

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

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

THE name of Dr. Heinrich Schliemann is well known to all the world in connection with the investigations which took place a good many years ago now on the site of ancient Troy, and the remarkable archæological discoveries made in this connection by the erudite Professor. Of one discovery, however, which was there made, we have heard for the first time during the last few months. This discovery was held by Dr. Schliemann of such vast importance that he considered the research which the following up of the clue given would involve to be far more than he himself in the declining years of his life could possibly undertake.

DR.
HEINRICH
SCHLIE-
MANN.

Nor was he willing that the quest, if once undertaken, should be pursued in any half-hearted manner. When, therefore, he died at Naples in the year 1890 he left behind him a sealed envelope in the care of one of his most intimate friends. The envelope

bore the following inscription : " This may be opened only by a member of my family who solemnly vows to devote his life to the researches outlined in it." Quite recently, Dr. Paul Schliemann, the grandson of the Professor, resolved to essay this task, and he has now arranged to give to the world the story of his grandfather's discovery and of the investigations in connection with it which he himself has initiated. An advance notice of the subject matter of a book which doubtless will attract the most widespread attention in both hemispheres has been given by the Professor to the *London Budget*, to which I must acknowledge my indebtedness for a number of the statements made in the following notes. That the late, Dr. Henrich Schliemann attached the greatest importance to his discovery is clear from the fact that it was the last thought in his mind as he lay on his deathbed.

Just an hour, says his grandson, before my grandfather died, he asked for a piece of paper and pencil. He then wrote with a trembling hand as follows : " Confidential addition to the sealed envelope. Break the owl-headed vase, pay attention to the contents. It concerns Atlantis. Investigate East of the ruins of the temple of Sais and the cemetery in Chacuna Valley. Important. It proves the system. Night approaches. *Lebe wohl!*" This he enclosed in an envelope and directed his nurse to send it to the friend to whom he had entrusted the other package, which was accordingly done.

It is little wonder that, exciting as such an investigation would naturally appear, no one of the Professor's family could be found for some time who would make the resolve to devote their life to so arduous and very possibly so fruitless an undertaking. Meanwhile the packages in question were deposited with the Bank of France. Dr. Paul Schliemann relates how, after the matter had lain dormant for sixteen years, he decided that what his grandfather had considered so important must be a worthy object to which to devote his life's work. Accordingly, having taken the vow required, he broke the seals. Inside were a number of documents and photographs. Here are the contents of the first paper :—

THE QUEST
OF
ATLANTIS.

" Whoever opens this must solemnly swear to carry out the work which I have left unfinished. I have arrived at the conclusion that Atlantis was not merely a vast territory between America and the West Coast of Africa and Europe, but also the cradle of all our civilization. There has been much dispute among scientists on this matter. According to one group the tradition of Atlantis is pure fiction, founded upon fragmentary accounts of a deluge some thousands of years before the Christian era.

Others declare the tradition to be historical, but incapable of absolute proof. In the included material records, notes and explanations will be found giving the proofs that exist in my mind with regard to the matter. Whoever takes charge of this mission is solemnly adjured to continue my researches and to publish a definite record, employing the matter I leave behind me and crediting me with my just dues in connection with the discovery. A special fund is deposited in the Bank of France to be paid to the bearer of the enclosed authorization, this fund being intended to recoup the expenses of the research. May the Almighty be with this great effort.

"HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN."

Among the papers in the sealed package which Dr. Paul Schliemann opened, one of the most important was an account of how in 1873, when his grandfather was excavating the ruins of Troy and had discovered in the Second City the famous Treasure of Priam, he found among that treasure a peculiar bronze vase of great size. Inside it were various pieces of pottery and small images of peculiar metal, coins also of the same metal and objects made of fossilized bone. Some of these objects, as well as the bronze vase itself, were engraved with a sentence in Phœnician hieroglyphics. The sentence translated ran: "From King Chronos of Atlantis."

DR. H. SCHLIE-
MANN'S
DISCOVERY.

Dr. Heinrich Schliemann narrated how ten years later he discovered in the Louvre among a collection of objects excavated from Tiahuanaca in Central America pieces of pottery of exactly the same shape and material and objects made of fossilized bone which reproduced exactly those which he had found in the bronze vase among the Treasure of Priam. The Central American vases were unquestionably of similar workmanship to those found at Troy, but they had no Phœnician characters inscribed upon them. This led Dr. Schliemann to conclude that the inscriptions had been added at a later date. The Professor secured pieces of the Central American pottery and had these and the Trojan vases subjected to chemical analysis. This showed conclusively that both had been manufactured from the same peculiar kind of clay and further investigation showed that the clay in question was not to be met with either in Phœnicia or in Central America. At the same time he subjected the metal objects also to analysis, and this showed that the material of which they were composed was a combination of platinum, aluminium, and copper, a combination nowhere else met with.

Dr. Schliemann senior went on to narrate how he met with a papyrus in the museum at St. Petersburg written in the reign of a Pharaoh of the Second Dynasty, which contained a description of

how this Pharaoh sent out an expedition to the West in search of traces of the land of Atlantis, "whence 3,350 years ago the ancestors of the Egyptians arrived, bringing with them all the wisdoms of their native lands." The expedition, so the papyrus recorded, returned after five years, with the report that they had found neither people nor objects which would give them a clue to the vanished land.

A further piece of evidence was met with by Dr. Schliemann in his investigations at the Lion Gate at Mycenæ in Crete. The inscription here discovered recorded how the Egyptians were descended from the child of Taaut or Thoth, and that this Taaut was the son of a priest of Atlantis who had fallen in love with the daughter of King Chronos and after escaping from his native land had eventually arrived after long wanderings in Egypt. It was stated that he built a temple at Sais and there taught the wisdom of his own country.

The grandson narrates how eventually he broke the owl-headed vase with the inscription, "From King Chronos of Atlantis," and found at the bottom of it a square white silver-like metal upon which were drawn strange figures and an inscription which was not like any of the hieroglyphics or writings that he had ever seen. On the obverse side, however, was an inscription in ancient Phœnician, as follows:—

"Issued in the Temple of Transparent Walls."

Dr. Paul Schliemann tells how subsequently, in investigating the ruins of Sais, he was shown by an Egyptian explorer a collection of old medals among which were two of the same design and size as the white metal he had found in the vase from Troy. The coins in question were dug out of the sarcophagus of a priest of the First Dynasty. Dr. Schliemann then went to Paris and sought out the owner of the Central American collection of pottery, to which his grandfather had alluded. Here was an owl-headed vase similar to that which had been found in Troy. He persuaded the owner to break it, whereupon there fell out a medal of exactly the same size and material as that which had fallen out of the Trojan vase and which he had met with once more at Sais in Egypt. Our explorer hereupon went to Central America, Mexico, and Peru, and investigated among the graveyards in the Chuchuna Valley, where the ancient Chimus are buried. Here again

DR. PAUL
SCHLIE-
MANN AND
THE QUEST.

he found fragments of similar owl-headed vases, but no further medals. He states, however, that he found other medals at the Pyramid at Teohuatican in Mexico, of the same alloy, but with a different script. In passing I may mention that reproductions of this Chimu pottery have already appeared in an earlier issue of the OCCULT REVIEW (June-July, 1910), the illustrations being taken from a pamphlet on discoveries of prehistoric pottery in Peru, by Sir William H. Bailey.

We need not follow here in detail the anticipations, as far as Dr. Schliemann has thought fit to make them, of the contents of his forthcoming volume. It is sufficient to say that the new element in his discoveries is mainly archæological, but in citing it he of course alludes to the evidence on the subject, slight and yet important as it is, which we already possess. The general evidence on the subject of Atlantis may indeed be summarized under four different headings: Archæological evidence, of which we have just had a fair sample from Dr. Schliemann; and to which I propose to return later; Traditional evi-

EVIDENCE
ON THE
EXISTENCE
OF
ATLANTIS.

dence, including evidence of a quasi-historical or legendary character; Geological evidence; and Ethnological evidence. Though the second of these, viz., the traditional evidence, may not perhaps be generally accepted at its face value, it is still very important, and very suggestive in its character. I think it will be well here to summarize it as briefly as possible. In the first instance, then, there is the well-known reference in Plato. The story in question narrates a conversation which Solon, the Greek law-giver, had, when he visited Egypt, with the high priest of the temple of Sais. The high priest told him, so runs the story, that whereas there was no Greek traditional knowledge of any great antiquity, the records of Egyptian history at that time covered a period of 8,000 years as inscribed in their sacred books. And, he added, "I am able to take you still further back, and tell you what has been done by our ancestors during the past 9,000 years, of their institutions, their laws, and their illustrious deeds." He proceeded to narrate the story of the Continent of Atlantis, whose forces had invaded and overrun Europe and Asia, and how "in the latter days the earth was shaken and great floods arose and all their warriors were engulfed in the space of a day and a night, and the Island of Atlantis went down into the sea."

More important than this record is the translation of a Mayan manuscript, which is part of the famous collection of Le Plongeon, and can be seen at the British Museum. (The Mayans were, of

course, a race of Central America, who had already become extinct at the time of the Spanish invasion.) The inscription has been translated as follows:—

In the year six Kan, on the eleventh Muluc, in the month Zac, there occurred terrible earthquakes which continued without interruption until the seventeenth Chuen. The country of the hills of mud, the land of Mu, was sacrificed. Being twice upheaved it suddenly disappeared during the night, being continually shaken by volcanic forces. Being confined, these caused the land to sink and to rise several times, and in various places. At length the surface gave way, and ten countries were torn asunder and scattered. Unable to withstand the force of the convulsions they sank with their sixty-four million of inhabitants, 8,060 years before the writing of this book.

The date of the book is calculated from internal evidence as being about 1500 B.C., and was written by a Mayan of Yucatan.

In addition to this there is the record in a Buddhist temple at Lhasa in the shape of an ancient Chaldean inscription attributed approximately to 2000 B.C. This runs:—

When the star Bal fell on the place where is now only sea and sky, the seven cities with their golden gates and transparent temples quivered and shook like leaves on a tree in a storm, and behold a flood of fire and smoke arose from the palaces. Agony and cries of the multitude filled the air. They sought refuge in their temples and citadels, and the wise Mu, the priest of Ra-Mu, arose and said to them: "Did I not predict all this?" And the women and the men in their precious stones and shining garments cried: "Mu, save us!" And Mu replied: "You shall die, together with your slaves and your wealth, and from your ashes shall arise new nations. If they forget they are powerful, not because of what they put on, but of what they put forth, the same lot will befall them." Flame and smoke choked the words of Mu. The land and its inhabitants were torn to pieces, and swallowed by the depths in a few months.

It seems fairly obvious that the same cataclysm is referred to in both of these stories, one of which emanates from Thibet and the other from Central America, as each refers to the land of Mu and describes a similar disaster. It is noteworthy also that the Chaldean inscription refers to the "transparent temples," which correspond with the "temple of transparent walls" in the inscription on the coin. We may also note the reference to Ra-Mu, Ra being apparently the Sun God, who bears the same name in the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and also in the religion of the Mayas. Ra-Na was the Sun God of the ancient Peruvians.

In addition to these inscriptions we have the discovery of Dr. Schliemann in the Museum at St. Petersburg, already referred to. Beyond this apparently there is nothing in the nature of docu-

mentary evidence, apart from the traditions of a terrible deluge which are common to all nations of the world. But it by no means follows that no further discoveries in this direction will be made in the future.

The third head under which I have classed the evidence is the geological, and this will undoubtedly carry weight in many quarters where other evidence, if unsupported by this, would be regarded with scepticism. This evidence is best summarized in a book issued by that eminent geologist, Professor Edward Hull, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., and entitled, *The Sub-oceanic Physiography of the North Atlantic Ocean*. This very eminent geological expert, who is now 83 years of age, has supplied evidence of the

GEOLOGICAL
EVIDENCE. most important kind in support of the existence of a huge Atlantic Continent, and those interested should refer to the volume itself. His conclusions can only

be very briefly outlined here. His investigations have led him to conclude that the Azores are the peaks of a submerged continent which flourished in the Pleistocene Period. At this time it is clear that the continental and English rivers flowed out very many miles beyond their present shore line. At a time when this mid-Atlantic island or islands enjoyed an equable climate, the temperature of the British Isles and Europe was apparently of a semi-polar character. Dr. Hull concludes that the British Isles north of the Thames were at one time covered with glaciers and that at this date the elevation of the land was from 5,000 to 6,000 feet higher above the sea-level than it is to-day. "The flora and fauna of the two hemispheres," says Dr. Hull, "support the geological story that there was a common centre in the Atlantic where life began, and that during and prior to the glacial age great land bridges North and South spanned the Atlantic ocean." . . . "I have made this deduction by careful study of the soundings as recorded on the Admiralty charts." Dr. Hull in his investigations has found submerged bays, promontories, and precipices, and the mouths of rivers entering the Pleistocene Ocean at distances so great from the present discharge of the waters of the streams that men on a ship standing at the rivers' mouths to-day could not have seen the prehistoric outlet into the ocean. Dr. Hull holds the view that at the time that this Atlantic Continent existed, there was also a great Antillian continent or ridge shutting off the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico from what is called the Gulf Stream.

With regard to the ethnological side of the inquiry, the possibilities of research in this direction do not appear to have been

prosecuted to anything like their fullest extent. It appears, however, from the stone and clay effigies of Chimu chieftains that the features of these bear a striking resemblance to the Egyptian type, and we are again reminded of Egypt by the pyramids of Central America. Here we return once more to the archæological side of the enquiry. Professor Zerffi observes in his *Historical Development of Art* that the pyramids, temples, and palaces of Central America remained in the same relation to the pyramids, temples and palaces of Egypt, as the tapir to the elephant, the alligator to the crocodile, and the llama to the camel. Says Sir William Bailey, "Peruvian and Mexican art bear traces of evolution and progress almost identical with early Egyptian work, but stopped half way." Dr. Churchward has shown in his *Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man* the identity of many of the symbols in common use among the Hibernians, Mayas, and Egyptians.

ETHNOLOGICAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL EVIDENCE.

An important point in connexion with the theory of the Atlantean civilization is that there is a tendency nowadays, owing to recently discovered evidence, to go back on the accepted scientific position that man some ten thousand years ago was throughout the world in a semi-barbaric stage. Discoveries have been made during the last year of primeval man which support the contention that many thousand years before this date our progenitors had reached a far more developed state than many races at the present day. Prehistoric remains of great antiquity have been found in connexion with implements and utensils which are incompatible with the assumption that those who utilized them were in a low grade of civilization. At the same time the formation of the skulls discovered pointed to a considerably advanced state of intellectual growth. In connexion with this it is noteworthy that however far we go back in Egyptian history (and we have inscriptions and records which Egyptologists contend cannot be dated later than 4500 B.C.) there is no trace of the beginnings of civilization or of any time when the inhabitant of ancient Egypt was in a condition of development parallel, let us say, with that of the ancient Britons when Caesar first crossed the Straits of Dover. Those who support the Atlantean theory contend that Egypt was a colony of Atlantis, and that the civilization of Atlantis was transferred to Egypt in the same manner, say, as that in which at a later date the civilization of England was transferred to America.

WAS PRE-HISTORIC MAN CIVILIZED?

There are many other points that might be adduced in connexion with this fascinating subject, and the archæological evidence which has been brought forward by Professor Schliemann might undoubtedly be amplified in various directions. Among these perhaps one of not the least importance is the analogy between the ruins of Inca civilization in America and the Cyclopean remains of the Pelasgians in Italy and Greece. As regards this Mr. Ferguson observes that it is "the most remarkable coincidence in the history of architecture," and that it is difficult to resist the conclusion that there may be some relation between them. We are not many of us in a position to devote our lives, like Dr. Schliemann, to researches of this kind, but those who are really interested will, I hope, go further for their information than the somewhat sketchy outline that I have given in these notes of the month.

Many readers will be interested to learn that a Society has recently been formed for the study of the works and theories of the Alchemists in all their various aspects—historical, philosophical and scientific. The Society is to be run on a broad-minded basis and will pay due attention to the mystical interpretation of Alchemy as well as to its more purely physical side. Its members will include representatives of every school of thought relative to the subject. Amongst the founding members are Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc. (Lond.), F.C.S., Mr. Arthur Edward Waite,

THE AL-
CHEMICAL
SOCIETY.

Mr. Gorn Old, Mr. Philip Wellby, M.A. (Cantab.),
M. Gaston de Mengel, Mdme. Isabelle de Steiger,
Miss Clarissa Miles, and other well-known authorities.

It is proposed to hold about eight meetings per annum, at which papers will be read and discussed, and afterwards published in the Journal of the Society, which will be distributed free to members. The annual subscription has been fixed at half a guinea. Applications for membership are invited from readers of the OCCULT REVIEW. Forms of application, copies of the rules and further particulars may be obtained from the Honorary Secretary of the Alchemical Society, addressed c/o these offices.

I am asked to remind members that subscriptions to the International Club for Psychical Research have become due with the advent of the New Year. Those who wish to continue

THE
INTER-
NATIONAL
CLUB

membership should write to the Secretary at 22A, Regent Street, London, S.W., enclosing remittance. The Club shows signs of continued activity, and numerous new attractions are being arranged by Mr. Knowles, including among other novelties

"Ghost Dinners," in which every guest is expected to narrate his own special ghost story.

MY PREDECESSORS

[A VERSIFIED VERSION OF A RECENT SERMON OF THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S]

[The Dean of St. Paul's stated in his sermon of Sunday, December 15, that it was foolish to dogmatise on the question of the future state, *for as a matter of fact we knew nothing at all about it.*—*Daily Press.*

THEY preached about Heaven and Hell
And the devils and saints that were there,
And the joys and the woes that befel;
And those wings—for each seraph a pair!

All 'swank,' my dear brethren, all 'swank'!
Such stories are really too tall;
And in fact, to be perfectly frank,
We know nothing about it at all!

Who started it first? Why, some wag!
No evidence was there to call.
The cat has jumped out of the bag;
We know nothing about it at all!

St. Peter *may* stand at the door—
Or perhaps it is really St. Paul!
It is useless to bluff any more;
We know nothing about it at all!

I am Dean of St. Paul's! Oh! the stuff
Those other Deans preached from my stall!
Two thousand years' bunkum and bluff!
And this is the end of it all!!

THE PRIESTESS OF AMEN-RA

A STUDY IN COINCIDENCES

FROM MANUSCRIPTS BY THE PURCHASER, AND BY THE
POSSESSOR, OF THE MUMMY-CASE

EDITED BY A. GOODRICH-FREER (MRS. H. SPOER)

The story of this mummy-case has been told in various places. When I was in England during 1912, the late Mr. Douglas-Murray, the original purchaser, expressed to me the very strong wish that, as the matter had become public property, the story should at least be told correctly; at the same time putting into my hands various documents in the form of diaries and letters, as well as a statement by the lady in whose house the mummy remained for many years before its removal to the British Museum. After I had carefully edited these papers, they once more passed through Mr. Douglas-Murray's hands, and received his final revision. I had been in the East at the time of all the happenings so much discussed in 1904. I am a frequent visitor at the Museum, but have always refrained from paying the Priestess a visit. On November 15, however, while my husband and I were passing through town on my way to visit Mr. Douglas-Murray before leaving England, partly for a last discussion of various manuscripts with which he had entrusted me, we sheltered during a shower in the British Museum, wandering somewhat at hazard through the galleries. I suddenly found myself gazing into the eyes, sad rather than malignant, of a beautiful Egyptian countenance, and realized that this was the lady in whom I had lately taken so much interest. I own that I was careful to admit into my mind sentiments of sympathy only. I told her that I was on my way to her own land, and wished it were in my power to do her any service.

We enjoyed Mr. Douglas-Murray's delightful hospitalities from Saturday to Monday, and left him suffering from the asthma to which he was subject. The following day he passed away to a life in which, we believe, the secrets of this may be better understood.

I.

THE following paragraph is from one of the valuable letters which Mr. Douglas-Murray contributed, in 1868, to *Land and Water*, then edited by his intimate friend, Mr. Frank Buckland.

After an account of Christmas Day festivities at Thebes, as guests of Lady Duff Gordon, he continues:—

“As I was anxious to take back a good mummy-case we at once proceeded to business, and agreed to start the next day, with the son of the Consul Mustapha Aga, to see the opening of a mummy-case near Dayr el Bahree on the opposite side of the Nile. Before we left the Consul's house we were informed that there was something for our inspection on the premises, and in an upstairs room was produced a richly ornamented mummy-case, with its mummy complete. This—Mustapha told us—he intended for the Prince of Wales, on his visit to Thebes. Two cases en-

closed the mummy, each elaborately painted, and very perfect they were in every respect."

After describing this case and another with very interesting detail, the narrative proceeds:—

" Wrapped in fine linen and embalmed in spices, in painted rock caves and sculptured niches of sandstone cliff awaiting their judge and god (Osiris, lie those believers in the powerful old state religion of Egypt. In these mountain caves the jackal still has his abode. In the blue expanse of sunny sky above, hawk and eagle still wheel in smooth circles. The Egyptians, we may suppose, finding these inhabitants of the tombs in possession, made them their lesser deities and guardians of the dead.

" Here at Bahree, some of us descended into an apparently bottomless pit, where bats flew about wildly in the unaccustomed glare of a candle. From this tomb we extracted only a mummied infant and an Egyptian lady of swarthy aspect, whose chest the Arabs soon tore in pieces like ghouls, with their finger-nails, anxious to obtain some memento of the deceased one. Failing to discover anything, to our regret and indignation, they jumped upon her, and used bad language."

This incident is quoted for the sake of showing what sort of treatment is bestowed by mummy-hunters upon their prey.

" The Arabs in the neighbourhood have so little respect for their ancestors that they are in the habit of using them as firewood. The cloth, soaked in bitumen, burns very readily, and the body gives out a good flame, which is found useful for cooking purposes when there happens to be anything to cook."

These descriptions are interesting from one or two points of view. We have a vivid picture of the circumstances under which the mummies were snatched from their resting-places; the degrading, not to say sacrilegious treatment of the symbols of their faith, and the insults heaped upon objects placed with loving trust and hope in what was regarded as their eternal home.

We see too, that the four friends of whom the party consisted were no mere curiosity-hunting tourists, paying unlimited dollars for what cost them nothing but money; but men who cared to observe and to seek to understand something of the mystery of the land which interested them, and this some forty years ago, before the show of such interest had become one of the exactions of fashion, or antiques were an export from Birmingham.

This is Mr. Douglas Murray's description of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, the valley from which was carried away the body of the Priestess of Amen-Ra, with what details of sacrilege and brutality, in the absence of the travellers, we may well imagine.

" In this magnificent gorge the rocks seemed at times almost to meet above our heads. Along the ancient causeway, and at each side of us rose vast masses of sandstone, piled as if by the hand of giants in confused heaps of fantastic outline. At the end of the valley and facing us rose to a great height a mound of extraordinary configuration, while occasionally a solitary eagle, circling far aloft in the sunny expanse of blue sky, made up a picture grander than anything Salvator Rosa in his most inspired moments ever transferred to canvas, and which might have been the original for one of Gustave Doré's gigantic and gloomy conceptions; fit scenery, weird, silent and mysterious, for the repose of Egypt's greatest Dead.

" We presently found ourselves at the entrance to a staircase, which evidently led deep down into the heart of the mountains. Down these steps, after lighting our pine torches, we carefully descended until we reached a series of chambers which, once tenanted by a king, has since been designated The Harper's Tomb. Leaving this vault, we descended again, by stairs and shafts cut into the midst of the sandstone ridge, to several of the royal vaults, all fresh and bright under the red glare from our torches, but we had still to reach the mummy-pits, where one may walk through rows of these dark-brown Egyptians swathed in their fine linen cloths, and redolent of the spices wherewith they were embalmed.

" Here the Arabs carried away a female mummy, and as they were retreating from the cave with their prize attached to a cord, ' a large portion of the roof fell in—for the tomb was simply rough-hewn in the rock—and the sand, closing in on the mouth of the cave, all but barred our exit and would probably effectually shut the entrance to future travellers.' "

The explorers, thus disappointed again of the prize of which they had hoped to possess themselves, could not longer delay their journey, and they accordingly decided to go on their way, Mr. Douglas-Murray leaving behind him directions that should any good finds be made during their absence, he was ready to purchase two mummy-cases of exceptional quality. The party consisted of Mr. Douglas-Murray, his friend Mr. A. F. W., and a young man, Mr. Y., with his tutor.

Mr. Douglas-Murray's *flair* for objects of beauty and archaeological value is obvious to all privileged to visit his beautiful home, and one cannot wonder that his companions in travel should have felt somewhat envious of the skill with which he selected his purchases, and which in some degree they attributed to good luck.

This point being one day under discussion, Mr. Douglas-Murray generously suggested that if the mummy-cases should after all be brought, they should draw lots for their possession. On their return three months later, after a visit to the Second Cataract, the cases were produced and lots were drawn. One fell to Mr. Y.; the second—that which has achieved so much

notoriety—to Mr. A. F. W., while Mr. Douglas-Murray had to content himself with the third object purchased, a large alabaster vase.

The disappointment did not, however, bring him immunity from the drawbacks of possession, for he was the first victim of the misfortune which the priestess brought in her train.

A few days later, about one o'clock in the early morning, the party set forth, having arranged to ascend the great pyramid by star-light, with the intention of seeing the sunrise from its summit. This they did successfully; the effect of the vast panorama, with the wide view of the Nile and of distant Cairo, was a scene never to be forgotten. To the dawn they poured a libation of champagne, but the cold was intense, and they were glad to descend very soon to the hot desert plain where, seeing a chance of a shot, Mr. Douglas-Murray called to his servant to bring him his gun. Snipe were very numerous where the green vegetation joins the desert, and here it was that the accident occurred by which he lost his right arm. This is the first chapter of accident and misfortune; the tutor died on his arrival in England, and the young man of whom he was in charge somewhat later, from a gun accident. The fourth member of the party and owner of the mummy-case, Mr. A. F. W., brought it to England.

Notwithstanding many romantic stories told in various journals as to its origin, nothing whatever is known of the history of the treasure beyond that it was said to have been discovered in the Valley of the Kings Tombs, and that it contained the mummy of a priestess of Amen-Ra, probably one of the royal family. This god was one of especial power and authority, one of the great trinity of Thebes, and is thus described by Mr. Wallis Budge, of the British Museum:—

“ The word Amen means hidden—his position was that of the local god of Thebes; subsequently he became the national god of Egypt. He was said to be the maker of things above and of things below, and to have more forms than any other god. He made the gods and stretched out the heavens, and founded the earth; and he was lord of eternity and maker of everlasting (Budge, *The Mummy*, p. 269). The decorated coffin is characteristic of the period of the nineteenth dynasty, that with which we associate the sufferings and exodus of the Jews. “ Immediately over the mummy of a royal person or of a wealthy man was laid a slightly convex covering of wood, made in the form of a mummy, decorated with painted scenes, of all kinds—large figures of gods and genii, vignettes from the Book of the Dead, with appropriate inscriptions, and a number of emblems and decorations formed of rows of amulets, all painted in the brightest colours and varnished. The mummy, and this covering, were placed in a

coffin with a cover having a human face, and the hands in relief were crossed upon the breast. The lower part was ornamented with scenes in which the deceased is represented adoring various gods in shrines ; these scenes are divided into groups by one or more perpendicular lines of inscription which record the name and title of the deceased " (Budge, *op. cit.*, p. 308).

In the present instance the cartouche records the prenomen Tcheser Ka Ra, and the nomen Amen Hetap, B.C. 1666, one of the greatest and earliest benefactors of the priests of Amen.

II.

From this point the story is taken up by the sister of Mr. A. F. W., by whose desire this gentleman is designated by initials only.

" A. F. W. brought the mummy case to England. It was mounted by Edwin Ward and hung up in a recess of the house in which he lived with his brothers and sisters. A. F. W. afterwards met with heavy reverses on the turf, and lost the greater part of his fortune. Believing that he could better keep away from the temptation of racing by residing in America he invested what was left in estates in the south, and set himself to work hard as a cotton planter. First of all his partner played him false and made off with a good deal of money ; next floods came and destroyed his crops ; the following year, though a good season, his crops were burnt up by a fire, and one misfortune after another followed till all he possessed was swallowed up, except that which came to him later by inheritance. To every one of his nearest relatives misfortune came, and the family estates had to be sacrificed. In 1869 the mummy-case was warehoused at Tilbury's, and some years after A. F. W.'s sister took charge of it.

" Upon one occasion Madame Blavatsky caught sight of it, and at once begged the sister to send it out of the house, as the influence, she asserted, was malign. [Indeed, during this period the sister had had exceptional sorrows and anxieties of her own, in addition to those of the family.] For some time she declined to part with it on the plea that such conduct would be cowardly, but eventually, without giving a reason, asked her brother to present it to the British Museum. To this he willingly consented.

" A gentleman who had been present when the mummy of Rameses the Second was unrolled, proposed to the sister to have the inscription upon the mummy-case deciphered, and required a photograph for that purpose. On September 7, 1887, the mummy-case was taken to a well-known photographer, and the sister was present the whole time it was being photographed. As she was then investigating occult phenomena she asked the photographer if, during his long experience, he had ever found anything photographed upon a plate which had not been visible to the naked eye.

" He quite scoffed at such an idea, but in a few minutes, after being in the dark room, he came out looking rather scared, and pointed out the semblance of a human form which showed in the photograph but not on the mummy-case itself, with which he compared it immediately. The photograph was sent to the gentleman who had asked for it. He kept it

a fortnight and then returned it; and in a few days went down to his place in the country and shot himself in the same room in which a former occupant of that house had committed suicide.

"The man who took the mummy-case to the photographer, the most trusted foreman of a well-known firm, died a few weeks afterwards of brain fever. The photographer died some months later under painful circumstances, and his business, which had meantime gone to pieces, was transferred to another firm.

"The photograph was shown to Madame Blavatsky, who said that it was the astral body which showed itself in the photograph. According to occult teaching the astral represents that part of the character of a human being which should be eliminated, and which evidently, in the case of the individual who had been embalmed, had not, even after thousands of years, yet disintegrated.

"Some of the wheat found in the mummy's hand was planted by the sister herself and germinated. M. le Page Renouf afterwards deciphered the hieroglyphics on the mummy-case, and stated that it represented the cartouche of Amen Hotep II of the fifth dynasty.

"The other gentleman belonging to the party in 1869 also met with pecuniary losses and shot himself.

"Pecuniary misfortune followed A. F. W. to the end of his life. Whatever he invested in of his own money failed, although he was successful in carrying out money investments for other people, and was continually made trustee for friends, and treasurer and trustee for many philanthropic undertakings. He died abroad on August 28, 1899, and his body was embalmed and sent to England. Many have testified to the help and prosperity which he brought to others, and the valuable legal advice which he has given gratuitously, thus bringing about good fortune which—upon this plane—he was evidently not permitted to enjoy for himself."

Subsequently, in a personal letter to me, the sister writes as follows:—

"I particularly wish to make it clear that the overshadowing entity in the photograph was not that of a woman, but that of a man. The head rose considerably above that of the priestess, and the limbs extended beyond and all round the outline of the mummy-case upon the photograph. I sent three copies of this photograph this year to Professor Maspero, at Mr. Douglas-Murray's request, and to my surprise there appeared scarcely any overshadowing form. Possibly the astral may have disintegrated by now. If so, why? To me that is the most interesting part of it all. Hatred cannot be overcome by hatred. The only solvent is love."

III.

There has been much talk of various misfortunes said to have befallen the officials of various grades in the British Museum who have come within the influence of the priestess. They are denied *in toto* on the spot, but whether the denial be diplomatic or not, I am unable to say. I have, however, good evidence for one of the latest instances of the mummy's interference.

A party of ladies visited the Museum in order to see the mummy-case. Among them was a young lady belonging to a distinguished family well known in the world of fashion, as well as of politics. With the light-heartedness of youth she danced in front of the mummy's portrait and made grimaces at it, defying it to do its worst. In the Museum itself she met with an accident which prevented her from appearing at her own coming-out party, and kept her to the house for a considerable period.

I am also permitted to record the following.

The first journalist who made any effort to place the gossip about the mummy-case upon an evidential footing was the late Mr. Fletcher Robinson, who communicated with Mr. Douglas-Murray upon the matter in 1904, but whose published account of it, printed in *The Express*, of which he was editor, was nevertheless little more accurate than others founded upon the story. This gentleman, well known and respected in journalistic circles, died at an early age, within a year of a visit to the mummy-case, which he photographed with the assistance of a well-known photographer, who also died within the year.

A correspondent of Mr. Douglas-Murray's writes as follows :—

January 14, 1911.

" You asked me for a short account of the disasters that befell us after coming within the influence of the mummy in the British Museum. First I must tell you that we are a family of seven brothers and five sisters. Captain Bertram Dickson was staying with me on his return from the Persian frontier, where he had been as military consul at Van for four years ; years packed with revolutions, political excitements, and expeditions into the unknown part of the country, mapping and exploring. During these expeditions he had found several interesting old rings, necklaces, etc., and it was to show these to Professor Wallace Budge that we went to the British Museum.

" The thought of seeing the mummy never entered our heads, and although I knew all about her I had no idea that Dr. Budge's office was in the same part of the building as the mummies. The attendant, however, pointed her out while we waited, and I examined her with interest and real sympathy.

" Within six weeks I was badly wrecked on the Albanian coast, on a clear night ; though wet, there was no storm, and yet we ran, with a fearful crash which shot us out of our berths at 11.30 at night, on to the great cliffs of Athaca. The boats were not lowered for an hour, and indescribable confusion prevailed. Not trusting myself to them, I clambered on to towering cliffs, and clung there with some others, one leg and hands cut and bleeding and wet to the skin, till a passing steamer saw our signals of distress, and picked us up at 12 o'clock next day. My brother's case was worse. A now-well-known aviator, he took it up shortly after his visit to the Museum, and at first met with great success, his pluck and skill enabling him to clear the boards at all the big French meetings. On

October 1, while flying at the Milan Meeting, another aeroplane going faster than his tried to pass over him, and at the height of 170 feet both fell crashing to the ground. The other man escaped with a scratch; my brother was terribly injured; it took them twenty minutes to dig him out of the débris, happily unconscious. While he was ill in hospital, the bank in which all his money was deposited went smash and ruined him.

"Nothing happened to any other members of the family, who did not come in contact with the mummy-case, several of whom were travelling, and might have come in for adventures. One, for instance, was elephant shooting in Malay." (*Signed*) WINIFRED GORDON.

IV.

The question of coincidence plays a very important part in the study of all psychical phenomena. In course of time, however, the stage is reached when we are disposed to say that the coincidences in this or that story are in excess of what we are accustomed to regard as chance. The question is, when do we reach that stage? It is certainly much later than those who have made no special study of the subject would readily believe.

The study of the story of the mummy-case (No. 22542 in the British Museum) affords much food for reflection, and for the exercise of judgment, and is not one upon which to impose conclusions upon others. That out of four men concerned in the purchase of the case one should lose his right arm owing to a treacherous gun, another his fortune, a third commit suicide, and the fourth die on his return from Egypt, may seem almost beyond the probabilities of chance coincidence. Some, however, may point out that the first accident was due to the handling of a gun known to be out of order; that a man may be likely to die when exhausted by the vicissitudes of travel; that men often lose money, especially on the turf, and that suicides are of not infrequent occurrence. Similarly, ladies who travel much must take their chance of shipwreck, and men who throw in their fate with aeroplanes may look for disaster.

In any case, the consideration of such experience brings to the mind with renewed force, the old aphorism that "truth is personal to the mind that thinks it," and all that one may contribute to any conclusion so far as others are concerned, is care and accuracy in the statement of the problem, and this I have sought to do.

V.

It is perhaps worth while to add that there has been, in some quarters, some confusion between the story of the Priestess of Amen-Ra and that of another mummy-case which had con-

tained the body of a Priest. This mummy was purchased by Mr. Ingram as a memorial of his share in the Gordon-relief expedition. One of the fellahin, employed in its removal, said to him : " Do you know what is going to happen to you ? you will be torn in pieces and scattered like grass ! " and suiting the action to the word, he picked up a handful of grass, and scattered it on either side.

The mummy was, nevertheless sent home, and some time later he was shooting with a friend in Somaliland, when he was pursued by an elephant, which he sought to escape by dodging it among the trees. A blow from a branch swept him from his pony, when the elephant seized him, and tossed him into the air, so that he was literally " scattered like grass."

The mummy-case came, later, under the observation of Dr. Budge, who informed her that the curse so terribly fulfilled was a part of the ritual inscribed on the mummy-case, and rarely made use of, but which would certainly be recited at the funeral of the priest in question.

Threats such as these are by no means unusual accompaniments of oriental emotion. Dr. Spoer is now editing a manuscript in Syriac and Arabic of the fourteenth century, which ends with the following phrases :—

" And verily he who sells or pledges it (i.e., the MS. which was dedicated to a certain convent), he is an adversary, being deprived of the grace of God, separated from the throne of S. Peter, the chief of the disciples, and his portion shall be with Judas Iscariot and he shall hear that voice which says, ' Depart from Me, O cursed one.' "

Even the love-poems of the Bedu poet Nimr, to be heard round camp fires in the desert, and which my husband has collected and is now publishing, commonly end with sentiments such as these :—

" He who blames me may God not increase his goods
And may his Lord cut him off from his hopes and possessions ! "

Let us hope that the Priestess may bear no ill-will towards the readers and writers of this story. The god whom she served was " lord of eternity and maker of everlasting," and Truth and Love are the only attributes which endure for ever.

The Book of the Dead describes the weighing of man's heart against a feather, and in this chapter we read :—

Pleasant to us, pleasant, is the hearing of joy of heart at the weighing of words,
Nor may be told falsehood [against me] in the presence of the great God, lord of the underworld !

A HERMETIC APOCALYPSE

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THE name of Heinrich Khunrath is rather a vague portent to most of us here in England, for his record in Hermetic archives was either in the Latin or German language, while he was somewhat disposed to the disastrous literary fashion set a few years previously by Paracelsus; that is to say, he interspersed his Latin with German, so that in his chief work he is a crux to the reader of either language only. When, therefore, the time came for his most important memorial to be put into a French vesture—now some years ago—I do not on my own part envy the competent translator to whom the task was committed. That rendering is unknown here, except by a very few indeed, and the rumour regarding Khunrath depends either from intimations given by myself or from references by Éliphas Lévi, most of which I have been responsible for putting into English. The reader may be aware possibly that he was an alchemist, but of a strange, exotic kind, and it has been suggested, with a certain temerity, that he belonged to the *Fraternitas R.: C.:.* Éliphas Lévi says that he is worthy in all respects to be saluted as a Sovereign Prince of the Rosy Cross, but this has to be understood in the symbolical and not the historical sense, as if it were a point of fact. The brilliant French occultist indeed specifies that he applies it scientifically or mystically, much as it might be conferred on himself. The title was, in any case, unknown to Rosicrucianism of the seventeenth century and is borrowed from a Masonic High Grade, belonging to a period which was very generous in the distribution of exalted dignities.

Khunrath was an illuminated Christian Kabbalist, and in so far as the secret doctrine of the brotherhood may have set forth then, as later, the mystic theosophy of Israel under the light of the New and Eternal Covenant, so far the author of the *Amphitheatre of Eternal Wisdom* is on common ground with Rosicrucians, with whom he has been for such reason identified. Being also, as I have said, an alchemist, though bizarre in his manner of expression, so far as the fraternity included Hermetic Mysteries among its implied possessions—which it did indeed and certainly—so far it was in near relationship with the German philosopher. But Khunrath was born in or about the year 1560; he died in 1601,

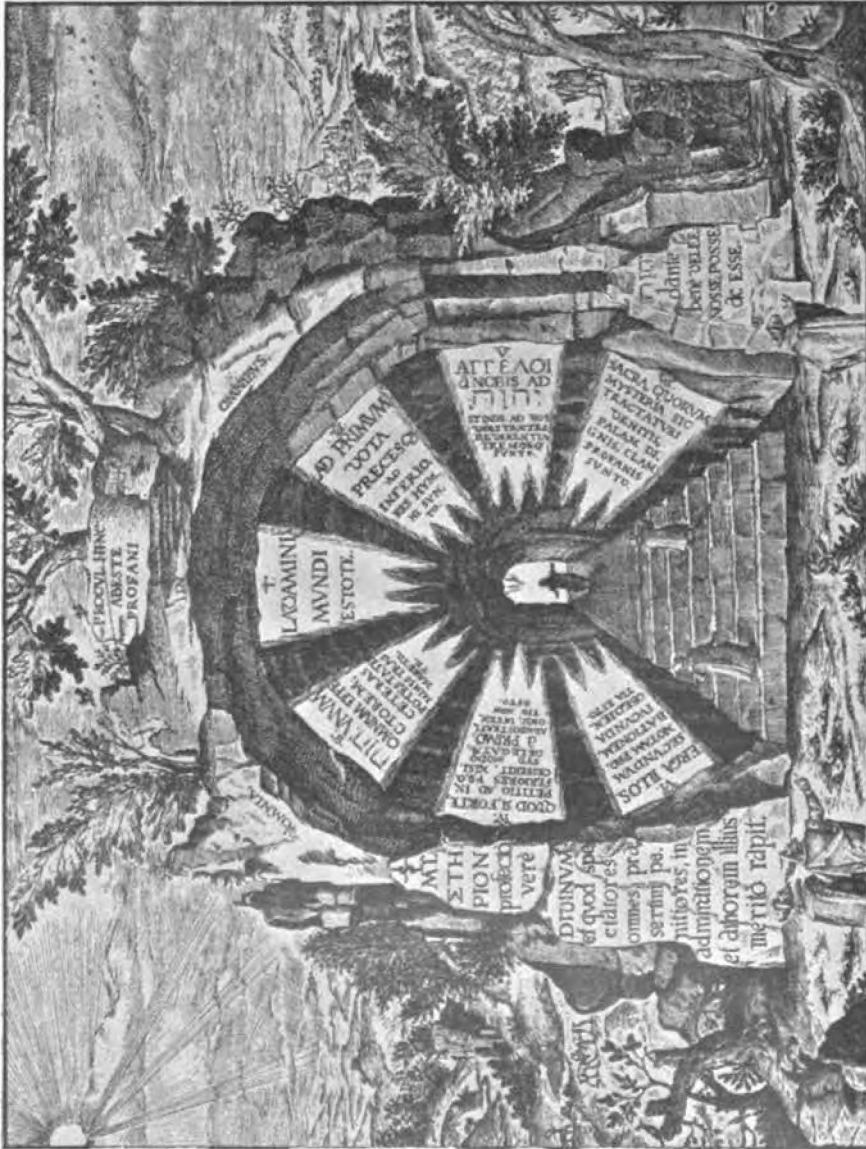
before Rosicrucianism had appeared on the horizon of history ; and there is no evidence (*a*) that he was concerned in any secret movement which led up to its foundation, or alternatively (*b*) that he caused its antecedent existence to transpire, supposing that it is much older than the available records show. One student of the subject with whom I was once in correspondence—Dr. George Cantor, of Halle—even went so far in the opposite direction as to suggest that there is a veiled attack upon Khunrath in the



THE ORATORY OF THE ALCHEMIST.

Confessio Fraternitatis R.: C.:, under the disguise of a stage-player "with sufficient ingenuity for imposition." This tract belongs to the year 1615, when the death of the supposed subject of reference should have tended to shield his memory, while the period of time that had elapsed would have removed all point from the allusion, which is obviously to some man of the moment.

Moreover, the mystical aspect of alchemy, which was the particular concern of Khunrath, should have drawn rather than repelled a society which protested against "ungodly and accursed gold-making."



THE GATE OF ETERNAL WISDOM.

There is some evidence in his books that the alchemist was irascible enough, and abusive like Thomas Vaughan, in dealing with those from whom he differed, but there is nothing tangible to show that he made a figure at his period. How obscure he was is

indeed evident from the few facts which have transpired concerning him. He was a native of Saxony who led the wandering life of so many struggling physicians before his day and after. Having taken his degrees at Basle, he made a certain stay at Hamburg and ultimately settled at Dresden, where he is said to have died in poverty at about 42 years of age. He published three small tracts in 1599; one was entitled *Symbolum Physico-Chemicum*; another was on the Catholic Magnesia of the Philosophers; and the third was on the alchemical Azoth, by which he understood the First Matter of creation, otherwise, the Mercury of the Wise. One of them at least was reprinted in the eighteenth century, but there is nothing to suggest that they were important at their own epoch, in the opinion of that epoch. His really great work did not appear till 1609. He is to be distinguished from Conrad Khunrath, another writer on alchemy, who began to publish about 1605 and may have been his kinsman, but I have no particulars concerning him.

It is the *Amphitheatre of Eternal Wisdom* which occasioned some glowing panegyrics by Éliphas Lévi, who also chose for the motto on the title-page of his enchanting *History of Magic* the definition which Khunrath gives of his own book, *opus hierarchicum et catholicum*—a catholic and hierarchic work. He points out, however, that in the matter of official religion, the German theosopher was a resolute Protestant, adding that herein he was "a German of his period rather than a mystic citizen of the eternal kingdom." Perhaps this is more an aphorism than an apology; but Lévi recognized assuredly that on another side of his nature Khunrath abode in the freedom of the spiritual Zion and not under the ægis of reform, in Germany or elsewhere. I have long felt that his apocalyptic presentation of the Kabalistic and Hermetic Mystery should be known among Students of the Doctrine in England, but the brief notice which is possible in the present place can only summarize the design.

I offer to the consideration of my readers three reduced plates out of the total series of nine most curious engravings on copper which form an integral part of the work with which I am concerned. They represent (1) the Oratory of an Alchemist, the device belonging to which is *laborare est orare*; (2) the Gate of Eternal Wisdom, being that of the Knowledge of God; and (3) the sum and substance of the whole work, termed by Éliphas Lévi the Rose of Light; but this is the explanation of one symbol in the terms of another. It is the central point of all wisdom, human and Divine, which point is Christ. The suggestion of the designs

as a whole is that the work of the alchemist belongs to the path of devotion, notwithstanding (a) the material vessels with which the kneeling figure is surrounded in the first and on which his back is turned somewhat significantly; (b) the message of the Latin dictum—that work is prayer. I conclude that here inward work is adumbrated. The suggestion of the second plate is that the Gate of Wisdom is one which is opened by prayer, but the latter



THE VISION AT THE CENTRE.

is not to be understood in any formal and conventional sense. It opens in the darkness and seems like a journey to the centre, meaning the inward way and the great path of contemplation. The third design indicates that Christ is not only the Way but the Truth, understood centrally, and the very Life itself. This is the Christ of Glory, no longer the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with infirmity. Yet is He still in the human likeness, not the Mystic Rose in the centre of the Macrocosmic Cross. The reason is that

as what is called theologically and officially the scheme of redemption is an operation within humanity, for the manifestation of a glory to be revealed, so in its utmost attainment humanity is not set aside. The Christ manifest is not apart from the Lord of glory, and the Christ within is ever the Son of man in us. So also our great Exemplar in Palestine could not do otherwise than come to us in human form, or He would have been never our pattern and prototype. He could not do otherwise than speak in the clouded symbols of our earthly language, or He would have brought us no message.

There seems no question that in the opinion of Khunrath the knowledge of Christ gave that of the Philosophical Stone, in the ordinary alchemical understanding of this term, for a medicine of metals and of human nature, but he deals on his own part only with the mystic side of attainment, though in such language that it shall preserve the likeness of alchemy. Many of the old seekers may have sought to understand him literally and went astray accordingly.

The thesis is veiled under the guise of a new translation, with commentary, of certain passages extracted from the Book of Proverbs and the Apocryphal Book of Wisdom, the versicles being arranged so that there shall be one for each day of the year, and each with its annotation might well afford food for thought even at this time and amidst all the hurry of our ways. The new rendering—as such—is, I think, negligible, but it is printed side by side with the Vulgate. The commentary explains that in alchemy, as in religion, Man is the Matter which must be purified, the physical part being brought into subjection by that which is within and above. God is the soul which vivifies; the Holy Spirit is the bond of union that leads to the Everlasting Kingdom and gives admission therein through the work of regeneration. The part of co-operation which lies with the alchemist must be performed in the deeps and solitude of his own spirit, separated from sensible things, as by a withdrawal into God. The way of contemplation and Divine colloquy will open the Book sealed with Seven Seals—which is the Divine Book of the Scriptures, Nature and the Self. The end is a marriage of Divine Wisdom with the soul, and therein is the Blessed Vision wherein all things are beheld.

In addition to the allegorical plates, the text already mentioned and the commentary, there are some curious tables, and the significance of one is likely to escape the penetration of all but the most careful reader. It is a summary of the whole subject; and it

suggests that those who are called to the work should realize, under Divine leading, that the knowledge (*a*) of God, (*b*) of Christ Whom He has sent, (*c*) of the greater world, (*d*) of the Self within each of us, and (*e*) of the Stone sought by the Wise under so many names, is one knowledge which is attained by one gift within ourselves, as in a clear mirror or fountain.

Such was mystic alchemy at the beginning of the seventeenth century and on the threshold of the Rosicrucian Mystery.

THE AVOIDED HUMAN PROTESTS

[Cats, according to an article in the "Occult Review," are attracted to kind and benevolent people by "an agreeably scented atmosphere" which surrounds them, while they shrink from people round whom they can detect "a smell typical of cruelty."

I NEVER liked you, cat ; I like you less
 For this expression of disapprobation.
 Cats may have looked at kings, but I confess
 I cannot think them privileged to press
 A point like this which blasts my reputation.
 What right have you to sniff, as if to say,
 "Ye humans, all too trustful in your blindness,
 This man is one whom savage passions sway" ?
 I call it beastly cheek. And, any way,
 You're not yourself a paragon of kindness.
 Who, having all the food he needs, yet falls
 To stalking mice without reprieve or pardon ?
 Who tortures them when captured ? And who crawls
 Along the tops of sparrow-haunted walls,
 And leaves those chewed-up feathers in the garden ?
 I think before you sniff at me, old sport,
 For cruel ways, you'd better learn to smother
 Your own most flagrant failings of that sort.
 At present it's too easy to retort,
 With obvious truth, "Tu quoque—you're another !"

LUCIO.

[By kind permission of "The Manchester Guardian."

ELLIOTT O'DONNELL : A SKETCH

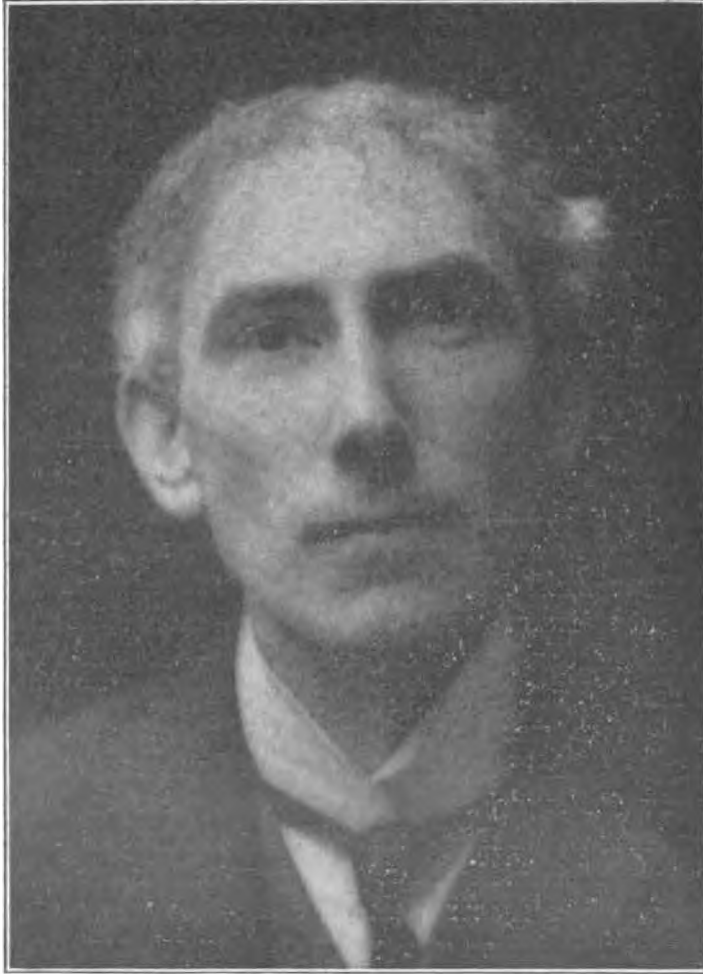
BY THE EDITOR

MR. ELLIOTT O'DONNELL, as one of his reviewers observes, has travelled far in Ghostland, and I think there are a good many readers of the OCCULT REVIEW who, having read *Byways of Ghostland*, *Haunted Houses of London*, and other of his books, and very possibly being now engaged in reading his new novel, *The Sorcery Club*, will be interested to know something about what manner of man he is, and what sort of life he has lived. The portrait which I reproduce is certainly a good one and conveys a very accurate idea of his personal appearance. His life has been a singularly adventurous one, and for some period of it he must doubtless have been put down by the more worldly-wise of his friends as a fair example of the proverb of the "rolling stone that gathers no moss," though in recent years they have no doubt seen well to revise their earlier conclusions.

Mr. O'Donnell comes of a psychic family and first saw the light on February 27, 1872. His father was Vicar of Whittingdon, Worcestershire, and Chaplain to the late Lord Kingsdown ; but the majority of his family have adopted the profession of arms. He claims descent from, or is related to, not a few of the Irish chieftains of barbaric days, first among whom was Niall of the Nine Hostages, the King Arthur of Irish folk-lore. "Red Hugh," an Irish chieftain in the wars with the English in Queen Elizabeth's time, was also an ancestor and perhaps a rather less mythical one. Mr. O'Donnell is a typical Irishman, and naturally his forbears did their level best, as they were in duty bound, to exterminate the hated Saxon. Under the circumstances I need hardly say that his family have got a private banshee of their own, which, when a death occurs among the O'Donnells, gives one loud wailing shriek which runs through the house at night. Apparently, the banshee is not usually seen, but when visible takes form as the severed head of a woman of some prehistoric date, presumably one of the victims of his war-loving ancestors.

The subject of our sketch was educated at Clifton College and worked subsequently with an Army tutor. Giving this up, he went to Dublin and read for the Royal Irish constabulary in Ely Place, with Dr. Chetwode Crawley. This project for his future life, however, fell through, like the army plan, on account of some constitutional ailment. It was at Dublin that he renewed his

acquaintance with the psychic world, his first experience of which was enjoyed—if I may so say—at the early age of five, when in staying at a house in the Midlands, he suddenly found himself confronted by an elemental figure, “a nude thing,” as he describes it, “covered with spots,” which caused him, young as he was, more surprise than terror. We at least cannot wonder at his *surprise*.



MR. ELLIOTT O'DONNELL.

His experience in Dublin was of a different kind. He was undressed, and on the point of retiring for the night, when a figure came up from the foot of his bed and attacked his throat. He underwent all the sensations of strangulation, and was finally brought to from a dead faint. In 1894 Mr. O'Donnell went out to a ranch in Oregon, and though the ranch experience does not seem to have lasted even as long as his previous attempts to find

a fitting career, he subsequently travelled rather extensively in America and enlarged his experience by numerous adventures of a more or less sensational nature, among which was taking special duty as constable in the Chicago Railway Strike in that year. Finally, wearying of his travels, he returned to England and took to interviewing for *Theatricals*, a paper now defunct. Change of occupation was, however, still to be his fate, and for some time after this he occupied a position as assistant schoolmaster. This move proved to be more important than might have appeared on the surface, as he utilized his leisure hours in writing his first book, *For Satan's Sake*, a six-shilling novel which was published by Greening, and attracted some attention in the psychic world. Mr. O'Donnell soon found the occupation of a schoolmaster become very distasteful, and resolved to vary the monotony of his existence by going on to the stage. He spent a whole year in training for the profession, as pupil of Henry Nevill. No brilliant prospects opening out for him in this latest of his many careers, he took train to Cornwall and by way of a complete change of occupation started a small establishment for looking after delicate children. Here again his true destiny whispered in his ear, and the result was his first really successful book, *Some Haunted Houses of England and Wales*, published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. Literature and psychic research now definitely demanded his entire energies. Other books followed in quick succession, and he was commissioned by the *Weekly Despatch* to write a series of seventeen ghost stories. Mr. O'Donnell married in January, 1905 (the date, by the way, of the first issue of the OCCULT REVIEW), Ada Williams, daughter of Henry Williams, M.D., late of Chapel Place, Harley Street. His wife, who has been in more ways than one her husband's good genius, was an art student and pupil of Calderon. Her portrait has figured in a painting by Sheridan Knowles, now in the possession of the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*.

THE LIVING SOUL

BY HELEN BEATRICE ALLAN

THE Living, Breathing Soul leaned down,
And took the hand of Pain.
I will not loose this hand, He said,
Until I hold it calm and dead,—
When she may live again !

And when she lives again, He said,
She shall not bear this Name ;
For Pain may but a time endure,
And she shall grow as white and pure
As Truth's eternal Flame,

Because she is the child of Man,
And of the Heart was born ;
But Mind has used her like a slave,
And set her by an open grave,
And sold her unto Scorn.

And they that seek the Blessèd State
Shall find no path to see,—
Save foot-prints, with a scarlet stain
Left by the bleeding feet of Pain,
Who shall be led by Me.

And many keys the Heart shall try
Before it enter in ;
And many deaths the Mind will know,
And many journeys shall it go
To expiate the Sin !

* * * * *

*Still sound the sighs of Pain, and still
She bears her troubled Name ;
Yet ever broods the Living Soul,
Eternally the Same :
Bright as the gleaming trail of stars
Which, riven in celestial wars,
Set all the skies aflame !*

THE HYPOCRITE AND HIS SOUL

BY STRATFORD D. JOLLY

THE Hypocrite was alone with his Soul.

All his life he had avoided the inevitable meeting.

At last it could no longer be postponed—he and his Soul were alone—and the “God of the Unknown Ways,” whose other name is Truth, stood by him, and there was no escape.

He had foreseen this moment, and found himself neither surprised nor alarmed.

His Soul had been changed by the “God of the Unknown Ways” into a visible form, so he might realize it better—and its Message.

He viewed it quite dispassionately.

Curiosity was his strongest emotion.

Then the Hypocrite walked slowly towards it, and gazed at it meditatively; the Soul-Shape extended to the confines of the room, and was not, as at first he had imagined, an opaque and shallow mass.

He noted with interest the many colours, and the knowledge of their meaning was borne to his brain by the “God of the Unknown Ways.”

He saw his passions in a thin bright vein of Scarlet; and he knew that small line meant only those passions that were pure.

What he had termed passions were in mottled colours that permeated the entire shape of his Soul.

He knew their name was “Lust.”

The deeds prompted by Selfishness which he had deluded himself into thinking “Good Actions”; the Unkindnesses he had termed “Justice”; and the mean advantages he had willed himself to imagine “Business” were recorded mercilessly in the many colours of his Soul.

This shape he stood before—stripped of all hypocrisy, or hope of deceiving himself again—was his own living Soul.

And fear crept into his heart.

He closed his eyes that he might shut the silent evidence from his brain, but the “God of the Unknown Ways” compelled him to look again.

Shudderingly he turned aside, but started back with a

cry of poignant fear, for the Soul-Shape was all around him ; the atmosphere was permeated with it.

There was no avenue of escape nor sanctuary where handless shapes of horror and evil could not grip him.

In utter despair he peered wildly into the mass, seeking some record of a deed without self-interest.

He saw that the lies he had called White were marked in shades of Yellow.

Those which had given pain were Purple.

All his deceits and petty meannesses were in tones of Brown and Green.

The only pure colour he could discover was the thin red vein Passion, until his eye was attracted by a tiny white speck.

At first he thought he was mistaken, but looking again he found it was there in truth ; though so small as hardly to be discerned, and hedged all around with the mottled taint of Lust.

And he knew this stood for his Love.

Terror entered into the marrow of his being ; he cast himself down, and cried out in his despair.

Then, as he lay in uttermost agony, he heard a rustling as of sighing winds threading their way through the trees, and fearfully glancing upwards saw that his Soul had formed into vague and terrifying shapes that filled the room.

And again the only two distinct forms were the strength of his Love, which had changed into a Butterfly with wings all White, and the veins of his Passion—now a Scarlet Lotus Flower ; but between them always were the shapes that were impure.

And he knew that the punishment immutable, inexorable, of the " God of the Unknown Ways " was that he must live in his World—alone with his Soul—until the shapes that were impure were killed, and the Scarlet Lotus Flower of his Passion should kiss the White Butterfly of his Love.

A DREAM OF A PAST LIFE

BY X. Y. Z.

ABOUT six years ago I took to modelling, and the first subject I took was Don Quixote, a figure in armour. I mention this first as it has some bearing on the strange dream that came to me shortly after. I found the technical part of the figure very difficult, not having been through the schools, but when once shown how to work armour, the extreme facility and the knowledge of proportion of accoutrements astonished me, seeming almost uncanny.

About this time I began a strange series of dreams, the power of which are quite beyond any words I have to express. The following was the first of the series. In my sleep a strange smell of damp earth seemed to fill my nostrils; after that, gradually the scene I am about to describe came as through a veil before me.

I found myself in a garden, such as I had never seen before—a plot of carefully kept turf, the far end bordered by a low brick wall of small Roman bricks, partially covered with ivy; beyond this, tall cypress trees and yews, and the tall turrets and minarets of some palace or fortification. What seemed so absolutely familiar to me was the scent of the air, yet instantly conveying to my mind that the whole scene was as well known to me as my own home, and distinct as to-day—yet with a knowledge that I had gone back into centuries long past.

As the light gathered strength, I became aware by some instinct that it was evening, and summer or late spring. The flowers which grew in stiff borders by the wall and narrow stone colonnade with their pillar supports (bordering both sides of the grass and finishing at the wall) were quite familiar, yet I felt that I had never seen them in my *present* existence.

It is very hard to explain, I fear.

Sitting near the wall, in a low seat of the period of somewhere about 1300 A.D., was a woman, whose head as I saw her first was turned from me, yet I knew, when she turned, who I should see, although I did not in *one* state of my brain know her. It was as if half my knowledge was familiar with my surroundings and half totally unfamiliar.

The very clothes she wore were no surprise to me. By her side, a boy of twelve or thereabouts knelt on a red velvet cushion.

The woman wore a pale sea-green brocade dress, cut square at the throat. The dress was in one bodice and skirt; round the waist was a jewelled belt of round cut stones like cairngorms set in a rough setting of gold—and the ends hanging down in front—a small jewel-hilted poniard, about twelve inches in length, fastened to the hilt on the left-hand side. The outer sleeve was loose, reaching in a point to the elbow; the inner tight, but rucked like the long glove of the present day, but coming almost to the knuckles; and on the fingers large rings of coarse setting. A green cloak lined with cherry colour fastened on either shoulder by a jewel; the hair soft and wavy and light brown, a band of filigree gold with two bosses above the ears, and a tiny green close-fitting cap; the hair falling in two plaits, the ends fastened by quaint safety pins or jewels; cherry colour leather slippers with narrow toes.

The boy, whose face bore a close resemblance to the woman, had the hair cut straight across the forehead and falling straight to the shoulders. He wore a jerkin or doublet of cherry silk with a small black velvet cloak, one leg encased in black hose, the other in cherry colour with cherry colour shoes. I noticed the cloak was cut on the right side. I mention all these details which flashed over my vision so as to show the vivid effect it had on my brain. The woman turned as I stood irresolutely on the grass. I simply am unable to describe what I felt, only the life I had *come out of* for the time seemed to slip from me, and as my eyes met hers, the immensity of time that had passed since I had seen the face before me flashed for an instant through my mind, and in that moment I seemed, so to speak, to go into the *present*, my other life becoming as a shadowy unreality. Thus I seemed through going back to have reversed the order of things.

As I stepped forward I became aware that my dress was strangely familiar to me, yet I knew that for a long, long time I could not have worn it, and at that moment the life I had left filled me with contempt of its vaunted civilization, and in a flash of the brain a terrific sense of personal power which no man in this age of so-called enlightenment and humanitarian aims could ever feel, came over me. It was as if my brain had become capable of seeing into the inner meaning of all life, and weighing instantly and unerringly the aims and aspirations of the period in which I had once lived, and the aims and aspirations of the life I had just quitted. I almost laughed, for I seemed to be possessed of a power that no man on this earth has ever had.

In the world to which I seemed to have returned, the code of honour, and the power to enforce its open road, had one remedy, the sword. I felt the enormous difference that divided the ideas of men of the two periods; but of all this I will speak later. I only digress to show what my first impressions were.

I say I became aware of the difference of my dress—a surtout with a broad, jewelled belt, under which was a thin chain armour shirt falling below the castellated border of the surtout, mauve silk of a heavy quality, hose and soft chamois boots which reached almost to the knee; a heavy cloak which fastened on the right shoulder and caught up on the left side into the belt; a soft, pointed leather cap and one single long feather. Yet I was not the least embarrassed by my sudden change. The woman rose and came towards me with a puzzled expression, a look of fear and wonderment quickly superseding it.

There was nothing about her that was not familiar to me. I might indeed have been away a day, yet I felt it impossible to explain to her my coming. It seemed to me that if *she* did not know where I had lived, my explanation would seem to her the notion of a deranged mind, or the ravings of a lunatic. But I was to know soon.

Her first words, I remember, sounded strange, though I seemed quite familiar with the voice. She said, holding both my hands, "I knew you would come back," but the wording was quaintly put, and French words intermixed like what I have read of Early English writings. Yet it was familiar to my ear.

I seemed at that point to take up a life I had left, as if I had only gone on some travel which now appeared indistinct and shadowy.

I walked back to the seat with her and looked for the exact spot between the masses of ivy on the low stone wall, on which I had *been accustomed* to sit.

(Here I will digress a little to give some definition of my sensations at that moment. Many of us have often had a momentary feeling that we are strangely familiar with some incident in our daily life that seems to have happened before, and we know exactly what will be done or said. The next second the incident has passed. We fail to understand it.)

As I went to the wall I had the same sensation, only I fathomed it: *I had been there before.*

Though my coming had at first disturbed her, she seemed to accept the fact outwardly with calmness, yet I knew that she longed to hear my experiences.

There seemed a war of contradictions in my mind. I knew where I had been, but I could not at once pick up the threads of the past that bound me in some close relationship to her. I knew that my inability to remember these things would be of infinite pain to her. I felt ashamed, but the immense upheaval through which I had passed, the total change of ideas, theories of right and wrong, science, modern discoveries, which to her simple mind would be witchcraft, the laws of Government and social custom, how could I explain? I realized how little I really had studied any of these matters, if only I had acquired a little knowledge of each subject. Instinctively I understood that to this woman I was a power; indecision had been a thing unknown in my former state, and then I inwardly cursed the life I had just left, for I realized one great difference. In the security of life in the sphere I had come from, the mind had become torpid to trivial lapses from firmness in the small matters of daily life, and yet to contradict all this, I seemed possessed of almost superhuman power of thought, for I saw clearly before me the wide divergence of the laws that govern the age I had returned to and the age I had just left. But I could not make her see it.

I knew that in my late existence I had been but a unit, of no position or account, living under laws that centuries had built up and perfected. How could I attempt to explain their gradual development? To her I knew that physical courage was the standard by which men were judged. The gradual abolition of the right of man to protect his honour by the sword—this and other things passed rapidly through my mind, and as I tried to collect my thoughts, the sweet chimes of the Angelus sounded from the towers beyond the cypress yew-trees, and from the valley below the voices of choruses singing a chant that seemed strangely familiar to my ears, rose, then died away in a sweet whisper. I was struck by the utter peace of my surroundings, the quiet still air, with a peculiar subdued light which seemed familiar, yet I could not place them.

Why did a name I had never heard before and yet which now seemed familiar to me come to my lips?

Getheldra! The woman who since I had sat down had never removed her grey eyes from my face, smiled; I felt it was cruel to delay my history, and I plunged into a description of what my life had been so far as I remembered it. I tried to explain to her that hundreds of years had passed according to the history I had learnt, before my life resumed its thread. I spoke of my

mother and father, I tried to describe my childhood and all my aspirations, how utterly unable I had been to study as other boys, and how cruelty to animals or injustice produced violent fits of passion, in which murder and the desire to kill was my one thought. It all seemed so natural that I should sit here in a place quite familiar to me, and with a woman who knew me with the knowledge of almost a lifetime, and yet so far our relationship was unrevealed. The language I used, though totally different from hers, she seemed perfectly to understand, though I knew I was not employing the same language that I had used in the life I had left.

How contradictory all this sounds, but I can give no other easier description (dreams are involved). The child sat contentedly playing with a tiny triangle of silver fastened to a chain which it swung to a crooning dirge of Latin sentences. I felt that, try as I might, I could not get her to understand my descriptions. I longed for something to happen that would break the spell and reveal to me my position in her life, for she never up to that time had referred to any incidents of *our* lives.

But often she asked, "You will not go again; it is so lonely here," and the heartrending feeling of impotence to command my own destiny, a secret feeling that I would give all the world to remain, but must go back—I simply cannot put in words.

I have said the strange unearthly peace was indescribable. I thought of a picture I once saw of an old Master which had a similar light and surroundings. Well I knew how they had painted that picture. I knew the life the man who painted it would lead, the clothes he would wear! Then the bell sounded again, and the voices once more sang that sweet chant, the light seemed to fade, things became unreal by degrees, and, as the whole dream faded away, the damp smell of earth entered my nostrils, and I awoke, but the name Getheldra was on my brain as I awoke. I got up and wrote it down.

NOTE.—This dream appeared to me three years before Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* was produced, and I was very much struck with the scene of the old people's cottage in the Land of Memories. The effect they tried to get in it was good, but the fading surroundings of my dream were infinitely more beautiful and unearthly.

One thing struck me, that was the very real thing religion seemed to be to the woman and all her surroundings. The beginning of Christianity was still a wonderful and beautiful thing to this woman, and I understood how men fought for that tiny plot of ground in Palestine.

THE BRAHMAN'S WISDOM

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF F. RÜCKERT

By EVA M. MARTIN

1.

SINCE there are many roads that lead to God,
Tread thou thine own with trustful pray'r and praise,
But blame not those who other roads have trod,
And turn no pilgrim from his rightful ways.
Make welcome all who tread thine own long road, but oh,
Follow it still with joy, e'en if alone thou go!

2.

With the soul's eyes my friend is ever seen,
Who long to body's eyes invisible hath been.
At sunrise, in the east I see his kindly face,
And see it in the west when sinks the sun apace;
For ev'n as sets the sun, so bade he me farewell,
And his desired return each sunrise doth foretell.

3.

I would that I could know where tarries now the friend
To whom these greeting thoughts forth through the world I send;
For long and aimlessly they needs must wander round,
Not knowing when or where their object shall be found;
But if upon the map I once the spot could see,
"There is he!" I would say, and there in thought would be.

4.

A lamb in a meadow, with no thought of harm,
Ate a twig of a sweet wild-rose;
And the rose, in return, from his coat soft and warm
Pulled a flock; but they were not foes.
As the rose held the wool in her green, thorny hand,
Came the nightingale with a request:
"Give the flock up to me," was his urgent demand,
"And I'll thank you when built is my nest."

The rose oped her fingers, the bird took the wool,
 And when he his gratitude sang,
 The rose-thorns, at sound of those notes rich and full,
 Through sheer joy into rose-blossom sprang.

5.

All through the summer days, scented and bright and free,
 Scarce have mine eyes beheld the beauty of the roses.
 How fair then must have been the thing that blinded me !
 E'en so the inner sight at times the outer closes.
 Now are the roses fled, and fled the summer wind,
 And fled the vision that to roses made me blind.

6.

Behold, thou canst not meet the sun's hot, fiery gaze,
 Only the moon's soft glance thy feeble eyes can bear ;
 But flowers close their eyes beneath the moon, and raise
 Them opened wide to greet the sun-god strong and fair !
 When thou art pure of heart and innocent as they,
 Thou too wilt dare to meet the glorious Eye of Day.

7.

Well may the verdant earth in glad contentment rest
 With her sky-measured lot, and ours with hers is blest.
 Her share of heaven's gifts is wisely moderated ;
 The golden mean to her swift steps is consecrated.
 Cold Saturn sees the sun in distance far away,
 While Mercury is scorched by his all-powerful ray ;
 For us the sky-king's face shines out serene and clear,
 Not placed too far away, and yet not brought too near ;
 And though the earth moves not, like radiant Jupiter,
 With train of following stars, one friend is true to her.
 The faithful moon forsakes her not, nor leaves her side :
 We, too, with one true friend contented may abide.

8.

Behold the plant, uprising through darkness into light :
 She had, while still in darkness, news of the sunbeams bright !
 At first one green and slender sky-pointing stem she showed,
 But when the leaves unfolded was seen her complex mode ;
 And then the bud grew rounded, and forth the blossom came,
 In whose sweet-scented petals the light was blown to flame.

Duality, not oneness, brings all the day to find,
 Until some higher union each striving soul shall bind ;
 And so through many stages the plant is lifted up
 Until upon the highest she rests, a rainbow-cup.
 The restless life of Nature is in the self-same case—
 She through the dark must struggle to find her Maker's Face,
 The mineral world the root ; all growing things the stem ;
 Animal-life the leaves which every branch begem.
 Then from above is sent of new, glad life a shower,
 And heaven's light on earth is seen in man, the flower !

9.

The rose of Nature now her leaves hath opened wide,
 That ever in her heart the sunshine may abide.
 Dying, the rose breathes forth her soul to heaven's air—
 So die ! a heav'nward-lifted fragrance pure and fair !
 Living, the rose flings scent o'er every haunt of love—
 So live ! a gentle fragrance shed from heaven above !

10.

Thou know'st within thyself that thou from God art come,
 But as to how, or when, or why, thy soul is dumb.
 Did He once banish thee ? art thou His fugitive ?
 Or sent to do His work ? No answer canst thou give.
 But, wert thou banished, God some day the ban will lift ;
 Or sent to help the world, He will call back His gift ;
 Or didst thou flee from Him, thy feet at length will tire,
 And thou thy wandering steps turn homeward with desire.

11.

Thou art the Light of deepest night, thou art the Shade of bright-
 est day !
 Now would I from my weary soul despair and sorrow cast away !
 O thou who art my guiding Star, and art my Shade from burning
 sun !
 Straight to the Light I take my flight, and with the Shadow I am
 one !
 Thou peaceful Star of midnight skies, thou Shade from glaring
 heat of day—
 I fly to thee, O Light ! In thee, O Shadow, may I ever stay !

THE HIDDEN VISION

By W. W. KENILWORTH, Author of "Thoughts on Things
Psychic," "The Life of the Soul," Etc.

FOR ages man has been searching for something which his eye does not see, his ear does not hear, his tongue cannot describe—something which he cannot feel with the physical senses, nor touch, nor taste, nor sense—yet he is persuaded of its existence, its truth, its reality and its persistence. And the search of man for this hidden, indescribable something is also real, true and persistent. It is persistent because man cannot get away from the eternal search. He must ask the great queries and must answer them satisfactorily to himself. The search of man after this imponderable substance, this hidden existence, this deeper life, this more comprehensive and illuminating truth is the happiest duty in which he can spend his energies, because these are thereby called forth into their highest activity and directed to the worthiest end to which man can aspire.

The glory of all religion and religious feeling is this quest. The realization, however much in the degree, that a religious belief or religion is capable of expressing, determines the quality and the quantity of its influence and duration. Every religion aspires to teach man something that is apparently from "above" or apparently from without himself, that can redeem him from the hideous nightmare of sin and retrogression, something that can lift him beyond the ordinary limitations of ordinary life and give expression to the more real elements of his being, something that can invigorate his soul with a divine power and call into play and power the potent, latent faculties of intelligence and truth resident within him.

Yet the world dreams on, satisfied with theories, content to adhere to dead formulas and passing forms of truth. It does not bother its head further than to acknowledge the existence of secret realities, but it is these blessed realities that can alone give colour and tone to the moral evolution of the race, that can raise mankind from the poverty of its self-consciousness and self-realization and place it on an elevated and established basis of evolving tendencies.

Every religion, even fetishism, has its range of moral educa-

tion, however inferior this may be. It is only those who have arrived at a larger view of the truth and who have unfolded the vision of the awakened intellect that can perceive the flaws and superstitions in lower religious forms. It is not for these to criticize. They should lend the helping hand and not use their strength in violent fanaticism. They should assist, lend and guide, and not push, compel and scourge. They should be the masters, the instructors and protectors; but most of them are autocratic; they are theologians before they are spiritual teachers; they are theologians who believe in superposing hideous forms of belief and thought upon the minds of the ignorant in order to gain complete control over the psychic nature of communities, nations and races.

If there is something real within the nature of man, something that lives and endures, though the physical instrument through which it expresses itself be decomposed, if there is something established, essential, naturally characteristic of man, something ingrained in his being as a living principle and a self-constituted reality, it can be realized only by applying the gentle methods of spiritual reasonableness and never by inflicting terror-inspiring and haunting creeds upon the weak will of the spiritually infant man.

Religion should be the bright torch shining in the path of the truth, dispersing the dark clouds of ignorance and worldliness. It should be the dawn of the day liberating the world from the night of fear and superstition. It should be the roseate morn of the spiritual day. It should be the maternal principle hovering over the child-like soul of him who has not yet awakened to the spirituality of this existence. Religion is the fertile soil, the soft rains and gentle warmth of sun nourishing the tender plant of spirit. It is the strong support that assists the awakening soul to grow into self-support and self-sufficient strength. It is the medium through which the soul is enabled to gain some sense of a larger perspective of its nature.

The pure divinity of the soul is like the pearl of the oyster, deeply buried in the very ocean of existence. It is like the precious ore hidden in mountain caverns deep below the surface of the earth. The real nature of man is like a light before whose splendour a heavy veil has been placed. That veil is the veil of ignorance. The surface that hides from view the precious nature of the real "I" is the surface life men live and are content to live.

The drawing power of the soul is the spiritual life; it is spiritual principles realized in the careers of profoundly awakened

souls, saints and sages, religiously inspired men and women, prophets and prophetesses, priests and priestesses worthy of the name, worthy of the service, worthy of the teaching, worthy of their calling, efficient in their duty, true to their responsibilities, devoted to their ideals, earnest in their efforts and glad in working out the measure that has been meted to them by the great law of retributive justice men have called Karma.

Each soul is relatively less progressive to souls who have realized a little more of the truth, the beauty, the goodness and the sacredness of life. Each soul is inferior to the soul who is a bit more sincere in its attitude to realization, in its attitude of penetrating a bit deeper into the sanctuary of the Infinite Presence That surrounds nature and constitutes the charm and the life of all that is animate and all that is inanimate.

Calling on that Infinite Presence we are brought closer to the omni-sentient life; we are made more and more spiritual partakers of its bliss and peace; we are made communicators of its eternal knowledge and existence. What man cannot tell the soul, what man is incapable of expressing with regard to the realities of the real life of our lives, what neither the spirituality of character nor the teachings of the Masters themselves can do in the way of turning this lower unto that Higher Self—prayer, love, the fulfilment of duty, service to our fellow-men, earnestness of heart and tranquillity of mind, these can and will unfold the spiritual truth concerning our real selves and they can and will reveal the hidden vision that shall be seen and afterwards always sensed.

Combinations of mind that form in time and combinations of substance that form in space,—blind the view. The soul, ignorant of its divine nature, blindly identifies itself with the phantasmagoria, the phantom life and borrowed light of mind and body, but pain and experience will teach and lead the soul out of the mire of its self-limiting identification. All that we need do is to open our spiritual eyes and we shall see the light. But so long as we cry out that we are weak, sinful, miserable, subject to all forms of infirmity, so long as we belittle our nature by identifying it with this or that circumstance, declaring that with or without this or that we can only be happy, just so long do the iron links add themselves to the ever-lengthening chain that binds with fetters of ignorance of darkness.

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.*]

THE DIVINING ROD.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to your article in the OCCULT REVIEW on the Divining Rod some time ago, to which my attention has just been drawn, I venture to inform you that there are certain people in India who are also employed on similar work.

I cannot vouch for the actual results, and being out of India at present cannot give you any names of such persons, but it is a well-known fact that these individuals are very often employed to ascertain the existence of water, quarries, etc.

The peculiarity of these people is that they are "Payalu," meaning "born by the feet first," instead of by the head, as is usually the case in the majority of children when they first see the light. They do not use a rod as is done in Europe, but they walk over the ground bare-footed and are supposed to feel a sort of sensation through the feet at the particular place to which they apply their ear to hear something and then advise the owner of the ground to commence digging operations or otherwise.

Another peculiarity of these people is that they are very much afraid of lightning, and always keep indoors at the commencement of rains.

If you care to ask the Dowsers whom you know if any of them or their ancestors were born in the manner of the Indian Dowser, it might be of assistance to your researches.'

Yours truly,

G. M. KAREKAR.

BACON OR RAKOCZI?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As the author of a pamphlet, now out of print, entitled *Francis Bacon* (Bacon¹ was an incarnation of the Master Rakoczi), and as being now engaged on a book on the same subject, perhaps you will kindly allow me to answer the inquiry signed "Omnia vincit

Amor" which appears in your October issue. Your correspondent asks whether the Count St. Germain was a previous incarnation of the Master's, and what was the date of the Count's death. The answer is simple. It was the Master Rakoczi who, in the eighteenth century, called himself the "Count St. Germain." He was then already in the same physical body which he is still wearing, so that "the Count" has not passed through the gateway of death. The Masters, owing to the ineffable peace of God which they continuously enjoy, and to their thorough understanding of the physical body, are able to use the same body for far longer periods than ordinary men. I understand that the Master Rakoczi was born in his present body in the year 1697.

Faithfully yours,

ERNEST UDNEY,

Member of the Theosophical Society.

56, PRINCE'S SQUARE, W.

MYSTICISM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—It was very refreshing to me to read William T. Horton's letter on Mysticism in your November issue. I heartily concur with him. Much that passes current as Mysticism is at best a pseudo-mysticism. Occultists, Theosophists, *et hoc genus*, too often make the mistake of trusting the head rather than the heart, forgetting that the intellect is—or should be—the servant of Love. No one has a right to call himself a Mystic who lacks the life-giving warmth of Love. Love—and by Love I do not mean a sickly sentimentality, but something that can be stern if necessary—is the key which unlocks all things.

It has been said, "There is no religion higher than Truth." Would it not be more correct to say, "There is no religion higher than Love," for only through Love can we reach the *heart* of God? Love's chief delight is in service; the true Mystic lives to serve his fellows. To acquire knowledge for its own sake is worse than useless.

The more human we are, the more Divine. The poor erring Magdalen may be—nay, often is—nearer to the heart of God than your less human saint. It is not the deeply intellectual, the abstrusely metaphysical, nor even the profoundly philosophical, but the loving, trustful, childlike soul that enters into conscious relationship with the Supreme. Love alone recognizes Love. If we lack Love we are "become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." We may "understand all mysteries and all knowledge," yet without Love "it profiteth us nothing."

Yours faithfully,

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD WAITING FOR THE LIVING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The following instance of the visit of a spirit to a dying girl may be of interest to your readers.

Ethel H., a girl fifteen years of age, said she did not feel very well; the second day she did not feel any better. So her mother said she had better stay in bed, thinking that she would in all probability be all right on the following day.

Late in the afternoon Mrs. H. went and sat down beside her daughter's bed, and was pleased to see her looking and feeling so much better. After a while, everything being very quiet, the mother dozed and dreamed that she saw her daughter's girl friend, who had died a month previous, come into the room and say, "Make haste, Ethel; I have come for you." The mother awoke with a start, and was horrified to see Ethel was so much worse in so short a time. The poor girl died within twenty-four hours.

This is one more instance to add to many such; usually it is the dead friend or relative who appears to the person about to leave this mortal sphere.

Yours faithfully,
(MRS.) A. TEMPLE.

AN ANTI-VIVISECTIONIST'S DREAM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—One morning last week I had an animated discussion with a new acquaintance on the morality of Vivisection. She held that as the animals are a lower order of beings than humans it is allowable to experiment upon and to torture even ten dogs if the knowledge thereby gained lessens the sufferings of even one human being. I grew heated and waxed indignant. I said that inasmuch as all our physical suffering comes from the breaking of laws, it is unfair, it is cowardly, it is atrocious, to forcibly subject helpless animals to mutilation and to torture in order that we may evade the pain that we have earned. The discussion ended, I gave no more thought, throughout a busy day, to the matter. That same night, when I had lain down to sleep and had closed my eyes, I had a peculiar vision. There appeared before me while my mind was occupied with other affairs, a brown and white spaniel dog, wearing a man's bowler hat: three times he bowed to me, doffing his hat. This action arrested my attention, and I thought, "How queer, that a dog should bow and take off a hat to me!" Then my thought flew back to the talk of the morning, and my earnest defence of the animals, and I thrilled with delighted gratification.

These visions are a common experience with many people, but for the enlightenment of those who do not have them, I may explain that they arise unbidden whenever the body is still and the eyes closed,

and seldom have any connexion with the thoughts that are passing through one's brain. It is something like looking out of a window on to a busy street while one is thinking of other things than the incidents that are being enacted. Most often unrecognized faces crowd round one, sometimes it is country scenes, sometimes one seems to be looking into a room where people are dining or reading.

Yours faithfully,

J. VAUGHAN CRAWFORD.

YOGAISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

The letter on "Yogaism and Christianity," by W. H. Edwards, has filled me with great admiration for the nerve of the author who feels called upon to appear as a commentator of Mabel Collins' articles, "The Transparent Jewel." The subject chosen by the last named author presuppose some familiarity with the study of Esoterism in its devotional, philosophical and scientific aspects; a subject, far removed from the "natural knowledge" of orthodox Christians.

Mabel Collins expressly states on page 139 that these aphorisms of the devotional life "seem like some strange nonsense when first read by a novice, but with time and study they unfold and display a sublime philosophy and a perfect law of life."

This sentence ought to have told Mr. Edwards that he is a novice, cautioning him against rushing in where angels fear to tread; but to no purpose: the sad consequences of such hasty conduct are apparent in his article in form of badly jumbled ideas, crude misconceptions and faulty citations; not to speak of faulty logic, construction and even grammar.

Permit me to state first that Mr. Edwards does not even sense or know that of which Mabel Collins speaks: every line of his is living proof of this statement. The subject in question concerns: "Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms." It is a fact that these aphorisms or sutras can only be appreciated and cherished by those who, for instance, love to ponder over "Light on the Path," written down by Mabel Collins, and other books on occult science, not to forget the wonderful "Bhagavad Gita."

I scarcely need call attention to the fact that Mr. Edwards misquotes M. C. as saying: five principles "of" ignorance; he then cites four: Sense of Being, Desire, Aversion and Attachment, putting his own interpretation on top of that! M. C. speaks of five distractions or afflictions; ignorance first, then the other four; ignorance being the field in which they grow like strong weeds (p. 208). He then crowns his effort by saying that the Christian calls these same five principles (of ignorance) the "primal principles of human life which

have to be studied and 'learned.'" Ergo: the primal principle of human life as a Christian is to "study" and "learn" *ignorance!*

The climax of utter lack of caution, though, is reached in his garbled explanation of "sense of being," the first delusion "of" ignorance. M. C. speaks of this first delusion following from the state of ignorance. "It is the confusion of the senses, mind and body with the 'Spirit' which uses them, and of which they are the temporary instruments."

All of page 209 defines in greater detail the sense of separateness, arising from the delusion, the sense of being, and leads up to the definition of the "junction," which condition is caused by the mistaken idea that the power that sees is the power of seeing. Compare with this actual state of affairs Mr. Edwards's assumption that Patanjali has probably been misquoted in the translation; his calm assurance that he, Edwards, thinks Patanjali meant that the first realization of sensation, or "sense of being" is "illusion or delusion, by means of which the principle of fear and self-preservation" are "brought into being." Mr. Edwards closes his comments on the first illusion, the sense of being, or the "junction (not function) of the Seer with the sight" with this sample of profundity: "It probably means your sight shows you misery, trial and trouble wherever you go," etc., etc.

His remarks concerning truth and purity and his quotation of the New Commandment are of no pertinence. Meditate upon 1 Corinthians ii. 14, Mr. Edwards. For Patanjali's Yoga Sutras say in Book II, 40, 41: "Through purity comes withdrawal from one's bodily life, a ceasing from infatuation with the bodily life of others. To the pure of heart come also a quiet spirit, one-pointed thought, the victory over sensuality, and fitness to behold the Soul."

I did not take issue with Mr. Edwards in order to lecture to him, I in my turn expounding the wisdom of the ages; I am only a humble student. This self-complacent attitude, though, is blocking his advance on the Path, and his lack of caution does not permit him to see that there are subjects in existence on which frail intellect can shed no light; on which illumination can only fall by "entering into thy closet."

Yours very truly,
H. H. PETERS.

P.O. MURPHY, OWYHEE Co., IDAHO, U.S.A.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE memorable article of Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst on *The Raising of the Dead* is concluded in the current issue of *The Seeker*. We have explained already in these pages how the author understands resurrection as a stage in the transmutation of personality and as mystical, like the death which precedes it. In other words, both represent very high degrees of attainment in the experience of spiritual life. He turns now to the question of "the resurrection-flesh that clothes the perfected human spirit," on the assumption that "every spirit has a body on its own plane. Even in respect of God Who is spirit, the universe, of which but a portion is sensuously perceptible, is still His vesture." Mr. Wilmshurst is not, however, dealing with the state of man after his departure from this life, but rather with the attainment of resurrection here and now. If this be possible, it "involves the growth, within the exterior organism yet independently of it, of a vesture appropriate to such of the ultraphysical planes of life as we attain ability to become conscious upon." This interior spiritual body reacts upon the physical sheath, tending "to transmute its corruptible matter" and incorporate it with the "ultraphysical substance." With such a revitalising process the article deals at length. It is illustrated from many sources of mystical knowledge in the records thereof, from the symbolism of Masonry, from alchemy, from Vedantism, from Jacob Boehme, from the Scriptures more than all. For Mr. Wilmshurst, the emigration of Abraham from Chaldea is an allegory of the soul on the search for God; the history of David is a more advanced stage of the same quest; and its term is represented in the coming of Messiah, the life of the Christ on earth. Mr. Wilmshurst deals also with the work assigned to each one of us who are following the path of God, with the development of the *corpus sanum* and the *mens sana*, understood in the deeper sense of these expressions. It is an account of the growth of the archnatural body through four stages, and in the end Mr. Wilmshurst has recourse for his highest lights to Eucharistic symbolism, conveying—as it seems to one who has pondered long and deeply in these far-off tracts of thought—the most wonderful intimations of the life which follows the second birth of manhood, in the fullest form of expression that they have attained so far. It matters nothing, in view of the whole, if certain lesser analogies may seem precarious and some etymologies a little more than doubtful.

Le Voile d'Isis offers in its last issue not only things which are memorable in themselves but a forecast of policy in respect of its proper intentions. It may be difficult to say that these are calculated in any exceptional sense to render its permanent interest and appeal greater than they have been in the past; but it is designed certainly to maintain both, and more cannot be demanded of the most excellent periodical which reaches us from the world of France. In 1913 it will be entering upon the thirteenth year of its publication. Future issues will be extended in respect of their pages; it is proposed to add illustrations as the occasion of papers may require; it will have monographs on the mystic significance of numbers; and a writer who is well known to so many of us under the name of Sédir promises a series of articles on Christ the Saviour.

The World's Work is an occasional visitant only and is also celebrating a birthday, beginning the eleventh year of its existence with a modest retrospect of things so far accomplished in the presence of its own ideal. This ideal is the maintenance of a review devoted to imperial affairs and the world's enterprise as a whole. There is also a modest forecast of intentions during the next decade. Among articles which appeal to ourselves in an especial manner, there is that of Mr. Harold J. Shepstone on recent excavation-work in Palestine, an illustrated account in some detail of things which we have heard of by rumour in the daily press—the discovery of Jericho, of Ahab's palace, of Naboth's vineyard and the site of the house of Caiaphas. Our own contributor, Mr. J. Arthur Hill, discourses in brief words concerning the Science of the Soul, delineating the nature of activities comprised in psychical research and dwelling on the prospect of the life beyond, of "the next stage" which it seems to open before us. Mr. Hill finds occasion to repeat what he said recently in *Bedrock*, namely, that his personal desire is for extinction, that he does not therefore represent the will to believe but has been driven, will notwithstanding, to the recognition of certain facts. As to that which is beyond the next stage, his personal leaning is towards some kind of absorption as the possible term of all, though decisive opinion on such a subject is obviously premature. Meanwhile the next stage is a "higher class in the cosmic school," the old orthodox views being certainly wrong.

La Vie Mystérieuse rarely contains anything of direct appeal to ourselves, either in respect of subject-matter or method of treatment; but we shall be doing good service to many readers by stating

that, under the auspices of Mr. H. C. James, it has begun the publication of various notes and documents for a general history of astrology, this being a want which must have been felt for many years past. The object is to prove that the science of the stars is a root-science of observation practised at all times and among all peoples. The first instalment deals with an Assyrian astrological thesis referable to three thousand years before Christ. There is also an account of fortunate and unfortunate days recognized among the Egyptians.

The publication of a new volume by Edouard Schuré, *L'Évolution Divine du Sphinx au Christ*, has given *La Revue Spirite* the opportunity for an interesting paper on the literary life of the author and the influence exerted on his standpoint by Dr. Rudolph Steiner, who, in M. Schuré's opinion, has provided him with the true key to Christian esotericism. The work just mentioned is the last result of this influence, and it is to be followed by another entitled *Du Christ au Lucifer*. According to Dr. Steiner, Christ is the Solar Word and man originally was under the dominion of Lucifer, having neither reason nor liberty. There is to be a synthesis of the Christian principle and the Luciferian principle, or so says M. Schuré; but it remains to be seen how far he represents the doctrine of his master. Strangely enough perhaps, from time to time, for he propounds the extraordinary view that St. John, the beloved disciple, took the place of Lazarus in the tomb, in order "to withstand the supreme test which leads the initiate to a direct knowledge of truth."

We have received the first issue of the *Bulletin Mensuel de la Société Unitive*, which starts unhappily with a vexatious misprint in its title. We mentioned certain preliminary transactions last month, giving also some account of the institution. The provisional headquarters are at Paris, and the objects which have brought it into being are now embodied in a Profession of Faith. These are general equilibrium and harmony realized on earth in unity, and their attainment is looked for by individual amelioration through the study and application of those laws which constitute the science of life. At least half the ills of humanity are the consequence of errors which may be rectified by conformity with the prescriptions of this science; the balance are the result of atavism, which can be avoided in our descendants by the rectification of our own moral nature in the light of eugenics.

REVIEWS

THE WEIRD OF THE WANDERER. By Prospero and Caliban. Pp. 299. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 6s.

THIS is an amazing book—amazing in its virility, its imagination, its ingenuity, and not least in its style. The author, who veils himself under the pseudonym of "Prospero and Caliban," shows an extraordinary knowledge of the classics, and has borrowed from them a restrained dignity and an outspoken forcefulness which combine to make his writing often beautiful and always noteworthy. He has the "gift of words" in no small measure, and has produced in this book passages that, from the literary point of view, are wholly exquisite. The matter of the story is no less arresting than the manner. It tells of one Nicholas Crabbe, an Englishman, a searcher after secret wisdom, who, while exploring some ancient ruins above Assiut on the Nile, comes upon certain magic implements which enable him to call up the spirit of Amenemhat, an ancient Egyptian priest. Subsequently attempting, with the aid of this priest, a still greater and more dangerous magic rite, his strength fails at a crucial moment and he finds himself whirled backwards through two thousand years of time, there to take up new adventures in the person of King Odysseus, a pre-incarnation of his Victorian self. With this "new Odyssey" the rest of the book is concerned, and space does not permit mention of all the marvellous and wonderful happenings which fall to the lot of Nicholas Crabbe, pre-incarnate as the immortal Wanderer—of how he fought with heroes and spoke with gods (Hermes the Luck-bringer and rustic Pan, divine Eros, Zeus the father of all, and many others), of how he invaded the realm of Hades and won therefrom its treasure, Golden Helen, of how together they mounted lofty Olympos, and finally departed thence to dwell happily in their own kingdom of Moxoene, until the time of the king's strange and sudden departure to follow a certain great new Star which had appeared in the south-western sky. All this is told in inimitable fashion, with so straightforward a simplicity and so delicate a humour that the most unbelievable becomes possible and even natural. Comparisons are odious—and indeed it is more than difficult to think of any book with which this *can* be compared—but it is safe to say that not since Rider Haggard's *She* has there appeared so delightful and entrancing a story of wonder and beauty, of peril and love and high adventure.

E. M. M.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INTERIOR CHURCH. Of the Path which leads to Truth and of the different Ways which lead to Error and Perdition: To which is added an abridged Table of the Characters and Duties of a Christian. By I. V. Lopukhin. Translated from the French by D. H. S. Nicholson. With an Introduction by A. E. Waite. London: Theosophical Publishing Society. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS small volume is the work of a Christian mystic on the inward way of

Regeneration, by which admission is gained to the Interior Church, consisting of those who have seen and those who desire the Light. This Interior Church is presented under the image of a Temple. In the innermost part of the Holy of Holies are "the priests of universal regeneration who shine with all the fulness of the light which radiates truth and life." In the Holy Place of the Temple are "those who have already been crucified inwardly with Jesus Christ and who are the most proper for apostleship on earth. The Court is filled with those who have faith in the revealed truths of the Gospel, walk in the way of regeneration and labour diligently to fulfil the law of grace. In the Porch of the Temple are those who are earnestly employed in searching for the Truth, and feel the vanity of this world.

Mr. Waite, whose studies in Christian mysticism elsewhere are so widely known and appreciated, contributes a valuable and suggestive introduction to the work, and considers it in conjunction with Eckartshausen's *Cloud on the Sanctuary*. He gives special attention to the interpretation of the curious diagram representing the Temple of Nature and Grace which appears as a frontispiece to the book, and finds striking analogies between this plan of the Temple and the four Kabalistic worlds, and in conclusion finds that Lopukhin's presentation of the Interior Church is actually and really the theological conception of a Church glorious in heaven projected on the plane of Earth, because (a) it seems possible to enter it in this life, and it is therefore (b) an extension of the postulates concerning the communion of saints. To all who feel attracted to the life of sanctity and look for guidance as to the means of entering therein, this volume will be of supreme importance. It concludes with a short catechism on the nature of the character and duties of a Christian.

P. S. W.

CONSCIOUS CONTROL. By F. Matthias Alexander. Price 2s. 6d. net.
Pp. 50. Methuen & Co., Ltd., London.

THERE is much food for thought in this little treatise—a sequel to a former book entitled *Man's Supreme Inheritance*—and after a careful perusal one is bound to say that there seems to be much sound common-sense also. The author is concerned with the great problem of physical deterioration, and his suggestions for meeting and solving it are both original and reasonable. They open up wide vistas of future possibilities and are certainly worth the consideration of all who are interested in this vital racial question. Of deep-breathing exercises, as taught in the army and in our schools, Mr. Alexander has some very scathing things to say, illustrating his remarks by photographs which decidedly bear out his argument. The details given of individual cases, treated (and cured) by his methods, make interesting reading, and the book is one which should not be overlooked by eugenists, medical men, or any of those who have to do with the physical training of children.

E. M. M.

THE JAPANESE NATION. By Inazo Nitobe, A.M. Ph.D. Price 6s. net.
G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

WE have in front of us a very capable work on the Japanese by an eminent Professor of the Cherry Blossom Land, whose intimate knowledge and

understanding of the West enables him to teach us how best to comprehend the East—his corner of the East we should rather say; for Japan differs in so many essentials from the rest of the Orient. The aims, religion, morals, ideals and history of this small but virile nation are made clear to us. The "plodding patience" of the East and the "swift energy" of the West combine, so says our Professor, in the Japanese; Japan being the bridge between Asia and Europe. After reading his book we are inclined to think his assertion is correct. And though we as Westerns cannot entirely sympathize with all her ideals and principles, we must necessarily admire and respect a nation that has sprung into such activity and notoriety in so astonishingly short a space of time.

The chapters on Morals, Education and Religion will correct many current false ideas and conceptions. In them we learn that though the Jap is not an essentially religious man, he is heroic, self-reliant, patriotic, and a devoted son to a devoted mother; filial piety being accounted a primary virtue.

The Jap—successful colonist, keen soldier, clever workman, and ardent patriot who "feels like a woman and thinks like a man"—has assuredly a great future in store for him.

VIRGINIA MILWARD.

THE GATES OF KNOWLEDGE. By Rudolph Steiner. London: The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, W. Price 3s. 6d. net.

AN ancient text says: "Twelve are the Gates that lead into Life and as many are the Gates of Death." One would have suspected as many Gates of Knowledge to exist as there are modes of experience or conditions of life, but here we find that Mr. Rudolph Steiner has summed them up into Four Modes. These are Material Knowledge, such as that enjoyed by the Scientist; Imaginative Knowledge, such as that possessed by the artist, the poet, and the passive seer; Inspirational Knowledge, which is directly related to the Soul of Things and is possessed by those who enjoy intuitive perception of the basic unity of all forms of life, a state of knowledge in which form is heard and sound is seen, and to which the unity in diversity is a conscious perception. Lastly intuitive Knowledge, which consists in the self-presentation of the Idea. Thus as sources of possible knowledge we have the Object, the Image, the Idea, and the Consciousness, this latter being vested in the Ego. The writer makes a *faux pas*, however, in describing a circle as "a figure in which all points are equi-distant from the centre," a fact that is only true of the circumference of a circle. Philosophers should beware of definitions. In the section on the "Occult Functions of Sleep," a good deal is presumed as the result of occult training which is the normal effect of temperamental fitness, such as the bringing back of impressions from the state of sleep. The subject, which is very interesting, is too soon dropped to make room for much else that is both irrelevant and didactic. The author is in his constitutional element in the section on "The Pupil and the Teacher." Of all the relations between Master and pupil, the author makes that of the Rosicrucian the most natural. The Oriental is too exacting. In the Rosicrucian School of Occultism complete dependence on the Guru or Teacher is abolished. The fact that in the East it is relatively greater

may account for the perfection of its discipleship and the greater thoroughness of its regime will serve to explain why we have hitherto looked to the East for our methods, and largely for our teaching. There is a good section on Philosophy and Theosophy with a novel interpretation of Mind functions. The work as a whole is of decided interest.

SCRUTATOR.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS WORK. By Charles J. Whitby, M.D. London : Stephen Swift & Co., 18, King Street, Covent Garden. 3s. 6d. net.

THE sincerity of Dr. Whitby cannot be denied. He has a reputation to lose and, as these pages will show, has not hesitated to risk it in the cause to which he has devoted his life. He feels that the time has come for taking stock of the position and prospects of the medical profession and more particularly that section of it which is represented by the ordinary practitioner as distinguished from the specialist. It is felt that the position is not altogether safe, and is undoubtedly threatened not only by governmental interference, but also and perhaps principally by the prevailing craze for specialization of faculty. In a thoroughly workmanlike manner he presents the case for the general practitioner and shows clearly enough that the position held by him in public esteem is based on qualifications altogether more genuine and weighty than those possessed by the pink and lavender dandy doctors of a century ago. It is shown, moreover, that the physician is threatened in no small degree by the modern disposition to claim for surgical science a foremost place in public esteem. Formerly it was the physician who decided whether an operation should be performed or not. To-day the knife cuts through tradition with small consideration of the general condition of the patient's health, or temperamental peculiarities. "The Doctor and Patient," "The Doctor at Work," "Medicine as a Guild," "Signs of Change," "The Doctor as Sociologist," and as "Priest and Philosopher," form chapters of quite absorbing interest.

On the subject of Eugenics Dr. Whitby has much to say that is well said and true. He shows that there is a tendency on the part of modern legislators to foster raw material of doubtful value to the community, and it is urged that production of the species is capable of regulation and control, and that this ought to be taken in hand. At present a great deal of legislation and usage tends to the encouragement of reproduction among the unfit.

The book is of immediate interest and outstanding value to the public at large and ought to secure a wide reading.

SCRUTATOR.

BUBBLES OF THE FOAM. By F. W. Bain. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36, Essex Street, W.C. With Frontispiece. Price 3s. 6d. net.

"TRANSLATED from the Original Manuscript" finds a place on the title page of this remarkable little work; yet many of us know Mr. Bain's literary jugglery is so wonderful that it has only come down to us through some unknown passage, it has only filtered through the many passed years, little upon little, hearsay and mystic instinct: that his many charming

excursions into the fields of Eastern romance are but the product of a rare mind, steeped in and absorbed and obsessed by the Eastern element. It is a startling instance of the sway of the Orient over the Occident; it is a combination which is unique, inasmuch as its beauty is magnificent in its prismatic glistenings. No reader, normal or abnormal, can fail to be powerfully influenced by these new stories from Mr. Bain's exceptional mind.

X.

THE BLUE WALL. By R. W. Child. Cr. 8vo. 378 pp. London: Constable & Co., Ltd. Price 6s.

FATE led the doctor in attendance upon little Virginia Marbury upon a strange quest when, through the medium of her heightened sensibility, due to her illness, she became aware of something strange occurring on the other side of the Blue Wall. What was the mysterious struggle which the little patient sensed? This the doctor sought to fathom. In the process the imagination of the reader is caught in the grip of the mystery, and carried step by step to the startling climax, wherein the terrible but secret ordeal of the winsome heroine, Julianna, is at length disclosed. The description of the struggle wherein inherited vice and human will wage war for mastery forms a powerful piece of writing of absorbing interest, as does indeed, the whole story, which can be heartily recommended both for the ingenuity of the plot and the masterful manner in which it is worked out by the author. As a relaxation from more serious reading this novel should find a ready welcome from all lovers of the mysterious.

H. J. S.

THE INFERNO. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. 7½ in. × 4½ in., pp. 188. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is a remarkable book, written by a remarkable man. The Swedish novelist and dramatist August Strindberg, who only recently died of cancer in his native country, has been called "the greatest subjectivist of all time." His life, and we are here referring more especially to his inner life, was an extraordinary one, and in his four autobiographical works, of which *The Inferno* is one, he lays bare the details of this life, all its varied feelings and warring desires, in a manner that makes these works of very great interest and value to the psychologist. But not to the psychologist alone, for as Strindberg himself says in the Epilogue to *The Inferno*, "Such then is my life; a sign, an example to serve for the betterment of others; . . . a proverb to show the younger generation how they should not live. . . ."

If Strindberg found peace at last in a belief in the God of his fathers, it was only after a struggle with the powers of Hell itself, not outside of him, but within his own self. His life may be divided into, perhaps, three sections, firstly that of childish pietism, secondly that of atheism and extravagant egotism, and lastly that of an austere religious mysticism in which he felt largely in sympathy with the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church and the Hebrew concept of God as found in the Old Testament. As Mr. Field remarks in an interesting introduction to the present translation: "In his spiritual wanderings he grazed the edge of madness."

There is no doubt of this. The self-revelations of *The Inferno* show clear evidence of paranoia (persecutory mania). During this period Strindberg engaged himself largely in alchemical experiments, deluding himself into the belief that he had performed the chemical *magnum opus*. He himself attributed his escape from madness to the writings of his fellow-countryman Swedenborg, though he interpreted some of Swedenborg's theories in a rather unusual way.

In conclusion, may we hope for further translations of Strindberg from the capable hands of Mr. Field?

H. S. REDGROVE.

NUMBERS—THEIR MEANING AND MAGIC. By Isidore Kozminsky.

London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 8, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Price 1s. net.

THIS book is a revised and enlarged edition of a work which has already gained a considerable amount of notice from students of the Kabalistic teachings. Mr. Kozminsky knows his subject well and has availed himself freely of all sources from which evidence of the mathematical law of cosmic interpretation can be sustained. He treats of the symbols and meanings of Numbers, the various numerical variations of the alphabets, and the Kabala of Pythagoras.

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SCRUTATOR.

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S. D. J

THE SYSTEM OF THE VEDANTA: A Compendium of the Dogmatics of Brahmanism from the Standpoint of Çaṅkara. By Dr. Paul Deussen. Translated by C. Johnston. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

I WILL begin by assuming that Dr. Paul Deussen needs no introduction to my readers, and if they are not—as may well be—acquainted with Mr. Charles Johnston, who is responsible for this authorized translation, they are never likely to meet with any one more capable of rendering into English such a German original, not only with fidelity to the letter—which is good—but to the spirit of the original—which is better, and indeed priceless. The translator's preface takes the form of a letter to the author, written with an intimacy which seems to speak of firm friendship, and itself a literary document in the proper and not in the casual sense of that rather misused term. Of the book itself I propose to speak only in broad and general terms. It is much too important for the fact of its publication in English not to be put on record at once for the benefit of those whom it concerns; but the field which it covers and the authority with which it speaks alike demand that on another occasion it should be presented in another manner, with something of reasonable fulness. I shall approach it then as I can approach it now only from the standpoint of the Christian mystic who has proceeded so far with his own subject that he knows the voices of the East do not differ at the root and heart of this message from those which have spoken in the West on the one great subject of all, which is that of our return into unity; that the same thing is therefore everywhere; that the Divine in manifestation has been called by many names; and that the term of research is the same in mystic life wherever it is followed. Dr. Deussen presents us with a survey of Vedantic literature according to Bādarāyana's Brahma-sūtras and Çaṅkara's commentary thereon. The work comprises the Doctrine of Brahma, the Doctrine of the World, the Doctrine of the Soul, of the soul's transmigration and the path of liberation. The analogies with western theosophy under the rule of Christ are for him who reads to see; they are not mentioned by Dr. Deussen, who deals with his own subject and not with the things elsewhere which are connected therewith and may arise therefrom. Those who perceive the analogies may not discern the deeper bond of union which lies beneath the occasional and elusive surface likeness: it calls for certain gifts. It is there in my own opinion, but here, and for the time being, I must be content with the bare statement. To many and most the pantheism of Vedantic doctrine is fatal to any ground of analogy with mystic doctrine in the West; for me it is largely a question of words and the true understanding of these. There is a oneness truly between God and the soul which is recognized by Christian mysticism; there is a path of liberation also; and in these matters there is a marriage possible between East and West. Meanwhile, the light on the path of the East and on the attainment, there is the good gift of Dr. Deussen to the lovers of true Theosophy here and in America—wherever our tongue is spoken.

A. E. WAITE.