychological (due to the effort of the soul to bend the race-life and the elements of corporeal heredity to its own uses), and in strange contrast both with the hardihood and calm insouciance of the animals, in whom the race-life is untampered, and with the transparent health and serenity of those other beings in whom the divine soul has finally established its sovereignty.”

This view of Reincarnation, so far as I am aware, has never before appeared in print, but curiously enough it is quite familiar to myself personally, owing to a curious communication I received through a lady medium many years ago. The communication in question purported to come from a Parisian Count who had

been an occultist in this life and who had at an earlier period been the teacher of the lady in question. The discussion arose on the subject of Reincarnation, which he claimed was "true to a limitless extent." I may perhaps be pardoned here for a slight digression which is necessary for the elucidation of the context. The question asked had reference to a certain Ralph Shirley who lived in the days of Henry VII, and whose reincarnation,

A STRANGE
COMMUNI-
CATION.



Edw. Carpenter

according to some one's possibly fanciful theory, I was myself. The Ralph Shirley in question was not a person of any historical note, merely a wealthy landowner of those days, and his only connection with the history of the times was that he had fought in the now almost forgotten battle of Stoke. I put the question as to whether there was any truth in this supposed reincarnation. The answer was: Yes, but that I had reincarnated twice since then; and the Count (if Count he was) added:—

"Your soul has not yet come to you at all. This is a sublime and hidden mystery . . . to follow up this theory would be as impossible as to gain the thread of eternity itself. When your higher education is complete the soul which appertains to your body will disentangle itself from your surrounding chaos and aura and form an essential portion of your being : in other words, you will die as one being and all mergements will be irrecoznizable."

Further on, the communicator of the message observed, in reply to a question with regard to his interrogator's condition at the end of life :—

"Yes, you will be *une*, an entity, which is not an ego. An ego is a material way of expressing and explaining one's earthly semblance. *Une* is a separate, clear, perfect, and distinctly immaterial shape, into which body and soul join, in the transitionalized state. When transition is completed I mean to say, for its new order, organization, or reincarnation. . . . One great moral lapse or crisis of any kind will render you once more an imperfect centre, liable to borrowed incarnate qualities as now. . . . You *were* Ralph Shirley, but have reincarnated since from various branches of the same family, all (derived) from Ralph Shirley, whose identity you are gradually shaking off, as you acquire sufficient particles of your own to become a complete creation separate and unique. This is a deep and vast mystery, almost too abstruse in its minute phases, even metaphysically considered, for human ken. . . . If matter be evolutionary and cognizable, why not spirit? Only in a far more delicate manner; and subtle in the extreme is the quintessence of a spirit yet as defined as each petal of a flower is from the corolla thereof."

I must apologize for the family reference in this connexion, but I am afraid that without it the point of the passage would be unintelligible. The idea contained in it is evidently closely parallel to Mr. Edward Carpenter's, though I do not know if he would endorse the curious notions expressed about bodies losing their souls and souls their bodies, as, for instance, in the following observation: "Very many bodies lose their souls, mislay them, so to speak, for generations, and are therefore never complete but pass on from state to state as living-dead people, or to work out a stage or sentence of the great Avatar Himself." The whole theory recalls the curious statement of opinion made by the late W. E. Gladstone, that in his view man was not actually immortal, but only *immortalizable*.

Our author sees the ultimate destiny of mankind attained by the linking up of the freed individual soul with the All-self of the universe.

"After each successive reincarnation," he writes, "the group of memories returning and allying themselves to the former groups will necessarily give more and more definition to the budding soul, till at last the time will come when its individuality will be complete. Its

severance from the race-life will follow as a matter of course, and it will float out into the sea of the all-pervading and divine consciousness. . . . Then, at some deep stage, or state, of its incarnations, clarified and comprehended, will become manifest to it a glorious kingdom beyond the imagination of man at present to conceive. . . . It will perceive that in a sense it has pre-existed from eternity as the All-self, that it suffered in its time the necessary obscurations and limitations, that it abdicated the high prerogative of universal consciousness, and that it was born again as a tiny Cinderella-spark, destined to rise through all the circles of personal and individual life, and the enacting of the drama of Love and Death once more to the Eternal Throne."

Man's self, so runs the contention of this book, is something far larger than any ordinary form of it that we know. Thus it is that much of our real selves inevitably remain in lifelong defect of expression. The profound Under-self we may justifiably conclude transcends all known manifestations of it, and requires for its expression the different periods of life, childhood, manhood, age, and the varying conditions which can only be supplied by diverse incarnations. Without experience there can

WHAT IS
MAN'S REAL
SELF ?

be no growth. Man must, in astrological phrase, be born in turn under all the signs of the zodiac and all the planets. He must see from the view-point of either sex and worship his Deity under the guise of many and diverse presentations. The complete self has relationship with and is only fully expressed by the sum-total of its many manifestations, and as Bhagavan Das says (quoted approvingly by Edward Carpenter), "an individuality can no otherwise be described, discriminated and fixed, than by enumerating the experiences of that individual, by narrating its biography."

Are we, then, eventually merged in the All-self? Yes and no, says our author. We are all essentially one. Our differentiation from each other does not consist in differences in the central ego, but in the different lines of experience and memory followed by each in his development. It is through our very limitations that consciousness and then self-consciousness are born. Finally, when the limitations and barriers become intolerable, and we realize that our real self is far vaster than all its expressions and essentially one with all life, then comes the time at which in each one of us the divine soul is born. "The supra-liminal returns into harmony with the subliminal. The individual life and the mass life are reunited."

It is noteworthy, in connection with the best authenticated records of reincarnations, that they are almost invariably those

of young children who die early and, presumably, not having had any large experience of earth life to assimilate, return to re-birth after a short interval. The memory, therefore, has a shorter gap to bridge. This seems in accordance with what one would expect. A record is given which seems to bear the hall-mark of genuineness in a recent issue of *The Word*, of a child of an African type, who was born at New York and who gave full details of an earlier childhood spent in Washington some forty years before. Though she had never been to Washington herself, she gave names and particulars and an accurate description of the Washington of that day. She maintained that she was fourteen years old when she died, and had a very vivid and affectionate recollection of the "Aunt Malissy" who attended and took charge of her. Though christened Ellen in her present incarnation she has always objected to the name, and asks to be called "Hattie." When asked who gave her the name of Hattie she always returns the same answer: "I don't know. I s'pose my mother. But my mother died before I remembers her. I only knows I am Hattie." The case should be investigated further, as it seems likely to be susceptible of confirmation or disproof.

I regret that through some slip a book noticed in last month's issue, *Our Life After Death*, by the Rev. Arthur Chambers (publisher, Charles Taylor), was quoted under the title "OUR LIFE AFTER DEATH." *Life After Death*. It is of importance to draw attention to this error, as there are so many books with titles of a similar kind, none of which, however, I believe, have had anything like the sale of the book in question.

WOMAN AND THE HERMETIC MYSTERY

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THERE is an old Rosicrucian romance which is called the *Chymical Marriage of Christian Rosy Cross*, and those who have read it in the quaint English version of the seventeenth century may remember that very strange nuptials were celebrated therein amidst much joy and the emblazonments of a long pageant. It took place in a great mystical palace which was thronged by adepts of both sexes, and if it may be regarded, under necessary reserves, as an allegorical story of the Fraternity and its concerns at the period, there can be little question that Rosicrucianism in and about the year 1615 had thrown open its Temples and Sacred Houses of Initiation to members of both sexes; as it does at the present day. I am not pretending to put forward an historical thesis in offering this suggestion, for there is very sound evidence otherwise that the romance is romance simply and was written by a Lutheran theologian as a *jeu d'esprit* when he was still of tender age. The historical aspects apart, any question of origin signifies very little, for the *Chymical Marriage* was taken seriously enough by all who believed that early Rosicrucian documents were issued for the information of Europe by an illuminated secret Order which had been established for considerably more than a century.

The point with which I am concerned is to indicate in a few words the hand of womanhood in the traditions of Hermetic practice, almost from the beginning of the experiments which are connected with the idea of alchemy. And at the end it is my design to suggest that behind the simple facts of the case, there is the suggestion of a great mystery. The legends of the art make mention of Semiramis, Queen of Egypt or rather of Nineveh, as the first woman who had attained the secret of transmutation, unless we assign a superior antiquity to Miriam, the prophetess and sister of Aaron, who was also an adept, according to a similar tradition, and who has indeed by repute bequeathed a tract on alchemy to the later followers of the quest. Passing from the region of mythos and coming to the fourteenth century of the Christian era, there is the case of Nicolas Flamel and his wife Peronella or Pernelle, who worked together on the hieroglyphical book of Abraham the Jew and were finally rewarded by the attainment of the entire secret. Another example, and apparently in this case a worker in solitude, was Leona Constantia, Abbess of

Clermont, who according to a very curious testimony was received as a "master" into the Order of the Rosy Cross in the year 1736. It follows that at this period there were *Sorores Roseæ Crucis*.

The most interesting evidence is contained, however, in the silent corroboration of picture-symbols. In the year 1677 there was published at Rupella a work entitled the *Mutus Liber*, or Dumb Book, the Book of the Silence of Hermes, wherein, as the title says, the whole Hermetic philosophy is represented by hieroglyphical figures apart from all letterpress. In the quaint Latin of the title, it is consecrated to the thrice-greatest and most merciful God, and it is dedicated to the Sons of the Art by an author whose assumed name is Altus. According to Lenglet du Fresnoy, it had great vogue among students, and it was faithfully reprinted by Mangetus in his folio collection entitled *Bibliotheca Chymica Curiosa*. He affirms in his analysis of contents that it is most evidently an opening of the mysteries of alchemy to the elect of that doctrine, and it consists of fifteen magnificent copper-plates. The point which concerns us in the present connection is that the alchemist is represented working throughout in conjunction with a woman of the art: they begin and they attain together. The stages of the process are delineated in the successive plates, and various symbolical personages appear to the workers for their encouragement and guidance, but more frequently to the woman than to the man, as if it were her task especially. One of them has the moon upon its left breast; another is Mercury manifesting.

I am reproducing four of the designs to illustrate the present text, and it will be seen that they are of singular interest. The first represents the symbolical ladder of Jacob, with angels descending thereon; they are in the act of sounding trumpets to awaken one who is asleep on the ground beneath, thus symbolizing the quickening of an artist who is called to the Great Work. The second plate shows that he has responded forthwith and has entered into consultation with a female collaborator, who is regarded as his wife. The metaphysical sun of philosophy is shining in the mid-heaven, and beneath it are two angels, having one foot on the land and another on the water, presumably to indicate that dryness and moisture both enter into the work. They are supporting a vessel in which the figures of the sun and moon appear in human form, with the god Vulcan seated between them, because the work is one of fire. At the bottom are the student of the art and his wife, kneeling on either side of a furnace and praying for success in their enterprise. The

lamp at the base of the furnace indicates the gradual heat applied to the contents of the vessel suspended above. The third plate seems to put forward the theory of the work. The alchemical king is shown in the clouds of heaven far out of human reach ; below is the circle of research and the mode of operation therein. The sun and moon are like watchers on either side of the circle. The fourth and last plate is the completion, and it will be noted that Jacob's ladder, symbolizing the path of ascent from the earth of ordinary life to the heaven of philosophy, is now laid upon the ground because the work is done. The alchemical king of the third plate has been brought from heaven to earth ; his flight is restrained by a rope which the adepts hold between them, and they are again kneeling, for they behold his glory with their eyes.

I regard this remarkable pictorial tract as perhaps the work of a Rosicrucian, though the surface evidence is only the appearance of roses in the symbolism. In 1788 a work entitled *The Teaching of the Rosicrucians in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, published at Altona, contains a description of the alchemical practice which reads like an explanation of the second plate reproduced in this article. At the date in question Rosicrucianism had been passing through a reform period and it is possible that there were two branches, one connected with Freemasonry and the other independent of that movement, though not disassociated therefrom in respect of its source. The first branch is represented by the evidence of a writer concealed under the name of Magister Pianco and also by the evidence of its rituals, which are still extant. They are positive proof that women were not admitted into this section of the Brotherhood. The evidence of the second branch is contained in a certificate concerning the admission of Dr. Sigismund Bacstrom into the Society of the Rosy Cross on September 12, 1794, his initiator being the Comte de Chazal and the place being Pampelavuso in the Island of Mauritius. The fourth clause of the postulant's undertaking certifies that worthy women are admitted as apprentices and as masters, if they possess the work practically and have accomplished it themselves. The grounds are (1) the manifestation of redemption to mankind by means of the Blessed Virgin and (2) the fact that there is no distinction of sexes in the spiritual world, neither among blessed angels nor rational immortal spirits of the human race. The document adds that the Rosicrucians separated from the Freemasons in 1490.

The evidences with which we have been dealing concern solely the physical work of alchemy and there is nothing of its mystical aspects. The *Mutus Liber* is undoubtedly on the literal side of

metallic transmutation ; the memorials of Nicolas Flamel are also on that side ; the Bacstrom certificate seems to contain no higher intimation, and he who was initiated on the date it bears is well known among students in England as a seeker of the physical mystery who has left many manuscripts behind him. I have further in my possession certain secret documents concerning the Comte de Chazal which seem final as to his dedications. There are, however, other intimations, and there is one which I will quote as most important of all, for it belongs to the Great Work on its mystical side. It is on record that an unknown master testified to his possession of the mystery, but he added that he had not proceeded to the work because he had failed to meet with an elect woman who was necessary thereto. I suppose that the statement will awaken in most minds only a vague sense of wonder, and I can merely indicate in a few general words that which I see behind it. Those Hermetic texts which bear a spiritual interpretation and are as if a record of spiritual experience present, like the literature of physical alchemy, the following aspects of symbolism : (a) the marriage of sun and moon ; (b) of a mystical king and queen ; (c) an union between natures which are one at the root but diverse in manifestation ; (d) a transmutation which follows this union and an abiding glory therein. It is ever a conjunction between male and female in a mystical sense ; it is ever the bringing together by art of things separated by an imperfect order of things ; it is ever the perfection of natures by means of this conjunction. But if the mystical work of alchemy is an inward work in consciousness, then the union between male and female is an union in consciousness ; and if we remember the traditions of a state when male and female had not as yet been divided, it may dawn upon us that the higher alchemy was a practice for the return into this ineffable mode of being. The traditional doctrine is set forth in the Zohar and it is found in writers like Jacob Boehme ; it is intimated in the early chapters of Genesis and, according to an apocryphal saying of Christ, the kingdom of heaven will be manifested when two shall be as one, or when that state has been once again attained. In the light of this construction we can understand why the mystical adept went in search of a wise woman with whom the work could be performed ; but few there be that find her, and he confessed to his own failure. The part of woman in the physical practice of alchemy is like a reflection at a distance of this more exalted process, and there is evidence that those who worked in metals and sought for a material elixir knew that there were other and greater aspects of the Hermetic mystery.









CHEIRO

A BRIEF SKETCH OF A MODERN SEER

TWENTY years ago all London was amazed at the phenomenal success that attended Cheiro's career at its very inception. His successful predictions were on every one's lips and the highest of England's nobility, as well as some of the most brilliant men and women of the day, were proud to acknowledge that they had consulted him.

The publication of his *Memoirs* in the last few weeks and the reception given to them by both the Press and the public proves that his work has stood the test of Time. We consider, therefore, that a brief biographical sketch of his strange career will be of interest to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, and indeed to all students of occult matters.

Long before Cheiro appeared in London as a young man about twenty years of age, he had had a long experience in his favourite study of Hands, and his collection of hands even then had run into many thousands of casts and impressions.

In his early years it had not, however, been his desire to appear before the world in the light of a professional palmist. On the contrary, strange as at first sight it may appear, he had planned to enter the English Church, and his early years had been devoted to that idea. But as he himself puts it in his *Memoirs*—

"The simplest things become the turning point in men as in worlds, so an unusually wet Sunday was the main factor in changing the current of my destiny. Briefly, to prevent my disturbing my father writing poems in the library, my mother—who understood well the study of hands—taught me the names of the lines in my own and sent me off to find, if it were possible, a hand with similar markings."

Such was the very simple beginning of what was to become later a remarkable career in all such studies. Having bought all the books he could come across on his favourite hobby, at the early age of twelve he wrote a treatise on the subject and was promptly sent by his father to a severe school, where he was assured that all such ideas as occultism would be quickly knocked out of his head.

It was his father's wish that his only son should be trained for the Church, and in writing of that period of his life Cheiro says:—

"In his idea of training me for the Church he was, I believe, right; for

I am certain no boy ever began life with a more religious nature or a more devotional temperament. Although, at first sight, it may perhaps seem a strange anomaly, yet I hold that it was the essentials of that very temperament that made me cling to the study of hands with an obstinacy that surmounted all opposition. It was a mystery like religion itself, *it contained the language of the soul in its prison-house*, and the lines in the hand seemed many a time to me a more tangible chart of life than the Thirty-nine Articles that I was forced to commit to memory."



CHEIRO
(From a Recent Sketch).

Owing to an unfortunate speculation which ruined his father, the idea of the Church was abandoned, and in a short while, finding himself free from home influence, Cheiro turned his steps towards India, that land of mystery and the home of Occultism.

On the morning of his arrival he made the acquaintance of a Brahmin who, strange to say, was the descendant of the Joshi

caste who have kept the study of the hand alive almost from the most distant period of time. In India he lived with these Brahmins, learned a great deal more about his special study, and after undergoing many and varied occult experiences, he finally returned to England.



CHEIRO INSPECTING PROF. D'ODIARDI'S APPARATUS.

Not caring, however, for ordinary civilization, he again set out travelling, and finally, after living in Egypt, he eventually settled in London and started on his career as *Cheiro* in or about the year 1889.

His first year in London was in every sense a remarkable one. He had success from the very commencement, people flocked to him in such numbers that appointments had to be booked for weeks in advance, and it was no common thing to see the most distinguished men and women of the day patiently sitting in his waiting-room for hours in order to obtain an interview.

He paid, however, for his success the usual penalty for overwork, and at the end of his first year he lay for several months in a private hospital in Devonshire Street, suffering from a nervous breakdown of the very worst kind. To recruit his health he took an ocean voyage to America, and after a short time recommenced his work there and with the same phenomenal success which he had met with in London.

Among the many experiences he passed through in the United States was the well-remembered severe test which the *New York World* made him undergo. This was that he should read the impressions of fifteen hands which they were to place before him, without the slightest indication as to who the owners of the hands were.

The result of this severe test was published in the *New York World* and showed that Cheiro had read with the most remarkable accuracy the lives of such prominent people as the Mayor of the City; the District Attorney; Ward McAllister, the then social leader; Reginald de Koven, the musical composer; Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the famous poetess; Lillian Russell, the Prima Donna, and others equally in the public view.

No more remarkable vindication of the accuracy of the much-abused old-world study of hands has ever been made before or since.

In America, Cheiro visited all the principal cities in the States and was even invited to lecture in many of the Churches, and on one occasion had an audience of over 2,000 people at one of the great Methodist Educational gatherings in Florida.

In the space at our disposal it would be impossible to print the names of half of the well-known Americans who wrote and acknowledged the accuracy with which Cheiro deciphered their lives from their hands; it is sufficient here to say that President Cleveland and nearly every distinguished statesman in Washington wrote remarkable testimonies as to his success. Clergymen and doctors were equally unanimous in their praise, and in one of his classes in Boston no less than ten of the leading physicians of that city were not ashamed to enroll themselves as his pupils and learn how diseases could be indicated by the lines and formations of the hands.

Returning to London some years later, Cheiro continued his previous success, meeting such men as W. E. Gladstone, Professor Max Müller, Sir H. M. Stanley, W. T. Stead, Lord Leighton, Sir John Lubbock, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Russell of Killowen, Sir Edwin Arnold, and others equally distinguished, many of whose hands he has reproduced in his well-known book *Cheiro's Language of the Hand*, which work, by the way, has reached the extremely high total sale of over 60,000 copies.

As a writer his clearness of style has been much commented on and his recent book, *Cheiro's Memoirs*, is no exception to this rule. It has been received with cordial appreciation by the Press generally, and is well described as a "Human document of exceptional interest."

Many of its chapters contain piquant revelations of Society in both England and America, together with the author's personal account of his interviews with some of the most celebrated men and women of the day.

Cheiro's remarkable interview with King Edward VII throws a sidelight on the late King's genial and kindly nature, while the part the author played in connection with the *Entente Cordiale* should make every Englishman glad to make a place for *Cheiro's Memoirs* on his bookshelf.

FRATRES LUCIS

BY MEREDITH STARR

I.

O BRETHREN of the Silver Star !
O Brethren of Love's Rosy Cross !
All ye who dwell apart, afar,
Whose greatest gain is heaviest loss ;
I, who am young and weak, implore
Your aid, for you have gone before !

II.

The Path I tread you too have trod,
The Narrow Way, the thorny track ;
Ye too have reached your hands to God !
Ye too have writhed upon the rack !
O let me clasp your hands, and be
The stronger for your sympathy !

III.

I have but newly joined your band,
O Brethren !—If my footsteps fail
And falter in this unknown land,
Stand by me that I may prevail !
Give of your Wisdom, and your Will,
The task allotted to fulfil !

IV.

Give of your Love, so I may be
Not quite alone in that dread Night
When all the inmost soul of me
Shall be uprooted, and the might
Of madness grip the bursting brain,
And all is void, and all is vain.

V.

That dread ordeal all must dare
Who seek the Utmost Goal to gain ;
That yawning Gulf which is the stair
Conducting to the Holiest Fane,—
Wherein doth dwell the Nameless One
Beyond the Universal Sun !

THE MYSTICAL POEMS OF ROSSETTI

BY CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D.

SOME day Rossetti's right to the *first* place in that group of Victorian poets which also includes Tennyson, Swinburne, Browning, William Morris, Matthew Arnold, Coventry Patmore, will be one of the truisms of literary valuation. For of none of the others, except perhaps of Swinburne—and he was a specialist—can it be said in the same unqualified sense that he was a born poet—a poet *sans phrase*. However, I will not argue the point, it is too obvious for one thing, but will content myself with the dogmatic assertion that Dante Gabriel Rossetti was the greatest English poet of his time. In this article I am concerned merely with one facet of his many-sided genius, his mystical side, and the profound sense of the occult revealed in so many of his poems. For perhaps no severer test can be applied to any artist than the consideration of the mode in which his imagination conceives and his work embodies the arcane potentialities of our existence.

From this test no modern poet will emerge so triumphantly—the pictures and poems of Rossetti are simply steeped in psychic and spiritual emotion. In an age of rampant materialism, Rossetti maintained a firm grip upon the deepest realities. To come under the influence of his art is to feel in one's bones the puerility of the mechanical "philosophy" of nineteenth-century agnosticism. If that "philosophy" were true such art could, in the first place, never have existed, and, in the second, granted that miracle, could not move as it does the very depths of our being. For there would be no such "depths" to respond to its sonorous appeal.

To speak first of one of his earliest poems, "The Blessed Damozel," written when he was nineteen years of age, who that knows it has not been struck by its vivid presentation of a world open only to the exploration of imaginative ecstasy? It is profoundly characteristic of Rossetti that the denizens of his heaven are not conceived as exempt from the yearning sorrow of bereavement:—

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

Then she goes on to picture in fond anticipation the delights of that reunion and of the resumption of the old sweet intimacy. How she will teach him "the songs I sing here; which his voice shall pause in hushed and slow." How, when sudden awe renders him silent in the presence of the Virgin Mother herself, she will lay her cheek to his and tell about their love "not once abashed or weak," confident in her innocence that "the dear mother will approve my pride and let me speak." Very poignant is the pathos of the concluding stanzas, wherein the gladness of the Damozel's anticipation suddenly yields to the sense of present need:—

And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept! (I heard her tears).

The exquisite "Love's Nocturn" is another poem that reveals a profound sense of unseen realities. It opens with a wonderful description of "the murmuring courts where the shapes of sleep convene":—

Poets' fancies all are there:
There the elf-girls flood with wings
Valleys full of plaintive air;
There breathe perfumes; there in rings
Whirl the foam-bewildered springs;
Siren there
Winds her dizzy hair and sings.

Then the poet invokes the Lord of Dreamland, praying him, since "all men's bodies reach shadows o'er thy sunken beach," to summon *his* body's phantom and send it to visit the slumber of his absent love. But if, perchance she remain deaf to its plea, if "at her head there another phantom lean murmuring o'er the fragrant bed," if, worst of all, his spirit's queen "smile those alien words between," then, since love's own messenger may not strive with love and be love's foe—

Like a vapour wan and mute,
Like a flame, so let it pass;
One low sigh across her lute,
One dull breath against her glass;
And to my sad soul, alas!
One salute.
Cold as when death's foot shall pass.

In "Sister Helen," a poem based on a story of black magic and revenge, Rossetti strikes a deeper, more tragical note. It was written in or about 1851 (his twenty-third year), and the access

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of power it reveals may be due to the emotional stimulus of his love for Elizabeth Siddall. "As a tale of calm and inexorable vengeance on the part of a wronged woman it is unapproached in literature," says Mr. Joseph Knight. I do not know or care whether Rossetti believed that by melting in a slow fire the waxen image of the man who had abandoned her for another woman his heroine could have tortured him to death, and at the price of her own soul plunged his into the abyss. I believe all this when I am reading the poem; but, what is more to the purpose, I realize the cold frenzy of love turned to hate, the desperate courage of a sublimely evil intent. And the horror is enhanced by the guileless comments of the little brother, who watches the melting of the "waxen knave," recking nothing of the dreadful issues involved. Superb is the quiet irony of Helen's replies to the child's remarks on what he sees and hears. The kinsmen of her victim have ridden through the wild night to beg for mercy on his behalf. The child from the balcony repeats their words:

"For three days now he has lain abed,
Sister Helen,
And he prays in torment to be dead."
"The thing may chance, if he have prayed,
Little brother!"

* * * * *

"But he calls for ever on your name,
Sister Helen,
And says that he melts before a flame."
"My heart for his pleasure fared the same,
Little brother."

She remains inflexible to the plea of her victim's brothers. At last comes the white-haired father:

"He looks at me and he tries to speak,
Sister Helen,
But oh! his voice is sad and weak."
"What here should the mighty Baron seek,
Little brother?"

* * * * *

"Oh, his son still cries, if you forgive,
Sister Helen,
The body dies but the soul shall live."
"Fire shall forgive me as I forgive,
Little brother!"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
As she forgives between Hell and Heaven!)

The sons raise their despairing father from his knees and ride silently away. The wind wails in the iron chill, but not so sad is its moan as the soul of the bitterly triumphant woman. The

last drops of molten wax fall into the flames which call to her mind those other flames which burn for ever. Then comes the last dread moment, the moment of irreparable *achievement* :

“ Ah ! what white thing at the door has crossed,
 Sister Helen ?
 Ah ! what is this that sighs in the frost ? ”
 “ A soul that’s lost as mine is lost,
 Little brother ! ”
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,
 Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven !*).

Of Rossetti’s masterly use of the occult in his great ballads “ Rose Mary ” and “ The King’s Tragedy ” space forbids me to make more than mere mention. In the latter poem the reader will recall the warning of the old seeress. When the doomed king first meets her by the sea she tells him how his wraith has haunted her visions for the past four years. When first she beheld it, a shroud clung close about its feet ; on every subsequent occasion the shroud has risen, until now it surrounds his throat. On the very eve of his murder the seeress reminds the king of her neglected warning, now too late to avert the imminent doom :

“ O King,” she cried, “ in an evil hour
 They drove me from thy gate ;
 And yet my voice must rise to thine ears ;
 But alas ! it comes too late !

“ Last night at mid-watch, by Aberdour,
 When the moon was dead in the skies,
 O King, in a death-light of thine own,
 I saw thy shape arise.

“ And in full season, as erst I said,
 The doom had gained its growth ;
 And the shroud had risen above the neck,
 And covered thine eyes and mouth.”

But after all it is in the sonnet that Rossetti’s genius found its ultimate expression : for that wonderful sonnet sequence “ The House of Life ” I have reserved my last words of reverent homage. A few of the most perfect sonnets of Wordsworth, Keats, or Mrs. Browning may be equal or superior to any of Rossetti’s ; but taken in bulk, his “ House of Life ” constitutes the noblest sonnet sequence in the English language. I do not forget Shakespeare ; but deliberately assign to him, in this *métier*, the *second* place. That is *my* taste ; but if you prefer to say that both are supreme in their own domain, Shakespeare embodying in his sonnets the transition of English poetry from Spring’s ecstasy to Summer’s fulfilment, Rossetti in his the rich brooding melan-

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choly of Autumn's most perfect hour, against that verdict I shall not care to appeal.

The very title "House of Life" conveys a suggestion of occult significance or mystical intent; it savours of astrology. Love, spiritually but by no means ascetically conceived and symbolically presented, is the theme; and the first sonnet shows Love enthroned above Truth, Hope, Fame, and all other powers the heart finds fair.

Love's throne was not with these; but far above
All passionate wind of welcome and farewell
He sat in breathless bowers they dream not of.

The birth and mutual recognition of love are depicted in the second and third sonnets, but already in the fourth the note of sorrow is deeply sounded in the all too true anticipation of the bereavement which was to come:

O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope,
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

And this deep note of sorrow, once sounded, henceforth increasingly prevails throughout the entire sequence; its undertone is not absent even from the most joyous and triumphant records of the lover's ecstasy. Who can fail to hear it in these closing lines of the sonnet entitled "Supreme Surrender?"

Across my breast the abandoned hair doth flow,
Where one shorn tress long stirred the longing ache,
And next the heart that trembled for its sake
Lies the queen-heart in sovereign overthrow.

Even in the moment of his rapture the lover cannot forget the pains through which it was won.

In a sonnet called "The Portrait" the poet expresses his desire to depict the innermost self of the beloved woman. Rossetti's bold employment of nature imagery for the symbolization of spiritual qualities has rarely been equalled for beauty and aptness. Witness the following: he would so paint her—

That he who seeks her beauty's furthest goal
Beyond the light that the sweet glances throw
And reflux wave of the sweet smile, may know
The very sky and sea-line of her soul.

In "The Birth Bond" the mystical view of affinity is presented: true love is the mutual recognition of the spiritual con-

sanguinity of twin souls. "O born with me somewhere [that men forget!]" Closely allied to this thought of the origin of earthly love is that of the reunion of those whom death has parted, as Rossetti and the woman he loved were, we know, parted only too soon. In the sonnet called "Memorial Thresholds" the poet describes the strange and poignant emotion with which after long years he revisits the former dwelling of his lost love. The sight of the door from whose threshold she used to greet him suggests the one hope to which he clings and will ever cling with all the tenacity of despair :

City, of thine a single simple door,
 By some new Power reduplicate, must be
 Even yet my life-porch in eternity,
 Even with one presence filled, as once of yore :
 Or mocking winds whirl round a chaff-strewn floor
 Thee and thy years and these my words and me.

On that one wild hope of reunion Rossetti lived or rather starved after his bereavement—without it he could not have lived a day. True spirituality does not imply the placid acceptance of dogma : it is rather the outcome of unceasing conflict with scepticism ; and Rossetti lived in a very sceptical age. The intensity of his belief in the unseen was proportional to the strength of the doubts he encountered and overcame. His poems and pictures were a unique protest against the crude materialism and the timid agnosticism of more time-serving contemporaries, and as such their fame will endure.

PHENOMENA OF CONSCIOUSNESS

By EDWARD McNULTY

AT the age of five arrives to every child a moment of self-realization when the scene around flashes up with ineffaceable distinctness, yet less startling than the sudden sense of individuality. From this experience—remembered only by a few—the child, emerging from the chrysalis of infancy, ceases to refer to himself in the third person. Becoming adult, he is a centre through which flow streams of thought, desires and moods. He believes himself the pivot of the universe. Other people seem mere automata until their interests clash with his, when he discovers that they have lives similar to his own. Hence arises another crisis in which he sees, as in vivid vision, a panorama of the earth with its cities and towns peopled by such beings: each a self-centred world. It is true, however, that, though living active lives within limits, they are only half-awakened. Despite the magnificent struggles and achievements of civilization, the triumphs of science, art and industry, demonstrating wonderful intelligence and magnificent powers of application, the insistent fact is, that the great mass of mankind are daylight somnambulists, unaware that they are unawake.

Between the trance of self-idolatry and the self-hatred that is often the first step to ascension, there are, of course, innumerable gradations of consciousness illustrated by the familiar fact, that husband and wife seated by the same fireside may be, in this respect, thousands of miles apart. But men with rare exceptions are unconscious of their possibilities in the area of development. Submerged in the lower strata of sensation, they time their lives by clock and calendar, ignorant of the truth that through the interval of any two consecutive minutes we can see eternity. The man, however, who is tired beating frenzied hands against the iron walls of the materialist's dungeon, desires to know himself apart from conventional surroundings; to understand how much of him is present in the various sections of his body; and what is the nature, quality and origin of his will which seems, within a restricted radius, so ubiquitous and powerful.

If he believes that a man's being stretches back beyond his

mother's womb, he naturally seeks an explanation of himself transcending that of heredity and environment. The achievement of illumination means a long, laborious struggle. He must unmake himself; emancipate himself from the despotism of his nerve-centres. To this end it is necessary to become alone amongst his fellows, and to cultivate solitude even in a crowd until he hears his thoughts speaking distinctly within his brain. Complete self-control is a primal necessity. When a child he had been unfettered by the bonds, which, later, with the aid of society, he weaves for himself; and his self-control, like that of most children, was so perfect that he could arrest a shriek with a smile. But, having spent much time soaking in sensuous reveries and chasing the rainbows of romance, he fettered himself by joining his will to certain nerves—a process which operates with the silence and subtlety of light spreading itself through a glass globe of water. These bonds are at once so powerful and elastic, that the will, striving to raise the consciousness to a higher plane, is overcome with the tension and flies back to the lower range of life. Years are spent in this way alternately ascending and descending. The first step, therefore, towards complete freedom, is the study of the body, the self-evident fact, that accompanies a man every moment of his life. He must meditate on its growth, the rhythmic breathing, the sensations of its organs, the pulsation of the heart—phenomena so familiar that a sense of their mystery is regained with an effort. Thence he proceeds to closer study of the initial beginnings of these rhythms, pulsations and movements: the source, energy and controlling power of all this marvellous machinery. He must follow the breath through the interior of the body; and, seated before a mirror, question himself repeatedly as to what it is that looks out of his eyes.

The ethical life must be analysed.

Self-deceit is a wary enemy to be closely watched, since with the glamour of flattery it veils the real incentive carefully concealed in the background. Through the operations of this habit, laudable actions are often performed from evil motives. Its destruction is assisted by the reflection, that it is better to be sincere than clever. Above all, he must disentangle himself from the intricate embraces of sensualism, the sleepless and all-pervading power which marches triumphantly over the prostrate forms of its myriad victims with its retinue of a thousand illusions. The accumulated refuse of unwholesome thoughts; the hunger for wealth, power, fame, hatred and pleasure must not only be

abandoned but destroyed. Hitherto, he has known himself as a bundle of memories, sensations and habits. Divested of these, he has nothing to recognize himself by, save a name which is a mere label that must be also thrown aside. He now stands alone—conscious but uninfluenced by the world without or that within—a stranger to himself. From this close preoccupation with the secret springs of being arises the phenomenon of double consciousness, the sensation of being two persons in one body. For him who is resolved to develop, there is no escape from this unpleasant and dangerous condition. He must be prepared to perform his ordinary daily routine with the insistent sensation of being dualized ; and, on sleepless nights, to stand (as it were) by the bedside, looking down at his other recumbent self. Thus haunted he may seek relief by mingling more freely with the world or immersing himself in concentrated thought. But, as a matter of fact, to be finally freed from the hallucination of dualism, fear must be abandoned, and an hour chosen to face the issue. Into this arcanum of profound suspense and silence, doubt must not enter nor impurity of thought. There is no guiding light. Having parted from the phrases and knowledge which directed him in the world of men, he is alone with the unknown. Freedom arrives. As globules of mercury coalesce, so the two personalities merge into one, never again to be divided.

Now, from the ascending dome of expanding consciousness throned new and strange ideas in profusion, and the outer world is recognized as a reflection of an intenser original. He glides through still, dark labyrinths of unknown emotions which await the magic union with music yet unwritten. He is intuitively initiated into the inner secrets of matter in forms of transcendent vibration. He hears truths which have not yet ascended from the celestial silence, and sees the profound deep, the primal womb of premonition, source of those vague visions which unexpectedly flash through the stream of prosaic experience. The centre of consciousness appears as a white, glowing furnace around which incessantly revolve the electric auras of will and thought. In the centre of this centre abides the real self.

Such experiences, here roughly sketched, await all those who would broaden the area of consciousness. This condition will, no doubt, come to all when men have ceased to be absorbed in the mechanical pursuit of food and shelter. The dormant functions of the unexplored sections of the brain will then become active : and there will arise a higher form of civilization.

ARE HUMAN SOULS RE-BORN ON MARS ?

BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION in his well-known book *Uranie* answers this question in the affirmative. The hero of his story, Spero, and Teléa, after having met their death by a fall from a balloon, leave their bodies on this earth and become reincarnated on the planet Mars. Spero returns and communicates with his friend, giving a description of life on Mars, such as may be taken for a product of the great astronomer's imagination, although some highly developed occultists and mystics, for instance, H. P. Blavatsky, have attributed to Flammarion the possession of clairvoyant powers, or at least a great deal of intuition. Moreover, there are appearing from time to time supposed spirit communications, believed to come from inhabitants of Mars, which go to corroborate Flammarion's statements, and they come through mediums who never read his books or even antedate the writing of his *Uranie*. One such case is the following :—

The Baroness R——, when very young, had a friend by the name of Ch——, a gentleman of high standing. At the time of which I am writing, he lived in a distant part of the country and the Baroness had not corresponded with him for a considerable time. On a certain day she had a vision of a funeral procession, which was accompanied by the solemn music of a funeral march. On the next day disturbances began in her house, which consisted of rappings and moving of furniture, steps as if a man were walking in the room were heard, and it was as if a voice was bidding her to write to Mr. Ch——. This continued for several days and nights, until she at last wrote the letter to her friend, although she had no other reason for doing so, as she believed him alive and in good health. After the letter was sent off, the manifestations ceased, and a few days afterwards an answer came from that gentleman's sister, saying that her brother had died. The funeral had taken place on the very day when the Baroness saw it in her vision.

All this took place at a time when spiritualism first became

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known in this country, and owing to her experience the attention of the Baroness was attracted to it. She held sittings with some of her friends, and an intelligence purporting to be the spirit of her friend Ch—— manifested and gave proofs of his identity by speaking and acting in the same manner as when he was alive, speaking of events that were known only to him and the Baroness; but the most remarkable thing was that he claimed to have become an inhabitant of Mars and that his description of his condition, of the planet Mars, its life and inhabitants were about the same as were afterwards found in Flammarion's book. He, for instance, said that he could not show himself in his Martean shape, as it had no resemblance to that of human beings on this earth, and that the inhabitants of Mars were far more advanced and spiritual than we. The visits of that spiritual entity continued for several months, after which they ceased, as the spirit was said to be entering a higher sphere, from which a communication with earth was not possible. It may be added, that neither the Baroness nor any one present at these sittings knew of Flammarion or his writings.

THROUGH A WINDOW IN THE BLANK WALL*

BY SYDNEY T. KLEIN, F.L.S., F.R.A.S., ETC.

VIEW NO. I.

"CLEARING THE APPROACH."

THE proof that the Human Race is still in its infancy may be seen in the fact that we still require Symbolism to help us to maintain and carry forward abstract Thought to higher levels, even as children require picture books for that purpose. The Glamour of Symbolism, Rapture of Music and Ideal of Art, which come to us in later years, had their beginnings when to the child every blade of grass was a fairy tale and a grass plot a marvellous fairy forest. The great aspiration of the Human Race is to gain a knowledge of the Reality, the Noumenon behind the phenomenon, but the fact that from infancy we have been accustomed to confine our attention wholly to the objective, believing that to be the reality, has surrounded us with a concrete boundary wall through which we can only at times, with difficulty, get transient glimpses of that which is beyond; it is only in recent years that we have been able to realize that it is the Invisible which is the Real, the visible is only its shadow or its manifestation in the Physical Universe, and that Time and Space have no existence apart from our physical senses, they are only the modes or limits under which those senses act or receive their impressions and by which they are necessarily rendered finite. The difficulty is that our physical senses only perceive the surface of our surroundings, we have hitherto been looking at the Woof of Nature as though it were the glass of a window covered with patterns, smudges, flies, etc., comprising all that we call physical phenomena and which, when analysed in Time and Space, produce the appearance of succession and motion; it requires a keener perception, unbounded by those limitations, to look through the glass at the Reality which is beyond. I propose then in a series of short views, through a window not hitherto unshuttered and in a direction which I believe has not before been

*[This and a second article to appear in the next issue of the OCCULT REVIEW will be subsequently republished in book form as the first and second chapters of a book dealing in fuller detail with the problems here propounded.—ED.]

attempted, to lead those of my readers who have the necessary aspiration, patience and, above all, strenuous persistence, to a watch tower, situated well above the mists and illusions of our ordinary everyday thoughts, whence they will find it is possible to get a glimpse of a strange new country, and where those who have by practice once attained to its clear perception, will be able to continue the study by themselves and thus get further insight into that wonderful region of Thought which I have called " True Occultism "—the knowledge of the Invisible which is the Real in place of the Visible which is only its shadow.

Let us first try and understand the conditions under which phenomena are presented to us. In our perception of sight, we find the greater the light, the greater the shadow ; a light placed over a table throws a shadow on the floor, though not sufficient to prevent our seeing the pattern of the carpet, but increase the light and the shadow appears now so dark that no pattern or carpet can be seen ; not that there is now less light under the table but the light above has to our sense of sight created or made manifest a greater darkness, and so, throughout the Universe, as interpreted by our Physical Ego, we find phenomena ranging themselves under the form of positive and negative, the apparently Real and the Unreal.

The Good	making	manifest	its	negative	Evil.
The Beautiful	"	"	"	"	Ugly.
The True	"	"	"	"	False.
Knowledge	"	"	"	"	Ignorance.
Light	"	"	"	"	Darkness.
Heat	"	"	"	"	Cold.

But the negatives have no real existence. As in the case of light, we see that the shadow is only the absence of light, so the negative of Goodness, i.e. Evil, may in reality be looked upon as folly or wasting of opportunity for exercising the Good, but owing to their limitations our thoughts are based upon *relativity* ; it is hardly thinkable that we could, under our present conditions, have any cognizance of the positive without its negative and, as we shall see later on, it is by examining the Physical, the negative or shadow, that we can best gain a knowledge of the Spiritual, the positive or real.

The first step to a clear understanding of this, is to recognize that it is not we who are looking out upon Nature but that it is the Reality which is ever trying to enter and come into touch with us through our senses and is persistently trying to waken

within us a knowledge of the sublimest truths. It is difficult to realize this, as from infancy we have been accustomed to confine our attention wholly to the objective, believing that to be the reality.

Let us try and grasp this fact. If we analyse our sense of sight, we find that the only impression made on our bodies by external objects is the image formed upon the retina; we have no cognizance of the separate electro-magnetic rills forming that image, which, reflected from all parts of an object, fall upon the eye at different angles, constituting form, and with different frequencies giving colour to that image; that image is only formed when we turn our eyes in the right direction to allow those rills to enter and, whereas those rills are incessantly beating on the outside of our sense organ when the eyelid is closed, they can make no impression unless we allow them to enter by raising that shutter; it is not then any volition from within that goes out to seize upon and grasp the truths from Nature, but the phenomena are as it were forcing their way into our consciousness. This is more difficult to realize when the object is near to us, as we are apt to confound it with our sense of touch, which requires us to stretch out our hand to the object, but it is clearer when we take an object far away. In our telescopes we catch the rills of light which started from a star a million years ago and the image is still formed on the retina *now* although those rills are a million years old and, although invisible to our unaided eye, have been falling upon mankind from the beginning of life on this globe, trying to get an entrance to consciousness. It was, however, only when, by evolution of thought, the knowledge of optics had produced the telescope that it became possible not only for that star to make itself known to us but to declare to us its distance, its size and conditions of existence and even the different elemental substances of which it was composed a million years ago; yet, when we now allow its image to form on the retina, our consciousness insists on fixing its attention upon that star as an outside object, refusing to allow that it is only an image inside the eye and making it difficult to realize that that star may have disappeared and had no existence for the past 999,999 years, although in ordinary parlance we are looking at and seeing it there now. I have referred to the sense of touch; it is, I think, clear that the first impression a child can have of sight must take the form of feeling the image on its retina, as though the object were actually inside the head, and it could have no idea that it was outside until, by touching with the hand, it would gradually

learn by experience that the tangible outside object corresponded with the image located in the head ; this is fully borne out by the testimony of men who, born blind, had, by an operation, received their sight late in life ; in each case their first experience of seeing gave the impression that the object was touching the eye, and they were quite unable to recognize by sight an object such as a cup or plate or a round ball which they had commonly handled and knew perfectly well by touch ; in fact, the idea of an object formed by the sense of touch is so absolutely different to that formed by the sense of sight that it would be impossible without past experience to conclude that the two sensations referred to one and the same object. The image formed on the retina has nothing in common with the sense of hardness, coldness and weight experienced by touch, the only impression on the retina being that of colour or shade and an outline ; it is, however, hardly conceivable that even the outline of form would be recognized by the eye until touch had proved that form comprised also solidity and that the two ideas had certain motions in common both in duration in Time and extension in Space. Again, our senses of sight and hearing are alike based on the appreciation of frequencies of different rapidity ; brightness and colour in light are equivalent to loudness and pitch in sound, but in sound we have no equivalent to perception of form or situation in space, it gives us no knowledge of the existence of an object when situated at great distances, nor can movements be followed even at short distances without having material contact, by means of the air, with the object ; sight indeed appears to have to do with Space—and sound with Time—perception. In examining Nature by means of our senses we find we are so hemmed in by what we have always taken for granted and so bound down by modes of reasoning derived from what we have seen, heard or felt in our daily life, that we are sadly hampered in our search after the truth. It is difficult to sweep the erroneous concepts aside and make a fresh start. In fact the great difficulty in studying the Reality underlying Nature is analogous to our inability to isolate and study the different sounds themselves which fall upon the ear, if our own language is being uttered, without being forced to consider the meaning we have always attached to those sounds.

Let us now go back to the contention that it is not we who are looking out upon Nature but that our senses are being bombarded from without ; we are living in a world of continuous and multitudinous changes and as our senses require change or motion for their excitation, without those changes we could have no cog-

nizance of our surroundings, we should have no consciousness of living, but if we base our thought entirely on sense perception, taking for granted that Time and Space have reality instead of recognizing that they are only modes or limits under which those senses act, the Wall will ever remain opaque to us. Let us try and make this clearer. If we analyse the impression we receive from Motion, we find it is made up of the product of our two limitations, it is the time that an object takes to go over a certain space, we must come therefore to the conclusion also that Motion itself has no existence in reality apart from our senses. The result of not being able to appreciate this, is that the finiteness of our sense, caused by its dependence on Motion for excitation, surrounds us with illusions ; one of these illusions is what we call solidity or continuity of sensation. If you hold a cannon ball in your hand perception by the sense of touch tells you that it is continuous or what is called solid and hard ; but it is not so in reality except as a concept limited by our finite senses. A fair analogy would be to liken it to a swarm of bees, for we know that it is composed of an immense number of independent atoms or molecules which are darting about and circling round each other at an enormous speed but never touching ; they are also pulsating at a definite enormous rate which we can at will increase by heat or reduce by cold ; if our touch perception were sensitive enough we should feel those motions and should not have the sensation of a solid. We have a similar case of limitation in our other senses, which we shall grasp better in another view through our Window, we can hear beats only up to 15 in a second, beyond that number they give the sensation of a musical or continuous sound. In our sense of sight we can see pulsations or intermittent flashes up to only 6 in a second, beyond that number they give the sensation of a continuous light ; a gas jet, if extinguished and relit 6 times in a second can be seen to flicker, but beyond that rate is to our sense of sight a steady flame ; the effect may also be shown by making the top of a match red-hot, when stationary or moving slowly, it is a point of light, but, moved quickly, it becomes a continuous line of light. Even apart from our senses we find Motion giving the characteristics of solidity : a wheel with only a few spokes, if rotated quickly enough, becomes quite impermeable to any substance, however small, thrown at it ; a thin jet of water only half an inch in diameter, if discharged at great pressure equivalent to a column of water of 500 metres, cannot be cut even with an axe, it resists as though it were made of the hardest steel ; a thin cord, if hanging from, and being

revolved very quickly, on a vertical axis, becomes rigid and if struck with a hammer it resists and resounds like a rod of wood ; a thin chain and even a loop of string, if revolved at great speed over a vertical pulley, becomes rigid and, if allowed to escape from the pulley, will run along the ground as a hoop.

Now with regard to this limit of time perception, which gives us the phenomenon of Solidity, I have lately been able to devise an arrangement which, acting as a microscope for Time, gives the sensation of an increase in sight perception up to several thousand units per second ; it is based on the fact that though the eye can only see 6 times per second, it can see for the one-millionth part of a second. An example of this is the well-known experiment of seeing a bullet in its flight, the bullet makes electrical connection resulting in a spark which illuminates the bullet when opposite the eye. The electrical spark exists only for the millionth of a second and as the bullet in that time has no perceptible movement it is seen standing absolutely still with all marks upon it quite visible to the eye. When Sight perception is increased up to the rate at which time may be said to flow for any particular object we apparently get into the reality, the permanent *now* where motion ceases to exist as a sensation. A tuning fork kept vibrating, by means of an electro-magnet, at 2,000 times per second, may to our sense of sight be gradually slowed down and, optically, brought absolutely to a standstill, for as long as desired, and the smallest irregularity of its surface may be minutely examined, though it continues to be heard and felt vibrating at that enormous rate. I have made several experiments in this direction, and some very curious facts connected with the sensation of Motion are brought to light by means of this increase in perceptive power. If the sense of sight is increased to 125 units per second, motion at the rate of 1 inch per second is barely visible ; taking the common house-fly, whose wings vibrate about 400 times per second, its unit of perception would appear to be about two-thirds of those beats, as I found it had no cognizance of motion below 2 inches per second ; you can put your finger on any fly provided you do not approach it faster than the above rate, it turns its head up to look at your finger but can see no motion in it ; if you approach at over 3 inches per second it will always fly away before you are within a foot. I found that a dragon-fly, whose wings vibrate about 200 per second, had only half the number of unit perceptions of the fly and could apparently see motion at about 1 inch per second but not under. In the converse of the above we have then the principle of a Microscope

for Time, somewhat similar to the Microscope for Space of our laboratories. If our perception were increased sufficiently we could slow down any motion for examination, however rapid; there would be no difficulty in following a lightning flash or even arresting its visible motion for purposes of investigation without interfering with the natural sequence of cause and effect.

If, on the other hand, our perception were decreased below 6 times per second, all motion would be accelerated, until with perception reduced to 1 unit in 24 hours the sun would appear only as a band across the sky, we could not follow its motion any more than, as we have seen, we could follow the point of a red-hot match. If perception were reduced far enough, plants and trees would grow up visibly before our eyes; but we must leave this subject now, as this and the Time Microscope will be treated in a later View.

Let us try and appreciate the fact that, under our present conditions, our conceptions of the immense and minute—namely, extension in Space, and that of quick and slow or duration in Time—are purely relative, and that from this arise those pseudo-conceptions which we call the Infinitely extended and the Infinitely lasting. Under our present limitations it is impossible for us to grasp the whole of any Truth, if we could do that, there would be no such mystery of Infinity to puzzle us, we could, as it were, see all round it, but that is again looking through another window, we are now considering *relativity*. If we cut off the very end of the point of the finest needle, we get so minute a particle of steel that it is hardly visible to the naked eye and yet we know that that small speck contains not only millions but millions of millions of what are called atoms, all in intense motion and never touching each other. Try and conceive how small each of these atoms must be and then try and grasp the fact, only lately proved by the discovery of Radio-activity, that each of these atoms is a great family made up of bodies analogous to the planets of our solar system and whose rate of motion is comparable only to that of Light. This is not theory, it is fact clearly demonstrated to us by the study of Radio-activity; curiously enough, we know more about these bodies than we do of the atom itself, we actually know their size and weight and the speed with which they move. We do not yet know what is at the centre of this system, but we do know that each of these bodies is as far away from the centre as our planet is from the sun (93,000,000 miles), and as far from its neighbours as our planet is, *relative to its size*; and now, for the purpose of grasping this subject of

relativity, I want you to ask yourself whether it is conceivable that a world, so small as those bodies are, could possibly be inhabited by sentient beings? Leaving you to form your own conclusion upon this point, I will ask you to follow me down another path leading to the elucidation of the same subject.

If at this moment we and all our surroundings were reduced to half their size and everything were moving twice as quickly, we should absolutely have no cognizance of any change, neither could we possibly note any difference if everything were reduced to a hundredth part of the original size and were going a hundred times quicker; and even when reduced a thousand or a million times, or to such minuteness that the whole of our solar system with its revolving planets became no larger than one of those atoms in the needle point, and the whole of the starry universe therefore reduced to the size of the needle point, its millions of suns coinciding with the millions of planetary systems in that steel particle—our earth would still revolve round the sun, though no larger than one of those minute planetary particles and travelling at the rate of light, but we could still have no knowledge of any change, in fact, our life would go on as usual, though it was difficult a few minutes ago to think it conceivable that so small a globe could be inhabited by sentient beings. Once more let us consider that the change is made in the direction of expansion in space and slowing down of Time; let all our surroundings be so enormously increased that each of the atoms in the steel point became as large as our solar system and the steel point as large as the visible universe, each atom therefore taking the place of a star, motion being reduced in proportion; it is still absolutely inconceivable that we could know of any change having taken place, though the length of our needle, which was at first, say, one inch, would now be so great that light, travelling 186,000 miles per second, would take 500,000 years to traverse its length, and the stature of each one of us would be so great that light would require over 36,000,000 years to travel from head to foot, and that 36,000,000 years would have to be multiplied 163,000,000 times, making 5,860 millions of millions of years to represent the time that an ordinary *sneeze* would take under such conditions; and yet we have only gone towards the Infinitely great exactly as far as we at first went towards the Infinitely small, and it is still absolutely inconceivable that we could be conscious of any change, our everyday life would go on as usual, we should be quite oblivious to the fact that every second of time, with all its incidents and thoughts, had been lengthened to 5,860 millions of millions of

years. Do we not now begin to grasp the fact that immensity and minuteness in extension, and motion in duration, are figments only of our finite minds, that Time and Space have no objective reality apart from our physical senses, they are only the modes under which we receive impressions of our surroundings? With perfect perception we should know that the only Reality is the Spiritual, the Here comprising all space and the Now all Time.

One more look through the window before we part, and we may see what I consider the greatest miracle in our everyday life:—The Inner self of each one of us, being part of the Reality or Spiritual, is independent of Space limitations and must therefore be Omnipresent, is independent of Time and therefore *Omniscient*; this will be explained in another View. It is from this store of knowledge that our Physical Ego is ever trying to win fresh forms of thought, and, in response to our persistent endeavours, that Inner-self, from time to time, buds out an ethereal thought; the Physical Ego has already prepared the clothing with which that bud must be clad before it can come into conscious thought, because, as Max Müller has shown us, we have to form words before we can think; so does the Physical Ego clothe that Ethereal Thought in physical language, and by means of its organ of speech it sends that thought forth into the air in the form of hundreds of thousands of vibrations of different shapes and sizes, some large, some small, some quick, some slow, travelling in all directions and filling the surrounding space; there is nothing in those vibrations but physical movement, but each separate movement is an integral part or thread of that clothing. Another Physical Ego receives these multitudinous vibrations by means of its sense organ, weaves them together into the same physical garment and actually becomes possessed of that Ethereal Thought—an unexplained marvel and probably the most wonderful occurrence in our daily existence, especially as it often enables the second Physical Ego to gain fresh knowledge from its own Real Personality. Now, in connection with this, consider the fact, already emphasized, that it is not we who are looking out upon Nature, but that it is the Reality which is ever trying to make itself known to us by bombarding our sense organs with the particular physical impulses to which those organs can respond, and, if we aspire to gain a knowledge of what is behind the physical, it is clear that all our endeavours must be towards weaving these impulses into garments and then learning from them the sublime Truths which the Reality is ever trying to divulge to us.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MAETERLINCK: THE LESSON OF "THE BLUE BIRD"

BY W. J. COLVILLE

AMONG the most mystical of modern philosophers whose works make a genuine appeal to the general public as well as to a select audience, Maurice Maeterlinck occupies a peculiarly prominent and important place; and among his many splendid treatises *The Life of the Bee* and *Wisdom and Destiny* take specially high rank. But attractive and inspiring though these noble philosophical utterances must prove, it is to the fairy story of *The Blue Bird* that the public has paid the largest amount of attention, greatly on account of the admirable manner in which the play has been staged on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Blue Bird is a story equally fascinating to the child and to the adult, and judging from its long and highly successful runs and the eager demand for its constant repetition, it may be regarded as a truly popular educator as well as a delightful entertainer, for no one can witness so extraordinary a spectacle and follow the remarkable dialogue, without being made to think deeply on some of the greatest questions which ever address themselves to human consciousness. It is not easy to describe Maeterlinck's philosophy as that of any acknowledged school; he is always his own extraordinary self, and whether we can fully follow him, or entirely agree with him, or not, we are sure to pay some tribute to his unique genius and confess ourselves captivated by the subtle charm which he throws over all his work. Whatever this great artist accomplishes he does exquisitely: such is the verdict of his admirers everywhere.

The first great lesson taught in *The Blue Bird* is suggested at its very opening when we find the two children, who are to figure so prominently throughout the tale, taking delight in beholding the Christmas festivities of other children, far wealthier than themselves, in whose enjoyments they can only share as uninvited spectators. Whilst they are making the best of rather trying circumstances on a Christmas Eve, a fairy appears to them and presents them with the means for transcending all ordinary limitations of space and time, so that they soon get in touch with their grandparents who passed from their earthly bodies some few years

before, and when they get into spirit-land they find these grandparents in quite familiar scenes and very glad to welcome their beloved grandchildren. There is so much of the quaintly traditional and fantastic in the get-up of the fairy, and so much that is vague in the description of how the children came into conscious contact with their grandparents that different readers can put their own construction upon the inferences the author intends us to draw, for we are left somewhat in the dark as to exactly how much of Maeterlinck's own idea of the life beyond physical dissolution he has intentionally embodied in the play. One point seems quite clear, viz. that Maeterlinck has a definite grasp of the spiritual and metaphysical aspects of the universe and conceives of nothing materialistically. To him every living creature has a life transcending the physical, and even objects we are accustomed to consider as wholly inanimate he describes as existing in a super-physical state. This is the old, yet ever new, teaching of Occultism and of Mysticism, now coming prominently to the front and promising to supersede the grossly material views of the universe which came into vogue with the advent of modern science, which threatened at first to dispossess us of our spiritual inheritance, but which is now lending itself readily to a demonstration of spiritual reality. To the student of Theosophy fairy lore is fascinating because it introduces us to the workings of actual entities on other planes of nature than the physical, therefore, from the theosophic viewpoint *The Blue Bird* must be far more than simply a work of amusing and peculiar fiction. "Imagination is the creative faculty according to all students of the Mysteries; our minds never conceiving of what cannot exist, though very often we see things indistinctly and confusedly in our imperfect vision.

The "big diamond" which the fairy gives to the two children Tytyl and Mytyl, enabling them to see what physical sight cannot behold, is a reminder of that clairvoyant faculty which was formerly acknowledged widely and then in a grossly sensuous age almost entirely discredited, to be honoured and cultivated again at present. We are reminded of the mysterious "third eye," referred to by H. P. Blavatsky and other recent historians of the mysterious, in these words of the fairy to the children: "When you've got the hat on your head, you turn the diamond a little; from right to left. . . . Then it presses a bump which nobody knows of and which opens your eyes." This reminds us of the "pituitary body" about which Mrs. Besant has much to say in her dissertations on the culture of the superphysical faculties and of the *Chakras*, compared to lotus blossoms in Dr. Rudolf Steiner's remark-

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able treatise *Initiation and its Results*. The mysterious diamond, turned in one way, reveals the past and, turned in another way, foretells the future. Reading the past is not difficult to understand, as all that has occurred has left its impress, and it only needs unusual sensitiveness to enable a seer to read the *Akashic Records* which are as legible to the psychometer as the stratified rocks are intelligible to the geologist. Just as nature keeps a physical, so she also keeps a psychical scroll of record or book of remembrance. But to read the future is not so readily accounted for, because no record can exist of what has not yet occurred.

Maeterlinck introduces the children in Fairyland, after they have interviewed old friends and partaken of hospitality (including plum tart) on the astral plane, to far more wonderful and bewildering fields of vision, where they behold the souls of a multitude of the unborn, each one of whom is compelled to come to earth exactly at the appointed time and to fulfil a definitely pre-determined mission. Those who have departed from earth live happily in the state immediately following their exit from the flesh, provided their friends remember them, but if they are forgotten by those they have left on earth they suffer more or less from loneliness, according to Maeterlinck. This may be quite true concerning those who are not far advanced, but it is certainly not the case with those who are further developed spiritually. One of the most fascinating features of this extraordinary romance is the marvellous impersonation of such commodities as bread, milk and sugar, as well as of the elements, fire and water. These are all grotesque of necessity, but their respective characteristics are remarkably well maintained, if our imagination can go anything like as far as Maeterlinck's. The animal characters, Dog and Cat, are quite expressive. Dog is delightfully portrayed, and "man's best friend" deserves all the compliments which this romantic writer throws at his faithful feet. Cat is rather hardly dealt with, the alleged treachery of the feline nature being intensely emphasized. The various Trees are interestingly portrayed, but it appears that all living creatures, vegetable as well as animal, have some resentment against the human race, with the single exception of the dog, which looks up to man as to a divinity. The search for the Blue Bird is conducted amid all sorts of trying circumstances, and though this symbol of unalloyed happiness is never fully captured by the children in their widely extended quest, they occasionally catch glimpses of it, as, for instance, when, in the Land of Memory where they are visiting their grandparents, they find the old black-bird appearing perfectly blue. The ethical significance of this

change of colour to their vision appears to be that the transformation is effected by their unselfish delight in giving pleasure to old friends whom they may have often forgotten to remember, and thereby caused pain to sensitive hearts.

In almost all the work of Maeterlinck we find an elusive charm, somewhat embarrassing, occasioned by his combination of subtle mysticism with clear moral philosophy, but the two are not incongruous, therefore it may be quite legitimate to take a double view of the visit to the Land of Memory, which may signify vastly more than the title obviously conveys. Our friends still on earth and those who have passed away are alike susceptible to our kindly remembrance, and if the Blue Bird helps any one of us to think more frequently as well as more lovingly of the seemingly absent it will have served a very useful philanthropic end. We cannot fail to be reminded of many an ancient doctrine of the future state when lingering over the fascinating scene which presents to spectators in a theatre Gaffer and Granny and little brothers and sisters dropping off to sleep when the children from earth who have visited them in the psychic realm are compelled to take their departure. As a dramatic situation this is very good, but may it not be more in accord with real conditions in spirit-life to suggest that it only appears so to the children when their brief visit must reach its end? While there is real active life apart from the physical body, it is a reasonable thought that we may awaken the memories of our friends in spirit by thinking steadily of them, and on the other hand our sometimes sudden revival of memory of them may be caused by their simultaneous or preceding thought of us. The serving of a delicious supper on the astral plane, of cabbage, soup and plum tarts, provokes inquiry as to how far our taste for particular kinds of food may be an expression of an interior condition which survives physical dissolution. The more we meditate upon such a theme the more important and significant it grows, for it is capable of opening the entire question of the whence of our distinctive appetites, and surely no student of anthropology can fail to trace some definable connection between delight in peculiar food and accompanying psychic peculiarities. This subject, so far as it relates to our earthly existence only, was studied at length by the celebrated Prof. Tyndall, whose Belfast Address in 1874 set the scientific world to discussing the problem of spontaneous generation.

When the children find that the Blue Bird cannot be a transformed blackbird but a creature *sui generis*, they accompany the fairy into the kingdom of Mother Night where it is actu-

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ally concealed, but so guarded that their search for it is rendered almost too difficult for them to attempt. Still they brave all the terrors (imaginary, of course) invented by Night to scare them from their purpose, and after witnessing the contents of many curious chambers in Night's domain, the occupants of which come trooping forth at their command, or when they succeed in opening a door, they at length—despite Mother Night's protestations, and she is aided by the scheming Cat, to keep them from beholding and liberating this priceless treasure—unbar the gate of secrecy behind which they had been falsely told all manner of awful horrors lurked, and find troops of exquisitely beautiful bluebirds, which, however, cannot endure such abrupt deliverance from their accustomed habitat. Light proves always the friend and guide of the children, and after they have left the abode of Night, she conducts them to a graveyard, where they renew their search for a bluebird which they can retain after capturing it. This scene is not in the least gruesome and illustrates magnificently the cheery optimism of Maeterlinck's philosophy. The clock sounds the witching hour of midnight and the graves are opening, the truth is now to be revealed concerning death. No wraiths and shrouds are seen, but charming music fills the quiet air and a vision of hundreds of beautiful lilies is beheld. When the Play is mounted superbly, as it has been recently in many cities on both sides of the Atlantic, the spectacle is lovely beyond description. Everything is radiant, nothing suggests gloom, and the children exultingly exclaim, "*There are no dead.*"

Whatever may be Maeterlinck's exact idea of the life beyond the physical, it is delightfully evident that he has only a message of hope and cheer for all humanity. The great surging hymn of thanksgiving heard in the solemn graveyard is a mightier sermon on immortality than the most gifted orator can preach, for it lays hold on the enraptured listener, while the vision of the lilies charms the eye of the thrilled spectator. Two senses at once unite to proclaim, "death is swallowed up in victory." It must be for some deep insight into life's deepest meaning and mystery that Maeterlinck has been classed with Victor Hugo and other great romantic writers, who were indeed philosophers in Plato's sense of that expansive title; and on that account, therefore, he has earned the Nobel Prize, one of the most signal of European honours, conferred only upon the truly great who have distinguished themselves in literature. The Kingdom of the Future is the next realm visited by Tyltyl and Mytyl, and there we are introduced to a world of souls where we all live before we are born on earth.

Though there are quaint and almost comical situations presented on the threshold of this Anteland, where Father Time is obliged daily to superintend the departure of those who must be born on earth on that particular day, the scene conjures up in the thoughtful mind the whole problem of pre-existence, and together with it the nature and limits of destiny. None who have studied the development of Maeterlinck's attitude toward life can have failed to note how as years have gone by any objectionable fatalism which may have once beclouded his spiritual vision has entirely cleared away, leaving his present mental sky free from all the clouds which once obscured it. In this scene we come nearer to a fatalistic view of life than in any of his other presentations, but we are brought far nearer to the Theosophical concept of Karma than to a bald fatalism if we consider the situation well.

There is a compelling power behind what we call destiny, and for some good end, we may rest happily assured, all events occur. There are amusing and there are also intensely pathetic features of the soul's compulsory journey to earth, for some are represented as in great haste to be born, but they have to wait until the appointed day arrives, and others plead in vain to be allowed to remain awhile longer in their antenatal paradise that they be not separated from those specially near and dear to them. A pair of lovers presents a sad as well as a romantic spectacle, and it does seem hard to understand why one must depart at once for earth while the other must delay longer in the unborn realm. Only two reasonably satisfactory answers have ever been attempted when such searching questions have been urged, viz., either that there is some special mission for every individual soul to accomplish through incarnation, necessitating some unique experience in every detailed instance, or that the life we are now living has been fore-conditioned owing to the effects of some previous existence. Both these answers can be theosophically resolved into some harmonious synthesis.

There is no Blue Bird discoverable in the Palace of the Future, probably because the author is intensely conscious of the fact that real and abiding happiness is only to be gained through conquest inseparable from earthly discipline. When the children have returned to their earthly home and wake up in their accustomed bed on Christmas morning, their parents and a friendly neighbour think they must be suffering from fever, for they cannot forget their visit to Fairyland, which seems to them to have occupied a year, though it was only the experience of a single night. The finding of the Blue Bird occurs after they get home and give

their own bird to a delicate child belonging to a neighbour, who receives great help from the kindly spirit which prompts the offering. The Blue Bird cannot remain permanently in the possession of the children, but they have held it in their hands and discovered the reality of its existence. Here we find a foretaste of what is in store for us in some brighter and purer regions when we have conquered selfishness entirely and arrived at a spiritual goal which ever eludes us, though continually urging us forward. Though *The Blue Bird* is by no means to be necessarily regarded as the greatest of Maeterlinck's works, it is without question the most widely known and generally popular. Most of the editions of the book and presentations of the play are incomplete, because they show how "Cold-in-the-Head" and many other curious and undesirable creatures can be evoked in the Palace of Night, but we are not shown a display of benignant and radiant forms called forth in a Temple of Light, unless we have read or witnessed the magnificent supplementary act which the author constructed to meet a pressing demand and comply with urgent requests from many of his greatest admirers. Maeterlinck's philosophy of life has shown such steady and delightful growth during the past several years that we can well look forward to something far grander from his pen than anything that has yet appeared. This charming man, with his extremely graceful and gifted wife, is a great lover of nature and lives much in the open air. The wonderful couple have two beautiful homes, one in Normandy and one on the Mediterranean Coast. In personal appearance Maeterlinck is strong and kindly; he has a fascinating smile, an open, boyish face, glorified by an expression of deep and rare thoughtfulness which exalts him far above the general run of gifted writers. From whatever standpoint we view *The Blue Bird* we must pronounce it a masterpiece of fairy lore, and were it only for its marvellous insight into the very spirit of nature we should be well justified in pronouncing its author worthy of the entire world's esteem and gratitude. The tribute to the Dog is one of the truest and finest pieces of work in modern literature. This feature alone could well be made the topic of an extended essay.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Can any of your readers explain the following facts? For some years, before the invention of cinematography, I several times dreamt that I saw pictures in black and white (not coloured) hanging on a wall and that the figures and animals in these pictures moved (just as cinematograph pictures move); also I was not surprised at these pictures but thought them quite natural, till I woke.

This seems as if in my sleep *I was able to transpose myself several years forward.*

I have in my dreams gone back to ancient times. There are two things I can always do in my dreams, and have all my life: one is, I can fly, but with a laboured flight; in order to rise, I have to get on a roof or higher ground and then I tend gradually to get lower; the other thing is that, in my sleep, I am a very good swimmer. I can, for instance, go into the sea and swim with confidence towards land far beyond the horizon, and never seem to tire or be in danger of sinking—in fact, I can swim like a fish.

Also, whereas when I am awake it makes me giddy to get on high places or on the edge of a cliff, etc., in my sleep neither water nor heights trouble me, as I can fly and swim.

Is this an ancestral memory, or is it looking into the future, as in my cinematograph dreams?

I once dreamt I was in a very curious dome-shaped building with Eastern decoration in bright colours, and when I went to the Paris Exhibition of 1900 *I found the very building of my dreams.* When one of my dogs was dying six miles away, I woke in a fright, feeling the dog dying beside me!

Yours faithfully,

“PUZZLED.”

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—It is evident from the horoscope of the *Titanic* contributed by Mr. A. J. Pearce to the last issue of your REVIEW that the vessel was launched at an unfortunate moment. I am doubt-

ful, however, whether from such a figure it would be possible to predict that shipwreck would be the result—and, if so, at what time. May I therefore point out to the student of astrology how the reading of the horoscope may be corroborated. Let a figure of the heavens be drawn for the exact hour when the vessel foundered, and it will be seen that the moon had just reached the place of Mars in the radix, and the Sun conjoined with Mercury was in exact square to the radical Moon.

Yours, etc.,
G. F. GREEN.

UPPER NORWOOD.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have been quite interested in your discussion upon the wart question and I thought perhaps I might add my little word or two. About twenty years ago I became interested in psychology and the study of the effect that mind had over the body in different ways. At this time I had upon the back of my left hand one very large wart and two smaller ones which were very ugly and which I wanted to get rid of. I had in some way gotten with my new-found metaphysical ideas an idea that some people had a magnetic breath which if used in certain ways would drive out the old diseased magnetism from any part affected, and thus begin the cure which the mind (sub-conscious) would carry on and continue. I made up my mind to try my new ideas upon my warts. I breathed upon them long and earnestly, at the same time feeling positive that they would go away in a little time. I only went through this process once, feeling sure that my conscious work was done and that my sub-conscious effort would continue until the thing desired was accomplished. About one week later, while sitting at the table eating, I felt a slight stinging sensation in my hand and looking down I saw the back of it was covered with blood and that the largest wart was hanging on by a thread of skin. I wrapped a handkerchief around it, and that night when I took the cloth off the largest wart was gone. Within the space of two weeks more the other two smaller warts also disappeared.

A little time after this a neighbour friend of mine brought in his twelve-year-old son, crying from the pain caused by a tremendous wart upon one of his knuckles. He was always striking the wart upon something and hurting it, and he had had it for over two years, and it was steadily growing in size. I took the boy's well hand within my left one and then I breathed upon the

wart for about two minutes. Then I pronounced the work done and told the boy that in a few days the wart would go. The next evening just at dusk, the boy came running in laughing, and calling out, "Oh, Mr. Penick, my wart is gone!" Sure enough it had dropped off a few moments before, leaving not even a tender or red place to mark where it had been.

I have done this time and time again and not only have I used the system to take off warts, but I have also used it to take off corns, and in three or four cases goitres. My idea is that any mode or system or charm will do the same work exactly if the operator has full faith and understands how to use suggestion aright. Such cures as these are entirely separate and apart, according to my opinion, from the genuine spiritual and metaphysical cures that are being made by many worthy demonstrators. The breathing upon the warts does nothing but simply warm up the part affected and in this way makes the patient's sub-conscious mind take the suggestion that something is being done that will remove the wart in a short time, and I am always now very careful to set an exact date by which the work is to be accomplished. The awakened sub-conscious mind goes to work upon the suggestion given it *and it sees that it is carried out.* Why and how it does this no man can tell. Only again, I say that suggestion cures are not upon the same level with the higher metaphysical demonstration.

Yours very truly,
 St. JOSEPH, Mo., U.S.A. WILL R. PENICK, JR.

THE MYSTIC REUNION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent "Mystic" in his letter on the above in your May issue touches on one of the deepest and most interior mysteries of the Universe; a mystery fraught with grave danger, unless the recipient is pure in heart and mind. Judging from your very interesting review of Mrs. Campbell Praed's book, *The Body of His Desire*—for I have not yet read it—she also touches on the same deep truth, namely, the Divine duality of all things. All interior and spiritually advanced souls know that the Supreme is not only our Father, but our Mother also. Jacob Boehme taught this truth; so did Anna Kingsford. We find it in the ancient cult of Isis and Osiris; also in the Kabbala, under the names Abba and Aima, Chokmah and Binah,

the latter being the masculine and feminine Supernal Sephiroth proceeding from Kether. The same truth is to be found in Theosophy, although somewhat obscured, while it is one of the fundamental doctrines in the philosophy of Lake Harris. Not only is this truth in accord with our deepest affection, but it is equally obvious to our highest intelligence.

"Mystic" quotes from Genesis, "God said it is not good that the man should be alone." Man or woman alone is incomplete and imperfect. Further, according to Genesis, "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them." If this be so man (*homo*) was originally twain-one, male-female, the rational and intuitional, the intellectual and affectional natures blending, thus making him a complete and perfect one—a unit. When he fell from his high estate the unity was broken, and he was no longer a homogeneous one, but henceforth man (*vir*) and woman (*mulier*). Since then the two halves have attracted each other; even through the most perverse circumstances man has been drawn to woman, and woman to man. Only when the severed halves again become one—a unit—shall we see the perfect man (*homo*), and that come to pass which is written in 2 Clement v. 1: "For the Lord Himself being asked by a certain person when His Kingdom should come, answered, 'When Two shall be One, and the outward as the inward, and the male with the female, neither male nor female.'"

Every soul—whether conscious of it or not—has its twin-soul, its counterpart, its alter ego, its other self, and not until the two unite is Angelhood attainable. The male alone would ever lack the womanly qualities, and the female the manly. Counterpartal marriage union is the outward and visible manifestation of the inward and spiritual union of truth and love.

Thoughtful persons are becoming more and more exercised in their minds over the sex question, more particularly as it appertains to marriage. Divorce is frequent, while even those who remain in wedlock are, in many cases, far from being perfectly happy. The only solution is Counterpartal marriage, the union of two souls destined from all eternity to become one. On no other ground can monogamy be logically maintained.

All Scriptures esoterically teach this truth, though only the pure in heart and mind can realize it in its fulness. Man (*homo*) then becomes in the truest sense a microcosm of the macrocosm, and so able to enter into all truth.

Yours faithfully,
UNITY.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

La Revue Théosophique Belge is publishing a series of extracts from letters written by a Sufi, who is termed "Master" in the title and on the assumption, which need not be called in question, that they are the serious production of an eastern thinker or teacher; it must be said that they are of uncommon interest, particularly the gleanings which make up the fourth paper of the series. Sufic doctrine is said to establish a classification of the human constitution as follows: (a) the body of man, including cerebral consciousness, or intellect; (b) the heart, as seat of desire and "concrete mentality," the part of emotion in man; (c) the soul, or higher mentality, which is the Ego, properly so called; and (d) the spirit. They are in correspondence respectively with the physical world, astral world, superior mental world and the world spiritual. The following of the mystic quest is described under the symbolism of successive veils, removed successively. Behind the first of these the mind perceives the Intellectual Revelation, as if a curtain were drawn from the material mind. At the next stage a veil is removed from the heart, and "a Perceptual Revelation" follows. The mysteries of creation and existence begin to be unfolded thereafter, and this is called Inspirational Revelation. The veil of the soul is lifted, heaven and hell are opened and intercourse with angels is established. This is Spiritual Revelation. When the soul has been purged from terrestrial impurities, it obtains Revelation of the Infinite and contemplates the circle of eternity. The next experience is when the spiritual pilgrim passes into the sphere of Divine Attributes by the aid of Intimate Revelation. It is the state of absorption, Divine Vision and unity. Tabulations of this kind, though verbally distinct, are without prejudice to one another and do not exclude one another; they are formulations of individual minds or systems, and in so far as they have a root in experience, they are at heart always one.

Schopenhauer as a writer on the occult sciences will come like a revelation to English students, so little is he who wrote on the World as Will and Idea connected with such subjects. *La Revue Spirite* draws attention to the publication in France of certain *Mémoires*, translated for the first time, and mentions pertinently enough the kind of impression which may be produced in official circles of thought, where their existence has never been disclosed.

Our contemporary suggests that the school of philosophy in France is no less sectarian and obscurantist than the Church itself. The subjects included by the papers are Animal Magnetism, Magic, the Destiny of the Individual and an essay on the Apparition of Spirits. A single quotation on the first of these four subjects must be sufficient for the point of view. Schopenhauer says that "he who at this day questions the facts of animal magnetism and the clairvoyance manifested therein is not to be called an unbeliever, for his true name is ignoramus." One cannot help thinking that these articles should be made available in English form.

Le Voile d'Isis tells a most curious story, the full appreciation of which demands some familiarity with the history of occult literature in France during the past sixty years. We are taken back indeed to the period of the *coup d'état*, to the sense of insecurity felt by Napoleon III in respect of his throne and dynasty and to one singular attempt by which it was sought to popularize and strengthen the new *régime* by the prophetic findings of an astrological system invented for that purpose. It was devised by P. Christian, author of a history of magic which is familiar in France and is not unknown to students of the subject in England. The system claimed to be founded (a) on a papyrus of Simeon Ben Jochai, the traditional author of the Zohar, but the document existed only in the imagination of Christian; (b) on certain apocryphal secrets called magian and said to have been handed down by Cagliostro; (c) on Tarot cards, which the author of the criticism here summarized believes to have been invented by Gringonneur for the benefit of King Charles VI. This is manifestly untrue, but the point does not signify. The manufactured astrology sprang ready made from the brain of Christian, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, and it shewed to the satisfaction of its author the providential intervention which restored the Napoleonic dynasty, and the glorious future of the son of Napoleon III. The question is why it was necessary to formulate a new astrology for the proclamation of these events, and the answer is that Christian, who was versed in astrology proper, knew that the latter shewed forth but too plainly the downfall of the Third Empire and the untimely death of the Prince Imperial. Both these occurrences are said to have been predicted by the London *Zadkiel* in 1853 and 1857. What recompense was obtained by Christian, or even expected, does not appear. Meanwhile the works which contain his invention are exceedingly rare and of high market value: it may be that there is another side of the subject.

The Co-Mason is interesting as usual and continues to maintain the really high standard which it reached at an early stage of its existence. It reflects, and not unnaturally, the authorized organs of Masonic research, and there is perhaps one sense in which this is a little regrettable. It seems to carry a suggestion, no doubt unintended, that the Co-Masonic movement is an admitted part of Masonry from the standpoint of Grand Lodge and Chapters. One cannot help thinking that the bold innovation to which it owes existence should lead it to maintain a perfect independence with the same courage, and while claiming the recognition which it deserves in its own eyes, that it should do nothing to suggest, even negatively, that it is standing otherwise than on its own merits. The last issue has some important notes on the existence of an operative mystery distinct at the present day from that which is speculative and unknown thereby. On other grounds than those of Co-Masonry or periodical literature representing the Craft at large, it is possible to say that the world of symbolism may be astonished before long by unexpected information under this head.

The Vâhan continues its information regarding the founding in London of a Temple of the Rosy Cross for the purpose of providing a body through which the "Master" Rakoczi can function, "while performing his special mission in aid of the coming of the Christ." The personality referred to is called otherwise "the Hungarian Adept." The legend concerning him mentions, in addition to titles which we have recited previously, that he was connected with the Knights Templar and with the Rite of the Strict Observance. He is said to have "bestowed his benediction" on the new effort, and the Order is described as now established definitely.

Mr. R. N. Warren writes on Pythagorean Numbers in the last issue of *The Path* and seems to look at his subject under something of a new aspect. He quotes from a fragment of Aristoxenos on the significance of odd and even numbers. The latter are divisible into equal parts, as for example, $6=3+3$. The former have a middle term, e.g., $7=3+1+3$. According to the Greek, the even numbers are left without a master, being the number 1, which according to Pythagoras was divine. The even number is evil, because it is without divine contact. Mr. Warren recites the opinion without intimating concurrence, and he mentions that probably the ogdoad, or number 8, is the number of Christ according to Martinism; by the Gnostics it was called the day "Be with us," or the attainment of liberation.

REVIEWS

THE GREAT INITIATES. By Edouard Schuré. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Two volumes. Crown. 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. net the two.

THE translation by Mr. Fred Rothwell, B.A., of this fine piece of constructive work, puts us in possession of a scheme of religio-philosophical development which is continuous and sustained from the earliest enunciations of Rāma to the latest presentation of the sayings of Jesus. Yet not only does the gifted author deal with the teachings of the eight great teachers of humanity, but by a coherent use of the imaginative faculty he revives for us the historical circumstance of each of these great Initiates, and so faithfully employs the known history and the traditions clustering about these personages that they appear in an atmosphere which, while wholly imaginative, gives us a sense of actual reality. Here and there throughout the two volumes of this remarkable work there are suggestions of something more allied to inspiration than creative fiction, and it is at times difficult to believe otherwise than that the whole scheme is a revelation. "The faith of Columbus and Galileo is not an enemy to Reason, but rather its torch," we are told in an excellent Introduction to Esoteric Teaching.

In these early teachings of the Great Initiates we find the glimmerings of that Science which is based on exact knowledge of the physical world, but has for its apex the evolved consciousness of the human soul. Rāma, Krishna, Hermes, Moses, Orpheus form the subjects of the first volume of this work. The author shows the correlated development of the teachings derived from these sources, their fundamental identity. Indeed, one is led to suspect an identity also of the several teachers, the same Great Soul in a series of manifestations, teaching the same truths in different tongues and climes.

The second volume embraces the teachings of Pythagoras, Plato and Jesus, the Last Great Initiate. The Nazarene is, as it were, the Octave of the scale of human initiation which began with Rāma.

The work is one of the most fascinating that has been given to us during the last century. It is bigger and grander in its conception than the Lives of the Saints and more circumstantial than the work of Rénan. Few will endure a break in its reading with patience. The figures are so commanding and fateful that they fascinate and compel attention, and the tracing of this great evolution from Rāma to Jesus has in it the consequence of a personal destiny which holds us to the end. Fiction or fact, it is a delightful piece of workmanship, and should claim a wide recognition.

SCRUTATOR.

IS THE MIND A COHERER? By L. G. Sarjant. London: Geo. Allen & Co., Ltd., 44, Rathbone Place. 6s. net.

SCIENCE has reached an impasse. It has laboriously traced the evolution of the unit life from protoplasmic cell to the complex of human organism. Beyond that it cannot proceed. Mind as a by-product of organic matter is an anomaly to which it cannot lend itself. An effect cannot comprehend its own cause, as Mind comprehends the nature and functions of Matter.

And how then, if at all, does Matter become Mind? Science does not tell us. There is a chasm of ignorance to be bridged only by analogical thought.

Huxley despaired of a solution to the problem of mind. "I know nothing," he says, "and never hope to know anything of the steps by which the passage from the molecular movement to states of consciousness is effected," and in the opinion of Du Bois-Raymond it is utterly inconceivable how consciousness should arise from the atomic action of the elements which enter into our constitution. Clifford regards the physical and mental phenomena as upon entirely different planes.

The author of the present work seeks to institute a thesis by which the problem may be rendered intelligible. When two persons touch one another, they have the same touch-sensation. This is coherence, and the men are coherers. It is shown that this statement will apply equally to other sensations and to thought itself. Such a system enables us to understand some of the psychological problems. Affection-contact, thought-contact, desire-contact, are so many expressions of the fact of coherence. But, further, we may discern how even thoughts of an allied or similar nature may result in the aggregation of detached thoughts in the formation of group-thoughts or associated ideas. Certainly from the physical point of view we shall find no satisfactory solution of the problem of mind, inasmuch as we are faced by two systems of chemistry, one that does not admit an increase of matter and therefore cannot recognize Mind as a separate entity, the other making life itself to involve the production of matter and thus to regulate the appearances and disappearances of matter. On the horns of this dilemma the reader will perhaps find logical security in the consideration of Mr. Sarjant's thesis.

SCRUTATOR.

A MANUAL OF BUDDHISM. By Dudley Wright. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., Broadway House, Carter Lane, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

A SYNTHETIC view of the main tenets of the Buddhist faith and philosophy is not easily to be derived from a discursive reading of the many volumes extant which deal with the *Tripitika*, the *Dhammapada* and other Pali scriptures fundamental to the Buddhist canon. The present short treatise will, therefore, prove of much interest and will greatly aid the lay reader to obtain a comprehensive view of the main teachings of the most extensive faith in the world. A great faith requires not a great book, but a large heart and an open mind if we would examine it without prejudice. We are conveniently reminded by Prof. Edmund Mills in his genial Introduction that "there are no *little* books on Buddhism."

In this volume of some eighty pages we are given a digest of the Tenets of Buddhism, the principles of the Eightfold Path, and a presentation of Buddhistic teaching in regard to God, Nirvana, Woman, Divorce and Religious Practice, and it is satisfactory to know that "Whenever possible, the words ascribed to the Buddha himself have been quoted." The work shows considerable literary skill and its orderliness and conciseness will tend to enhance its value as a primer of instruction.

SCRUTATOR.

CHEIRO'S MEMOIRS. The Reminiscences of a Society Palmist. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. 22 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt tops, 7s. 6d. net.

It may serve a good purpose to know that interest in the Occult Arts is not confined to the butterflies of social life. It will undoubtedly be of interest to learn what great intellects have said about Palmistry and to be assured by personal experience of the author that the science of cheiromancy has a foundation in fact to which these minds give an ungrudging testimony.

The book is in the nature of an autobiography. We are told what circumstances entered into the making of the seer, and how travel and professional experience conspired to the building up of an exceptional career. Then came the choice of a name, of locality, as essentials of practice. What follows is a recital of some of the more remarkable experiences enjoyed by Cheiro in his capacity as Palmist with distinguished personages. Foremost among these may be cited King Edward VII, William Ewart Gladstone, Charles Stewart Parnell, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Professor Max Müller, Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Russell of Killowen, "Mark Twain," William T. Stead, and not yet is the illustrious list exhausted, but it will suffice. The alertness of the late King is well portrayed in a little séance of Kabalism to which, as an annexe to Palmistry, Cheiro frequently refers.

"Go on with this curious idea of numbers that you have got, forget who I am and be just as much at your ease as you were before," said the King. Cheiro had got to the point of telling how and why certain days and numbers were important in the life. In this case they were Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, and the numbers six and nine. The King pointed to the number 69 and said: "As this is the only date when these two curious numbers which you say are the keynotes of my life come together, I suppose then that must be the end." And so it was, alas!

Cheiro tells us his story in a simple, straightforward manner, without any attempt at effect beyond that which the recital of fact produces, and gives us a genuine exhibit of the thought of many illustrious people regarding this phase of the science of Foreknowledge. Incidentally it is of interest to note that the late Lord Chief Justice of England, Russell of Killowen, subscribes to the truth of the Science of Numbers as developed by Kabalism while administering the statute law which requires that "any person, or persons, found guilty of practising Astrology, Palmistry, Witchcraft, or all such works of the devil, is hereby deemed a rogue and vagabond, to be sentenced to lose all his goods and possessions, to stand one year in the pillory, to be expelled from the country, or to be imprisoned for life." In common with many of less fame, Cheiro has reason to be glad that in these days we have arrived at a construction and interpretation of the Vagrants Act which is both better literature and better law. *Cheiro's Memoirs* will be very much in demand, I venture to say. SCRUTATOR.

THE ROMANCE OF WILLS AND TESTAMENTS. By Edgar Vine Hall. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. Price 5s. net.

THIS is a most interesting volume, and readers of the OCCULT REVIEW would do well to acquaint themselves with it. So much has it secured our interest, that we wish it had an index. Perhaps, if the volume goes to a

second impression, one may be provided. It is just the kind of work which will be consulted, and an index, in these busy days, saves a good deal of time. It is not possible to do justice to the book in the few lines we are able to give to it; therefore let us hasten to say that we have found the book most absorbing. The character of an individual may be discovered in his will. The writer of this review has himself collected a good many strange wills during the past years, and their oddities, curiousnesses, abnormalities, and strange conditions, make as good reading as almost any volume of fiction. Mr. Hall has made us a readable book. He fully understands the art of literary balance, which he strengthens with good taste and a pleasant style. He starts out upon his task with a reference to that wonderfully charming *littérateur*, Mr. Lucas; and a writer is on the right track if he takes such an one as his companion. Obviously, the chapter which will appeal to our readers most is that devoted to "Wills and Ghosts," although, we are convinced, the other sections of the book will be found equally attractive. There are a good number of instances given in the "Wills and Ghosts" chapter of persons giving information as to their property, and the disposal of it, after the separation of body and soul. These cases are worth most careful consideration and analysis.

M. C.

LEAVES OF PROSE. By Annie Matheson. London: Stephen Swift & Co., Ltd. Price 5s. net.

THIS is a very charming volume of short essays and papers on Art, Nature, Sociology and Literature, and exhibits considerable depth of feeling, originality of thought and a comprehensive grasp of affairs. We feel that Miss Matheson is deeply interested in life as a whole, from the crowded town to the rural countryside. Her writing is distinctive and breathes a love of humanity, a knowledge of the needs of the poor and a keen interest in economics. Her views are wide, her sympathies extensive.

Interspersed throughout the volume are several poems, which prove the authoress to be equally able at Poetry as at Prose. Her appreciation and love of Nature are apparent from the first page to the last, and it is hardly necessary for her to quote Browning as frequently as she does for us to realize her love and knowledge of his works. There is the same "Spirit of Spring" and the same perfect understanding of Nature's moods noticeable in her writings as in his.

Her English is clear, expressive and forceful, her subjects unusual, her descriptions delicate.

The two studies contributed by the able and well-known pen of May Sinclair, one on "George Meredith" and the other entitled "A Servant of the Earth," complete and conclude a most interesting, instructive and attractive book.

VIRGINIA MILWARD.

THE ESSENCE OF THE UNIVERSE By Edwin Lucas. Cr. 8vo., pp. vi. + 339. London: Published by the Author, at 4, Grafton Mansions, Duke's Road, W.C. Price 5s.

THE author of this work conceives that there is one mighty purpose underlying all things. "This end," he writes, "is clearly the production of mankind, and mankind is, in the light of Nature's own record, the Essence

of the Universe." In the beginning, he asserts, there were two distinct and separate principles—matter (in a formless, chaotic and immobile condition), and spirit—and it is by the marriage of these two principles that this purpose is being achieved. It will be seen, therefore, that the writer's philosophy is essentially dualistic, and suffers from the insuperable defect of all dualistic systems, namely, that the mind refuses to rest satisfied with a duality at the basis of all things, and incessantly searches to discover a unity behind this duality. The author, however, believes that unity is only to be found in the future, when spirit and matter shall have become completely married in perfected humanity, in the united harmony of individual souls or spirit-matter complexes, constituting the living body of God.

Man, Mr. Lucas believes, is essentially a spirit, and in organic evolution he sees the gradual formation of material forms for the individualization of spirit, whereby it may become self-conscious. Here we are in agreement with him. But some of his speculations will certainly strike the majority of readers as fantastic; and his theory "that the invisible centre of every elemental atom is . . . the very ancient mineral we call lodestone" would not be tolerated for a moment by any chemist, since lodestone is itself a compound of two material elements, namely, iron and oxygen. Nor can we follow Mr. Lucas in his denial of free-will, which is not only destructive of morality (a consequence, however, which the writer seems hardly to anticipate) but is contradicted by our own consciousness of (limited, it is true) freedom. But his lofty conceptions of what the end of human marriage ought to be, the production of the fruit of the universe in a perfect form, the birth of the ideal child, and of the real and profound right of woman—"to be a mother; to prepare a superb, beautiful and healthy casket for a pure, happy, and perfect spirit"—these ideas we can all appreciate.

H. S. REDGROVE.

SREE KRISHNA, THE LORD OF LOVE. By Swami Bábá Premanand Bháráti. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 550 pp. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, E.C. Price 4s. 6d. net.

WHAT the name of Christ is in the West, is that of Krishna in the East. The devotion of the Hindu to his Divine Ideal, however, takes an intense form which is somewhat alien to the emotional reticence of the West. The keynote of Bábá Bháráti's *Sree Krishna*, therefore, is pre-eminently that of Bhakti. And to the heart that worships and to the mind that is free from the trammels of creed, the beauty of this intense devotion and self-surrender to the Divine is equally appealing, whether the Object of worship be Kali, Krishna, or Christ. The Fountain of Life is the same for all. The twenty-four chapters of the first part of this work are devoted to an exposition of Hindu philosophy, embracing among other topics: The Science of Creation; The Caste System; Physical and Astral Bodies; Karma; Reincarnation; Yoga. The object of the writer has been to give the substance of Hindu thought in all its purity, and in Eastern dress. The thirty-three chapters which constitute the second part of the book consist of stories of the life of Krishna, which, by the way, present many striking parallels to the stories in the Christian Gospels. The volume is brought to an end with some seventy odd pages of "Messages and Revelations from Sree Krishna."

As our author quaintly puts it: "The first part of the book contains the food, the kernel of the Soul-cocanut; the second part, its sweet milk; the third part is from Sree Krishna Himself." The writer's style is lucid and agreeable, and the little unidiomatic turns of speech, inevitable occasionally in the case of a Hindu expressing himself in a foreign tongue, rather add to than detract from the charm of the book, which is deserving of a wide welcome not only from those who are interested in Eastern religion and philosophy, but from those also who would become acquainted in an agreeable manner with one of the most beautiful of Indian religions.

H. J. S.

THE NIGHT LAND. By William Hope Hodgson. Pp. 583. London: Eveleigh Nash. Price 6s.

INDIAN TALES OF LOVE AND BEAUTY. By Josephine Ransom. Pp. xvi + 191, with 3 Illustrations. *The Theosophist Office, Adyar, Madras, India.* Price 2s. 6d. net.

LOVE and astonishment: it is with these that Romance ministers to heart-hunger and curiosity; and here are two books which witness to the virtue of her service.

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As for the story which he tells, it presents, as a vision of the future, a sublime and awful picture of humanity collected together in one enormous fortress, rising miles above the earth and founded miles below it. Without is a sunless world invaded by august and horrible enemies of mankind, among them beings who destroy souls. The narrator, who is a telepathist as well as a superb athlete, wakes in the future and, hearing a voice across the world's night, learns that his dead love of centuries ago is reincarnated and in need of his help. For her sake he braves the perils offered by Silent Ones, Giant Slugs, Humped Men, etc., and brings her to his home. The heroine of his adventure is a lovable creation; her inventor shows rare ability in transferring her from imagination to literature, for her charm prevents one from laying down Mr. Hodgson's book at the witching hour, despite the attack which its weirdness makes on the nerves. For its spiritual beauty and imaginative art I cordially recommend it.

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