

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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George Sheringham, 1907



# 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

WE are all of us familiar with the old proverb that marriages are made in Heaven, though there are few of us who believe it. It may, however, well be true that there are certain spiritual marriages or associations which are made in Heaven in the sense that they have a certain cosmic foundation in the nature of things and in the relationship of one life to another. It may also be true that two lives are brought together for special and important purposes by influences working from another and a far higher plane. Collaboration is a very commonplace word, but there was certainly no element of the commonplace in the collaboration of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland. History perhaps contains nothing more remarkable, and romance nothing more romantic, than this singular association of two strikingly diverse and original characters of opposite sexes for a single and supreme purpose. To the two individuals concerned, the sacrifice of two lives to the ideal which inspired them seemed but little in view of the momentous character of the objects to be achieved. The world may not set the same store on the high mission of

Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland, may not perhaps value it at the same price as the two co-workers who gave up their all in pursuit of their aims. Many may say, as many have said already, that, like Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, they were pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp and not the Holy Grail of their hearts' desire. But assuming that they partially misinterpreted the end to be achieved, or, alternatively, over-estimated their own powers of achieving that end with anything like the success that so high an ideal demanded, it should still be borne in mind that those who under-estimate the greatness of their own mission must inevitably fail to impress others with its value in the scheme of things, and it is therefore far better to over-estimate your own powers and the importance of the object aimed at than to underrate either the one or the other.

People are apt to look scoffingly at the man with a mission, but it is the men and the women with missions who have in fact made the world what it is to-day. "A crank," said some wit, "is a little thing that makes revolutions." The saying is as true as it was in the times of Jesus Christ that God has "chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."

THE  
MEANING  
OF FAITH.

If there is one word in our language more misunderstood than any other, it is the little word "Faith." We have been told by the cynical that faith is the capacity for believing that which we know to be untrue, and the misinterpretation of this term by the orthodox clergy is responsible for the derision which has been cast upon it. Worst of all sinners within the fold of the Church has been the evangelical contingent. "Believe," they tell us, "all the dry-as-dust dogmas of orthodox theology, and you will win eternal salvation." This is not, we may be sure, the sense in which Jesus used the word. Neither is it the sense in which, in a magnificently eloquent passage, the word was employed by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, when he spoke of those who "through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions; quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

The faith of Jesus and the faith of his apostles and followers is the faith that implies and includes the power to achieve. It is what we call in the ordinary language of the day "self-confidence," but it is not the confidence in the *lower* but in the *higher*

self; it is the confidence which comes of the conscious placing of ourselves *en rapport* with what Prentice Mulford called "the Infinite Life" and the "Divine Source." This power is the secret of all great achievement. The *faith* of the orthodox, on the other hand, corresponds to the *credulity* of the man in the



ANNA KINGSFORD.

street. It is the will-o'-the-wisp that leads fools to sacrifice the reality for a chimera. It was in condemnation and in ridicule of such folly as this that Omar Khayyám bade his friends "take the cash and let the credit go." It was in the spirit of this true self-confidence and self-reliance that Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland entered upon the daring project of their life's work.

It was this spirit of faith that enabled them to carry it at length to a triumphant conclusion—successful in spite of those imperfections inevitably incidental to a work of the kind, achieved under the defective conditions of present-day humanity.

A great work was certainly seldom, if ever, accomplished under such curious and such self-contradictory conditions. A man and a woman have frequently worked together before, and worked effectively and harmoniously, but they have either been in the relationship of husband and wife, of avowed lovers, independent of or having deliberately cast aside other ties, or they have been free to work together as friends owing to the fact that circumstances have left them unhampered by family conditions. The peculiarity of the present case is that the relations of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland subsisted in spite of the existence of a husband for whom his wife had a very genuine and warm affection, and who most undoubtedly reciprocated it to the full—in spite also of the fact that the husband was fully aware of, and approved of, all that took place, without seeing anything in it to lessen his esteem for his wife or compromise their relationship—in spite also of the fact that the society of the day held up its hands in horror at the scandal and more than suspected immorality where there was none to suspect—in spite, finally, of the fact that, joined to the respect and friendly feeling which Edward Maitland felt for the husband, there was something in his whole attitude and demeanour towards Anna Kingsford which was more in the nature of the devotion of a lover to his mistress than anything else which the ordinary terms of language can express. When Anna Kingsford passed away to another sphere early indeed in life (she was but 42), but with her life's work accomplished, the two who joined hands over her grave and who mourned her most deeply and most sincerely were the devoted husband who loved her without understanding the most remarkable side of her character, and the friend who loved and understood, but, better even than the woman whom he loved, loved the work of which her presence and being were to him the divine symbol and seal.

People of the type of Anna Bonus Kingsford are too sensitive and impressionable ever to be really happy for long. The acuteness of their feelings exaggerates their own sufferings, and at the same time makes the consciousness of the sufferings of others an ever present torture and martyrdom. Mrs. Kingsford's life, indeed, at times when her health, always far from

robust, was below the usual level, became absolutely unbearable. The thought of bringing a child into the world to share her own anguish and despair seemed in itself a crime.

I long (she writes, in one of these moods of depression), I long for a little rest and peace. The world has grown very bitter to me. I feel as if every one were dead!

Ah, what a life is before me!—a life of incessant struggle, reproach, and loneliness. I shall never be as other women, happy in their wifhood and motherhood. Never to my dying day shall I know the meaning of a home.



*Edward Maitland*

And behind me, as I look back on the road by which I have come, all is storm and darkness. I fought my way through my lonely, sad-hearted childhood; I fought my way through my girlhood, misunderstood, and mistrusted always; and now, in my womanhood, I am fighting still. On every side of me are rebuke and suspicion, and bitter, abiding sorrow. Pain and suffering of body and of spirit have hung on my steps all the years of my life. I have had no respite.

Is there never to be peace? Never to be a time of sunlight that shall make me glad of my being?

Her spirit was indeed naked and without defence against the arrows of the world. Endowed with courage far greater than falls to the lot of most women, with great independence and an utter fearlessness of conventionality, she had no hesitation in avowing her own profound belief in her divine mission. To one who, meeting her for the first time, observed with ill-timed jocularly,

ANNA  
KINGSFORD  
AVOWS  
HERSELF A  
PROPHET.

"I understand, Mrs. Kingsford, that you are a prophetess," she retorted with the utmost solemnity, "I am indeed a prophetess," and on her interrogator continuing his banter by inquiring: "But not, I suppose, as great as Isaiah?" "Yes," she returned, "greater than Isaiah." Such mockery,

however boldly she faced it, caused her the most acute pain. There was, indeed, nothing undignified about her avowal of her claims, nothing that jarred, nothing of the charlatan in her composition. If she was deceived herself, at least she never dreamed of deceiving others. She never posed or attempted to gain a hearing by acting a part which was not natural to her. She was too genuine, too intense in her convictions, and withal too natural and too unaffected to be otherwise than always and everywhere true to herself. She was essentially a child of nature, and in some of the traits of her character she retained to the end the simplicity and wayward playfulness which most people say

A PET  
GUINEA  
PIG.

good-bye to when they reach years of discretion. Animals, of course, always appealed to her strongest sympathies, and for nine long years she could not bear to be parted except for occasional very brief periods from her favourite guinea-pig, Rufus. Nature in its varying moods made the strong appeal which it always does to people of so emotional a temperament. Once after recovering from a serious bout of illness she was taken to convalesce at Dieppe. An incident occurred here very illustrative of her susceptible nature. Having stayed for some time and being greatly benefited by the change, she was proceeding in company with Mr. Edward Maitland to see her husband off by the steamer. Says her biographer:—

It was a day of days for beauty. While waiting, we sat watching the gambols of a flock of sea-gulls, whose gleaming white wings, as they circled round and round against a sky of clearest and tenderest blue, approaching each other to give loving salute with their bills, and then darting off only to

PARADISE  
POISONED.

return and repeat the act, uttering the while shrill notes of joy and delight, made a spectacle of exquisite beauty, and one that went to the invalid's inmost heart, inducing an ecstatic sense of the possibilities of happiness in the mere fact of a natural and



healthy existence. Though entranced by the scene no less than my companion, I did not fail to note the effect upon her, and the thought arose in my mind, "This is the best remedy of all she has yet had."

As we were thus gazing and feeling, a shot was fired from a boat containing some men and women, which, unperceived by us, had glided out from behind the opposite pier; and immediately one of the birds fell into the sea where it lay fluttering in agony with a broken wing, while its companions fled away with harsh, discordant cries; and in one instant the whole bright scene was changed for us from one of innocence and joy into one of the darkest gloom and misery. It was a murder done in Eden, followed by the instant eclipse of all that made it Paradise. Mary was frantic. Her so lately injured organism gave way again under the shock of such a revulsion of feeling. Her impulse was to throw herself into the sea to succour the wounded bird, and it was with difficulty that I restrained her; and only after giving vent to an agony of tears, and pouring on the shooting party a storm of reproaches, at the imminent risk of being given into custody as they landed bearing the bird, now dead, as a trophy, did I succeed in getting her back to the hotel. For the next twenty-four hours her state was one of raving mania. She had positively forbidden me to call in a doctor whatever might happen to her, and I feared that to disobey her would do more harm than he could do good. The sight of the falling bird haunted her. It was burnt into her brain. Then she thought it was A (her husband), who had been shot, and she could not recall the fact of his departure. Then she fancied that she herself had been shot too, and that the bird's spirit came to beg her to go and warn its fellows from that treacherous shore. And then she beheld a beautiful female form holding the bird's spirit on her wrist, as if to comfort her by letting her see that it was not suffering now but happy. This calmed her somewhat; but presently there came a discharge of crackers in the street, every report of which sent a spasm through her brain, renewing her distress. I would have had a nurse, but she declared that she could bear no one about her but myself, now A was gone; and when forced, on one occasion, to leave her for a moment, I returned to find her leaning far out of the window, looking for the bird, and waving her arms as if to fly; and on being drawn in she said that she thought it had come for her, and that she had only to trust herself to the air to be able to fly too, for she was sure that she also was a spirit now.

No incident could be more characteristic of her temperament or of her outlook upon life. The charm and beauty and joy of life were all on the surface and only served to conceal the horror and anguish which lurked beneath. She felt, with the apostle, that all creation groaneth and travaileth together, and to her hyper-sensitive spirit life itself was all too frequently a very hell. One can well understand the ardour with which a spirit like hers pursued the campaign against vivisection. But it is rare indeed to find this temperament joined with a courage which faced the presence of the horrors she so dreaded to go through the entire medical course and qualify as a doctor at a time when

HER  
MORAL  
COURAGE.

obstacles innumerable were placed in the way of women candidates for the profession. It is in connection with this phase of her career that a story is narrated which has attained for her a somewhat unenviable notoriety. This is the record of the boast she is stated herself to have made that she had brought about by her magical powers the death of one of the most prominent supporters of vivisection in its worst form in the medical world. The doctor in question was the well-known Professor Claude Bernard, and the claim that she made will probably be regarded by the occultist as not wanting foundation in fact. The narrative had better be given in her biographer's own words :—

It was in mid-February, when, having occasion to visit the *Ecole de Médecine*, I accompanied her thither. It was afternoon. On reaching the place we found it shut up, and a notice on the gate apprised us that the school was closed for the day on account of the obsequies of Professor Claude Bernard. We had not heard even of his illness. A cry, or rather a gasp, of astonishment escaped her, and she exclaimed, "Claude Bernard dead! Claude Bernard dead! Take hold of me! Help me to a seat or I shall fall. Claude Bernard dead! Claude Bernard dead!" The only seat available near was on the stony steps by which we were standing, and I accordingly placed her on these, seeing that emotion had deprived her of all her powers. Once seated she buried her face in her hands, and I stood before her awaiting the result in silence. I knew that such an event could not fail greatly to move her, but no special reason occurred to me. Presently she looked up, her face strangely altered by the intensity of her emotion, and asked me if I remembered what she had told me some weeks ago about Claude Bernard, and her having been provoked to launch her maledictions at him. I remembered perfectly. It was in the latter part of the previous December. Her professor had forced her into a controversy about vivisection, the immediate occasion being some experiments by Claude Bernard

on animal heat, made by means of a stove invented by himself, so constructed as to allow of observations being made on animals while being slowly baked to death. Her professor had agreed with her as to the unscientific character and utter uselessness for any medical purpose of such a method of research. But he was altogether insensible to its moral aspects, and in answer to her strong expressions of reprobation, had taken occasion to deliver himself of a tirade against the sentiments generally of morality and religion, and the folly of allowing anything so chimerical to stand in the way, not merely of science, but of any object whatever to which one might be inclined, and setting up a transcendental standard of right and wrong, or recognizing any limits to self-gratification saving the physical risks to oneself. Even the feeling which makes a mother weep over her child's suffering he sneered at as hysterical, and gloried in the prospects of the time when science and intellect should be utterly unrestrained by what people call heart and moral conscience, and the only recognized rule should be that of the bodily self.

Thus speaking, he had worked his pupil into a frenzy of righteous indigna-

tion, and the vision rose before her of a future when, through the teaching of a materialistic science, society at large had become wholly demonized, even as already were this man and his kind. And seeing in Claude Bernard the foremost living representative and instrument of the fell conspiracy, at once against the human and the divine, to destroy whom would be to rid the earth of one of its worst monsters, she no sooner found herself alone than she rose to her feet, and with passionate energy invoked the wrath of God upon him, at the same moment hurling her whole spiritual being at him with all her might, as if with intent, then and there, to smite him with destruction. And so completely, it seemed to her, had she gone out of herself in the effort that her physical system instantly collapsed, and she fell back powerless on her sofa, where she lay awhile utterly exhausted and unable to move. It was thus that, on rejoining her, I found her, with just sufficient power to recount the experience, and to ask me my opinion as to the possibility of injuring a person at a distance by making, as it were, a spiritual thunderbolt of oneself; for, if such a thing were possible, and had ever happened, it must, she was convinced, have happened then. The point was not one which had before been suggested to me, and to say the truth, now that it had been suggested, I found myself occupied far more with its moral than with its scientific aspect. Even if possible, was it legitimate? And besides, even if both of these, might it not be fraught with danger to the actor no less than to the subject? The suggestion to her of the former objection was at once met by an energetic repudiation of any scruple on that score. Hers was a mission of redemption, first and foremost to the animals, and the act was one of rescue, for the consequences of which the oppressor himself was responsible, just the same as if he had been slain in an attempt upon human life or property. Having the power and given the opportunity, the blame would have been hers had she refrained from using them. It was no human life that was involved in the matter; for that only is a human life which is a humane life. And if the Bible were an authority, people in it were similarly struck dead who were blessed innocents in comparison with a deliberate torturer of helpless creatures.

At the moment the discussion on this subject was dropped, but further evidence was subsequently sought which it was hoped would confirm or disprove the idea that Anna Kingsford had been responsible for the great French doctor's death. Eventually, our heroine came across an acquaintance of the deceased Professor in the person of a practical student of occult science. It appeared from his narrative that Claude Bernard was one of the few members of the profession who also took an interest in this subject, which had served as a link between them.

HOW  
CLAUDE  
BERNARD  
DIED.

He informed Mrs. Kingsford that the doctor had described his earliest symptoms to himself, and had regarded them as somewhat mysterious. He was engaged, it appears, in his laboratory in the

*Collège de France*, being at the time in his usual health, when he felt himself suddenly struck as if by some poisonous effluvium

which he believed to emanate from the subject of his experiment. The effect, instead of passing off, became intensified, and manifested itself in severe internal inflammation from which he eventually died. The doctors pronounced the complaint to be Bright's disease. This was the disease which Claude Bernard had chiefly endeavoured to investigate by inducing it in animals. The possibility of such an incident is of course familiar to students of occultism, and Paracelsus, with others before and since, have maintained its feasibility. The great German occultist writes that it is possible that the spirit without the help of the body may "through a fiery will alone, and without a sword, stab and wound others." This is purely in accordance with the general trend of his doctrine, a large part of which is based on the belief that the will is a most potent operator in medicine.

Anna Kingsford was, it is well known, one of the earliest and foremost champions of the movement for women's rights, but the line she took in this movement was supremely sane and

MRS. KINGSFORD'S VIEWS ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE wise, and was devoid of all the extravagances which have since brought certain sides of one of the greatest and most important movements of the day into well-deserved contempt. Edward Maitland was in entire sympathy with her in this matter, and in endorsing one of her communications to him

observes: "I send you to-day's *Times*, with a report of the debate on the Women's Suffrage Bill, which will show you how much you are needed in that movement. For the debate shows why it does not advance. They are all on the wrong tack, supporters and opponents alike. The franchise is claimed in hostility, not sought in love. The women are demanding it as a means of defence and offence against man, instead of as a means of aiding and perfecting man's work. They want a level platform with man expressly in order to fight him on equal terms. And of course the instinct of the majority of men and women resents such a view." "Justice in fact as between men and women, human and animal," was among Anna Kingsford's foremost aims; for, as her biographer well says: "All injustice was cruelty, and cruelty was for her the one unpardonable sin." "Her love," he adds in a curiously revealing passage, "was all for principles, not for persons. The last thing contemplated

AND ON WOMANHOOD. by Anna Kingsford was an aggravation of the existing divisions and antagonisms between the sexes." "And," continues Mr. Maitland, "so far from accepting the doctrine of the superiority of spinsterhood over

wifehood, she regarded it as an assertion of the superiority of non-experience over experience as a means of education." But that which most of all she reprobated was the disposition which led women to despise womanhood itself as an inferior condition, and accordingly to cultivate the masculine at the expense of the feminine side of their nature." It was by magnifying their womanhood and not by exchanging it for a factitious masculinity that she would have her sex obtain its proper recognition." This recognition no one more ardently desired than herself. She compares the modern woman to Andromeda bound to the rock on the seashore, shackled by the chains of ignorance and a helpless prey to that terrible monster whose name is ennui. "When," she asks, "will Perseus come to deliver the fair Andromeda, to loosen her fetters and to set her free?" Much has happened to better the position of women since this was written, but much yet remains to be done.

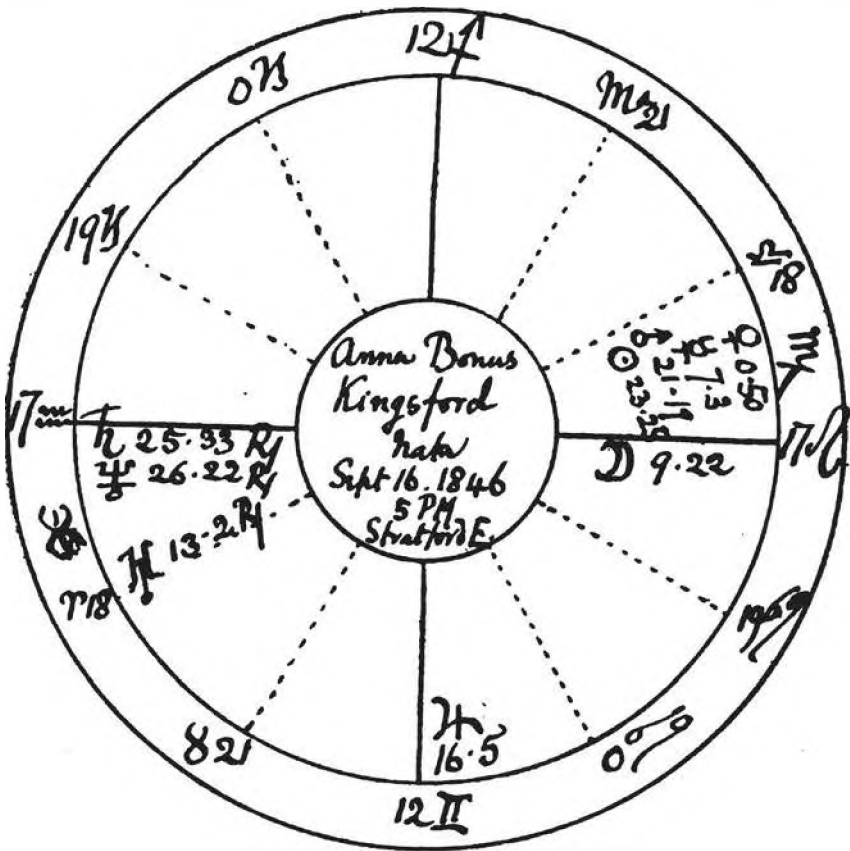
I am reproducing, by the permission of Mr. J. M. Watkins, who has just republished a new edition in two volumes of *Anna Kingsford's Life* by her collaborator, Edward Maitland,\* portraits of Anna Kingsford and himself. All who knew Anna Kingsford unite in testifying to the impression conveyed to them by her striking personality with its originality, freshness and force, no less than by her many-sidedness and the strange contradictions of her character. Her biographer gives the following description of her appearance at the date when he first met her:—

Tall, slender and graceful in form. Fair and exquisite in complexion. Bright and sunny in expression. The hair long and golden, but the brows and lashes dark and the eyes deep set and hazel, and by turns dreamy and penetrating. The mouth rich, full, and exquisitely formed. The broad brow prominent and sharply cut. The nose delicate, slightly curved, and just sufficiently prominent to give character to the face. And the dress somewhat fantastic as became her looks. Anna Kingsford seemed at first more fairy than human and more child than woman. For though really twenty-seven she appeared scarcely seventeen, and made expressly to be caressed, petted and indulged, and by no means to be taken seriously.

These impressions as regards her character were appreciably modified on subsequent acquaintance, and Mr. Maitland observes that "when she warmed to her favourite themes, her whole being radiant with a spiritual light, her utterances were those in turn of a savant, a sage, and a child, each part suiting her as well as if it were her one and only character."

\* *Anna Kingsford: Her Life, Letters, Diary, and Work.* By her Collaborator, Edward Maitland., 2 vols. 20s. net. London: J. M. Watkins.

Anna Bonus (Kingsford) is said by her biographer to have been born at Stratford, Essex, on September 16, 1846, at 5 p.m., though a footnote by the present editor states that in a copy of the



☉	Lat.	Decl.	♂	Lat.	Decl.
	—	2.37N		0.59N	4.29N
☽	5.4S	12.44N	♃	0.47S	21.58N
♀	1.18N	10.13N	♄	0.47S	14.32S
♁	1.4N	12.15N	♅	0.43S	4.29N
		Lat.		Decl.	
		♁	0.31S	13.20S	

HOROSCOPE OF ANNA KINGSFORD.

book in the possession of the late Rev. J. G. Ouseley, this is altered in ink to a.m., and a suggestion is made (though without any apparent justification) that this alteration was made

by Edward Maitland. I think that a reference to the astrological positions at her birth will leave no doubt whatever that the date in the text is the correct one. In this figure the middle degrees of Aquarius are seen to be rising, the sign which the student of astrology would naturally have surmised to be that which was in the ascendant at her birth. The other figure gives Virgo rising, and is quite out of keeping with Anna Kingsford's destiny and character. The life history, indeed, strongly bears out the general positions of the recorded horoscope. The remarkable satellitum in the seventh house indicates in a manner not to be misunderstood the fact that the great work of Anna Kingsford's life was one of collaboration, and the strength of this angle, coupled as it is with the angular position of Jupiter in the fourth house, points unmistakably to great notoriety. Anna Kingsford was something of an heiress, and this also is indicated by the position of Jupiter in the house of inheritance. The figure before us gives the Moon in trine with Uranus, the lord of the ascendant, strongly signifying the occult bent of her mind. The ascending positions of Saturn and Neptune conjoined in the sign Aquarius is indicative of a humane, hyper-sensitive and supremely psychic nature, and the affliction of the ascendant by Saturn, and of the Sun by Mars, will account for the delicacy of her health and her premature death. The native of Aquarius is remarkable for a Bohemian temperament, and a disregard for the conventionalities of society. The proximity of Venus to the seventh angle would render her specially attractive to the other sex and give her many male admirers, and it would also promise an early marriage. The figure which I am reproducing, rather I am afraid in the rough, is indeed a singular confirmation of the truth of astrological science. Curiously enough Anna Kingsford herself, who evidently knew nothing whatever about astrology, delighted to associate herself with the sign Libra, with which as a matter of fact she had little in common. Certain observations in the biography would lead us to suppose that this was the sign rising at her birth, but there is no justification for the supposition outside her own fantastic and allegorical way of alluding to the idea.

I purpose in my next issue to deal more fully with Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland's life work, the production of their books, in especial *Clothed with the Sun* and the *Perfect Way*, and the connection of Mrs. Kingsford with the inception of the Theosophical Society, and the early leaders of this movement.

# RALPH WALDO TRINE

By THE EDITOR

I DARESAY a great many of my readers are familiar with the story of the young man who inquired of his pastor what was the best way to get to Heaven, and received as answer: "Turn to the right and go straight on." The story is reminiscent of Ralph Waldo Trine's attitude towards life in general. He does not indeed claim to teach us the way to Heaven, but he does claim to teach us how to make a Heaven upon earth. "To set the face in the right direction," he tells us, "and then simply to travel on, unmindful, and never discouraged by even frequent relapses by the way, is the secret of all human achievement." But the way to set the face in the right direction, he is never weary of telling us, is to learn how to live rightly in your own thought world. This is the secret of happiness, of achievement, and of the fulfilment of the ends and aims of being. "Every act is preceded and given birth to by a thought. The act repeated forms a habit; the habit determines the character; and the character determines the life, the destiny." With this philosophy in his mind he quotes Buddha as inspired with the secret of all wisdom when he says, "The mind is everything: what you think you become," and cites with approval Ruskin's homely and charming phrase, "Make yourself nests of pleasant thoughts." Trine is indeed no Daniel come to judgment. He voices no original truth that has not been preached before. Prentice Mulford struck this particular note again and again. "People," says Mulford, "weary of existence because they think year after year the same set of thoughts and ideas over and over again. Eternal life and happiness come from a perpetual flow to us of new thought and idea. Thought is the food for our spiritual beings. Feed the spirit with the same thought from year to year and it becomes sick. The sick spirit makes the sick body." And again, "The body of every weak, shrivelled, trembling old man or woman is to-day the result of sins committed in ignorance. These sins lie in their thoughts. Out of such thought as it attracts the spirit builds first its spiritual body. The physical body is the material correspondence of the spiritual body." At a later date Mr. James Allen voiced again the same idea and made the text of one of his booklets, "As a man thinketh so is he."

How, then, is it that such a book as *In Tune with the Infinite*



has met with so amazing a success that, in spite of no great claim to originality, and no claim to what is usually termed genius, the book is now in its 320th thousand? I think the main secret of Trine's success is that he has never appealed to any special sect or class of thinkers. He has had no limited congregation. Though preaching what is popularly termed New Thought doctrines, he preaches them from no pulpit, but as one might hold forth on his views to his next door neighbour. The average man in the street may not read books dealing with occultism and metaphysics. He may not even read what is too obviously



RALPH WALDO TRINE.

ethical in its nature; but he will take up Trine as one who can say in simple language what has a practical bearing on the living of his own life. Beyond this, Trine seems to be himself a witness of the truth and success of his own theory of living. It is as if a man had gone to Monte Carlo year by year, always coming back with well-filled pockets, as the evidence of his success, and were then to write a book on his special system of turning the tables on the bank. Would not the public flock to buy his book while they left neglected on the stalls other far more learned mathematical demonstrations based on the theory of probabilities of how to come home a winner? So Ralph Waldo Trine stands forth to his

readers as an instance of one who has acted on his own system, and won success and happiness by doing so. He was born at Mount Morris, Illinois, in 1866, of poor parents, and he realized in childhood that if he was to obtain an education he must earn it by his own exertions. He was always cheery, always ready to do odd jobs for his neighbour, never too proud to chop wood, shovel snow or help the frugal housewives of his native village. At length, with eighty dollars in his possession, he found himself a member of Carthage College Academy. This was the first step in his career. From Carthage Academy Trine went to Knox College, Illinois, and having won the American Humane Society's prize for the best essay on "The Effects of Humane Education on the Prevention of Crime," and in due course having taken his degree, he secured a situation as cashier in his native town. By means of private tutoring he subsequently obtained sufficient money to spend a year at the University of Wisconsin, and afterwards became a graduate student of History and Political and Social Science at Johns Hopkins University. He was not long in finding that his true bent was literature, and his books on New Thought lines secured him so large a public that he had no further cause for financial anxieties.

Trine has shown practical preference for the simple life of the country, the praises of which he delights to sing, and has made himself a home in the depths of a New England forest, where he practises his hobbies of fruit culture, wood-cutting, and wood-carving, and writes his books in the open air, amidst the beauties of nature, from which he draws the inspiration for his work. "As a rule," says our author, "those who think least of their bodies enjoy the best health. Give the body the nourishment, the exercise, the fresh air, the sunlight it requires. Keep it clean—and then think of it as little as possible." He proceeds very much in the strain of Prentice Mulford, with whose teachings it is not difficult to see that he is thoroughly imbued.

The health of your body, the same as the health and strength of your mind, depends upon what you relate yourself with. This Infinite Spirit of Life, this Source of all Life, can from its very nature admit of no weakness nor disease. Come, then, into the full, conscious, vital realization of your oneness with this Infinite Life. Open yourself to its great abundant entrance, and full and ever-renewing bodily health and strength will be yours.

"Selfishness," says Trine, "is at the bottom of all error, sin and crime and ignorance is the basis of all selfishness." He who entertains thoughts of hatred towards another always suffers

from them more in the long run than the one towards whom he entertains them. "The truly wise man recognizes the fact that he, as a single member of the one great body, is benefited in just the same degree that the entire body is benefited, and therefore he seeks nothing for himself that he would not seek equally for all mankind." But Trine realizes that the way to live the life must be taught by example rather than by precept, by living and not by preaching, by doing and not by professing, and his own aim has thus constantly been to put his own theories and opinions to a practical test.

Our author would wish to be thought a Christian on the lines of the Sermon on the Mount, and has little or no sympathy with the dogmatic side of religion. The teaching of Paul indeed he regards as true Christianity transmogrified, and he would apparently have as little sympathy with the metaphysical interpretation taught in Kingsford and Maitland's *The Perfect Way*, as he has with the orthodoxy of the modern pulpit. We shall not all of us agree with him here, but if we lived the life that he preaches and practices, we should certainly bring the dreams of the Golden Age far nearer to us than they are at present.

## "NO FLOWERS"

By TERESA HOOLEY

BRING me no flowers when I am dead,  
Lay thou no lilies on my bier,  
And for a reason be it said:  
"She loved them so when she was here

"They were her friends. How could she bear  
That they should wither in the cold,  
Or, buried with her body, share  
The dark corruption of the mould?"

No flowers at all when I am dead,  
Lest my wayfaring spirit come,  
By scent of dying blossoms led,  
To grieve in pity o'er my tomb.

# THE SOUL OF THE DESERT

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY

"I, too, am the Soul of the Desert ; thou shalt seek me yet again in the wilderness of sand."—*Liber LXV. v. 61.*

## I THE JOURNEY

THE soul is in its own nature a well, perfect purity, perfect calm, perfect silence ; and as a well springs from the very veins of the earth itself, so is the soul nurtured of the blood of God, the ecstasy of things.

This soul can never be injured, never marred, never defiled. Yet all things added to it do for a time trouble it ; and this is sorrow.

To this language itself bears witness ; for all words which mean unhappy, mean first of all disturbed, disquieted, troubled. The root idea of sorrow is this idea of stirring up.

For many a year man in his quest of happiness has travelled a false road. To quench his thirst he has added salt in ever increasing quantities to the water of life ; to cover the ant heaps of his imagination he has raised mountains wherein wild beasts and deadly prowls. To cure the itch, he has flayed the patient ; to exorcise the ghost, he has evoked the devil.

It is the main problem of philosophy, how this began. The Rishis, seven that sate upon Mount Kailasha and considered, thus answered, that the soul became self-conscious and crying,—"I am That !" became two even in the act of asserting that it was One. This theory may be found not too remote from truth by whoso returns to that tower upon the ramparts of the soul and beholds the city.

But let us leave it to the doctors to discuss the cause of the malady ; for the patient it is enough to know the cure and take it. Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, are not worth the simplicity of Jordan. The prophet has spoken ; it is our concern only to obey : and so sweet and so full of virtue are these waters that the first touch thrills the soul with the sure foretaste of its cure.

Doubt not, brother ! reason indeed may elaborate complexities ; are not these the very symptoms of the disease ? Use but the rude common sense, heritage of simpler and happier forefathers, that they have transmitted to thee by the wand.

The cure of disease is ease ; of disquiet, quiet ; of strife, peace.

And as to attain horsemanship the study of folios aids not, but the mounting of an horse ; as the best way to learn to swim is to enter the water and strike out ; so is it cool sense, not feverish reason, that says : To attain quiet, practise quiet.

There are men so strong of will, so able to concentrate the mind, to neglect the impressions that they do not wish to receive, that they can withdraw themselves from their surroundings, even when those are as multitudinous and insistent as those of a great city. But for the most part of men, it is best to begin in easier circumstances, to climb the mountain in fine weather before attacking it in the snowstorm.

And yet the eager aspirant will answer : Provided that the cure is complete. Provided that the sickness does not return when the medicine is stopped.

Ah ! that were hard : so deep-seated is the malady that, years after its symptoms have passed, it seizes on a moment of weakness to blaze out again. It is a malarial fever that lurks low, that hides in the very substance of the blood itself, that has made the very fountain of life partaker with it in the sacrament of death.

*"Had a spider found out the communion-cup?"*

*"Was a toad in the christening font?"*

No : the remedy cures surely enough ; but not often does it cure once for all, beyond relapse. But it is simple ; and once the symptoms have properly abated, they never return with equal force, and if the patient has but the wit to stretch out the hand for another dose, the fever flies.

What is then the essential ? To cure the patient once ; to give him faith in its efficacy, so that when perchance he falls sick, and no doctor is near, he may be able to cure himself.

If thought then be that which troubles the soul, there is but one way to take. Stop thinking.

It is the most difficult task that man can undertake. "Give me a fulcrum for my lever," said Archimedes, "and I will move the earth." But how when one is within and part of that very system of motion which one desires to stop ? Newton's First Law drops like the headsman's axe on the very nape of our endeavour. Well for us that this is not as true as it is obvious ! For this fact saves us, that the resolution of all these motions is rest. The motion is but in reciprocal pairs ; the sum of its vectors is zero. The knot of the Universe is a fool's knot ; for all it seems Gordian, nullo but firmly, and it ravel's out. It is this seeming that is all the mischief ; gloomy is the gulf, and the clouds gather angrily in monstrous shapes ; the false moon flickers

behind them ; abyss upon abyss opens on every hand. Darkness and menace, the fierce sounds of hostile things !

One glimmer of starlight, and behold the golden bridge ! Narrow and straight, keen as the razor's edge and glittering as the sword's blade, a proper bridge if thou leanest not to right or left. Cross it—good ! but all this is in the dream. Wake ! Thou shalt know that all together, gulf, moon, bridge, dragon and the rest were but the phantasms of sleep. Howbeit, remember this, that to cross that bridge in sleep is the only way to waking.

I do not know if many men have the same experience as myself in the matter of voluntary dreaming, or rather of contest between the sought and the unsought in dream. For example, I am on a ridge of ice with Oscar Eckenstein. He slips to one side. I throw myself on the other. We begin to cut steps up to the ridge ; my axe snaps, or is snatched from my hand. We begin to pull ourselves up to the ridge by the rope ; the rope begins to fray. Luckily it is caught lower down in a cleft of rock. A lammergeier swoops ; I invent a pistol and blow its brains out. And so on through a thousand adventures, making myself master of each event as it arises. But I am old to-day and weary of thrills ; nowadays at the first hint of danger I take wings and sail majestically down to the glacier.

If I have thus digressed, it is to superpose this triangle on that of the task " Stop thinking." Simple it sounds ; and simple it is—when you have mastery. In the meantime it is apt to lead you far indeed from simplicity. I have myself written some million words in order to stop thinking ! I have covered miles of canvas with pounds of paint in order to stop thinking. In such wise that I am at least to be considered as no mean authority on all the wrong ways, and so perhaps, by a process of exclusion, on the right way !

Unfortunately, it is not as easy as this :—

There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,  
And every single one of them is right.

And right for A is often wrong for B.

But luckily, the simpler the goal is kept, the simpler are the means. Elsewhere in my writings will be found a fairly painstaking and accurate account of the process. The present essay is but to advocate a mighty engine adjuvant—the shoulder of Hercules to the cart-wheel of the beginner whose diffidence whispers that he is incapable of following those instructions in the difficult circumstances of ordinary life, or for the enthusiast who

wisely determines, like Kirkpatrick, to make sure. And indeed the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches and the lusts of the flesh and the eye and the pride of life, and all the other enemies of the saint, do indeed choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful.

## II THE DESERT

As a monastery is an unwholesome and artificial monotony, so is the desert nature's own cure for all the tribulations of thought.

And the soul undergoes a triplex weaving. First, the newness of the surroundings, their strange and salient simplicity, charm the soul. It has a premonition of its cure ; it feels the atmosphere of home. It is sure of its vocation. Next, the mind, its frivolity once satiate with novelty, becomes bored, turns to acrimony, even to passionate revolt. The novice beats against the bars ; the stranger in the desert flies to London or to Paris with the devil at his heels. A wise superior will not restrain a probationer who cannot restrain himself ; but in the desert, the refugee, if he doubts his own powers—still more, maybe, if he does not mistrust them !—would wisely make it impossible to return. But how should he do so ? Believe me who have tried it, the longest journey, the most bitter hardships, are as nothing, an arrow-flight of joy, when the great horror lies behind and the sanctuary of Paris ahead.

For, indeed, this is the great horror, solitude, when the soul can no longer bathe in the ever-changing mind, but, shut up in the castle of a few thoughts, paces its narrow prison, wearing down the stone of time, feeding on its own excrement. There is no star in the blackness of that night, no foam upon that stagnant and putrid sea. Even the glittering health that the desert brings to the body is like a spear in the soul's throat. The passionate ache to act, to think, this eats into the soul like a cancer. It is the scorpion striking itself in its agony, save that no poison can add to the torture of the circling fires. But against these paroxysms is an eightfold sedative. The ravings of madness are lost in soundless space ; the struggles of the drowning man are not heeded by the sea.

These are the eight genii of the desert. They are the eight Elements of Fohi :—

Sun—Lingam.	Water.	Wood (life).
Space.	Earth.	Moon—Yoni.
Wind.	Fire.	

In the desert all these are single : all these are naked. They are pure and untroubled ; not breaking-up and dissolving by any commingling or communion ; each remains itself and apart, harmonizing indeed with its fellows, but in no wise interfering. The lines of demarcation are crude and harsh ; but softness is incomprehensibly the result. They are immitigable, these eight elements, and together they mitigate immeasurably. The mind that revolts against them is ground down by their persistent careless pressure. It is as when one throws a crystal—say of microcosmic salt—into water : it is eaten silently and rapidly, and is no more ; the water is untroubled always ; its action is like Fate's, infinitely irresistible yet infinitely calm.

So the mind reaches out to think this or to think that ; it is brought back into silence by the eight great facts. The desert wind suffers no obstacle to impede it ; the sun shines invincibly upon the baked earth of the village ; the sand invisibly eats up the oasis, save for a moment where man casts up his earthworks against it. Yet despite this, the spring leaps unexpected from the sand, and no simoon can stifle, nor sun evaporate it ; nor can the immense sterility of the desert conquer life. Look where you will, every dune of sand has its inhabitants—not colonists, but natives of the inhospitable-seeming waste. The moon itself, serenely revolving about earth, changes in appearance, as if to say : " Even so goest thou about the sun. Am I new or full ? Never think it ; that is but the point of view from which thou chancest to regard me. I am but a mirror of sunlight, dark or bright according to the angle of thy gaze. Does the mirror alter ? Is it not always the untroubled silver ? Have not I always one face turned sunward ? Thou but mockest thyself when thou callest me ' The Changeful.' "

With such reflections, perhaps, may come an end to the revolt of the mind against the desert.

For life itself, here in the oasis, is a thing ordered by these elements. Night is for sleep ; there is nothing whereat to wake. There is no artificial light ; no artificial food—literature. There is no choice of meats ; one is always hungry. The desert sauce is hunger, unique as, and better than, the Englishman's one sauce. Having eaten, one must walk ; there is only one place to walk in. There is only one lesson to learn, peace ; only one comment upon the lesson, thanksgiving. Love itself becomes simple as the rest of life. A glance in the Café Maure, a silent agreement with delight, a soft withdrawal to some hollow of the dunes under the stars, where the village is blotted out as though it had never been,



as are in that happy moment all the transgressions of the sinner and all the woes of life by the Virtue of the Holy One, or else to some dim corner of a garden of the oasis by the stream, where through the softly stirring palms strikes the first moon-ray from the East, and life thrills in sleepy unison ; all, all, in silence, not names or vows exchanged, but with clean will an act accomplished. No more. No turmoil, no confusion, no despair, no self-tormenting, hardly even memory. And this too at first is horrible ; one expects so much from love, three volumes of falsehood, a labyrinth for a garden. It is hard at first to realize that this is no more love than a carbuncle is part of a man's neck. All the spices wherewith we are wont to season the dish to our depraved palates, Maxim's, St. Margaret's, automobile rides, the Divorce Court, these are unwholesome pleasures. They are not love. Nor is love the exaltation of emotions, sentiments, follies. The stage-door is not love, nor is the stile in Lovers' Lane ; love is the bodily ecstasy of dissolution, the pang of bodily death, wherein the Ego for a moment that is an æon loses the fatal consciousness of itself, and becoming one with that of another, foreshadows to itself that greater sacrament of death, when " the spirit returns to God that gave it."

And this great secret has also its part in the œconomy of life. By the road of silence one comes to the gate of the City of God. As the mind is gradually stilled by the courage and endurance of the seeker, and by the warring might (that is peace unshakeable) of these Eight Elements of the Desert, so at last the Ego is found alone, unmasked, conscious of itself and of no other thing. This is the supreme anguish of the soul ; it realizes itself as itself, as a thing separate from that which is not itself, from God. In this spasm there are two ways : if fear and pride are left in the soul, it shuts itself up, like a warlock in a tower, gnashing its teeth with agony. " I am I," it cries, " I will not lose myself," and in that state, damned, it is slowly torn by the claws of circumstance, disintegrated bitterly, for all its struggles, throughout ages and ages, its rags to be cast piecemeal upon the dunghheap without the city. But the soul that has understood the blessedness of resignation, that is without hope or fear, without faith or doubt, without hate or love, dissolves itself ineffably into the abounding bliss of God. It cries with Shelley :

. . . chains of lead about my flight of fire,  
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire,

and in that last outbreaking is made one with that primal and final breath, the Holy Spirit of God.

Such must be the climax of any retirement to the desert on the part of any aspirant to the Mysteries who has the spark of that fire in him.

He is drawn to physical quiescence or to regularity, simplicity, unity of motion, by the constant example and compulsion of the elements. He is obliged to introspection by the poverty of exterior impression, and through this he soon finds the sensations behind the thoughts, the perceptions behind the sensations, the laws underlying even the perceptions, and finally that consciousness which is the lawgiver. Sooner or later, according to his energy and the sanctification of his will, must he tear down the great veil and behold himself upon the shining walls of space, uttering with shuddering rapture: "This is I!" Then let him choose!

From this moment of the annihilation of the Self in Pan, he is "cured of the disease, self-knowledge." He may return among his fellows, and move among them as a king, shine among them as a star. To him will they turn insensibly for light; to him will they come for the healing of their wounds.

He shall lift up the sacred Lance, and touch therewith the side of the king that was wounded by no lesser weapon; and the king shall be healed.

He shall plunge the point of the Lance into the Holy Grail, and it shall again glow with life and ecstasy, giving forth its bounty of mysterious refreshment to all the company of knights.

And if the rocks of life tear him, and its snows chill him, knoweth he not where to turn? Hath he not attained the secret? Hath he not entered into the Sanctuary of the Most High?

Is he not chosen and armed against all things? Is he not master of destiny and of the event? What can touch him, who hath become intangible, being lost in God? Or conquer him, who hath become unconquerable, having conquered himself and given himself up to God? As well write upon the sand, as write sorrow in his soul. As well seek to darken the sun, as to put out the light that is in him.

Thus I wrote in the palm-gardens of Tozeur, by the waters of its spring; thus I wrote while the sun moved mightily down the sky, and the wind whispered that it came no whence and went no whither, even as it listed, from everlasting to everlasting. Amen.

# THE FULCRUM, EARTH

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH CHENEY

IN *Letters from a Living Dead Man*, by Elsa Barker, there is one thought utterly new to me, and the most tremendous text of the whole series of communications, namely, "that the power of the creative imagination is stronger in men wearing their earthly bodies than it is in men (spirits) who have laid off their bodies. Not that most persons know how to use that power; they do not. The point I wish to make is that they *can* use it. *A solid body is a resistive base, a powerful lever from which the will can project things conjured by the imagination.*"

Since studying this passage I have reached insight into the reason or the necessity for matter, the condensed, the hard, which summed up is flesh, bone, earth, lubricated by their liquids, blood and water. The glorification of earth possesses me, the splendour, grandeur and power of that extreme pole of being which we call matter and which many preachers and teachers despise and resent.

Matter, in its most solid, organised forms, is *not* dream stuff, but the reality from which dreams bound forth to return as boomerangs, crystallised into multiple creations, which remain comparatively fixed.

To create, in the realm of ideas only, is to make shifting, melting, changing figures, which are not sufficiently permanent to dazzle the minds of others. But to create at the pole called matter, by a push out from matter, is to immortalise our works.

The marbles of Phidias are not permanent in heaven, but are comparatively lasting here. The paintings of Rembrandt that live are daubed on actual canvas. The really immortal words of Burns and Keats are printed on genuine paper. The papyrus records of Egypt, the books of stone, are the historic Khem that remains. All these have been *sprung out* from matter, not *by* matter, but *from* matter, using matter as a springboard, a lever, or a fulcrum; returning to their source by the law of rebound, mathematically true; stamping themselves in matter and making of it a body for their restrained energy. That is, instead of becoming and vanishing by a fiat of will, in final substance, these ideas by utilising the extreme of themselves, or soulless matter, have succeeded in fixing and preserving an entity. Thought thus crystallises and sets itself apart.

If this be true, the grandeur of life on earth and the necessity of being born in matter become at once apparent. The resistance which the soul meets at every turn—the granite from which it leaps into the abyss of ideas—serves as a mighty fulcrum to its ceaseless efforts, and these same efforts of necessity become things and forms comparatively fixed, though acting and reacting among themselves.

On earth only, or in solid substance, can the non-solid, or thought, have its best chance of expression. Make a man mad, and he will strike a killing blow. Tantalise the soul with matter, and the keen knives of the psyche cut it into forms. Here on earth extremes play back and forth with the flashing of swords and the battering of rams. Figures and ideals embody themselves; and even these embodiments by transferred energy go on with the ceaseless fray.

My adoration for matter and the hard knocks of earth is towering, growing. The things worth while come where *extremes* clinch—where pure soul makes a springboard of earth and bounds so far into spirituality that the boomerang back-sweep actually carves out an immortal figure.

This is true creation, the meeting and passing of extremes, the very shift of the poles and the change of the axis.

But only a few on earth create! Why? Because they do not realise this law, and so despise and repudiate matter. "Matter is an illusion," they say, "I can never accomplish anything till I get away from this vale of tears. Nature is hard, cruel, all things are against me. If I were in heaven now, I should realise my ideals." "I was bred in sin," says another, "and raised in corruption. My spirit is too pure and holy to mingle with the dirt of the world. The world is delusion, illusion, a chimera of change, etc., etc."

Alas, alack! If you think in this baby fashion here, of what account will you be there, when solid earth is gone from under your feet, and you have no resisting medium from which to put yourself forth? With each step on earth we use the foot-sole as a fulcrum, and press forward. Now this fulcrum idea can be enlarged till you make creative gods of yourselves, but in ignorance you whine and cry for heaven and peace and this and that. Really, to be born here is a master stroke of fate. It is an opportunity to make good, to create, to become a god.

When extremes meet, the grand passions have their realisation, the fires of contact blaze. The projectile and receptive elements of force, the centrifugal and centripetal have full play, and then—creation! Things! Things! Things! Our ideals and ideas—our thoughts, hopes, loves, wishes—stand, shift, move about us, even after the creator has rested from his labour. This limit of condensation means the limit of spiritualisation, or the tremendous reactive energy of life itself. Probably Jesus realised this when he came clothed in flesh.

It is possible to drag or merge spirit into earth, where we have two elements that make for creation—soul and matter; but it is not possible to take this dense substance into the pure realm of spirit, or soul, so we have there in consequence but one element to deal with, and marriage or realisation of the extremes is not to be thought of. Therefore true creation is denied us in the other world.

When the sculptor moulds in clay, or cuts in marble, the friction of resistance rouses his fighting blood, and it is conquest every time. He is on earth and he kicks off from this springboard into the realm of

psychic forms, bounding back to set his seal and stamp, by the force of impact, certain and fixed into the dead weight of solids.

This cult of matter is not a system of *denials*, it is a system of assertions. It is projectile, not negative. It forces extremes to the meeting point and creates whatsoever it will—a new body—a beautiful body. It regulates organism, relates the organic, and fathers and mothers evolution; in fact, marries matter to mind. Did spirit know the full meaning of this marriage, it would be godlike. On the contrary, ignorant, ignoring that which should be self-evident, it goes astray in matter; it becomes sick, diseased, debauched, degenerate, a creature of vile habits; and then as a final inconsistency condemns matter as evil, a delusion, a snare, rounding up with absolute denial of any matter whatever, seeking in the divorce court of life an annulment of the bond between these godlike extremes of being which create the only things that have any pretence of permanence in static form.

Why are all souls of high ambition tragically desirous of leaving some undying work behind them when they themselves pass on? To make something that will last after him is the hope of every sane man, because he subtly knows that if he can perpetuate an idea in matter he has left it for the ages, himself, so to speak, embedded in it.

If all this be true, you may ask if it is not a dire misfortune to go over to the other or inner side of things. But why ask it? Do we not rest when weary? Are we always creating? Surely not. The reaction from battle and accomplishment is peace, and we have times and moods when peace is heaven.

How do I know all this, you query. In precisely this way. After reading the *Dead Man's Letters*, I took the hint and began to think and to watch the living. I find that a wideawake human wants action and hates monotony and boredom. He loves fighting, pushing, accomplishing, rounding out and completing. He must have something opposing, some friend, the enemy, that will repel and resist him; and by aid of this resistance, he runs the limit of action, the gamut of life, and creates. He fears death. Self-preservation is his first law. On these facts I posit my faith in the *tragic majesty* of matter. The mass of people fail to realise this, and fail to get the stupendous benefit of the principle, but realising or not, they act by it, to an extent, just as a child breathes air that he knows nothing about.

But how do I understand what is on the other side, you inquire, and I answer, "I do not know; I only surmise, reasoning from the law of opposites, or rest and motion." It would seem by my hypothesis that over there we create so easily that the very creation is in itself unstable because of the lack of a resisting medium. Floating perhaps in the soul's native element, all things about us forming by fiat of will and changing figure continually as desire shifts, we produce effects true to their causes and nothing more. Delightful?—yes!—but static? no!—and perhaps not sufficiently long continued to impress others with the sum totals.

As Elsa Barker says in her marvellous Book of Love—

When I am dead and sister to the dust; . . .  
Men shall discover these old songs of mine,  
And say: This woman lived—as poets must!

And having made her indelible mark in matter,

Then the sails of faith she spread,  
And faring out for regions unexplored,  
Went singing down the River of the Dead.

That earth is the fulcrum from which we proceed, I fully believe. I do not care where the idea originated, whether from Elsa Barker, an archangel, or a living dead man. All facts and all laws bear out this postulate. And this very earth that gives us the base where the etheral foot may press, ere it rises, furnishes us also the resistive material that forces to fever our fighting blood. We make an impression, and the impress stays, detached from us, a thing created. We dread death and heaven, when our muscles are tense and our pulse strong. We hate men of straw to knock down. We are not fish to swim in liquid, nor angels to float in ether. Give us the hard wood, iron, granite; give us problems, give us earth, and we will make it over and over, create and re-create. We can drag soul down here, as before said, but we cannot lift solids up there. Our gold must be left behind when we die, our tinkling silver and sounding brass. We want to fight—more—more—more! This for the man, the healthy, the nervous, the full blooded. All in good time the other side, the land of dreams and peace; but meanwhile the glory and majesty and splendour of earth! Here we have two extremes. There we might be called neutral.

Without the law of conquest and this necessity of struggle, evolution would be a meaningless term, and no unit of force would have arisen to the possibility of creating both its bodily and mental progeny. Evolution hinges on this fact, that resistance is essential to reproduction or creation.

We are not here denying *things*; on the contrary, we are here affirming things.

We are not here to sneak away from the hard; but we are here to adjust ourselves to it, and to create by it. We are not here to be sick and to run; we are here to be well, and to stand firm. By this law of matter, plus the Holy Ghost, we ought to make gods of ourselves.

Watch an artist at work with his chisel. The friction and defiance of the marble sets his soul flaming, and the divine fire makes him dangerous. His cut is precise, his blow is accurate. He creates a form that defies time and becomes immortal. He fairly kicks out from earth by his impact on earth. She resents him and he leaves his stamp and sets his seal.

Sleep! Why should an Edison sleep? Rest! Why should a Pericles rest? Play! Why should a Marconi play? Lords of

creation, they fight without gloves. Earth has challenged them, and they accept.

Dreams! Ah yes, dreams that take body, dreams that materialise, dreams that stay on, dreams that defy time! Old tombs with mummies intact. Old ruins that point upward from their base in the sod. Prehistoric revelations of the Ancient Soul. Earth has challenged man, and he tosses her his glove. He snorts across her oceans, master of them. He tunnels into her mountains, or flies over them. He wrenches her continents apart, and measures and weighs her moon. He blends the waters of two seas at Panama, and mines gold from the icy regions of Alaska. The time is coming when he will harness the waves of the sea for power and make headway on the blue bosom of the air.

Dreams! Earth is the preserver of dreams, the guilty instigator of dreams, the very courtesan of those scandals that create dreams. She is the Lilith of the poet, the favourite of the harem, and that which is born of her will remain for an æon, perishing only when she herself seeks the rest and glory of Devachan.

## THE PSEUDO-OCCULTIST

[FROM AHA! BY ALEISTER CROWLEY]

THE tallest peaks most straitly hide  
 With clouds their holy heads. Divide  
 The planes! Be ever as you can  
 A simple honest gentleman!  
 Body and manners be at ease,  
 Not bloat with blazoned sanctities!  
 Who fights as fights the soldier-saint?  
 And see the artist-adept paint!  
 Weak are those souls that fear the stress  
 Of earth upon their holiness!  
 They fast, they eat fantastic food,  
 They prate of beans and brotherhood,  
 Wear sandals, and long hair, and spats,  
 And think that makes them Arahats!  
 How shall man still his spirit storm?  
 Rational Dress and Food Reform!!

# INTERMEDIATE TYPES AMONG PRIMITIVE FOLK \*

## A REVIEW

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

IN a previous book, *The Intermediate Sex*, Mr. Edward Carpenter set forth the claim for recognition of persons of homosexual and bisexual constitution, as entitled to a fitting place and sphere of usefulness in the general scheme of society. It cannot be said that such a plea is without justification, for careful investigation in various countries has shown that nearly everywhere homosexual persons constitute over 1 per cent. of the population, and bisexual persons at least 4 per cent. ; so that in our own country alone the number of persons of this type probably run into millions. Moreover, they are found in all social and intellectual classes, not only in the lowest, but also in the highest.

In the present volume Mr. Carpenter takes up a special aspect of the same subject, and deals with it in detail, which was not possible in the more comprehensive earlier book. He seeks to investigate the part played in religion and in warfare by the "Intermediate" types of "Primitive" days. A verbal criticism intrudes itself, indeed, as the author himself admits, at the outset. The vague term "Intermediate," while it may fairly be applied to many sexual inverts, will not satisfactorily cover them all, for not all male inverts approximate to the feminine type, nor all female inverts to the masculine ; some even, Carpenter himself remarks, might be termed "super-virile" and "ultra-feminine." The generally accepted term "homosexual," although not altogether unobjectionable, seems more definite, accurate, and comprehensive than "intermediate." In a similar manner it may be said that the term "primitive" cannot be applied to any races known to history, or even to ethnography, and least of all to the Greeks and Japanese, who are dealt with at length in the present volume.

Such criticism, which is fairly obvious, cannot, however, affect the substance of the book. It falls into two parts : "The

\* *Intermediate Types among Primitive Folk: A Study in Social Evolution.* By Edward Carpenter. London: George Allen & Co. Price 4s. 6d. net.



Intermediate in the Service of Religion " and " The Intermediate as Warrior." The subject of the second part may be regarded as the more familiar. It is fairly well known that military comradeship on a homosexual basis existed among the Greeks, and was regarded as a stimulus to warlike prowess. That similar attachments existed among the Japanese Samurai warriors is less well known. Both these manifestations of military comradeship are here luminously discussed. An interesting chapter is devoted to Dorian comradeship in relation to the status of women. It has frequently been asserted that Greek *paiderastia* was connected, whether as cause or effect, with the inferior status of women in Greece. There is no question that during a considerable period the position of women in Greece was by no means high. But Carpenter well shows that there was no parallelism between the high estimation of " manly love " and the low estimation of women. Thus it was in Sparta that *paiderastia* was most practised and esteemed, and it was in Sparta that women enjoyed most power and freedom, and were least shut apart from the men by custom.

It is in the first part of this book, however—the discussion of homosexuality in the service of religion—that most readers will find novelty. Elie Reclus, indeed, in his sympathetic and penetrating study of savage life, *Primitive Folk*, had realized this function of abnormal sexuality in early culture, and it has been further developed by later writers (notably Horneffer in his work on priesthood, not referred to in the book before us), but the connection still seems to most people somewhat of a paradox. It is frequently regarded as, at most, a piece of superstition. Edward Carpenter argues, however, that there really is an organic connection between the homosexual temperament and unusual psychic or divinatory powers, and that this connection is exaggerated in popular view by the fact that ideas of sorcery and witchcraft become especially associated with the ceremonials of an old religion which is being superseded by a new religion. There are four ways in which the homosexual man or woman tends to become a force in primitive culture: (1) not being a complete man or a complete woman, the invert is impelled to create a new sphere of activity; (2) being different from others, and sometimes an object of contempt, sometimes of admiration, his mind is turned in on himself, and he is forced to think; (3) frequently combining masculine and feminine qualities, he would sometimes be greatly superior in ability to the rest of the tribe; (4) the blending of the masculine and feminine temperaments

would sometimes produce persons whose perceptions were so subtle, complex, and rapid that they would be diviners and prophets in a very real sense, and acquire a strange reputation for sanctity and divinity. These four processes seem to run into each other, but the general outcome is that in primitive culture "variations of sex-temperament from the normal have not been negligible freaks, but have played an important part in the evolution and expansion of human society."

These are some of the topics discussed by the light of the most recent literature in Mr. Edward Carpenter's volume. It is a valuable contribution to the solution of an interesting problem.

## NEMO

"I am good to the good and bad to the bad, and my name is Nemo because no man knoweth what I am."—*The Scroll of Israel*.

I AM the Face behind the Veil :  
Who lifteth it he shall not fail  
Of Wisdom's light, and Beauty's grace,  
The Sigils of his kingly race.

I am the Pillars twain that be  
Established for a Mystery,  
The Balance of whose Dark and Light  
Must weigh the awe-struck neophyte.

I am the Star his soul discerns,  
The Light from which his spirit learns,  
And he who enters by this Gate  
Abjures his bondage unto Fate.

I strike the fetters from his hands ;  
Love binds him with her gentle bands,  
Love leads him in her winsome ways  
And sings to him her siren lays.

So, as the humble feet proceed  
Fresh doors fly open at his need,  
And avenues of dazzling light  
His unaccustomed eyes invite.

\* \* \*

And, lastly, as a Central Sun  
He glorifies the Golden One.

MEREDITH STARR.  
GRIFFYTH FAIRFAX.

# OLLA PODRIDA

BY THE EDITOR

THE Editor of *Theosophy*, a Theosophical publication of Los Angeles, Cal., has taken up the cudgels on behalf of Madame Blavatsky, and her views on reincarnation, which I suggested in previous issues had undergone a substantial modification since the date of the publication of *Isis Unveiled* in 1877. The passage I quoted from the book in question seems, as I have already observed, to afford adequate justification for the attitude adopted by her critics. It is, however, only fair to H. P. B. to state that as far back as August, 1882, she did her level best to remove the impression which her words in *Isis Unveiled* had very naturally created. At a later date she enlarged more fully on the same subject in an article which appeared in the *Path* of January, 1887, and which has recently been reprinted in *Theosophy*. She admits indeed in this article that certain observations which appear in her name in *Isis Unveiled* do not hold water, and rather ingenuously disclaims responsibility for their appearance. But obviously if an author does not check her own proofs, she has no one but herself to thank in the event of the world misunderstanding the intention of the statements made. Madame Blavatsky was indeed notoriously irresponsible in this matter, in addition to which, in much that she wrote there is the strongest reason to believe that she merely acted as amanuensis to intelligences on another plane. In any case it is quite clear that before very long she fully realized the false position in which the statements as they appeared, if literally taken, would inevitably involve her and her philosophy. In her defence she observes that :—

Leaving aside the strangeness of the assertion that Reincarnation, i.e. the serial and periodical rebirth of every individual Monad from Pralaya to Pralaya, is denied in the face of the fact that the doctrine is part and parcel and one of the fundamental features of Hinduism and Buddhism, the charge (that *Isis Unveiled* denied Reincarnation except in rare and exceptional instances) amounts virtually to this : the writer of the present, a professed admirer and student of Hindu philosophy, and as professed a follower of Buddhism years before *Isis* was written, by rejecting reincarnation must necessarily reject Karma likewise ! For the latter is the corner-stone of Esoteric philosophy and Eastern religions ; it is the grand and one pillar on which hangs the whole philosophy of

rebirths, and once the latter is denied, the whole doctrine of Karma falls into meaningless verbiage.

The inconsistency here referred to is, indeed, obvious enough. But the point of her critics evidently was that H. P. B. had, in fact, been inconsistent ; and a retort of this kind is rather in the nature of an admission than a defence. If we say that Madame Blavatsky wrote much the meaning of which she did not realize when she was writing it, and that at times also she inevitably misinterpreted her guide, we shall probably be nearer the mark. Her explanation of the real meaning of the passage, though inadmissible as an interpretation of the passage as it actually stands, is not open to the same objections. Her contention is that the astral monad which does not normally reincarnate is that element of the personality which is of a perishable nature, and which in the ordinary course would gradually dissolve before the immortal ego incarnates once more as a new personality. What Madame Blavatsky actually said, or at least what the printer printed, was that " Reincarnation, that is the appearance of the same individual, or rather of his astral monad, twice on the same planet, is not a rule in nature. It is an exception like the teratological phenomenon of the two-headed infant." Clearly the passage defines reincarnation as being this re-appearance of the same individual or his astral monad.

The whole matter is rather one of ancient history, and would not have been alluded to by me again if I had not felt called upon to do so by the reprint of the article in *Theosophy*. I do not think the present day Theosophist is at all inclined to follow the founder of the Society too slavishly in her ideas on the subject of reincarnation as expressed in *Isis Unveiled*, or indeed, those voiced in the article alluded to. She talks, indeed, here of reincarnations not taking place before 1,500, or 2,000 or even 3,000 years of devachanic life. If reincarnation is a fact, all the evidence that we have points to it taking place with immeasurably greater frequency, except perhaps in the case of souls who have reached an extraordinarily high level of development. The stories that we hear from time to time suggest the probability of rebirth not unfrequently after a generation or two generations. The case cited recently from France of a hospital nurse, if reliance is to be placed on this, showed an interval of forty years.

The stories that we have received from China, India, and a recent case cited from New York, involving the memory of an earlier life spent in Washington (D.C.), suggests on an average

an even shorter period than this We are probably justified in assuming some relation between the length of the life spent on earth and the interval between reincarnation and reincarnation. The shorter the life here, the shorter would presumably be the interval before another was entered upon. If the basis of the spirit life is to be found in the wealth and multiplicity of the experiences and lessons learnt on earth, it will inevitably terminate when the fruit of this garnered harvest is exhausted, and the shorter the earth life, or the more colourless and unemotional the inward life of the individual, the briefer will be the period spent in the realms of Devachan. Without venturing to dogmatize, this seems reasonable and logical. The love of change is an innate craving of the human heart. The greatest defect of the Christian Heaven is that it is interminable. The tide that flowed will ebb once more and the spent wave returns to the sea. In the same manner the law of rhythm, by the action of which the human ego finds himself in the spirit world, will call him back once more into the world of matter when he has fulfilled the purpose of his sojourn there. It is true, as the Apostle said, "We have no abiding city here"; but have we such an abiding city anywhere, unless it be in the final fulfilment of the World's Desire, pillowed on the bosom of Eternity and enfolded in the arms of the Everlasting Love, after countless lives have been lived and countless deaths have been died?

I published a short article in a recent issue dealing with dreams and their utility. In the brief period of time since this appeared several dream incidents have been recorded in the Press. One has reference to a man who dreamed that he saw his wife's body lying mutilated on the railway line, and waking up discovered that she was no longer with him. He immediately got out of bed, dressed and went to the place which he had seen in his dream, to find his wife's body run over by a passing train. Another recent instance, also in the daily Press, recorded the experience of a miner's wife who, having dreamed that her husband was killed in the pit, endeavoured to dissuade him from going to his work, but in vain. She was summoned later in the day, to find that he had been struck on the head and killed by a piece of falling rock. A more striking dream than either of these was that recorded by Mr. A. B. Tapping, stage-manager of the Kingsway Theatre, London. This had reference to the drowning of Mr. Laurence Irving in the *Empress of Ireland*, and may be regarded as an instance in confirmation of the theory of Prentice Mulford, that we travel when we sleep:—

Last week (he is reported to have stated in response to the inquiries of a Press representative,) we were at Sheffield, and during the early hours of Friday morning, just about the time that the *Empress of Ireland* went down, I dreamt I was one of a gathering in a handsomely appointed room, where a number of people were assembled. They were mostly gentlemen, although there seemed to be a few ladies also. Looking round the room I plainly saw Sir Henry Irving seated at a table on the right-hand side.

His face had the waxy appearance of that of a dead or dying man. The people present seemed to realize that the great actor was about to quit for ever the scenes of his triumphs, and it seemed to me that this was his farewell appearance among his friends before his final exit.

Then all present passed in solemn procession before Sir Henry's chair, and shook him by the hand in sad farewell. Irving's face gradually seemed to have a mist gathering on it, and his eyes were becoming dim. It was evident his strength was fast failing.

When all the company had passed before him, he rose, and, with one of those gestures we all remember so well, and in low, halting tones, as if overcome by the sympathy displayed towards him, he uttered the words, which I could hear quite plainly, "I can endure it no longer."

Placing his hand on his forehead, he bowed his head and disappeared, death having claimed him.

The people then began to leave the room quickly, and when most of them had gone out I looked round again, and saw Mr. Laurence Irving, whom I had not noticed particularly during the mournful procession before his father. He was standing alone at the far end of the room. I went towards him and, stretching out my hand appealingly, exclaimed, "Don't you see what is happening? Your father is dying. He has left us for ever."

The son looked past me with amazement in his eyes, and seemed for a moment as if he would collapse; but suddenly, drawing himself up and with a resolute expression on his face, he followed his father with unflinching step.

It was a most dramatic departure, and made a deep impression on me. There was no farewell on the part of the son whose call to go seemed to come suddenly and unexpectedly.

I did not see Miss Hackney, Laurence Irving's wife, among the company.

On the same morning came the news of the disaster of the *Empress of Ireland*, but at that time I had no reason to suppose that Mr. Laurence Irving was on the boat. As soon as I heard the news, however, I recollected my dream and told it to the members of my company, and also to my wife, remarking that I hoped Laurence Irving and his wife were not on board.

The dream haunted me all the day, and when it became known that they had actually sailed on the *Empress* the news quite unnerved me, as I felt certain it was a message that the young actor and his wife had perished.

Mr. Tapping subsequently saw in a Sheffield paper a picture of the saloon of the *Empress of Ireland*, and at once recognized it as the room of his dream. Mr. Tapping claims that he has had

other dreams that have come true in a similar manner, and that in one case he backed a horse for a race because he dreamed it would win, which subsequently proved to be the case.

Great disasters of the kind above alluded to seldom take place without stories reaching us of warning visions received either by friends or relatives of those involved, or alternatively by people of psychic temperament. In the case of the Tay Bridge catastrophe, an instance was recorded by Mr. Frank Podmore of a young lady well known to him who, when writing to her sister from her residence in Perth, was suddenly seized by a vague but intense feeling that lots of people were dying, and found herself unable to continue her letter, owing to her conviction of a ghastly human tragedy taking place somewhere. Friends took note of the time, and the next day received news of the Tay Bridge disaster which was then occurring. One of those present stated that the percipient declared that the air seemed to her to be full of shrieks.

Apropos of this disaster, attention has been drawn to the fact that the *Empress of Ireland* went down within four days of the final passing of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons, in the same manner as the *Delhi* foundered during the same week that the King proclaimed Delhi as the new capital of India in place of Calcutta; and in the same manner also as the S.S. *Princess Alice* went down in the same year and only a few months before Princess Alice, the daughter of Queen Victoria, met with a premature death.

This subject of coincidences is of perennial interest, and I publish further correspondence in the present issue dealing with Mrs. A. E. Draycott's letter in the number before last, in which she gave an extraordinary sequence of such coincidences in her own life. While I am on the subject of coincidences, my attention is drawn to an event which occurred in the autumn of last year, and which excited some comment at the time. Most people have superstitions with regard to falling pictures, and in this connexion it is curious to note a triple succession of such coincidences in the case of the late Mr. Frederick Littlewood, J.P., of Milton Regis, in the county of Kent. Four years ago, when Mr. Littlewood had a stroke of paralysis, his portrait in the Council Chamber was found to have fallen. At the time of his second seizure another picture fell in the same way. The morning after Mr. Littlewood's death, an official on entering the Council Chamber noticed that a third picture had fallen, the glass on this occasion having been smashed.

While I am on this subject it may be worth citing two recent coincidences which occurred in Wiltshire of deaths following dinners at which thirteen sat at table. The curiosity of the case lies in the fact that the incident was repeated at two Rent Audit Dinners in connexion with the same estate within six months of each other. The first was the Rent Audit Dinner given to the tenants of Sir John Goldney at Corsham in November last year. Thirteen sat down on this occasion, and a few days subsequently Mr. H. B. Coates, one of the party, died after a very short illness. A further Rent Audit Dinner, also of Sir John Goldney's tenants, took place last May. On this occasion again the party numbered thirteen. On the day after the dinner Mr. Thomas Matthews, of Boyd's Farm, Corsham, one of the party, was taken ill and died on May 23.

A correspondent and occasional contributor to the OCCULT REVIEW writes me as follows in reference to a friend of his whose speciality is dreaming, and whose dreams not infrequently are verified by subsequent events. "Out of a number he has related to me," observes my correspondent, "I select the following" :—

On several occasions, but more vividly just before Christmas, 1913, he dreamed that he was reading in a newspaper the result of the Grand National, and could see the names of the first three. But on waking the only name he could remember was "Sunlocks," which appeared as No. 1 in the dream-news.

At this time Sunlocks was quoted at "50 to 1," a very unlikely winner. Yet so strongly was my friend impressed by the dream that he related it to a friend some time before the race; and in the result Sunlocks proved to be the winner when the Grand National was run in March of this year.

On another occasion my friend dreamed he saw the running of the Lincoln Handicap, and a certain horse whose name in the dream was "Cigar," and who at one time appeared likely to win, swerved across the course, and so lost. This actually occurred to the horse "Cigar" in the real race, as could be verified by referring to the newspaper accounts.

I don't want to convey false impressions. My friend is not *devoted* to the turf, nor are his dreams confined thereto, and he is *not* open to supply the names of winners to gentlemen of a speculative turn of mind. I therefore add two other of his dreams dealing with quite other subjects.

He is, I should explain, in that most happy of all conditions—"about to be married." One night he dreamed that his fiancée told him she had bought a suite of furniture—the whole outfit for a bedroom, in fact. When he saw her on the following afternoon she exclaimed, "Oh, H——, Mrs. Blank wants to sell her bedroom furniture, because she is going abroad."

This is a very slight incident, but the following one is sufficiently striking to make amends.

On this occasion he dreamed he was at some cross-roads where the electric cars run. He saw two ladies, friends of his, cycling towards him.



Suddenly from a side street a motor car emerged, and in trying to avoid it one of the ladies was knocked down by an electric car, the wheels of which passed *diagonally* across her back. The dreamer distinctly saw the V-shaped cut in the flesh left by the flanged wheels, which is gruesome enough, even in a dream.

It so happened that he had arranged to accompany one of these ladies to the theatre on the following evening. But although they were both desirous of seeing the play, some unaccountable prompting led them for a stroll instead. They had only gone a little way when they noticed a crowd of people gathered at a cross-road, which was not the cross-road of his dream, but was similar. Inquiry elicited the information that a young lady cyclist had been run over by an electric car at the spot, and one of the spectators, detailing the injuries received by the unfortunate victim, motioned with his hand diagonally across his back to show the course of the wheels—exactly as had been dreamt.

I have alluded from time to time in this magazine to the subject of dowsing, and on one occasion, as perhaps my readers may remember, inserted an article on the subject by Sir W. F. Barrett. The phenomenon of dowsing has always appeared to me to possess great value, quite apart from the use which this peculiar power can be put to in locating water, minerals, etc. It is clearly an evidence of certain properties of electricity in its relation to human magnetism, with which we are so far very imperfectly acquainted. What the dowser practically does is to establish an electrical circuit, of which he himself forms part. I cannot doubt that the phenomenon referred to will prove eventually a very valuable clue, leading to further important electrical discoveries. My view in this matter is supported by certain evidence that comes to hand from investigators in the University of Göttingen. Drs. Leimbach and Löwy, of this University, have, it appears, invented a system employing electrical waves for the exploration of the structure of the earth, and the detection of subterranean springs and metallic deposits. It is stated that this has been done in the province of Hanover with successful results, and an expedition under the auspices of the German Colonial Office is now occupied in locating water supplies and mineral deposits in South-West Africa. It is proposed to fit out a further expedition for experiments in North America. Dr. Leimbach writes that he and his collaborators have already succeeded in introducing such improvements into their apparatus that they can determine with certainty the danger of floods in salt mines.

My attention has been called to a newly-formed Society, "The Union of East and West," which has for its object the pro-

motion of cordial relations among all divisions of mankind, without regard to colour, race or creed, "and in particular to encourage a good understanding between East and West." The Society gave a most successful inaugural entertainment at the Grafton Galleries on the evening of June 9, when the Hon. Sec., Miss Clarissa Miles, read a paper entitled "The Union of East and West," setting forth its aims, and concluding with Mr. Harold Johnson's poem, "The Travail of the World." The movement has arisen from the "Indian Art and Dramatic Society," which came into existence about two years ago, and numbers among its patrons Lord Sandwich, Sir Oliver Lodge, Lord Howard de Walden, Lady Archibald Campbell, Lady Florence Duncombe, Lady Erskine, Mrs. Woodhull Martin, Mrs. Geoffrey Lubbock, Miss Hermione Ramsden, Lord Lamington, the Chinese Ambassador, Sir George Reid, Sir Mancherjee Bhownaggee, Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. J. A. Spender, and many others. Already the "Indian Art and Dramatic Society" has justified its existence by the production of several plays, "Buddha," "Sakuntala," "Ratnavak," etc., which are among the bright gems of a literature that reached its zenith upwards of two thousand years ago.

The author of the *Kabala of Numbers* asks me to draw attention to the fact that Messrs. Rider & Son have just published a new, revised, and enlarged edition of the first part of this work, the first edition of which, published in the autumn of 1911, has now run out of print. The new edition includes three entirely fresh chapters, dealing respectively with the Symbolism of Giordano Bruno; Cosmic Analogies; and Some Recondite Problems. The price of the book has been raised from 2s. net to 2s. 6d. net, and is now uniform in price with the second volume. The two volumes are, however, independent of each other, and sold separately.

I am also asked to state that Brother Ramananda has returned from Jersey, and that his present address is 13 Parliament Hill, Hampstead, London, N.W.

# THE INFLUENCE OF PRENATAL CAUSES IN THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER

By J. D. L.

IT has often been observed that children born of the same parents and brought up under identical circumstances will develop totally different characters. This fact is so common that everyone must have observed it, and proves that mere education and upbringing are not the only factors in the development of character; that other causes, not at first sight apparent, must be looked for.

But in the first place, it must be clearly understood what is meant by character. By the word character is meant in this article those inherent traits which are peculiar to each individual, and which are more or less constant so long as he lives, being alterable only to a very limited extent. It is important to distinguish between "habit" and "character." For example, a man who in early life may have been of extremely temperate habits may become in later life a confirmed drunkard, but this is merely a change of habit, not of inherent character. The drunkard, on the other hand, may reform his habits and become once more temperate, but by so doing he does not change his real character. Character is born with a man; habit is acquired.

But if we accept the principle that a man is born with his character already formed, this is tantamount to admitting that prenatal influences have been at work in shaping it. And that such is really the case can be easily proved.

It is an old saying that "the poet is born, not made"; in other words, those traits which are necessary to the formation of a poet are inherent, and cannot be afterwards acquired, except to a very limited degree. Education can help the poet to express his ideas, but it cannot develop the poetical faculty.

The fact, already mentioned, that brothers, similarly educated, may develop entirely different characters proves that the formation of character takes place previous to birth, and that we must carry our investigations to the embryonic stage, if not further. But there is one important exception which must be borne in mind. Twins, who are not merely subjected to the same external influences after birth, but are subjected to the same uterine influences prior to birth, develop not merely a striking facial resemblance, but also a marked similarity of character. This can only be accounted for by the fact that uterine or prenatal influences have been at work, not only in the physical develop-

ment of the embryo, but also in the formation of character. The psychical sympathy which exists between twins is well known; even cases of a kind of telepathic *rapport* are held to be established. The writer read of a case recently in the papers, of two twins, one of whom died in infancy, the other being at the same time struck with dumbness, though too young to be deeply affected with grief. Here we see obscure psychical influences at work; but this is a matter which is foreign to the subject of this article and will not be further dealt with here.

It is well known that the *fœtus in utero* is extremely susceptible to the mental emotions of the mother, this, too, quite involuntarily on her part. Such an influence is permanent, it deeply affects the physical and mental characteristics of the child, and its effects are to a great extent unalterable after birth.

Goldsmith cites the case of a woman who went to view the execution of a man who was broken alive on the wheel. She was pregnant at the time; the gruesome spectacle made a deep impression on her, and when her child was born, its limbs were twisted and distorted in the same manner as those of the victim of the wheel. This is a case in which the mental emotions of the mother had an important influence on the physical development of the child. The *fœtus*, being in a plastic state, is easily moulded by external influences exerted through the mind of the mother.

But if the mental emotions of the mother can affect the physical development of the embryo, it stands to reason that they can with equal or greater ease affect also its mental development or characteristics. It is recorded of James I that he had an extreme horror of a drawn sword, and could not bear the sight of it. This trait was inherent and continued through life. It was no passing whim or fancy; it had a real foundation. Three months before his birth, his mother Mary Queen of Scots saw her favourite Rizzio murdered in her presence, by men who entered her apartments with drawn swords. This incident made a deep impression on her, and it affected her infant child, then a *fœtus* of six months, for his whole subsequent life.

It has been said that tastes and distastes are often the result of some particular incident, some association of ideas, created in early youth, the incident itself often being forgotten, though the impression it produced still remains. But the above facts prove that the incident may have occurred even previous to birth; that the plastic *fœtus* is even more susceptible to external influences than the child after birth. It proves that the germs of character may already exist at birth, only to be drawn forth by the sub-

sequent environment. The newly-born child has no mental traits yet discernible ; his undeveloped mind is scarcely capable of receiving impressions to any appreciable extent. But in the foetal state, he receives the impressions of a fully formed and developed mind, those of his mother. At birth this mental connexion is severed, and the newly-born child is left entirely to the direct impression of external sources, which it is at first unable to assimilate, though the power develops gradually.

The ancients were well aware of the impressions produced by the mind of the mother on the physical and intellectual development of the foetus. In the houses of the better classes among the Greeks, we read, the apartments of married women were often adorned with statues of human figures of the highest physical development, that the future mother, by gazing on them, might transmit the same physical perfections to her child. Cases in which mothers have transmitted to their offspring the features of pictures on which they have gazed during pregnancy are well known. The writer knows one case of a child whose features bear a striking resemblance to those of a painted picture (not a relative), which hung in the room of the mother.

A woman who lived in a house reputed to be haunted was often much alarmed by weird noises which were heard at all hours of the night. On one occasion, when the noises were more fearful than usual, she perceived the foetus in her womb to leap with fright. The child was afterwards born dead. The fact was related to the writer by the woman's husband, in whom he has every confidence. The fright could only have been felt through the mind of the mother, as the foetus was not capable of directly receiving the external impression.

To recapitulate. The child is born with its character already moulded, with innate likes and dislikes acquired during the foetal period, which cannot be appreciably altered during its subsequent life.

And this brings us to an important point in the science of eugenics. If the character of a child is mainly formed during the foetal state, through external influences which may be brought to bear on the mother during pregnancy, can those external influences be so regulated artificially as to produce any desired trait of character of the child while still *in utero* ?

This is a very important point, and well worthy of study. The writer claims to be no authority on the matter. The above is merely a brief outline or suggestion which he gives for what it is worth, and he leaves the solution of the matter to abler minds.

## 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.]*

### COINCIDENCE OR TELEPATHY.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—The interesting series of events related by Mrs. Draycott certainly afford matter for much reflection. One must, of course, make adequate allowances for the law of chance, but at least in some of these cases the occurrences appear too closely connected to warrant the assumption that they were due merely to coincidence.

It is quite possible that subconscious telepathy from Mrs. W—— attracted your correspondent to the vicinity of the boarding-house in M—— Street, although unfortunately the letter does not state whether this particular street is a main thoroughfare or just an ordinary by-way. If it were the latter we should have a fact distinctly in favour of a telepathic explanation. On the other hand, in an attractive main street where many people congregate acquaintances are always likely to meet.

With regard to the second event, when Mrs. Draycott discovered her nephew, did she visit M—— Street a second time intentionally, or merely by chance? The letter does not inform us if Mrs. W—— had left the boarding-house, so it is possible that your correspondent went there with the definite intention of calling upon her. If this were the case, it is not surprising that she should notice her own surname on a gate almost directly opposite Mrs. W——'s temporary abode. Assuming, however, that the latter had already sailed for England, and that Mrs. Draycott went to M—— Street for no other reason than that she felt a desire to revisit the place, telepathy from her nephew was probably instrumental in bringing about the meeting.

Again, the call at the literary agency would undoubtedly be a chance occurrence, but for the fact that the manager had actually resided in the same house at Gangtok which Mrs. Draycott was occupying at this time. The third event—your correspondent's friend having a servant from Gangtok—was pure coincidence; there is nothing whatever to show that this servant played any part in the occurrence. The fact that Mr. X—— of Gangtok had previously made a purchase at the shop patronized by Mrs. Draycott is, I consider, of small significance. With the editor of the newspaper, the explanation may be different, unless there was a very definite reason for your correspondent's presence at this particular office.

As far as our present knowledge of the subject extends, the observed facts of telepathy seem to indicate that the process is most pronounced when it takes place subconsciously and spontaneously, that is, without any conscious and deliberate effort on the part of either of the individuals concerned. Until its final aim is accomplished, the whole process, as was the case with your correspondent, may be completely subconscious. More frequently, however, the telepathic communication reaches consciousness through the auditory centre of the brain, when a voice will be heard, or through the visual centre, when a vision will be witnessed. The functions of telepathy appear to be as follows: To give information, often from a vast distance; to attract particular individuals to one another; and occasionally, for some reason unknown, to serve for the conveyance of similar ideas. Communications are most commonly observed between those who, in some manner, are in close sympathy, as, for example, by affinity or by ties of deep affection. As telepathic transmission becomes more definite in direct proportion to the closeness of this sympathy, it is not unreasonable to suppose that a species of sympathy, in a lesser degree, may exist between inhabitants of a particular house, village or town. In a small place one would expect the connection to be stronger; in fact, the psychical force, association, or connection which we have termed "sympathy" appears to be inversely proportional to the number of persons, or personalities, concerned. Thus, it is greatest between two individuals, slightly less between members of a family, still less between inhabitants of a small town, and continues to decrease until between those who have never been within each other's vicinity, it is quite absent. Admittedly one requires many more well-attested cases, although a few have come within my experience, before this hypothesis could be established as a theory. The suggestion is, after all, only an extension of what is known and accepted at the present time. It also provides an explanation for the curious fact that your correspondent was brought into contact with those other individuals who had previously dwelt in the remote town of Gangtok.

Concerning the mechanism of telepathy little definite is known. The phenomena it embraces are inexplicable according to physical laws; the "brain wave" theory is untenable, since telepathic transmissions do not obey the law of inverse squares. The most one can state is that some superphysical faculty of the subliminal personality is concerned in its production, the nature of which has yet to be discovered.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

CECIL WORSTER-DROUGHT, B.A., M.B., M.R.C.S., ETC.

ANNA BONUS KINGSFORD.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—The OCCULT REVIEW being so very widely read, I crave for space to write a few lines expressive of my great regret that

any student of Mysticism should have written a review of *Anna Kingsford: Her Life and Letters*, such as I find in *The Seeker*, May, 1914. It is one which contains all that makes it, as a review of their writings, very regrettable!

The reviewer justly notes that there are "many thousands" who have not failed to have profited by them. If so, under the circumstances of the reviewer's extreme disapprobation of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland's teachings, he must consider us all very "young souls." Such a parody of Mr. Maitland's kind and courteous manner to every one, respecting his view of the age of the late Rev. G. Allen's soul, is singularly unfair.

Anna Bonus married her cousin, the Rev. Algernon Kingsford, Vicar of Hatcham, Shropshire. She developed, while living at the Vicarage of Hatcham, owing undoubtedly to its unhealthy position (low-lying ground, near a sluggish river), a very serious asthmatic malady. Of this she died, not of the usual pulmonary consumption. After a time it was decided that it was impossible for her to permanently reside with her husband at Hatcham, and she was ordered to live in London, Paris or Italy, town life suiting her malady best. It was also decided by her family and husband, that Mr. Maitland, her *uncle by marriage*, not her cousin, recently a widower with grown-up sons, should take charge of her during the time that Mr. Kingsford could not be with her. When she was in London, he usually came there from Monday to Friday. I always saw him there while the readings of *The Perfect Way* were taking place, as I had the privilege of being one of the few in those days who were interested in Mysticism. I may say that word and its adjuncts was *not* exploited by writers as they are now. Mrs. Kingsford and Mr. Maitland *were* mystics, not merely students of mysticism.

Mrs. Kingsford studied medicine, for occupation, also for its own sake. She was a talented and active woman; idleness, physically or mentally, was abhorrent to her.

Mrs. Kingsford's interest in the Roman Catholic Church developed *after* her marriage to her Protestant cousin. She had a brother who was already a Romanist, and her studies in Hermetic Philosophy led her to a different understanding in many theological paths, not now needful to refer to.

I must utterly repudiate the extremely mistaken report, that "she conducted a business in cosmetics." This is as absurd as it is false; and it can be simply flatly denied. She wrote a small book on *Health and the Toilet*, a similar one to her *Perfect Way in Diet*. This little book was the only piece of literature written by her which ever returned a penny. It contained a number of harmless recipes, and she issued it to prevent the danger of women suffering from facial discoloration in employing compounds of a deleterious character. These recipes were, I believe, finally bought by a chemist and



druggist for perfectly straightforward reasons, and labelled, in proof of their value, as the "Kingsford Recipes."

Alas! it is true that my poor friend had many, too many, visions, and it might have been wiser had they not all been recorded. Undoubtedly many came as result of the chloroform which her asthmatic ailment unhappily demanded. That another curative agent was not then understood or tried is, I admit, regrettable; but it is still more regrettable that any student who can appreciate Richard Rolle and other mystics should so utterly have misunderstood and deprecated those two remarkable and lovable personages, for whose teachings I shall always feel humbly grateful. I knew them and their characters thoroughly, and I consider they stand in a very small and isolated group of writers and thinkers whose sole aim was not to exploit Theosophy, the Hermetic or any doctrine, but to point unselfishly to other travellers the way they themselves found most effectual.

Believe me, Sir,

Faithfully yours,

ISABELLE DE STEIGER.

VRON DÉG, LLANGOLLEN.

### VOICE ORACLES.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—Mrs. H. H. Spoer has recently given some particulars of "Voice Oracles." It may be of interest to your readers to have a scientific explanation of these results.

Thought may be spoken of as a high tension current, and thought after thought as sweeping across the mind at about twenty miles an hour. When one person is speaking to another, no vibration passes along the air to the drum of the ear. What takes place is better described by saying that the same thoughts pass over the minds of the two people at the same time, and certain thoughts intensify themselves on the mind of the person who appears to be speaking. The thoughts that are intensified appear in the form of sound to those listening.

One often hears a person speaking without any person being there to intensify the sounds, as in these cases the thoughts passing are already sufficiently intensified to give the effect of what is spoken of as sound.

The reason why such wonderful results are obtained, as someone apparently hearing what is going to happen in the future, is that the subconscious mind of man knows, not only the past and the present, but the future, and consequently, thoughts of the future often come to a man, sometimes in the form of thoughts, sometimes in the form of things seen, sometimes apparent sounds through some living

person, and sometimes as a sound apparently from a person in the room.

Some years ago, hearing of a Mr. Geard in Africa who had been a stonemason and who was getting marvellous results by prayer, I wrote him a letter asking him to come and stay a day or two with me if ever he came to England. Not long afterwards he called and spent a day or two with me.

He had originally been a private in the Army, and one day went into a Salvation Army meeting with two friends, with the object of breaking it up, when he was instantaneously "converted." Before that, he said, he was a bad character. After the meeting there was an absolute and entire change.

He told me that he used to ask questions of God and get a definite answer as it were by a voice. These answers were always absolutely correct. The first time he heard this so-called voice, he was very ill and, his wife being downstairs, he reached out of bed to get his medicine. To his astonishment, he heard a voice say: "You do not trust me." His reply was: "I do, Lord." The voice then again came: "No, you are trusting to the medicine." Mr. Geard then told me that he said: "That is true; I never will again"; and instantly he was perfectly well.

He gave me many marvellous results of the information obtained and the guidance that he had received from this voice, and he made me feel ashamed of myself on account of the absolute and implicit trust he had in the action of God. In those days I thought that I had almost perfect trust in God, but the trust Mr. Geard had, made me feel ashamed that I, with all the knowledge and experience that I had, should ever feel the slightest doubt as to my prayers being answered.

On cross-examination I found, and Mr. Geard admitted, that what he had seemed to hear was not really a voice, but he was conscious of thoughts coming to him, and he differentiated these from the ordinary thoughts by saying these were like deep, deep thoughts.

Yours faithfully,

F. L. RAWSON.

90 REGENT STREET, W.

## THEOSOPHY AND REINCARNATION.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR.—This question on the subject of Theosophy and its Practice, interests me exceedingly, and having read Mr. W. T. Horton's reply on the subject, I feel bound to say a few words in accordance with him. You admit that Theosophy not only includes Reincarnation, but also a pre-existence in the far back times. But we are not living in the Past, but very much in the Present, and what use or good

can a Religion be, which possesses little or no charity? It may be very delightful to have been an Eastern princess or the great King Rameses in bygone ages, but I fail to see where its practical value comes in now. Instead of trying to cope with each other over the highest position in the astral plane—would it not be kinder and more beneficial to see how much we could help the present humanity and the world in general. We are also told that many of the first shall be last, and *vice versa*—also, I always understood that the great point of any really good religion was a brotherhood and kindly fellowship of all mankind. This is what it seems it should be to me.

I remain, yours sincerely,

E. OLIVER.

THE WHITE HOUSE, ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

[The law of gravitation "possesses no charity," but if we ignore it, we shall have reason to regret having done so.—ED.]

### VAMPIRISM.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—May I beg the favour of a small space in which to ask a question concerning the vampirism referred to in your last issue?

Many of us are aware of the facts. What we do not know is this. Seeing that the most spiritually unselfish natures are more open to vampirism than others, and are—at the same time—more defenceless, can you or any one else suggest any method of defence?

I know, for instance, of a case in which a woman was nearly done to death by the vampirism of her "husband." She was reduced to such a condition that she lost speech and power of locomotion (temporarily) and was only saved by a doctor (who did not know anything of occultism, but who sensed the cause of her terrible condition, and who advised separation to "save her life and reason"). Her whole life is one desperate struggle to keep alive and sane, and her loneliness leaves her all the more open to the exhaustion of her vitality.

Upon this hangs another query. As these beings (incarnate and discarnate), who drain off the vitality of others to feed their own selfishness, only grow stronger to harm others—by this absorption into themselves of vital force from other souls—would it not be a service to humanity if some method of restraining them could be found?—or of *denying* them?

The ranting of Socialists about the "exploitation" of the "workers" is open to severe criticism if not to ridicule, because these vampiric forces exist wherever selfish people pursue their own ends regardless of the issue and the cost to others. They work as freely in and through Socialist organizations as in any other form,

and human wealth is as shamelessly squandered in such inhuman conflicts. Unseen vampires suck out the spiritual vitality of ignorant victims in these as in other circles.

Yours, with thanks in advance,  
"A."

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—With reference to the subject of vampires, I should be glad of an opportunity to relate one of the most weird and at the same time painful experiences which has ever befallen me in a circle.

It has reference to a lady by name of Mrs. W——, a frequent visitor to my séances, and one of the sweetest dispositions it has ever been my good fortune to meet—and bears out that remarkable law of the attraction of opposites! One Wednesday afternoon at my ladies' circle, when coming out of trance, the first words I heard were from Mrs. W——, sitting on my right, who, pale as a veritable ghost, was addressing a lady sitting a good distance away and opposite me, and whose name I subsequently found was Mrs. K——. The latter was weeping bitterly, and exclaimed, "This bears it all out."

On inquiry it appeared that when I first went under control, my spirit-guides described to Mrs. W—— the spirit of a young Spanish girl, a vampire, which was attached to her. At the same time there was shown to me clairvoyantly a young male bird, whose neck the Spanish girl had wrung, and the blood of which she had poured out. My guides strongly urged Mrs. W—— not to go into houses where young babies were present, as they would be killed by the vampire attached to her. My guides also described to Mrs. K—— a heavy wooden cradle where a baby lay dead, its neck having the appearance of having been wrung.

It then transpired that about three weeks previously, Mrs. K——, with her baby, paid a visit to Mrs. W——, and after tea the two friends sat at the table for physical manifestations, when the table persistently moved towards the couch where the baby had been. It was, in fact, found impossible to keep it away! On the arrival home of mother and child the baby sickened and died within a week. The two friends came to see me about a week after the little one's funeral. The two did not sit together, or appear to be acquainted with one another, nor did Mrs. K—— wear black—as a further test, I suppose. And I might add that the only lady sitting in the circle whom I had seen before that time, but of whose name I was then ignorant, was Mrs. W——.

Yours faithfully,  
RUTH SCHWARTZ.

## "LETTERS FROM A LIVING DEAD MAN."

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I have just read with great interest Elsa Barker's *Letters from a Living Dead Man*, which you so fully reviewed in your April issue. The book is a remarkable one in that it gives a very real and vivid description of the spirit or astral world. It is exceedingly difficult to portray life beyond the veil; still "X" has largely succeeded in doing so. Much that he gives through Elsa Barker is self evidently true to all who possess spiritual insight, even in the smallest degree. To such the book should appeal.

As long as "X" confines himself to describe things as he sees them on the other side, he is all that can be desired; it is when he begins to draw his own conclusions that we are justified in questioning some of his assertions. We must not forget that, although a disembodied spirit, "X" has his limitations like the rest of us.

For instance, he holds the doctrine of human reincarnation very strongly, having apparently taken the belief in it over with him. I do not dispute the law of Rhythm, but I fail to see why it should necessitate human reincarnation. The constant seesaw of rebirth is too much like working in a vicious circle. Although the Serpent of Wisdom is fitly represented with its tail in its mouth, thus forming a circle, the spiral is in many ways a higher symbol.

Again, "X" maintains the eternity of evil as necessary for the equilibrium of things. It may appear so to him, as it did to Swedenborg; but is not the true balance, at any rate in higher spiritual conditions, between the higher and lower good, rather than between good and evil?

"X" appears to have been at a loss to answer the man who had two wives, evidently being ignorant of the law of counterpartal union. Counterparts are not, as he seems to think, in a state of inactive bliss, but, through each half finding its complement, in a fitter condition for active work.

I feel sure Elsa Barker will forgive my criticisms when I add that her book should prove a very great help to many, especially those whose ideas of the after life are, to say the least, extremely nebulous.

Yours faithfully,

W. P. S.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

*LA Revue Théosophique Belge* has completed a prolonged study of Jacob Böhme which is calculated to throw a considerable light upon the somewhat complicated system of the Teutonic Theosopher. Having regard to the class of materials placed in his hands, the summary is presented by its author with extraordinary clearness, and we are disposed to think that a translation into English might be no unimportant contribution to the understanding of Böhme's doctrine, in spite of certain recent elucidations which have claims particular to themselves. Whether it is likely to make the mystic's message more acceptable at this day is another question, but in the various sections of the study those who seek to know him have a key put at their disposal concerning the generation of God—according to the German mystic—the Mystery of the Divine Trinity, Eternal Wisdom and Eternal or Archetypal Nature, the Creation of the Universe, the Fall of Lucifer and of Man, the Way of Regeneration and Redemption in Christ. It must be confessed that to see Jacob Böhme stripped, so to speak, of his vestments, in a pure nakedness of mind, is to see him at anything but his best. His system in such guise seems but a variation from that of orthodox theology, with nothing to recommend it *per se* in respect of variation, while for those to whom orthodox theology conveys no living message it will appear to depend from postulates which are matters of arbitrary doctrine and are as much outside the findings of rational understanding as they are often an offence thereto. More does not follow from this than the fact that Jacob Böhme is not really represented by summaries, though they are essential for a grasp of his principles. The grace and life of his message must be sought in intimations which are outside his formal system.

We note with satisfaction that a writer in *Le Voile d'Isis* has disposed once and for all of that old folly which confounds the rites and ceremonies of religious worship with an indeterminate species of magic, affirming that such worship is the most magical part of religion. Dr. F. Rozier explains that, according to magical hypothesis, man commands the astral, or whatever we may choose to denominate that field of exploration which is open to magical processes. The motive force is therefore from below, meaning the personality of the operator. But in the

*Cultus* of religion there is no command on the part of the priest ; it is a work of impetration only, the response and power descending below from above. The writer therefore affirms that magic is one thing, but religion is another, there being nothing in common between them. While they are not mutually exclusive, and a magician may be therefore religious, the priest celebrating worship does that which is the opposite of magic.

*La Revue Spirite* has had much to tell us in recent issues concerning the fluidic body, *périsprit*, or double, and perhaps one feels a little confused among a cloud of authorities, including Colonel de Rochas, Claude Bernard and Carl du Prel. It is said to give form but not dimensions, reminding us of the school men's "form of the soul," which does not seem to have occupied space in the view of those who invented it. This notwithstanding, the double is that unknown something which remains and is sometimes found to be sensitive when arm or leg has been amputated. It is said to be the principle of organic life, the agent in magnetic and spiritistic phenomena. It is said also that the cure of the physical body can be effected when that which is termed fluidic has been exteriorized. It is of course our old friend the astral body, and that which we seek to ascertain is in what sense it is either in itself form apart from dimension or why it should be credited with conferring the one and not the other, more especially if certain experiences show that it rests extended beyond the point at which a limb has been removed.

A native Indian writing in *The Theosophist* is disposed to believe that Professor Bergson was once, or more than once, "a sturdy Hindu" and as such dedicated to Vedanta studies. He is said further to be like "a modern Kapila dressed in European garb." Having affirmed that Bergson's philosophy "supports the Hindu Vedanta," the article is really devoted, with considerable skill, to reading Bergsonism into old Eastern texts. It is a pleasant but not a convincing exercise. There is always the bare possibility that some of his researches may have led the French philosopher to Eastern sources, but the correspondence, system for system, will be slender like the leading itself. The roots, if any, are those of ideological identity, and remind us of the oft-quoted dictum of Saint-Martin that true men speak the same language, for they come from the same country. We are reminded also of the suggestion contained in another article, which develops, by way of accident, certain points of correspondence between Bergson and Japanese Buddhism. The suggestion, however, is that Buddhism may—by possibility—be a continua-

tion of Christ's teaching rather than that of Gautama. It rests on the part played by Nestorians in China during the first centuries of the present era. Such a notion is perhaps captivating to some of us in the West, though things to their places and each to its own is assuredly a wiser allocation. On his own part the writer who quotes the said speculation remarks prudently that similar circumstances lead to similar empirical formations. This issue of *The Theosophist* is notable in several ways outside its special concerns, and chief among all its papers there is a study of Sufism by Mr. Hadland Davis, entitled "The Quest in Persia." It tends to regard the coming of Islam into that land as a setback in respect of religious progress, and the rise of Sufism as apparently a reaction against Mohammedan influence. It was the doctrine of the love of God for His own sake as against the sake of reward and the fear of punishment.

*The Vedic Magazine* always commands our sympathy, and our admiration often enough. There is a maxim of Manu which is the motto that follows the title, and assuredly there was never a better. It says that "Of all gifts, that of Divine Knowledge is the highest and the noblest," and the spirit of this dictum is like an incense over all the pages. Recently it has been contrasting the Vedic with other faiths, and while regarding that which the periodical exists to expound as in some sense paramount, being more systematic, comprehensive and encyclopædic in its sacred literature, it is careful to point out that the comparison is without disparagement—approximately or remotely—to other great systems, whether in the East or West. "Rather," says the writer of the article, "in utmost humility of spirit, we must offer reverence before all lamps that have been ever lighted by any helpers of their fellow-men to enlighten the darkness through which the human soul has groped . . . in the quest for its lost birthright of the eternal." Let us say to the writer, in the words of another article: "May the Lord help you in that," blessing the giver of a noble thought in an eloquent form of expression.

*The Light of Truth* is another Eastern periodical which we have mentioned from time to time, and to which we recur also with pleasure. It is to us, among several things, a rather salutary lesson in humility, seeing that it leads us to realize our ignorance of innumerable important texts. It would be useless, in this place, to cite even the names. A recent issue, however, names one which is not unknown among us, having been made available by European scholarship. This is the *Sāmkhya*, which is described as "the earliest and deepest fountain of philosophy."



The very essence of the Buddhist religion is said to have arisen therefrom, and also the mystical system of soul-culture which was subsequently elaborated by Patanjali. The Upanishads and Gita are in some measure traceable thereto. The *Sāṃkhya* is the system of Kapila, though it cannot be said to have originated entirely with him. It is a research into the world and the self for the deliverance of the soul from pain and evil, which *ex hypothesi* arise through contact with matter. That is one side only of the cosmic shield of things, and it is of course typically Eastern, though it has its reflections or replicas in the ascetic literature of the West. The other side of the shield is that all which we understand as joy, beauty and goodness have come to us through such contact also.

There is no question that *Modern Astrology* occupies a position by itself, practically without rival or comparison in periodical astrology—of whatever language or country. There are astrological magazines in America, France and elsewhere, but they are not in the same category. An important point in connection with this statement is that it will not obtain less fully if only a literary interest in astrology be postulated in a given reader than if another shall hold that the influence of the stars is a distinct branch of occult knowledge. We remember *Modern Astrology* from its inception, and have watched its development from modest dimensions to the present substantial form. We remember also the first contributions of its editor, Mr. Alan Leo, to the literature of astrology—outside his share in the periodical which is his own. He occupies a prominent place among English authorities on a complex branch of research; his books and his magazine represent a life work of no ordinary kind, both within and without the beaten tracks of the subject. The last issue is remarkable for an article on the Law of Cycles and some account of the Pyramids as an astronomical monument, being notes on a lecture by Professor Lowell, the Mars observer.

The practice of printing memorable extracts from issues of many years since has been borrowed by *Light* from such newspapers as *The Globe* and *The Times*. A correspondent of *Light* points out justly that other spiritistic periodicals of the past might contribute something from their stores. He mentions with this object *The Psychological Review*, to which—on our own part—we would add *The Spiritual Magazine*, so excellent in its own day, *Human Nature*, and some organs devoted to animal magnetism.

## REVIEWS

THE KABALA OF NUMBERS (Part I) : a Handbook of Interpretation. By "Sepharial." 7½ in. × 4½ in., pp. 204. London : William Rider & Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, E.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE present edition of *The Kabala of Numbers* (Part I) has been revised, and three new chapters, entitled respectively "Bruno's Symbolism," "Cosmic Analogies," and "Some Recondite Problems," have been added. The first one appeals to me as particularly interesting. "Sepharial" says, "Bruno was the originator of the Doctrine of Correspondences which was afterwards and perhaps more patiently illustrated by Swedenborg." I cannot quite agree. The law was evolved in the consciousness of man, rather than discovered, and its origin in this sense is lost in the dimness of antiquity. Bruno undoubtedly helped to make plain its truth. But as Emerson has said, to Swedenborg belongs the honour of having "first put the fact [of the correspondence between matter and spirit] into a detached and scientific statement." He it was who first clearly distinguished "correspondence" from mere analogy, and enunciated the criteria of the former relation; and if precision and accuracy be the marks of a scientific law, the "law of correspondences" is rightly called his.

In illustrating the statement that 6 is the number of Creation, "Sepharial" suggests a new formula for the chemical composition of water, which will not, I think, hold, because it makes hydrogen divalent. The ease with which carbon forms six-numbered rings, and the tenacity with which the carbon atoms then remain bound together, is worth mentioning in this connection, as in agreement with "Sepharial's" symbolic interpretation of the number 6.

"Sepharial" well maintains that all knowledge is relative. Of science he says, "We take the phenomenon as a signal, and from a series we establish a code which thereafter we apply to a variety of different sets of phenomena." That, I think, is admirably put. All concepts are symbols; but there is a symbolism without and a symbolism within. That is the justification of *The Kabala of Numbers*. Its author seeks to unveil the inner symbolism of numbers: the result is a book which will be read with interest and pleasure by all who are attracted to these questions.

H. S. REDGROVE.

CHRISTIANITY AND ETHICS : A HANDBOOK OF CHRISTIAN ETHICS. By Archibald B. D. Alexander, M.A., D.D. 7½ in. × 4½ in. Pp. xii+257. London : Duckworth & Co., 3 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is a volume in Messrs. Duckworth's series "Studies in Theology." The author entitles his Introduction, "A Plea for the Study of Christian Ethics," but if all works on the subject were as excellent as this, probably no plea for this study would be necessary. In saying this, of course, I do not mean to imply that everything Dr. Alexander writes has my assent: in so large and comprehensive a study, a certain amount of disagreement is inevitable. For instance, I do not always follow him in certain views

derived from the Pauline letters, which seem to me to depart somewhat from the teaching of the Gospels ; nor do I share his fear that an increment in the scope of State control in the life of the individual would be detrimental to enterprise and imitation ; but of the work as a whole I can only speak in the highest terms of praise. It is comprehensive, scholarly, balanced, and Dr. Alexander writes with insight and toleration. He gives a readable survey of " philosophical " ethics (though rather under-estimating Mill's value, I think), pointing out that Christian ethics are not opposed thereto, or distinct therefrom in any fundamental sense. But, as he shows, Christianity infuses a new spirit into ethics, and raises it to a higher level. Dr. Alexander well insists that Christianity is, in principle, opposed to asceticism, and emphasizes the value of both family and social life. As he says, " the three dominant notes of the Christian Ideal are—Absoluteness, Inwardness, and Universality. In Christ we have the supreme revelation of God, the supreme Good, and He is " at once the power and pattern of the new life." It is really *character* which saves—the faith that is strong enough to pass into action. A mere belief which does not pass beyond the crying of " Lord, Lord " is of no avail. Nor is it the mere outward aspects of actions that counts ; it is the motive, the intention, that constitutes a man's ethical work. To imagine that Christ's maxims constitute a mere " interim-ethic," adapted to a transitory world, is, as Dr. Alexander well shows, " to distort the perspective of His teaching and to rob it of its unity and insight." These maxims, though couched in the language of times in which they were uttered, are eternally valid. To realize the highest ideal of which each one of us is capable, and to realize it, not for personal ends, but for the sake of God and our fellow-men and women : that is the end which Christian Ethics would have us realize and which Dr. Alexander has admirably portrayed.

H. S. REDGROVE.

WHERE PHARAOH DREAMS. By Irène Osgood. John Richmond.  
Price 5s.

THOSE who love the golden glamour of Egypt, the mysteries of desert and Nile, of Sphinx and Pyramid, will revel in this book as children pining for the sun, or nightingales, deep amid " the rose-nests," as Persian Hafiz sang. For not since Pierre Loti wrote *L'Egypte* and Robert Hichens *The Spell of Egypt* has any fantasy so instinct with the mystical lure of that land which is shaped as " a lotus with a crooked stem " appeared from the publishing press. And there is occultism in it too, for " the woman with eyes a-dream," whose personality dominates these fantasies, is a soul, a spirit made as visible as Edgar Allan Poe made " Psyche, my soul," in *Uialume*, where he drew back her head by the hair, and " pacified Psyche and kist her."

The contents vie with each other in an almost pagan revel of beauty. " The Desert Garden of Delight," " Midnight," " The Sphinx," " A Lark Hangs in the Sky," " Moods of the Nile," and " Twilight Litanies," all these are steeped in the desert witchery of a Caliph's dream. For indeed, Irène Osgood " weaves dreams " in this chronicle, lovely as some ivory tablet from Cleopatra's store, " while Egypt is again bathed in amber sunlight and the Pyramids in the distant glow shine pink through the glitter of raindrops." These fantasies are set in the memory as drops of rose-attar in a phial of silver.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE SPIRIT OF JAPANESE POETRY. By Yone Noguchi. Pp. 118. The Wisdom of the East Series. London: John Murray. Price 2s. net.

IN the space of a hundred odd pages this Japanese poet succeeds in giving us an extraordinarily fascinating glimpse into the realities of his subject. He begins by confessing that the rhymes and metres of English poetry leave him unmoved, that his attention is never held by "the harmony of language," and declares that nearly all Japanese feel the same about this. He then goes on to discuss the *Hokku* and *Uta* poems of Japan, showing how the aim of the Japanese poet is never to describe or to enlarge upon his subject, but merely to hint, to suggest, with a touch as fleeting and delicate as that of a butterfly's wing. For the true appreciation of a Japanese poem, intuition and imagination in the reader are essential—"indeed, you are the outsider of our Japanese poems if you cannot read immediately what they do not describe to you." Reserve, restraint, silence—these are the qualities that go to the making of the Japanese poet. How many of our English poets might take to heart the advice given by one of them, "Cut short, cut short, and again cut short!" Many interesting translations are given, and there is a remarkable chapter on the *No* drama—the Japanese "play of silence." A most valuable and illuminating little book for all lovers of literature. E. M. M.

THE HISTORIC AND THE INWARD CHRIST: A STUDY IN QUAKER THOUGHT. By Edward Grubb, M.A. 7½ in. × 4½ in. Pp. 100. London: Headley Brothers (for the Woodbrooke Extension Committee), Bishopsgate, E.C. Price 1s. net.

THIS volume contains the Swarthmore Lecture for 1914. It is an excellent survey of the Christological beliefs of The Society of Friends. As Mr. Grubb points out, Quakerism has always regarded belief in religious doctrines or historical events as of secondary importance. "Its primary emphasis" has always been "inward and ethical," and it has always taught that the essential element in Christianity is that inward experience whereby the unregenerate man is transformed, by the power of God, into the likeness of Christ. Salvation, as Mr. Grubb says, must "be wrought *in* man, and not merely *for* him." But, unfortunately, this emphasis has tended towards disregard, or seeming disregard, for the historical element in Christianity, and Friends have generally been content with their experiences without attempting to solve the intellectual difficulties concerned with the Personality of the Saviour. As Mr. Grubb well maintains, both aspects of Christ, as inward and as historical, are of equal importance to the validity of Christianity; how to reconcile them is the question—how to identify that Christ who was Man, and toiled and suffered in Palestine some nineteen hundred years ago, with that Christ who is God immanent in the soul of each one of us who will receive the inward light. This is the problem which Mr. Grubb urges modern Quakerism to undertake to investigate and to solve, adding some useful suggestions, and it is, indeed, the great problem which confronts "orthodox" Christianity as well, whose Creeds, as Mr. Grubb points out, merely assert the reality of the divine and human aspects of Christ without attempting to solve the intellectual difficulty of their unification. Perhaps the solution will be found in

Swedenborg's teaching that man is man because God is essentially Man. Whether this be so or not, is a question into which I cannot now enter, and I will conclude these remarks by saying that Mr. Grubb's book is admirably written and will be read with interest and pleasure by all students of Christian Mysticism.

H. S. REDGROVE.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY. By Trevor Blakemore. With Frontispiece in colour by Tom Mostyn. London: Gay & Hancock, Ltd. Pp. viii. + 312. Price 6s.

TRAGEDY and satire go hand in hand through the pages of this novel, which reveals its author as a skilful delineator of men and women and a shrewd observer of unhappy sexual alliances. The principal character is an artist who, after a scandalous catastrophe in his domestic life, followed by some years of self-banishment from intellectual society, is mysteriously rejuvenated. Of his second youth he makes both good and bad use: he regains artistic skill, has one brief but delightful experience of true love, and then, idealizing the narrow and hard, through the magic glass of sex, blunders into bondage and misery. The author cleverly exhibits recognizable characteristics of disagreeable people who are amusing at a distance. He or she evinces contempt for the feminine movement away from domesticity into little bloodless arenas of argument. An interesting picture is incidentally given of the inside of a Parisian art-school. The author's writing attains occasionally a high level. The only noticeable weakness in the novel is its experiment in occultism, which lacks artistic justification.

W. H. CHESSON.

A SUFI MESSAGE OF SPIRITUAL LIBERTY. By Professor Inayat Khan. London: The Theosophical Publishing Society, Ltd., 161 New Bond Street, W. Price 2s. 6d. net.

"THE deeper I sink into the ocean of feeling, the more beautiful pearls I bring forth in the form of notes." So said Inayat Khan, whom his admirers call the greatest musical genius of India, "the Morning Star of Musical Revival," to the Nizam of Hyderabad, himself a musician and a mystic. Inayat embraced Sufism, "a Religious Philosophy of Love, Harmony, and Beauty, which is as old as the beginning of human creation," and in 1910 he began a tour of the Western world, giving lectures in Sufism and Music. The word Sufi itself means "pure"—pure from differences and distinctions—and as there is no special work on Sufism in the English language, written by an authorized initiate, Inayat Khan's "Message of Spiritual Liberty" will be welcomed by all students of Oriental thought. Sufism blends the faith and devotion of the East with the logic of the West. It even considers the "emancipation of woman," and declares that "the ideal life is detached interest in the world, which is best accomplished by man and woman together." The reflections on "Concentration" and "Dreams and Inspirations" are very luminous. "Inspiration," says Inayat, "is the inner light which reflects itself upon the heart of man; the purer the heart is from rust as a clean mirror, the more clearly inspiration can be reflected in it."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE VOICE ON THE BEACH, and other Stories. By C. L. Ryley.  
London: David Nutt. Pp. viii+241. Price 5s. net.

THREE of the ten stories in this volume are distinctly worth reading; the remainder, including an elaborate but spiritually commonplace account of the discovery of "a Holy Graal," belong, with the exception of one dismal farrago, to the vague class of passable fiction. The title-story, which is good, and founded on a Breton legend, exhibits the dangerous irascibility of Yannic-ann-ôd, or the ghost of a drowned person "whose body is not recovered and buried in holy ground." In Mr. Ryley's story a victim of this being's anger posthumously helps to end the evil career of his executioner. The two other little works of imagination which entitle his book to a measure of positive praise are "Castle and Cairn" and "The Bridge of the Sword." In the former tale a pair of happy modern lovers confront the spectres of lovers who had been mocked and tormented by an ancient barbarian. The latter tale is a fantasy in which a collector of old weapons is enabled, by some occult property in a broadsword, to see himself as a Viking in a previous incarnation, wherein he was fortunate enough to slay a warlock and make a sweetheart of a girl who would have murdered him.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE CULT OF THE PASSING MOMENT. By Arthur Chandler. Cr. 8vo.  
217 pp. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

DEFINING Religion, in contradistinction to Theology, as the response of the personality to the revelation in the soul of the love of God, Mr. Chandler points out that growth in religion is not the same as growth in theology—that, in fact, the intellectualism of Theology is a bar to the experience of that personal intimacy with God in which Religion consists. To advance in that personal intimacy is the only true progress, and no more perfect way of attaining that closer and closer union can be found than that of seeking from moment to moment in the things that happen to us in daily life, an expression of the will of God towards the soul. In other words, the perfect life is the sacramental life, wherein all the man's activities and thoughts are co-ordinated and brought into line with the ideal of perfect surrender to the Divine. To those inexperienced in the mystical life it is difficult to believe that such a voluntary fettering of the personality is indeed the gateway to a freedom and peace which the "undedicated" life may never know. The question whether this immediate experience of the presence of God from moment to moment is a valid one, and not indeed a fancy of the mystical temperament, is dealt with and answered in the affirmative. It is claimed that "in this immediate apprehension of objective Reality our nature attains its own perfection." The freshness, spontaneity, and happiness which this moment-to-moment reliance upon God brings into the life is its own reward, to say nothing of the fact that it brings with it an ever-deepening intimacy with the Divine within, culminating in nothing less than the experience of that Union of the soul with the Beloved which constitutes the rapture of the mystic. Such is the cult of the passing moment, the cult of eternal life, reflecting the supreme Reality of God, in Whom alone may be found the "peace that passeth understanding." To sum up, Mr. Chandler's latest work will be found by the earnest seeker after Truth to be convincing and inspiring in the highest degree, and his work one of such sincerity and honesty of purpose as cannot fail to carry conviction with it wherever read.

H. J. S.