

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius in verba"

Price SEVENPENCE NET; post free, EIGHTPENCE. Annual Subscription, for British Isles, United States and Canada, SEVEN SHILLINGS (One Dollar seventy-five Cents); for other countries, EIGHT SHILLINGS.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

AMERICAN AGENTS: The *International News* Company, 85 Duane Street, New York; The Macey Publishing Company, 45-49 John Street, New York; The Occult and Modern Thought Book Centre, 687 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.; The Oriental Esoteric Library, 1207 Q. Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.; the *Western News* Company, Chicago.

Subscribers in *India* can obtain the Magazine from A. H. Wheeler & Co., 15 Elgin Road, Allahabad; Wheeler's Building, Bombay; and 39 Strand, Calcutta; or from the "Theosophist" Office, Adyar, Madras.

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LIMITED, Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Contributors are specially requested to put their name and address, legibly written, on all manuscripts submitted.

VOL. XIX.

JANUARY 1914

No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

THERE are two other blessed words beside "the blessed word Mesopotamia"—one is "telepathy" and the other is "suggestion." We find suggestion or auto-suggestion given as the explanation nowadays of all cures outside the range of ordinary medical treatment. Mr. de Kerlor in a recent interview attributed all these cures to suggestion. "It is merely the force of suggestion," he said. "The spoken word carries within itself a therapeutic value. Tell a man that he is a fool a thousand times, and he will turn out at the end of a week to be one." My own experience is that it is a very difficult matter to convince a person on this particular point—though I must confess I have neither the time nor the inclination to apply Mr. de Kerlor's test. I am, however, strongly of opinion that this tendency to explain all abnormal healing by suggestion is quite as delusive as the attempt to explain all psychical phenomena by telepathy. I

do not dispute that suggestion has its effect, and accounts for a fair percentage of cures, though I think that more than half of these are those accomplished by the medical profession proper. How, for instance, could the case of Miss Dorothy Kerin, which has been recorded at length in the OCCULT REVIEW, be explained in this manner? The explanation by the power of personal magnetism would perhaps be equally at fault in this case (though possibly we may postulate magnetism from a higher plane), but I am inclined to think that the personal magnetism of the healer will account for more cures than suggestion. It is, in fact, as illusory to ascribe all such cures to one particular method as it

is to attribute a universal power of healing diseases to one particular panacea. Different healers lay DIFFERENT METHODS OF HEALING. a very different amount of stress on magnetic healing, or the transferring of the life force from the healer to the patient, and mental suggestion, which is intended primarily for the purpose of awakening the mental vitality; and the stress laid upon one or the other is doubtless dependent to a great extent on the particular method employed by the healer. A third method, which is perhaps in reality the second raised to a higher power, is the awakening of the subject's higher spiritual consciousness. It is on this, though by no means on this alone, that Dr. Elizabeth Severn, author of *Psycho-Therapy: Its Doctrine and Practice*,* claims to rely. The power to utilize such a method as this efficiently is probably given to very few. Again, the method which a healer thinks he or she is employing is not necessarily the actual method that effects the cure. There are those who think they are merely employing suggestion when, in reality, they are magnetic healers, but sceptical of their own natural powers, and it is quite likely that the majority of those who are able to effect cures of the kind for which the medical faculty of the day has no explanation are themselves ignorant of the secret of their success.

Certainly one of the most remarkable cases of healing which has been brought to light for many a long year is that of Miss Gertrude Yates, by Professor Erskine, to which I have already alluded, and apparently no one was more surprised at the success of the cure than the healer himself. This was a case of hypnotic treatment, a variant of natural healing, though hypnosis should in reality be regarded rather as a means of obtaining the conditions most favourable to cure than the method of healing itself. "There is nobody on earth," said Mr. Yates, the father of the girl, "who

* London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.

can dispute the fact that my little daughter was born blind, and that she was cured by Mr. Erskine. When she was two years old we took her to St. Thomas's Hospital. 'Take her home,' they said, 'we can do nothing for her.'" If Dorothy Kerin's cure was the result of intervention from another plane, it is permissible to suppose that the methods employed by the agents in the cure were similar in their essential nature to such as might be employed by natural healers in the physical body, though we are justified in adding that the powers that they possessed of transmitting the life force would be higher in degree and quality. To myself I confess it is not difficult to believe that Dorothy Kerin was magnetized from the spiritual plane. It may, again, be argued that the conditions brought about by hypnotism facilitate intervention from the spiritual plane, and that the apparent agent in many hypnotic cures is not the real agent. What we see in cases like these are plain and indisputable results. As to the means by which they are brought about, there is, in fact, room for wide differences of opinion.

In this connection some allusion seems to be called for to the claims recently advanced by a certain Peer to abnormal healing powers. I have not heard that Mr. Lloyd George, in his customary vein, has so far got up on the platform and asked, "Who is Lord Sandwich?" But in spite of this the present owner of the title has woken up to a sudden and, I think it must be, a rather unexpected notoriety. In earlier days—the days of Charles II if my memory serves me rightly—there was another lord of the same name who enjoyed a much less enviable reputation. He did not, however, live in vain, as he contributed a familiar word, all too reminiscent of railway stations and stuffy refreshment rooms, to the English language. As the old doggerel has it—

Two noble lords whom, if I quote,
Some men might call me sinner.
The one invented half a coat,
The other half a dinner.*

After the South African War Lord Sandwich states that he had some sixty wounded officers at his country house, and there was never a doctor or nurse in the place. "I admit," he says, "that I was greatly surprised at the success that I had in attending upon them, because I was their nurse as well as their doctor." Lord Sandwich further narrates that the first intimation he

* Lord Spencer and Lord Sandwich.

had of his natural healing powers was in the case of a friend who had undergone a very serious operation, and was suffering the most terrible agony in consequence. Lord Sandwich went to see him. "The agony is beginning again," declared the patient. "No it is not," Lord Sandwich assured him. "You are never going to have it again." And as a matter of fact he never did. This distinguished healer's experience seems to have been a pretty

LORD SAND- extensive one. "I have attended people," he
WICH AS says, "in palaces, cottages, hospitals, and in their
HEALER. homes; people of every degree in the social scale.

I have attended a Hindu monk in a monastery, a Mohammedan in a mosque, and a Hindu Princess, who was brought 200 miles to see me." Here again we are brought face to face with the problem of how it is done. Lord Sandwich does not attempt to explain. He says discreetly: "I know what happens, and that is enough for me." The indications, however, certainly seem to point to a magnetic power, if also to a power of impressing a suggestion, which after all is a not uncommon gift.

I gather that Lord Sandwich's aim is to inaugurate an establishment where natural healing or treatment by psycho-therapy may be carried out, and to bring this method of treatment within the reach of the poorer classes. It is proposed to use all forms of psychic treatment, such as persuasion, recommendation, psycho-analysis, and hypnotism. The enterprise has the support of Dr. Maurice Craig, Dr. Constance Long, Professor McDougall, Prof. Spearman, and others, and the idea is, I understand, to work hand in hand with the medical profession. I am informed that a by no means insignificant amount of money has already been subscribed, and that a start on a moderate scale will be commenced at the earliest moment.

I recently gave in my Olla Podrida Notes an amusing instance of curious coincidence in connection with a Bishop's twins. Though the Church is not so fertile a profession in the matter of wit as the Law, there are many records of humour, intentional or otherwise, on the part of the clergy, and probably it was a clergyman—Canon Sidney Smith—who still enjoys the highest reputation as a wit of any English celebrity. A curious instance of a parallel kind was cited the other day from a Norfolk parish. The Rector picked up a lady's watch in the village street, and thought it an appropriate occasion to announce the fact at the end of the sermon, in case the lady might be one of his congre-

gation. In closing the service he gave out as the first line of the final hymn—

Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping.

I leave my readers to form their own opinion as to whether the parson was a wag or whether it was another case of coincidence similar to the story of the twins.

At a political dinner some time ago, presided over by the Prime Minister of the day (I think it was Lord Rosebery), the Chairman got up and himself recounted a story of how, when Canning was Prime Minister of England, he had risen on a similar occasion to look for a clergyman to say Grace, and on being told that there was no ecclesiastic present at the function commented aloud: "Thank God." "On the present occasion," observed the Chairman, "we are more fortunate, and I will call upon the Rev. Canon Rogers to say Grace." Mr. Rogers got up promptly to oblige, but observed, "I beg to state that I am not the Rev. *Canon* Rogers, not being a *Canon* of the Church. For what we *have* received, may the Lord make us truly thankful." I cannot recollect if the statesman acted on this very broad hint.

A story of quite another character, and which is likely to be of more special interest to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, was told the other Sunday in a Kensington pulpit. The preacher stated that he was sitting in his study one evening when his maid entered saying that a lady was waiting in the hall, and would be glad to know if she could speak to him. She was accordingly shown in.

The visitor (the narrative continues) was heavily veiled, but the rector could see that she was still young. She appeared greatly agitated, and she hurriedly told him that a certain Mr.— was dying and in urgent need of absolution.

The rector had never heard the name, but he took up his hat. There was a taxi waiting, and, after a short drive, they stopped at a large house in a famous square. The rector got out of the cab, the lady stopped inside.

He rang the bell and said that he wished to see Mr.—. The footman said: "Mr.— has just gone in to dinner, sir, but I will ask him if he will see you."

"But," said the rector, "I heard that he was very ill." The footman showed signs of astonishment. "No, sir," he answered, "he is perfectly well." The rector hesitated. "There must be some mistake," he said. "I should like to speak to the lady who came with me in the cab for a moment." But when he opened the door the taxi and the lady had both disappeared.

The rector by this time realized there must be something wrong, and was about to leave, when Mr.— himself came to the door. The rector did his best to explain that he had come under a misapprehension that he

was ill. Mr. — said No, that he was perfectly well, but asked the clergyman to stop to dinner. He was, he said, alone.

After dinner his host told the rector that he was very glad that he had come, as he had long wished to confess to a certain great wrong that he had committed and to receive absolution.

The rector heard his story, gave him absolution and asked him to come to the early service at his church the next morning. Mr. — said that he would most gladly come and the rector took his leave.

The next morning the clergyman went early to church, but his host of the night before did not turn up, so during the morning he went round to the house. To his surprise all the blinds were down.

When the door was opened he asked if he could see Mr. — for a moment.

"I am very sorry to say, sir," said the butler, "Mr. — died suddenly last night."

The rector was greatly shocked, but asked if he might see the body.

The butler led the way upstairs, and opened a door of what was apparently a dressing-room.

As the door opened, the rector saw a large photograph facing him from the opposite wall.

"Why," said he, "that is the lady who brought me here last night."

The butler looked at him. "No, sir," he said, "that is impossible; that is a portrait of Mr. —'s mother, who died quite twenty years ago!"

I notice that there are several of my readers who hold rather strong views on the subject of Apollonius of Tyana. Personally I hold rather strong views on the subject of historical evidence. Where historical evidence is wanting—and of course on the matter in question it is not in all directions as strong as it might be—people are welcome to hold whatever opinions they like, subject to the possibility of their being disproved eventually by further research and discovery. I do not quite see, however, I must confess, how the statement that Apollonius of Tyana and Jesus of Nazareth were one and the same person can be

APOLLONIUS squared in any way with the known historical AND JESUS. facts. My correspondent writes: "I have good reasons, both from historical and psychic evidence, to take Apollonius of Tyana as the last incarnation of Jesus." Neither form of evidence is, however, produced. Another correspondent writes that he has interviewed Apollonius of Tyana in the spirit world, and has been informed that he (Apollonius) was identical with Jesus! Certainly it appears to me that such statements carry their own condemnation on the face of them. I have no doubt whatever that by the vast majority of readers of this magazine they will be regarded as altogether too puerile for notice. The point is, however, that they are extreme cases of the results of a certain attitude of mind which makes statements of the kind possible. It is one thing to be

misled on a particular point—it is quite another to have adopted an attitude of mind which involves by its very nature the certainty of constant and continuous self-deception. I confess that I am not a little puzzled that people of this kind read the OCCULT REVIEW at all. I cannot imagine a magazine more diametrically opposed to their entire view-point. At the same time, for this very reason, I am particularly glad that they should do so.

Far be it from me to say that communications with the other world are impossible. I am inclined to think that they are far more frequent than is generally supposed, but there are no communications to which a more critical spirit should be applied. My firm will, in fact, shortly be publishing a book of such communications. It might be termed a book on the lines of *Letters from Julia* or *Letters from Hell*, but it is radically different from both. Perhaps I may add that to my mind it is infinitely

“ **LETTERS**
FROM A
LIVING-DEAD
MAN.”

more interesting than either of the books mentioned, for the reason that it is infinitely more broad-minded in its outlook and infinitely more original, and also contains within itself more intrinsic evidence of its genuine character. I allude to it here for one reason only. The communicator, or the alleged communicator, meets in his wanderings in the spirit-world a man dressed in an Elizabethan costume. On his expressing surprise at his attire, the stranger tells him that he is none other than William Shakespeare. The author of these records tells his new acquaintance in so many words that he is too old a bird to be caught with that sort of chaff. Whereupon “William Shakespeare” asks him: “Why don’t you become one of us?” It seems to me that this trick of impersonation is just the sort of game that the ordinary mischievous schoolboy would be delighted to play. But it is so simple and so easy that it comes with an ever-new surprise to one’s mind that so many poor, credulous mortals should be found ready unhesitatingly to swallow the bait. May I express the hope that those who read my firm’s forthcoming book *Letters from a Living-Dead Man*, will not accept them in this uncritical way, but read them and weigh the evidence for and against? I can assure them that even if they are left in doubt as to, or decide against, their genuineness, they will at least have read a document the contents of which are of far more than ordinary interest and fascination.

One word more upon the matter of Apollonius. The idea that Jesus and Apollonius were one and the same person seems to me a singularly unfortunate hypothesis even for those who

are in search of some such ingenious identification. There is one person in the New Testament, and one only, whose life could in any way be paralleled with that of Apollonius. This is St. Paul. Both were great travellers, and travelled with a religious mission. Both went to Rome in addition to their travels in the East. Both were highly educated men and accomplished scholars. There is good reason to suppose that Jesus never went outside the borders of Palestine, in spite of the fabled journey to Egypt, for which there is no adequate historical evidence, and which was doubtless credited to him as being one of the regular credentials of a Christ, and having in especial a peculiar symbolical signification. The unprejudiced mind will see in Jesus an itinerant preacher in Galilee and Judea, without scholarship, but with a natural genius for goodness and for the teaching of the highest spiritual truths, and a marvellous aptitude for the presentation of his teaching through homely parallels from the every-day life of the people; one who came, unlike Apollonius, eating and drinking, a friend of publicans and sinners. Surely no parallel could be more far-fetched!

Fraud and imposition are common enough in all conscience in this world! By all accounts, on the astral plane the opportunities for deception are multiplied a thousandfold. If we realize that every dupe here makes an impostor on the other side, we shall surely learn to be less credulous and less gullible in future. The following lines have a moral of their own, which those who run may read:—

AN ASTRAL FRIEND.

I met him on the astral plane,
 A trifle proud, a wee bit vain.
 Yes, proud to others—Ah! but he
 Felt honoured to hobnob with me!
 He was indeed a noted man,
 Deny this patent fact who can.
 Wouldst know him, friend? Enough, his name
 Is writ upon the scroll of Fame.
 On earth I don't frequent—'tis fate—
 The homes and houses of the great.
 They cannot see me—they're too pressed—
 They find me an unwelcome guest.
 But once passed over the "Divide,"
 They do not give themselves such "side."

Perchance, in those mysterious lands,
 The time hangs heavy on their hands.
 Perhaps—more likely—their rebirth
 As spirits, makes them sense my worth.
 But 'tis but sooth, howe'er it be,
 Heaven's upper circles favour me.
 When doors are slammed in Belgrave Square
 I go and leave my cards elsewhere.
 Heaven's portal opes, if *theirs* will not ;
 They'll want me by and by—what ? what ?

I went pretty fully, some time ago, in these Notes of the Month, into the historical problems surrounding the life of Jesus, and put the pros and cons of the matter as far as possible with impartiality. The central fact, as it seems to me, which has influenced the world's history, and from which it is very difficult to get away, is to be found in the character of the Founder of Christianity. The picture which the Gospel writers have painted for us is at once so vivid and so consistent, not only in its main

THE MAGIC
 OF CHRIS-
 TIANITY'S
 APPEAL.

outlines, but in the details of its characterization, that it appears to me equally impossible to suppose that it is fictitious, or to identify the subject of it with any other historical character. It is, I think, even more unfortunate, as it is even more futile, to confuse the Teacher of Nazareth with abstract speculations in connection with the Logos, or the Second Person of the Trinity. The hold of Jesus upon the world at large has owed both its strength and its enduring character to its marvellous humanity and to its appeal through this very quality to mankind at large, and the magic of this appeal has been definite and emphatic, *in spite* of the attempt to disguise his human personality under the semblance of the Cosmic Christ. We are taught nowadays by those who have adopted broader views of religion, that we are all potential Christs. Does not this very fact emphasize that other truth, which is the pivot of Christianity's appeal—a truth which, though it has gone home to Christendom, none has ever yet dared to preach from a Christian pulpit? If Jesus came, as we have been told He came, to save sinners, to rescue those who were lost, whence did He obtain this master-prerogative which enabled Him to say to the sick in body and soul, not only "Arise and walk," but "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee?" Whence, but from the fact that He also had been tempted, that—in spite of all the denials of all the churches—He also had sinned

and had learnt through sin to overcome sin, and to understand the sinner? Here is the one profound truth that has been hidden for two thousand years, but has lived on nevertheless, despite the universal conspiracy of silence—the unspoken and yet magic word. *The Christ that can save is the Christ who has sinned.*

I am publishing in this issue of the OCCULT REVIEW an article by Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst dealing with Mr. Arthur Edward Waite's latest work, *The Secret Doctrine in Israel*, a Study of the Zohar and its Connections. Mr. Waite is known to the world by his books on mystical philosophy and on occultism, and those who have read his writings may often have been puzzled as to what manner of man their author is. Nor has there been much opportunity for the world's enlightenment. Perhaps, therefore, the present occasion, on which I am reproducing the portrait of the author as well as a notice of his latest book, is a not inappropriate occasion to make a few remarks on this subject.

MR. ARTHUR
EDWARD
WAITE.

Mr. Waite's father was an American, and as he himself informed me only the other day, the son does not believe in advertising. Here at once we start with what looks singularly like a contradiction in terms. To those who know him, however, the statement that he does not believe in advertising will come as much less of a surprise than that his father was an American. Many have asked: Is Mr. Waite a Catholic? Perhaps the question could be answered both in the negative and in the affirmative. It might sum up the position more adequately if I were to say that Mr. Waite would like to be a Catholic if the Catholic Church filled that place in the world which our author would hold to be its true inheritance. An all-embracing Church, in short, with full pontifical authority, is his ideal,—a Church which, while it teaches to the people that which they can understand, or alternatively that which, without understanding, they may accept on its authority, at the same time has as its highest mission the handing down through the ages of a secret mystical truth of which it is the divinely appointed repository. The following out of this secret tradition in the various phases and forms in which it has been embodied, from the commencement of the Christian era up to the present time, disfigured sometimes by superstition and distorted at others by bigotry and prejudice, but still, in whatever guise, containing as its kernel the mystical meaning of the history of mankind from its creation to the divine reunion which is its

term—this has been Mr. Waite's life task. Personally, I would describe him as a Sacramentalist rather than a Catholic. Tolerant, possibly even in excess, of all forms of opinion, his attitude is yet, in its endorsement of the Church's authority, one which is, of necessity, condemnatory of every form of heresy. Protestantism he describes as "Not so much a dereliction of doctrine



ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE.

as a virus of atmosphere."* I think he would say with the poet Watson—

They see not clearest who see all things clear.

The truth he regards as too subtle to be apprehended by the human intellect. We must approach it, or approximate to it, by devious by-paths and through suggestive parallels. Hence the

* *Steps to the Crown*. By A. E. Waite. 3s. 6d. net. London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd.

need for allegory and symbolism. But we must not mistake the symbol for the thing symbolized. This is none other than the sin of idolatry—a sin all too common in all ages of the Church's history. For, says our author, "The poetic images in which we clothe our human conceptions are taken too often for the realities which are inconceivable." And again: "Analogies are essentially shallow." This latter observation must not be taken as endorsed, without qualification, by the Editor.

I have alluded to the fact that Mr. Waite's father was an American. I would add that the intellectual atmosphere of America is the antithesis of that of Mr. Waite. He sees nothing in what Bacon called a "dry light." He would probably regard the dry light itself as a figment of the imagination. "The naked truth," he says, "has occasionally some reason to be ashamed." There are those who describe Mr. Waite as an occultist. The expression is, to my mind, hardly appropriate. I should term him a pure mystic, with a somewhat sceptical turn of mind. With all his religious temperament, faith is not his strong point. Nothing appeals to him less than the working of wonders. "The men of understanding (he observes) turn down another street when there are miracles performed in the neighbourhood." Though the subject of this notice has been engaged for a considerable period of his life in business affairs, the life of a business man is hardly congenial to him, and he has been from the commencement of his career a student of mysticism and the occult, one of his earliest works being a digest of the writings of Eliphas Levi, under the title of *Mysteries of Magic* (1886). Few authors who have written on such abstruse subjects have been so prolific. I do not think he even knows himself the titles of all the books he has written. Certainly, he informed me no long time ago that he had met a gentleman who was a total stranger to him, but who told him that he had read all his books, and that there were forty-two of them.

Naturally the study of secret societies has claimed much of Mr. Waite's attention, and his work on *The Real History of the Rosicrucians* appeared as far back as 1887, while on the romance and literature of the Holy Grail he is universally recognized as the first living authority. Alchemy, too, on its mystical side, has found in Mr. Waite a profound student. His last two publications are, respectively, *The History of Magic*, by Eliphas Levi, and *The Secret Doctrine in Israel*, which is dealt with in the present number, and to which I have already made a rather extended allusion. This sketch would not be complete without some

allusion to Mr. Waite as a poet, and there are those who think with the writer of these lines, that some of Mr. Waite's best work has been given to the world in this form. Among his poetical publications may be mentioned *A Book of Mystery and Vision* (1902) and *Strange Houses of Sleep* (1906). The former is already out of print, and of the other only a few copies remain. Other volumes of verse have been published by him from time to time at earlier dates, but are now quite unobtainable. It is hoped in the near future (probably next autumn) to arrange for the publication of a revised edition of Mr. Waite's poetical works in two volumes, and in this work it is proposed to incorporate many of the poems now out of print.

A further record of a lady who remembered her past life appeared in a recent issue of the *Daily Express*, and the account should be a matter of interest to those who collect evidences of reincarnation. The lady in question was a Madame Reynaud, whose death from cancer was announced on December 15 last, at the age of forty-five. She was a nurse in a private hospital, at Passy, France, and claimed to remember a previous existence

A NEW
REINCARNATION
STORY.

in a certain town in a foreign country, where she died as a young girl. A doctor at the hospital to whom she confided her story, identified the place by her descriptions as Siena in Italy, and (if we may accept the record) succeeding in tracing the house where she had lived in her earlier life, and the churchyard where her previous body lay buried. Finally, having satisfied himself on the matter, he took Madame Reynaud to Siena. It is stated that the first day she arrived she walked straight to the house which she had described to the doctor, and which he had already identified, and from thence to the churchyard. Here she discovered the tombstone of a girl who died of consumption in 1840, at the age of nineteen, and fell on it in a fainting fit. This girl, she maintained, was her previous self. It will be observed that, according to this narrative, the interval between the two reincarnations was twenty-eight years. Outside this curious memory, Madame Reynaud's one peculiarity was a remarkable magnetic power, which enabled her to cure certain nervous diseases. Any further details of this record which French or other readers may send me would be much appreciated.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION

ASTRONOMER, AUTHOR AND PHILOSOPHER
WITH SPECIAL REGARD TO HIS VIEWS ON OCCULT
PHENOMENA

WRITTEN AFTER A PERSONAL INTERVIEW BY A. DE BURGH

IN his introduction to his great work, *L'Inconnu*, Monsieur Camille Flammarion says: "Many people say, 'What is the use of seeking? You will find nothing. Such things are God's secrets, which He keeps to Himself.' There always have been people who liked ignorance better than knowledge. By this kind of reasoning (had men acted upon it) nothing would ever have been known in this world, and more than once it has been applied to astronomical researches."

Camille Flammarion was born in Montigny le Roy on February 26, 1842; he studied in France, principally in Paris, and founded in 1883 the Observatory of Juvisy, Seine-et-Oise, where he and his family also live during the summer months.

His earlier works were all devoted to Astronomy. When only eighteen years of age he published *La Pluralité des Mondes Habités*, which was extremely well received. In 1897 his book, *Lumen*, created quite a sensation and was translated into many languages.

It was not till 1900 that he dared to publish a work (*L'Inconnu*, from which I have quoted above), which treats of so-called occult phenomena on the basis of modern Science. He was fiercely attacked and ridiculed in consequence. The work is an attempt to analyse scientifically subjects commonly held to have no connection with science, which are even now, in many quarters, accounted uncertain, fabulous, and more or less imaginary.

There is one very significant statement made by this great scientist: "I am about to demonstrate that such (psychic) facts exist. I am about to attempt to apply the same scientific methods employed in other sciences to the observation, verification, and analysis of phenomena commonly thrown aside as belonging to the land of dreams, the domain of the marvellous, or the supernatural, and to establish that they are produced by forces still unknown to us, which belong to an

invisible and natural world, different from the one we know through our ordinary senses."

M. Flammarion has spent a great deal of the time which he could spare from his astronomical labours, in the study of these questions. Already in 1861 he had become a member of the



CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

Society of Paris for the study of Spiritualism. He was then not out of his teens, and a pupil in astronomy at the Paris Observatory.

For more than thirty years he kept in touch with most of the psychic phenomena observed throughout the entire world.

I had the honour and pleasure of spending nearly two hours

on Sunday, August 10 last, with M. Flammarion at his charming villa and observatory at Juvisy.* He took me up the latter, showed me his small but very interesting Museum, his beautiful library, and last, but not least, his lovely garden and grounds. Here are trees 300 years old, here is a summer house formed by trees where Louis XIV used to take tea, no doubt in company with Madame de Maintenon or some other beautiful woman. It surprised me to see the love for flowers, shrubs and lovely grounds in the stern scientist and astronomer. But the savant has remained at the same time a man, and his sparkling conversation on trifles was simply enchanting. He carries his years wonderfully well, and looks and acts more like a man of forty than seventy. There is not a grey hair on his head or in his dark, full beard.

In speaking with him about his work *L'Inconnu* he observed that the book was no romance, but a collection of documents, the thesis of a scientific study.

He continued that he had tried to follow the maxim of the astronomer Laplace: "We are as yet far from knowing all the agencies of nature, but it would be unphilosophical to reject phenomena merely because they are inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge. Only we must examine them with the most scrupulous attention, and determine up to what point we should multiply observations or experiments in order to obtain a probability superior to the reasons that may be brought forward for not admitting them."

Laplace made these remarks apropos of animal magnetism.

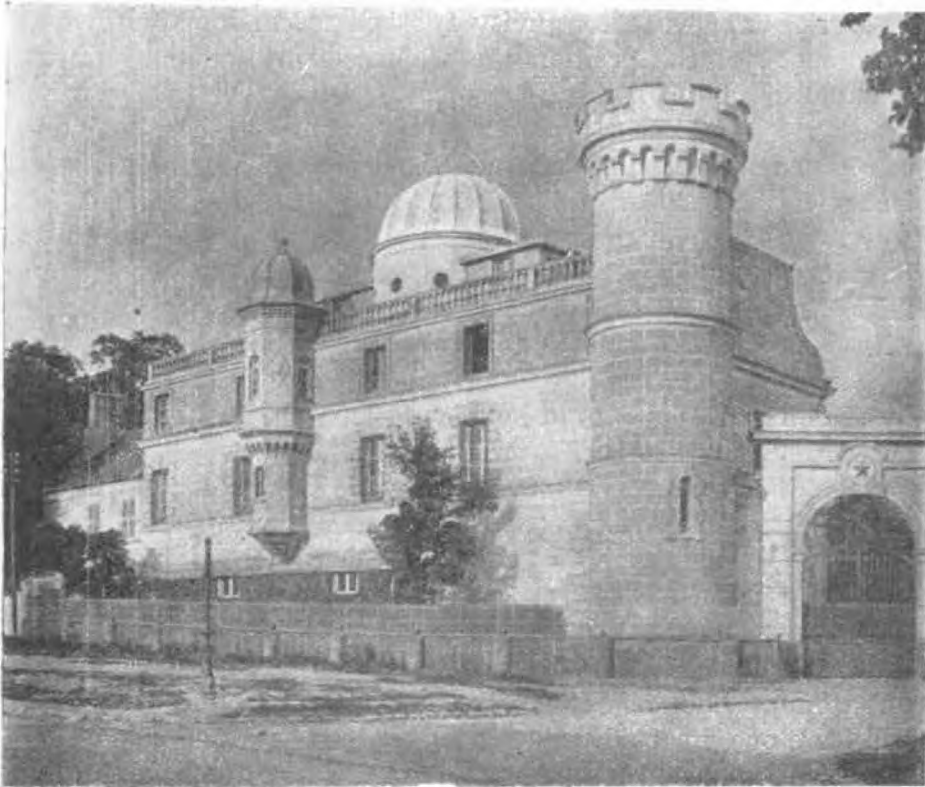
L'Inconnu is filled with hundreds of instances of psychic phenomena. The inquiry M. Flammarion opened in March, 1899, brought him 1,130 answers. Since his book went to press the number was increased to 1,200. The volume contains 186 cases of manifestations from the dying, received by persons awake, 70 cases received during sleep, 57 observations or experiences of transmission of thought without any intervention of sight, hearing or touch, 49 examples of sight at a distance, in dreams or in somnambulism, 74 premonitory dreams and predictions of the future; in all 436 phenomena of the psychic order, indicating the existence of forces unknown.

It is said that Saint-Saens had only to listen, as Socrates to his Dæmon, and tunes and ideas came to him. Mons. Ribot,

* Dr. Wm. Bonnar, of Chicago, who is greatly interested in psychic philosophy and has a very plausible theory of his own, explaining many seemingly supernatural phenomena, accompanied me on the occasion.

summing up a number of similar cases, says: "It is the unconscious which produces what is vulgarly called inspiration. This condition is a positive fact, accompanied with physical and psychical characteristics peculiar to itself. Above all, it is impersonal and involuntary, it acts like an instinct, when and how it chooses; it may be moved but cannot be compelled. Neither reflection nor will can supply its place in original creation."

As to M. Flammarion's work in occult science, he says: "Is this attempt rational? Is it logical? Can it lead to



M. FLAMMARION'S VILLA AND OBSERVATORY AT JUVISY

results. I do not know. But I do know that it is interesting. And if it helps us to know something of the nature of the human soul, and affords us scientific demonstration of its survival, it will give humanity a progress superior to any she has yet received by the gradual evolution of all the other sciences together."

Some of the views M. Flammarion holds show what a deep student he is. In his work, *The World before the Creation of Man*, he shows that the evolution of Lamarck and Darwin is

• *Le Monde avant la Creation de l'homme.*

only a recognition of facts the cause of which remains unsolved, and in his book, *The End of the World*, he demonstrates that nothing can end, since all that existed in the past exists still in the eternal present. An intellectual law controls the universe in which our planet holds a humble and in no sense a predominant place.

Elsewhere he says: "Years, days and hours are constituted by the movements of the earth. In space, outside these movements time does not exist; indeed, it is impossible to have any notion of time.

During my visit to Juvisy I asked M. Flammarion what he thought of the position the scientific world adopts towards spiritualism and psychic phenomena. I take his reply from *Lumen*: "Nothing is rarer upon our planet than an independent and untrammelled mind, nor is anything rarer than a true scientific spirit of inquiry, freed from all personal interest."

Victor Hugo made a very pertinent remark: "A learned pedant who laughs at the possible comes very near to being an idiot. To purposely shun a fact, and turn one's back upon it with a supercilious smile, is to bankrupt Truth."

Sir Wm. Thomson speaks thus: "Science is under bonds, by the eternal principles of honour, to look fearlessly in the face every problem that is presented to her."

The opinions held by men like Camille Flammarion as to the future of Science must be of the greatest value to mankind in general. He maintains that psychical sciences are greatly behind physical sciences in regard to what is known of them. But a new era is approaching: "One perceives—one can presage—that the religion of the future will be scientific, will be founded on a knowledge of psychical facts. This religion of science will have one great advantage over all that has gone before it—*unity*. To-day a Jew or a Protestant cannot believe in the Miracles of Lourdes, a Mussulman hates the dog of a Christian, a Buddhist cannot accept the dogmas of the Western world. No one of these divisions will exist in a religion founded on the general scientific solution of psychical problems."

The conclusion at which we are forced to arrive after reading his great work *L'Inconnu* is that psychical phenomena indubitably exist.

"We may see without eyes and hear without ears, not by unnatural excitement of our sense of vision or of hearing, but by some interior sense, psychic and mental."

"The soul, by its interior vision, may see not only what is

passing at a great distance, but it may also know in advance what is to happen in the future. The future exists potentially, determined by causes which bring to pass successive events.

"Positive observation proves the existence of a psychic world as real as the world known to our physical senses."

These are the deductions from M. Flammarion's inquiries.

RE-EMBODIMENT

By W. P. RYAN

A WELL-SPRING in a desert at the dawn
 Were not more welcome to worn wanderers
 Than to our hearts the ancient Asian truth,
 Old Egypt's dream, the early Christian thought.
 The teaching of the Druids of the Gael:
 That no one life exhausts the toiler's scope,
 That souls return as surely as the tides—
 Eternal essence true to cyclic law—
 Clad with the bodies, fated for the lives
 Their former lives deserved: yea, planned and made
 E'en as to-day to-morrow's basis makes.
 And sooth, were we but pilgrims of one life
 To-day in Ireland were a felon's fate,
 A darksome riddle, an unfruitful dream.
 But the old truth and all the kindred truths
 Are dawning in young spirits in the west.
 The Gael begins to feel the Life Divine,
 And dimly seizes the immortal law
 That life without, within, to godhood leads;
 That druid dreams and Gospel faith are one,
 That all men rise to godhood in the end.
 So with new zeal and vision, song and spade,
 He uses as he tills the Untilled Fields—
 Though ages may not see the harvest gold—
 The Song of Amergin and Scotus' lore
 Reveal new meaning as he thinks and toils;
 The Gnostic and the Platonist once more
 Bring light where long were dark and dreams of Hell.
 O, we are glad to live in days that see,
 However faintly, in our tragic land,
 Re-lit the Light that lighteneth every man,
 The rising of the Christ in the Celt.

THE WAY OF THE SOUL IN HEALING

BY ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

IT is possible to attain "a personal and conscious co-ordination with the inscrutable action of the Cosmic Will," and herein lies the way of the soul in the work of physical healing, as there lies also the way of the mystic life. The quotation is from a book which is in several respects remarkable,* and may prove epoch-making because of all that is comprised by its intimations of great spiritual laws working in the manifest human order. On account of it, I am about to take a little journey far from my usual paths, the explanation of such an adventure lying obviously in the fact that I have found a vista beyond it, stretching from the known to the unknown. I am not, however, pretending to open a new track nor to discover a horizon which has lain previously under clouds or veils. Had I been questioned two years or more ago as to my opinion of spiritual healing, psycho-therapy, mind-cure and the fundamental implicits on which Christian Science may be held to rest, I should have said that it was comparable to my political opinions, being a collection of prejudgments justified by a large ignorance, in which I looked to continue. That is like the city gentleman—quite good and straight of his kind—who being offered eternal life replied that he had already too much business on hand. Perhaps I should go further and confess that my sympathies were with the saintly abbot who built his monastery in a marsh, because the practice of interior life was likely to prove unsuccessful if married to rude health in his company of monks. To put it more seriously, I was among those who—

Saw that strong thews and nerves of earth
Win hardly towards the second birth.

There, I have quoted from one of my own poems, contrary to the canons of good taste, but it is only to illustrate my position. Having a leaning towards logic in practice as well as in life, I used my physical instruments as tools of the mind, and disregarded their reasonable needs, hoping that they would serve my purpose,

* *Psycho-Therapy: Its Doctrine and Practice.* By Elizabeth Severn, Ph.D. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Cr. 8vo, pp. viii, 211. Price 3s. 6d. net. See p. 144.

but taking the chance as it stood. The results are little concern of my own and none of my readers; but interested friends said: "I told you so." Naturally, I could have told them. Mean-



DR. ELIZABETH SEVERN.

while, the work which it is given me to do was in the course of doing.

Now, there are many salvations, and some of them are with-

out desert. I met with Dr. Elizabeth Severn, possibly because she is a Daughter of the West and I am a Son in Exile. This was in the early stages of her visit to England. She came with many titles as a practical exponent of physical healing by mind methods, and I found that she was establishing her repute here on a substantial basis of fact. In these things I must confess that I had little concern, but I was arrested by what I must term her philosophical point of view, in which it seemed that "new thought" had entered into a wider field, if it had not experienced transfiguration. I found that her world of practice was related to a world of thought, which, although it was not mine, was somewhere in the same region and was certainly a mystic sphere. In her own terminology, it was essentially idealistic; but the idealism had somehow a freshness, as others will feel when they read the book which she has written. To make an end of my own story, being "an ambitious student in ill health," I accepted her willing proposal to restore my physical balance, as she felt that she could. That is no ordinary power which works in her simple processes, and the result is an almost startling restoration, accompanied by renewed mental freshness. To bear this testimony is a matter of common justice, more especially as I brought with me no living faith, except in her utter sincerity, and my detachment could not have been encouraging.

Dr. Elizabeth Severn's *Psycho-Therapy* is a remarkable book, as I have said. One point of interest is the course which she has marked out for herself in writing it. In the art of "healing the body through the mind," she saw that the records of the past fall into two divisions: (a) simple tabulations of fact, accompanied by somewhat arid explanatory hypotheses; (b) works of enthusiasm, devoid of scientific method and tolerable scientific explanation. Between these she has sought to hold the balance and "to evolve what might be called a Spiritual Science or a practical doctrine that can be demonstrated as of practical value to humanity." This is an extract from the initial chapter on the Science and Art of Healing, and in discussing thereafter the Psychological Basis of Mind, careful distinction is made between the machinery of the brain and that which works through it. There is, of course, full recognition of all that ordinary usage covers imperfectly enough by the word sub-conscious, while beyond and behind the mental part of our nature, Dr. Severn postulates spirit or soul, and here, in treating of this, her work begins to part company with Hudson's *Law of Psychic Phenomena* and the body-general of psycho-therapists. I do not suppose that what she

tells us concerning the sub-conscious goes further than others have gone, but it is put clearly, and her illustration of the submerged mind is exceedingly taking. The work of the sub-conscious will is not so usually recognized, and this part of the subject is also an intelligible contribution to the extension of the whole thesis.

I will pass over Dr. Severn's diagnosis of the Mental Causes of Disease, saying only that it is the application of her particular experience to a restatement of what is known hereon, and the chapter on the Rationale of Treatment is beyond my province. In certain Educational Aspects of Healing she gives valuable counsels of prudence, and some of them have larger issues than may be realized by all her readers. Herein also, as she recognizes, is the key to inward life and the greater consciousness therein. It is used daily by some who scarcely know what they are doing, and they do not dream that it can open the doors which lead into the realm of mystical experience. It is one of those modes of working which are named by the spiritual alchemists, are said to be ready to our hands, but their proper nature is understood only by the wise.

In a chapter on the Spiritual Significance of Healing, Dr. Severn comes more especially into her own, and it is here that she presents her apprehension of that larger vista to which I referred at the beginning, and at which I can look with her, though not exactly through the same glasses. She moves far beyond the ordinary range of healing by mind methods into that mystery of our inward nature where God is realized, where the soul passes into the state of silence and has "consciousness of the All-Life." Her secret of psycho-therapy, psychosophy, or whatever it may be called, is the practice of placing the mind and that which lies beyond it—but is of us and in us—in that condition where it knows itself as a centre in the universe, communicating at all its points with the sources of life, power, grace and intelligence. This is Elizabeth Severn's way of health in the physical, her way in mind-cure; but it is the way also of communion between God and the soul—or, as I should put it, of the soul's healing by realization in the Divine. I have no doubt that she is right in things physical, for her method is simple and catholic. I know that she is right in the higher and deeper sense; I see that she has been taught of the spirit; and I think that she has come among us with a saving method of outward practice and inward welfare. The chapter on cases is assuredly a memorable record.

SOME FRENCH GHOST STORIES

By PHIL CAMPBELL

IF you asked me what is the most haunted city of the world, I think I should answer Paris. Rome and Florence are badly haunted in places : people have had terrible experiences in various of the other Italian and French cities, and I know that in Cordoba it is often difficult to distinguish between those out of the body and those therein. But withal I consider that Paris, partly because of her history, and partly because of the character of her inhabitants from the beginning of history, is, of all places in the world, the city where there are most earth-bound souls, and that these are always making their presence manifest among the living.

Naturally it is in the localities where Horror and Terror paraded themselves most conspicuously that the worst hauntings occur. There are many houses in the narrow encircling streets behind that place where once the Little Window opened on the next life, where the apartments stand empty from year's end to year's end, where a tenant may come and stay for a night or two, or maybe for part of a night, and where, in spite of the long document issued by law to the tenant, the landlord makes no demand that he shall stay till the end of his term, or even pay an indemnity for his breach of contract.

In the very street in which I write, and in the same house, there is a smart apartment, brought quite up to date, with central heating, hot water, all the newest plumbing, and naturally let at a high rental. A couple of well-known French people took the apartment and paid, as is usual, six months in advance and moved in. The day after taking possession they left, and never entered the flat again. The landlord told me this himself. "Of course you got your year's rent just the same," I jested. "But no!" declared the landlord emphatically, "that would have been bad for me, because I should have had a lawsuit and a scandal. I merely let the flat furnished for three months, those who took it remained only a week; they were Russians and cared little for *revenants*—but they also went."

He would say no more, but the *concierge*, a merry black-eyed Provençal, told me the story. "In the year 1870 a large old house

belonging to a distinguished French family stood just within the Porte d'Asnieres. It was an old-fashioned looking structure, rambling and picturesque, surrounded by quaint gardens that ran up against the city walls. The house was inhabited by the widow of its last owner and her daughter, a tall, exceedingly beautiful girl of nineteen, betrothed to her cousin who had inherited the property.

"This young officer was famous for his good looks and his courage throughout the Franco-German war, and it was the ambition of many a German to pick him off during the defence of Paris. The girl, too, was a splendid shot, and accounted for many an enemy from the garden walls. At length a sally brought the Germans within the gate, and the French garrison was driven into the old house in a desperate condition, being without exception wounded, and among them, mortally so, the girl's betrothed.

"He died in her arms, making her promise she would never fall into the hands of the Germans. Single-handed the brave girl held the house till nightfall, when she set fire to it with its heap of brave dead, and carrying the only survivor on her back, she crept out and hid him among the bushes, returning to seek the body of her lover. She was never seen again, but," added the *concierge*, "Madam will observe that a portion of this building is very old, and that it stands on the site of that ancient château of the L——'s. Also that young girl comes, still seeking her dead lover, and he is seen to lie, covered with wounds, in the apartment we speak of. So they say. No! I have never seen it! *grâce de Dieu Non!*"

That is a clean, healthy sort of ghost story, smacking of brave deeds and splendid patriotism. Not so some of the stories one hears of the Terror ghosts, and those belonging to the bad old days preceding the Terror.

But before going on to these, let me tell you one which, like many ghost tales, is without apparent reason or explanation. A party of three American ladies, for the first time in Paris, went together to the Musée Cluny, their objective being the collection of shoes, which includes two pairs belonging to the famous beauty, Ninon de L'Enclos. The eldest of the party, who is very short-sighted, was peering into a glass case on the other side of the little ante-chamber to where her sister and niece were standing, deeply interested in an exhibit that might have been anything. It looked like a fragment of burnt leather, just the sole and a portion of upper, with a remnant of metal clasp still adhering to its end. "Well," she thought, "so that's a Roman sandal! He wasn't up to much who wore that!" The thought had barely flashed through her mind, when her eye travelled down the side of the case to a flush

of curiously vivid purple beside her, and she raised her eyes to see, facing her, a tall man wearing a purple cloak over a kilt of white, the upper part of his body covered with a gleaming breastplate, and his great hand resting on the hilt of a bronze-handled sword, thrust through a wide belt.

The American lady was petrified by his beauty. "He looked," so she declared, "like a statue of Hermes," with the same short curling hair and beard. He smiled down at her and, pointing to his feet, said, "It is mine!" and she saw that while one foot was covered by a soft leathern sandal tied by a golden clasp, the other foot was bare. When she looked up again he was gone. This lady assured me she knew nothing about the Musée Cluny, and had never read or heard that it had been a Roman villa, or that the Emperor Julian had once lived there. The lady's niece saw her speak to a stranger, but noticed no more than that he was wearing a long cloak.

There are many tales, melancholy ones, or bitterly sad, of Marie Antoinette and the little Dauphin in the gardens of the vanished Tuileries, but these are too illusive and vague to become coherent narrative—drifts of cloud across the sadness of the autumn twilight, shadows lost in the blue perspective of the weedy little trees that have grown over the martyred Queen's flower-bordered paths. We may speak of them some other time.

One of the most horrible of the Paris ghosts has been laid for over fifty years. He used to patrol the Rue des Saintes Pères from the corner of the Rue Jacob to the Pont des Arts. He came from the gateway of the large old mansion formerly standing at the corner of the Rue de l'Université, and went down towards the river, walking very slowly, stooping over a huddled burden in his arms. This phantom was the terror of the Paris *gamins* of that district, so much so that the Rue des Saintes Pères was practically deserted by nightfall. The dwellers there had to be early birds, or risk meeting the ghost and being compelled to look at its burden. The appearance was that of a man of middle age, dressed in the rich coat and velvet knee-breeches of the time preceding the Terror. His head was bare, and his arms clasped round a lady's dress of rich brocade. This he would thrust under the eyes of the fated wayfarer, as if compelling him to look.

No one, however, had the courage to ask the poor ghost what he wanted, till late one night an old Irish priest, returning to the Rue de l'Université, encountered him drifting down to the river. The ghost stopped and held out his discoloured burden, and the priest looked, calling upon God as he did so. The rich

brocade was wrapped round the severed head of a young girl. The wide dead eyes looked up into the priest's, and the little dead mouth gaped piteously. "Dead!" The priest did not hear the words, but felt them. "And we had no priest!"

The Irish are accustomed to ghostly visitations, and the priesthood are never at a loss; they understand, as a rule, the necessity—bringing back the disembodied soul, and comfort it as they can, by ministering to its needs. The Irish priest gave the poor ghosts absolution, these pitiful two! and they were never seen again.

More awful than this was the experience of a German gentleman, who, arriving late in Paris, could get no rooms at his hotel, and was driven to a well-known hotel behind the Rue de Rivoli, which had lately added to its already extensive old premises the ancient palace of an uncle of Louis XV.

The house was full, but the night porters assured him he could have rooms if he would wait till seven on the following morning. At the height of the Paris season it is wise to take rooms when you can get them. He concluded that he would wait. In the meantime he begged for some place where he could lie down with a rug over him. After some discussion, the porters led him into the older building, and offered him a comfortable couch beside a roaring fire of logs in a room undergoing alterations. A couple of rugs lay on the floor, as if some one had been resting on the couch. The porters, however, assured him that the night watchman, who had been lying there, would not return; and the German, taking a glance at the shadowy waste of polished floor and gleaming walls, wrapped himself up, and was instantly asleep. How long he slept he never could tell, but all at once he was sitting up wide awake, every sense alert and on guard.

The great room was ablaze with light, and crowded with brilliant, courtly figures. No one took any notice of him, they were holding an amazing orgie, and the German, his hair on end with horror, stood up to witness such scenes of licentiousness as he had not dreamed possible, and the chief horror was the fact that they centred round a young girl, almost naked, with the face of an angel and the expression of a devil from the nethermost pit, who was aided and abetted in her wickedness by a handsome, florid man of about forty. Presently the pair detached themselves from the crowd and moved over to the fireplace, where they stood leering at the unhappy German. So real were the appearances that no slightest doubt of their being flesh and blood ever crossed his mind till, looking at the girl's naked feet,

he saw suddenly that she stood on the blazing logs, and the flames were curling up and round her as she smiled that dreadful smile upon him. She was leering and unconcerned as if she found herself in her own element, rejoicing in its ferocity.

The German never knew how he got out of that room. He spent the rest of the night in the hall; and the porters, strange to say, never inquired the reason of his presence there.

Afterwards he discovered that the suite of rooms to which the salon belonged had been occupied by that infamous granddaughter of Madame de Montespan, the Duchess de Berri, daughter of "Satan's Daughter" and the Regent, uncle of the King, who was more evil in her brief life than either her infamous mother or grandmother, and whose father had been the wickedest, vilest, most abominable character of a day notorious for vice and crime.

The hotel manager, unknowing the history of the house, or of that particular suite of rooms, was compelled eventually to close them again. They could not be occupied with safety. They are closed still.

A friend of mine has an apartment in a very old house in the Rue St. Honoré. This apartment is at the top of the house, and her windows look over the treetops of the Baroness Rothschild's garden. A pleasant sunny flat it is, full of light and air, in spite of the low old ceilings and the panelled walls. In this apartment the rooms all face the garden side of the house, its front looking out on the Rue St. Honoré, and running the whole length of the flat is a wide dark corridor, out of which all the doors open.

Shortly after my friend took this place, she was surprised, on coming in late, to see a slim child of about thirteen, in a straight little old-fashioned-looking dress, industriously picking something off the floor before the door of her bedroom, and sobbing bitterly.

The lady stood watching her, thinking she was probably a child of the *concierge*, whom her maid had brought up to bear her company. The child, however, did not look up, nor did she pause in her occupation, when spoken to. My friend stooped forward to see what she was picking up so carefully, and noticed that it was feathers—tiny fluffy feathers, like down.

The child picked, and picked, but the white fluff did not appear to diminish, and presently the lady, a little amused, and a little annoyed that such a task should be set in her apartment, spoke again. "Here," she said, "let me help you"; she darted into the bedroom, and taking a hat-brush, swept the down into a little heap. "There you are!" she said delightedly. "Pick it all

up now." The child put a tiny thin hand over the heap and took it all up, at the same time lifting her face to my friend with a smile that she described as "solid joy." The next instant she was gone.

My friend asked the child's name of her maid, who promptly declared she had never had a child in the flat, or seen one; but three nights afterwards she came again, and again she stooped sobbing over the feathers and again my friend swept them up, and with a cry of joy the child was gone.

This happened three times. After the third time, the child appeared in the corridor and danced in front of her, laughing noiselessly. She sees her now and again, always happy, always laughing and dancing. Apparently the task of collecting spilt feathers is at an end. I wonder how long she had been at it, for she is a little spirit from the seventeenth century, as her dress and hair and shoes all show. No information could ever be obtained about her.

KARMA

By M. GOING

I KNOW not when, I know not where,
In some dim past of fear and greed,
I crouched, carnivorous, in my lair,
Scenting my prey to slake my need.

I flew, broad-winged, beneath the moon:
I fled in fear across the plain.
I lurked, in hiding, at hot noon,
I was the slayer—and the slain.

Through cool dark seas, with slimy things,
I chased my food: I fled away.
I woke at dawn and rose on wings
Athrill with song to greet the day.

I cried in forest depths at night.
I threaded the strong river's flow;
Deep in the earth, below the light,
I dug my refuge—long ago.

SPIRITUALISM IN TROPICAL AMERICA

By GERALD ARUNDEL

THE question whether some climates are peculiarly favourable to spiritualistic science and the deeply significant experiences connected with it, has often occupied the minds of certain psychologists and inquirers after truth. Are the tropics and the sub-tropics more favourable to psychic phenomena than the countries of the frigid zones? Is a séance in Buenos Ayres, or Lima, or Valparaiso more likely to be startlingly successful than one in Stockholm, or Paris, or London? If we answer in the affirmative, are we speaking in favour of spiritualism or against it? Is the answer a victory for the materialist or for the mystic? Does it suggest that psychic phenomena are but the effect of physical conditions after all? Does it seem in accordance with Büchner's *Force and Matter* and the limited theories of the most precise physicists?

A superficial reasoner may think so; but very little reflection will be necessary to show that this point of view is altogether wrong. We can admit that weather and climate affect nations and individuals, and will continue to affect them to the end of time; and we can admit this without in the least compromising our position as believers in genuine spiritualism. If there is anything certain it is this: that geographical peculiarities have exercised no small influence on the characters of nations and of whole races of mankind. There is some wisdom in the well-known remark of the painstaking historian: "Show me a nation's country and I will tell you that nation's history"; and we can easily appreciate the full meaning of the famous declaration of Renan, in which the great seeker after truth says that when in the heart of Palestine, amid the scenes once familiar to Jesus of Nazareth, he was able to understand that marvellous Man of Sorrows far better than before; he saw him face to face, as it were, a real, inspired man of the East, "full of life and nature."

Atmospheric changes and peculiarities of locality cannot but exercise some influence on the mind and inner soul of the individual, just as marked geographical and climatic conditions exercise influence on nations and tribes and races. And it must not be forgotten that the subject of psychic phenomena involves considerations touching bodily peculiarities as well as the question of climate, locality, temperament and character. All this is not in favour of materialism. It only makes more obvious the great paradox of life—the continuous insistence of physical conditions inextricably intermingled with the subtle and quiet triumphs of spirit.

SPIRITUALISM IN TROPICAL AMERICA 31

Is it true, then, that a tropical climate is more favourable to spiritualism than a cold climate? The answer must be, in a great measure, affirmative. Many parts are without doubt more favourable to séances and spiritualistic meetings in general, though, in several cases, locality and climate have no perceptible influence on the individual spiritualist, as a spiritualist.

The people of those tropical regions are not backward in appreciating the wonders of spiritualism. In almost all the cities and other large towns there are spiritualistic societies, and an intense interest is manifested in psychic phenomena and also in theosophical doctrine. Not seldom one meets with eager students of the more esoteric parts of oriental lore. They are to be found in Buenos Ayres, in Rio Janeiro, in Santiago, in Valparaiso, in Lima, in Chuquisaca, in Quito, in the City of Mexico, in Tegucigalpa, and in numberless places of less importance. This is only natural, considering the temperament of the people, if nothing else. The typical Spanish-American—if I may use the ordinary inexact expression—is at once a child of Spain and a child of the Tropics. What Macaulay says of the Irish may, with not a little justice, be said of him—he has all the qualities that make men interesting rather than successful. Continually conscious of the poetry of life, he more easily becomes a dreaming *literate* than a methodical business-man. Having the artistic temperament without the poetic faculty, he gives a remarkable and delicate impression to the mind of the inquiring traveller, while failing to produce durable literary work, on the one hand, or to shine as a pioneer of material progress on the other. Of course, I speak of the majority, not of the few brilliant exceptions who have added beautiful and wonderful chapters to the annals of Latin America. But those one or two men of real genius naturally bear a striking family likeness to their lesser countrymen. There is nothing exotic in them and their works, even when they imitate Paris or seek inspiration among Germans and Anglo-Saxons. They reflect their country, as Hogarth and Fielding reflect Georgian London, as Dickens and Thackeray reflect mid-Victorian London, as Balzac reflects the Paris of his day, as Dante reflects the soul of mediæval Europe. There is in their nature more than a hint of mystical suggestion, which at times recalls San Juan De La Cruz, but more often the earliest myths and traditions of the East. When we scrutinize them and their countrymen very carefully, however, we find that, as in every other part of the world, each individual is himself alone, though the majority may seem to be faithful portraits of one another.

Many of the spiritualistic experiences of Latin-Americans are distinct from those of Europeans. They are distinct, not because psychic phenomena are altogether dependent on physical conditions, but, as I presume, because one climate is, generally speaking, more favourable to a particular class of phenomena and another climate to a different class. A certain Spanish-American, who has spent all his life in the

tropics, once related to me an ever-recurring experience of his. Whenever he is alone in a rustic scene, he feels as if the memory of a strange and stirring past comes back to his mind; nay, he lives that small fragment of his past once again. He is on horseback going up a somewhat precipitous piece of ground which commands a magnificent prospect of woodland. He is the brave chief of a brave clan, who has had many wild adventures, and is now on his way to the greatest adventure of all, the adventure that is to determine his future career. But he never gets further than this. The whole scene passes away—the acclivity, the horse, the extensive prospect of redundant forest—and he finds himself standing there on the quiet heath as before. Another Spanish-American told me that very often when in a pensive mood, he had heard the sounds of a war-dance. “The weird and barbarous chant becomes louder and louder,” he said. “I feel that it has some connection with me. I know that a beautiful girl whom I have dearly loved is about to be cruelly sacrificed. I am overpowered by many strong feelings—revenge, remorse, pity, infatuation. But within a minute or two the whole experience is gone, and I am calmly seated in my room or wherever else I may happen to be.”

I will relate, as briefly as I can, certain experiences which I have had myself in Latin America. One afternoon I was walking meditatively about the borders of a somewhat rocky waste in Peru, not far from the most remarkable of those strange ruins which recall the rude pomp and all the rare wonders associated with Manco Capac. I was looking over the plain before me, at the steeple and the chimneyless housetops of a little town far away, but my thoughts were elsewhere. Certain observations of Flammarion had recently attracted my attention, and I was pondering them. The inhabitants of some far planet, says the astronomer, if they had telescopes sufficiently powerful to enable them to see Earth very clearly, would not see the Earth of the present, they would see it as it was long ago, perhaps thousands of years ago; and we, in our turn, if we had sufficiently powerful telescopes, should not see their planet as it is now, but as it was in a remote past. Thus all the past, seen by the eye of the astronomical philosopher, becomes an eternal present. Will man ever be able to bring back the past, I thought, and, in some yet unthinkable way, to surprise the future? Will he ever succeed in making an invention to annihilate the power of time in concrete fact—to seize and imprison time, as it were, making it subservient to thought and spirit? What a change that would mean! What a lofty life we should have! To be able to recall any fragment of the Past, exactly as it was and is—the Crucifixion, for example, or the building of Solomon’s Temple, or the destruction of Troy, or Plato listening to Socrates, or a scene from the life of Buddha! To see all the riches of the future at a glance!—But even this would not be annihilating time, I thought. We should be seeing only the shadows of events; the events themselves would be irrevocably fixed.

Suddenly I saw a river—a large river—running across the plain,

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and the outlines of a strange scene were mingled with the scene around me. The new place became clearer and clearer, and in less than a second it was natural and apparently palpable. It is impossible to describe my feelings convincingly. I was still near that sierra in South America, and yet I was not there, but in a great city in Egypt six or seven thousand years ago. I was clad in graceful-looking robes, soft as silk, the principal colours of which were bright purple, pale blue and white. I held in my hand what I should describe as a little yellow rod ; and it seemed natural that I should have it. The place where I stood had newly-placed flagstones, and was evidently the entrance to some very important building which I knew was not yet completed. From this elevated spot I saw steps at some distance on each side and in front of me, leading to the damp-looking, blackish ground, in one or two parts of which were great piles of huge blocks of stone. On the nearer bank of the river, just where there was a bold curve in the course of the waters, stood a wonderful machine, about which stalwart men were labouring, and at intervals I saw a few women who appeared to be doing some of the lighter work. I knew that each of these dusky-faced persons was aware of my presence on the flagstones, but how I knew it I cannot say. Now, the wonderful machine, in which were three noticeably large metal wheels and one gear-wheel with cogs on each side of the rim, was doing work equal to the manual exertion of thousands of men. It soon became clear to me that it had to put the huge piles of stone into a sort of lighter of great length, which lay on the river. The work was done in a second, and the lighter was soon speeding towards its destination—making its way much faster than the current could bear it, without the aid of oar, or pole, or breath of wind. Just at this point it seemed that one part of myself was talking to the other part. I seemed to be saying to myself : " What wonderful inventions we have in mechanics, and in every other department of human endeavour ; and you of the twentieth century—have you anything to compare with them ? " I felt, I knew, that those huge, well-shaped blocks of stone were to be utilized for a mighty undertaking, and that I was connected with the undertaking, not as a servant, but as a master. I felt, I knew, that the first of the Pyramids would soon be rearing its awful bulk not far from the walls of a certain grand edifice—an edifice that belonged to me. Presently a few men passed before the front steps and bowed humbly towards me, one of them almost prostrating himself to the ground. I felt that this was only natural, and began to reflect on some plans of my own in connection with general education and agriculture.

But the scene began to fade. That other self became more dominant while my South American surroundings returned, subtly, quickly, irresistibly. The next moment I was again on the borders of the sierra-like plain, and in the twentieth century.

Here is another spiritualistic experience associated with tropical America. I was sitting one morning near a verandah, thinking of

some one who had recently departed this life, and who had been, and still was, very dear to me. Suddenly I heard a voice say plainly, "The Pinnocks," and at the same time I felt that an unseen conscious entity was near me. I felt that, behind that entity, there was a great multitude of other entities who knew me and who were connected with many unearthly circumstances and events; there was an infinity of superior life behind the voice. It was as if the gate that leads to the Eternal had suddenly been pushed ajar; but this was only for a few seconds. I was soon in this everyday world again, sitting alone there by the verandah.

The night that followed, I dreamt an impressive dream, the atmosphere of which was reality itself. I was walking—a happy peasant-boy—in a field beside an old farmhouse. I had merry companions with me, and we were going towards a moss-grown building some distance away. I felt that I knew those people well—I had been familiar with them from earliest years, and a close friendship existed between us. We had to go down a narrow, slanting path, and I remembered having passed that place hundreds of times before. I knew that there was something very important to me connected with the entire scene, but especially with the old building towards which we were going. The words "The Pinnocks" were uttered more than once, and sounded very familiar in my ears. That was all. But the next night I dreamt the same dream, and the next, and yet the next. There was not the slightest difference between one of those dreams and another. I always heard the words, "The Pinnocks," and there was the same atmosphere of reality in them all.

The last time I had the dream was while reclining on a couch one afternoon to enjoy a nap. When I woke, I found myself at strife with my body—trying to leave it altogether. I was struggling to break loose from it and to be entirely free. The feeling was by no means pleasant. My physical eyes were closed; my limbs were motionless; and yet I was fighting—fighting desperately with those earthly links which obstinately refused to yield. Suddenly I ceased to struggle. I could see and hear everything around me, and I enjoyed a spell of real psychic liberty. I stood apart from my body and looked at it curiously. I felt a swift boldness and all the force of infinite aspiration. I felt that I had the power to do wonderful things, that perhaps I should scale the highest heights and sound the lowest depths. I was determined to hold converse with the brightest and greatest spirits, to grasp and enjoy all the untold secrets of loftiest Being. In a moment, by the mere fiat of my will, I found myself in the company of another spirit, a surpassingly beautiful and radiant being. I cannot say exactly where I was, and indeed, the question would be but a shallow one, for I was superior to space and all physical phenomena, to time and all its earthly inevitability. I saw clouds, which were not really clouds, but shadows of thought, and mountains which were not really mountains but shadows likewise, and the ocean, either near or far as I

chose to cause it to appear, and the ocean, like everything else, was only a shadow and a symbol. I saw the meanings of all the signs of existence ; but, though I felt that I could easily express them in that psychic state, I feel now that I cannot speak about them without uttering what would seem to be strange contradictions. And yet, is not this natural, considering the many-sidedness of truth ?

After receiving many wonderful impressions which, unfortunately, cannot be particularized within the limited compass of an article, I returned to the body calmly and easily ; and as soon as I had arisen from the couch, I felt the conscious entity near me, and a voice said, " The Pinnocks." What " The Pinnocks " may be, and why the spirit tried to remind me of them, I do not know. But if I should ever see any place bearing that name and corresponding with the scene in the dreams, I should be at no loss what to believe in this connection. I jotted down a note of these experiences in a memorandum-book which I possess to this day.

Here I must pause for a moment to say that from earliest boyhood I have had remembrances of pre-natal life, and that the facts I give always seem to have some deep connection with the persons, events, scenes and circumstances that I remember. Instead of relating any of these, however—for I presume that I should have had them in any part of the world—I will give some other experiences connected with tropical America.

In those countries night is thickly spangled with stars. Countless numbers are seen when there is no moonlight and the heavens are free from clouds. It is difficult to say which prospect is more sublime and inspiring, a moonlight night or a starry night. Those who have never been out of England can have but a feeble notion of a really starry night, and it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that if Byron had never lived in Spain and Italy and Greece, he would not have written the line—

Ye stars which are the poetry of Heaven.

In certain parts of those regions I continually felt the nearness of the stars and the immeasurable immensities, and I was fond of spending many hours of the night in lonely plains and heaths. One night, walking about a savanna, and enjoying the spacious, vague and deeply significant scene, but with no feeling in connection with spiritualism and psychic phenomena, I suddenly felt that the stars were coming nearer and nearer, or rather that I was going far from earthly locality and approaching other spheres. The feeling was inseparable from the consciousness of a nimble power over space and time. I was still in the savanna, and yet I was not there at all, but was wandering, as a spirit, among an infinitude of worlds—worlds which, at one moment, were awful in their immensity, and the next moment were reduced by my will to the dimensions of tennis-balls, and appeared to be but symbols in a sort of spiritual algebra. I saw the great tail of a comet travelling through unbounded space with incredible velocity, and—

so it seemed to me—continuously fearful of something towards which the other part laboured to drag it with a strength that was appalling. By the power of my will, I made that comet appear, the next moment, no bigger than a schoolboy's kite, and, like each of the planets, it was the symbol of something that I seemed to understand perfectly.

Presently I found myself in the savanna again. But was this the savanna? Here was a strange temple made of stone, and half-naked Indians were wandering about it. The men appeared robust and well-developed, the women were tall and graceful. In the distance was a cluster of small and oddly-shaped houses. I began to walk towards the temple, when the whole scene faded, and I was there in the savanna, leaning against the trunk of a tree.

All these, and many other such experiences, I have related to friends over and over. I have never had similar experiences on this side of the Atlantic, though at Blackheath I have certainly enjoyed one that was, in its own way, quite as remarkable.

In those countries shower-baths are commonly used. Whenever I was bathing, I had a singular experience. As soon as the water began to fall on my head, the Pyramids and the Sphinx would rise before me, with the wide, weary expanse of sandy desert. If I closed my eyes, the scene would not be obliterated, but, on the contrary, would become plainer. I felt a sense of the vastness and awfulness of those wonderful piles, and the Sphinx would be looking at me with strange, deep meaning in her calm, unmoving eyes. More than once I felt a wild terror, my eyes being closed. I opened them, and preferred to let the soap-suds get into them rather than to close them again and see and feel that dreadful scene. Whenever this experience came, I felt that there was some inexplicable connection between me and the Pyramids and the Sphinx and that endless-seeming waste of sand.

I spoke about it to a friend of mine who is a medical man, and he expressed the opinion that the experience was caused by nothing but the water beating against the scalp, which gave certain impressions to a certain part of the brain. But he was wrong; for, apart from the feeling that accompanies the phenomena, there is this to be explained: I have had the same experience when not taking a shower-bath, but an ordinary bath; nay, I have had it, though not frequently, when not bathing at all.

I will relate fragments of another experience, to which I cannot help attaching importance. Very often I have had, and still have, the feeling that I once suffered a great wrong—that Destiny has made a mistake with respect to my life, if I may so express myself, and that a multitude of people have been associated with the matter. Strange to say, it was more often in fine sunny weather, and in some fair scene that the feeling would come and well-nigh overpower me. I have felt indignant and have uttered maledictions aloud. I have felt sad, and have been even moved to tears. Closely connected with this feeling is another equally strong—the feeling of a deep pity, pity for

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some one whom I loved with a wonderful love, and who was devilishly maltreated at some remote time. To me she was surpassingly beautiful and good, and she suffered as much as I did. Behind the feeling, in the background of the experience—for I cannot express the truth otherwise—there is a good deal of impassioned life—complicated circumstances, startling incidents, spirit-stirring events; and the atmosphere of the whole has a convincing reality and is uniquely significant.

In the capital of the Republic of Costa Rica, I experienced certain psychic phenomena and other spiritualistic impressions, which certainly had some connection with these feelings. Many an afternoon I distinctly heard the voices of spirits calling me by my name, and this caused me to attend certain spiritualistic meetings at the house of a certain gentleman who, it was said, had once been a rank materialist, but had become a spiritualist on witnessing some remarkable phenomena through the extraordinary psychic faculties of his daughter, a girl whose clairvoyant and clairaudient powers were evident beyond all question. At the first meeting I talked with many spirits, and one of them promised me that he would put himself in communication with those other spirits whose voices I had heard. Suddenly one of the ladies uttered exclamations of astonishment and wonder, asking in excited tones what was the matter with me. The question was repeated by some of the others. It seemed that there was a strange light about my head, "just like a setting sun," one of them said, though I myself saw and felt nothing. Then one of the spirits spoke. "It is I," he said; "I am interested in this case, and am inspecting it. Don't be alarmed. We are friends, not enemies. And you," he continued, appearing in front of me, and, being materialized, grasping my hand, "never forget that you have spoken with me, a spirit from the Hereafter."

From that night the spirits whose voices I had heard in my room did not give me the least fear. They came only when I called them; and each of them, I felt, had some connection with that sense of undeserved suffering and that overpowering pity which I had so often experienced; indeed, they strongly encouraged the feeling and belief. "The conviction that you have suffered a great wrong is correct, and yet not altogether so. It is the natural consequence of your own being, and yet it is also the consequence of the perversity of other individualities. The facts are both spiritual and concrete; but, as to a plain understanding of yourself, do not try to get it. Being still in Time, you cannot possibly see yourself detached from Being. Remember *Œdipus* and the deeper underlying meaning thereof. Remember the *Sphinx*. Your great duty is self-development, that is, spiritual development. You can do wonderful work, as you did long ago, and as you yourself know and feel. Do it."

It was after listening to those spirits that I wrote a good many reflections inspired by what was communicated to me. "Material sweet that has no moral salt is the ancient mistake of mankind, and

involves a cycle of suffering." "Suffering is inseparable from true education, and yet true education is true health." "There is no true knowledge apart from the noumena." "The great inventions of the future will be triumphs of thought, having no connection with mechanical appliances. We shall reach other planets without mechanical aid. We shall go to a planet farther than Sirius to spend part of a holiday; time being subservient to spirit, we shall be able to go in the morning and, after spending three months there, to return for dinner on the same day." "All shall not have this power at the same time, for real power is part and parcel of individual being." "There is a higher consciousness to which one can attain only at intervals." Now I do not mean to say that these are divine revelations imparted by superior beings; but this I do affirm: that my communications with the spirits woke trains of thought in my mind, which caused me to write these and many other such reflections, reflections which I believe to be altogether correct.

I have given only a few of my psychic impressions in Tropical America. All the time I spent in certain parts of those fair regions, I felt that I was amid conditions wonderfully favourable to some of the most impressive triumphs of psychic force. This was so more especially in far solitary places—in savannas and vast prairies, in obscure depths of the savage forest, or on pleasant rustic heaths surrounded by profuse vegetation and overlooked by the aspiring, dark, blue-tinted brows of the everlasting hills. At times there was a certain new significance and spell in many a line of poetry as also in many a fragment of musical composition. Wandering about the borders of a wind-swept sierra, in places where the large-branched cacti reared their heads among fantastic rocks, and, seeing in the vague distance grotesque remains of the architecture of ancient aboriginal tribes, I suddenly repeated the line—

Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy,

and felt much more than I could possibly have felt had I been walking about old snipe-haunted Ilion itself. Among obscure frescades in far Heredia in Costa Rica, or beside broken, moss-grown columns in a somewhat gloomy part of Venezuela, Edgar Poe's "Haunted Palace" suddenly assumed new spiritual meanings; there was in it a forcible suggestiveness quite independent of its singular delicate magic as poetry of a peculiar class. In an intensely sweet solitude of Cundinamarca, surrounded by palm and guava, chirimoya and lucma and alligator-pear, almond-trees and strange fragments of wildwood, when the gorgeous and extravagant sunset had melted into the balm and softness of twilight, when the sol-y-luna had sung his last farewell and there reigned what some writers would call a soulful silence, I recalled the words of Keats—

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter;

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and the inner temples of the soul were big with the music of other worlds, and were visited by myriads of sympathetic spirits from the Beyond which is so far and yet so near. I am not speaking rhetorically, but only attempting to give some impressions, necessarily faint, of real positive facts. Humming rare Spanish tunes or strange old Indian ditties in ruin-spangled plains beneath the bold-blue skies of those countries, and at times, even amid "the busy hum of men" and all the hurly-burly of town life, I have felt that same uplift of soul, that same sweet nearness of swift, ethereal agencies.

I wish it to be clearly understood that I have not related hallucinations, half-dreams, phantasmagorial and other subjective impressions. With the exception of the dreams in connection with "The Pinnocks," all the experiences given are simple, objective fact.

Why is it that the psychic phenomena of the tropics are distinct from those of cold climates? I must repeat that, in my opinion, one climate is, generally speaking, more favourable to a particular class of phenomena and another climate to a different class, that psychic phenomena depend, not only on individual psychic force, not only on temperament, character and certain bodily peculiarities, but in a noticeable degree on locality and climate as well. However any one may disagree with me, every true thinker will admit the great far-reaching importance of the subject and the tremendous significance of these triumphs of spirit over matter and space and all other physical conditions. The first time a man has one of these experiences, he suddenly becomes conscious of the infinite possibilities within him, of the higher progress of future ages and of the deeper meanings of existence. It is in such moments that we apprehend the profound truth of the saying: "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

THE SECRET DOCTRINE IN ISRAEL *

By W. L. WILMSHURST

ALTHOUGH the great public is unconscious of the fact, and professional theologians ignore it, for the minority of those interested in the byways of religious thought and history it remains an unassailable fact that, concurrently with the public doctrine accepted of the masses in any given age, an inner and deeper doctrine has been held and practised by a few who, intellectually or spiritually, have outgrown the elementary public presentation of religious truth. This more withdrawn teaching, with the practices it has inculcated for advancing personal progress in the spiritual life, has come to be called the Secret Doctrine, or the Secret Tradition. It has undergone many changes of outward expression, but its central tenets have remained the same, for in the nature of things the ultimates of religion must necessarily be immutable (indeed this is affirmed daily in Christian Churches when the words are uttered, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be"), and the student of comparative religion has no difficulty in penetrating the varying veils of expression and identifying the underlying principles.

The suggestion that there is, or can be, secrecy in regard to spiritual truth and matters which, if momentous at all, are of common moment to all and ought not to be the privilege of a few, is sometimes resented by the modern mind as both presumptuous and offensive. The objection is unsound, and slight reflection will show that the secrecy in question is inherent in the nature of things and is due to force of circumstance rather than to arrogance or affected superiority on the part of a minority towards a majority. Qualification for the knowledge of something richer and fuller than popular exoteric doctrine provides is, and has always been, a matter of personal fitness for, and ability to appreciate and assimilate, it; and other qualification there is none. The old maxim applies that when the pupil is ready the teacher is found waiting for him, and he passes on to the knowledge of things that have previously been concealed from him simply because he lacked both desire and aptitude for them. The Grecian Mysteries were certainly always secret, yet the *fact* of their existence was a matter of public knowledge and there was

* *The Secret Doctrine in Israel: A Study of the Zohar and its Connections.* By Arthur Edward Waite. Pp. 330, with four illustrations. William Rider & Son, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.

no more secrecy about their sanctuaries than there is about a modern cathedral ; their presence testified to the public that a deeper than the popular religious doctrine did exist, but the right of admission and initiation into them depended upon the aspirant's whole-hearted desire to associate himself with what those Mysteries involved. And the same qualification has obtained elsewhere in regard to subsequent expressions of mystical religion, of whatsoever formal expression, and whether formally organized or not.

From time to time in these pages I have drawn attention to the veritable and valuable *opus magnum* undertaken by Mr. A. E. Waite in summarizing and collating the various forms into which the Secret Doctrine (in regard to cosmogonical truth and the reintegration of human into divine nature) has passed, so far as available records render that task feasible. His *Real History of the Rosicrucians*, his *Hidden Church of the Holy Grail*, his *Book of Ceremonial Magic*, and his *Secret Tradition in Masonry*, have been severally chapters in one long story of the forms that Doctrine has assumed under the Christian ægis, and now to the series he has added *The Secret Doctrine in Israel* as a summary of it under that of Jewry. For, notoriously, Judaism possessed its withdrawn esoteric side and oral tradition (the Kabbala), as well as its exoteric church and public scriptures. What the mystical Taoist was to the Confucianist, what the Sufi was to the average Mahomedan, what the Christian mystic and contemplative has been to the nominal religionist of our dispensation, that the " Sons of the Doctrine " (as the Jewish mystics were called) were to the average exoteric Hebrew. In the nature of things—since no records exist of a purely oral doctrine—we can never know fuller details of the Secret Doctrine in Israel, as it flourished in its prime in pre-Christian times, than the traditions and hints of it to be gleaned from the post-Christian Kabbalists. But (though the subject cannot be enlarged on here) there is good reason for supposing that it was from the now unknown and saintly mystics of Jewry, who for generations had dedicated themselves and prepared the way for the Messianic manifestation, that eventually and in the fulness of time the desire of nations did forthcome in the person of Messiah " which is called Christ." With that eventuation the withdrawn school of Jews (using that term in the apostolic sense that " he is not a Jew who is one outwardly, but who is one inwardly " and mystically) seems to have achieved its purpose as an organic instrument for furnishing the " body prepared " through which the Christian evangel was given to the world,

and what remained over for after-years was but the afterglow of a great and glorious assembly, the light of which had long existed in concealment whilst its shadow had been the official system of exoteric Judaism. The pursuit of the Secret Doctrine thereafter continued, and eventually oral Kabbalism, or some portions of it, passed into writing, and from its surviving remnants it is possible both to deduce something of what the Tradition was, and to learn the extremely mystical nature of the exegesis accorded to the Scriptures of the Law. But the period from which any records of it date was one of declension compared with that which had anteceded it. From this latter period date the treatises and records of Rabbinical conferences that in their collected, but chaotic, form constitute that storehouse of Kabbalism, the *Sepher-Ha-Zohar*, or Book of Splendour. Save for a few fragments unsatisfactorily reproduced from Rosenroth's Latin version, it has never been translated from original Chaldaic into English. A French translation by M. Jean de Pauly in six substantial volumes has been issued in recent years, and it is from this that Mr. Waite has been able to summarize and coordinate the chief features of Rabbinical mystical wisdom so far as written memorials enshrine it. Only by reference to his volume can an idea be formed of the enormous labour and research entailed in its compilation. Only to one endowed with great gifts of scholarship would such a work be possible, and only by one thoroughly and sympathetically familiar with mystical religion generally would such an effort have been thought worthy of execution or could its accomplishment have been made of value to students interested in this region of research.

What is now laid open to the English reader is an epitome of the central principles and ideas of Kabbalism—so far as the *Zohar* and its connections reflect the doctrines of that school—and it is vouched by innumerable references to the text, and supplemented by connective, illuminating commentary by Mr. Waite himself, whose previous studies in other forms of the Secret Doctrine have enlarged his qualifications for interpreting the expression of it that obtained in Israel. The wide range of Kabbalism, and an idea of Mr. Waite's analysis of it, may be gathered from the titles of some of his twenty-one chapters. These include studies of the Doctrine of the Hidden Church in Israel, the Majesty of God in Kabbalism, the Doctrines of Cosmology, the Fall, the Abrahamic Covenant, the Mosaic Law, Eschatology, the Mystery of Skekinah, and—chief of all—the Mystery of Sex. The book concludes with chapters dealing with the merging of

Judaism into Christian doctrine and a general view of Jewish Theosophy. For those who may consider as obsolete or negligible the records of a phase of religious expression which has been superseded by that under which we now live, it may be useful to quote Mr. Waite's deliberate judgment that "perhaps at this day it has a greater message for us than it had ever for our brothers in Jewry." There is a sense in which the theosophy of Jewry is dead, but there is another in which it yet lives and speaks loudly, for the undying spirit of it is that which animates the mystical life in all ages, and from the distance of a time long past now comes the corroboration of—nay more, it throws emphatic and brilliant illumination upon—other expressions of the Secret Doctrine with which followers and students of it to-day are more familiar. Were it for nothing else—and I regret that space permits not of any adequate reference to this or to other important features of the book—it is worth while to inform oneself how dominant a place the question and the sacramentalism of sex-relations held in Jewish Mysticism. Within the Mystery of Sex, as Mr. Waite shows, all other mysteries were conceived as enshrined and connected. It is a mystery the lack of recognition of which is forcing to the front to-day in not a few ways certain problems as to the relations of the sexes, and though the spiritual aspect of the subject is the more impressive and important for the student of mysticism, there is yet an outward and practical side to it, affecting the common relations between man and woman, which leads Mr. Waite to utter the following confession: "I am the last person in the world to enforce practical conclusions, but if those who are prepared thereto within and without were to enter the nuptial state and fulfil it consistently, as also with high reverence, in the sense of the Zohar, I think that the world might be changed, and that a generation to come, born of such unions, would be children of a risen life." Jewish Mysticism, lofty and highly speculative as it was in one of its aspects, was nothing if not practical in its applicability to the primary human relationships—the marital and filial—for it saw clearly that those relationships are the shadow upon earth of realities beyond.

I will add but two observations. The first is one of public acknowledgment to the author and publishers of *The Secret Doctrine in Israel* for at last making the contents of the Zohar known to us. The other is that orthodox theologians little know what is sealed from them by their failure to give recognition to the stores of light available in the records of the Secret Tradition, whether of Jewry or of Christendom.

FROM A MYSTIC'S NOTEBOOK

(Continued)

BY REGINALD B. SPAN

MOVING OBJECTS BY THE ASTRAL BODY.

TO move objects without physical contact can be accomplished by the adept in more ways than one.

The first is to extrude from the physical body the astral arm and hand, and then grasp the object to be moved.

This may be accomplished at a distance of ten feet from the operator. The second way is to use the elementals. They have the power when directed by the inner man to carry articles by changing their polarity.

These elemental entities are used when things are brought from longer distances than the length to which the astral arms may be extended. Small objects moving unsupported by physical contact are due to these causes.

* * * * *

To communicate with another mind at a distance, the adept attunes all the molecules of the brain and all the thoughts of the mind so as to vibrate in unison with the mind to be affected, and the other mind and brain have either to be thrown into the same unison or fall into it voluntarily.

For the transmitting of a projection, choose first the picture you wish to impress on your recipient, then sit before a dusky background—a dark curtain—or in the twilight of evening and gaze intently in front of you. Think of nothing but the image you are endeavouring to send to the other, and will intently that he shall catch and collect the impressions which come to him.

Learn to be still, study to be quiet ere you attempt to realize. Allow yourself to get into just the watching and waiting stage before proceeding further.

Avoid all tension, over expectancy and undue excitement. Hurry, bustle and anxiety only serve to sap the forces which are needed to create the image in the mind's eye. Relax the body, remain quite still and divert all attention from external conditions.

MAGNETIC WILL POWER.

The strong and controlled will is a persuasive and harmonious action of the psychic personal atmosphere.

The true will produces a hypnotic effect and influences all

who come within its radius. It is that subtle, yet potent influence that is better felt than defined, more easily detected than described.

The Will includes the whole man, physical as well as psychical.

The Magnetic Will is :—

- (1) Powerful in its impulse.
- (2) Rhythmic in its action.
- (3) Continuous in its discharges.
- (4) Single in its character.

The secret of all successful will power consists in complete self-mastery.

The supreme factor consists in the soul battery in action.

The next is the etheric wave motion vibrating through the brain and body of its owner, and thus through the intervening space ether between him and the object.

In hypnotism it is necessary to see already and forcibly in your imagination (or subconscious mind) what you desire your subject to do.

You must visualize first and then put your visualization into practice by will power (or see your subject do what you wish in imagination). You create first in the mental world what you are trying to ultimate in the physical, and these thought pictures are unconsciously recorded by your subject in his sub-conscious mind and acted upon by him.

* * * * *

If you cultivate the spiritual perceptions seek the silence. Sit apart and alone. That the nerves may become tranquil, invoke the aid of regular and rhythmic breathing. Breath is the bridge between the physical and spiritual kingdoms. Relax the body. Let each breath be a messenger of the soul's aspiration. Dismiss from the mind the cares and anxieties, the prejudices and animosities of the outer life. Send out the thought to God—the Supreme Good, and in a short time the realization of harmonious vibrations will be achieved, you will be conscious of thrills and pulsations about, around and permeating the whole being. Call then upon the law that lifts the soul to upper heights—the law of Universal Love.

* * * * *

There is now amongst the most advanced students of physical science a consensus of opinion that throughout the world and its surroundings there is a tenuous substance, to which provisionally the name of ether has been given, pervading, and pervaded by, everything solid, liquid and gaseous; that in this ether all

things visible, palpable, or otherwise discernible, are formed of one and the same essential, elementary substance in the form of ions, each ion joined to and actuating, or being actuated by, a charge of electricity: that all ions are in rapid motion, and that the natures of the charges and the speed and direction of the movements determine the natures of all the infinite forms of matter, in all the infinite gradations of density from the most attenuated gas to the hardest solid, with all their various qualities and characteristics, physical, chemical, electrical and radial.

We next identify the *ether as being the essence—the prime sole element of all matter*, always to be considered as affected by force—the primary sole essence of all force, of which electricity is only one form of manifestation. Finally, we recognize that *essential force may be controlled by Will*: and there is the highest authority for believing that pure, *single-minded will exercised in absolute unhesitating faith can produce results which are miraculous*. Hence the secret of most magical operations.

* * * * *

VIBRATIONS.

Registered in the surrounding atmosphere every cadence tells. The utterance of anger and impatience, as well as expressions of kindness and affection, are sent forth into that invisible world where all causes are. Who can tell what influences the forms produced may have upon the thoughts and feelings of others? Science assures us that every vibration once set going travels throughout Space and plays some part in the tremendous whole. What if the vibrations we send forth are discords, uglinesses and sources of irritation. Who knows the mischief they may do when received by the sensitive brain of one in a condition to receive them? There is deep significance in the words of the Master: "I say unto you that for every idle word that men shall speak they shall give an account in the day of judgment."

The following is a table of physical vibrations now dealt with by men of science:—

<i>Vibrations.</i>	<i>Number per Second.</i>
Hertz waves (electrical)	6 millions.
Heat waves—infra red	100 billions.
Light waves { red	400 billions.
{ violet	700 billions.
Actinic waves—ultra violet	2,000 billions.
Becquerel rays }	possibly trillions.
Röntgen, or X-rays }	
N-rays }	

Sounds inaudible to our ears can be detected by a sensitive flame, and light invisible to us can be made visible by some fluorescent substance or demonstrated in chemical action, but to many of these waves *normal* man has no responsive organ ; but who can say what the faculties of the abnormal (or psychical) man may not be capable of ?

* * * * *

SOUL POWERS AND ENERGIES.

If you direct the power of your mind towards the centre instead of letting it fly off at a tangent, the resistance which it finds at the centre will cause a reaction, and the stronger the centripetal power which you apply, the stronger will be the centrifugal power created ; in other words, the stronger will your soul become, and as it becomes strong *her invisible material will penetrate the physical and serve to transform it into a higher kind*. Thus finally you may become all soul, and have no gross, physical body. But long before then you will be able to act upon matter by the power of your soul, cure your own bodily ills and those of others, and do many wonderful things—even at a long distance from the body, for the activity of the soul is not limited by the circumference of the physical, but radiates far into the Sphere of Universal Mind.

The first and most important step which man must take if he desires Spiritual power is to become natural. Only when he has thrown off his unnatural qualities can he hope to become spiritually strong. [If he became spiritual before he became natural no progress could be made.

The Will is a destroyer as well as a life-giving power. It causes the atoms of primordial matter to collect round a centre ; it holds them together, or may disperse them into Space.

A power to become strong at a centre must be directed towards the centre, for it is only by resistance that it can accumulate and grow strong. Every action is followed by reaction. The centripetal power finding resistance at the centre returns and evolves a centrifugal activity and this centrifugal power is called Imagination.

This soul energy is the medium between Spirit and Matter.

The soul consciousness is put into activity by the centripetal force of the Will.

It is Will which endows the creations of Imagination with life, because Will and Life are identical.

The life-giving power comes from the heart, and acts like rays of the sun. It is what man desires with his *heart*, not what he thinks or imagines with his brain, which has the real power.

* * * * *

Dr. Percy Dearmer, in a recent article on Mysticism, says :—

It has nothing to do with mistiness or mysteriousness. It is simply the way of contemplation, the seeking of union with the Divine independently of the organs of sense. It is the focussing of the highest part of man—of his fundamental being—upon that ultimate reality which is the Supreme Being, which, in fact, is God. *Cor ad cor loquitur* (Heart speaks to heart) is the best epigram of Mysticism.

And again :—

Materialism is crumbling away with its attendant pessimism, and man is recovering with undeniable rapidity the spiritual view of life. M. Bergson's recent address to the Society for Psychological Research was a notable instance of the decay of scientific materialism, for he was able to declare that not only from the psychological but also from the anatomical side the brain is now found to be not the creator of thought, but the means whereby thought establishes relations with material things—the organ of Spirit, in fact.

* * * * *

FAITH AND IMAGINATION.

So great is the power of Imagination that whatever a man believes or imagines he can do, having dogmatic faith and assurance, he will certainly be able to do. If you could imagine strongly and clearly enough that you could float in the air, you would assuredly be able to do so.

All magical processes are based on Faith. The power of Faith overcomes the Spirits of Nature because it is a spiritual power, and Spirit is higher than Nature. Whatever is grown in the realm of Nature may be changed by the power of Faith.

As Paracelsus says: "Imagination is the cause of many diseases. Faith is the cure for them all." If we cannot cure a disease by Faith it is because our Faith is too weak. But our Faith is weak on account of our want of Knowledge. *Knowledge is Power.*

The astral currents produced by the Imagination and Will of man produce certain states in external Nature, and these currents may reach far, because the power of Imagination reaches as far as thought can go.

Heaven is a field into which the imagination of man sows the seeds. If we were conscious of the power of God within ourselves, we should never fail.

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.*]

APOLLONIUS AND JESUS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to your note at the end of my letter in the December issue of the OCCULT REVIEW, may I venture to point out that there is a great divergence of opinion as to when Christianity was founded, so that any ordinary statement concerning the numbers who embraced the faith after forty years or so from it first being preached may, with perfect sincerity, be doubted. As an instance we may take the divergence of opinions between our President and the learned and much respected Mr. G. R. S. Mead. Again, I had on one occasion four fairly well-known men offering me reasonable proof that Christianity had taken a good hold by 65 B.C.!

I have good reasons, both from historic and psychic evidence, to take Apollonius of Tyana as the last incarnation of Jesus. In respect to date the exclamation of Apollonius (who was then in Ephesus) at the moment Domitian was assassinated in Rome, may be of interest.

With regard to the suggestion that my views will only be endorsed by a small section of the T.S., I would like to say that I am quite aware that this is possible, as I lean towards being more of a Blavatskyite than a Besantite or Leadbeaterite, which, however, makes no difference in the feeling of fraternal comradeship which exists between us all.

Thanking you for inserting my letter and for your comment.

Yours faithfully,

A. E. A. M. TURNER, F.T.S.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In the article on "The Bahai Movement," by Beatrice Irwin, which appeared in your November issue, the authoress writes: "One might almost call the New Thought, Higher Thought, and Christian Science movements the practical aftermath of hypnotism, spiritualism, and theosophy, since these latest, and essentially practical, western cults have concerned themselves with the tangible results of occult force upon the material plane." The writer, evidently, has

not much knowledge of these movements, as they are essentially different to hypnotism and spiritualism.

I find that matter can be caused to appear and disappear scientifically in two different ways, the first the wrong method used in hypnotism, spiritualism and theosophy, for instance in the results obtained by Madame Blavatsky ; the second, the way in which Jesus the Christ taught and demonstrated.

Mr. C. J. Ball in his letter to you gives details of the phenomena of producing a blister by suggestion. This cannot be done by any one unless the thoughts are there to produce the result. The thoughts then act upon the mind of the so-called hypnotiser, intensifying themselves upon his mind, and thus the result is produced. Thought scientifically may be spoken of as a high tension current right above the Marconi wave, and thought after thought sweeps across the mind in a predetermined order. This does not mean that fatalism is true, for it is possible to destroy an evil thought. It cannot then act.

Thirteen years ago I was retained by one of the leading London daily papers to make a professional examination for them into mental healing, and since that time the scientific reasons for all forms of occult phenomena have been cleared up. These I have given in a book called *Life Understood*.

The value to the world of my investigations and of this book is not to prove that all disease is mental, as all medical men now recognize the power of mind over matter. Some of them recognize the difference between the so-called power of the human mind over matter, and the power of Mind, God, over matter. It is not to prove that you can cause matter to appear and disappear, although I show scientifically the two methods in which this can be done ; one, by using the human mind, when the electrical tension of the lines of the ether where they cross and the electrons are produced is altered, and the electrons appear or disappear from sight ; the other, in which the lines of force themselves are short circuited and the matter itself disappears and ceases to exist for ever.

The value of *Life Understood* is to show that if a man when mentally working, and every educated man will be a mental worker in two or three years' time, is thinking of God, of heaven, or of the Christ he is helping himself, the person for whom he is working, and the world. On the contrary, if he is thinking of the material world or material man he is harming that person, harming himself, and doing no good to the world.

The only value of theory is results. If the theory that I put forward is true, every reader of this can obtain the same results as I do, as God is not a better class man to be supplicated but the Principle of good, Love, Life, Truth, Soul, Spirit, Mind, Cause, all Substance, Intelligence and Being.

There is only one religion, the religion of helping one's fellow-man. This can only be done by gaining a better knowledge of God, and all so-called religions are simply attempts to gain this knowledge, the

different religions being differentiated by their different ideas of God.

The Bahai movement is undoubtedly ethically valuable, and all its main points are excellent. It is still, as far as one can tell, on a so-called spiritual, which is really a material basis. The leaders may, however, be on a truly spiritual basis. If so, directly they have the key to the miracles of Jesus they will at once begin to get wonderful results themselves.

I find that the miracles of Jesus are absolutely scientific, based upon regular laws, and any one can do a miracle in the way that Jesus did if he knows how they are done and leads a good enough life—that is to say, an unselfish enough life. The realization of God by the mystics appears to have been practically useful to the mystics only; they had not developed it into a science, and seem to have been unable to teach others to get the results that they did. This can now be done.

What I find is this. If a thought of evil comes into a man's consciousness, that is to say, if he thinks of or sees any one who is sinning, sick or suffering, and turns in thought to God and heaven and realizes clearly enough that the particular trouble does not exist in that perfect world, but the opposite does, as all there is governed by God, the Principle of good, and he dwells on the perfection of the opposite, instantly the trouble disappears. We have nothing to do with what others do, say and think, we only have to do with what we ourselves think of what others do, say and think. Man's progress depends upon the number of seconds during the twenty-four hours that he is thinking of God and heaven. "Watch and pray," are the words of the Master, and we are told to "pray without ceasing." This means never let a thought of evil into your consciousness if you can keep it out in the way above shown.

The first result of knowing how to think rightly is that one obtains:

1. An easy and scientific, therefore infallible, method of gradually getting rid of sin out of oneself.
2. Others can be instantaneously healed of sin and disease.
3. Any trouble of whatever description can be got rid of. It is only a question of how long it takes.
4. Man finds perfect peace of mind and happiness, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

Yours faithfully,

F. L. RAWSON.

90, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

A RECURRENT DREAM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In a recent number there was a letter from a reader concerning "Dreams" and their meaning. It may interest some readers to know of some dream experiences of mine, and I should be infinitely grateful for some *reasonable* explanation, or even a theory

that will hold water ! Certain dreams, most people know, have definite meanings or contain warnings—these I will leave alone—but there is one dream I have over and over again : always I visit the same house in the same place, and I have the same room ; always the same people are there ; always the same horrible gloom and sunlessness ; always the same stealthy sort of silence that you can absolutely feel, the same indefinite, undefinable sense of doubt and terror ; and always I wake up in a cold perspiration of fear, feeling heavy and deadly tired, and ten times more unrefreshed than when I went to bed. I last had this dream about a week ago ; next time it comes I am going to try and stay longer in that house, and see if I can find out the terror that is there.

Yours faithfully,
F.

“ THE SECRET DOCTRINE IN ISRAEL.”

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—David was surprised on seeing Saul among the prophets, but Mr. Waite among the magicians—and phallic magicians at that !—would be still more astounding were it not that my article “ Energized Enthusiasm ” (which appeared last March) anticipated Mr. Waite’s conclusions in almost every detail, and is, I have no doubt, responsible for this *volle-face* and stultification of his whole teaching for so many years.

For it is not that he merely records his belief that the Zohar teaches sex-magic ; he advocates the practice in set terms as eloquent as they are lucid (p. 320).

It is with holy joy that I am able to recognize Mr. Waite as, with respect to this mystery at least, an initiate, so far as intellectual comprehension of truth can confer that title.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
PERDURABO.

“ PRACTICAL ” THEOSOPHY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I thank A. E. A. M. Turner for his, or her, courteous letter, in your last issue, and you, Mr. Editor, for your cogent remarks thereupon.

From the tone of his, or her, letter, A. E. A. M. Turner evidently speaks with authority, both for the Besant section as well as the Steiner section. As my letter was not intended to be personal, but merely general, I take no notice of his, or her, personal remarks, save

to assure A. E. A. M. Turner that so far as individuals are concerned, I have the warmest admiration and deepest respect for many Theosophists belonging to different branches, just as I have the same feelings for many belonging to other beliefs or unbeliefs.

If, with all its imputed errors and ignorance, my letter has had the effect of rousing indignant, though ineffectual and inadequate, denial, I shall at least have gained a point. To make people indignantly to deny is often to make them think. So the candid friend, because he knows the good in any movement, such as the Theosophical Society, wishes to see it rise to still greater good in the Service of Humanity and the Brotherhood of Man.

Yours obediently,
WILLIAM T. HORTON.

MADAME BLAVATSKY AND REINCARNATION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In your December issue A. M. Smith writes: "A careful reading of any of Madame Blavatsky's writings will prove clearly her complete knowledge of, and *adherence* to, this universal teaching (Reincarnation) *throughout her career.*"

How does A. M. Smith reconcile this with Madame Blavatsky's statement that "Reincarnation is absurd and unphilosophical, doing violence to the law of evolution?"

I might add that I am fully cognisant of the septenary nature of man, but fail to see that it necessitates reincarnation.

Yours faithfully,
OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

THE ORDER OF THE STAR.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—It is not often that I trouble you with criticism of the opinions expressed in your valuable REVIEW, but the December issue contains statements upon which I feel compelled to remark.

Madame Jean Delaire's paper on "Theosophy and Christianity" is most excellent, and I am grateful for its timely appearance. But its closing paragraphs are likely to mislead a non-critical reader by conveying the impression that the Theosophical Society and the Order of the Star in the East are more or less identified. Such is not the case. The O.S.E. is not a branch of the T.S., nor a subsidiary organisation of it; it is not federated nor in affiliation, but an independent body.

Many members of the T.S. believe in the principles advanced by the O.S.E., but many more have no such belief, but nevertheless extend

to the Order the same tolerant attention which they give to other religious bodies.

The T.S., as such, is prohibited by its constitution from adhesion to any section of a religion, or even from founding a religious creed of its own. This is the only way in which liberty of opinion could be conserved in a Society with so composite a membership.

Mr. Turner's dogmatism (in his letter) upon the personality of Jesus, I pass over, it is neither novel nor convincing; but when he says that "the personality of a disciple is being prepared for the Christ to use and give a particular message through in due course," he ought to have made it clear that he was not speaking in the name of the Theosophical Society, and that the statement should be taken distinctly as an expression of his personal opinion. No such doctrine is proclaimed by the T.S., although many members, like Mr. Turner, do hold this opinion, and are quite within their rights so to do.

Mrs. A. M. Smith's letter apparently misses the fact that *Isis Unveiled* does not mention Reincarnation save in repudiation, comparing its rarity to that of the "teratological phenomenon of a two-headed infant." The theory of Reincarnation was advanced at a later date than the publication of *Isis*, and the circumstances in which it received Madame Blavatsky's approval are, I believe, remembered by some still living among us. Reincarnation is not a dogma among Theosophists. Some there are who whole-heartedly believe in its truth; a few disbelieve; yet others hold it as a working hypothesis, which will either be confirmed or disproved as evidence accumulates; and since the motto of the T.S. is "No religion higher than Truth," it is indifferent whether investigation supports or destroys the theory so long as the truth is at last discovered.

Yours faithfully,

P. H. PALMER.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—There is no more important question before us at this moment than the one to which you have wisely opened your columns. The OCCULT REVIEW will do a great service to all who seek after Truth and the higher service of Humanity if it can elucidate the claims now being made by the Theosophist section calling itself "The Order of the Star."

May I then crave your courtesy to ask a few pertinent queries.

1. Is it not true that only the very highest Initiates of the most esoteric orders ever know or are permitted to know the facts that concern the personality (or personalities shall we say?) of those Great Ones who from time to time act in the world's affairs in human bodies as ordinary persons?

2. Who are these Great Initiates who now—contrary to their well-known policy in the past—are giving out such full and intimate details

of the life of one who is to become "The Messenger" of those Great Ones?

3. Are we asked to accept these full and intimate details upon any reliable authority at all? or are we asked to accept them on the unsubstantiated word of persons who in the past have proved to be most unreliable guides and most untrustworthy witnesses?

4. In Madame Delaire's article she reproaches "Christian people" because (so she says) they oppose "The Order of the Star." She says not a word about this fact, which, if it be a fact, may, in some measure, account for the opposition. So my next query is: Is it not a fact that a certain foster-son or "ward" of Mrs. Besant's—a "pupil" of Mr. Leadbeater's, is already named as this coming "World-Teacher" for whose coming we are asked to "prepare the way?"

These queries are open to full and frank reply from those who seek to take in *their* charge the whole of the future evolution of the race! Those replies will greatly assist many sorely puzzled souls.

We do not "profess to believe." We *do* believe in the promise: "I will come again." We do not revile those who seek in their daily life to "prepare the way of the Lord." *Au contraire*, we (many of us) are also "seeking" to do the same. We do not wish to oppose the spread of any "true Theosophic teaching." But we *are* puzzled at the position.

We find that we can "seek to prepare the way of the Lord" without the assistance of "The Order of the Star"—formed by these members of "The Theosophical Society."

And we do not understand why we should be told about this "Order" and not frankly advised of the fact (if it be a fact) that a certain Indian boy of no special repute has already been selected by the "prominent Theosophists," as the candidate for the office. And, further, there is much "self-sacrificing" work going on outside this "little band of earnest and devoted students"—work deep-rooted in faith in "things unseen"—which gives a very trenchant reply to the query: "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" He *will*.

Therefore the final query I must crave your courtesy to ask is this: Are "faith" in the Unseen Master, and faith in Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater and "Alcyone" terms that are so synonymous that we cannot "prepare the way of the Lord" unless we accept the infallibility of the two former and the special divinity of the latter? This question is a serious one.

If we accept these people and their invitation to worship at *THEIR* shrine, and to help to bring the world under the sway of this Power (posing as the Christ-Power), shall we be preparing the way for Christ's Kingdom or the Kingdom of the Anti-Christ?

Let us ask all serious people to *investigate these claims*.

Yours faithfully,

"A."

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THERE seems to be no question that, although of recent foundation, the Alchemical Society is doing good work which will ultimately carry its appeal to a more considerable circle than could have been anticipated at the beginning. The last two issues of its *Journal* offer full evidence for the opinion: each contains a paper of considerable moment after its own manner, though the nature of the interest is distinct. The more recent is that of Mme de Steiger on "The Hermetic Mystery," which may perhaps be most readily described as a summary, from a recent standpoint, of the metaphysical views which found expression in a work entitled *The Suggestive Enquiry*, published in 1850, and now well known, by name at least, to those who are concerned with alchemy on the spiritual side. But there is also a most informing paper by Professor John Ferguson, LL.D., who is President of the Alchemical Society, on "Some English Alchemical Books."* We may observe in passing that, while tolerant of the spiritual or mystical interpretation which has been sometimes uncritically applied to the literature at large, and while specifying that one English text of the early seventeenth century describes the true philosopher as in search of spiritual things, Professor Ferguson has failed to find in the works comprised by his paper anything that "suggests a mystical or religious significance without a transfiguration of the apparent meaning of words." Apart from this, the article is a valuable contribution to the bibliography of alchemy, so far as this country is concerned, and is much more complete than anything with which we have met previously. There is only one matter of regret, and this is that it does not include a reference to Hitchcock's *Remarks on Alchemy and the Alchemists*—apparently because it happens to have been published in America.

Dr. J. Arthur Thomson, who is Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen, writes in *The Expository Times* on the "Biological Control of Life," and the keynote is struck at the beginning by a very practical and eloquent question, which is whether Man may not be successful in eliminating the wolf-nature from his own personality, seeing that he has done so in respect of the domesticated dog, which was developed from this stock. Our recollection, at its value, is that Darwin was not altogether satisfied—in his day—with this hypothesis of the dog's ancestor; but the question remains, whatever was the origin of our "dependable guardian of the flocks." Heredity, environ-

* Reprints may be obtained from Mr. H. K. Lewis, of Gower Street, W.C., at 1s. net.

ment and function are treated successively under the symbolism of three Fates, or biological factors, which "count in the shaping of life"; but there is also a passing allusion to a possible fourth element of destiny in "the cosmic factor," meaning "the inexorable trend of things," as, for example, the southward migration of the swallow, which Dr. Thomson does not regard as accounted for fully by functioning, environment and inheritance. Though he uses a fatalistic term for his biological factors, the writer's argument is against the fatalism seemingly implied by heredity. His concluding cautions are those which belong to the subject, namely, counsels on "biological progress," the encouragement of the "idea of pride of race" to check, on the one hand, the perpetuation of the unfit, and, on the other, to work towards "the increased healthfulness of the body politic." The obvious difficulties of the question are evaded skilfully and beyond the suggestions which have been mentioned, and under the light in which they are presented, one seems to discern a path of physical progress extending for the world at large. It is a very good paper, and we offer felicitations to our contemporary *The Expository Times*.

The editor of *The Open Court* must be a person of tireless activity. In the issue which is now before us, he is not only answerable for the illustrated article—which is the case more often than not—but for another long contribution. We feel that "The Mother Goddess" bears somewhat obviously the marks of the making, though it is good within its own measures. It offers the required opportunity to marshal a number of striking pictures, including the Immaculate Conception of Murillo—not a very favourable reproduction, but the difficulties are perhaps obvious—and a female Buddha, as well as a picture of the Chinese Kwan-Yon. The ways of comparison in such matters are curious enough and taking too upon the surface, but they serve more readily as letterpress for a succession of pictures than for the matter of a sustained thesis. To the editor's credit this seems to be how he regards the subject, for he does not seek to draw precarious inferences from a sheaf of analogies. Even when he says that from Isis and the *Magna Dea* to Mary, Queen of Heaven, that which was worshipped in the past was the same practically over the whole world, he is not establishing, we take it, any other identity than that of human predispositions, always and anywhere, in respect of the religious instincts. The issue, for the rest, seems a little over-dedicated to Omar Khayyâm, as there is, firstly, a comparison at great length of Rubâiyât quatrains with Christian hymns held to correspond in their motives, though the analogies are often so thin as to look almost spectral; and, secondly, there is the editor's further study, which is on the transitoriness of life, as seen in the philosophy of Omar.

There are good things in the last issue of *Theosophy in India*, and one of them is some extracts from a Persian work by Muhammad Gazali, who wrote in the days of the Emperor Akbar. They are concerned with self-knowledge as the key to knowledge of God. Therein is the search after real being, and herein is also its attainment. Here are the usual distinctions between the false and the real self, true enough in their way, but seldom carried into the region of intelligible concepts, or the literature of the distinction would be less unsatisfying than it is. According to the Persian philosopher, that Divine Knowledge on which the permanent welfare of the soul hinges is gained through contemplation of the Divine works, as the latter are cognized through the senses, these being instruments of the soul. The soul is intended for the Divine Vision, and this *summum bonum* is attained by illumination. Another article in the same issue is the substance of a lecture on Jainism by a native gentleman of Benares ; and it is claimed that this religion teaches spiritual independence, the self as the shrine of the ideal, while the path of true knowledge lies in the secret of awakening that ideal within us. "Purity and peace are essential for the wise government of the kingdom placed by Heaven in the heart of each one of us."

The bi-monthly French journal which, under the title of *Le Progrès de Paris*, has existed for the past thirty years, pursuing the search after truth and general amelioration, borrows from another periodical—*Demain*—a brief but sober criticism of scepticism and the mental state which it indicates. It is regarded as the antithesis of intellectual superiority, and the great sceptics¹ are said to have been anything but creative men. The conquest of truth postulates a faculty of marshalling ideas for a logical purpose, presupposes also a firm faith in the possibility of attaining knowledge. Faith in mind and its powers is dynamic, but scepticism weakens the springs. There is nothing new in all this, and yet it comes to one almost newly under its slight variation of form. It has been so always and so also will remain : the mountains are moved by faith.

We have received *Le Courrier Spirite Belge*, a monthly publication established at the beginning of last year and appearing as the official organ of the *Fédération Spirite Belge*. It gives account of materializations and other spiritistic phenomena, including particulars of a haunted house in Brussels. The nurture and development of continental interest in Spiritism is a marked feature of the time. We believe that there is scarcely any country of Europe which is without its federation or alliance or wanting in a more or less creditable official organ as the messenger of its particular work and the representative of the subject at large.

Of recent years, we have heard so often concerning Hunyadi Janos in Theosophical circles that it is rather useful to find, in the last issue of *The Theosophist*, a plain and unpretending account of the White Knight of Wallachia, who was a mighty warrior during the first half of the fifteenth century, and is included by Sir William Temple among "the seven chiefs who have deserved without wearing a crown."

The Constructive Thinker is another new foundation and is devoted to "unitive higher thought." An epigraph on the cover defines real sin as the attempt to stand apart from oneself—the more mortal presumably the better its *tour de force* succeeds. "There is no other sin. All else is right." It is in the midst of such reports that the plain man looks to his pockets, and the housewife to her silver spoons. Others will remember those sins that used to be registered as "crying to heaven for vengeance." But the real psychological curiosity is that persons who preach doctrines of this kind may be sometimes scarcely less orderly and clean than those who shape their lives on the Decalogue itself. It remains, however, that if such views are not outward signs of a moral virus working within, they are not less an insult to intelligence, and some obscure virus is at work in the mind. We observe that there is a healing circle attached to the Unity Brotherhood, and the method of working is simple. The patient has only to "unite with the circle and be healed." Any one may receive instructions "thru" circle work for four dollars a month. The "printed talk" of the periodical, in the editor's opinion, may be judged by its results; possibly, but meanwhile "unitive" orthography may be judged by its look on paper. All things considered, we doubt whether many people will give the precious farrago that "fifty cents' worth of opportunity" which is demanded on another page.

The Indian magazines continue to reach us, and contain as usual a considerable measure of illumination. In a short study on two "Methods of Approximation," *The Kalpaka* seeks to harmonize all religions by ascribing to all the teaching that "man is pure spirit in eternal relation to the Universal Spirit." Considerable insight is shown by an aphorism in another article on "Our Splendid Heritage," namely, the fair creation of God. The aphorism is that we must have forsaken this before we can enjoy it. So only do we learn it, so enter it in the right manner . . . *The Vedic Magazine* has an excellent article on Swami Dayanand and the path of devotion called Ehakti. It is really a contribution in outline to the history of one side of thought and religious life in India.

REVIEWS

POPULAR PHRENOLOGY. By J. Millott Severn. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row. Price 1s. net.

THE popular and uninformed idea concerning Phrenology is that it is a method of reading character, and hence destiny, by the bumps on the head. With the more liberal idea conveyed in the present work this abuse of the popular mind will be largely removed. From it we learn that bumps are not the criteria of the practical phrenologist, but rather the relative development of the various lobes and areas of the brain as displayed by the development of the skull. The skull is not a prison confining the brain, but a wall protecting it. Two fundamental ideas lie at the root of scientific phrenology. The first is that mind forms matter, the second is that matter conditions mind. Hence organic fitness lies at the root of all characterization by means of phrenology. Given a well-nourished brain and a fair degree of organic quality, the best expression of the faculties as defined by the brain development may be looked for.

In the present work we have what may be regarded as the most concise and original presentation of the science of phrenology that is possible, for it emanates from the pen of one of the most practised of students, and is sectionized in such manner as to be of the greatest possible assistance to the ordinary reader. In it we are taught how to study Phrenology. This is followed by a statement of the principles of the science, the definition of the various organs of the mind, the relations of the skull and brain, the physical constitution and temperaments.

Here the author breaks in with a brief History of Mental Philosophy and a biographia of the leading exponents of the subject, which perhaps had been better placed as an Introduction or an Appendix.

Then follows a definition of the Mental Faculties and how they manifest. The succeeding chapters on Phrenology and Child Life, the Cultivation of Memory, the relations of Phrenology to Business, and the types of National Heads, are of exceptional interest and quite new in the manner of treatment. Finally we have a study of Phrenological indications in relation to the all-important subject of Marriage, which should prove an effective culmination to what is undoubtedly a very neat piece of work. The author knows his subject from many years of practice, and has a straightforward diction that is well suited to a popular handbook.

There are several points of exceptional interest to psychologists brought out in the course of this exposition. One is that there is no special faculty of Memory. Every organ of the mind has its own memory, but these appear to be related in a general sense to the organ of eventuality. When we consider that the whole of experience that can be regarded as personal is stored up in the recesses of the mind, and that Memory is, as it were, the mortar which holds the various parts of the mind-content together, its importance as a faculty is second to none. The cultivation of the faculty of Memory is rightly insisted upon as of the highest educational importance, and some very useful hints are given for this purpose. It is perhaps a

fact that Memory is in direct proportion to the degree of attention we give to any single fact or set of facts. The comparative faculty as assisting in the association of ideas is of course useful to this end, but finally it will be found that interest means attention and attention means memory. As interest springs from desire or affection, we see that there is a subtle connection between the dominant desire of the mind and the faculty of memory from which the mind is built up. The observation seems of importance. But this is only one of the many problems that are opened up to the reader of this instructive and fascinating handbook.

SCRUTATOR.

THE SILVER KEY. A Guide to Speculators. By "Sepharial."
Cr. 8vo. Cloth. London: W. Foulsham & Co. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS small volume from the able and prolific pen of Sepharial, endeavours to present a solution of the problem of successful speculation. On that account alone it should meet with a wide and hearty welcome!

The section upon Planetary Colours may be especially noted. The author's characterizations from Planetary influences, as expressed in colour, constitute an entirely new and extremely interesting system of natural Physiognomy. In view of Sepharial's deeper writings, we are inclined to think that in this small book we detect him in a playful mood.

P. S. W.

A SHORT HISTORY OF MARRIAGE. Marriage Rites, Customs, and Folklore in many Countries and all Ages. By Ethel L. Urlin.
London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., 8, Paternoster Row, E.C.
Cr. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. net.

MISS URLIN traces the history of marriage customs from their earliest basis, viz., force, or "marriage by capture," to their present-day form, and it is extremely interesting to note how many of our present superstitions are an echo of some very early rite. Miss Urlin has shown great thoroughness and energy, and has thought no State too small for its customs to be recorded.

She tells us the earliest known system of marriage is the matriarchate. Descent is traced in the female line, and as, owing to continual wars, the woman was alternately the property of different warriors, naturally the children are more particularly *her* property. This system still exists among the Australian aborigines and among the Red Indians, and can be traced in the earliest history of the Hebrews and Egyptians.

Miss Urlin next deals with Lord Avebury's theory of the origin of individual marriage. He holds that each tribe had certain women belonging to it, but that the warrior who took a woman in battle kept her for himself. The women of another tribe being thus differently treated from the group women, it became the wish of every man to have a wife from another clan who would be entirely his own. Exogamy thus became the general rule. In more civilized communities, though the details differ widely in different ages and countries, the same points seem always to be considered of importance. Thus the time, the colours and the conforming to local tradition are the determining conditions. For instance, Miss Urlin tells us that the primitive marriage takes place in the evening to guard against evil forces, and the bridesmaids and groomsmen are dressed

to resemble their principals. The idea is that if the bride and bridegroom are indistinguishable from those about them the evil djinns will be foiled. Now in England, as we know, marriage must take place before 3 o'clock, and it is considered unlucky for the bridesmaids not to be dressed in colours, while the bride must be in white. Some of the customs have a very ancient origin, such, for instance, as the Greek one that the bride should throw some coins into the well the day after her marriage, so as to propitiate the water spirits. This seems to carry us right back to the days of Dionysius, as Miss Umlin suggests. The book concludes with a collection of "wise and witty sayings" about marriage, which form a most amusing anthology of the subject and are full of good advice. We congratulate our author on treating a large and difficult subject in an attractive way for the general reader.

CLARE ELIOT.

MRS. BESANT AND THE PRESENT CRISIS IN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

By Eugene Levy. London: H. J. Heywood-Smith, 47, Redcliffe Square, S.W. Cr. 8vo. Pp. 147. Price 1s. net.

THIS little work is frankly controversial in character, concerned as it is with the issues raised by the pronouncements of Mrs. Besant as to the "return of the Christ," and the divorcing of that section of the Theosophical Society which finds in the teachings of Dr. Steiner with regard to the Christ a more satisfying theory. But it is not only on this point that many Theosophists have found themselves at variance. In a chapter headed "Some Occult Methods" a distinction is drawn between the methods of occult development purporting to be advocated by the Besant and Steiner leaders respectively, and the reader is invited to contrast the two. Following the motto inscribed on every copy of the OCCULT REVIEW, "Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri," we would recommend all who feel sufficiently interested in the controversy to read the book and, after carefully weighing the pros and cons of the whole matter, draw their own unbiased conclusions.

H. J. S.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER. By "Snowdrop." London: Lynwood & Co., Limited, 12, Paternoster Row. Price 1s. 6d. net.

A LITTLE book bound in blue, and printed in the same colour, with a symbolical painting of the Snowdrop on the cover, presents a dainty appearance which makes one think of a delicate and charming New Year's gift to a lady friend. The contents, however, are characterized by an enthusiasm and good-heartedness which, whilst indicating a sweet and winning disposition on the part of the author, do not always appeal to "cold reason." But although we cannot agree in every case with the advice given, there will be found scattered throughout the pages many wise counsels and words of encouragement for making the most of life's opportunities. A photograph of the author forms the frontispiece, and from the Preface we quote her own words as indicating the motive which has inspired her message: "These plain facts are given out from an earnest desire to bring 'the truth of the matter' before every one's notice, and because it is the prayer of the spirit-world that the injustice and confusion of this material age should be rectified by means of spiritual attention to what is right and what is wrong, which can only be decided by our intuition and the right way of living."

H. J. S.