

THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

" Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri "

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

IT has always appeared to me that one of the most interesting subjects of investigation for the student of Comparative Religion is the question how far the psychic experiences of nations have coloured their religious beliefs. A short treatise has recently appeared, which bears rather directly on this interesting point, the subject being Greek and Roman ghost-stories ; and the author, Mr. Lacy Collison-Morley, formerly Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge.* So numerous, nowadays, are the books on

PSYCHIC
EXPERIENCE
AND
RELIGIOUS
BELIEF.

ghosts, that it seems somewhat strange that, as far as I am aware, no volume on the classical variety of spook had previously seen the light. But, as the author sagely remarks, the Greek and Roman ghost-stories hardly come up to the standard required by the Society for Psychical Research. In addition

to this, considering the amount of Greek and Roman literature

* *Greek and Roman Ghost Stories.* L. Collison-Morley. Oxford : B. H. Blackwell. 3s. net.

that we possess, they cannot be described as over-plentiful. The fact is, the old classical world never had its Elliott O'Donnell, and we accordingly meet with its ghost-stories at rare intervals, mixed with other matter of a totally different kind and quality. The allusions, however, to a future state in classical writers are frequently curiously reminiscent of the sort of experiences of the astral plane with which psychical literature teems at the present day. There are, in fact, two ideas in connection with a future life which seem to be familiar to the classical mind; and the more frequently met with of these two is the one which, as I have already stated, is reminiscent of what Mrs. Catherine Crowe dramatically called "The Night Side of Nature." Ideas of this kind not unnaturally represent the state after death as a very gloomy and unattractive condition, and its inhabitants as little better than shadowy replicas of their earthly counterparts. The classical hero was accordingly in the habit of regarding his prospects after death in by no means a too rosy light, and Homer makes Achilles say that he would infinitely prefer to be the humblest farm-labourer among the living, rather than a king among the dead. Even Dido, who voluntarily abandons her mortal life for the unrequited love of Aeneas, has little hope in connection with her contemplated change of condition. The best she can say is "non omnis moriar," "I shall not quite all die." "A great shadow of myself (she adds) will pass to the shades beneath."

In the *Odyssey*, Ulysses interviews the ghosts of deceased heroes, and finds them but hollow phantasms of their former selves, wandering disconsolate in Cimmerian darkness. In the case of Hercules, however, it is explained that the spectre whom Ulysses interviews is merely the phantom form of the hero, and not his real self.* The latter, we are told, had passed into a region of bliss where contact with mortal man had become an impossibility. Here we have the suggestion of that second idea, familiar to classical times, that for those who had lived what Colonel Roosevelt would call "the strenuous life," there is reserved

"ONLY THE
STRENUOUS
NEED
APPLY."

* Now I the strength of Hercules behold
A towering spectre of gigantic mould,
A shadowy form—for high in heaven's abodes
Himself resides, a god among the gods.
There, in the bright assemblies of the skies,
He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.

Odyssey, Book 11 (Pope's translation).

some haven of beatitude far different in its surroundings and conditions from that dolorous region beneath the earth to which Charon was wont to convey the souls of the dead. This distant region of bliss is variously described as the Isles of the Blest, the Isles of the Heroes, or the Elysian Fields, and those who attain to it are looked upon as the very, very few, and are regarded as supremely fortunate. Matthew Arnold's conception is essentially the classical conception with regard to this dim and distant possibility, which certainly is not to be regarded as an attainable goal for the ordinary man, however virtuous he may be. As the English poet says :—

He who faints not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing, *only he*,
His soul well knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, *and that hardly*, to eternal life.

Intense energy, in short, and heroic deeds of valour, alone can avail to turn the key of the portal which opens upon this realm of joy. For all others, including almost every mother's son of Rome and Greece, this life must be followed by the crossing of the shadowy Styx into the still more shadowy and depressing regions

DEGREES
OF
DAMNATION. beyond ; unless, indeed, a worse fate be in store for him who has done evil deeds—deeds of violence and crime. It is his lot to be consigned to the fires and tortures of the dreaded Tartarus, and to dwell by the burning streams of the cursed Phlegethon, in company with Ixion, Tantalus, Sisyphus, and other criminals ; but for the man-in-the-street, as we phrase it now, for the vast bulk of humankind, Pluto's realm of darkness and despair is the allotted destiny after death. The region is one not so much of positive torture, as in the Christian Hell and the Roman Tartarus, as of unreality, hopelessness and illusion. The region is a region of horror, but it is a horror which arises not so much from what is there as from what is not. The classical Hades is mainly suggestive on its negative side. The following verses will perhaps give a truer idea of it than any prose description :—

Vainly you'd sense what horror means
Till you're amid those dolorous scenes !
There's ne'er a man, there's ne'er a maid ;
There is but phantom, nightmare, shade—
The nothingness that makes afraid !

If aught perchance be seen of Fair,
 'Tis straight dissolved into the air.
 A cold drear wind drives moaning past ;
 Despairing souls flit down the blast,
 Or hollow groans of souls that were,
 Surviving but in their despair !
 Illusive phantoms flout, then flee ;
 You strive in vain to sense or see,
 Wrapt round in unreality !

Such was the future which the classical Greek or Roman anticipated and dreaded. Somewhat similar was the attitude of the Hebrew Psalmist. "The dead," he said, "praise not Thee, O Lord, neither they that go down into the pit." If you were not a hero, the best you could hope for would be peace, otherwise freedom from mental torment, that everlasting sleep that, as Horace declared, brooded over his dead friend Quintilius. "Pax tecum æterna," "Everlasting peace be with you," is a common inscription on the Roman tombs.

As with ourselves, there were various types of ghosts and haunting entities among the Greeks and Romans. There was the same idea that those who had met with violent deaths were liable to haunt the scenes of the tragedy of which they were the victims. So, too, the spirits of the unburied were popularly supposed to be unable to rest until proper funeral rites had been performed.

Among the Latins the Manes are the ancestral spirits of the family, who give no trouble as long as the proper propitiatory services are performed for them. The Lemures, on the other hand, were the restless spirits that haunted houses and cemeteries, but the distinction between the varieties of "spooks," as we should call them now, in Roman times, is not very clear. We have, for instance, Larvæ and Lamiæ, both of them ghosts of a more or less disagreeable character. The nations of classical antiquity were, above all things, susceptible to omens and supernatural warnings, and several of the classical ghost-stories that have come down to us deal in warnings of the kind, conveyed by the apparitions of the dead. Brutus was thus confronted by the ghost of Cæsar (or was it not, in the more authentic story, the ghost of his own evil genius ?) A spectral figure is also related to have encouraged Cæsar to cross the Rubicon and thereby challenge the authority of the Roman Republic. There were stories such as have been recorded in earlier numbers of the OCCULT REVIEW, of haunted battlefields—battles that were fought over again in the clouds by spectral combatants, as in the case of the battle of Edge Hill and that of Utrecht. Thus

Tacitus related how, when Titus was besieging Jerusalem, armies were seen fighting in the sky, and again it is recorded how, after a battle fought by the Romans against Attila and the Huns, close to the walls of Rome, the ghosts of the dead continued the fight in the clouds for three subsequent days and nights, the clash of their arms being distinctly heard. So, again, Pausanius narrates how, after the battle of Marathon, the fighting of soldiers and the neighing of horses were heard for years about the haunted spot. Similar tales were told about the plains of Troy, where Ajax was popularly believed to perform antics more worthy of a modern poltergeist. The murderer of more modern times haunted by the ghost of the victim was paralleled in the ghosts of the Greek and Roman worlds by the criminal pursued by the avenging Furies. Thus Orestes was persecuted by the Furies of his mother, and Nero, after his mother's murder, complained of being troubled by her spirit, and by the lashes and tortures of these same Furies.

But with it all, the most educated Romans were most in doubt and uncertainty as to what would befall them after life was extinct. Philosophers and poets such as Horace voice this doubt, and the dread that accompanied it, and Hadrian, the brilliant scholar-emperor, the *Reise-Kaiser* of his day, wrote the briefest classic poem on record of half-bantering, half-serious wonder as to what would happen to his mercurial spirit after death, in the land where the jokes he had loved so well on earth were unknown.* Virgil alone, of all great Roman writers, seems to have regarded the after-life seriously and coherently, from the point of view of a transcendentalist and mystic. He, at least, has definite theories as regards the future of the race and the evolution of mankind by psychic purification and transmigration into new bodies. There was nothing purposeless in Virgil's spiritual philosophy; but in his own day, as in our own, such conceptions were *caviare* to the general.

Doubtless in those old Roman days, men sat and talked over the winter log fires and discussed, as they do to-day, whether ghosts were a figment of the imagination or otherwise. Cicero considers the point seriously. The younger Pliny wrote to ask his friend Sura whether he thought ghosts had a real existence with a form of their own; and if they were of divine origin, or merely empty air.

THE STORY
OF
PHILINNION.

* Animula, vagula, blandula,
Quae nunc abibis in loca,
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca?

Certainly faith in such matters among the Romans was by no means rare ; and perhaps the balance between credulity and incredulity was about as evenly divided as it is among ourselves. We at least owe to classical records one of the most remarkable ghost-stories that has ever been related of this or any other period in the world's history. I allude to the story of the appearance of Philinnion after death to her lover Machates. As this story has been recounted in various places with no small divergence from the original records, I make no apology for giving it in full in the present context, and leave to my readers' judgment how far they are prepared to credit the possibility of so strange an occurrence.

The record in question is one difficult to parallel elsewhere with any exactitude, but it inevitably recalls various vampire and kindred records. The date of the story is some time during the reign of Philip II of Macedon (360-336 B.C.), the famous father of a still more famous son, Alexander the Great.* The incidents are narrated as having occurred at Amphipolis, a city of Macedonia, situated on the River Strymon. The authority for it is a correspondence which took place between Hipparchus and Arrhidæus. Hipparchus begins this correspondence by writing from Amphipolis, the scene of the visitation of the apparition and subsequent tragedy, to Arrhidæus—who was, by the way, a half-brother of Alexander the Great—narrating in his letter the main facts, or alleged facts, of the strange case which had naturally, as readers of this story will readily realize, created intense excitement, and had in fact (as we express it nowadays) become the talk of the town. The heroine of the tale was Philinnion, the daughter of Demosthenes and Charito, people evidently in a high social position. Philinnion, their daughter, was compelled, much against her will, to marry

* Mrs. Catherine Crowe, in recording this story, states that the incident occurred in the time of the Emperor Hadrian. As this was some 600 years later than the real date of the story, and as, in the time of Philip II of Macedon, the Romans had their work cut out in subduing their neighbours, the Samnites, and were very far as yet from even having conquered Italy, the chronological error is a pretty serious one, and I really think that Mrs. Crowe might have left it at that. She adds, however, that the details were forwarded by the Prefect of the city to the Pro-Consul of his province, and by the latter laid before the Emperor Hadrian, observing that "as it was not the custom to mystify Roman Emperors, we are constrained to believe that the Prefect and Pro-Consul had good reasons for believing in the veracity of the story." Éliphas Lévi also gives a dressed-up version of the story in his *History of Magic*, but explains it away in a fashion that really out-Podmores Podmore.

Craterus, who afterwards became one of Alexander the Great's most famous generals. The marriage, as such marriages are liable to do, ended in tragedy. Philinnion died—we may assume, if we like, broken-hearted—six months after the marriage ceremony. She had already been in her grave another six months before the incidents occurred which form the subject of our present story. Machates, her erstwhile lover and a friend of the family, had come from his home at Pella on a visit to Philinnion's bereaved parents. If we are to believe the record, the intensity of Philinnion's love conquered death itself, and she appeared, evidently in her physical form, to Machates, in his bedroom, and visited him for several successive nights. It happened on one of these occasions that the old nurse, passing by the room, noticed a lamp burning, and a young woman sitting by the side of their guest. She recognized Philinnion, and ran to the parents, declaring to them that their daughter was alive, and was with Machates in the guest-chamber. The mother was quite sceptical, but the nurse reiterated her conviction, and eventually persuaded Charito to go to the chamber door. She then found them both asleep and bending over the woman's figure believed she recognized her daughter's features. The next day Charito took Machates to task, and adjured him by the gods to speak the truth and hide nothing from her. After much reluctance he admitted that Philinnion had been to see him, described her first coming, and the violence of her passion, and told how she had said that she was there without her parents' knowledge. To confirm his story he opened a coffer and took out the things she had left behind her—a gold ring which she had given him, and a belt which she had left on the previous night. Charito, seeing all these convincing proofs, showed signs of terrible distress and began to mourn for her daughter as if for her second funeral. Machates finally promised that her parents should see her if she re-appeared. The sequel had best be told in the words of the narrator * :—

A LOVER
FROM THE
TOMB.

When night fell and the hour drew near at which Philinnion usually appeared, they were on the watch for her. She came, as was her custom, and sat down upon the bed. Machates made no pretence, for he was

* The narrator is apparently Hipparchus, and the following is an extract from his letter as translated by Mr. Morley. Our authorities for the story are one of Proclus's treatises on Plato's Republic, and Phlegon of Tralles' *de Rebus Mirabilibus*. In this latter author the commencement of the story is missing, but, as Mr. Collison-Morley points out, Erwin Rohde has cleared up all essential details.

genuinely anxious to sift the matter to the bottom, and secretly sent some slaves to call her parents. He himself could hardly believe that the woman who came to him so regularly at the same hour was really dead, and when she ate and drank with him, he began to suspect what had been suggested to him—namely, that some grave-robbers had violated the tomb and sold the clothes and gold ornaments to her father.

Demostratus and Charito hastened to come at once, and when they saw her, they were at first speechless with amazement. Then, with cries of joy, they threw themselves upon their daughter. But Philinnion remained cold. "Father and mother," she said, "cruel indeed have ye been in that ye grudged my living with the stranger for three days in my father's house, for it brought harm to no one. But ye shall pay for your meddling with sorrow. I must return to the place appointed for me, though I came not hither without the will of Heaven." With these words she fell down dead, and her body lay stretched upon the bed. Her parents threw themselves upon her and the house was filled with confusion and sorrow, for the blow was heavy indeed; but the event was strange, and soon became known throughout the town, and finally reached my ears.

During the night I kept back the crowds that gathered round the house, taking care that there should be no disturbance as the news spread. At early dawn the theatre was full. After a long discussion it was decided that we should go and open the tomb, to see whether the body was still on the bier, or whether we should find the place empty, for the woman had hardly been dead six months. When we opened the vault where all her family was buried, the bodies were seen lying on the other biers; but on the one where Philinnion had been placed, we found only the iron ring which had belonged to her lover and the gilt drinking-cup Machates had given her on the first day. In utter amazement, we went straight to Demostratus's house to see whether the body was still there. We beheld it lying on the ground, and then went in a large crowd to the place of assembly, for the whole event was of great importance and absolutely past belief. Great was the confusion, and no one could tell what to do, when Hyllus, who is not only considered to be the best diviner among us, but is also a great authority on the interpretation of the flight of birds, and is generally well versed in his art, got up and said that the woman must be buried outside the boundaries of the city, for it was unlawful that she should be laid to rest within them; and that Hermes Chthonius and the Eumenides should be propitiated, and that all pollution would thus be removed. He ordered the temples to be re-consecrated and the usual rites performed in honour of the gods below. As for the king* in this affair, he privately told me to sacrifice to Hermes, and to Zeus Xenius and to Ares, and to perform these duties with the utmost care. We have done as he suggested.

The stranger Machates, who was visited by the ghost, has committed suicide in despair.

Now if you think it right I should give the King an account of all this, let me know, and I will send some of these who gave me the various details.

Such is the story as it has reached us from the Greek records. If there is truth in such a story as this, there is no reason to dis-

* Evidently not the King of Macedon, referred to below, but the local ruler or (?) possibly High Priest.

believe in materialistic séances or in the phenomena of vampirism, or indeed in what Dr. Hartmann has called "magical metathesis." Such phenomena hang together. Either they are within the bounds of physical possibility or we must write down all such

ACTORS AND
NARRATORS
CONCERNED
IN A WORLD
DRAMA.

records as inventions and illusions. The dramatic nature of the Macedonian ghost-story has attracted to it especial attention and also the fact that the people concerned in it were nearly related and connected with some of the most celebrated characters in history. It was not an incident that happened

to the daughter and friend of Tom Smith or John Jones under circumstances which offer no guarantee of the narrator's bona fides. Those associated with the most prominent actors in and narrators of this terrible—if credible—drama were destined a few years later to carry out and participate in a campaign of world conquest which was to revolutionize the history of all the lands bordering the Eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and to make a bond of language and law between many alien nations which would three and a half centuries later render possible the introduction of Christianity as the dominant religion of the coming era.

All lovers of beautiful verse as well as all those who are inclined to dally with or to accept the hypothesis of reincarnation as a solution of the great problems of life, will welcome the appearance of a book which puts into poetic form in

REINCARNA-
TION AS A
POETIC
INSPIRA-
TION.

various guises this fascinating conception of the many lives that are yet but links in the one. Never perhaps except in a few verses of Algernon Charles Swinburne has the hypothesis of reincarnation been put before the world in such a splendid setting. The

author of *The Agate Lamp* (Eva Gore-Booth) rings the changes on this idea in such poems as "The Vagrant's Romance" and "The Immortal Soul." Those who would read of the vagrant how :—

In the days of Atlantis under the wave
He was a slave, the child of a slave ;
How, when the Towers of Atlantis fell,
He died and was born again in hell.

should get the book in question for their personal delectation. I cannot, however, refrain from quoting the lines from "The Immortal Soul" which tell of the birth and rebirth of the spirit of man in its many mortal tenements. How :—

Into her hands in ages gone
The great dreams of the Spirit fell.
From life to life she hands them on,
Inviolable, invincible.

To myself the most fascinating verses are those in which the poetess apostrophizes the soul as the "priestess of a crumbling shrine," and likens her to the vestal virgins who handed on the traditions of Rome unbroken through the long centuries.

Veiled watcher in the deeps unseen,
 Thou ancient childlike soul of mine,
 Life after life hast thou not been
 The priestess of a crumbling shrine?
 As vestals in a city marred
 By war and famine, change and late,
 Through the long centuries could guard
 The dreams of Rome inviolate;
 So has she held in her long trust
 The wisdom and the fire of earth;
 She stands between us and the dust,
 From death to death, from birth to birth;
 And ever, through sunshine and cloud,
 She guards the ancient holy flame,
 And shares with all things fair and proud
 Her radiant secret whence she came.

It is not the incidents—the triumphs or failures of a single life, the Poetess would have us understand, to which the true worth is to be attached. These can only be interpreted in terms of the whole and of the purposes and ideals of the spirit that inspires them and that builds up body after body for their expression. Looked at from this point of view the deeds of the greatest of the Cæsars could not be weighed in the balance against Julian's dream of a higher creed and a more exalted sense of worship and duty.

Pure gold did Nero's palace shine,
 O'er mighty ships the eagles soared;
 Lord of the world was Constantine,
 Of a lost dream was Julian lord.
 The eagles passed on blood-stained wings,
 Blurred is the broken marble's pride.
 Yet fair amongst immortal things
 Did that rejected dream abide.

I regret that in my last issue, in the review of *The System of the Vedanta*, by Paul Deussen, the name of the English publishers and the price were omitted. The Publishers in England are Messrs. Luzac & Co., 46, Great Russell Street, W.C., and the price is 12s. 6d. net. For those who are studying this system the book is an invaluable one, and will doubtless prove a standard work on the subject. While on the subject of

books, perhaps I might suggest to all readers of the OCCULT REVIEW who have not yet happened to receive one, that they should send a post card to 8, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., asking for my firm's latest catalogue. Every endeavour is made to supply these to readers of the magazine, but there must be many cases in which the addresses are not included in their list, and the catalogue is one which should appeal to every reader.

THE VISITOR

By MAUDE ANNESLEY

A SIGH in the passage, a step in the night
Was the first that I knew of you, little strange child.
And, when I looked up from my circle of light,
I could faintly perceive your small form, and I smiled.

You seemed to be waiting for that, for you crept
To the fire, and you held out your poor little hands.
'Twas stormy outside in the dark, Nature wept,
And the sea sent great billows to torture the sands.

O why, little ghost, do you come here to me?
For I knew you not, know not, and never have known
The home of your birth. You are perfectly free,
Yet you come in each night, as I sit here alone!

And are there no toys in that bright spirit-land?
Are there no little children to laugh with, and play?
And no Mother-ghost, with her sheltering hand,
To enfold you, and love you, and bid you to stay?

Nay, come, if you wish it. Perhaps you will creep
To my arms, on some ev'ning when all are at rest.
I'll lull you, and rock you, and send you to sleep:
Then some angel may take you, my little strange guest!

A MODERN MAGUS

By ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

THERE is probably no name in the annals of modern occultism to compare in repute and celebrity with that of Eliphas Lévi, the so-called Abbé Constant. So far as England, America and the English-speaking colonies and dependencies are concerned, I suppose also—if it be worth while to do so—that the writer of these lines has been the instrument-in-chief for the diffusion of that knowledge which exists concerning him. As a result, Lévi is more familiar among us than in foreign countries, his own France excepted. I am registering a fact, not claiming a title of honour. Before I took him in hand for translation he had been the subject of casual reference in *Isis Unveiled*, in *Nineteenth Century Miracles*, and the list is almost exhausted by these works. In periodical literature Kenneth Mackenzie had printed what may be called an interview in some *Transactions* of the Masonic Rosicrucian Society; an old issue of *Temple Bar* had derided him in a kind of review, and this again is, I think, all. At the present moment, readers of occult literature might almost say that he is "familiar in our mouths as household words." I am not intending to exaggerate the esteem in which he is held, for such esteem varies, while if I am to be classed among those who love his memory, it is known that I am not his disciple and that when presenting him in an English vesture I have taken care that he should appear in a true light respecting his attainments, position and claims. Among his old disciples in France—for example, Dr. Papus—he remains an acknowledged master; masters seem necessary there as a kind of hall-mark which serves to classify, while it also provides status. There are, however, occasional Messiahs—prophets of modes to come—and these are content with precursors. Of such was Lévi, and Høene Wronski, who discovered the Absolute in 1839, and endeavoured to sell it much above the market-price recognized in houses of exchange, was unconsciously his John the Baptist. A few people at the present day are beginning to wake up in England to the fact of poor Wronski and to discover that he was remarkable after his own manner. I made a dip in the old days into his particular lucky-bag of mysteries. The experiment was unprofitable

personally, and I might have sought consolation in Balzac's *Recherche de l'Absolu*; but I came upon the Messiah Constant, and,



James Hyatt.

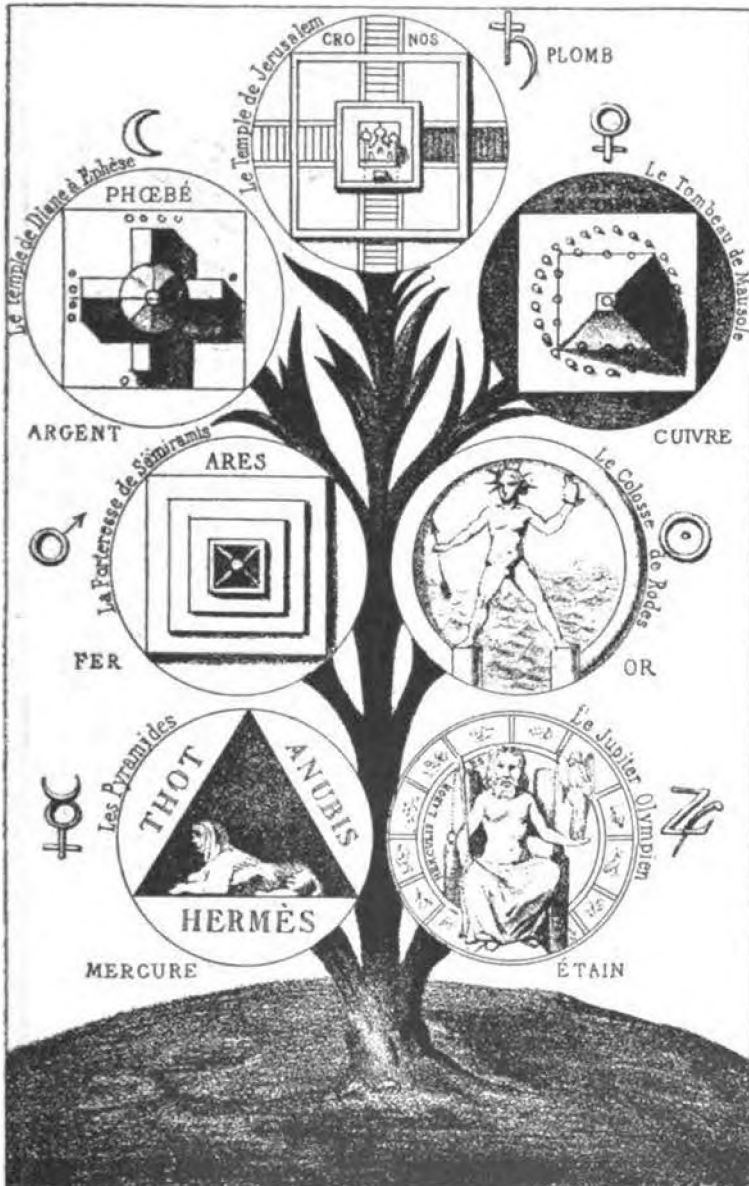
ELIPHAS LÉVI.

so long as I dwelt in the kingdom of occult science, to go further was not to fare better.

I have called him at the head of this article a Modern Magus. He is to the manner born absolutely. Desbarolles read his hand and said that it bore every sign and seal by which his kind of dedication is revealed under the light of chiromancy. I had no need for its instruction when I met with the *Doctrine and Ritual of Transcendental Magic*. But the literary precursor of Eliphas Lévi was Alphonse Louis Constant—otherwise, his own self—in books which have now perished ; and they prove him a magus in words before, in his own opinion and that of many others, he became a magus in science. There are passages in *Le Bible de la Liberté* and *Les Trois Malfaiteurs* which contain spells of enchantment very curiously woven. His occult works are jewelled with talismans of this kind. One of my critics—it was *The Saturday Review*, if I remember rightly—said that he was never happy unless he was wrapping up a paradox in an epigram ; this has a side of truth, but still more numerous are the epigrams which convey insight ; while if these are gems, let me add that there are also stars, by which I mean his great luminous dicta on great and pregnant subjects—on eternal truths of morality, on the higher aspirations of the soul, on the large and gracious charity of the enlightened mind. Were I called upon to do one more book about Lévi, I should like it to be his Golden Book. I should forget that he had written upon Magic, upon things called Kabalah and Tarot ; I should give his wise aphorisms, his doctrines of light in the heart, his religion of the liberated mind. It would not be a big book, but it might prove one for all time ; I think that it should be printed in gold on skins of vellum and bound in white linen, like " the righteousness of saints."

I am concerned, however, with another enterprise, and one of sufficient magnitude, being a complete translation of Lévi's *History of Magic*, rendered and annotated by myself. Publication will take place under the auspices of Messrs. William Rider & Son prior to the March issue of the OCCULT REVIEW. It realizes a project which has been rather long in my mind. In *The Key to the Tarot*, published in 1910, I said that it was " the most comprehensive, brilliant, enchanting History of Magic which has ever been drawn into writing." Here is justification enough, according to all canons, and yet it is not my reason, though an excellent setting for this. No book written with authority so presents the claims of its subject that it is possible for the mystic to join hands with the magus over his explanation of facts. This is the reason which has prompted me. The facts of Magic, results which follow evocations, witchcrafts, the darksome processes of Grimoires and

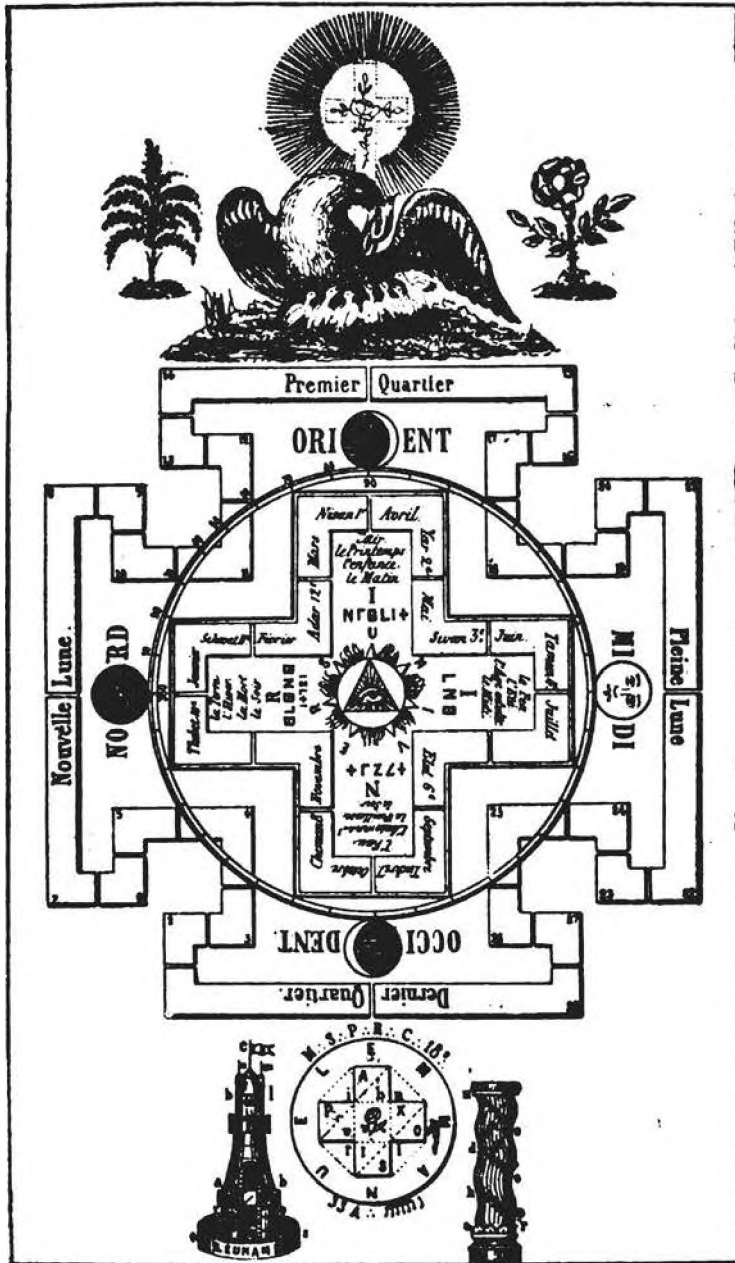
Keys of Solomon are neither explained by Lévi as mere imposture nor elevated to the plane of veridic phenomena. Most are delusion, and that delusion is largely of the self-induced kind ; but



THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

there remains a proportion to be accounted for in another manner —by the exteriorization of the psychic body, above all, by [an occult force postulated under the name of the Astral Light and held to be put in motion either by the will of the magus or through

the abnormal gifts of mediums, as the case may be. What does not happen in either case is that the dead return to testify, or that communication is established with angels, demons, elemen-



THE PHILOSOPHIC CROSS, OR PLAN OF THE THIRD TEMPLE PROPHESED BY EZEKIEL.

taries or planetary spirits. These are findings of research, and on this basis the author gives his construction of Magic through-

out the centuries. It is with this that I, as a mystic, am in substantial agreement ; it is so much proof that those in search of certitude over spiritual things will only lose their time in the region of occult phenomena.

In justification to myself I have wished to make this point clear, lest the question should arise why I, as a mystic, have undertaken such a task. I have therefore written the present notice as a kind of Advertisement from Eleusis concerning the



THE GREAT HERMETIC ARCANUM.
(After Basil Valentine.)

forthcoming work. It may be reviewed in the usual way after publication in these as in other pages, and I hope that the fact will be remembered. I have made it plainer in the preface, where I have taken further occasion to dwell upon the value of the testimony, the general importance of the book, and to distinguish those matters over which I differ from Lévi. He believed, like myself, in the existence of a secret tradition and that Kabalistic literature was one of its channels ; but we are not in concurrence

over the nature of the tradition or the date of its records. Readers of the *History of Magic* will be guided by their own judgment, and there are some who may be captivated by the glamour of the author's imaginative views rather than by my critical modifications, especially on certain points.

Among numerous plates in the volume, I have chosen certain designs to illustrate this article. Lévi supposes the secret tradition to have been embodied in stone monuments, and he summarizes this idea in sketching the Seven Wonders of the World. He believes that the Knights Templar were a heretical sect in conspiracy to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem and overthrow the papacy. He outlines therefore their plan of a Third Temple, and I have reproduced it here. Personally, I might regard the chivalry as more important than it was, did I think this true in fact. The last plate is the Hermetic Arcanum, one of the Keys of Basil Valentine, and it was used by Lévi to illustrate his theory of alchemy. He believed, like myself, that it had two aspects—one physical, the other symbolical—but this he explained in a moral rather than a spiritual sense. I have given also a portrait of the Magus, which is said to be in the robe of a magician, but it is really a fantastic garment.

I should add that the *History* is divided into seven books, beginning with the traditional foundation of Magic during the period covered by the *Book of Genesis* and ending practically at the epoch of publication in 1860. The later sections and, speaking generally, the modern aspects of the subject, from the time of the French Revolution, will be found of particular interest. In conclusion, Alphonse Louis Constant was the son of a poor shoemaker in Paris; he was schooled with a view to the priesthood, but did not take final orders. He was always attached to the Latin Church and always insisted on his orthodoxy; but all doctrine was for him a veil and symbol—a view which would have been condemned by the Church, had it been brought to its notice.

OLLA PODRIDA

By THE EDITOR

SO many items of interest come my way, which are not adapted for insertion in any particular part of the OCCULT REVIEW, and which yet merit attention for one reason or another, that it has been in my mind for some time past to write as often as the opportunity offers, a series of editorial chats of a more discursive character than anything which appears under the heading of Notes of the Month. My idea, in such a Series of Papers, is to be able to touch lightly on one subject after another of current or general interest, and not to rivet the reader's attention exclusively to any one particular topic.

An announcement appears in another column with regard to a new magazine which Mrs. Besant is taking in hand, called *The Young Citizen*. I understand that this will be published from Adyar, Madras. It is to be a journal for boys and girls of college age, and to include also pages for children. The editor will write monthly notes under the heading "From the Front." Amongst the other contributors to the first issue may be mentioned G. S. Arundale, Principal of the Central Hindu College, Benares, who begins a series of Letters on Citizenship which promise to be really valuable. Every month the Journal will insert a short account of a great Citizen of the World—the Lord Buddha is the first to be treated. The journal aims at inspiring the youth of the Empire with the broad ideal of Citizenship, based upon Brotherhood in creed and in life, and I wish Mrs. Besant's venture all success. The price is 4d. post free!

While I am on the subject of new periodicals, I may mention the fact that the *Theosophic Messenger*, from Los Angeles, California, has changed its name to *The American Theosophist*. The size is increased, and its attractiveness is enhanced by numerous half-tone illustrations.

It is not often that a deceased debtor takes revenge upon his creditor for an inopportune presentation of his account. A story of this kind, however, reaches me from Corunna in Spain. In the upper story of a house in that town lay the body of an old woman. Her creditor, ignorant that she had passed

into another world, sent round to demand payment of his account. By an extraordinary coincidence he waited in the room below that in which the corpse was laid out, and the floor above suddenly collapsing, the body fell on to the top of himself and other people who were waiting in the same apartment. While some of these were badly hurt, the debt-collector was so seriously injured that he died shortly afterwards.

The editor of *Zadkiel's Almanack* scored a decided hit in connection with the attempt to assassinate the Viceroy of India. "Mercury and Mars," he observed, "are very near the upper meridian at Calcutta (at the winter solstice). There may be some mischievous plotting against the supremacy of Great Britain. The Viceroy should be well guarded."

Astrologically speaking, the German Emperor will offer an interesting study during the ensuing twelve months. There are some grave afflictions in his horoscope. The ascendant suffers during the year from an opposition from the Moon and a square of Uranus, and this latter malignant planet is stationary on the place of his Sun at birth during the coming Spring. The month of May or thereabouts threatens a crisis.

Talking of predictions, a statement has been somewhat widely quoted as bearing upon the present situation in Eastern Europe from the Kabbalistic Zohar—a book, as is well known, held in great reverence by Jewish mystics. This prophecy is to the effect that in the year of the Hegira 5673, there will take place a great war against Turkey, and that a gathering of kings will follow in the captured city of Constantinople. As the year stated corresponds to 1912-13 of the Christian era, the singularity of the prediction has naturally attracted much comment.

In the same connection it is only fair to make allusion to the successful prediction by *Harper's Weekly* of the election to the Presidency of the United States of Dr. Woodrow Wilson. The matter may seem now rather out of date, but as it has not been mentioned before in these pages it may be of interest to put it on record. The first reference to the matter was dated March 10th, 1906, when the nomination of President Woodrow Wilson was suggested as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The next reference was on November 28, 1908, as follows:— "We have a shrewd suspicion that the Democrats of New Jersey will nominate Woodrow Wilson as their governor in 1910, with a view to presenting his name to the Democratic National Convention of 1912." This was followed by a third notice dated May 15, 1909, anticipating Woodrow Wilson's election as governor of New

Jersey in 1910. On September 24, 1910, *Harper's Weekly* adhered to their prediction of May 15 in the previous year, adding that Mr. Wilson's majority would be 40,000. On November 19 of the same year they anticipated his nomination for the Presidency by the Democratic National Convention, and on July 13, 1912, they capped this by a forecast that he would be duly elected President. On November 2, they beat all records in the predictive line as regards this particular event by affirming that Woodrow Wilson's majority would exceed 300. As a matter of fact it was 304.

Madame de Thèbes, of Paris, continues her warnings in connection with the threatened European War, and repeats her predictions with regard to the current year, from her Almanack for 1912. The war, she maintains, will undoubtedly take place, and will lead to the overthrow of the German Emperor and the Hohenzollern Dynasty. Great changes are in store for Austria, but Vienna will not meet with the same disaster as Berlin. Rather will Berlin be betrayed by Vienna. The danger to England, she thinks, is rather through internal upheavals than from without. The British fleet will be called into action, but it may count confidently on victory. As regards France, says our prophetess, the coming year will call forth all that country's latent energies. "From the 21st March, 1913, to the 20th March, 1914, France, entering upon a new era, will live through some stupendous hours, hours of fever, hours of anguish, hours of joy. It will be an intermediary period between the night and the rising of the dawn; but in any cause it will mark the termination of a time of decadence."

Indeed, the disturbed state of affairs in Eastern Europe has led to the ferreting out of numerous old legends and prophecies. One of these declares "The Throne of Byzantium was lost by a Constantine (Constantine XII). A Constantine will recover it." This, of course, is quoted in allusion to the name of the present Duke of Sparta, King George of Greece's eldest son. The prophecy can hardly be agreeable reading to King Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

This following letter reaches me from an Army correspondent. The letter, it will be seen, alludes to a boy whose portrait I produce herewith (though he is now, I understand, three or four years older than he appears in this photograph). It seems that this boy's birth was predicted in a very singular manner, and certain specific details were given before the child was born by way of confirmation of this prediction. I think my readers will agree that the case is one of special interest.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The following facts which have not been unfamiliar to my friends may interest a large section of your readers who waver, as so many do, between scepticism and confidence in the occurrence of supernormal phenomena. Auto-suggestion would seem no explanation under the circumstances.

I had been residing with my wife in Hong-Kong for some months, when early in 1903 it was deemed desirable for health reasons that she should proceed to Ceylon, which was her birthplace (as the daughter of a Ceylon Civil Servant). Later on she was so unwell that I was telegraphed for. Finding her in rather poor health and incidentally suffering acutely from the ailments peculiar to an approaching confinement, I advised her to go into a Nursing Home in Colombo, whilst I continued to reside at the *Galle Face Hotel*. I was seated in the veranda of that establishment one morning after breakfast, when a deputation of soothsayers and Buddhists petitioned an audience. After the usual formalities I was informed that I was about to become the father of a son, whose appearance was minutely described. I suggested that it was obvious that something of the sort might reasonably be anticipated, but that a daughter would upset the prophecy. No! I was to have a son; he was the reincarnation of a very advanced spirit, and my wife and I had been specially selected, etc., etc. In order that there might be no misapprehension, the child would have a mole on the instep of



the right foot and his toes in place of a sliding scale in size would run in pairs. He would be born on Buddha's anniversary, celebrated in Ceylon, on May 17, 18 and 19. This date was just over six weeks ahead, a month beyond the time anticipated by my wife! I had no faith in the prediction myself, nor did I mention the date to my wife. I told, however, various friends, and the circumstances are beyond question. The child was born, a particularly beautiful boy, on May 19! He was identical with the description! The mole and the peculiarity of the toes were there! He was a purely "white" and not a "red" baby! When I reached the Nursing Home half an hour after his birth the deputation of soothsayers and Buddhists had been already one and a half hours waiting in the compound! They saw him and paid homage to him within half an hour of his birth. Passing across Ceylon shortly afterwards the Buddhists *en route* turned out to do him homage! He was and is a remarkable child in many ways. He ran about at seven months old and talked freely at a year old. He was and is, physically

and intellectually, far ahead of his contemporaries, and undoubtedly until he went to school three years ago he was intermittently clairvoyant. Since then the sense seems to have deserted him. I may add that the same deputation informed me that I would not return to Hong-Kong as I expected, but on the child's birth should receive an appointment in Ceylon. That and certain other things actually took place.

A further rather remarkable feature of this boy, and one in no way shared by his brother and sister, is a slight but very recognizable obliquity of the eyes. There is no family trait of this sort, albeit family likenesses have been very persistent for many generations.

One does not like to go too far for a cause which at best must remain hypothetical, and we have always attributed it to the effect of Chinese environment during gestation. Even that, however, raises an interesting question. The characteristic is not, I think, noticeable in the photograph. Both parents are psychic.

Before leaving Hong-Kong my wife was given by a great friend a curious amber charm, purchased in one of the curio shops of Canton. The charm consists of two figures of "Horus" resting on a bell. Students of Egypt will recognize the significance. This charm has been submitted to several clairvoyants of considerable repute to psychometrize. They all agree in a curious history of its antiquity, its wanderings, and of a peculiarly powerful "influence." It is Egyptian work on what appears to be Chinese amber! Be its history and character what they may, a curious "coincidence" is attached to its possession. It fell one day and broke in two! at as nearly as we could afterwards discover the precise hour at which the giver had passed away in England, 6,000 miles distant!

These incidents are not even supernormal occurrences necessarily, but I think it will be admitted they at least afford some food for consideration as such.

Yours faithfully,
"F."

Readers of the OCCULT REVIEW will no doubt be interested to learn that a new catalogue of second-hand books on the Occult Sciences has just been published by Mr. Frank Hollings, 7 Great Turnstile, London, W.C. It includes numerous rare and interesting books and covers such subjects as Astrology, Clairvoyance, Egyptian Mythology, Witchcraft, Devil-lore, Fairy Tales, Gipsy traditions, Magic Kabalism, Hermeticism, etc., etc. The illustrations on the frontispiece reproduce portraits of such occult celebrities as Paracelsus, Dr. Dee, Roger Bacon, etc. It will be sent post free on application.

SOME PHANTOMS OF THE SEA

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL, Author of "The Sorcery Club,"
"Byways of Ghostland," "Werwolves," etc., etc.

OF all the occult phenomena associated with the sea none have exercised such a fascination for us as phantom ships. I use the plural, since it is quite erroneous to suppose there is only one phantom ship, namely, that commanded by Philip Vanderdecken, the fate of which Captain Marryat so graphically describes thus :—

"Once more did he put the sacred emblem to his lips, and the beams and timbers separated, the decks of the vessel slowly sank, and the remnants of the hull floated upon the water ; and as the father and the son—the one young and vigorous, the other old and decrepit—still kneeling, still embracing, with their hands raised to heaven, sank slowly under the deep blue wave, the lurid sky was for a moment illumined by a lightning cross. . . . 'The Phantom Ship' was no more."

No ending could have been more appropriate, more in accordance with the endings popularly attributed to phantoms, and one is filled with regret that it is only fictional, the mere bowing, on the author's part, to the conventional demands of conventional spook readers. Real phantoms are not so easily disposed of. They answer neither to prayers nor crosses but come and come again, desisting from their manifestations only when it pleases them or their unknown, un-get-at-able, dominating factors. And as it is with psychic "land-lubbers" ghosts that prefer the stationary passages of "Ye Old Manor Houses," so it is with the occult denizens of the sea, nothing man says or does can effectually lay them—they appear, and go on appearing, periodically and otherwise, as far as we know, *ad infinitum*.

The other day I met a man who combined the somewhat unusual qualities of sailor and artist. In the course of a conversation on ghosts, he assured me he had seen a phantom ship, when employed by the Government some years ago on a special mission off the south coast of Africa.

"It was about eleven a.m.," he said, "I was below deck at the time, when one of the stewards came to me in a great state of excitement, asking me to go on deck and look at a strange vessel. Acceding to his request I hurried on deck, and found nearly all the crew—the captain was asleep in his berth and no one

dared disturb him—leaning over the bulwarks, gazing excitedly at a vessel that was in all probability about two miles to windward of us, but looked much nearer owing to an abnormal clearness of the atmosphere. She was a large hermaphrodite brig, of a Dutch build, painted black, with high poop, a tawdry gilt figure-head, lofty stern and richly decorated windows. I put her down to about the period 1740. She had evidently experienced much severe weather; her fore topmast was gone and some of her starboard bulwarks. She was making directly for us, and we were not a little astonished to see that despite the gentleness of the breeze and the absolute calmness of the water, she had her topsails and mainsails furled, her yards pointed to the wind, a close-reefed foresail, a storm staysail and trysail abaft, and that she was to all appearances buffeting in a violent gale. Driven onward by a wind that was confined entirely to her, and was not in the slightest degree felt by us, she approached us rapidly, and at length drew so close that we could see her decks almost as distinctly as we could see our own. But though we heard the shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipes, the hoarse, guttural sound of foreign voices, and the rush and clatter of many feet, we saw no one. When the brig was within fifty feet of us, a sudden wide yaw threw her off full five or six points from the course she had been running, and she passed, with all timber creaking, groaning and straining, under our stern, and was making her way slowly and steadily to leeward, when suddenly, and quite inexplicably, she vanished. I turned to the crew—they were solemn and white-faced.

“ ‘I never believed in ghosts before,’ one of them ejaculated, ‘but, — me, if I don’t believe that was the phantom ship.’

“ ‘We are certain of it, Bill,’ came a chorus of replies.

“I intended informing the captain what we had witnessed, but every time I began to tell him, something interrupted me, and as far as I was aware he never knew. Some days after the incident we encountered a severe storm. Huge seas washed us fore and aft, and in one plunge, in which I made up my mind we were going to the bottom, the captain was swept overboard and drowned. We eventually weathered the gale, and in a bruised and battered condition, with half our hands gone, sighted land, sent up signals of distress, and were towed into Cape Town harbour.”

That such occult phenomena are not restricted to African waters may be gathered from the numerous rumours—some on what would seem to be quite reliable authority—of phantom ships being seen before unusually severe storms off the coasts of

Spain, Brittany and Cornwall. Some few years ago, when I was staying in a maritime village in Cornwall, I went for a sail with a fisherman who declared that he had seen a phantom ship, though not so clearly as Captain (every other Cornishman is a captain) Samuel Trewidick.

"It was in December," he began, "as clear and fine a night as we had had all the autumn. I was sitting next to old Dicky Bluenose, as we used to call him, in a pilchard boat a hundred or so yards from the shore, when all of a sudden some one cries out, 'Look! — me, if there isn't a strange ship in the harbour burning green lights.'

"We looked, and as sure as I'm alive, there, right in the harbour, up against the lighthouse, was a schooner, as like as two pins to the *Dorothy Williams* of Padstow, with a peculiar greenish yellow glow playing all over her fore-castle. Some of us—old Eli Curnow, for example—were afraid; and some, like myself, merely curious, and after a little bantering we decided to row towards the harbour and have a look at her. When we had got within a couple of hundred yards of her, she suddenly began to move. We could hear no sound of any anchor being drawn up, no flapping of canvas, no shouts, no yelling. All was absolutely still aboard her, and as she glided out, a current of cold air set all our teeth chattering. We then perceived that the yards and sails and spars were encased in ice, and that the deck was feet deep in snow. At first she headed directly for us, but then swung round and made in a northerly direction. We could not see any one steering her. She appeared to be quite deserted.

"Following in her wake came a rowing boat—just like one of them you see yonder—and we all cried out, 'Why, there's old Samuel Trewidick rowing after her as if his very soul depended on it.'

"We shouted out, 'Samuel!'—just as loud as we could—three or four times, but he paid no heed to us, and kept pulling away frantically, his face looking awful in the lurid glow from the stranger's hull.

"Billy Bawdon, him as helped at the chapel, thinking the ship belonged to the devil, was for trying to stop Captain Trewidick.

"'It all comes of old Samuel,' Billy Bawdon said, 'tasting of that drop of beer the foreigner (we calls all you visitors here foreigners) offered him. I warned him about it at the time. 'Captain Samuel,' I says, 'don't take it! It'll do you a mint amount of harm, and you'll live to repent it as sure as my name is Billy Bawdon.' But old Samuel was that obstinate—well,

I make sure now he was bewitched—he wouldn't pay me any heed, and this is the result. It's a devil ship come to take him—same as it takes other folk who drink—right away to Hell. You'll see if I'm not right.'

"Well, some of us agreed with Billy, and some of us did not. Some declared it was the phantom ship last seen here forty odd years ago, that it had nothing to do with drink, but only appeared before an unusual severe hurricane. We did not follow Captain Samuel, but lay on our oars and watched. When the mysterious stranger had gone a little way, she slowed down—how, none of us could divine, as the tide was well on the ebb and the wind—what there was—was right behind her. Captain Samuel then overhauled her, and pulled up alongside.

" '— me,' Dicky Boscawen, the first of us to break the silence (Dicky always did swear a bit), exclaimed, 'if he isn't a-going to board her.'

" 'I guessed as much,' Billy Bawdon whispered. 'Satan wants him.'

"We all drew deep breaths and looked, and as sure as I'm sitting here, Captain Samuel stands up, and, catching hold of the bulwarks of the stranger, tries to swing himself up on to her deck. She vanished! Crumbled away under him, and was gone in a second, and we all saw him pitch head first into the water. Then we rowed as fast as we could and pulled him up, for he had his sea boots on and was crippled with rheumatism.

"When we had got him home—and plied him with tea—Billy Bawdon wouldn't let us give him whisky—he told us just what had happened. He had been on the quay all by himself when the schooner had appeared alongside the lighthouse, just where we had seen her. The most curious part of all—at least to my way of thinking," observed my informant, "is that Captain Samuel saw some one aboard her. 'It was a girl,' Captain Samuel declared, 'a tall dark girl with a red cap. She was leaning over the starboard bow near the bowsprit, beckoning to me. I'll admit'—it wasn't very often Captain Samuel admitted anything—'her eyes fascinated me, they were large and blue, bright as stars—and gave me no option. I had to obey them. She remained in the same position till I had rowed alongside—and then,' Captain Samuel shuddered—'I won't tell you what change took place in her' (we could never get out of him what it was), 'the bulwarks melted away in my grasp like snow, and before I could save myself I was in the water. Had you lads not been looking, I should have been drowned.'

“ ‘It wasn’t the devil then aboard her after all,’ Dicky Boscawen remarked; ‘you were wrong, Billy Bawdon.’

“ But Billy Bawdon shook his head. He was wonderfully stubborn, was Billy Bawdon. ‘The devil ain’t got no sex,’ he persisted, ‘he can be either man or woman, according to which he thinks takes best. I’ve generally seen him as a woman.’ ”

“ Did anything happen? ” I inquired; “ wasn’t there a wreck afterwards? ”

“ No! there was no wreck,” my informant added, “ only a terrific storm—the like of which none of us ever remembered having seen before. The roof was blown off the chapel and Billy Bawdon was killed.”

“ Then it was HIM the devil wanted,” I said irreverently.

My informant was silent. The audacity of my suggestion seemed to have staggered him. “ At all events,” he said at length, “ it was the phantom ship—of that there can be no doubt.”

Only recently I learned of a phantom ship being seen off another part of the Cornish coast.* The coastguardman observing what he took to be signals of distress in the bay, at once gave the alarm, and the lifeboat put out. On approaching the lights, the men saw a three-masted ship of an ancient type, that disappeared the moment they got within hailing distance, to re-appear, almost directly afterwards, in quite a different direction. The same thing happened again. As soon as they drew close to the vessel, she vanished, to be seen again, the next moment, elsewhere. This went on until the men lost patience, and, at last, thoroughly convinced they were dealing with the supernatural, returned to land. The bay was visited by a terrific gale the very next day.

Phantom ships have repeatedly been met with battling their way in calm weather, or gliding peacefully over giant billows in the Straits of Magellan.

But the most haunted of all ocean spots is undoubted the Sargasso Sea. Not content with ghostly ships and ghostly crews, the Sargasso claims a rich assortment of spooks, not least among which is the White Shark.

A sailor on board a White Star liner once informed me that when he was in a sailing ship trading between Cardiff and South America, he was becalmed within close distance of the great Sea-weed Sea.

“ One night one of the men on the look-out gave an alarm, and on the crew assembling on deck, a strange light was observed ap-

* Vide *Byways of Ghostland*, p. 198 (Rider & Sons).

proaching the ship from the direction of the vast stretch of seaweed. It was of a peculiar greenish-yellow hue and the water all around it was brilliantly illuminated. As it drew nearer we saw it emanated from a huge white fish which we took to be a shark, though none of us had ever seen a shark quite like it. It came right up to us, along the surface of the water, and circled three times round the ship, the greenish-yellow light playing all over the deck and even on our faces.

“ Though we were all badly scared, we leaned over the bulwarks and peered down at it, and we did not have to look twice to assure ourselves it was not composed of flesh and blood. It appeared to consist of a mass of molecules of light in constant vibration. One of the men tried to harpoon it, but though the weapon was aimed straight at its belly—plainly discernible a few feet below the thrower, it had no effect, but went right through the fishlike shape into the water beneath.

“ The experiment was repeated, the phantom—for such we then concluded it must be—taking no notice whatever of the harpoon, but continuing its course with a slow, silent gliding motion. The first mate struck at its fin, which was some inches out of the water, with a boat hook—and we all saw the hook pass right through the fin. On completing its third circuit of the ship, the figure suddenly vanished. That was the only time it visited us.”

Another sailor informed me that, once, when he was on board a trading vessel that had been blown out of her course by a series of severe gales, and had drifted within sight of the Sargasso Sea, he—and, in fact, all on board—were disturbed at night by all sorts of strange happenings. Bright red spherical lights used to be seen to enter the portholes, and, after moving about the cabins, suddenly disappear. Loud knocks were heard on the porthole windows and on the panellings and floor; while terrific crashes frequently resounded on the doors. Sometimes the crew would be roused from their slumber by the most appalling screams—as of some woman being murdered—that came from their very midst and were totally inexplicable; whilst on more than one occasion the splash of oars, voices and wailings were distinctly heard to approach close to the ship, and then slowly to recede, nothing being visible. One night, on the captain putting out his hand to feel for the matches, the box was slipped by invisible agency into his palm; whilst on another occasion when the second officer was about to take his turn on night watch, he saw a figure he took to be that of the captain hurriedly cross the deck from the

direction of the forecastle, and bend over the larboard bulwarks. Very much surprised, as he had made sure the captain was asleep in his cabin, the second officer went up to the figure, which slowly turned round and revealed—it is true—the face of the skipper—but the skipper as he might have appeared if dead for some considerable time.

Much shocked, the second officer staggered away from so awful a spectacle, whereupon the figure, mounting the bulwarks, leaped overboard.

Two days later the captain developed madness, and before any one could prevent him, blew out his brains.

So much for the hauntings of the Sargasso Sea. I could fill a volume with the stories I have heard of them.

Along the coast of Brittany are many haunted spots, none more so than the "Bay of the Departed," whence arise at night the shrieks and groans of the spirits of all those drowned there.

According to Mr. Hunt, in his *Romances of the West of England*, the sands of Porth Towan were haunted; a fisherman declaring that one night when he was walking on them alone, he suddenly heard a voice from the sea cry out, "The hour is come but not the man."

This was repeated three times, when a black figure, like that of a man, appeared on the crest of an adjacent hill, and dashing down the steep side, rushed over the sands and vanished in the waves." *

Several Canadian seamen have testified in my presence as to witnessing occult demonstrations off the Newfoundland Banks.

On one occasion three of them distinctly saw a shape like a huge octopus rise out of the water, clamber up the side of the ship—it was a brig trading between Quebec and Liverpool—and crawling over the deck, disappear down the companion hatchway. A few seconds afterwards one of their mates, an able seaman of the name of Carnegie, awoke with a sensation of pins and needles all over his body, and, on stretching out a hand, encountered something soft and clammy lying on his chest. He gave a shout of terror, when the thing, whatever it was, seemed to dissolve in his grasp, and, on striking a light, nothing was to be seen but the sleepy faces of his rudely awakened companions. Ten hours later he met with a fatal accident and died almost instantaneously.

On another occasion when passing the much dreaded Banks in a thick fog, two of the same sailors, who were doing special outlook duty, saw the tall, luminous figure of a man dressed in a

* Vide *Byways of Ghostland*, p. 206.

Royal Naval officer's uniform of a very old fashion, carrying a lamp in his hand, suddenly appear on deck, and, ascending the steps to the bridge, take up its position by the side of the captain, who appeared not to notice it.

Shortly afterwards the captain ordered the engines to be immediately reversed, when it was discovered that the vessel was within a few yards of an enormous iceberg, which no one else—not even the men in the bows—had perceived.

The figure vanished the moment the ship began to back, which confirmed the two sailors' opinion that it had been sent there especially to save them.

Such friendly interpositions show that ghostly manifestations are not, as is popularly supposed, always without a purpose.

Before concluding this article I should like to refer to an experience that befel me when I was fishing off an islet near Dalkey. It was six o'clock in the evening; there was a heavy drizzle. I could see fifty or so yards ahead of me but no further; the pollock and wrasse had left off biting; I was thinking of dis-jointing my rod, when—all of a sudden—I felt afraid. The same eerie feeling that always comes over me immediately before the advent of the superphysical now took possession of me. Intuitively I knew something was coming, something akin to the grey sky, the grey mist, the grey sea—the general damp greyness; something unpleasant to look upon. I tried hard to tear myself away from the spot, to shout, to whistle; I could neither move nor utter a sound—I was absolutely spellbound. Seconds of the most acute suspense passed and nothing happened, and then quite suddenly, on the surface of the water, a few yards from where I stood, appeared a huge circle of bright light, the surrounding atmosphere becoming suffused with a greenish yellow glow. As I watched, the circle became violently agitated; the water rose and fell, eddied, foamed, bubbled, and finally assumed the form of a maelstrom, a cone-shaped pit—the walls, seething, hissing water—the whole thing indescribably black, hellish and alarming. With a frantic effort I staggered back from it, and, as I did so, something rose from the centre of the cavity; and I saw, most vividly before me, only on a very magnified scale, the face of a particular near and dear friend, who had perished at sea some few years previously. Though features, hair, complexion were all his—his when alive and in perfectly normal health—there was much in the expression of the eyes as they stared fixedly into mine that suggested death—death in all its most sordid and revolting details.

To make sure it was no hallucination I closed my eyes. On opening them the face was still there ; and I perceived then the gold filling I remembered so well, in one of the upper incisors, and the empty space (which I also remembered) where the corresponding tooth should have been, in the lower jaw ; also a mole low down on the left cheek. Again I closed my eyes—the face was still there. I repeated the test a third time, and after again beholding the phantasm—a sure proof it was objective—saw it gradually fade away, the sea slowly closing up and resuming its former aspect. Having one thought only now uppermost in my mind, and that to get away from the spot with the utmost precipitation, I halloosed to my boatman, and during our passage back to the mainland asked him if there was any peculiar history attached to the island. “ Only this,” he said tersely, “ that every year, on this date, and at about this hour, those of us—us Irishmen—who are destined—at some time or other—to die unnatural deaths, see the spirits of the drowned.” Cheerful ! for me, wasn't it ? [The date was July 15.]

A FEW REMARKS ON THE PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF SELF- SUGGESTION

BY M. S.

AS one grows older and more experienced, one is more and more convinced of the fact that the effects of thought are as much physiological as psychological. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," "As a man thinks, so he becomes," are profoundly true words for all time, and apply as much to the physical as to the moral and spiritual man. We are all so apt to regard thoughts as airy nothings flashing through the mind like lightning and as suddenly disappearing again; we think if we are duly careful of our words and actions, our thoughts are our own and matter not to others. Surely a fatal mistake this, born of our ignorance, for, setting aside the ethical point of view altogether, how little any of us realize how much we are affecting our own bodies, beneficially or otherwise, by the habitual trend of our thoughts.

In physical science it has been proved that everything in the universe is constantly vibrating, that all modes of motion, sound, heat, light, electricity, have their diverse rates of vibration. "Thought" is also a motion, a force, and has its own rate of vibration, which varies with the quality and intensity of the thought. Every thought which has its birth in the brain sets the molecules vibrating, a chemical change takes place and the force given off as a resultant of that change, is a mental image which goes out into the ether pervading space. What is the real reason why "worry kills," and that mind has such a tremendous influence over the body? The physiological explanation is simple and little recognized except, perhaps, theoretically. It is because the *sympathetic nervous system is a prolongation of the brain and has complete control over every organ in our bodies*. When we think, not only does the thought vibrate outwards, affecting those about us, but it has a reflex action on the body itself, for as with all kinds of force, action and re-action are equal, instantaneous and in opposite directions. By the normally healthy person this control of the physical functions is exercised automatically, and unconsciously; the processes of digestion and nutrition go on,

the heart beats, the blood circulates, all without our giving a thought to the matter. It is only when our complex machinery gets out of order that we give a pained and surprised attention to our physical organs. In the East a Fakir or Holy Man can, amongst his other accomplishments, regulate at will the beats of his heart. I have seen a young man will to slow down the beating of his heart until no pulse was perceptible to the doctor who was holding his wrist; the same man also managed somehow to lessen the rapidity of the pulse in one wrist whilst accelerating the pace of the pulse in the other. It was all very wonderful but unpleasant, for the man with his rolled-up eyeballs looked as if in a cataleptic trance. Personally, I do not see what benefit is to be gained by possessing this power. Why on earth should one bother to regulate one's heart-beats if that organ works automatically, both quietly and smoothly?

Self-suggestion is a very curious thing. Doctors can give many odd instances of this power in hysterical and in pregnant women. It is known to be a fact that if a nursing mother gives way to sudden, uncontrolled anger whilst feeding her infant, a curious chemical change takes place in the milk which upsets, if it does not actually poison the child. We all know how a schoolboy's mouth will water at the images created by his mind when you speak to him about peaches, strawberries and cream, or any favourite sweet; the thought in this case controlling the salivary glands, through the nerves playing on those special organs. I fancy this power will also explain other well-known phenomena such as the "stigmata" self-induced by some mediaeval saints from long years of brooding in solitude over the physical sufferings of the Christ. Some of these well-authenticated cases had marks on the brow as of a crown of thorns, others had marks in the hands and feet as of nails. These phenomena were very naturally considered at the time as wonderful proofs of saintliness, they were at any rate proofs of an unusual power of mind concentration.

Most of us, I think, have known of illnesses brought about entirely by fear and self-suggestion; and death itself has been even precipitated by a sudden grief or mental shock. I know of the case of a clever, well-known medical man who, as a consequence of indulging an insane hatred of his son for long years, brought on a species of palsy, his nerve centres having been destroyed by these continuous strong thoughts of anger. This man quite realized before he died that he had brought his doom on himself by lack of control of the passional

nerve centres. To learn self-control is as necessary from the physical as from the spiritual point of view. Nervous people, we all know, can brood themselves into almost any disease they fear by allowing their thoughts to run continually in the same groove ; I have known timid people who, after poring over some medical work, have quite convinced themselves of the presence in their own case of all the evil symptoms described of every disease from A to Z. During epidemics those have the best chance of escape who keep their bodies in health, and who, above all, carry about brave hearts and high courage. It is this important fact, the power of self-suggestion in every one, that is utilized so successfully nowadays in curing disease of all kinds. If you have a strong will and can steadily concentrate your mind on helping a sick friend—dominating and conquering his thoughts of disease by your strong thoughts of health—if you can suggest to that friend's subconscious self that he will and must get better, and if he can be brought into a trusting passive condition, then amelioration of the disease will certainly follow ; the sick man will cure himself.

If it be true that the unconscious mind controls the actions, functions and movements of the body, and if the unconscious mind is controlled by the laws of suggestion, then it follows that if I can obtain control of the unconscious mind of the person suffering from disease, by the law of suggestion I can compel his own unconscious mind to heal his own body. This is the principle on which the American Professor Weltmer acts, and the success attending his methods has been most wonderful. Weltmer considers that disease has its origin almost entirely in "wrong thought activity which engenders destructive action in the physical organism." The remedy, he thinks, lies in "holding the thought of strength until it effaces the thought of weakness, and is itself registered upon the physical organism." If it is a thought of fear, then the patient must hold the thought of hope until hope effaces fear and is itself registered on the physical organism, and so on all along the lines of thought activity.

There exists in everything that has life a principle which, if untrammelled, is able to keep the organism in harmonious relationship in all its parts. Cut a chip out of a tree and you will see that the vital force rushes out to the wounded part and begins to put on new wood to heal the hurt. The wild beast when ill or injured will seek solitude in its lair, and there lying down and relaxing all muscular and nervous tension gets healed.

This healing principle was observed by the philosophers of old and was called by them the "vis medicatrix naturae," the healing power of nature. Man, also, the head of the animal kingdom, shares this principle, but in the excitement and worry, the anxiety and perplexity of every-day life, our nervous and muscular systems are kept in such tension that this healing principle is hindered in its regenerative work. In sleep, when the nervous and muscular systems are relaxed—like loosened violin strings—this healing principle within us is free to operate, and so is able, as Shakespeare puts it "to knit up the ravelled sleeve of care."

It stands to reason, then, that if every thought has its due effect on the physical organs through the sympathetic nervous system, thoughts of health, hope, courage, cheerfulness and serenity should alone be encouraged. When a man thinks disease, fear, depression, he is not only casting undeserved gloom on the unfortunate people round about him, but he is all the time suggesting these evil things to himself and playing directly and disastrously upon his own physical organs. Thoughts of anger, jealousy, malice, revenge, and impurity produce coarse vibrations which are destructive, whilst thoughts of gentleness, love, hope, trust and that purity which maketh not ashamed produce upon the nervous system vibrations which are constructive and regenerating. We grow to be like our ideals, hence the importance of having high ones. "Hitch your wagon to a star," says Emerson. These ideals influence us, fashion and mould not only our characters but our very faces. As we often unconsciously grow like those with whom we live or habitually associate, so is it in the higher life of the soul—admiration leads to imitation, and imitation in its turn brings about the same physical and psychological changes. "As a man thinks, so he becomes."

All great moral teachers have emphasized the greater importance of "Being" than even of "saying" or "doing." Christ especially invariably connected together the bodily and spiritual conditions of those who came to Him to be healed. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," said He, and truly He might have added the Kingdom of Hell, for in ourselves, in our own characters, we carry about our happiness or our misery. Physically as well as mentally we are what past thinking has made of us. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

THE NIGHT OF THE GODS

A VISION OF CAP MARTIN

BY WINSTON KENDRICK

AT times I dream dreams, and visions come to me. When they come there is sometimes a Voice that explains them—the voice of some one unseen, yet near. Most frequently I have to puzzle out their meaning for myself.

One night a strange and mystically beautiful vision came. Nothing like it had I ever seen. I had been wandering that day around Cap Martin, steeping myself in tales of its far-distant past, when gods, like men, were said to walk its wooded shores. So perhaps those legend-bound shores and the wooded slopes that stretch between its groups of grim and ancient rocks into the deeply-blue sea of this southern coast, together with the pines and olives that people all its cliffs and glades, were primarily accountable for my vision. I have sometimes found that the events or scenes of the day that is past form a basis for, or partially shape, the visions of the following night, though these do not always show connection with mundane matters that may have previously claimed my attention. Far from it. In this case my afternoon rambles may have aroused brain-cells wherein lay the capacity to visualize beauty of an intenser, yet a rarefied, a more ethereal quality. It was the same, yet not the same—that dream-world on which I gazed during the time my vision lasted—as the world I had rambled the same day—ininitely more beautiful, infinitely clearer, more delicate, more suggestive. This was the vision and the interpretation thereof as they came to me.

It was a late hour, somewhere between evening and midnight—a time when I believe human intelligence often traverses a borderland between the real and the unreal, between imagery and the Absolute, and where it is apt to encounter unaccustomed things. This is the hour in which visions most often visit me. Then upon the extinction of artificial light I become aware of a curtain—opaque, heavy, sombre—hanging between me and the wider possibilities beyond, of which I am already numbly conscious. To these possibilities, having many times experienced them, I am always instinctively disposed to turn as a tired frame seeks refreshment. For their enchantment brings peace, their unfolding the exercise of faculties which do not involve fatigue, as is too

often the case with the counterpart faculties of the flesh. Thus one may lie and rest while the ever-living and indissoluble part of one that defies fatigue goes forth to see and apprehend some fresh presentment of this borderland—to me the abode of allegory, both old and new.

Presently the heavy, dark curtain stirs, trembles, sways slightly, then with slow, gradual movements rises, disclosing grey gauzes like those that screen a transformation scene at a pantomime. It matters not, I find, whether one's physical eyes be open or shut. As a rule I prefer to keep mine shut. Soon the grey gauzes stir, tremble, draw apart, and fold after fold rises in its turn, each more silvery and paler than the last. Occasionally the later ones may be shot through with gleams of coloured light, if the scene about to be revealed is one of brilliant colour—and *how* brilliant some scenes in that borderland can be, I fancy only those who, like myself, know it well, can easily believe. The colours of that realm, though never dazzling, have, besides deep richness, a delicacy and clearness which is incomparable and may indeed belong to faerie regions. Even the exquisite tints of sea and sky along this southern coast of France, famed for its blue and golden lights, seem dull beside the remembrance of some of the scenes of that other world. It sometimes, though rarely, happens, however, that scenes are there depicted in pale shades. More often they reproduce the probable atmospheric conditions that would be shown in such a scene on this earth, only with the extraordinary clarity that throws up every detail in a way which could not be, were the vision actual and material. Very often the vision floats—various parts becoming detached and vanishing before I have time to distinguish and study them; and I have sometimes considerable difficulty in fixing the whole sufficiently to enable me to obtain as full a view of it all as I desire. Sometimes, nevertheless, the vision hangs before me for several minutes like a jewel in mid-air, plainly to be seen; then all will gradually change, without undue haste or confusion, and a fitting sequence follows. Oddly enough, the more tired I may be physically and the less I feel inclined to force the vision, the more freely is it vouchsafed.

On that night then, when the last of the gauzes lifted, I found myself looking at a large level space of woodland where grew many trees—tall Mediterranean pines and pearly-green olives with crowns of cloudy foliage. Behind them, a silver crescent moon, set in a sky-like dusky blue velvet, shed a subdued light. Between the trees I could see gleams of dark blue water which I

knew to be the sea, but could hear no sound of breaking waves.

The silence was intense—that sort of silence which precedes some special awakening of nature. The trees were grouped together in quite a large company, extending some way back. A few were elegant and slender, but the greater number were hideously gaunt, and grew in an uncouth, twisted fashion. In the moonlight their stems shone bare and greyish-white with the peculiar pallor of dead flesh. Gnarled and weather-worn as they were, this curious pallor and their odd shapes made them seem strangely like a band of half-human monsters stricken into immovability, crippled and infinitely pathetic; while their distorted boughs were livid, pleading arms, supporting like veils their half-concealing clouds of foliage.

All was very still. Presently, as I looked at the scene, interested, but not remarking it as particularly different from many others on this coast, I heard a succession of faint sounds—long-drawn, sighing notes breathed softly as if at first from a distance. This musical murmur came gradually nearer and by degrees grew louder and more distinct, but was still so soft it might almost have passed unnoticed. As it increased, however, there came, in seeming response to it, a sort of whispering and murmuring among the trees, like the voices of sleepers just awakening, and I saw the tops of the olives and pines, which had been quite motionless, commence to freshen. Some of them raised their heads; others stretched their arms, as though they felt new life stirring within them. Then while I watched, a strange thing happened. The branches began to sway rhythmically, seeming to be vitalized by some mysterious force. The trees took on graceful shapes, more human in outline. Grey pallor of dead flesh gave place to the warm cream of living substance, faintly tinged at joints and curves with pink. Then in a slow and indescribably harmonious manner the trees began to move, each from its appointed place; and instead of roots I saw feet, delicately formed and rosy, stepping among a wealth of violets, white and purple, which had sprung up around them. Cloudy foliage became veils of cloudy hair, from palest flaxen to a raven hue, upheld by arms that any sculptor might have longed to perpetuate in marble. These were nymphs such as old Greece knew—veritable dreams of beauty! And they danced to the quickening music of the wind in their hair, making gliding movements with their exquisite bodies, obviously rejoicing in their freedom. The foremost ones came first, turning aside only to make way for those behind—a living stream of joy and loveliness—till all had passed me dancing slowly,

dreamily, yet with a passion of abandonment that left no doubt in my mind of the reality to them of their existence.

Then the music of the wind sank to the soft sighing notes that had awakened them. By and by these too died completely away, and a deep hush fell. The nymphs drew silently apart on either side, leaving a broad path between them down the centre of the moonlit space. Thus they paused, their heads turned sideways, expectancy in every line of their beautiful forms. In a moment or two, along the path came a Being far more beautiful than they. A man this—nay, a god!—great, strong, splendid; his face of surpassing loveliness; straight, perfect features; large, shining eyes of the most royal blue; hair literally of living gold curling around a graciously poised head, and the pulsating column of his throat. His whole mien suggested divinity. His feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground as he walked, and from his footsteps there leaped stars of flame, golden-headed jonquils rising above the violets—shimmering jonquils, many-capped and fragrant, their perfume reaching even to me.

Instinctively I thought—Apollo! He carried some sort of instrument with strings, and as he advanced, playing on it, the nymphs drew near and grouped themselves around him, rapture and reverence in their faces. Then the man-god sang: and motionless they hung, as I too hung, on those thrilling notes. For verily the dead might well have been recalled from the underworld or new spheres created by the magic of such a voice. He sang a marvellous song—a pæan of melody and praise—sang it straight to heaven, I deemed. For it seemed to me that through the medium of his song the soul of this god-man sent a potent message to the footstool of the All-Father, claiming divine affinity. Yet there was in that filial claim a passionate plea for aid in some dreaded, desperate need that seemed approaching. Did some sharp trial await him?

Suddenly I realized that dawn was slowly breaking. The moonlight had dimmed to a mere faint radiance. This was tinged by a saffron glow that gathered along the horizon. Shafts of thin, yellowish light shot up behind the distant trees; and now for the first time I perceived that the figures of the nymphs were fast becoming trees again. One by one, all were assuming their former rigid shapes. Roseate flesh grew grey in the early light. Veils of hair became again clouds of drooping foliage. Slowly, steadily, each prison-house closed upon each captive, and the stricken monster-trees loomed gaunt and grim as ever, through the kindling lights of the dawning day.

Only the figure of the god-man remained as yet unchanged. Motionless and silent he stood, his face upraised. From out of the sea behind him rose the sun, a great ball of gold, which as it gradually mounted the heavens, bathed him in its glory. The sun-god has sung his song, I thought, to acclaim this risen partner of his being, and should now be rejoicing at its coming. But when I looked on the face of the god, I saw him filled, not with joy, but with anguish indescribable—anguish so bitter, so immense, that it seemed as though the advent of the sun had brought on him for his day's portion the whole world's sorrow and pain. It was such a look as might be seen on the face of a very great soul doomed to die by unendurable tortures.

And the dying had begun. For not even was the god exempt from the prison-house of this world's forms and suffering. The beautiful, pliant limbs grew grey and stiff—rigid, piteous arms uplifted in the form of a cross barred the now brilliantly red horizon. His feet were turning into roots deeply embedded in the ground, so that he could not move. Yet above, the divine face revealed through all its agony the eternal truth that even though Spirit descend into matter, It can never die.

But a greater mystery was here. And it needed the Voice I have spoken of, to tell me that so long as we humans require the physical body of the sun to give us life, thus long must the divine spirit that daily manifests in its light and warmth and vitality remain prisoned for sake of our poor flesh.

"This," the Voice explained, "is part of the price that men and women require of divinity—the sign and seal of their feeble relationship to higher grades of being. *The Day of Humanity is the Night of the Gods.*"

Then my vision faded, and the last thing I saw was the tree-cross outlined against the morning sun, and the face of the god-man most glorious in the sublimity of his bondage to the awakening world.

PASTOR SCHUPART AND THE EVIL SPIRIT

A CURIOUS CASE OF OBSESSION

BY PHILIP MACLEOD

OF the many phenomena falling within the province of the psychological investigator, that of obsession is not the least interesting, and all the more so, since it is, fortunately, of rare occurrence. The present writer is acquainted with but two authentic and well-marked cases, one of which he proposes to publish in this paper. As far as he is aware, the particulars have never before appeared in English.

Pastor Johann Gottfried Schupart occupies a prominent position in the history of German Lutheranism. His biography will be found in the pages of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*, where his theological attainments are duly set forth. Here it will suffice to mention that Schupart became Professor of Theology at Giesing in 1721, and died Rector of that University in 1730. His extraordinary supernatural experiences are best given in his own words, as he used to relate them in his lectures upon dogma, "in the part relating to the angels." The history was originally taken down, from Schupart's own lips, by one of his pupils. The present writer has translated it, keeping as closely as possible to the good pastor's manner—somewhat crabbed and archaic, it must be admitted:—

As we are now dealing with the subject of the fallen angels, and at the same time enquiring, "An Diabolus possit gere in corpus?"—I will tell what has happened to me—and I call the thrice-blessed Creator to witness that it is true—and I am prepared, upon demand, to substantiate it, not only with my own oath, but with the evidence of more than a hundred witnesses. I know well, it is true, that many old wives' fables are mingled among the relations of ghostly happenings; but I earnestly assert, that in all my days I have never been superstitious, and have thought lightly of such things; but, though I kept no journal of the matter, I will relate what I remember. For six years I fought with the devil, and was never sure for one quarter of an hour that he would not wring my neck.

The beginning was so:—

I was lying asleep in bed in my cabinet, and my wife, who had a fever, was in the opposite bed, when, about one or two in the morning, some one or something came to the door, and gave it a blow hard enough to

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drive it into pieces. I sprang out of bed; but, though I had not been sound asleep, but only dozing, and though my wife was also much startled, I supposed that we had both dreamt it, and lay down again. And yet I had, none the less, my own thoughts about the matter, for a brother of mine, who was ill at the time, afterwards died. But I said to myself, "It's only a dream!" and settled down again in bed. Then the door was struck again, just as hard as before, and I saw clearly that it was no dream; but I put it out of my mind.

Next evening, when the maid put the light on the table, the spirit struck it so that it fell a good distance off upon the floor, but continued standing and kept alight, which caused me much thought. And from that time forward these things went on. Stones, weighing six, eight, nine, ten pounds, were thrown at my head, as violently as if shot from a bow; they whistled through the air, and struck out the whole window—glass, lead and all. I was not touched by them, but I had to get new windows put in nearly every day. Often I did not take off my clothes for four weeks at a stretch. I was struck in the face, stuck with pins, bitten, so that men saw [the marks of?] *utramque seriem dentium*; * the two great teeth were there, and were as pointed and sharp as pins. After I had been at confession, † I had always the greatest annoyances, and had, generally, after returning home, to pick up all my books, that had been thrown from the shelf and mixed up together. When I wanted to sleep, I had to lay one cheek on the pillow, and cover the other side with another pillow, to protect me from slaps in the face; even then I was pinched and even struck.

At last I used to set my back to the wall at night and read, and thus I read through Syen's *Histoire de l'Eglise*, four thick quartos. Once the house was set on fire, in seeming, ‡ as it were, and then I begged the Prince for a guard, urging that not only I, but other poor loyal subjects were endangered; and I said I wished to pick out honest and pious men, according to my own judgment; and this was granted me. And these guards saw how It (the spirit) beat me, and they got some boxes on the ear themselves, though they hit about them in the room with their swords.

In the presence of twelve persons, It struck my wife so hard on the cheeks that the sound was heard five rooms away. In another house, to which she had retired, I having gone out, she received, in the presence of three persons, more than fifty slaps on the face, till she said, "I might as well bear the blows in my own house as in another's." But although the strokes resounded so terribly, they did not hurt as much as one would have supposed from the sound of them.

As things were so bad, I procured leave to include myself in the public prayers in the Church, and begged my hearers not to be scandalized, or to adopt sinful opinions, even if God should allow Satan to kill me, and I should be found lying dead in this place or in that. When I had evening prayers according to custom—for my congregation attended diligently—and the whole room was full of people who saw and heard all, I was, during the prayers, pricked, bitten, struck and pinched, till my wife and I had

* Both rows of teeth.

† Some Lutherans practise confession.

‡ This probably means that an illusion was produced—the crackling of flames, etc., imitated. I have met with a similar case in another German relation.—P.M.

to cover our legs with the clothes of those sitting by us. Cords were thrown around my neck and my wife's, so that, had we not been quick in pulling them off, we should have unquestionably been strangled. Of all my books, the Talmud had the most to suffer. The book of Church regulations was torn, also the prayer-books and hymn-books. *It* tore Hedipro's Testament and threw it at my feet. *It* tore the Gospel of St. John, and *quod maxime notandum*, when I was expounding the Epistle to the Romans in the course of my exordia, and had come to viii. 17 and 18 [" And if children, then heirs ; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him . . . "] *It* tore the leaf on which the text was—the leaf began with those verses—out of the book, so that, when I came into the pulpit, I had not got the text ; but the leaf, torn into little pieces, was strewn on the bed of my wife, then lying sick at home. Nothing was done to the Bible, save that the Fourth Chapter of the Prophet Isaiah was once splashed with ink.

Once when I was lying in bed, the carving-fork was flung at me, but only the handle struck me ; the knife came immediately after the fork, but did me no damage. Another time this great knife was thrown at me again ; I heard it come whistling like an arrow, and started ; it hurt me, but did no material harm. Once I was sitting in my room in my shirt, and a very sharp little knife was hurled at my side ; my wife heard it whiz by, and cried, " You're surely hurt ? " I looked, and there stuck the knife, but no harm had been done. And just as I was saying to my wife, that I clearly saw in this the Divine protection, a stone of a pound's weight flew past my head, and smashed the window.

When I got into bed, I often lay down on pins, so that they bent, but they did not injure me. My pupils lodging in my house frequently found dirt and stones in their bags. The chairs were thrown about the room. I could see nothing, but one might mark *quod quid corporei intersserit*,* for once when I was going to church, my wig could not be found, and I could not have preached if, after sending to different persons, a certain *Cammer-Rath* had not lent me his. Now when I came into the pulpit with somebody else's wig on, everybody at once supposed that some new misfortune had happened, and so, just after sermon, I was summoned to the Count, to dine with him. So I wanted to put on my new coat, but one of the sleeves was gone ; I sent for my old one, but that too had only one sleeve. Meanwhile there was an uproar in the house, made by the cats and dogs, and the turtle doves that I kept in the sitting-room ; it was as if they were all mad.

On the Monday, I said to my wife that I must have a coat in any case, and wanted to take the sleeve from the old coat and have it put into the new one ; but when I took the coat, the sleeve was gone too, and there was I with two coats, which had only one sleeve between them. So I sent to the shop, for stuff to have a new suit made. Meanwhile, my wife went to the store-room, to see whether she had any cloth for lining left, and knelt down before a drawer. Then there fell something on her head, as heavily as if it had been a hundredweight, so that she began to cry out in a lamentable way ; I rushed in, and there was my wife on her knees, with my stolen wig on her head. At this I fell into a state of excite-

* Something corporeal was at work.

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ment, and conjured the spirit, in a solemn manner, to bring me back the things it had taken—for all the hymn books were gone too.

Just then I was called away to exhort a criminal, and told my wife that she should not stay in the house all alone, for the evil spirit would have to bring back the things, and it would not be well to let him do any more mischief. I had not been gone long—my wife was in the garden—when a terrible din began in my sitting-room, all the cats and dogs, the doves too, crying aloud, and tearing about. My wife rushed in, and saw a black bird, like a daw, fluttering about among our animals; she took heart, and resolved to kill it, but, as all the knives had had to be locked up, she had nothing to do it with; but she seized the spit, and thrust at the black bird. In that moment he vanished, my wife could not see whither; but blood lay in the spot where he had been, as I myself saw when I came home. The whole affair came into the courts, and my things were replaced, except the glasses, etc., that had been broken.

Once when I was summoned to court, I wanted first to eat a little sausage and salad. I ate only a small portion, and my wife took some also. In all my life I have never been so sick as this salad made me. My wife was also ill. The cat died, and the dog suffered after eating of it. Whether the devil had put in poison, and wanted to make away with me, I cannot now say, for some negligence or other circumstance may have been the cause; at any rate, this is what happened to me. Whenever I had a sword, I was safe from front attacks, for then It only threw things from behind me; but if I laid the sword aside, I received blows again. When I was asleep, I was safe so long as two of the watchers held their swords over my face, but if they took them away, or ceased to brandish them, my torment began again. I used the Magic Balsam from the Prince's Apothecary in Stuttgart, but it did no good.

Once when my wife's cheeks were all swollen, a surgeon sent me a book against magic. In this book I found a recipe, and had it made up at the apothecary's. It was a fumigating powder. I laid it on the coals, and held my wife's head over it by force, for she said she could not endure the pain the smoke caused her. I fetched a vessel [Schoepfer], and drew from her mouth first a long black horsehair, and then much thread and other stuff, the full of half the vessel; the pains were then somewhat better, but as my wife still felt something, I held her head over the smoke again, and drew out such another horsehair; there was nothing more.

Once I was sitting and writing, when It took a bottle of brandy, and smashed it over me and my paper, so that I was quite "anointed" with the liquor. All this time I stayed in my house, and would not go for all the devil could do, though the authorities offered me another lodging. One day I wanted to smoke, but my pipe and tobacco were gone. I managed to find them; the pipe had been filled. I was going to smoke, but noticing that the pipe was heavy, I cleaned it out, and found it full of dirt, with a little tobacco on the top. Curiously enough, It harmed no one in my house but my wife and myself, except a man who said, as he was keeping watch, and an uproar was going on upstairs, "If this wasn't a clergyman's house, I should swear," and then, as in the heat of the moment he emitted a curse, a key hit him on the nose with a distinct sound.

Only once was I hurt by a knife, in the lower part of my leg; and I had an old sword lying in a press; this It took and threw at

my wife, slightly injuring her foot; when she took the blade and wanted to shut it up again, It tore it out of her hand, and threw it *maxima cum vehementia* into the press, so that it stuck there. Then I took it into my hand, saying, "Herr Teufel, if you have power, take it out of my hand," but nothing happened, so I shut the sword up again. It often took my jug of wine away, and brought it back; I drank it and suffered no harm. The rest I cannot now remember. But some time I will put it all down, and have a discussion upon it. I would not have missed the experience for three thousand reichsthaler, for it taught me the power of prayer; but I would not go through it again for that sum, either. You must not think that this went on continually for six years, for it would have been impossible to bear it; but from time to time it ceased, for eight days to a fortnight, now and then for four weeks, and once for a quarter of a year; after that it would be more violent. After my wife had hurt the bird with the spit, we had peace for a long time.

This is all. I call God the Almighty and Omniscient to witness that these things occurred as stated. How or in what manner it was done I do not know. In all my days I saw nothing, but heard and felt enough; and so I leave the matter to every man's mature consideration.

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.*]

ABOUT ATLANTIS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am much interested in your articles on Atlantis, and on the Priestess of Amen-Ra. A book recently published by C. W. Pearce & Co., 139, West Regent Street, Glasgow, entitled *The Adept of the Logos*, contains some additional matter. There is a section of six pages on Atlantis, containing, in addition to what you quote, three other ancient records of the catastrophe. In your quotation, "the 17th Chuen" should be "the 13th Chuen," and one of the records states that the Maya people began with it a new era, and arranged all their other computations on the base of thirteen; truly an unlucky number.

The same volume has also a section of thirty-one pages on Egyptian Occultism. This contains all that was then ascertained concerning the vengeance of the Priestess of Amen-Ra, including a few facts not recorded by your correspondent.

With regard to Rosicrucians, J. B. Craven, in "Doctor Robert Fludd," writes: "The first mention of the Fraternity of the Rosy Cross is alleged to be in the year 1374, when the Count von Falkenstein, Bishop of Treves, is designed [designated] as Imperator Fraternitatis Roseæ Crucis."

Yours truly,

E. W. BERRIDGE, M.D.

193, GLOUCESTER TERRACE, HYDE PARK, W.

WART CHARMING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—A friend of mine has a little son who suffered badly from warts for a number of years. He had them in considerable numbers and many remedies were tried in vain. His father was told of a man in the North of England who cured warts and got into communication with him. All the practitioner wanted was to know the number of

warts, and *he* would do the rest. The number was given him, and in about fourteen weeks the excrescences (which had resisted all remedies) disappeared. No fee was asked for.

I am, etc.,

ARTHUR MEE.

[Fourteen weeks is perhaps rather an ample margin!—ED.]

DREAM EXPERIENCES.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The interesting article in this month's OCCULT REVIEW relating a dream experience of a former existence, reminds me of a peculiar vision of my own and one that I have had three times.

The "vision" moment with me occurs as a rule between four and five o'clock a.m., and the pictures which are flashed on my brain are as vivid and clear as photographs, and are perfectly easy for me to remember when I awake.

The one of which I am thinking is this:—

A large crowd of men and women were rushing along a forest glade. There was bright sunshine streaming down through the trees, the road we were running along was more in the form of a deep rut and of a sandy nature. On the left hand was a wide grass track and forest, on the right a very thick hedge with a broad flat top quite wide enough for a cart to drive over and firm enough to stand on. The leaves of this hedge were pale yellowish green and rather prickly, though softer than a holly leaf. We were all dressed in the same sort of garments, i.e. a short rough skin reaching to the knees, our arms and legs were bare, and I seemed to know quite well that we were engaged in bull-hunting.

The man with me and to whom I evidently belonged was a big red-headed, red-bearded fellow—apparently about six feet four, and broad in proportion. In his hand he carried a dagger-shaped knife, with a cross-piece of wood near the hilt. He had a kind of harp slung round his neck by a cord. It was something like a large Jew's harp and had five strings.

As we joined the crowd they all yelled "Jonglus, Jonglus" to him at the top of their voices (pronouncing the J as in John and the "g" hard) and then a shout of "The bull."

We scattered as a huge animal appeared running towards us. It was a short-legged bull, of a dirty white colour with patches of dark-grey on its body and an enormous breadth of chest.

The red man took my hands and swung me up on the top of the broad hedge. I saw him stand in the middle of the rut and plunge his knife into the breast of the bull—to the accompaniment of a savage shout of joy from the crowd.

I jumped down on the other side of the hedge into a kind of maze, and was immediately attacked by a bull running from an opposite

direction. I conclude that incarnation ends there, as I remember nothing more.

Perhaps some other of your readers may have had visions in which *names* are used, names unheard of in our present incarnation.

The sceptics would probably say I had evolved "Jonglus" from the old French term "jonglewe," but in my vision I feel strongly that I am on British soil, though I am still looking out for that particular forest.

Yours faithfully,
ZOA.

PLYMOUTH.

COUNT ST. GERMAIN AND RAKOCZI.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to thank Ernest Udney for replying to my inquiry about the Master Rakoczi and the Count St. Germain. His answer disposes of the idea that the Master Rakoczi is a *reincarnation* of the Count St. Germain.

May I ask a further question? Ernest Udney writes, "I understand that the Master Rakoczi (St. Germain) was born in his present body in the year 1697."

In the article on "The Comte de St. Germain" in your May number Virginia Millward writes, "The Baron de Cleichen states, on the authority of Rameau, who knew the Count in 1710, that at that date he had the appearance of a man of some fifty years of age." This would lead one to infer that he was born about 1660, not 1697, as Ernest Udney states.

Can Ernest Udney, or any of your readers, clear up this little discrepancy?

Yours faithfully,
OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—May I be permitted to congratulate you on your excellent Christmas number which I have only recently perused. Two articles in particular are most interesting. One is "A Legend of Life," by William T. Horton, and the other "A Comparison of the Hebrew Sephiroth with the 'Paut Neteru' of Egypt," by K. A. C. Creswell.

The correspondence shown in the latter between the Hebrew Sephiroth and the Egyptian Gods is very striking, the more so as there is a similar correspondence in other great Religions.

In "A Legend of Life" William T. Horton shows how in the Quest for the Highest the man only finds the Supreme in conjunction with the maid, and the maid in conjunction with the man. There must be perfect co-operation between the interior and the exterior

before any vital progress can be made. All attempts to reach Kether, or the Supreme, by scaling one of the outer pillars of the Tree of Life, e.g., the pillar of Severity, are foredoomed to failure. We find we are barred by the blackness of Binah, and have to retrace our steps. The true Adept ascends to Kether by the central pillar of Mildness, thus uniting the two outer pillars of Severity and Mercy, tempering severity with mercy, and *vice versa*, for "unbalanced severity is cruelty and oppression, and unbalanced mercy is but weakness."

So with humanity there can be no true concord until there is perfect harmony between man and woman. True order can only be evolved through the union of Counterparts, twain-one, in place of the present haphazard marriage unions. If the creative powers are impure a pure world becomes impossible, and pure unions can only come about when women are free from the necessity to labour, men providing all their external wants. Then woman, free to develop herself, will more than repay man by ministering to his spiritual needs.

Yours faithfully,

UNITY.

SPIRITUAL MATHEMATICS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to Redgrove's fascinating theory as to the use of $\sqrt{-1}$ to symbolize the ratio or correspondence between spirituality and materiality, several cognate ideas arise.

The so-called "transcendental" functions in algebra possess certain quasi-spiritual properties, e.g., periodicity (rhythm), and can only be expressed definitely in terms of real quantities with the assistance of "incommensurables" and "imaginaries." Thus the transcendental

$$\sin x = \frac{E^{ix} - E^{-ix}}{2i}$$

The only alternative is to use an "infinite series" of real quantities. The spiritual analogy is fairly obvious to any one who realizes the nature of the symbols. In this connection Leibnitz's definition of Divinity as the infinite differential is relevant.

Redgrove has omitted to mention that Sir William Rowan Hamilton greatly extended the use of $\sqrt{-1}$ geometrically in the system known as "quaternion analysis" or "ijk." The quantities "j" and "k" have some similarity to Redgrove's "celestial" axis.

Yours faithfully,

HERBERT CHATLEY.

TANGSHAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE, TANGSHAN, NORTH CHINA.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE Bishop of Carlisle writes on "Marriage and Divorce" in *The Hibbert Journal* and has two or three pregnant statements which may almost pass as aphorisms. The paper is intended to embody a general counsel of prudence to the English Church in its current policy towards current and indeed burning questions. The counsel is: (a) That the Christian ideal of marriage, as a mirror of the Divine union between Christ and His Church, must never be weakened; (b) that in the realm of this ideal there is no room for divorce, and this must be always proclaimed; but (c) that taking things as they are, the Church must do what is practically best until the ideal is attainable, and as sins against marriage are equal in both sexes, it must insist (d) that if divorce is granted to a husband it shall be granted equally to a wife; (e) that it shall be open alike to rich and poor. In other words, the ideal is to be set aside provisionally with the hope that the intervention suggested may somehow render "every step in legislation a step in moral advance." Many who have the Church's interests at heart will regard the policy thus outlined as a counsel of Caiaphas; while others, like ourselves, holding no brief on any side of the question, will recognize the difficulties by which the Church is beset, whether or not they are, at the root, of its own making. In so far as Dr. Diggle may be held to voice Anglican teaching on the subject, the position is rather inscrutable. He speaks strongly on the evils which have followed the recognition of marriage merely as a civil contract; but, if it is more than that, it is for him much less than a channel of grace, for it is above all things "not a sacrament." The essence of its validity consists in a written document duly attested, and this is clear as to the civil contract. The "more" added by the Church is a benediction and a hallowing; but these, by the hypothesis, do not convey grace and seem therefore to communicate nothing. It will be seen that what falls to the ground in this manner is the scriptural analogy between earthly marriage and the Divine Union of Christ with His Church, or—in other words—the "ideal" which must be always maintained. That ideal is a reflection from Latin Christianity, which holds that marriage is a sacrament and can therefore appeal logically to the analogy mentioned above as a ground for condemning divorce. On the other hand, the

Bishop of Carlisle is reasonable enough, from his own standpoint, in recommending English Christianity to temporize with what he regards obviously as the mammon of unrighteousness; but he is not logical in asking it to remember an ideal which has no office outside the sacramental side of marriage. St. Paul's analogy lapsed implicitly for the English Church on the promulgation of the XXXIX Articles. There is one other point: when referring to marriage in Jewry, Dr. Diggle would have done well to glance at the Kabalistic writers whose view of its sanctity and mystery is the most illuminating view of all. For the mystics of this school and its connections marriage is a great mystery of salvation.

This paper which, on account of its subject, has been noticed at considerable length is not the only important one in the last issue of *The Hibbert Journal*. One feels very much on the side of Principal Forsyth, who is so much on the side of God, when he says in his "Intellectualism and Faith" that "in religion above all things it is with reality we have to do more than with truth"; when he says that "faith lives in a vast antinomy"; and especially when he says that it has "to grasp and deal with the way things work." If the distinction between reality and truth is not defined in the article we may still understand it as, for his purpose, involving an intuitive and vital realization of what is, apart from its merely logical apprehension, though not in opposition thereto. The keynote of the criticism is in its insistence on "the choice between Jesus the prophet and Christ the Redeemer" as imperative and sharp. Principal Forsyth is on the side of the Redeemer. . . . In "Modernism and the Catholic Consciousness" Mr. George Coore, who is a Roman Catholic, maintains that the religious consciousness "cannot yield to history the sole arbitrament as to events that form an integral part of the catholic belief," on the ground that "the miraculous defies proof"—presumably, not alone in the immediate percipients but in those who rely on his authority. Modernism has failed to appreciate the intensely supernatural character of catholic belief; it leaves no sufficient basis for the doctrinal system concerning Christ's human personality; and it has yielded prematurely to history a right of determination which must be shared with religious consciousness. Lastly, it is too purely academic. One has an uncomfortable feeling that the article, written with considerable ability and with the best intention, is not giving very much help to the "catholic consciousness" or to the authority which guides it.

One is grateful in a particular manner to *The Quest* for being able to exceed on occasion its more especial province, as it has done in its last issue by reminding us of F. W. H. Myers, not as an untiring pursuer of psychical research, in which all are familiar with him, but as a poet of conspicuous gifts, in which vocation few ever knew him and fewer still remember. The article is by Mr. T. S. Omond; it is creditably done and, under the circumstances, it deserves praise also for the liberal space given to quotations therein. They serve indeed their purpose; and what is said about one of them is likely to be echoed about others by many discerning readers: "Surely this is verse that should not be let die." Extracts are limited to a volume called *The Renewal of Youth, and other Poems* (1882), though there is something to be said for *St. Paul*, a Cambridge prize poem, many years earlier. . . . Mr. G. R. S. Mead brings to a conclusion his interesting study on "Ceremonial Dances and Symbolic Banquets in Mediæval Churches." He deals on the present occasion with the *Bergeretta* of Besançon as a relic of festivities going back to the twelfth century and beyond; with the *Grolia* of Auxerre, the minimum of which consisted in "partaking of bread and wine in common"; and with other ceremonial repasts connected with Easter and Ascension Day. Finally, he considers the probable origin of such banquets in the *Agapæ* of the early Church and, far away in the past, in Bacchic, Orphic and Isiac Mysteries. Having done much to elucidate the whole question, he leaves it as one which deserves further investigation. . . . This is not Mr. Mead's only contribution to the number, for in a note occupying nine pages he gives account of a Chinese version or paraphrase of "an important Manichæan treatise" which has become available recently in a French translation. The Chinese rendering is in verse and is assigned tentatively to about 900 A.D. The original from which it depends may go back to "the collection of writings circulated under the name of Addas, who is mentioned by Photius." How far the Chinese text represents its source remains an open question. . . . Among other articles which make up an excellent issue, it is impossible to pass over one on "Present-Day Mysticism," by Professor Wilhelm Windelband, which occupies the place of honour. The consideration is independent and critical; one would not say that the writer is exactly a friend of mysticism and still less an open enemy, though some of his terms are doubtful. The salient points are as follows: in certain directions the "open paths of experience" have failed to lead; but a theoretical necessity "carries us beyond all knowing

towards an immediate intuition of primal spiritual reality, and towards an inner experience of the connection between the soul and the ultimate Essence of all things." It follows that "the necessities of mysticism are deeply rooted in human nature," as well as in the limitations of our knowledge. The scientific mind recognizes these; the mystic believes that he can transcend them. Professor Windelband says, quite curiously, that "no one will deny him this"; and that mysticism is possible as the "intuitive experience of the individual," but impossible as a scientific doctrine, at least in any positive respect, because the mystic can only seek expression in the categories which have been rejected as insufficient. In other words, he must translate his experience into language, which from its essence must be "mere stammering." Whether there is any way out of this situation is a question raised at the end; it is not answered; but the need of an answer is recognized, to raise our life into the sphere of "lucid consciousness and well-defined morality." Meanwhile, to some of us, some "mere stammering" of the mystics has spoken more eloquently than all the tongues of science which "cannot comprehend essential being."

As we had every reason to expect, Dr. Ivor Tuckett has replied to Sir Oliver Lodge and Mr. J. Arthur Hill in the new issue of *Bedrock*, and he dwells on the illogical position of some psychical researchers. Both these have devoted their efforts to discrediting him as a critic and have evaded the task of showing that the evidence for spirit-control, telepathy and psychic force has been obtained under conditions precluding their vitiation by "fallacies due to fraud, self-deception, or incompleteness of data." As to this evidence, Sir Oliver Lodge fails to realize its unsatisfactory quality. There is a burning question between them about the movement of a chair under circumstances which satisfied Sir Oliver Lodge that there was no mechanical connection. Dr. Tuckett blandly inquires whether he maintains that it moved "under the influence of so-called psychic force," and suggests that he seeks to clear him from a charge of imbecility. The question itself is imbecile, for if that were not the opinion of Sir Oliver Lodge there would be nothing at issue between them and no need for Dr. Tuckett's seventeen pages of argument, or possibly even for his luminous conclusion that Sir Oliver Lodge and Mr. J. A. Hill have "every right to believe what they will." Sir Ray Lankester and Sir Bryan Dorkin also enter the lists on their own behalf, and as a reply is promised to the former, we are perhaps beginning a thirty years' war.

REVIEWS

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR AS PHILOSOPHER AND THINKER. A Collection of the more important and interesting Passages in his non-political Writings, Speeches, and Addresses (1879-1912). Selected and Arranged by Wilfrid M. Short. 8½ ins. × 5½ ins., pp. xii. + 552 + 1 plate. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 39, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THIS selection from Mr. Balfour's non-political writings and speeches has been prepared (and very admirably prepared), with his permission but without his supervision, by his private secretary, Mr. W. M. Short. The passages selected are in most cases fairly long, and thus any feeling of scrappiness is obviated. The source and date is in all cases indicated. The only thing we dislike is the alphabetical arrangement. It is, for example, so disconcerting to be translated from "Genius" to "Golf," and from "Golf" to "Huxley." But then, perhaps, the book is not supposed to be read right through, as we have done, but used as an encyclopædia. Indeed, the adjective derived from this last word is the only one that can be used to describe Mr. Balfour's astonishing versatility. He seems at home in every department of human thought—Science, Literature, Philosophy, Art, Religion, Athletics—on all these subjects he has interesting views to suggest.

Perhaps the most interesting selections are those from *A Defence of Philosophic Doubt* and *The Foundations of Belief*. Possibly Mr. Balfour is inclined to allow his critical and destructive powers too full play in the region of epistemology, and one feels the need for a pragmatic conception of truth; but his criticisms of Naturalism are very telling. For if, as Mr. Balfour indicates, the naturalistic theory of knowledge is true, and reason has been produced by evolution from non-rational causes, what right have we to regard as reliable, a theory which, by hypothesis, is built on reason? Thus, Naturalism is inconsistent with itself, and we are obliged to postulate a Rational Source for the Cosmos. Mr. Balfour not only points out the advantages (real advantages even from the strictly scientific standpoint) of Theism, but indicates how especially the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation ministers to the highest ethical needs of humanity. Psychological Idealism Mr. Balfour regards as inconsistent with Science; but we doubt whether the inconsistency is other than one merely of terminology, and, therefore, only apparent, not real.

Amongst selections from other interesting speeches there are several long passages from Mr. Balfour's Presidential Address to the S.P.R., delivered in 1894, in which the speaker asks for dispassionate investigation of telepathic phenomena, a belief in which was in those days discredited by "orthodox science." One is glad to note that Mr. Balfour's truly scientific attitude has been justified by the fruits of research.

We recommend this book to all who are interested in modern philosophy, and can appreciate the utterances of a cultured man of thought.

H. S. REDGROVE.

HYPNOTISM AND SUGGESTION. By Edwin Ash, M.B., B.S.Lond., M.R.C.S. Eng., etc. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 1s. net.

A BOOK that demands recognition, not only by the medical profession, but by all who practise, or who believe in, the fundamental principles of Mental Therapeutics, as well as by all who are desirous of entering into a fuller comprehension of the subconscious self. Dr. Edwin Ash rightly detests the chicanery which has been and is still, though in a less marked degree, associated with Mental Therapeutics in general and with Hypnotism in particular. He deals with his subject in a purely practical and straightforward manner which is both simple and convincing. The therapeutic value of his psychological deductions is considerable, and the advantages of his method of inducing hypnosis over other methods in practice, where the personal element predominates, are too evident to be gainsaid by even the most prejudiced of practitioners. I sincerely trust that *Hypnotism and Suggestion* will be the means of guiding many seekers after truth, who are groping among the marshes and mists of illusion, into The Path that conducts to the Abode of Authentic Truth, wherein all things are blended into a harmony that surpasses man's loftiest dreams.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY. By the Rev. Frederick A. M. Spencer, M.A., Brasenose College, Oxford. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. Demy 8vo. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE author has attempted an exposition, which many other men have essayed, and which many other men have failed to elucidate. Christianity has a distinct meaning to each individual: each interprets it according to the spiritual perspective peculiar to the mind which is attempting the building. "And Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." This is the kernel of the Christian Faith, without which no man has right to the title of Christian. Nowadays, the designation has, often, little enough meaning; but where the potentialities of it are absorbed, when its hidden spiritual meaning obsesses both heart and mind of the searcher, then, indeed, is the unction of that man's soul God-blessed; then, indeed, has he glimpsed the meaning of Christianity.

Mr. Spencer has visualized the whole of the argument with a clarity which abounds in conviction and understanding. He couches his opinion in thoughtful reasoning, with a largess which draws us near to his view. And therein is the author's sincerity. Not only does Mr. Spencer hold us deeply interested, by his inner lighting, but, also, he bespeaks our eventual belief—we are, it must be remembered, after all, but metabolic beings—through the brightness of his intellectual force, his undogmatic dogma, his metaphysic argument. There is an orderliness, a cohesion, a concentrated mastery in his purview, which pushes, to its utmost legitimate limit, the opinion of a man who has not hastened to explain, before the explanation has evolved and become a mental entity. Such argument is hard to resist. Mr. Spencer is a calm disputant whose theories must, without the minutest deviation from the imperative, be considered with the gravest mien. It is always impossible to contend with the religious Hotspur, be he never so

virile and earnest ; but the thinker who logically, and without bitterness, puts before us a premise, or premises, dispassionately, and learnedly, cannot be casually put on one side. And so we come to be much concerned with Mr. Spencer's serious plea. Unconvinced on all points, needing more time and space to ponder over these parts which appeared to us doubtful, we are, nevertheless, profoundly moved by "The Meaning of Christianity." Mr. Spencer's work cannot be conspicuous by its absence from the shelves of all thoughtful men and women who are valiantly seeking for the "riddle of the universe" ; nor can it be neglected by the faithful.' X.

COSMIC SYMBOLISM. By "Sepharial." Cr. 8vo, ornamental cloth gilt, pp. vi + 294. London : William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

ASTROLOGY appears to differ from everything else that is grouped under the term "Occultism," inasmuch as it claims to be purely empirical and that no special "faculties" are needed for its study and application. It ought to be judged solely on these claims. But this, I think, is rarely done. Many persons, who are attracted by anything that is out of the common, are willing believers in Astrology, though without any but a most superficial knowledge of its nature ; whilst many others no less foolishly declare that modern Astronomy renders Astrology impossible, or that it is absurd on *a priori* principles. Those of us, I imagine, who have no opportunities of examining the question of Astrology's validity from our own experience, will do well to retain an entirely open mind on the subject until such time as a body of scientific men shall have been appointed to investigate the whole subject by purely empirical and impartial methods. Meanwhile, we may find much to interest us in such suggestive books as "Sepharial's" *Cosmic Symbolism*. Unfortunately, not a few self-styled astrologers are lacking in a knowledge of Mathematics and Astronomy sufficient for the pursuit of their art ; and it is a foregone conclusion (whether Astrology be true or not) that predictions based on faulty calculations will prove false and bring the whole subject into disrepute (if that has not already been done). "Sepharial" does good service in calling attention to this point, and correcting some of the errors of less competent writers on the subject.

His own knowledge of the subject is very extensive, and he is fully acquainted with the less well-known Indian and Chinese methods, regarding which and a hundred other matters, he has curious and interesting facts and beliefs to offer. In one chapter he compares himself to a man rummaging in a lumber room, looking for an idea here and an idea there, which, cast aside as useless lumber, may yet be necessary for the construction of a comprehensive system of cosmological philosophy. The present work is largely an extension of *A Manual of Occultism* and *The Kabala of Numbers*, and in it the author develops the theory, suggested in these former works, that everything in the physical realm is the symbol of a causative spiritual agency ; a theory which, to my mind, is far more attractive as concerns Astrology than that of the direct action of the planets. One suggestion I venture to make, and that is, that if there is anything in the theory of planetary hours (upon which I am not competent to pronounce), Uranus and Neptune ought not to be omitted.

H. S. REDGROVE.

JAINISM IN WESTERN GARB, AS A SOLUTION TO LIFE'S GREAT PROBLEMS.

By Herbert Warren. 7½ ins. × 4½ ins., pp. xi + 129 + 1 plate.
 Madras : The Minerva Press, 33, Popham's Broadway (London
 Agents : Messrs. Luzac & Co., 46, Great Russell Street, W.C.).
 Price As. 12 (1s.).

THERE is comparatively little literature on Jainism in the English tongue, so that this very clear and terse exposition by Mr. Warren will be especially welcome to English students of Indian philosophies and theologies. Some of the Jain tenets are both curious and interesting. On the subject of existence and non-existence, Mr. Warren's remarks remind one of Hegel. The clear-cut concept of individuality fundamental in Jainism, and its unflinching defence of free-will, are points worth noticing ; and the intense desire of Jainas to avoid inflicting injury on any living creatures, one can admire to a certain extent. But even Mr. Warren cannot save Jainism from being condemned as dreary and scholastic. It lacks a God and is thus without a heart. Its essential pluralism prevents it from satisfying the intellect. It renders the principle of non-injury absurd by applying it to non-self-conscious forms of life, even insects and vegetables. Its concept of evil as due to the influx of matter into soul leads its devotees into the most disgusting asceticism. And its aim, that of rendering the individual soul omniscient, reducing it to a condition in which it knows everything and does nothing, is not only unattractive, but also absurd. The volume has, as frontispiece, a portrait of the late Jain philosopher, V. R. Gandhi, B.A.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE GOLDEN GUARD. By the Countess of Cromartie. Pp. 407.
 Price 6s. London : George Allen & Co. Ltd.

THE BOOK OF WONDER. By Lord Dunsany. Illustrated by S. H. Sime. Pp. 98. Price 6s. net. London : William Heinemann.

VERY different are these two volumes of dream-life. The Countess of Cromartie's novel is impassioned and inspired by love of love and friendship ; Lord Dunsany's tales are inspired by humour, the spirit of adventure and the virtuosity of the stylist. Both writers, however, are figures in the Celtic Renaissance and may be considered together without incongruity.

The Countess of Cromartie imagines that the Phœnicians founded a kingdom in Ireland under monarchs informed and glorified by Baal, the sun-god. Her story tells the life of Heremon the Beautiful, King of Eri, of the golden guard who defended and loved him, and of the small, not very beautiful slave to whom he mystically united himself by a link of fire. The story is neither Phœnician enough for [a Rawlinson nor Irish enough for a Joyce, yet it moves and even thrills the reader. I have read thousands of novels, published and unpublished, and I am no wasp to be caught by a pot of arsenic and syrup under a plum tree ; but I acknowledge that the Countess's tragic fantasy held me by its beautiful conception of friendship and magnanimity. Her fancy has power ; her men in whom loyalty rises to an active holiness, awaken enthusiasm. One's tepid and timid modernity bows to them, refraining from jealousy.

They are dreams, but they are good for one's sleep : after reading of them I dreamed of the sea.

Lord Dunsany's art seems to know nothing of the Countess's rapture of altruism. He is our modern Mandeville, independent of travel, and as full of marvel as a phoenix's egg. Others may see the moral side : he sees the picturesque. He delights in the cunning of a Sisyphus, but his " arch thief " is invented by himself and is called Nuth. He understands the relation between the sound of a word and the meaning thereof ; his knowledge in this respect goes beyond the onomatopœia of the dictionary. He makes his words like a child of genius. Scalding sarcasm and merry humour are to be found in his wonder-tales, also the abrupt surprises prized by the dramatic imagination. It is hard to name his best story ; but " The Wonderful Window," " Chu-bu and Sheemish," " The Coronation of Mr. Thomas Shap " and " The Probable Adventure of the Three Literary Men " have all a rare excellence. The first of these is close to the art of Fitz-James O'Brien, whose " Diamond Lens " is, or should be, one of the classics of the adult's elfin library. Mr. Sime's pictures have the curious felicity we have learned to expect from an artist who can draw the creations of haschisch in the mind of the eater thereof.

W. H. CHESLON.

SPIRITUAL PRAYERS FROM MANY SHRINES. Anon. Cr. 8vo. 164 pp. London : Power Book Co., Bank Chambers, 329, High Holborn, W.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

A BOOK of prayers compiled on a broad unsectarian basis should appeal to a rapidly increasing number of persons in these days of freedom of opinion and elasticity of belief. The collection in this volume has been made by " a lady whose mind was broad enough to look at life on the spiritual plane " ; but beyond the fact that they are culled " from many shrines," no indication is given of their source. However, the friends of the compiler having found great help from a privately printed edition of the book, it was decided to issue it in a form acceptable to a wider public. To the spiritually minded the little work should come as an acceptable addition to devotional literature of the more mystical type.

H. J. S.

THE LATIN WORKS AND THE CORRESPONDENCE OF HULDREICH ZWINGLI, together with Selections from his German Works. Translated by Henry Preble, Walter Lichtenstein, and Lawrence A. McLouth. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson. Vol. I. (1510-1522). 8½ in. × 6 in., pp. xv. + 292 + 1 plate. New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons, The Knickerbocker Press. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE fame of Luther and Calvin have perhaps rather obscured that of Huldreich Zwingli, though the Reformation owed much to him, especially, of course, in his native country Switzerland. It is proposed to publish a complete translation of his Latin works and correspondence, together with selections from his German works, of which projected translations this book constitutes the first volume. The work appears to have been very

carefully done, though occasionally, perhaps, one would welcome a freer translation, and is provided with an introduction and many valuable historical notes by the editor.

To all who are interested in the history of Protestantism, and are not able to read the originals, this translation of Zwingli's works will be found full of interest and value. But it is doubtful whether the works of the reformers have now any other than a historical interest. The work they did was almost entirely of a destructive and critical nature. This work had to be done, the intolerable abuses in the Church could no longer be suffered in silence. But one feels the need of constructive as well as destructive theology, and a negative religion like Protestantism is hardly more satisfactory than one which, like Roman Catholicism, has become so overcrusted with traditionalism as to be hardly recognizable.

In the chief treatises contained in the present volume Zwingli criticizes the restrictions regarding food during Lent and the marriage of priests. One can quite agree with his conclusions that one can eat what food one likes (in moderation) during Lent without harm to one's soul, and that priests ought to marry. But as concerns the latter point, Zwingli persistently confuses chastity and celibacy, and seems to argue that priests ought to commit the mild sin of marriage in order to escape the more serious ones of concubinage or fornication, thus failing to recognize marriage as a divine sacrament, in all things most holy.

H. S. REDGROVE.

SOCIAL THERAPEUTICS. By Stanley M. Bligh. A Lecture discussed by the Social-psychology Group of the Sociological Society, November, 1912. London: H. Frowde. 76 pp. Price 6d. net.

THE author of this brochure outlines a scheme for the study of the psychology of the individual in relation to social utility, and puts forward a tentative classification of various social "psychic traumata" which it would be desirable to endeavour to correct. Readers of his able work on Directive Psychology, *The Direction of Desire*, will doubtless be interested in the present application to Sociology of the principles there formulated; while to those engaged in the various branches of social work we can heartily commend the method here sketched of dealing with such problems as those presented by the criminal, the prostitute and the waster, as offering a promising field for more efficient social service.

H. J. S.

JOHN. A Story of This World and the Next. By Strahan Richards. London: Andrew Melrose, 3, York Street, Covent Garden. Price 6s.

IN the reign of Charles II John Danvers, Rector of Kingsbourne, is visited unexpectedly by Margery, who has been an indiscretion of his Oxford days.

John, though devoted to Alice, the Lady of the Manor, and with every reason to believe that his love is returned, falls readily to Margery, but in the early dawn remorse and contempt for himself assail him to such an extent that, forgetting his religious life and training, and all that the future might hold, he drowns himself in a neighbouring pool.

His utter loneliness at first, his temptations, trials, and tortures cheered only by the memory and occasional help of his adored Alice who has also "passed over," are graphically described.

In the present century the three principal characters re-incarnate. Again John, in love with Alice, is tempted by Margery, but this time, in American parlance, he "makes good" and proves stronger than the "enemies of light."

There is originality in the working out of the theme of the book, though the author has not caught the atmosphere of the period in which it commences. And the ease with which a so strongly moral nature, backed by such deep devotion to Alice, should fall to the wiles of Margery and then commit suicide is not convincing, but apart from this the book runs fairly smoothly, though the characters, with the exception of John, are rather fragmentary, owing to their many transitions through the ages.

S. D. J.

DE L'AN 25,000 AVANT JÉSUS-CHRIST À NOS JOURS. Par Gaston Revel. 380 pp. Éditions Théosophiques, 81, Rue Dareau, Paris XIV. Price 7 fr. 50.

ALTHOUGH of interest primarily to Theosophists, the volume before us is not without its importance from the standpoint of the independent student of occultism. Based upon the clairvoyant investigations of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater into the previous lives of a certain group of souls, the whole value of the author's deductions depends, of course, upon the reliability of the investigator's psychic perceptions. The previous incarnations of this group of personages are classified and tabulated in a most painstaking way, and the method of working of the laws of Karma and Reincarnation traced in actual operation. Amongst the various subjects of interest touched upon in course of the author's comments upon the series of lives may be mentioned those of Psychic Powers and their Development, Astrology, Longevity, the Path of Initiation, Theory of Predictions, etc., etc. Whatever may be one's individual opinion upon the source of the writer's information, there can be no doubt as to his sincerity, and the great amount of labour that must have gone into the classification, analysis, and deductions from the series of embodiments in question.

H. J. S.

DEW AND MILDEW. By P. C. Wren. London: Longmans, Green and Co., 39, Paternoster Row. 1912. Price 6s.

WE believed that the last word had been written about India by the Man of Barrack Room Ballad fame, but the collection of tales just published has undeceived us, and all those who love Kipling will equally admire Wren.

Since the coming of that king of all short story writers we have seldom had the good fortune to read such a collection of brilliantly clever tales as the semi-detached stories from Karabad. Twenty-five of them in all, they are written in terse, satiric vein that grips and fascinates, and moreover they maintain the same high level of literary achievement throughout.

Mr. Wren writes of India as India is, not as ignorant sentimentalists would have us believe. The charm of Anglo-Indian Society, the callous

cruelty and crimes of the natives, the base superstitions, the strange psychic manifestations and the unchangeable attitude of the Eastern mind are all presented to us with an unerring touch. Not even the most sceptical unbeliever could sneer at the grim history of Sudden Death Lodge with its chain of "Queer Coincidence!"

Semi-detached as their name implies, the stories have a connecting link, and some of the characters run through the book. But whether Mr. Wren writes of ghosts or children, or curses or Indian "gentlemen" from Highgate, or Labour agitators anxious to befriend poor benighted India, his style is always fascinating, powerful, amusing and clever.

VIRGINIA MILWARD.

SPEAKING ACROSS THE BORDER-LINE. By F. Heslop. London: Charles Taylor, Brooke House, 22, 23, and 39, Warwick Lane, E.C. 1912. Price 2s. 6d. net.

WE have been much moved by this poignant document in its effort to establish heartfelt communication between a husband in spirit life and his wife on earth. It reminds us of Dr. Savage's "Can Telepathy Explain?" in which he spoke, in various ways, to his departed son. And who of us shall dare deny the possibilities of the association, in some way or another, of the quick and the "dead"? Who of us shall dare deny even the probability of such happy interchange of thought, as existed when here? Let us discharge the carnal, earthy view that we are mortal, and take on the finer rapturous condition that the tenure on this globe, unexplainable as it may be, is but a trivial moment, a draught of some huge Gargantuan scheme on the part of our Creator, and all things become possible. Science cannot refute it; Religion supports it. The Rev. Arthur Chambers, in his Foreword, says he hopes the little book will command the interest of many readers. We are sure it will. To the writer of this note, the letters—almost sacred—have been a real pleasure. If, to the sceptical and unsympathetic, they spell mere ultra-exalted ecstasy, at least, he will admit in his callous demeanour that they have come to us through a rare mind—a spiritual affinity which had absorbed all the beauty of a tender co-affection for a *Soul* which had gone on to those Happy Hunting Grounds—a beautiful definition of the World beyond for which we cannot be too grateful to the Indian. The sojourning with this little work bids us draw near to the burning bush with uncovered feet and reverent air, and we are sure that it will bring many, many readers much quiet joy, and encouragement: it will go far to dispel that creeping paralysis of the soul—despair. It will revive the hope of a Beyond; it will rekindle the trust in a looked-for reunion.