

OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

"IT is the traveller with the open mind who makes discoveries." So says the communicant of *Letters from a Living Dead Man*. This statement is as true of one world as it is of the other, and it is the clue to the whole attitude taken up in the book before me. These letters are really "the letters of a traveller in a strange country. They record his impressions, often his mistakes, sometimes perhaps his provincial prejudices; but at least they are not a re-hash of what somebody else has said." It is obvious that the writer took over with him to the other side the keen intelligence of an investigator as well as the impartiality of the judicial mind, which his occupation on earth had been the best means of cultivating. I question if the same can be said of any previous communication from the other world, and it is this very fact that renders *Letters from a Living Dead Man* so original and

LETTERS
FROM A
LIVING
DEAD MAN.

so supremely absorbing. Compared with it, all previous records seem trivial and commonplace.

At the commencement the difficulties both of the communicator and the scribe were considerable, but, in spite of this, the task was commenced under the most favourable auspices. The scribe was unused to automatic writing. She was also totally ignorant at the time of the first communication of the fact that the communicator, with whom she was fairly well acquainted, had passed over to the other side. He signed himself by a name which to her gave no clue as to his identity. The message, therefore, in the first instance, had no meaning to the writer. Subsequent inquiry established the fact that the signature corresponded to a name given by his intimate friends to a well-known American lawyer, who was also a profound student of philosophy, an author, and a man whose ideals and enthusiasms were, in the words of the transcriber, an inspiration to every one who knew him. The writer, moreover, was unable to recollect that she had ever discussed with him in life the question of post-mortem consciousness. Reluctant, therefore, as she was to make herself the medium of these communications, she started on the task with a weight of evidence in favour of their genuineness which was altogether exceptional.

Life has no true meaning to those who think of it in terms of the present material existence only. I think the same may be said with almost equal truth of those who think of it in the light of a preparation for an endless unchanging and unrealized eternity. To quote my author again, "The object of life is life, and eternity is long enough for the full development of the ego of man." It is useless, then, to say, "If I had my life to live over again, I would do so and so." For no man has any particular life to live over, but every man has his next life to prepare for. The experiences of life and even life's failures are not wasted for those who are willing to utilize them. Failure, still more for the totality of existence than for this particular life here, is, if it is rightly regarded, merely the stepping-stone to success; and even for our life here the statement may be taken as a true one.

Eternity as it is popularly understood is a conception that grates on many people's nerves. The thought of the monotony of it is intolerable. It may not take the very materialistic form of the orthodox heaven—of angels with harps sitting on damp clouds, etc.—but at least it conveys that intolerable sense of weariness and boredom which is inseparable in the mind of man

THE OBJECT
OF LIFE IS
LIFE.

from the endless continuance of any specific state or condition, however agreeable or delectable such state might be or appear to be for a limited period. The author of these Letters strikes the true note when he says:—

You should get away from the mental habit of regarding your present life as the only one; get rid of the idea that the life you expect to lead on this side, after your death, is to be an endless existence in one state. You could no more endure such an endless existence in the subtle matter of the inner world than you could endure to live for ever in the gross matter in which you are now encased. You would weary of it. You could not support it.

The true philosophy of life and after-life is that all creation is subject to the law of rhythm, action and reaction, flux and reflux. Even booms and slumps are not peculiar to the Stock Exchange. The mere fact that you use up your vital forces in this life serves to show that, perhaps in most cases after a much longer period, you will use up your spiritual fuel in the life to come. The true eternity that the soul of man sighs for is an eternity

CONCEP-
TIONS OF
HEAVEN.

without monotony. Even the maid-of-all-work would grow tired at last of "doing nothing for ever and ever." The conceptions of eternity in the various religions have been many, but they have all been crude. The Mohammedan has dreamt of an eternal succession of honeymoons with the houris of Paradise. Think only of a single honeymoon on earth lasting for a whole year, and shudder, as you well may, at the thought! The Jews have dreamt of resting for ever in eternal contentment on the breast of Abraham, with a strange lack of consideration for the point of view from which the worthy patriarch would regard the situation. As the doggerel rhymester tells us:—

Mary Ann has gone to rest
To sleep, they say, on Abraham's breast;
It may be nuts for Mary Ann,
But it's deuced rough on Abraham!

The religions of the world, then, fail us because they fail to realize the eternal working of natural law in the rhythm of supernature.

Nature and Super-nature are but allied departments of one universe. Let us not forget that they are both ruled by the same God, and that the laws of nature are the expression, not only of His will, of His good pleasure if you like, but of His essential Self. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and "the heaven of heavens is His footstool." The Psalmist tried to escape from Him: "If I ascend into heaven Thou art there. If

I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning and fly unto the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand find me and Thy right hand shall lead me."

If the laws of nature ruled life only and not after-life, we should be confronted with a dualism which would falsify all the higher conceptions of Divinity. The suicide's delusion is that there is a way of escape, but in reality there is none.

"Do you start," asks our communicant, "at the term 'natural objects' as applied to the things of this world? You did not fancy, did you, that we had escaped nature? No one escapes nature, not even God. Nature *is*."

Another delusion that people hug with, I think, little satisfaction to themselves, in regard to the future life, is that there is no time there. They think of the story of the man who awoke to consciousness unexpectedly in the other world, and not realizing his condition, asked what o'clock it was, and a voice beside him replied, "Eternity!" Eternity is a state, but the very conditions in which this state exists imply a sequence of events or sequence of sensations, and time, under any and every condition,

is merely a convenient method of noting the sequence. **TIME AND ETERNITY.** This is a point on which it is necessary to lay stress, and I have already alluded to it in former issues of the magazine. We can, of course, postulate a condition which we may term Nirvana, or anything else we like, in which past, present and future are merged into one and exist simultaneously. But this is neither here nor there. Such a condition stands as much in antithesis to the life after death as it does to the present existence, and the tendency to confuse the two is like mistaking the relative for the absolute, and can only lead to a condition of hopeless intellectual chaos. "As soon as the soul attempts to examine things separately sequence begins and time is manifest." The whole conception of rhythm implies sequence. The whole conception of evolution, spiritual or material, implies time.

There is another conception in connection with the spiritual world about which a great deal of confusion exists. This is the idea of the Fourth Dimension. We can conceive in this world three dimensions: extension in length; the plane, including superficial area in length and breadth; and solidity, **THE FOURTH DIMENSION.** implying cubical contents. The conception of the Fourth dimension is in reality permeability. It is the existence of two substances different in their magnetism and rates of vibration in the same place, regardless of each other.

The idea implies interpenetration, but, speaking personally, I question whether the expression Fourth Dimension has any mathematical justification. The expression, in fact, tends to the popularization of a misconception. The word "throughth," which, if I recollect aright, Mr. W. T. Stead was fond of employing, was truer to nature and therefore to super-nature, which is merely nature on another plane and acting under the conditions which are normally different even while they correspond to states which exist in our world abnormally. Says the author of the Letters :—

You must understand that the two worlds are composed of matter, not only moving at a different rate of vibration, but charged with a different magnetism. It is said that two solid objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time ; but that law does not apply to two objects—one of them belonging to your world and the other to ours. As water can be hot and wet at the same time, so a square foot of space can contain a square foot of earthly matter and a square foot of etheric matter.

" In what way," it may be asked, " does the so-called spiritual world differ from this material plane ? " Mainly, perhaps, in the fact that whereas the predominant condition here is objective,

PLANES
OBJECTIVE
AND SUB-
JECTIVE.

the predominant condition there is subjective. In *Letters from a Living Dead Man*, the communicant refers to the observation made by T. Jay Hudson in his *Law of Psychic Phenomena*, that the subjective mind is incapable of inductive reasoning, and will accept any premise given by the objective mind, and reason from that premise logically, but that the tendency of the subjective mind is to accept the premise as a basis, and not to go behind it. The author, arguing from this statement, observes that people in his world reason from the premises already given them during their objective earth existence. That is to say, they start from the views they have here imbibed, and their whole outlook on the other world is coloured by them. He adds : " This is why those who last lived in the so-called Western lands where the idea of rhythm or rebirth is unpopular, came out here with the fixed idea that they would not go back into earth life, and hence most of them still reason from that premise."

The point is an important one, and implies that what people believe they are going to be in the other world is largely determinative of what their actual experiences will be. " Those," continues our author, " who do not believe in rebirth cannot for ever escape the rhythm of rebirth. But they hold to their belief until the tide of rhythm sweeps them along with it and forces them into gross

THE
RHYTHM OF
REBIRTH.

matter again, into which they go quite unprepared, carrying with them almost no memory of their life out here." The author is careful to explain that the subjective is no more universal there than the objective is here, but merely that the *tendency* towards the subjective is as strong in the other world as the *tendency* towards the objective is in this. The transference of consciousness from one plane to the other is a matter of change of focus.

It is, I suppose, because of the predominance of the subjective in the other world that the imagination there plays so important a part, and that the possibilities of creation through thought power are so much greater there than they are here. Says our author: "If you create something on earth in solid matter, you create it first in thought substance, but there is this difference between your creation and ours. Until you have moulded solid matter around your thought pattern you do not believe that the thought pattern really exists save in your own fancy. . . . The dullest man out here has something which most of you have lost—the faith in his own thought creations." In other words, on the other plane thought acts directly on the tenuous matter of that plane. Here it acts indirectly, owing to the greater density of physical matter. Hence the vivid imagination of the child, who has not so entirely lost touch with the other plane as the adult, and who has brought over with him a memory of the way in which he utilized his imagination on the other side.

One word of warning the author gives to those who have passed over. It is the caution given to, and forgotten by, Lot's wife: "Don't look back." To those who have recently passed over, the body in which they have lived so long possesses an almost irresistible attraction. "It is the terrible curiosity to go back and look upon that thing which we once believed to be ourselves." Impress upon your mind here and now that your body is not yourself, and the hold it will have on you when the time to be parted from it comes will be correspondingly less. Many spirits, if reports from the other world speak truly, are earthbound, and the centre of attraction may be either their physical body, some scene of tragedy connected with their death, or the sphere of their earthly activities. Thus a rich man may be tied by his affections to his earthly home, or a man of business to the routine of his business life. For "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

Another cause of attraction to earth may be regret or remorse

THE
ATTRACTION
OF THE
BODY.

for something done or left undone in the earth life, which cannot now be rectified.

"Beware," says our author, "of deathbed repentance and its after-harvest of morbid memories. It is better to go into eternity with one's karmic burdens bravely carried upon the back rather than slink through the back door of hell in the stocking feet of a sorry cowardice. If you have sinned, accept the fact with courage, and resolve to sin no more. But he who dwells upon his sins in his last hour will live them over and over again in the state beyond the tomb. . . . If you recognize the fact that you have sinned, set up good actions more powerful than your sins, and reap the reward for these."

One of the most entertaining chapters in this volume is headed "A Victim of the Non-existent," and deals with the after-death experiences of a lady who had in life been the inmate of various American boarding-houses, the discomforts of which seem to have preyed on her memory. Passed over, she still fancied herself the inhabitant of a boarding-house worse than those which she had known on earth. Our author met her on the astral plane, tried to discover the secret of her unhappiness, and to lead her on to better things. He was not a little amazed to realize the illusions under which she was labouring. Nothing but a full extract will give the true flavour of this delicious chapter.

"Suppose," said our author to this victim of illusion, "that you unburden yourself to me. Tell me your troubles. I will promise not to run away."

"Why, I hardly know where to begin," she answered. "I have found so many unpleasant things."

"What, for instance?"

"Why, horrid people. I remember that when I lived in —— I sometimes told myself that in the other world I would not be bothered with boarding-house landladies and their careless hired girls; but they are just as bad here—even worse."

"Do you mean to tell me that you live in a boarding-house here?"

"Where should I live? You know that I am not rich."

Of all the astonishing things I had heard in this land of changes, this was the most astonishing. A boarding-house in the "invisible" world! Surely, I told myself, my observations had been limited. Here was a new discovery.

"Is the table good in your boarding-house?" I asked.

"No, it is worse than at the last one."

"Are the meals scanty?"

"Yes, scanty and bad, especially the coffee."

"Will you tell me," I said, my wonder growing, "if you really eat three meals a day here, as you used to do on earth?"

"How strangely you talk!" she answered, in a sharp tone. "I don't find very much difference between this place and the earth, as you call it,

except that I am more uncomfortable here, because everything is so flighty and uncertain."

"Yes, go on."

THE LADY "I never know in the morning who will be sitting next
AND THE me in the evening. They come and go."

BOARDING- "And what do you eat?"

HOUSE. "The same old things—meat and potatoes, and pies
and puddings."

"And you still eat these things?"

"Why, yes; don't you?"

I hardly knew how to reply. Had I told her what my life here really was, she would no more have understood than she would have understood two years ago, when we lived in the same city on earth, had I told her then what my real mental life was. So I said—

"I have not much appetite."

She looked at me as if she distrusted me in some way, though why I could not say.

"Are you still interested in philosophy?" she asked.

"Yes. Perhaps that is why I don't get hungry very often."

"You were always a strange man."

"I suppose so. But tell me, Mrs. —, do you never feel a desire to leave all this behind?"

"To leave all what behind?"

"Why, boarding-houses and uncongenial people, and meat and potatoes, and pies and puddings, and the shadows of material things in general."

"What do you mean by 'the shadows of material things'?"

"I mean that these viands and pastries, which you eat and do not enjoy, are not real. They have no real existence."

"Why!" she exclaimed, "have you become a Christian Scientist?"

At this I laughed heartily. Was one who denied the reality of astral food in the astral world a Christian Scientist, because the Christian Scientists denied the reality of material food in the material world? The analogy tickled my fancy.

"Let me convert you to Christian Science, then," I said.

"No, sir!" was her sharp response. "You never succeeded in convincing me that there was any truth in your various fads and philosophies. And now you tell me that the food I eat is not real."

Our author next attempted to bring back the actual facts to this poor soul by convincing her that she was dreaming, and recalling to her the fact that she had already died and passed over into a different world where boarding-houses only existed in the imagination. He inquired of her if she was aware that she had left her body. She looked down at her form, which appeared as usual, even to its rusty black dress rather out of date. "'But I still have my body,' she said. 'Then you have not missed the other one?' 'No!' 'And you do not know where it is?' My amazement was growing deeper and deeper. Here was a phenomenon I had not met before. 'I suppose,' she said, 'they must have buried my body if you say I have left it, but this

one is just the same to me.' " Finally he carries her off to some similitude of the orthodox heaven, where she is left joining in the worship with others of a like mind with herself.

I feel that in this rather lengthy notice I have given a quite inadequate impression of what seems to me the most unique book which I have ever had the pleasure of perusing. It is brimful of humour, pathos, and originality. There is not a commonplace page in it, and the variety of its contents is truly astounding. Parts deal with the profoundest problems of philosophy, and other parts read like the most fascinating fairy tales. In a book where the comic jostles with the tragic and the serious with the frivolous, one is amazed at the artistic completeness of the whole picture. Perhaps the secret of this lies in the fact that all the sheaves are

THE DAR-
LING OF THE
UNSEEN.

bound together by a golden thread of human love and sympathy, and an ideal of life as a whole which blends and embraces all the strangest and even the most incongruous experiences. I will not here introduce my readers by more than a brief word to the "Darling of the Unseen," that "Beautiful Being" who conducts our author through scenes mundane and celestial, and acts as his charming if somewhat irresponsible companion—an Ariel evolved to a higher type, if there is such a thing in the Cosmos as a super-Ariel. Any attempt at description would only spoil the original. Let my readers go to the fountain-head, and themselves make the acquaintance of this sexless denizen of the ethereal world. I can only say that if they derive as much pleasure from the volume as I have done, they will be richly rewarded.

Certain correspondents have written to me with regard to my observations made two months ago in connection with the Gospel records of the Nativity. One of the main difficulties in dealing with the criticisms which have been brought to bear in this direction from the orthodox standpoint lies in the fact that there are scarcely two interpretations of the facts adduced to support the orthodox hypothesis which are not in themselves

HISTORICAL
FACT AND
CHRISTIAN
TRADITION.

mutually contradictory. And I would add that there is not one of these various interpretations that is in any sense whatever a satisfactory defence of the Gospel narratives. To start with, the narratives of Luke and Matthew are palpably inconsistent, and to defend the two is more than even the most ingenious perverter of historical facts could possibly succeed in doing. Our knowledge of the facts, as Miss Dallas points out in a letter which

I published in last issue, is, of course, by no means complete, but the historical evidence is certainly not as weak as she seems to imagine. We know, for instance, that Quirinius became Imperial Legate in Syria in A.D. 6, and that it was during this governorship that he carried out the census and valuation of Judea and Samaria. We also know the names of the Imperial Legates in succession for an appreciable period before this date. There is no evidence to suggest that at an earlier date Quirinius held another governorship of Syria. In fact, all we know points in the other direction. But it is undoubtedly true that he held a military appointment in this neighbourhood, when he subdued the Homonadenses, and in consequence received the insignia of triumph.

A very ingenious explanation designed to cover some of the discrepancies of the Gospel narrative is sent in a long letter by Mr. Cecil Worster-Drought, not so much on his own account as on behalf of a clerical Modernist friend. The suggestion here is, that the Herod of the Nativity was not Herod the Great, who died 4 B.C., but Herod Antipas, who succeeded his father as Tetrarch (not King, be it noted) of Galilee and Perea. This, however, does not help us at all if it is intended as a defence of the Evangelists. To quote merely one discrepancy, Matthew states that when Joseph, on his return from Egypt, "heard that Archelaus was reigning over Judea *in the room of his father Herod*, he was afraid to go thither, and being warned of God in a dream, he withdrew into the parts of Galilee and came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth." Now it is quite true that Archelaus succeeded his father Herod as governor of Judea and Samaria, but

THE TWO
HERODS.

he certainly did not succeed his brother Herod Antipas. It is noteworthy here that Matthew implies that the family lived in Judea, presumably in Bethlehem, whereas Luke alludes to Nazareth as their original home. In Matthew's narrative it appears as a sort of city of refuge. The idea in any case that the Roman authorities would have overlooked a wholesale massacre of children, either by Herod the Great or by his son Antipas, is quite unthinkable, and to all who have any knowledge of the conditions of the period, utterly absurd. The suggestion that Bethlehem was another city of the same name in Zebulun, and not Bethlehem close to Jerusalem, is more ingenious than convincing. The choice of Bethlehem as the birthplace of Jesus evidently arose from the attempt to invent an imaginary genealogy of Jesus, or rather of his father Joseph, as a descendant of David.

One writer, whose letter I have not here printed, goes so far as to attempt to defend the supposed going up of Joseph and Mary from their home at Nazareth to Bethlehem for a census because, as the narrative states, they were of the house and lineage of David. I did not think it necessary in my last Notes to enter into a detailed criticism of so incredible a statement. Whatever view we take of it, it is equally absurd. Did this stipulation of the Roman census-takers apply only to the descendants of David

COMMON- or did it apply to the whole community? If the
SENSE AND latter were the case, the chaos resulting may be
THE CENSUS. readily conceived. But even accepting the former hypothesis, that David's innumerable descendants could even have found standing room within the limits of Bethlehem is of course incredible.* How, also, after the lapse of over a thousand years, were they to be identified? There are not half a dozen pedigrees in England to-day which can be traced back authentically for so long a period. But England, with a few intervals, has remained for many hundred years in a condition of comparative peace and stability. Do the people who take such statements seriously realize the fact that for a long period *immediately preceding the reign of Herod the Great himself* the whole of Palestine was in a condition of *utter anarchy*? That between the time of David and the time of Herod the inhabitants had been taken captive and carried away wholesale to distant countries. And that, except possibly among the priestly tribe of the Levites, the discovery of a single pedigree dating back to the time of David would have been absolutely impossible? Even assuming the existence of certain alleged pedigrees, how was a Roman official to establish their authenticity? The writer of the letter referred to instances the Egyptian regulations under Roman government by which the inhabitants at the time of the census were compelled to return to the towns in which they lived. Nothing could be more natural or more reasonable, but to return to the town which a supposed ancestor had inhabited a thousand years before is quite another proposition. And why start with any particular ancestor? Why not start with Jesse in preference to David, who probably had no connection with Bethlehem? I merely raise these points to show the utter ineptitude of the whole idea. The census referred to was not, of course, as

* It will be noticed that Luke says in this connection that every one went to be enrolled "to his own city." This is obviously in contradiction to the other statement that Joseph went to be enrolled to a city of an ancestor of his who had died some 1,000 years previously.

St. Luke states in his usual loose and inaccurate style, a census of "the whole world," but merely a census of Judea and Samaria.

The present occasion may be a not unsuitable one to make one or two more detailed statements as to what we actually know historically, firstly with regard to Quirinius, and secondly with regard to the position of Palestine and its rulers at this period. Publius Suplicius Quirinius (called Cyrenius in the Authorized Version) was a person of some consequence in his day. We are not aware of the exact date of his birth, which probably may have been somewhere about 50 B.C., but we know that he held the Roman Consulship in 12 B.C., that he was appointed tutor and adviser to Caius Cæsar, grandson of Augustus, and that on the death of Lucius, Caius Cæsar's brother, the Lady Lepida, Lucius's betrothed, was given by Augustus to Quirinius as wife. The marriage was not a happy one. A divorce took place and Quirinius charged his wife Lepida with attempting to foist upon him a child which was not his own. Quirinius, as already stated, obtained the Syrian Governorship in A.D. 6, and he died in the year A.D. 21. Governorships such as that of Syria were directly appointed by the Emperor, and it was doubtless owing to his intimate association with the Imperial family that he was granted this position. Quirinius was also on friendly terms with Tiberius, who subsequently became Augustus's acknowledged heir. Tacitus states of him that his memory was not cherished by his colleagues on account of his matrimonial quarrels and his avaricious and overbearing old age.

Herod the Great was even more unfortunate in his domestic affairs than Quirinius, and the breaking up of his kingdom at his death was doubtless partly due to the domestic conflicts between his wives and their various families. But all the evidence points to the fact that he was a successful and resourceful ruler, and probably by no means more unscrupulous than other rulers of his day. Palestine, at least, owed him a debt of gratitude, as he restored settled government to that country for a considerable period of years, and rebuilt the Temple at Jerusalem in a manner that aroused the pride and excited the admiration of his subjects. His constant policy of keeping in with his Roman suzerain doubtless did not add to his popularity, but he had the wisdom to see that the stability of his government was dependent on his friendship with Rome. At his death in 4 B.C. he was succeeded by his sons Arche-

HEROD
AND HIS
SUCCESSORS.

laus, Antipas and Philip. Archelaus became ruler of Judea and Samaria ; Antipas, as already stated, of Galilee and Perea, and Philip of the country north of Galilee. Archelaus was deposed ten years later (A.D. 6), and, in consequence of this, Judea and Samaria were brought under the direct rule of Rome as part of the province of Syria, under Roman Procurators. Pontius Pilate occupied this position of Roman Procurator from A.D. 26 to A.D. 36.

Most of my English readers will be familiar with the name of the Open Court Company, of Chicago, and will learn with satisfaction that they have opened a branch in London at 149 The Strand. The Open Court Company, with which Dr. Paul Carus has been associated since 1887, has always specialized in Comparative Religion and Science, Philosophy, and Psychology in their bearing on the fundamental bases of religious truth. Thus, the very interesting works of M. Alfred Binet and Professor Ribot find a place in their catalogue dealing with the Psychology of Reason, the Diseases of Personality and of the Will, the

Evolution of Ideas, and the Power of the Creative Imagination. On the other hand, they have brought out many interesting publications on the religions of India and the East, and especially on Buddhism.

In these the relation between Christianity and Buddhism, their parallelism and contrasts, have been dealt with very exhaustively. The origins of Christianity are treated of in such books as the *Pleroma* and the *Age of Christ*, by Dr. Paul Carus, and *The Life and Ministry of Jesus*, translated from Rudolf Otto's able German work by Dr. H. J. Whitby. The great philosophers, especially those who have treated philosophy from a religious standpoint, come in for special notice in this list, notably, Bishop Berkeley, Kant, Leibnitz, Spinoza, and the worthy Chinese philosopher Láo-tsze. In some of the volumes of this series the attitude is more rationalistic than will find favour with the majority of readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, but the general tendency of the publications of this firm is notable for its extreme open-mindedness and breadth of view, and in their Library of Scientific and Philosophical Works are many which will be invaluable to the occult student in his search for knowledge and his investigation of religious beliefs.

OCCULTIST AND MYSTIC

A STUDY IN DIFFERENTIATION

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

DEFINITIONS, like delays, are dangerous. Let us not, therefore, endeavour to define either Occultist or Mystic, but rather record the result of thought and meditation upon these two ways of approach to That in Whom all ways meet. Illustration is always better than Definition, because it gives play to imagination. Two specimens of the respective types will be useful for our purpose, for they will serve to express somewhat of the similarity and the difference between these two paths, a difference all the more real and vital because of its subtlety.

Browning's "Paracelsus," then, a typical Occultist.

Johannes Agricola, a representative Mystic.

Says Paracelsus—

Truth is within ourselves ; it takes no rise
From outward things, what e'er you may believe.
There is an inmost centre in us all
Where truth abides in fulness ; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception, which is truth,
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Binds it and makes all error : and to KNOW
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape,
Than in effecting entrance for a light
Supposed to be without. Watch narrowly
The demonstration of a truth, its birth,
And you trace back the effluence to its spring
And source within us : *where broods radiance vast,*
To be elicited ray by ray.

There speaks the Occultist, disciple of demonstration.

Now hear the voice of inward conviction and intuition ; the Mystic, "Johannes Agricola in Meditation"—

There's heaven above, and night by night
I look right through its gorgeous roof ;
No suns and moons, though e'er so bright,
Avail to stop me ; splendour-proof
I keep the brood of stars aloof ;

For I intend to get to God,
 For 'tis to God I speed so fast,
 For in God's breast, my own abode,
 Those shoals of dazzling glory passed,
 I lay my spirit down at last.

A brief study of the "inwardness" of these illustrations will suffice to sense the outer difference and the basic union between the two types more satisfactorily than any definition, however clearly-worded or accurately formulated.

In all ages, men have approached the threshold of the greater life by these two modes. Within them, extend still further parallels and differences, the three Paths, or Clues, by right use of which the traveller may "unravel the knot of his own fate," and behold the star of his destiny: by Knowledge, by Devotion, by Activity. These modes or rhythms are followed alike by Occultist and Mystic, though, speaking broadly and generally, the Occultist attains the goal by Wisdom, the Mystic by Love. Occultist and Mystic unite in the power to discern the "within" from the "without": Nature and Man are regarded by them as parts of a whole, Symbols in the great Cosmic drama forever enacted—the Theatre Eternity, the Stage Space, the Curtain Time. Symbolism, in contradistinction to Materialism, that is the hallmark of minds occult and mystic alike—the deep, in-looking, contemplative faculty.

"Life is a Comedy to those who think, a Tragedy to those who feel." This saying has the essential falsity, the accidental truth, of most popular axioms. Life is higher than Tragedy, deeper than Comedy. Life, twofold in expression, universal in essence, manifests in dual relationship to Man and the Cosmos, i.e. (1) *Consciousness turned outward*—physical life, beginning in the mineral, Man the apex of the pyramid; (2) *Consciousness turned inward*, i.e. spiritual life, individualized, which, so far as our own system is concerned, begins with *Man*, and ends with *God-consciousness in Man*. Now, it is with the unfolding of Spiritual Consciousness that the work of Occultist and Mystic is concerned, and it is here that they part company with many of the greatest minds, who are still absorbed in the form-side of life; limited by the cramping bonds of materialism, swathed in the bandages of formulæ, so that they can neither move toward nor even so much as behold the Light. "Do not let us get away from Nature," is their cry. "No nebular *hypotheses* for us. Here let us remain, on the firm dry land of facts proven and established, rooted to the soil of the actual, warmed by the Sun of Reality." Yes. But

what is "Reality" ? What is "Natural" ? Those are never-ending queries. Is the Natural bounded by the tangible ? Limited by the horizon-sweep of the lower mind ? Or, is the study of the divine mind in nature a truer and saner way of regarding things ? Life, a progressive science, an art of progressive revelations ?

If we turn to Nature with an eye of contemplation, we behold a teacher of occult truth and mystic lore. Why is Beauty the Law of Manifestation, part of the Eternal Plan ? Why springs the blossom from the rock-fission, image of joy issuing from pain ? Why does the night-wind find an echo in the poet's song, and the proud passion of the lover exult in elemental combat, soaring on the wide-winnowing wings of storm ? " Fire and heat, snow and tempest, wind and storm fulfilling His word " : Nature the Temple, Garment, Body, a veil and a symbol of that which remains beyond, behind, yet within, all forms and images.

The Occultist seeks to learn, from every quality and faculty of Nature and Man, of that which is beyond both. He is the great experimenter, alchemist at once analytic and synthetic. Splendid are the results obtained in the laboratory of earth-experience—glorious both the down-fallings and up-risings. The career of Paracelsus is typical. He learnt, unlearnt, re-learnt, and went on fearlessly to the end (we may be sure), wringing " success from failure, good from ill." His was the indomitability of all original thinkers and pioneer-spirits, by no failures daunted, by no problems appalled. His the attempt to solve the riddle of the Universe (of which the Sphinx is the greatest image), and it is in this attempt, this attitude towards life, that Occultism finds its own reward.

There are certain distinguishing qualities, elements which help us in the study of these twin forces.

If we look beneath the surface, we find the *trilogy* in Occultism—*Endurance, Courage, Obedience*. This is but the old-time formula " To Know, to Do, to Dare, to be Silent." For *Mysticism*, the requisite qualities appear to be *Self-sacrifice, Patience, Sympathy*. Each of these six, it will be observed, consist of an active and passive quality, respectively, with a " Harmonizer." The scientific reason for this is evident, when it is remembered that the three qualities of Matter—*Stability, Motion and Rhythm* (Tamas, Rajas, Sattva, the well-known Sanscrit terms)—inhere in everything, all differences being caused by the predominance of one or other, and the mutual interchange and interplay caused by the various rhythmic conditions and vibratory responses evoked from the three qualities.

Here, therefore, is the Trinity of the Occultist—*Tamas*, for Stability, without which there can be no permanence nor sure centre ; *Rajas*, Motion or Activity, without which there can be neither initial action, nor progress of events ; *Sattva*, Rhythm, Harmony, “ without which there can be neither Music, Order nor Measure in life and things create.”

The correspondences between these cosmic qualities and those necessary to occult and mystic evolutionary progress will be doubtless apparent at once to the reader ; nevertheless, they may be enumerated :—

I. OCCULT TRINITY.

a	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Endurance} \\ \textit{Tamas} \\ \textit{Stability} \end{array} \right\}$	b	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Courage} \\ \textit{Rajas} \\ \textit{Motion} \end{array} \right\}$	c.	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Obedience} \\ \textit{Sattva} \\ \textit{Rhythm} \end{array} \right\}$
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2. MYSTIC TRINITY.

a.	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Patience} \\ \textit{Tamas} \\ \textit{Stability} \end{array} \right\}$	b.	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Self-Sacrifice} \\ \textit{Rajas} \\ \textit{Motion} \end{array} \right\}$	c.	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Sympathy} \\ \textit{Sattva} \\ \textit{Rhythm} \end{array} \right\}$
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The mystic temperament, *per se*, is less concerned with outward events than is the occult ; more given to “ commune with its own heart, in its chamber, and be still ”: to remain “ silent, upon a peak in Darien,” while the foaming torrent of life flows by, unregarded.

This natural self-isolation (the protective instinct of a frail organism) is one of the favourite indictments made against the “ Mary ” of the other world by the “ Martha ” of this. On the other hand, it is almost a truism, nowadays, to declare that practical mysticism is the strongest force in the world, in any age. For the “ inward centre ” of the Mystic’s sun of love radiates outward in sweet works of charity immortal, that spiritual gift without which none others have enduring life.

It is an interesting pastime to divide some of earth’s greatest into these respective groups. There is no resisting the temptation to class Shakespeare and Spenser as Occultist and Mystic, likewise Bach and Beethoven (though here we tread debatable ground !), even Leonardo and Botticelli ! As types of paradoxical geniuses, i.e., those who chose the Occult Path of Love, and the Mystic Way of the Illumination of Consciousness, Giordano Bruno and Wordsworth may be cited as examples rather remarkably apposite. For to the latter, Love was almost impersonal. His attitude towards emotional heat, either in himself or others, is one of almost deprecating timidity. The “ inward centre ” of

his being was in communion with the higher mind, human and cosmic (particularly the latter), the symbol of *Light*—

That Master Light of all our Seeing.

The mystic's joy of Self-communion was his—

I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
 A motion and a spirit that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.

Not that Wordsworth was devoid of love. Was he not Muse-led? But in a charming little poem, one of the rare instances of self-revelation given by the poet, he relates frankly what many of his compeers ignore or disguise, the fact that imagination and idealization play important parts in the dramas of poets' love.

Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved,
 To scorn the declaration
 That sometimes I in thee have loved,
 My fancy's own creation.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit
 To feed my heart's devotion
 By laws, to which all forms submit
 In sky, earth, air and ocean.

These lines are an accurate as well as poetic expression of the part personal loves play in the Mystic's life-drama. There is more than a hint in the same direction in Hardy's *Pursuit of the Well-Beloved*, one of the most imaginative modern novels.

It is needless to say that we must beware of drawing hard and fast lines, or allowing ourselves to become frozen by "crystalline conclusions" in any treatment of such a difficult and obscure problem as the difference and harmony between these temperaments: there is a wide tract of no-man's land, many meeting-places and merging lines. Browning is an instance of this, for an excellent case could be made out for him, both as a typical Occultist and representative Mystic. Prolonged thought and study may lead in the direction of classing him with the Mystics, because he had that "awful directness of vision," that power to

pierce straight into the heart of things, coupled with an unwear-
ing insistence on the Eternal Unity—which are all parts of the
temperamental make-up of the Mystic. For the ideal Mystic is
an Affirmer before all things. How can he be aught other, who
“Sees God in a Point,” as the mediæval Julian puts it?

For 'tis to God I speed so fast.
For in God's breast, my own abode,
I lay my spirit down at last.

It is true that Paracelsus, though a typical Occultist, sees the
overwhelming significance of Love. But this vision comes only
at the close of life, its sunset-glory. The pursuit of knowledge
has led him to where he beholds Love's foot-marks on the crimson-
stained earth of Experience. He dies in the poignancy of hope,
deferred though not defeated:—

If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendour, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.

Here, then, we have another type of intellectual Mystic, in
Browning, as in Giordano Bruno, that of an Occultist on the path
of Love; the love of Urania the Muse, not Aphrodite the Mistress.
Bruno's mind was eager and restless; it stands out thus, amid a
period of unquiet, questioning spirits. He was aglow with ele-
mental fire. The Truth burned in him, and for Her he gave first
mind, then body, to be burned in Her service. His conviction
(both intuitive and intellectual) of the Unity of all substances
and bodies in One Spirit—his message to the world—was to him a
flame of such terrific import, that to feed its life he must both
live and die. Bruno beheld all that is, the universe, as a scroll
bearing imprint of God's finger, each character a living symbol,
and the whole creation a copy of an ideal, an expression of the
beauty, truth, and order, of the Divine Artist. He speaks of
“having been sped by the *Beautiful* and by *Truth* towards the
goal where the shouts of the throng and the storms of the age can
never more trouble him.”

The profound idealism of Bruno finds an echo in the noblest
minds of our present age. His doctrine of the creative and vital
reality of the Idea is repeated with interesting paraphrase and
ingenious variation in such diverse minds as those of Carlyle and
of Bergson, both intuitive philosophers.

Bruno proclaimed the eternal mantra of Truth, i.e., that what we call the Ideal is The Real, and what we call Real is but a faint image-shadow, cast by Truth. What is Real is everlasting and unchangeable, such as truth, order, love, beauty. Truth and Unity were twin-lights in the mental firmament of the Neapolitan genius. For the enunciation of these doctrines he was imprisoned and underwent two-fold trials, finally being burnt as "a seditious person and a dangerous heretic." Said he, "I die a martyr and I die willingly." The Gospel of this dangerous heretic may be summed up in one sentence—"The Monad, which cannot be perceived by mortal sense, this alone is real, abiding and true. Led by Love, the Great Revealer, the human spirit is united with its Giver, Father and God."

For this eternal truth, Occultist and Mystic alike live and die. The procession wends on while Time chants his Rhythm of Past, Present and Future.

Plato, Bruno, Leonardo, Blake, Browning—minds differing as widely as men's minds can—part, to meet here—"Because God Is, we are."

The dewdrop slips into the shining sea,
but not till it has proclaimed its message, sung its spherul harmony. The dewdrop is a star to each blade of grass.

SOME MORE FRENCH GHOST STORIES

By PHIL CAMPBELL

A FRIEND of mine, Mrs. M——, a very charming, highly educated Scots lady, told me this experience.

“When we first came to Paris,” she began, “we took a little house at St. Cloud. It was quite a modern house, built I should think about 1885. I can tell you nothing of its history, you know what French people are, they will be frightfully affable and tell you everything but what you want to know.

“All we could discover was that the house had been converted from a private dwelling to a Pension for old ladies. Some twelve or fourteen of them had been living in the house, and it was apparently successful enough, but the owner had suddenly shut it up, and the doors had been locked till they were opened for us to inspect it. Altogether it was about as commonplace and everyday a dwelling as you would wish to see, four fairly large rooms below, with a little stone-flagged hall running between them. A short flight of stairs and on the landing a long narrow room we made into the drawing-room; above this landing the four bedrooms—all hopelessly banal and mediocre after the French fashion.

“At first I sat in the drawing-room to work, to write and to sew, and saw my cook there in the mornings. After the first few days she asked me to give her orders in the hall, where she would come to meet me, saying in excuse that the drawing-room made her cold.

“For the first week I did not notice this coldness, because the weather was hot and coolness was grateful; but after that it became dull, and as I was sitting there sewing one Sunday morning, an icy wind blew suddenly across my face and sent my hair all out of its ribbon. There was a curious rushing noise along with the cold wind, and a feeling of dampness. I was so surprised that I could not call out, or run—I simply sat on, and almost instantly I was overwhelmed by a sensation of the bitterest misery. A feeling of wrong and oppression caught me and crushed me to the depths. I passed about ten minutes of the most unimaginable suffering. It was awful! Then suddenly I sprang to my feet and fled—I never sat in the drawing-room

again. But whatever was there did not confine itself to its walls. It came out and walked about the house, preceded by that chill blast. One day, talking to the cook in the little stone hall, her muslin apron suddenly blew out in front of her, as if a whole gale were blowing through the house. 'Oh, Madame!' she cried, 'you have left open the drawing-room window.'

"Go, then, and shut it, Marie,' I said.

"She came back running. 'Madame! Madame! The windows are all shut; but the door is open.'

"After that, no one of the maids would go near the drawing-room, and we ceased to use it.

"The house was always full of vague noises, sometimes a whispering sound would follow my husband at night, when he went his rounds at bedtime; sometimes a voice would call my name softly and insistently for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. There were always rustlings on the stairs and at the drawing-room door.

"One night I was standing beside my little girl's cot, hearing her prayers, when she paused, and nodded smilingly several times, turning her head as she did so, as if following somebody's movements. Her little cat, sitting on the bed beside her, did the same, its eyes flaming. I looked round, thinking my husband had entered the room. There was no one.

"'Jan,' I asked, 'who were you smiling at, then?'

"'Oh, just the Little Old Lady,' she answered; 'she always comes at trespases (trespasses); she nods and smiles, an' I nod an' smile—that's *poli*—isn't it, mummie?'

"I agreed that it was, and went to find her father. After some consultation, we moved the cot to our room and put it next the bed. For three nights the child said her prayers without interruption, but the fourth she stopped and smiled and nodded over her finger-tips—the Little Old Lady had found her.

"'What is she like, Jan?' I asked. Jan looked critically into space, and replied—

"'She's little, with rosy-posy dress, an' long curly hair, all white, an' an awfuu hole in her breast—*oh, awfuu!*' and she shook her head commiseratingly.

"I was horrified, but the child did not appear to be frightened. I lay down on the bed till she was asleep, and woke up very cold, to see what looked like a small woman in a long curled eighteenth century head-dress, just fading away from the rail of the child's cot.

"I was so terrified by this, that I sent Jan to her grandmother,

and did not have her again till we were in our present residence. We left that house three months before our lease terminated."

The Princess de H—— gave me the following story of an experience of hers:—

"I was staying in an old château beyond Chantilly about a year before my marriage. I was not yet engaged at the time, and the Prince was one of the house party. I was enjoying myself hugely; I was very gay and young and happy.

"My hostess was a perfectly charming woman of about fifty, beautiful and gracious, an American—yes. She had no children, and I used to wonder if she wanted them, her life seemed so satisfied and complete with her husband, and her poor, and her great properties. In this house at Chantilly was the most wonderful staircase; you sometimes see stairs like it in England. It was about wide enough for five people to go up abreast, and wonderfully carved. Each banister was a little figure, and the balustrade was a fringed canopy over their heads. The space between each was considerable, and at each turn of the stair was a landing, with a great carved corner-post, surmounted by a figure. There were five short flights of stairs, with five little landings: the fifth flight ended on the musician's gallery, where a great window full of coats of arms blazed down in all colours on the black and white paved hall. I used to sit on the stairs in the dusk, and imagine all the people who had trooped up and down that stair when the 'Quatorzes' were guests there.

"I was very happy and dreamy and a trifle exalted, then, which may account for what happened.

"One night I took it into my head to leave my room and sit on the stairs in my dressing-gown—and as I went down I suddenly caught sight of my hostess in the hall below me. She stood looking up at the corner of the staircase projecting over her head, and on the stairs, as if it were peering through the rails, I saw a child of, it might have been, three, dressed in a little white tunic, with a jewelled belt round him and a queer little pixie-looking cap on his golden curls. There was a full moon shining through the great window and I saw as well as was possible. The child was looking down on my hostess, and as I saw him, there was the sound of a little laugh—the loveliest thing you ever heard. The next instant the hall was empty and there wasn't a sign of anything on the staircase.

"I scudded to my room, but I couldn't rest. I wanted to see that queer lovely boy again and to hear him laugh. I tell you I was positively hungry for it.

" I put on my slippers and went down into the hall and sat down in a big carved chair. The moon was shining very brightly and the side of the hall under the stairs opposite to me was bathed in a lovely dim light, so were the first three flights of the staircase. I could see as plainly as in the daylight the faces and dresses of the portraits hung on the panelled walls, and the little carved faces of the banisters.

" Remember I was very, very happy, I sat down in the big chair and fell into a kind of estatic dream—I verily believe that was the happiest, the sweetly happiest, half-hour of my life. I awakened from it to the consciousness that some one—some one very gay and young and sweet—was looking at me, and liking me ; and I suddenly saw peering through the banisters in front of me at the first landing the face of a child—I can't describe it. There is beauty beyond all words—and it was the sort of beauty that face possessed. But the funny thing about it was, that I knew it was nothing mortal, or that I could touch—yet I was consumed with longing to take that sweet lovely baby thing in my arms and kiss it and kiss it. It was a little fair thing, the sort of white and rose and golden child that makes a woman's heart ache with love. Beautiful ! my God, yes !

" It looked down on me and laughed, as if inviting me to some childishly subtle game on the stairs. It ran up to the next landing and looked down on me again, to the next and the next, laughing sweetly at each turn as it peered through, the moonlight turning the mop of golden curls on its head into rings of pure gold. I knew it was a spirit—yet I played with it just as if it were a little mortal child. It seemed to me for the moment as if all the love in me had crystallized into that lovely shape, and I was playing with my own joy and youth. Suddenly the little head was thrust through the rails over my head, and a little call rang out, ' Mama ! ' I ran out into the centre of the hall and called aloud in return. There was a faint little laugh, but the child was gone. I turned on the moment and found my hostess at my elbow, the tears were streaming down her face. ' Oh, Margot ! ' she cried softly, ' you will be like me. I saw him, that little one, before my marriage. Alas—my poor Margot ! '

" Then she shut up like a trap, and dried her tears—I had seen the family ghost, she explained ; then she took me up the stairs, and showed me the portrait of a little boy, hung over the gallery. It had a little brass plate on the frame below the name. He was Hugh Geffroy de M——. At the time of the Revolution both his parents were taken to the ' Little Window ' and he was mur-

dered, while the château was being looted by the peasants, and thrown over the staircase into the hall below. He was three years and five weeks old when his neck was broken by the fall on the marble. In his family at the time he was known as 'Dieudonné,' he was so full of joy and love. The legend in the family is, that when he appears to a woman, before or after marriage, her firstborn will die like himself—and there will be no other son.

"In the case of my hostess this was absolutely fulfilled. Her firstborn died, and the second, a girl, pined away inexplicably. There were no others. In my case—I cannot speak of that—but it came true also, yet I have gone many times to the château, and he has never again appeared to me; but to the Duchess he used to come almost nightly, till her death—and at her death-bed he came, and everybody in the room saw him race to her arms as she held them out to him with her last breath. That is all."

I may explain that the Princess had one son, a beautiful boy. He was killed in a motor accident at the age of three—she has never had another child.

A well-known American financier told me the following. He is regarded as a man of iron will and resolution, physically a giant, without nerves or imagination. This is his story:—

"I came over to France seven years ago for the first time—I wasn't in a happy frame of mind. No, guess not—my daughter, my only child, had cabled me she was marrying a man who proposed to keep her on what you call five hundred a year. He was a Britisher—as the saying goes. Yes, of course, there was the title; but if he had been engaged in the scavenger business she would have taken him just the same; and if she had been a nurse girl, wheeling a pram, he would have married her. However, I was in France to break it off. He might marry her, I thought, but not my money—I wanted more for it than he could give. That's the way we are made, you know—if we give a lot, we want a lot for it. Anyhow, I landed at Cherbourg and went to bed for a couple of hours' sleep—I was dead beat, we had taken five hours to get in from the *Oceanic*, and I had been wet to the skin with spray—I overslept myself, and as I couldn't get a cab to the station I walked, and missed the train.

"Well, I wasn't going to stay in that old place longer than I could help, so I took some sort of a local that landed me at a junction where I could catch a Paris mail. I can't tell you the name—something slithery it was—you couldn't remember a name like that. Well, the local put me there with four hours to get rid of—and nothing to do. I had a villainous lunch, and

set out to walk the town. It was the queerest old place you ever saw, hardly a house in it hadn't been put up somewhere between 1012 and 1077—those were the predominant dates. The Church might have been the first one in France, and the porch was a wonder.

“ I was standing in the porch when I saw a funeral coming out of the house directly opposite. It was a huge stone affair, with a door made of carved oak, that might have served a citadel. The door was surmounted by a great coat of arms, and a crest with motto. The date was 1090. There was some music going on behind me, and the side look I gave at the funeral made me sorry for the corpse. ‘ Poor devil ! ’ thought I, ‘ if he had any friends alive, he didn't have any dead ’—there wasn't a soul behind the coffin. Well, we all have our fancies—I took off my hat and followed on as chief mourner, and all the mourners. Thought I, ‘ Well, I hope somebody will do as much for me. ’

“ It was a pretty brief service—guess the defunct hadn't left much to the Church. The procession trotted to the graveyard, and I went into the street again. The door of the house opposite was open, and a man in a faded livery with a linen apron on beckoned to me. I went across. ‘ Sir, ’ said he, ‘ the lady will receive you, ’ and he asked me to walk right in.

“ I went in. It was a big wide hall of stone, with stone walls and polished furniture ; right across it facing me was a big sunny room, filled with all kinds of rare and lovely old things—and in the window with her back to the light sat a woman, of about thirty-five, in a straight white dress—a very beautiful woman, tall and slender, with very lovely eyes. But as she rose and turned to me, I saw she was blind.

“ ‘ Sit down, ’ she said, putting her hand palm outwards to me. I sat. I had to.

“ ‘ Sir, ’ she began—she had the queerest far-away little voice you ever heard. ‘ Sir, you are unhappy, and that is because you are making once more a mistake. The first mistake you made good ; but if you make this one, there will be no one to follow your coffin, and to wish you well. You must forgive your daughter—and keep her love. ’ Well, I was flabbergasted, *some*, I tell you.

“ ‘ Well, ’ I said, ‘ if her mother lived, she would think as I do. ’

“ She bent her head to me, the way a bird listens. She had a long white neck.

“ ‘ Have you the courage to see her mother ? ’ she asked. I said I surely had.

“ ‘Then do not stir. Whatever happens, do not move,’ and she pointed a finger at the open French window. As I looked there came a sort of bright mist into the window—like an opal, you would say—it was whirling slowly round. I looked for a minute perhaps, when all at once I remembered my train, and whipped out my watch. It was ten minutes to eleven, the third day of June, 19—. I looked up off the dial, and there in the door stood my dead wife, looking as she did when I first saw her. She was leaning over towards me, smiling and holding out a spray of lily-of-the-valley in her fingers. ‘Bobbin,’ she said—that’s the name she always called me, nobody knew it but ourselves—‘Bobbin, I married you for love, and you married me for love.’ She held the flower a little nearer and smiled again. ‘Bobbin,’ she said very seriously, ‘let Anne be happy—*thirteen don’t count over here.*’

“ I made one bound at her, and snatched the flower out of her fingers. I had the feeling of having run my head against something cold and clammy, and the next instant I was out in the street, studying the date on the big door. A man came along and stopped. ‘That’s an old house, sir,’ he said. ‘A witch once lived there—she was burnt in the market place, the last of her family was buried to-day, and there was not one who went to her funeral. A great house once!’ and he went on. Now what happened to me? Can you tell? But I knew what my wife meant—for it was her right enough. She was a rich woman when I married her, and I had very little, and when she lay in my arms dying, she had taken a spray of lily-of-the-valley out of the bunch I had brought her, and I saw it had thirteen bells. I was very superstitious about thirteen, and when I saw it, I pinched off a bloom and dropped it on the counterpane. I thought she didn’t see—she died ten minutes afterwards. Well, I’m no believer in ghosts nor in witchcraft, but can you explain that—eh? Was it the dead woman I followed to the grave? It surely was my wife.”

There is no explaining these things. Something in ourselves lifts us to the right conditions and they happen. Personally I should never have imagined this man capable of any kind of psychical experience. Perhaps his incapacity for expression prevented any grasp of his mentality, but it stands in my memory as the most extraordinary of all the experiences I have heard.

And I think in all these experiences, the key is desire—desire of some sort. Suffering, longing—perhaps only happy longings like the Princesses—but when the door is open, whatever it may

be that opens it, the greater experience surges over the threshold and draws us out or in.

I know a woman who often greets unseen friends at the houses she visits, and who explains tappings and knockings, and all other ghostly sounds, as only the earnest wish to make themselves known, of those who are over the Barrier. They only want to let us know they are here, and that they are not dead—only waiting to prove the doctrine of Hermes. "All that is above is below."

Conditions over the Barrier may not be very different to what they are here, only let us hope there is no hunger or cold or suffering. Though of that we cannot be sure—so many spirits speak of suffering, *mental suffering*, that is. I myself know of an old man, an Irish peasant, who came back for six weeks after his death, to tell his old wife he had hidden two pounds behind his bed in the wall. "I feel you suffering, Mary," was what he said to her; "look in the hole in the wall behind the bed."

And I know of another spirit who returned till he had convinced the one he most dearly loved on earth, that there was a world beyond that she lived in, and some preparation for it was necessary.

But these are not French ghosts—the French ghost is rarely of a theological turn!

THEATRICAL HOROSCOPES

BY REGULUS

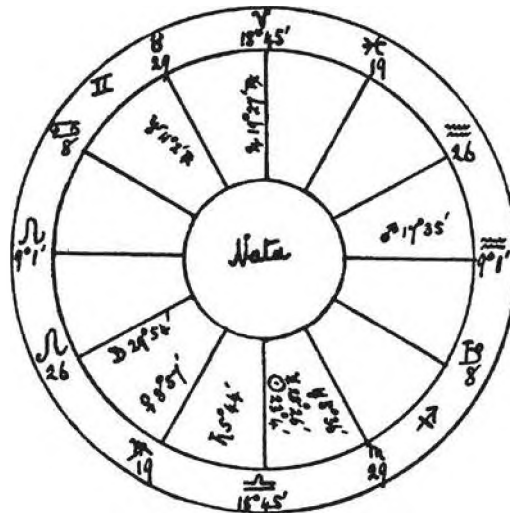
THE writer, in presenting here the results of a careful study of some 18 theatrical horoscopes, would point out that the "natives" in question earn their living by the art of acting and are, with one exception, members of what is known as the "legitimate" profession—that is to say, they are not, unless incidentally, engaged in musical work (such as opera, musical comedy or pantomime) or in "variety turns" such as are associated with the music-halls.

Great care should be taken not to draw hasty inferences from the astrological coincidences set out. To attribute, for instance, histrionic talent to the possessors of similar configurations would possibly be either inaccurate or misleading. It is probable, in fact, that most salaried actors and actresses (whether successful or otherwise)—provided they are not also "in management"—derive a smaller living wage out of their profession than do their respective non-professional kith and kin from theirs, perhaps because their output of work is so small; so that, if remuneration is to be taken as an index, *lack* of talent might be a reasonable inference! Moreover, for a variety of reasons, actors and actresses not infrequently attain to, and continue to hold, eminent positions which, in the opinion of reputed and impartial judges, are out of all proportion to their artistic deserts. Again, too, intrinsic qualifications for success are difficult to define—though they might be held to include facial, vocal and corporeal beauty and flexibility; grace, intellect, feeling and personality. Yet he would be a bold man who would assert that even an average share of any one of these ten attributes was essential to the attainment of great success, unless, perhaps, the term "personality" were to be given an even vaguer meaning than it already has. The "coldest" performers are frequently the most convincing to the audience. A prominent actor, with whom the writer was in close touch for a period, assured him in good faith that he had never "felt" a part in his life. A distinguished writer and critic was known to remark, with a degree of truth apparently, that "any one can act." In any case, though, for instance, faculties such as a sense of colour and a command of language might be cited as essential elements in the composition of successful painters and writers respectively, astrology is still so nebulous that no configurations indicative of *any* psychological element have yet been discovered, as a step to a correctly synthetic system of attributing any specific set of qualifications. The following details should, therefore, for the present, assist in making circumstantial rather

than psychological (or psycho-physical) predictions from similar horoscopes.

The writer will merely add that, nowadays, the vast majority of actors and actresses do a very large amount of travelling in their own country—probably more than any one else (commercial travellers and railway officials excepted); that their annual periods of employment are irregular as to commencement, termination and duration; that their rate of weekly remuneration is liable to fluctuate; that great success, if achieved, occurs, in the first instance, before the age of thirty in the enormous majority of cases; that the itinerant conditions of employment necessarily involve intermittence of conjugal relationship; and that there is opportunity for forming closer and more

FIG. 1.



DECLINATIONS.

☉	8° 59' S	♀	8° 36' N	♄	0° 19' S
☽	16° 5' N	♁	18° 31' S	♃	12° 58' S
♁	10° 41' S	♃	6° 8' N	♅	20° 32' N

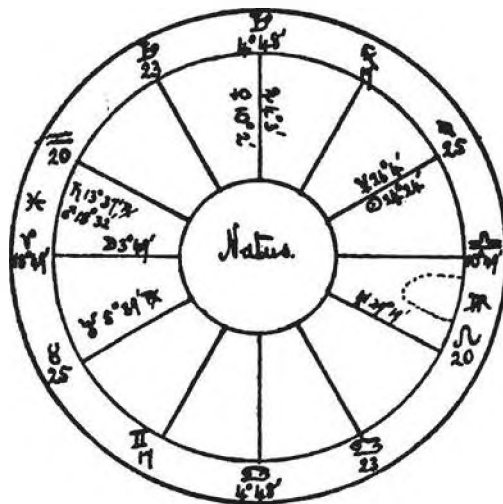
numerous acquaintanceships with members of the opposite sex than is afforded under conventional conditions.

In these eighteen horoscopes, Uranus is above the earth 14 times; Moon, 12; Venus, 10; Jupiter, 9; Sun, 8; Mars, 8; Saturn, 7; Neptune, 6; Mercury, 6. On the one occasion on which only one body is above the earth, that body is Uranus, and he is practically on the meridian. On each of the two occasions that only two bodies are above the earth, one of them is Uranus. In 10 of the 14 cases of Uranus being above the earth, he is occidental of the meridian; on 9 of these occasions being the body first to set, and, in the other case, being the last to rise. He is in the 7th house on 6 occasions. In 9 of the 12 cases of the Moon being above the earth, she is oriental of the meridian. She is in either

the 1st or 12th house on 9 occasions. The Moon and Uranus are both above the earth 9 times. In 7 of these cases, they are either consecutive to each other—i.e., no other body intervenes—and are the two bodies either last risen or first to set, or the Moon is the last risen body and Uranus the first to set. On 4 of the 5 occasions that the Moon and Uranus are consecutive to each other, they are both above the earth, and in these 4 cases Neptune is either the first body to set or was the last to do so.

Three out of the 4 occasions in which Uranus is below the earth constitute 3 of the 6 occasions when Neptune is above it. In 2 of these 3 cases, Neptune is the most elevated body of all, and is either just about to culminate or has only recently done so, while in

FIG. 2.



DECLINATIONS.

☉ 18° 52' S	♀ 25° 53' S	♃ 8° 26' S
☽ 4° 14' N	♁ 5° 47' S	♄ 12° 24' N
♁ 19° 46' S	♂ 23° 26' S	♅ 11° 41' N

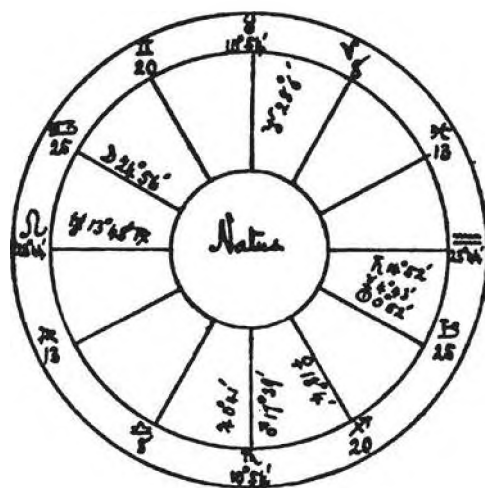
the other case he is in the eleventh house. On the other occasion when Uranus is below the earth Neptune is in the first house. The Moon or Uranus (or both) is above the earth 17 times. On the other occasion, Neptune was the last body to rise, the Moon will be the first to do so and Uranus was the last to set. Uranus or Neptune (or both) is above the earth 17 times. On the other occasion, the Moon was the last body to rise, Neptune will be the first to do so and Uranus was the last to set. Neptune or the Moon (or both) is above the earth 14 times. On the other 4 occasions, Uranus will be the first body to set (having been, also, 3 times the last to culminate).

Neptune is within 6° of square aspect with the Sun 4 times ; 3° of sesquiquadrate, 3 times ; 6° of trine, twice ; 4° of opposition (being also in parallel), once ; and in parallel once ; i.e., configured 11 times.

Uranus is within 6° of square aspect with the Sun 4 times ; 6° of trine, 3 times ; 7° of opposition, once ; 4° of sesquiquadrate, once ; i.e., within such aspects, 9 times.

In 6 cases, Venus is over 42° from the Sun ; and, in 2, less than 4° therefrom. On 9 occasions, Mars is close to Venus, in that no other body intervenes ; and in 8 of these cases is oriental of her. Mars is oriental of Venus 13 times. Mars is never oriental of the Sun, unless Venus is also—except once, when he is 139° from the Sun ; this being the only time when, being oriental of the Sun, he is more than 73° therefrom. Venus is oriental of the Sun 13 times ; and Mercury occidental of the Sun 14 times.

FIG. 3.



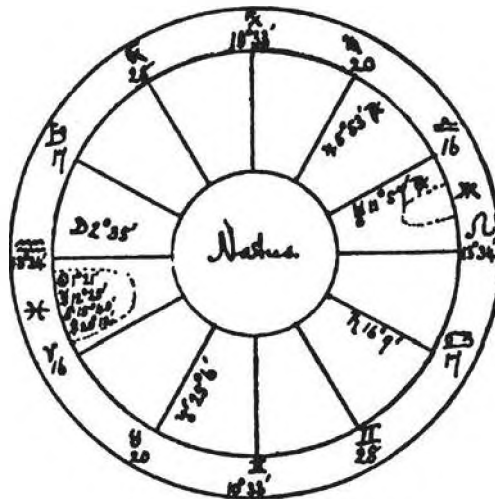
DECLINATIONS.

☉ $19^\circ 57' S$	♀ $17^\circ 57' S$	♄ $17^\circ 15' S$
☽ $25^\circ 56' N$	♂ $16^\circ 2' S$	♃ $17^\circ 22' N$
♀ $21^\circ 2' S$	♁ $10^\circ 30' S$	♅ $9^\circ 9' N$

Allowing a margin (whether luminaries or planets are concerned) of 7° , either side, for a conjunction or for an opposition aspect, 6° for a trine or square, 5° for a sextile, and 4° for a sesquiquadrate—and ignoring *all* other aspects or configurations, with the exception of Venus' *close* semi-square and semi-sextile aspects with the Sun—the commonest configurations, in descending order of frequency, are as follows : those between Saturn and Mars, Saturn and Venus, Sun and Neptune ; Sun and Uranus ; Sun and Venus, Mercury and Neptune, Sun and Mars ; Venus and Jupiter, Sun and Jupiter, Moon and Saturn, Neptune and Saturn, Venus and Neptune, Sun and Saturn, Moon and Mercury (each of these last 7 sets of configurations occurring 7 times). The rarest configurations, excluding those between Venus and Mercury, are those between Mars and Mercury (once) ; then those

between Mars and Jupiter, Saturn and Jupiter ; then Mercury and Saturn, Mercury and Jupiter, Moon and Jupiter, Moon and Mars. Saturn is found in opposition with the Sun on 4 occasions, and in sextile with Venus the same number of times. Mercury is found in conjunction with the Sun on 4 occasions. The Sun (if his minor Venusian configurations are included) is found in aspect (or conjunction) with one or more bodies more often than any other body ; and this in spite of the necessary limitations of aspect and orb in respect of Venus and Mercury. Next to him comes Saturn ; then in descending order of frequency, Neptune, Venus (by including her solar aspects), Uranus, Moon, Mars, Jupiter, Mercury. Venus and Mercury are in

FIG. 4.



DECLINATIONS.

☉ 11° 0' S	♀ 5° 7' S	♃ 22° 22' N
☽ 17° 20' S	♂ 6° 28' S	♁ 4° 4' S
♀ 7° 46' S	♃ 12° 11' S	♄ 17° 24' N

conjunction twice and (allowing a margin of 1°, either side, for an aspect of 30°, 36° or 45°), in mutual minor aspect 5 times also.

Allowing a margin of 1°, either side (whether luminaries or planets are concerned), Venus is found in parallel with Uranus 5 times ; the Sun with Jupiter, 4 ; Neptune with Mars, Saturn with Mercury, 3 times each ; Venus with Mars, Venus with Sun, Uranus with Mercury, Mars with Saturn, Mars with Sun, Neptune with Mercury, Neptune with Saturn, Neptune with Moon, Neptune with Sun, Moon with Mercury, Moon with Sun, twice each. Venus effects more parallels than any other body, 16 in all ; the Moon, 8 only ; the exact order being Venus, Neptune, Sun, Mars, Mercury, Saturn, Uranus, Jupiter, Moon. Neptune is found in parallel with all the other bodies at one time or another, and the same could be said of Venus and Mars except

that the former is never concerned with Mercury nor Mars with the Moon. Jupiter's parallels, on the other hand—apart from the two sets already mentioned—comprise merely one with Mars and one with Neptune. Except Jupiter, the Moon and Uranus are concerned with the fewest number of bodies ; 5 each in all.

In 17 cases, either the Sun is in aspect (or parallel) with Neptune or Saturn is in aspect with Venus. In 16 cases, Uranus is either in aspect (or parallel) with Venus or else in aspect with the Sun. In 16 cases, the Sun is in aspect with either Uranus or Neptune.

The writer will merely draw attention to the influence of the Moon when between the cusps of the 2nd and 10th houses (more especially when in either the 1st or 12th house) ; to Neptune's mundane position and his aspects with the Sun ; to Uranus, when above the earth (more especially in the occidental quadrant and in the 7th house), to his aspects with the Sun and his parallels with Venus ; to Saturn's aspects with Mars and Venus ; to Venus' distance from the Sun and her zodiacal proximity to Mars ; and to the saturation of the horoscopes with Saturnian, Solar, Neptunian and Venusian aspects and parallels.

Fig. 1 is the horoscope of some one exceptionally eminent. She is the only one of the 18 " natives " under consideration who does little, or no, travelling. Next, emphatically, of the 18 subjects—in order of success (up to the present)—comes Fig. 2 ; though appreciably lower in the scale. It will be noticed that Jupiter is culminating in both cases—which are the only ones in which such a configuration occurs ; though, it should, perhaps, be mentioned that this planet is found to be the most elevated body of all on no less than 6 occasions. Figs. 3 and 4 are typical horoscopes. In the case of Fig. 4, for consistency's sake, Venus has not been considered as being in parallel with Uranus nor the Sun with Jupiter—the margins of difference being slightly too wide—though it was obviously tempting to include them as being so.

A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE

By MRS. RANDLE FEILDEN

THE following experience took place two and a half miles from Oxford, in either November or December, 1867.

I was seventeen at the time, and had been at an Advent evening (week-day) service in the church, together with my sister Maud, aged twelve, and a maid.

The night was "moony" and light, but so misty that the moon itself, which was full, was not visible, on account of the density of fog.

As we were returning home about 7.45 we met a man (the only *ordinary* individual whom we saw on the way); he passed us, and his footsteps sounded naturally as he walked. A few seconds later I was surprised to see my sister *not* move to make way for another passer-by who had appeared quite suddenly and noiselessly at her elbow. I took her sleeve, and whispered, "Maud, make way,"—when—all at once—our eyes were opened! We were in a crowded street, in which men and women were moving, and also dogs. All was silence, all was stir.

The forms kept appearing from the broad belt of grass on our right hand, and from the narrow belt on our left; they passed right through us—from the front—from the back. They seemed full of energy.

Being all *shadows* we could not say accurately what the dresses were like, but they appeared to be of a fashion such as I could remember my mother wearing when I was a small child—viz. a high, pointed sort of bonnet, with shawl and flounced skirts—a "wedge-shaped figure"—so to speak.

My companions both began to cry, and were terrified. For myself, I felt I was, as it were, responsible for all of us, and that I must hold myself together. Each of them seized one of my arms; I did not *cry*—in the ordinary acceptation, but from my two eyes I found two regular *streams* flowing, though I was able to keep my voice—and my head.

My two companions kept pulling us all three (tightly clasped as we were) first to one side, then to the other, in order to "make way," as it were, for the "spirits" to pass; the feeling was utterly

bewildering, and especially so as we saw one or another *disappear* into ourselves—to come out behind, or in front, as the case might be.

If one saw a man—all saw a man; if a woman, or a dog, all saw the same; several times we found this to be the case, for when "making way" we remarked "let this man—or this woman—pass" never once was there the slightest doubt as to *what* we saw.

I dare say the "vision" continued about a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards. At one spot, on our right, a figure stood motionless (unlike the rest), and he had, if I may so express it, the attitude of a mendicant; he had stars round his face, marking the contour, perhaps seven or nine. A few yards further on a second appeared exactly resembling him. I think he was about the last of the "shadows" on the footpath. The high road is a broad and beautiful one; it was clear of the "shadows" the whole time except for one—a tall man, bigger altogether than any of the others. He had a sort of cape thrown over the shoulder, and he took great strides, keeping just about even with ourselves—he on the road, we on the footpath.

When all the others had vanished this one still strode beside us. We reached our own gate, and I thought: "If he goes through the gate and up the drive, I can't stand it any longer." I have no doubt I was "played out."

However, to my intense relief he strode past our gate, and still on—up the road. As we turned into our own premises he was still to be seen, marching on.

I remember, all the time the vision lasted, how we kept casting sidelong glances towards this gaunt and particularly uncanny "shade." There was a difference between him and the rest. They appeared bustling busily (though so noiselessly) about. I think all were independent of each other, but this tall creature strode as if he had an end in view, with big strides, and never turning right or left.

It would be perhaps thirty years later that I was staying in a small town in Westmorland and made acquaintance with a lady about my own age, who in her young days used to pay visits to mutual friends near Oxford, and we naturally talked of these departed friends.

My new acquaintance told me that once when she was visiting them and her host had not yet returned home in the evening, she and her hostess were sitting in the drawing-room, when at

last he entered and told his wife, " I have seen a wonderful sight to-night ! " And to his wife and visitor he related the vision exactly as I have written above.

He had been driving home in his dog-cart, the night foggy and moonlight, when all at once he found himself in the midst of a crowded street of " shadows. " My informant had not been half so inquisitive as I should have been, and she could not tell me whether Mr. ——— drove on through the " shadows " or whether he waited ; anyway they disappeared, leaving the road unoccupied as usual.

That road is the same one as the one on which we saw our vision, the spot perhaps a quarter of a mile further from Oxford.

My friend knew it was an autumn night and with a dense fog, and I *think*—though I am not absolutely certain—that she could say it was in 1867. At any rate she was quite certain it was as nearly as possible that time.

REQUIESCAT

By T. H.

BRING me into the little wood,
 Hushed and holy and dark and deep ;
 Lay me down in a dreamless sleep ;
 Leave me there in my solitude.
 Wood-doves murmur and tree-tops sigh,
 Ferns and bluebells and wind-flowers grow,
 Shy wild creatures go rustling by
 O'er the place where my feet will lie . . .
 Lay me there, since I love it so.

Sunbeams slant through the peaceful trees,
 Shadows fall on the dewy grass,
 Wrens and thrushes and blackbirds pass,
 Branches sway in a soft spring breeze.
 All the wood is a haunt of rest,
 Buried there I shall surely know
 Each hid wonder of Nature's breast,
 Secret things that are unpossessed . . .
 Lay me there, since I love her so.

FACTS AND HYPOTHESES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

BY H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.

THE business of science is not merely that of collecting and substantiating facts. That is only the preliminary work. The business of science proper is the correlation of facts, their explanation, not in ultimate terms, but in accordance with the law or concept of nature's uniformity. As far as psychical research is concerned, not much has been done beyond this preliminary work as yet : the chief questions that have been asked are : Are the phenomena genuine, and, if so, do they indicate the survival of personality after bodily death ? But, as Mr. Hereward Carrington points out in his latest book,* it is only when these questions shall have been answered that the scientific investigation of psychic phenomena will begin. Suppose, for a moment, that certain of the phenomena are genuine and are produced, in some manner, by a discarnate intelligence, the question still remains : In what manner ? And not this question alone, but a hundred others require answering concerning the *modus operandi*, concerning the relation between the psychical and the physical, concerning the forces in play, concerning the limitations and difficulties encountered by the active intelligence, concerning the necessity and functions of the medium. . . .

Science progresses by the formulation of hypotheses. A hypothesis is just a guess, not made at random, but under the influence of an array of facts. A good hypothesis should adequately " explain " the facts dealt with, i.e., bring them within some larger unity ; it should involve the minimum of assumption, and it should indicate certain conclusions capable of experimental verification. A verified hypothesis is a theory. Science progresses by clinging to her theories and discarding her bad guesses, that is, those of her hypotheses which are not verifiable. But it must be remembered that no theory bears the stamp of absolute truth nor carries a warrant of validity greater than that derived from experience.

Mr. Carrington is of the opinion, in agreement, I think, with every savant who has really investigated the question, that a certain number of the so-called " spiritualistic " phenomena are genuine, and he is inclined to the belief, also in common with many other learned researchers, that in certain cases they are produced by the agency of

*. *The Problems of Psychical Research, Experiments and Theories in the Realm of the Supernormal*. By Hereward Carrington. 8½ in. by 5½ in., pp. xi + 412 + 1 plate. London : William Rider & Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 7s. 6d. net.

discarnate personalities. He considers that the time has now come when something may be done beyond the " preliminary work " referred to, and some hypotheses attempted in reply to the many questions arising therefrom. In his book, already referred to, therefore, he does not content himself with accounts of psychic phenomena, observed both by himself and by others, but devotes himself largely to discussing various explanations that have been put forward, adding his own quota thereto. The result is a very interesting and suggestive volume.

Mr. Carrington is most at home in the domain of the physical phenomena of " spiritualism." Certainly these phenomena are, in a sense, more definite than those of automatic writing or speaking. There are so many subtle factors to be taken into account when dealing with the latter class of phenomena—questions of subconscious knowledge, telepathy, etc.—which do not affect the former. Moreover, in dealing with physical manifestations, we have phenomena which can be recorded and measured by means of instruments, so that the human factor—which is always the difficult one to allow for—may be to this extent eliminated.

The discussion of the physical phenomena of " spiritualism " raises the world-old question of the relation between soul and body. The theory, due independently, I think, to Hibbert and Lodge,* that the soul exercises directive control over the body, utilizing, but not adding to, its energy, is a very attractive one. But how is this directive control exercised? Even if it be explained with Bergson on the analogy of the hair-trigger action of a rifle, still the fact remains that a certain quantity of energy (though small indeed) is needed to release even a hair-trigger, so that the suggested explanation brings us face to face with a contradiction to the law of the conservation of energy—one of the best established laws of physical science.

Mr. Carrington inclines to the theory of inter-actionism. Arguing from the physical phenomena of " spiritualism," he maintains that the will is itself a definite energy, physical in a sense, but endowed with intelligence and transcending the law of conservation. Personally I am doubtful if these facts are sufficient to necessitate the hypothesis. Let us suppose that the will, as does indeed appear to be the case, is capable of moving objects quite apart from the body, does that prove anything more concerning the will than is evident from the movements of the body itself? In each case we observe a physical movement occasioned by physical force flowing from a psychic source. All that the former class of phenomena indicate is the existence of some new force—akin perhaps to that of electric or magnetic attraction,—but there is no evidence that it is any more psychic than the force which moves the pen with which I am writing these words.

* Walter Hibbert, F.I.C.: *Life and Energy* (1904). Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., etc.: *Life and Matter* (1907), especially chap. ix.

In the last analysis, however, is not all force psychic, is not will the only force we know? I believe that finally the mind is forced to accept what Mr. Carrington calls "psychical monism," and rejects in his book, or what I should call "epistemological idealism." It is the world of ideas which is the real world, and it is there that causality exists. The atoms, forces, energies, etc., of science are only conceptual tools, created by the imagination to enable us to deal the more easily with our sensations.

But I would say nothing against the use of such tools, without which thinking would be well-nigh impossible; and it is from this standpoint that Mr. Carrington's hypothesis concerning the will is rightly to be valued. I suggest that it might be possible to approach the question from the mathematical point of view, making use of the mental tool whose nature I have attempted to explain in *A Mathematical Theory of Spirit*.* I do not intend, however, to follow out further this line of thought on the present occasion, beyond making the suggestion that there may exist a psychical correlate to physical energy, capable of giving rise to forces operative in the physical realm.

Mr. Carrington has a valuable chapter on the analysis of mind, in which he well indicates the value of "confession." Hysteria, with all its distressing symptoms, is frequently the result of the suppression of a feared idea: once the idea has been discovered by psycho-analysis or otherwise and boldly faced by the patients, health is regained. Mr. Carrington's book also contains very many other matters of interest: there is a discussion of the value as well as the danger of hypnotism, there are suggestive studies of the facts underlying witchcraft and fairy stories (though I think the latter are myths embodying mystical truths, rather than exaggerated accounts of psychical phenomena), as well as a word of warning to unqualified dabblers in psychical research.

* *A Mathematical Theory of Spirit*. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. 1912.

VAMPIRES

By REGINALD HODDER

IN all parts of the world there has existed from time immemorial a terrible belief to the effect that the dead can prey upon the living. Among the Chaldeans of old, the savage hordes of Africa, the Red Indians, and even in the widely-scattered islands of Polynesia this belief has been firmly adhered to. But, although incubus and succubus have held their places in the world of spirits since the very cradle of the human race, it was not until the eighteenth century that the hideous thing of blood elaborated itself and became a problem difficult to pooh-pooh and still more difficult to explain—the problem of the vampire.

A vampire is the result of a compact voluntary or involuntary between a human being and a preying entity of the darker side of Nature, by the terms of which the latter uses the former as a medium for the provision of the fumes of fresh human blood. A good definition is given by Horst. "A vampyr," he says, "is a dead body which continues to live in the grave, which it leaves, however, by night, for the purpose of sucking the blood of the living, whereby it is nourished and preserved in good condition, instead of becoming decomposed like other dead bodies." But I will leave all discussion as to the precise nature of the vampire and whether its body comes forth from the tomb or only its double, or neither, to the conclusion of this article, and will set forward here a brief history of the vampire, with official medical evidence for or against its existence.

In the spring of 1727 Arnod Paole returned from the Levant to his native village near Belgrade, a prosperous, honest and clean-living man. But there was a shadow brooding on him. He confided to one or two a strange tale of how in the East he had been bitten by a phantom, and it seemed to have affected his mind. One day he fell off his hay-cart and was picked up insensible. He never regained consciousness but died, or seemed to die, some few hours afterwards. He was buried. Three or four weeks later several people in the neighbourhood made complaints to the authorities that they had been haunted by Arnod, and very soon four of them died. Then, says the official report, the body of Arnod Paole was disinterred *forty days after*

his burial, and it was discovered that the body was in a perfectly fresh state, with no sign of decomposition. The eyes were wide open and the shroud was stained with fresh blood. His nails had come off, and new nails, talon-shaped, were growing. The wisest men of the place pronounced him to be "in the vampyr state"; accordingly a stake was driven through his heart, "whereupon he gave an audible groan and a quantity of blood flowed from him." The four who had died and were supposed to have been infected by Arnod were treated in the same way, lest they in turn should infect others.

It was not until five years later that the neighbourhood again began to show signs of the evil. Gruesome tales of mysterious midnight visitants began to get about and people began to sicken quickly and die. Again the churchyard was resorted to, and this time a great number of graves were opened. The medical report on the subject, signed by three regimental surgeons, and countersigned by the lieutenant-colonel and a sub-lieutenant, gives a full account of the disinterment of thirteen people, after periods of from eighteen days to ninety days in the grave, most of them being in the "vampyr condition." This document seems to establish the fact that *human bodies have been buried in a state of death-like trance and so remained for months*. It also proves that, if these entranced subjects were not vampires, then the medical men who drove stakes into their hearts were butchers and murderers.

In addition to this serious epidemic near Belgrade, there have been other instances innumerable in Eastern Europe, both of a collective and an isolated character. Many of these are very weird and thrilling, and no doubt had been added to by the imagination of one narrator after another. But a short article is scarcely the medium for vampire anecdotes, however weird. Having seen that the existence of long-buried cataleptics in the "vampyr state" is too well attested to deny, and also that the theory that the disembodied soul—or at least the earth aspect of it—can prey upon the living finds wide credence, we must attempt to get a solution of the vampire theory from these two premises. Dr. Pierart, the famous Frenchman of fairly recent years, made an exhaustive study of vampires. "The fact of a spectre returning to suck human blood," he says, "is not so inexplicable as it seems, and here we appeal to the spiritualists who admit the phenomenon of *bicorporeity* or *soul-duplication* . . . these prove clearly how much is possible for astral spectres under favourable conditions." Pierart's explanation of how a buried cataleptic becomes

a vampire is interesting. He maintains that the more earthbound part of the human soul which forsakes the body at death may be only half-way out at the moment of burial, in which case it becomes terrified and violently re-enters its casket. Then one of two things happens—either the cataleptic will die of suffocation or, if very strong in its lower appetites, will become a vampire. Then the *bicorporeal* life begins: the more corporeal part remains underground, neither dead nor living; but still, while not dead, a permanent house for the less corporeal part, which is able to keep body and soul together by deriving sustenance from the living and transferring it to the corpse, without the medium of which it would lose its nocturnal freedom and go to its own place. “If,” says Pierart, “one had never seen appear in the bosom of families of certain countries, beings clothing themselves in the shape of the familiar dead, coming thus to suck the blood of one or of several persons, and if the death of the victims by emaciation had not followed, they would never have gone to disinter the corpses in cemeteries; we should then never have had attested the terrible fact of persons buried for several years being found with the corpse soft, flexible, the eyes open, with rosy complexions, the mouth and nose full of blood, and of the blood running in torrents under blows, from wounds, and when decapitated.”

There are up-to-date medical explanations of vampirism, but these to my mind do not seem to cover all the facts. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* says: “Supposing that at any time chance had brought to light a body interred alive and lying still in this (cataleptic) fit, the whole yarn of superstition might again have been spun from that clue. . . . The violence used would have forced blood from the corpse and that would be construed into the blood of a victim.” Yes, but a constant point in all the evidence is the fact that the opening of any particular grave was brought about by the appearance of that particular dead among the living. In short, the authorities have not opened graves for pastime, but because the counterpart of the un-dead had been terrifying the neighbourhood. Again, sceptics will contend that it is quite natural for a living thing in a deep trance to remain in that state indefinitely, and in support of this, they adduce the instances of toads and frogs which have been discovered in rocks where they must have been encased for centuries. This state, they say, is one in which the vitality is simply dormant, and need not diminish—hence the freshness of the bodies after a long period of interment. Yes; but here again the explanation

does not cover all the facts. In many well-authenticated cases the body has been found to be full of fresh blood, and *better nourished* than at the time of burial. Where does this increase come from? Not from the air, for the body does not breathe. Perhaps from an absorption of its own nervous atmosphere or aura and equally, perhaps, by magnetic attraction, from the auras of living people.

In any case whatever the method of the increase it involves the principle of vampirism which is the absorption of the vitality of living beings. Still further, those who try to explain away vampirism, elect to ignore the well-attested fact that in many cases the un-dead body sheds its nails and grows fresh ones, curved and pointed like talons. The post-mortem growth of both hair and nails is well known, but that an entranced subject should shed its nails and grow fresh ones of a different shape is too strange to overlook.

In these days when scientists are, with good reason, growing more and more tentative in their disbelief in the possibilities that lie beyond the veil which as yet they have penetrated only in places; when it is beginning to be realized that what once were termed old wives' fables are now frequently styled scientific facts; when the mysteries of the invisible worlds are gradually unfolding to the vision of a few whose opinion and word cannot be readily doubted; then, I say, we are entitled to take into account, in regard to the vampire, the consideration of unlikely possibilities. The majority of mankind will admit that there is something in one person which can influence another at a distance. Suppose now that this something becomes enormously enhanced during the "vampyr state"; in that case it could influence others at a distance more strongly—even to the extent of creating an apparition capable of inducing the same abnormal condition in the victim, a condition accompanied by strange manifestations, chief of which might be the setting up of a mysterious and invisible channel of connection between vampire and vampirized, so that what the former's thirst demanded the latter's submissive acquiescence would supply.

The sceptic will say: "Why, then, are vampires not found to-day?" I reply: "They are found to-day!" Lacking the necessary soil of ignorance and superstition, weakness and fear in which to take easy root and flourish on the physical plane, the vampire of to-day finds it convenient to shift its plane in order to find a crevice through which to manifest. The elusive, crafty, protean thing hides its true nature behind a

show of natural causes—I mean such simple causes as any doctor will readily give you. For instance, they will say it is bad for a young and healthy person to sleep in the same bed with an aged, decrepit one. Why? Oh! the old one vampirizes the young one. Well, what is the process? They cannot tell you that: they can only point to results. But what else can the process be than a drinking in by the decrepit one of something emanating from the young one? It is the same principle as that under which the mysterious midnight visitant in the form of a long, lithe, black animal with eyes of fire, that glides round the foot of your bed, lulls you into deep slumber and then pierces your jugular with its sharp incisors and drains your life blood. The two things are the same, the only difference being that the latter is a striking and vivid piece of stagecraft on the part of the vampire requiring ignorance, superstition and fear for its audience. The thing is there and can act in a thousand different ways. Among those to whom knowledge is power it may act entirely through the intellect; with others whose weak moral constitution lays them open to attack it may act through the emotions; while there are still others who seem to have brought into this world with them a peculiar psychic gift—or, more properly, curse—of vampirism, which they exercise unconsciously, and sometimes consciously, upon those around them. Of this last kind examples may frequently be found in savage races. Instances have come to my notice in Polynesia. Well do I remember visiting an old man by the Lake of Fire in Hawaii—an old savage with a coal black eye, a sinister expression and a very uncanny reputation. It was said of him that he had the power to visit his victims in the form of a devil-fish and so suck their blood; and there was certainly at times a strange epidemic in the vicinity of Kilauea which left its victims covered with round red marks on the skin which had the appearance of having been made by suckers. This old man is now dead, and perhaps the fact that his body was thrown into *Hale Mau Mau* as a sacrifice to Pele, the fire goddess, may account for the cessation of these grim epidemics among the natives. In Fiji, Samoa, New Zealand and various other parts of Polynesia there are numerous signs of this kind of black magic, but they seem to be mostly confined to the action of the living upon the living.

A SILVER BIRCH

TO ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

SHE listens and droops and murmurs,
And the fancy comes to me :
Could the wistful soul of a woman
Be hid in a white, white tree ?

A woman of waving tresses,
And supple and sun-kissed limbs,
Of smilings and dewy dreamings,
Of sorrows and wind-stirred whims ?

* * * * *

To the holy heart of the forest
I fled on a prayerless night :
God in the heights had forgotten,
And the stars were out of sight.

I wept in the lonely forest ;
Through a dream I heard her sigh,
Shiver and sigh in the darkness
As time and my life went by.

The veil of her leaves drooped o'er me
As loosened hair from its bands,
And her branches swayed and shuddered
Like the wringing of woman's hands ;

Her arms were as curves of pity,
Held out—as a woman would ;
The dew shone like tears upon her . . .
I know that she understood.

* * * * *

She wonders and dreams and whispers,
And the fancy clings to me
That the soul of a tender woman
Possesses my white, white tree.

TERESA HOOLEY.

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.*]

HOW TO CRYSTAL-GAZE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Your interesting remarks in last month's OCCULT REVIEW on the use of the crystal, and the fact that you ask for practical experiences, is my excuse for this letter. I use a crystal sphere about 10 inches in diameter, which was given to me some years ago, and which was supposed to have been found in Cashmere. It is surprising how very sensitive crystals are to atmospheric changes. I always keep mine wrapped up in black velvet in a box, and away from light. A few weeks ago I was polishing the cloudy effect away from the exterior when it almost jumped out of my hands, and on giving it to my client to hold she remarked that it felt like a magnetic battery. Shortly after we had a heavy storm of thunder and lightning, so that proved how the crystal was affected by the elements. Many people possess the gift of clairvoyance, but are quite unaware of the fact until they try to see in a crystal. There is no doubt that the latter is a great help in developing the faculty of second-sight, and perhaps my method in giving a lesson may be of use to some of your readers.

I place my pupil on a chair with her back to a north light window ; behind her, at about an equal distance from herself and the window, I put a mirror. I then sit facing her, and begin to mentally suggest a scene, or house, or person, while she looks intently into the crystal. At the first lesson reflections of surrounding objects are rather worrying to a beginner, but as a rule "sight" commences by a small cloud which forms in the centre of the sphere, and, after that fades, people and pictures begin to appear.

One of my own personal experiences was the sight of the *Titanic* (then unknown to me by name) plunging downwards, and I warned my client not to allow her son to sail in such a huge ship. She came up after the disaster to thank me.

I have a client, a solicitor, who told me frankly at his first interview that he did not believe in the crystal, but was open to conviction. Later he wrote to say what a great help it had been with a very difficult case, as I was able to give him an important date, and one which prevented a tragedy. It was quite impossible for either of us to have that particular date in our sub-conscious minds, and he laughed at the idea when I asked him to put it on paper.

One of my most interesting scenes was this :—An unknown lady from the Midlands called one day, and on taking the crystal from her hands I began to describe the interior of a large hall, panelled in dark oak. I told her the exact position of the stairs, doors, table, window, etc. She became very excited and said, "That is B— ; my husband was brought up as heir to that estate, but there is a will missing, and he is cut out." I told her she would be inside that house within six months, but only in a casual way (this was February). She declared it was quite impossible, as the house was let to strangers. On her return home she told her husband about my description, and he was so struck that they sent for me, and by a curious combination of circumstances (too long to relate here) we were all three inside that hall in the May of the same year ! My clients will at any time verify this if necessary. My description was perfectly accurate in every detail of the interior of the hall.

I hope this letter is not too long ; if so, you *probably* possess a blue pencil ; although you appear to be patience personified to your correspondents.

PLYMOUTH.

Sincerely yours, ZOA.

THE NATIVITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In the course of your analytical commentary on the evidence available for the determination of the actual date of the Nativity, there occur several passages on which, if you will permit me, I wish to make observations. I have read your Notes to a particularly broad-minded clerical friend of the "Modernist" school, and the following conclusions are a result of our discussion.

In a footnote, with reference to the statement in St. Matthew that Jesus was born in the reign of Herod the Great, you say : "There was another and later Herod, Herod Antipas, who was Tetrarch of Galilee, but who of course had no jurisdiction in Southern Palestine, and could not possibly be the person referred to." But is it definitely and incontrovertibly established that the Herod mentioned in this connection is identical with Herod the Great ? The words of the first Gospel are as follows : "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King." Taken in conjunction with "Bethlehem of Judea" the phrase "Herod the King" would certainly seem to indicate the ruler of Judea. It is, however, by no means certain that this Bethlehem is the birthplace of Jesus. This you have pointed out elsewhere. Rénan and many others have held the view that Jesus was born at Nazareth, the former town being substituted as the place of His birth in order to satisfy the universal belief that the Messiah would be the "Son of David," and, like him, first see the light of day at Bethlehem in Judea. But apart from this it must be remembered that there was another Bethlehem in the province of Zebulun, and situated about seven miles north-west of Nazareth ; this

town is mentioned in Joshua xix. 15. It is far more probable that if Joseph and his family had to go anywhere other than their residential district to be enrolled, it would be somewhere rather nearer their dwelling place than Bethlehem in Judea. If everybody in Palestine had had to return to the city of his ancestors in order to satisfy this census, one can imagine the chaos that would prevail, and such a proceeding would be entirely contrary to Roman method. If, then, Bethlehem in Zebulun were the real birthplace of Jesus, the Herod mentioned in St. Matthew might well be Antipas, the ruler of this district at a later date than 4 B.C.

The unknown writer of the "prologue" to the first Gospel would have relied chiefly on tradition. He would know that Christ had been said to have been born at a Bethlehem, and in the reign of the Herod who was responsible for the Massacre of the Innocents. To his mind, fettered with the conviction that Jesus was the "Son of David," Bethlehem could be no other than the town of Judea; the Herod therefore must be the king of this province.

Even if Bethlehem in Zebulun be rejected as the town of the Nativity in favour of Nazareth, the latter would also be within the jurisdiction of Herod Antipas.

If, therefore, we recognize that the biblical events contemporary with the birth of Jesus may have occurred in the reign of Antipas, we must place the date of the Nativity after 4 B.C., and thus abolish the necessity of abandoning the Massacre of the Innocents and the visit of the Magi as fictitious. This view also agrees with the statement as to the date of the birth in St. Luke's Gospel, that is at the time of the census of Quirinius, or, as you state, A.D. 6-7. As regards the passage in the third Gospel (ii. 4), which informs us that "Joseph also went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem . . .," the same criticism may be applied as in the case of the similar sentences in St. Matthew. I agree with you that the early chapters in this latter Gospel have been added later, but do not consider that there is sufficient justification for assuming that St. Luke did not write the first part of his Gospel.

The above conclusions may be summarized as follows: Jesus was born at Bethlehem in Zebulun, if not at Nazareth, in the reign of Herod Antipas, and approximately in A.D. 6. Dealing with the third apparent indication of the date of the Nativity, you say: "He (St. Luke) blandly informs us in a later chapter that Jesus was thirty years old in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius, i.e., in A.D. 29, or, in other words, that he was born in 1 B.C. . . ." But the actual words you refer to are these: "And Jesus Himself began to be about thirty years of age . . ." (St. Luke iii. 23), which you will admit is rather different from saying that He *was* thirty years of age. The words "began to be about" seem rather to suggest that at this time Jesus was approaching His thirtieth year, which construction allows one slightly more latitude for determining His correct age.

The preceding interpretation has indicated that Jesus was born in A.D. 6, if so, He would now be in his twenty-fourth year, which I frankly admit is some distance on the lesser side of thirty, and apparently irreconcilable with even such a loose statement as "he began to be about."

It is only fair to mention, however, that A.D. 6, the given date of the census of Quirinius, may possibly inform us of the time of its completion and publication; the material of such a census would naturally take a considerable time to collect. The writer of the Gospel distinctly states: "There went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed." This shows us clearly that according to the author's view, Christ was born within a short time of Quirinius beginning the census. Assuming the enrolment of the people to have occupied two years in its completion—a none too generous estimate considering the period and its consequent tardiness of locomotion, etc.—we have A.D. 4 as the date of Christ's birth; in other words, he was nearly twenty-six in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius. This age, after all, is not so far off thirty, and if it can be reconciled with "began to be about thirty," removes any difficulty in accepting the view that St. Luke wrote the whole of the Gospel ascribed to him.

On the other hand, attention must be drawn to the fact that some consider Quirinius to have taken an earlier census, about 4 B.C., as he was known to be in the district conducting military operations. The statements of the unknown author of the "prologue" to St. Matthew, which, if "Herod the King" is to be interpreted as Herod the Great, suggest that the Nativity took place early in 4 B.C., agree with this belief in a previous census. St. Luke's "began to be about thirty" would, under these circumstances, mean over thirty-four years of age. This reasoning, it must be admitted, might be more convincing if the evidence in favour of the existence of this earlier Quirinian census were stronger.

As to the question of the exact place of the birth, you mention Eusebius, Tertullian, Jerome, and the Protevangelion, as stating that Jesus was born, not in a stable but in a cave. Far more often than not, however, caves were and are used as stables throughout Syria, which at once explains the use of the word "cave" instead of stable; also it accounts for the term remaining uncontradicted in the old patristic writings.

I must, however, curtail my observations lest they run, from already too lengthy a letter, to pages so numerous that even an editor would contemplate their perusal with dismay.

Yours, etc.,

CECIL WORSTER-DROUGHT.

P.S.—By the foregoing communication I do not wish to give the impression that I am a supporter of any particular view concerning a matter on which, to my mind, it is almost impossible to be certain.

One must decide such a question only after examining all the different expositions, and the above observations are merely points worthy of consideration.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With regard to Luke's alleged inconsistency in chronology with respect to the birth of Jesus, may I be allowed to point that Cyrenius or Quirinus is supposed to have been "governor of Syria" *twice*, in 4 B.C. and in A.D. 6, to have *begun* the census during his *first* term of office, and completed it during his *second*.

In Farrar's *Life of Christ* the case is stated thus :—

The argument mainly turns on the fact that in A.U.C. 742, Quirinus was consul and afterwards (not before A.U.C. 747) proconsul of Africa : yet some time between this year and A.U.C. 753 (in which year he was appointed *vector* to C. Cæsar, the grandson of Augustus) he conquered the Homonadenses in Cilicia (Jac. Ann. iii. 48). He must therefore have been at this time *proprætor* of the *imperial* province of Syria, to which Cilicia belonged. The other provinces near Cilicia (Asia, Bithynia, Pontus, Galatia) were senatorial, i.e. *proconsular*, and as a man could not be *proconsul* twice, Quirinus could not have been governor in any of these. It is not possible here to give the ingenious and elaborate arguments by which Zumpt * shows that the Homonadenses must at this time have been under the jurisdiction of the Governor of Syria. Further than this, we know that P. Q. Varus was proprætor of Syria between 6 B.C. and 4 B.C. (A.U.C. 748 to 750), and it is extremely likely that Varus may have been displaced in favour of Quirinus in the latter year, because the close friendship of the former with Archelaus, who resembled him in character, might have done mischief. It may therefore be regarded as all but certain, on independent grounds, that Quirinus was proprætor of Syria between 4 B.C. and 1 B.C. And if such was the case, instead of having been guilty of a flagrant historical error by antedating, by ten years, the proprætorship of Quirinus in Syria, St. Luke has preserved for us the historical fact of his having been twice proprætor.

Yours faithfully,

E. JERRY.

* It is Zumpt who, by his industry and research, has established the extreme probability of Quirinus having held the same office twice.

[The individual referred to was Quirinius, not Quirinus. Dean Farrar was a writer of romances, foremost among which was his *Life of Christ*.—ED.]

WHAT THEOSOPHISTS KNOW.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—If you will permit me the space, I would like to reply to the letter signed "Theosophist" in your last issue as follows :—

In respect to "his" protests :—

1. All Theosophists, and at least 85 per cent. of Theosophical students, either know, believe or expect the early return or reincarnation of the Christ or Boddhasatva.

2. The same in respect to Theosophists and students differentiating between Jesus and the Christ.

3. Any Theosophist knows this. Students may not.

"His" inquiries:—

1 and 2. I do not know. I should require to know what Drs. Anna Kingsford and Franz Hartmann KNEW—not what they thought and wrote—before I could say whether they were Theosophists or Theosophical students. Belief or thought does not entitle one to be called a Theosophist, in my estimation. By this I do not of course mean any disrespect to the memories of our learned fraternal comrades above mentioned.

3. Certainly not.

Yours faithfully,

A. E. A. M. TURNER.

DUPLEX HUMANITY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—It would greatly interest me to learn what that "better cause" may be to which you suggest I should devote my tenacity of argument. I confess that I know of no better cause than that which I believe to be the truth. And as regards the complex of human existence I hold it to be perfectly consistent with Mme Blavatsky's teaching from first to last, that we should regard it as essentially duplex, consisting of an astral monad informed by the lower aspect of Mind, and a spiritual monad which, while itself informed from a superior source, expresses itself as Will through the same channel. This complex of human nature has led to the belief in a third or middle principle (Mind) as a permanent factor in human evolution. The astral monad has a post-mortem existence, but is not immortal. It is subject to the second death. The spiritual monad is the only permanent and immortal part of us. It is the Fixed Star in the series of planetary manifestations through which evolution is expressed. The fusion of the astral with the physical monad during incarnation gives rise to a by-product which we call Mind—that which reasons and doubts but never knows. This much extolled factor is the New God of the Rationalists, and it was never more worshipped than now. As to Mme Blavatsky being "an open door," I am convinced from experience that the man who had the temerity to make that suggestion to her face would have wished not only that all the doors were open, but also the floor on which he stood. During all the time I knew her she scouted the least insinuation that she was subject to any source of inspiration save one, and in that respect her only regret was that she was such an imperfect instrument.

Yours, etc.,

SEPHARIAL.

[Suppose we agree to differ.—ED.]

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

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

A NEWLY established French periodical which appears, curiously and rather unaccountably, under the English title of *Psychic Magazine*, seems more especially devoted to Spiritism and Animal Magnetism, but includes in its synopsis of subjects the whole circle of occult sciences. In particular, M. Jollivet Castelot, who is president of the *Société Alchimique de France*, is explaining from number to number the mysteries of an alchemical Tarot. Presumably it is an invention of the moment, and we see no reason to object, failing a canon of orthodoxy limiting the designs and intentions of the cards. Those under notice are referred to a certain Kerdanec de Pornic, described as a loyal Breton and *adeptus emeritus*. We remember that some years ago M. Castelot laid it down as desirable, if not necessary, that a practical alchemist should be royalist in political persuasion—thus presumably putting himself on God's side in the kingdom of this world. It is not an impossible condition, even in republican France, but so far neither the Legitimists nor the *Société Alchimique* have done anything to disturb the currency. M. Castelot has a word of wisdom on that alchemical triumph which is called projection and is said to be symbolized by Trump Major No. 22 of the Tarot cards. Speaking as if it were done daily in the high-ways and byways, he explains that one has only to envelop a fragment of the mystic Red Powder with wax, place it in a crucible containing molten lead, and then the base metal will be changed forthwith into very fine gold. We have the writer's assurance that this offers nothing which is impossible. The most curious thing is that people of this kind take themselves and their cryptograms of distracted science with highest seriousness.

It is refreshing to turn from the *Société Alchimique de France* to the Alchemical Society of England, which has set itself on the side of reason and unpretentious literary research. It has published two further numbers of the *Journal*, one dealing with Kabalistic Alchemy, being a monograph on the much-prized "Book of Purifying Fire," accompanied by Sefhirotic diagrams, and the other some remarks on the alchemical "first matter," with special reference to the writings of Thomas Vaughan. This is the work of Mr. S. Abdul-Ali and has several suggestive points, well and clearly expressed. The works of Vaughan, who wrote as

Engenius Philalethes, are described as disesteemed in one of the English Hermetic bibliographies, but he is now regarded in a very different light by informed students and critics. Mr. Abdul-Ali recognizes the two departments of alchemical experiment and research, the one a physical art which sought to transcend Nature and the other "a doctrine of salvation" which he understands most probably in the way that we ourselves understand it—namely, as a doctrine married to a practice. Either this side of the mystery was a vain pretence, speaking in cryptic terms of spiritual attainments, experiences and states which are common to all annals of sanctity, or its memorials are the witnesses of a deeper inquest, a journey of the soul beyond the known landmarks, and then the greatest adventure in mystical criticism would be that which succeeded in decoding it.

L'Alliance Spiritualiste is one of the recent comers into the interesting arena of French periodical literature within the subjects of our concern. It is a monthly review representing the universal federation of autonomous spiritualistic schools, or working in that direction. Though it is quite possible that we have insufficient materials for judgment in the issue before us, we are led to infer that these schools are distinct from the associations belonging to the Kardec or reincarnationist aspect of French spiritism, so long and ably represented by *La Revue Spirite*. It is a remarkable fact that there is not only room in France for every phase of psychic and occult dedication, but for journals in the interest of each. *L'Alliance Spiritualiste* has an excellent programme, working as it does for an amicable understanding between a great number of groups, for the elucidation of their leading principles, the propaganda of spiritualism in the face of materialism, the study of the Laws of Nature and of the spiritual and psychical powers of man.

Among the significant facts of the time a place almost by itself must be assigned to the growing sense of concern in the mystery behind the Eucharist which is to be found in several occult schools, not excepting that of theosophy, so far as it is entitled to inclusion in this category. It is met with in French periodicals, some of which represent the comparatively simple dedications of modern spiritism; it is met with in the school of Martinism, though Saint-Martin had no consciousness whatever of the catholic *mysterium fidei*. In England certain books of the present period may help to account for it—those, among others, which are devoted to the legend and symbolism of the Holy Grail. Recent activities at Glastonbury, with which the name of Miss Buckton, authoress

of "Eager Heart," is connected as one of a group, have arisen therefrom. These represent, however, what we believe to be a purely Christian interest, and theosophy is not as yet Christian in the manner to which we allude. Eucharistic wonders and that which they perchance intimate are the subject of simultaneous remark in *The Vahan* and *Theosophy in Scotland*, arising out of the same experiences—as recorded in *The Scottish Chronicle*. One is that of a modern seer, who beheld the Sacred Host glowing with dazzling brightness at the moment of consecration and again in the Rite of Benediction. Another is recorded in the life of Father Ignatius, who saw "a sudden transfiguration of the Sacramental Element," the wafer becoming a ball of fire. We may compare these visions with the five changes of the Grail beheld by King Arthur in the Sacrament at a certain Mass of the Grail, as recounted in "The High History." The writer in the Scottish newspaper regards his two instances as things which have passed into expression out of a cloud of similar experiences, and he suggests that they offer a field for higher psychical research, looking forward to that day when the question of "reservation," with other debated customs and ceremonies thereto belonging, will be judged on such testimony and on that of the catholic mysticism of various ages.

Le Voile d'Isis has entered on its twenty-fourth year of publication, and those who are so fortunate as to possess the complete collection have assuredly a treasury of curious and often memorable lore, dealing with the worlds within and without—above all, with the border-line between them and with the intimations from that further side of the portal which reach us ever and continually who are still on the hither side. We are not among those fortunate bibliophiles and can say nothing of the earlier volumes; but during recent years we have had occasion, and frequently, to signalize its progress and development as the chief representative in periodical literature of the French occult schools. It has now adopted a new form and is an excellent specimen of typography and general production. There are papers on Jacob Böhme, while the "Quadripartite" of Claudius Ptolemæus is being translated into French. There is also a study of the Rosicrucian Pentagram—so called—of Khunrath, to which we have alluded ourselves; but it is more properly a key to the Christian Kabalah. Finally, "The Book of Lambspring," with its curious copper-plate engravings, is being given from month to month; and it may be remembered that this important text of spiritual alchemy was the subject of a special monograph in

the OCCULT REVIEW. There is nothing better of its kind than *Le Voile d'Isis*, and in several respects it may be said to stand alone.

For a considerable number of years *The New Age* has occupied a place of interest among monthly illustrated magazines appearing at New York, and it has been noticed frequently in these pages. So far it has been partly general in its character, but there has been always a substantial section devoted to the Masonic Order, especially that part of it which is known as the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States. It has been and remains the official organ of the Supreme Council in that quarter. After the issue of the May number it will lose its general character in the sense to which we have alluded, but will be of wider scope, as embracing the Masonic news of the world, while continuing to "express and breathe the spirit of Scottish Rite Masonry." In the present issue there are articles on the poetry of Masonry, of which Rudyard Kipling affords several contemporary examples. There is also a suggestive account of the Apron or Badge of a Mason. Lastly, Mr. R. F. Gould, the well-known English historian of Freemasonry, continues his biographical and other recollections.

We have received *The Aletheian*, which is the organ of an Aletheian Society, and this has its centre at Boston. It teaches that all truth finds expression through the science of the soul and lays down the momentous maxim that "where truth is fear is not." Therefore he or she who is or would become an Aletheian must be "immune to error," besides being "deaf to criticism" and "unmoved by praise." These things notwithstanding, the little highly-priced quarterly is sentimental rather than stoical, as many other inanities show. It is right, however, to add that the Society is "part of the Great Brotherhood, visible and invisible, existent from all time"—what part those who read must be left to judge as they can. This kind of thing and the little pretences at the back of it are too weak for serious criticism; but one is inclined to wonder how they are born into being and much more how they are maintained therein.

Professor Hyslop has a characteristically clear and forcible article on the mechanistic conception of life in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*. It arises out of a recent work on the subject by Professor Loeb, who believes that he has demonstrated or at least advanced the mechanical theory. His critic of course takes a counter-view, and looks to the survival of personality after death as the best basis for the argument of design in Nature.

REVIEWS

HAUNTED HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS. By Elliott O'Donnell. London: Eveleigh Nash. 1914. 3s. 6d. net.

IN our youth we are very reckless with the sensation of excitement, but we find it more and more difficult to capture as we grow older. There are many ways in which a state of excitement may be induced. In general, mysteries suggested are more thrilling than horrors described. The suggestions lurk at the back of our minds and cannot be shaken off, and eventually we get worked up into a state of nervous tension. This, however, is not Mr. O'Donnell's way of thrilling us. He rather adds horror to horror, and seeks by combining disgust with inevitability to reduce us to impotent terror. Thus all the stories deal with violence and attack, with murder, assault and despair, and somehow, though doubtless a violent ghost would be far the most alarming to encounter, it is also less convincing, and so less paralysing to read of.

We all feel, though not all of us care to confess to, the sense of eeriness of the door that opens by itself, or the bell that rings without a hand on the rope, or the mists of evening that take upon themselves the likeness of wraiths.

Mr. O'Donnell writes for readers of sterner stuff. He visualizes with a skilful pen the corpse of the drowned woman, and the features of the pig-faced haunter of the St. John's Wood garden. We do not doubt that many readers will be found on whom Mr. O'Donnell's machinations will prove successful, and we recommend this book to all who wish to escape the daily round for a short time.

On the whole "The Swing" struck us as the best of these stories, but where all are good it were invidious to choose. CLARE ELIOT.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES, OR COSMIC HARMONY. By L. A. Bosman. London: The Dharma Press, 16 Oakfield Road, Clapton, N.E. Price 1s. net.

GOOD as the first two volumes of this series were, the third is even better. To those who are in touch with Mr. Elias Gewurz upon the inner planes, it is plain that his soul-wisdom shines through every page of *The Music of the Spheres*, as no doubt Mr. Bosman will be the first to admit. Following the introduction, there is a short chapter on the occult significance of names; the rest of the volume contains a further elucidation of the first ten letters of the Hebrew alphabet, commencing with Aleph and concluding with Yod. This interpretation, which is intended to amplify the short account of the Hebrew alphabet in *Cosmic Wisdom*, contains a mine of information of an occult nature, and provides openings for individual research in meditation which should be taken advantage of by students of the Holy Qabalah. The manner in which the letters are related to one another, their mantric and numerical significance, and the powers they represent in nature and incidentally in man, are explained in a masterly fashion. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Elias Gewurz (to whom Mr. Bosman is indebted for his knowledge of the Qabalah) is one of the greatest living exponents of the teachings of the Secret Doctrine of the

Jews—the Qabalah. This high Initiate, whose friendship I regard as one of the greatest privileges that could possibly be bestowed upon me, is one of the true *Illuminati*; one of those whose lives and attainments are signal-fires to the perplexed pilgrims that are seeking an oasis in the desert of material life. May we profit by the presence of such a one in our midst!

MEREDITH STARR.

THE SECRET OF A STAR. By Eva M. Martin. Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is the rarely beautiful book of a true mystic, and one who has learnt from the study of theosophy and comparative religion that God is, as W. T. Stead once defined Him, "the same thing, only every one sees Him from a different angle."

And Miss Martin has written an occult little story of a boy named Lucien, who is a re-incarnated priest of Hermes. But not of the Pagan Mercury, but that Hermes who was Thoth in Egypt and Nebo in Assyria and who is now the Archangel Raphael in the angelical hierarchy of our faith.

It is a lucid volume animated by pure thought, and the poetry which surrounds that ineffable mystery of the Lord who is, as the author has it, "a central Light shining within a Lamp with sevenfold windows."

And she makes of "volatile Hermes," as Milton sang him, of that laughing cattle-thief whom Homer hymned, a majestic powerful and immutable angel; one who dwelleth in the kingdom of the sun and was that Three-Fold Hermes, "Hermes the Thrice-Greatest," who opened the eyes of the Egyptian priesthood many thousand years ago "over against the mouths of Nile."

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

MATERIALISATIONS-PHÄNOMENE. Ein Beitrag zur Erforschung der Mediumistischen Teleplastie. By Dr. A. Freiherrn Von Schrenck-Notzing (Practising Physician at Munich). 1914. Munich: Ernest Reinhardt. Price marks 14.16.

DR. SCHRENCK-NOTZING, who will be remembered for his original and exhaustive researches in the phantastic realms of abnormal psychology, has, in this monumental work, accumulated a mass of evidence which will go far to prove the claims of spiritualism. Throughout his investigations, not content with the evidences of his senses, he has had recourse to photography; over a hundred and fifty photographs are reproduced in *Materialisations-Phänomene*; from the point of view of practical evidence these photographs constitute the most important feature of the book, besides possessing an extraordinary fascination of their own. The results published in *Materialisations-Phänomene* are the fruit of investigations which were protracted for a period of four years. Every possible precaution was taken to avoid the possibility of fraud. The sittings and the phenomena that appeared are related in detail. Dr. Schrenck-Notzing has produced an epoch-making work in the history of spiritualistic literature. His evidence cannot be regarded as otherwise than reliable. He himself is at a loss to explain many of the phenomena the occurrence of which he has indisputably established; he realizes, as Faraday said, that nothing is too wonderful to be true. He has earned the gratitude of spiritualists all over the world.

MEREDITH STARR.

THE WORLD AND MR. FREYNE. By Mrs. Alfred Wingate (Beryl Tucker). London: Andrew Melrose, Ltd. Pp. 326. Price 6s.

AN attempt to depict a thoroughly loveless man of talent, a man without sexual feeling, without a sense of honour, who mocks at mundane morality, makes this book very suitable for anybody desirous of feeling conceited about his or her thrifty grain of altruism. Mrs. Wingate is a clever satirist: she well knows how to present comic aspects of art, suffragism and occult faith; yet her book is unsatisfactory because it is one of those things which require to be true in fact to appeal to the imagination, and it happens to be a novel!

The person in the title is the being who started life when the corpse of a former Mr. Freyne was once more made a human habitation by the skill of a scientist. The second Mr. Freyne, a man in physical appearance, exhibited the ignorance and passionate alimentiveness of a baby. He had to learn to walk and talk, but he succeeded in making himself intellectually conspicuous while still young; and, hungry for knowledge, he won the heart of a very fragile and gullible girl. She was, however, far more wonderful than ordinary girls, for she became an inmate of his brain: it was as if Narcissus and Echo became one; as if he kissed her in kissing himself. Unfortunately the intelligent materialism, which even an occultist possesses, prevents one from accepting the mystic idea of conjugal love presented on the last page of the book, despite the "prophecy" on page 271.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE SCAPEGOAT. (The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion, 3rd Edition, Part VI.) By Prof. J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. 8½ in. × 5½ in., pp. xiv + 453. London: Macmillan & Co., St. Martin's Street, W.C. Price 10s. net.

THE *Golden Bough* is a work of vast erudition, a veritable encyclopædia of anthropological data, and needs no introduction to students. But in respect of theory, I must confess that I do not find it satisfactory. It has, indeed, many suggestive hints and fascinating analogies to offer; but one cannot help feeling that the threads of hypothesis whereby Prof. Frazer connects together his facts are too many and too fine to bear the weight attached to them. Let me take one case in point: in the records of many nations we find accounts of annual periods of licence, such as the Roman Saturnalia. In Christendom, the Twelve Days (i.e., from Christmas to Epiphany) seem to have been kept as a period of this sort, and still are, in what may be called a diluted manner. Now, Prof. Frazer suggests that such periods of licence were originally intercalary periods—extra days introduced into lunar calendars to make them harmonize with a solar reckoning of years, and the addition of *twelve* days is necessary to equate the lunar year of 354 days ($= 6 \times 29 + 6 \times 30$) to the solar year of 366 days. The objection to my mind, however, is that the solar year is not 366 days, but more nearly 365 days, as the earliest observers of astronomical phenomena were aware, so that on this theory we ought to find a tradition of eleven and not twelve days as forming a special period. So is it with the main elements of Prof. Frazer's theory. If one could modify one fact a little here, another a little there, and so on, then we might accept it without doubt. There is no space here to go over the main ground, but I would refer readers to the telling criticisms of the late Mr.

Andrew Lang, published in his *Magic and Religion*. Prof. Frazer now admits grave doubts as to the validity of his views concerning the crucifixion of Christ, and has removed his statement of them from the main body of *The Scapegoat* to a note at the end. This must be considered as a victory for those who do not believe that the verities of religion have evolved from the crudities of superstition. As Mr. Lang has proved, there is much evidence for the view that the reverse process is the true one, i.e., that magic and superstition are produced by the degeneration of religion.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THE MAN OF TO-MORROW. By Floyd B. Wilson. London: Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 3s. 6d. net. (New Volume of the New Thought Library.)

THE well-known author of *Paths to Power* has in this new work made an appeal of an effective nature to the common body of humanity to throw off the yoke of years and assert its right to power and effectiveness in the world. Too long has the Race as a whole committed itself to a passive acceptance of the idea that only the truly great are by Nature designed and equipped for government and leadership, alone capable of that degree of specialization which makes for distinction in the world of affairs. To this the author throws out an unqualified and emphatic objection, affirming on the contrary that every individual is capable of a measure of power and influence which hitherto it has not been his to assert. In tracing the evolution of mankind from the primitive bushman and troglodyte up to the point where man may be said to have evolved individual consciousness of his spiritual origin and destiny, the author comes to the conclusion that only the few have seized upon that central fact in such manner as to make it a working power for good in their own lives and of wide effect in the world about them. The majority have lived and died without ever having exercised their divine right, the will to be and the will to do, in any manner whatsoever. He deprecates in mankind the "habit of inferiority." And truly there is no reason whatsoever that should require this self-subjection. Every man can be master of himself, master of what he professes, master of the goodwill and recognition of his fellows in the measure that he is capable of defining his purpose and exercising his will. It is never too late to begin the task, never too late to free oneself from the trammels of mediocrity and incapacity. We are reminded that Cato learned his Greek at eighty years of age. The finest work of that great student of Nature, the late Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, was written when he was approaching his ninetieth year, and Queen Victoria began the study of Hindustani, in which she afterwards wrote fluently, at the age of seventy-five. There is no lack of encouragement and example; what was needed was an argument and illustration of man's individual power to raise himself immeasurably by the supreme faculty of direction of the will. The ancient maxim: *Atmane átmanam upasya* (Raise the self by the Self) is here insisted upon, and in this estimable work there will be found both the reason and the means for man's individual uplifting. It is a purposeful work and one that will be read with advantage by all who, either from doubt of ability, lack of objective, or want of means, have failed to reap the full advantage that this bodily life of ours alone affords; and indeed there are few who will not in some measure derive conscious benefit from its perusal. The book should prove a valuable addition to the New Thought Library.

SCRUTATOR.