

OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPERNORMAL 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

THE popularity of prophecies at the present time has naturally raised the question of the natural law on which they depend. It may, of course, be argued that there is no such natural law, but in that case we rule out of court all prophecies that are not merely in the nature of intelligent anticipations of events to come. And there are doubtless a considerable percentage of people who would maintain that this is the only genuine and legitimate form of prophecy, in spite of a strong body of evidence in the other direction. If this attitude is taken up, all other prophecies beyond

PROPHECIES AND FATALISM *versus* FREEWILL. the class just named must be regarded as lucky guesses, and the difficulty of accepting the existence of such very numerous lucky guesses, especially where they are given in the fullest detail, is naturally very great indeed. If, however, we deny the possibility, in a number of crucial instances, of fortuitous coincidence,

we are brought face to face with the problem of Fate *versus* Freewill, which is indeed one of perennial interest. It has been dealt with recently by Signor Ernest Bozzano in his book on Premonitions (*Phénomènes Premonitoires*), of which Miss H. A. Dallas wrote in the last issue of the OCCULT REVIEW. Signor Bozzano is evidently not a determinist, and Miss Dallas in her article takes a rather strong view on the same lines. Monsieur Maeterlinck, on the other hand, in his *Unknown Guest*, just published by Messrs. Methuen,* writing very temperately and with much moderation, inclines clearly to the other view. From the highest standpoint he would regard everything as inevitable.

There is a good deal of loose thinking on this subject, and the loose thinking arises not merely from the extreme obscurity of the subject and the fact that it is one with which the finite intelligence is hardly qualified to deal; but also, as is too frequently the case where the pros and cons of philosophical problems are argued, from the fact that the point at issue is not clearly realized in the first instance.

THE QUES-
TION AT
ISSUE.

We do not need a Daniel come to judgment or an angel from another sphere to acquaint us with the fact that if we find ourselves standing at two cross-roads, and there is no obstacle in our path, it is quite open to us to choose "of our own free will," as the phrase goes, whether we will take the right-hand path or the left. And yet endless words have been wasted, endless arguments urged, as if this question was the real point under discussion in the problem of Fate *versus* Freewill. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. From the point of view of the man himself who chooses, it is perfectly obvious, as Miss Dallas, for instance, points out, that man has a limited freedom of will. Something doubtless may interfere with the man we are thinking of taking the right-hand path—a mad bull in the way, for instance, or a flooded road, or anything else of this kind we like to imagine, and he may therefore be forced to take the left. But we know quite well that in the majority of cases his choice in the matter is unfettered.

Arguments, therefore, that seek to prove that Determinism or Fatalism cannot be true because man has a modified choice are merely beating the air. And I gather that Signor Bozzano's arguments rather fall to the ground through his failure to grip this essential point, although the subject-matter that he has provided in his book to aid us in our decision is clearly all-important.

* London : Methuen & Co., Ltd., Essex Street, Strand, W.C. 5s. net.

What, then, is the matter really at issue? To put it in a nutshell, it is a question whether certain antecedents are bound to produce certain consequents. Given a certain person of a certain character and certain qualities physical, mental, etc., under certain specific conditions, will that person always act in the same way under those same conditions? Or would he at one time act one way and at another time another way, without any variation in the conditions in which he is placed, or the mood in which he then is? If you look at the matter from your own standpoint, you assume your own freedom of choice. If you look at it from the standpoint of Infinity, that choice is merely the result of your own character and conditions, all of which are taken into consideration in predicting what you will do. The apparent freedom of the individual to choose has, thus, nothing whatever to do with the issue raised. In other words, the assumed Omniscient Being who looks on, in his calculation of what the man will do is already allowing for those very attributes of character which dictate the man's choice.

The conclusion then, it seems to me, is inevitable, that whereas the universe can be described as a thought of the Deity, it can never be postulated that God would conceive His thought on one plane only, and that if this saying is true, the universe, as conceived by the Divine Power, must include not a partial but an entire conception embracing past, present and future at once. If God conceived of the universe and thus brought it to birth,

IS THE
UNIVERSE
A THOUGHT
OF GOD? we may be quite sure that this conception was no piecemeal affair, but was an inspiration to bring to birth a complete whole and harmonious design. We must, it seems, admit this as the only tenable conception of a God-directed universe. This is not, however, an hypothesis which we have to accept on *à priori* grounds alone. We have definite and specific signposts, evidence, as it appears to me, quite adequate to prove our case, in spite of the fact that, as Miss Dallas has well shown in her last month's article, a number of cases that seem at first sight to be evidence in its favour turn out subsequently to have no valid weight or bearing on the matter in question. Take, for instance, one of the cases collected by Signor Bozzano in the book already referred to, and cited as significant in Maurice Maeterlinck's *Unknown Guest*.

In August, 1910, Cavaliere Giovanni de Figueroa, one of the most famous fencing-masters at Palermo, dreamt that he was in the country, going along a road white with dust, which brought him to a broad ploughed

field. In the middle of the field stood a rustic building with a ground-floor used for store-rooms and cow-sheds, and on the right a rough hut made of branches and a cart with some harness lying in it.

A peasant wearing dark trousers, with a black felt hat on his head, came forward to meet him, asked him to follow him and

A CASE took him round behind the house. Through a low, narrow
IN POINT. door they entered a little stable with a short, winding stone staircase leading to a loft over the entrance to the house.

A mule, fastened to a swinging manger, was blocking the bottom step; and the chevalier had to push it aside before climbing the staircase. On reaching the loft, he noticed that from the ceiling were suspended strings of melons, tomatoes, onions and Indian corn. In this room were two women and a little girl; and through a door leading to another room he caught sight of an extremely high bed, unlike any that he had ever seen before. Here the dream broke off. It seemed to him so strange that he spoke of it to several of his friends, whom he mentions by name, and who are ready to confirm his statements.

On October 12 in the same year, in order to support a fellow-townsmen in a duel, he accompanied the seconds, by motor-car, from Naples to Marano, a place which he had never visited nor even heard of. As soon as they were some way in the country, he was curiously impressed by the white and dusty road. The car pulled up at the side of a field which he at once recognized. They alighted; and he remarked to one of the seconds:—

"This is not the first time that I have been here. There should be a house at the end of this path, and on the right a hut and a cart with some harness in it."

As a matter of fact, everything was as he described it. An instant later, at the exact moment foreseen by the dream, the peasant in the dark trousers and the black felt hat came up and asked him to follow him. But, instead of walking behind him, the chevalier went in front, for he already knew the way. He found the stable and, exactly at the place which it occupied two months before, near its swinging manger, the mule blocking the way to the staircase. The fencing-master went up the steps and once more saw the loft, with the ceiling hung with melons, onions and tomatoes, and, in a corner on the right, the two silent women and the child, identical with the figures in his dream, while in the next room he recognized the bed whose extraordinary height had so much impressed him.

Now, with regard to the above record, as Monsieur Maeterlinck well points out, it is not very difficult to conceive the possibility of a case (numerous such cases have been cited), in which a person has a vision beforehand of a certain locality, and when he sees it in the flesh recognizes each detail. Perhaps it may be a case of clairvoyance, perhaps he may have visited the place astrally in his sleep. The point, however, is that what the fencing-master saw did not actually take place on the physical plane until the moment of his visit. Had he witnessed the

VIEW OF
MAURICE
MAETER-
LINCK.

scene on any earlier occasion, half the details which made it so striking would have been absent. The peasant wearing the dark trousers with his dark felt hat would not have been there. The two women and the little girl would not have been in the position that they occupied, probably would not have been there at all. The mule almost certainly would not have been fastened to the swinging manger, or have been blocking the bottom stair of the staircase. The combination of all these incidents points unmistakably to the Italian fencing-master having had a vision in full detail beforehand of what had so far never taken place in time.

In one instance only does this experience differ from the fencer's vision. Instead of walking behind the man with the black felt hat the fencer goes in front of him, for he already knows the way. His prevision has in short the effect of altering the actual occurrence in one specific particular. A new antecedent, the vision, thus brings about a slight modification of the consequent.

This occurrence, we must admit, fulfilling the preceding vision in detail as it did, was yet near enough in point of time for us to be able to assume, if we choose to do so, that all the causes were already in train, and that the incidents had thus from a higher spiritual standpoint become inevitable. But how can we say this with regard to such predictions as those of the Brahan seer, so celebrated in the Scotch Highlands, when equally exact details are given of occurrences that took place after an interval of hundreds of years, fulfilling the prophecies made in the minutest particular? The prediction of the doom of the House of Kintail is one of these, but in case this is too well known for repetition, I will cite another equally exact in its fulfilment, up to the last item, which still remains hidden in the womb of time.

The prophecy in question is attributed to one Dun Kenneth, and refers to the Macleod family, and was current for a hundred years prior to the circumstances which led to its fulfilment. In this prophecy it was foretold that when Norman, the third Norman, the son of the hard-boned English lady, should perish by an accidental death; when the Maidens of Macleod (some rocks on the coast of Macleod's castle) became the property of a Campbell; when a fox had young ones in one of the turrets of the castle; and when the fairy-enchanted banner should be exhibited for the last time, then the glory of the Macleod family should depart; a great part of the estate should be sold to others,

THE PRO-
PHECY OF
DUN
KENNETH.

so that a small boat would carry all the male issue of the house of Macleod across Loch Dunvegan ; but that in times far distant another John Breac should arise who should redeem the estates and raise the powers and honours of the house to a higher pitch than ever. The well-known Dr. Norman Macleod gave an account of the fulfilment of the earlier part of this prophecy. He was visiting Dunvegan Castle, in Skye, the home of the Macleods, in the year 1799, and the incident which he narrates made a very deep impression upon him at the time it occurred.

There was (he says) at that time, at Dunvegan, an English smith, with whom I became a favourite, and who told me, in solemn secrecy, that the iron chest which contained the "fairy flag" was to be forced open next morning ; that he had arranged with Mr. Hector Macdonald Buchanan to be there with his tools for that purpose.

I was most anxious to be present, and I asked permission to that effect of Mr. Buchanan (Macleod's man of business) who granted me leave on condition that I should not inform anyone of the name of Macleod that such was intended, and should keep it a profound secret from the Chief. This I promised and most faithfully acted on. Next morning we proceeded to the chamber in the East Turret, where was the iron chest that contained the famous flag, about which there is an interesting tradition.

With great violence the smith tore open the lid of this iron chest ; but, in doing so, a key was found under part of the covering, which would have opened the chest, had it been found in time. There was an inner case, in which was found the flag, enclosed in a wooden box of strongly scented wood. The flag consisted of a square piece of very rich silk, with crosses wrought with gold thread, and several elf-spots stitched with great care on different parts of it.

On this occasion the melancholy news of the death of the young and promising heir of Macleod reached the Castle. "Norman, the third Norman," was a lieutenant of H.M.S. the *Queen Charlotte*, which was blown up at sea, and he and the rest perished. At the same time, the rocks called "Macleod's Maidens" were sold, in the course of that very week, to Angus Campbell of Ensay, and they are still in possession of his grandson. A fox in possession of Lieutenant Maclean, residing in the West Turret of the Castle, had young ones, which I handled, and thus all that was said in the prophecy alluded to was so far fulfilled, although I am glad the family of my chief still enjoy their ancestral possessions, and the worst part of the prediction accordingly remains unverified. I merely state the facts of the case as they occurred, without expressing any opinion whatever as to the nature of these traditionary legends with which they were connected.

It will be noted that at the time that this record was written the Macleods enjoyed their ancestral possessions. A footnote, however, to this quotation, was made by the late Alexander Smith in his *Summer in Skye*. After giving a description of Dunvegan Castle, he says : "Dun Kenneth's prophecy has come to pass. If you want to see a chief of the Macleods nowadays, you must go to London to find him."

I have cited these particular predictions purely and simply on account of their detail. In cases of this kind you cannot invoke the long arm of coincidence without making yourself ridiculous, as you can, for instance, where one single incident is foretold, as, to take a topical example, in the case of OLD MOORE AND LORD ROBERTS. the prediction of Lord Roberts' death in *Old Moore's Almanac* (Roberts's edition). People are inclined to smile at Old Moore, but the point of the following prediction is unmistakable, and it is given moreover for the exact month of the occurrence.

November, 1914.—A gloom will be thrown over the whole of the British Isles by the announcement of the death of an old and well-beloved gallant soldier—one who for most of his strenuous life has served his King and country with devotion and noble self-sacrifice.

It should, moreover, be borne in mind that the prediction in question must have been made and been in print at least fifteen months before its fulfilment. "A lucky shot," we may comment. Probably we shall be right. But we want an explanation which shall cover the other predictions as well, and also that curious batch of prophecies which the present war has brought to light, and a certain percentage of which are undoubtedly genuine. In this connection I must plead guilty with regard to one particular prophecy, that of the Curé d'Ars, to have erred myself on the side of scepticism. I expressed doubt as to the authenticity of the quotation made in the *Daily Chronicle* from *Voix Prophetiques, ou Signes, Apparitions et Predictions Modernes*, its alleged source, but I find that I was in error. The edition that I had in my possession in which the prediction did not occur was the fourth. It appeared in an additional chapter inserted in the fifth edition. Both were dated "Paris, 1872." Hence the mistake.

My attention is now drawn to the fact that a further corroboration has taken place of the prophecy in question in a matter which hitherto has passed unnoticed. In the course of his prophecy Father Vianney predicts that at the outbreak of the war his canonization will have begun, and adds that there will not be time to finish the ceremonial before the war intervenes. A correspondent writes to tell me that in July last a priest who was a friend of hers came to say farewell before leaving for France in order to assist at the preliminary to the *Bienheureux* J. M. B. Vianney's canonization. He returned with some difficulty after war was declared, all

the proceedings having had to be brought to an abrupt end.

What, then, is the truth with regard to this problem of Free-will and Determinism on which these instances have been selected to throw light? We have seen that many of those who argued the point, so far from illuminating the real essence of the problem, have rather succeeded in darkening counsel and confusing the issues at stake. The fact is, Freewill and Determinism are but

TWO ENDS
OF THE
SAME
STICK.

two different ends of the same stick, and they are as essential to each other, and to the requirements of the development of the human race as are, for instance, science and religion, when rightly apprehended. It is dangerous, perhaps, with our finite minds, to peer too far into the darkness, and try to solve the enigma of the Infinite. If we do so, we must admit that perhaps we are rather playing with words than conveying to our own minds a definite conception of the reality. I confess, however, that for myself my sympathy is far from being enlisted in favour of the standpoint of Signor Bozzano, who dismisses the suggestion that in the realm of Infinity there is but one eternal Now, as "philosophically inconceivable, psychologically absurd, and practically unsupported by facts." Certainly I can conceive of no statement in itself more utterly unphilosophic than that of the learned writer. The attempt to support conceptions of the eternal Reality behind phenomena by the evidence of fact, is certainly one of the most amazing efforts that it has ever entered into the human brain to put forth. In face of such problems we stand with bated breath, unable to express in words the admissions which our intellect compels us to concede. What a far truer, and what a far higher note is struck by Monsieur Maurice Maeterlinck, when he says:—

It is obviously difficult for us to understand that the future can thus precede chaos, that the present is at the same time the future and the past, or that that which is not yet exists already at the same time at which it is no more. But, on the other hand, it is just as hard to conceive that the future does not pre-exist, that there is nothing before the present and that everything is only present or past. It is very probable that to a more universal intelligence than ours, everything is but an eternal present, an immense *punctum stans*, as the metaphysicians say, in which all the events are on one plane; but it is no less probable that we ourselves, so long as we are men, in order to understand anything of this eternal present, will always be obliged to divide it into three parts. Thus caught between two mysteries equally baffling to our intelligence, whether we deny or admit the pre-existence of the future, we are really only wrangling over words: in the one case we give the name of "present," from the point of view of a

perfect intelligence, to that which to us is in the future ; in the other, we give the name of " future " to that which, from the point of view of a perfect intelligence, is the present. But, after all, it is incontestable in both cases that, at least from our point of view, the future pre-exists, since pre-existence is the only name by which we can describe and the only form under which we can conceive that which we do not yet see in the present.

I cannot think that from such an attitude as this, rightly understood, any weakening of effort in the struggle of life is likely to follow. Nor can I think that the question, whether there can be any moral character without choice, is raised by such a philosophical outlook. Rather it seems to me that the alternative supposition that Freewill held sway in the sense that some have argued, would involve the corollary that the ultimate issue must be still in doubt, and that the hand that guides the universe can only partially control the machinery that it has set in motion.

To create a universe without foreseeing the end and fulfilment of its evolution is to take big risks even for Divine Wisdom. Those who advance this contention are clearly denying the attribute of omniscience to Deity, and without this attribute, is not Deity somewhat like " Hamlet " without the Prince of Denmark ? It is, indeed, frequently urged that the main guidance and the ultimate issue is under divine control ; but that the minor incidents and smaller events of life are left to the option of the individual, and that it is here that man's freewill comes in. I wonder, do those who take up this line realize how frequently some apparently trifling occurrence has proved the pivot on which the whole future destinies of the world have turned ?

HISTORY
HINGES ON
SMALL
INCIDENTS.

During the French Revolution Napoleon escaped by the skin of his teeth from the fatal guillotine, and a little later on by a rare piece of good fortune escaped capture by the British Fleet. What would the subsequent history of Europe have been if there had been no Napoleon ? Something obviously quite different from what it has actually proved. Again, in a man's own life how many times has the most trivial incident proved decisive for good or evil, and changed the whole subsequent tenor of his existence ? We are thus bound to admit that if the great events are under Divine control, the smaller ones are no less so.

I am well aware that many of my readers will look at this problem from a different standpoint than my own, but I feel that if they take another path they will be face to face with an

insoluble riddle. Indeed, I would admit that whatever view we adopt we are confronting a problem too vast and too deep for human comprehension, and involving questions as to what we are and whence we came which certainly no human power is competent to fathom.

Yet here as elsewhere, while much remains in darkness and in doubt, there is a certain logical position which it is hopeless to attempt to evade. Time and space are merely

THE LOGIC
OF THE
POSITION.

conditions under which our consciousness functions. It follows then inevitably that to the Unconditioned there can be neither one nor the other. Philosophy to-day assumes that the Relative implies the Absolute, just as the Negative involves the Positive. If for the Eternal Reality there are such things as Time or Space, the very foundations on which this philosophy is built are shattered at a blow. Does Professor Bozzani repudiate it? Hardly, I think. More probably he fails, like many others, to realize all that its admission involves.

A young lady who has contributed interesting articles from time to time to the columns of the OCCULT REVIEW is now a Red Cross nurse at a hospital not many miles from Paris. She writes me that the supply of hospital requisites is not nearly sufficient for the cases treated, and asks if readers of this Magazine would be so kind as to give some assistance in this direction.

AN APPEAL
FROM A
RED CROSS
NURSE.

Many very bad cases are constantly arriving, and an adequate supply of these requisites necessarily makes a great difference to the number of cases that can be efficiently, and therefore successfully, treated. I need not remind my readers that the work of a Red Cross nurse must in any case inevitably be of a very distressing kind, and especially so in the present devastating conflict. Any help that can be rendered will, it goes without saying, be warmly appreciated both by the nurses and the hospital in question, and by the wounded soldiers who are being treated there. I have not at the time of writing authority to name the hospital, all I can say at the moment being that it is in the department of Seine-et-Oise. But if readers will send any contributions, addressed to the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW at this office, they will be allocated to a special fund and used entirely for the purpose stated. All moneys received will be duly acknowledged in the Magazine, either under the donors' names or, if preferred, under initials, and a special statement of the pur-

chases made with the money received will also appear in these columns. More special details could be given on the understanding that they are supplied in confidence, if definite application is made direct to the Editor. In her last letter my correspondent writes: "We have orders this week to make ready for 5,000 cases in Seine-et-Oise," so my readers will see that the need is pressing and urgent. Any contributions from half-a-crown and upwards will be gratefully acknowledged.

The present issue of the OCCULT REVIEW is in celebration of the tenth birthday of the magazine, which was founded on January 1, 1905. In honour of this anniversary "OCCULT REVIEW" BIRTHDAY NUMBER. five coloured plates of what I may perhaps venture to call, without prejudice, "psychic paintings" have been reproduced in connection with Mr. Redgrove's article on "A New Phenomenon in Art." I cannot recall anything of the kind having ever appeared before in any magazine, and having seen the originals I am bound to say that I think their reproduction reflects great credit on the printers. A word of explanation may perhaps be given here in regard to Mr. Sinnett's article and my own, which follows it, in view of the fact that they touch partly on similar ground. They were, I need hardly say, written quite independently, and I look upon one as (in a sense) complementary to the other, both having reference to the universality of the war and its effect on different planes of existence.

A VICTIM OF HIGHER SPACE

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

Author of "John Silence," etc.

"THERE'S a hextraordinary gentleman to see you, sir," said the new man.

"Why 'extraordinary'?" asked Dr. Silence, drawing the tips of his thin fingers through his brown beard. His eyes twinkled pleasantly. "Why 'extraordinary,' Barker?" he repeated encouragingly, noticing the perplexed expression in the man's eyes.

"He's so—so thin, sir. I could hardly see 'im at all—at first. He was inside the house before I could ask the name," he added, remembering strict orders.

"And who brought him here?"

"He come alone, sir, in a closed cab. He pushed by me before I could say a word—making no noise not what I could hear. He seemed to move so soft like——"

The man stopped short with obvious embarrassment, as though he had already said enough to jeopardize his new situation, but trying hard to show that he remembered the instructions and warnings he had received with regard to the admission of strangers not properly accredited.

"And where is the gentleman now?" asked Dr. Silence, turning away to conceal his amusement.

"I really couldn't exactly say, sir. I left him standing in the 'all——"

The doctor looked up sharply. "But why in the hall, Barker? Why not in the waiting-room?" He fixed his piercing though kindly eyes on the man's face. "Did he frighten you?" he asked quickly.

"I think he did, sir, if I may say so. I seemed to lose sight of him as it were——" The man stammered, evidently convinced by now that he had earned his dismissal. "He come in so funny, just like a cold wind," he added boldly, setting his heels at attention and looking his master full in the face.

The doctor made an internal note of the man's halting description; he was pleased that the slight signs of psychic intuition which had induced him to engage Barker had not entirely failed at the first trial. Dr. Silence sought for this qualification in all his assistants, from secretary to serving man, and if it surrounded

him with a somewhat singular crew, the drawbacks were more than compensated for on the whole by their occasional flashes of insight.

"So the gentleman made you feel queer, did he?"

"That was it, I think, sir," repeated the man stolidly.

"And he brings no kind of introduction to me—no letter or anything?" asked the doctor, with feigned surprise, as though he knew what was coming.

The man fumbled, both in mind and pockets, and finally produced an envelope.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, greatly flustered; "the gentleman handed me this for you."

It was a note from a discerning friend, who had never yet sent him a case that was not vitally interesting from one point or another.

"Please see the bearer of this note," the brief message ran, "though I doubt if even you can do much to help him."

John Silence paused a moment, so as to gather from the mind of the writer all that lay behind the brief words of the letter. Then he looked up at his servant with a graver expression than he had yet worn.

"Go back and find this gentleman," he said, "and show him into the green study. Do not reply to his questions, or speak more than actually necessary; but think kind, helpful, sympathetic thoughts as strongly as you can, Barker. You remember what I told you about the importance of *thinking*, when I engaged you. Put curiosity out of your mind, and think gently, sympathetically, affectionately, if you can."

He smiled, and Barker, who had recovered his composure in the doctor's presence, bowed silently and went out.

There were two different reception-rooms in Dr. Silence's house. One (intended for persons who imagined they needed spiritual assistance when really they were only candidates for the asylum) had padded walls, and was well supplied with various concealed contrivances by means of which sudden violence could be instantly met and overcome. It was, however, rarely used. The other, intended for the reception of genuine cases of spiritual distress and out-of-the-way afflictions of a psychic nature, was entirely draped and furnished in a soothing deep green, calculated to induce calmness and repose of mind. And this room was the one in which Dr. Silence interviewed the majority of his "queer" cases, and the one into which he had directed Barker to show his present caller.

To begin with, the armchair in which the patient was always directed to sit, was nailed to the floor, since its immovability tended to impart this same excellent characteristic to the occupant. Patients invariably grew excited when talking about themselves, and their excitement tended to confuse their thoughts and to exaggerate their language. The inflexibility of the chair helped to counteract this. After repeated endeavours to drag it forward, or push it back, they ended by resigning themselves to sitting quietly. And with the futility of fidgeting there followed a calmer state of mind.

Upon the floor, and at intervals in the wall immediately behind, were certain tiny green buttons, practically unnoticeable, which on being pressed permitted a soothing and persuasive narcotic to rise invisibly about the occupant of the chair. The effect upon the excitable patient was rapid, admirable, and harmless. The green study was further provided with a secret spy-hole ; for John Silence liked when possible to observe his patient's face before it had assumed that mask the features of the human countenance invariably wear in the presence of another person. A man sitting alone wears a psychic expression ; and this expression is the man himself. It disappears the moment another person joins him. And Dr. Silence often learned more from a few moments' secret observation of a face than from hours of conversation with its owner afterwards.

A very light, almost a dancing, step followed Barker's heavy tread towards the green room, and a moment afterwards the man came in and announced that the gentleman was waiting. He was still pale and his manner nervous.

"Never mind, Barker," the doctor said kindly ; "if you were not psychic the man would have had no effect upon you at all. You only need training and development. And when you have learned to interpret these feelings and sensations better, you will feel no fear, but only a great sympathy."

"Yes, sir ; thank you, sir !" And Barker bowed and made his escape, while Dr. Silence, an amused smile lurking about the corners of his mouth, made his way noiselessly down the passage and put his eye to the spy-hole in the door of the green study.

This spy-hole was so placed that it commanded a view of almost the entire room, and, looking through it, the doctor saw a hat, gloves, and umbrella lying on a chair by the table, but searched at first in vain for their owner.

The windows were both closed and a brisk fire burned in the

grate. There were various signs—signs intelligible at least to a keenly intuitive soul—that the room was occupied, yet so far as human beings were concerned, it was empty, utterly empty. No one sat in the chairs; no one stood on the mat before the fire; there was no sign even that a patient was anywhere close against the wall, examining the Böcklin reproductions—as patients so often did when they thought they were alone—and therefore rather difficult to see from the spy-hole. Ordinarily speaking, there was no one in the room. It was undeniable.

Yet Dr. Silence was quite well aware that a human being *was* in the room. His psychic apparatus never failed in letting him know the proximity of an incarnate or discarnate being. Even in the dark he could tell that. And he now knew positively that his patient—the patient who had alarmed Barker, and had then tripped down the corridor with that dancing foot-step—was somewhere concealed within the four walls commanded by his spy-hole. He also realized—and this was most unusual—that this individual whom he desired to watch knew that he was being watched. And, further, that the stranger himself was also watching! In fact, that it was he, the doctor, who was being observed—and, by an observer as keen and trained as himself.

An inkling of the true state of the case began to dawn upon him, and he was on the verge of entering—indeed, his hand already touched the door-knob—when his eye, still glued to the spy-hole, detected a slight movement. Directly opposite, between him and the fireplace, something stirred. He watched very attentively and made certain that he was not mistaken. An object on the mantelpiece—it was a blue vase—disappeared from view. It passed out of sight together with the portion of the marble mantelpiece on which it rested. Next, that part of the fire and grate and brass fender immediately below it vanished entirely, as though a slice had been taken clean out of them.

Dr. Silence then understood that something between him and these objects was slowly coming into being, something that concealed them and obstructed his vision by inserting itself in the line of sight between them and himself.

He quietly awaited further results before going in.

First he saw a thin perpendicular line tracing itself from just above the height of the clock and continuing downwards till it reached the woolly fire-mat. This line grew wider, broadened, grew solid. It was no shadow; it was something substantial.

It defined itself more and more. Then suddenly, at the top of the line, and about on a level with the face of the clock, he saw a round luminous disc gazing steadily at him. It was a human eye, looking straight into his own, pressed there against the spy-hole. And it was bright with intelligence. Dr. Silence held his breath for a moment—and stared back at it.

Then, like some one moving out of deep shadow into light, he saw the figure of a man come sliding sideways into view, a whitish face following the eye, and the perpendicular line he had first observed broadening out and developing into the complete figure of a human being. It was the patient. He had apparently been standing there in front of the fire all the time. A second eye had followed the first and both of them stared steadily at the spy-hole, sharply concentrated, yet with a sly twinkle of humour and amusement that made it impossible for the doctor to maintain his position any longer.

He opened the door and went in quickly. As he did so he noticed for the first time the sound of a German band coming in gaily through the open ventilators. In some intuitive, unaccountable fashion the music connected itself with the patient he was about to interview. This sort of prevision was not unfamiliar to him. It always explained itself later.

The man, he saw, was of middle age and of very ordinary appearance; so ordinary, in fact, that he was difficult to describe—his only peculiarity being his extreme thinness. Pleasant—that is, good—vibrations issued from his atmosphere and met Dr. Silence as he advanced to greet him, yet vibrations alive with currents and discharges betraying the perturbed and disordered condition of his mind and brain. There was evidently something wholly out of the usual in the state of his thoughts. Yet, though strange, it was not altogether distressing; it was not the impression that the broken and violent atmosphere of the insane produces upon the mind. Dr. Silence realized in a flash that here was a case of absorbing interest that might require all his powers to handle properly.

“I was watching you through my little peep-hole—as you saw,” he began, with a pleasant smile, advancing to shake hands. “I find it of the greatest assistance sometimes——”

But the patient interrupted him at once. His voice was hurried and had odd, shrill changes in it, breaking from high to low in unexpected fashion. One moment it thundered, the next it almost squeaked.

“I understand without explanation,” he broke in rapidly.

"You get the true note of a man in this way—when he thinks himself unobserved. I quite agree. Only, in my case, I fear, you saw very little. My case, as you of course grasp, Dr. Silence, is extremely peculiar, uncomfortably peculiar. Indeed, unless Sir William had positively assured me——"

"My friend has sent you to me," the doctor interrupted gravely, with a gentle note of authority, "and that is quite sufficient. Pray, be seated, Mr.——"

"Mudge—Racine Mudge," returned the other.

"Take this comfortable one, Mr. Mudge," leading him to the fixed chair, "and tell me your condition in your own way and at your own pace. My whole day is at your service if you require it."

Mr. Mudge moved towards the chair in question and then hesitated.

"You will promise me not to use the narcotic buttons," he said, before sitting down. "I do not need them. Also I ought to mention that anything you think of vividly will reach my mind. That is apparently part of my peculiar case." He sat down with a sigh and arranged his thin legs and body into a position of comfort. Evidently he was very sensitive to the thoughts of others, for the picture of the green buttons had only entered the doctor's mind for a second, yet the other had instantly snapped it up. Dr. Silence noticed, too, that Mr. Mudge held on tightly with both hands to the arms of the chair.

"I'm rather glad the chair is nailed to the floor," he remarked, as he settled himself more comfortably. "It suits me admirably. The fact is—and this is my case in a nutshell—which is all that a doctor of your marvellous development requires—the fact is, Dr. Silence, I am a victim of Higher Space. That's what's the matter with me—Higher Space!"

The two looked at each other for a space in silence, the little patient holding tightly to the arms of the chair which "suited him admirably," and looking up with staring eyes, his atmosphere positively trembling with the waves of some unknown activity; while the doctor smiled kindly and sympathetically, and put his whole person as far as possible into the mental condition of the other.

"Higher Space," repeated Mr. Mudge, "that's what it is. Now, do you think you can help me with *that*?"

There was a pause during which the men's eyes steadily searched down below the surface of their respective personalities. Then Dr. Silence spoke.

"I am quite sure I can help," he answered quietly; "sympathy must always help, and suffering always owns my sympathy. I see you have suffered cruelly. You must tell me all about your case, and when I hear the gradual steps by which you reached this strange condition, I have no doubt I can be of assistance to you."

He drew a chair up beside his interlocutor and laid a hand on his shoulder for a moment. His whole being radiated kindness, intelligence, desire to help.

"For instance," he went on, "I feel sure it was the result of no mere chance that you became familiar with the terrors of what you term Higher Space; for higher space is no mere external measurement. It is, of course, a spiritual state, a spiritual condition, an inner development, and one that we must recognize as abnormal, since it is beyond the reach of the world at the present stage of evolution. Higher space is a mystical state."

"Oh!" cried the other, rubbing his bird-like hands with pleasure, "the relief it is to me to talk to some one who can understand! Of course what you say is the utter truth. And you are right that no mere chance led me to my present condition, but, on the other hand, prolonged and deliberate study. Yet chance in a sense now governs it. I mean, my entering the condition of higher space seems to depend upon the chance of this and that circumstance. For instance, the mere sound of that German band sent me off. Not that all music will do so, but certain sounds, certain vibrations, at once key me up to the requisite pitch, and off I go. Wagner's music always does it, and that band must have been playing a stray bit of Wagner. But I'll come to all that later. Only, first, I must ask you to send away your man from the spy-hole."

John Silence looked up with a start, for Mr. Mudge's back was to the door, and there was no mirror. He saw the brown eye of Barker glued to the little circle of glass, and he crossed the room without a word and snapped down the black shutter provided for the purpose, and then heard Barker shuffle away along the assage.

"Now," continued the little man in the chair, "I can begin. You have managed to put me completely at my ease, and I feel I may tell you my whole case without shame or reserve. You will understand. But you must be patient with me if I go into details that are already familiar to you—details of higher space I mean—and if I seem stupid when I have to describe things that transcend the power of language and are really therefore indescribable."

"My dear friend," put in the other calmly, "that goes without saying. To know higher space is an experience that defies description, and one is obliged to make use of more or less intelligible symbols. But, pray, proceed. Your vivid thoughts will tell me more than your halting words."

An immense sigh of relief proceeded from the little figure half lost in the depths of the chair. Such intelligent sympathy meeting him half-way was a new experience to him, and it touched his heart at once. He leaned back, relaxing his tight hold of the arms, and began in his thin, scale-like voice.

"My mother was a Frenchwoman, and my father an Essex bargeman," he said abruptly. "Hence my name—Racine and—Mudge. My father died before I ever saw him. My mother inherited money from her Bordeaux relations, and when she died soon after, I was left alone with wealth and a strange freedom. I had no guardian, trustees, sisters, brothers, or any connections in the whole world to look after me. I grew up, therefore, utterly without education. This much was to my advantage; I learned none of that deceitful rubbish taught in schools, and so had nothing to unlearn when I awakened to my true love—mathematics, higher mathematics and higher geometry. These, however, I seemed to know instinctively. It was like the memory of what I had deeply studied before; the principles were in my blood, and I simply raced through the ordinary stages, and beyond, and then did the same with geometry. Afterwards, when I read the books on these subjects, I understood how swift and undeviating the knowledge had come back to me. It was simply memory. It was simply *re-collecting* the memories of what I had known before in a previous existence and required no books to teach me."

In his growing excitement, Mr. Mudge attempted to drag the chair forward a little nearer to his listener, and then smiled faintly as he resigned himself instantly again to its immovability, and plunged anew into the recital of his singular "disease."

"The audacious speculations of Bolyai, the amazing theories of Gauss—that through a point more than one line could be drawn parallel to a given line; the possibility that the angles of a triangle are together *greater* than two right angles, if drawn upon immense curvatures;—the breathless intuitions of Beltrami and Lobatchewsky;—all these I hurried through, and emerged, panting but unsatisfied, upon the verge of my—my new world, my higher space possibilities—in a word, my disease!

"How I got there," he resumed after a brief pause, during

which he appeared to be listening intently for an approaching sound, "is more than I can put intelligibly into words. I can only hope to leave your mind with an intuitive comprehension of the possibility of what I say.

"Here, however, came a change. At this point I was no longer absorbing the fruits of studies I had made before; it was the beginning of new efforts to learn for the first time, and I had to go slowly and laboriously through terrible work. Here I sought for the theories and speculations of others. But books were few and far between, and with the exception of one man—a 'dreamer,' the world called him—whose audacity and piercing intuition amazed and delighted me beyond description, I found no one to guide or help.

"You, of course, Dr. Silence, understand something of what I am driving at with these stammering words, though you cannot perhaps yet guess what depths of pain my new knowledge brought me to, nor why an acquaintance with a new development of space should prove a source of misery and terror."

Mr. Racine Mudge, remembering that the chair would not move, did the next best thing he could in his desire to draw nearer to the attentive man facing him, and sat forward upon the very edge of the cushions, crossing his legs and gesticulating with both hands as though he saw into this region of new space he was attempting to describe, and might any moment tumble into it bodily from the edge of the chair and disappear from view. John Silence, separated from him by three paces, sat with his eyes fixed upon the thin white face opposite, noting every word and every gesture with deep attention.

"This room we now sit in, Dr. Silence, has one side open to space—to higher space. A closed box only *seems* closed. There is a way in and out of a soap bubble without breaking the skin."

"You tell me no new thing," the doctor interposed gently.

"Hence, if higher space exists and our world borders upon it and lies partially in it, it follows necessarily that we see only portions of all objects. We never see their true and complete shape. We see their three measurements, but not their fourth. The new direction is concealed from us, and when I hold this book and move my hand all round it I have not really made a complete circuit. We only perceive those portions of any object which exist in our three dimensions, the rest escapes us. But, once learn to see in higher space, and objects will appear as they actually are. Only they will thus be hardly recognizable!

"Now you may begin to grasp something of what I am coming to."

"I am beginning to understand something of what you must have suffered," observed the doctor soothingly, "for I have made similar experiments myself, and only stopped just in time——"

"You are the one man in all the world who can hear and understand, *and* sympathize," exclaimed Mr. Mudge, grasping his hand and holding it tightly while he spoke. The nailed chair prevented further excitability.

"Well," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "I procured the implements and the coloured blocks for practical experiment, and I followed the instructions carefully till I had arrived at a working conception of four-dimensional space. The tesseract, the figure whose boundaries are cubes, I knew by heart. That is to say, I knew it and saw it mentally, for my eye, of course, could never take in a new measurement, or my hands and feet handle it.

"So, at least, I thought," he added, making a wry face. "I had reached the stage, you see, when I could *imagine* in a new dimension. I was able to conceive the shape of that new figure which is intrinsically different to all we know,—the shape of the tesseract. I could perceive in four dimensions. When, therefore, I looked at a cube I could see all its sides at once. Its top was not foreshortened, nor its farther side and base invisible. I saw the whole thing out flat, so to speak. And this Tesseract was bounded by cubes! Moreover, I also saw its content—its in-sides."

"You were not yourself able to enter this new world," interrupted Dr. Silence.

"Not then. I was only able to conceive intuitively what it was like and how exactly it must look. Later, when I slipped in there and saw objects in their entirety, unlimited by the paucity of our poor three measurements, I very nearly lost my life. For, you see, space does not stop at a single new dimension, a fourth. It extends in all possible new ones, and we must conceive it as containing any number of new dimensions. In other words, there is no space at all, but only a spiritual condition. But, meanwhile, I had come to grasp the strange fact that the objects in our normal world appear to us only partially."

Mr. Mudge moved farther forward till he was balanced dangerously on the very edge of the chair. "From this starting point," he resumed, "I began my studies and experiments, and

continued them for years. I had money, and I was without friends. I lived in solitude and experimented. My intellect, of course, had little part in the work, for intellectually it was all unthinkable. Never was the limitation of mere reason more plainly demonstrated. It was mystically, intuitively, spiritually that I began to advance. And what I learnt, and knew, and did, is all impossible to put into language, since it all describes experiences transcending the experiences of men. It is only some of the results—what you would call the symptoms of my disease—that I can give you, and even these must often appear absurd contradictions and impossible paradoxes.

“I can only tell you, Dr. Silence,”—his manner became exceedingly impressive,—“that I reached sometimes a point of view whence all the great puzzle of the world became plain to me, and I understood what they call in the Yoga books ‘The Great Heresy of Separateness’; why all great teachers have urged the necessity of man loving his neighbour as himself; how men are all really *one*; and why the utter loss of self is necessary to salvation and the discovery of the true life of the soul.”

He paused a moment and drew breath.

“Your speculations have been my own long ago,” the doctor said quietly. “I fully realize the force of your words. Men are doubtless not separate at all—in the sense they imagine——”

“All this about the very much higher space I only dimly, very dimly conceived, of course,” the other went on, raising his voice again by jerks; “but what did happen to me was the humbler accident of—the simpler disaster—oh dear, how shall I put it——?”

He stammered, and showed visible signs of distress.

“It was simply this,” he resumed with a sudden rush of words, “that, accidentally, as the result of my years of experiment, I one day slipped bodily into the next world, the world of four dimensions, yet without knowing precisely how I got there, or how I could get back again. I discovered, that is, that my ordinary three-dimensional body was but an expression—a projection—of my higher four-dimensional body!

“Now you understand what I meant much earlier in our talk when I spoke of chance. I cannot control my entrance or exit. Certain people, certain human atmospheres, certain wandering forces, thoughts, desires even—the radiations of certain combinations of colour, and above all, the vibrations of certain kinds of music, will suddenly throw me into a state of what I can only describe as an intense and terrific inner vibration—and behold

I am off! Off in the direction at right angles to all our known directions! Off in the direction the cube takes when it begins to trace the outlines of the new figure! Off into my breathless and semi-divine higher space! Off, *inside myself*, into the world of four dimensions!"

He gasped and dropped back into the depths of the immovable chair.

"And there," he whispered, his voice issuing from among the cushions, "there I have to stay until these vibrations subside, or until they do something which I cannot find words to describe properly or intelligibly to you—and then, behold, I am back again. First, that is, I disappear. Then I reappear."

"Just so," exclaimed Dr. Silence, "and that is why a few——"

"Why a few moments ago," interrupted Mr. Mudge, taking the words out of his mouth, "you found me gone, and then saw me return. The music of that wretched German band sent me off. Your intense thinking about me brought me back—when the band had stopped its Wagner. I saw you approach the peephole and I saw Barker's intention of doing so later. For me no interiors are hidden. I see inside. When in that state the content of your mind, as of your body, is open to me as the day. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!"

Mr. Mudge stopped and again mopped his brow. A light trembling ran over the surface of his small body like wind over grass. He still held tightly to the arms of the chair.

"At first," he presently resumed, "my new experiences were so vividly interesting that I felt no alarm. There was no room for it. The alarm came a little later."

"Then you actually penetrated far enough into that state to experience yourself as a normal portion of it?" asked the doctor, leaning forward, deeply interested.

Mr. Mudge nodded a perspiring face in reply.

"I did," he whispered, "undoubtedly I did. I am coming to all that. It began first at night, when I realized that sleep brought no loss of consciousness——"

"The spirit, of course, can never sleep. Only the body becomes unconscious," interposed John Silence.

"Yes, we know that—theoretically. At night, of course, the spirit is active elsewhere, and we have no memory of where and how, simply because the brain stays behind and receives no record. But I found that, while remaining conscious, I also retained memory. I had attained to the state of continuous con-

sciousness, for at night I regularly, with the first approaches of drowsiness, entered *volens volens* the four dimensional world.

"For a time this happened regularly, and I could not control it; though later I found a way to regulate it better. Apparently sleep is unnecessary in the higher—the four dimensional—body. Yes, perhaps. But I should infinitely have preferred dull sleep to the knowledge. For, unable to control my movements, I wandered to and fro, attracted owing to my partial development and premature arrival, to parts of this new world that alarmed me more and more. It was the awful waste and drift of a monstrous-world, so utterly different to all we know and see that I cannot even hint at the nature of the sights and objects and beings in it. More than that, I cannot even remember them. I cannot now picture them to myself even, but can recall only the *memory of the impression* they made upon me, the horror and devastating terror of it all. To be in several places at once, for instance——"

"Perfectly," interrupted John Silence, noticing the increase of the other's excitement, "I understand exactly. But now, please, tell me a little more of this alarm you experienced, and how it affected you."

"It's not the disappearing and reappearing *per se* that I mind," continued Mr. Mudge, "so much as certain other things. It's seeing people and objects in their weird entirety, in their true and complete shapes, that is so distressing. It introduces me to a world of monsters. Horses, dogs, cats, all of which I loved; people, trees, children; all that I have considered beautiful in life—everything, from a human face to a cathedral—appear to me in a different shape and aspect to all I have known before. I cannot perhaps convince you why this should be terrible, but I assure you that it is so. To hear the human voice proceeding from this novel appearance which I scarcely recognize as a human body is ghastly, simply ghastly. To see inside everything and everybody is a form of insight peculiarly distressing. To be so confused in geography as to find myself one moment at the North Pole, and the next at Clapham Junction—or possibly at both places simultaneously—is absurdly terrifying. Your imagination will readily furnish other details without my multiplying my experiences now. But you have no idea what it all means, and how I suffer."

Mr. Mudge paused in his panting account and lay back in his chair. He still held tightly to the arms as though they could keep him in the world of sanity and three measurements, and only now and again released his left hand in order to mop his face. He

looked very thin and white and oddly unsubstantial, and he stared about him as though he saw into this other space he had been talking about.

John Silence, too, felt warm. He had listened to every word and had made many notes. The presence of this man had an exhilarating effect upon him. It seemed as if Mr. Racine Mudge still carried about with him something of that breathless higher-space condition he had been describing. At any rate, Dr. Silence had himself advanced sufficiently far along legitimate paths of spiritual and psychic transformations to realize that the visions of this extraordinary little person had a basis of truth for their origin.

After a pause that prolonged itself into minutes, he crossed the room and unlocked a drawer in a bookcase, taking out a small book with a red cover. It had a lock to it, and he produced a key out of his pocket and proceeded to open the covers. The bright eyes of Mr. Mudge never left him for a single second.

"It almost seems a pity," he said at length, "to cure you, Mr. Mudge. You are on the way to discovery of great things. Though you may lose your life in the process—that is, your life here in the world of three dimensions—you would lose thereby nothing of great value—you will pardon my apparent rudeness, I know—and you might gain what is infinitely greater. Your suffering, of course, lies in the fact that you alternate between the two worlds and are never wholly in one or the other. Also, I rather imagine, though I cannot be certain of this from any personal experiments, that you have here and there penetrated even into space of more than four dimensions, and have hence experienced the terror you speak of."

The perspiring son of the Essex bargeman and the woman of Normandy bent his head several times in assent, but uttered no word in reply.

"Some strange psychic predisposition, dating no doubt from one of your former lives, has favoured the development of your 'disease'; and the fact that you had no normal training at school or college, no leading by the poor intellect into the culs-de-sac falsely called knowledge, has further caused your exceedingly rapid movement along the lines of direct inner experience. None of the knowledge you have foreshadowed has come to you through the senses, of course."

Mr. Mudge, sitting in his immovable chair, began to tremble slightly. A wind again seemed to pass over his surface and again to set it curiously in motion like a field of grass.

"You are merely talking to gain time," he said hurriedly, in a

shaking voice. "This thinking aloud delays us. I see ahead what you are coming to, only please be quick, for something is going to happen. A band is again coming down the street, and if it plays—if it plays Wagner—I shall be off in a twinkling."

"Precisely. I will be quick. I was leading up to the point of how to effect your cure. The way is this: You must simply learn to *block the entrances*."

"True, true, utterly true!" exclaimed the little man, dodging about nervously in the depths of his chair. "But how, in the name of space, is that to be done?"

"By concentration. They are all within you, these entrances, although outer causes such as colour, music and other things lead you towards them. These external things you cannot hope to destroy, but once the entrances are blocked, they will lead you only to bricked walls and closed channels. You will no longer be able to find the way."

"Quick, quick!" cried the bobbing figure in the chair. "How is this concentration to be effected?"

"This little book," continued Dr. Silence calmly, "will explain to you the way." He tapped the cover. "Let me now read out to you certain simple instructions, composed, as I see you divine, entirely from my own personal experiences in the same direction. Follow these instructions and you will no longer enter the state of higher space. The entrances will be blocked effectively."

Mr. Mudge sat bolt upright in his chair to listen, and John Silence cleared his throat and began to read slowly in a very distinct voice.

But before he had uttered a dozen words, something happened. A sound of street music entered the room through the open ventilators, for a band had begun to play in the stable mews at the back of the house—the March from *Tannhäuser*. Odd as it may seem that a German band should twice within the space of an hour enter the same mews and play Wagner, it was nevertheless the fact.

Mr. Racine Mudge heard it. He uttered a sharp, squeaking cry and twisted his arms with nervous energy round the chair. A piteous look that was not far from tears spread over his white face. Grey shadows followed it—the grey of fear. He began to struggle convulsively.

"Hold me fast! Catch me! For God's sake, keep me here! I'm on the rush already. Oh, it's frightful!" he cried in tones of anguish, his voice as thin as a reed.

Dr. Silence made a plunge forward to seize him, but in a flash, before he could cover the space between them, Mr. Racine Mudge, screaming and struggling, seemed to shoot past him into invisibility. He disappeared like an arrow from a bow propelled at infinite speed, and his voice no longer sounded in the external air, but seemed in some curious way to make itself heard somewhere within the depths of the doctor's own being. It was almost like a faint singing cry in his head, like a voice of dream, a voice of vision and unreality.

"Alcohol, alcohol!" it cried, "give me alcohol! It's the quickest way. Alcohol, before I'm out of reach!"

The doctor, accustomed to rapid decisions and even more rapid action, remembered that a brandy flask stood upon the mantelpiece, and in less than a second he had seized it and was holding it out towards the space above the chair recently occupied by the visible Mudge. Then, before his very eyes, and long ere he could unscrew the metal stopper, he saw the contents of the closed glass phial sink and lessen as though some one were drinking violently and greedily of the liquor within.

"Thanks! Enough! It deadens the vibrations!" cried the faint voice in his interior, as he withdrew the flask and set it back upon the mantelpiece. He understood that in Mudge's present condition one side of the flask was open to space and he could drink without removing the stopper. He could hardly have had a more interesting proof of what he had been hearing described at such length.

But the next moment—the very same moment it almost seemed—the German band stopped midway in its tune—and there was Mr. Mudge back in his chair again, gasping and panting!

"Quick!" he shrieked, "stop that band! Send it away! Catch hold of me! Block the entrances! Block the entrances! Give me the red book! Oh, oh, oh-h-h-h!!!"

The music had begun again. It was merely a temporary interruption. The *Tannhäuser* March started again, this time at a tremendous pace that made it sound like a rapid two-step as though the instruments played against time.

But the brief interruption gave Dr. Silence a moment in which to collect his scattering thoughts, and before the band had got through half a bar, he had flung himself forward upon the chair and held Mr. Racine Mudge, the struggling little victim of Higher Space, in a grip of iron. His arms went all round his diminutive person, taking in a good part of the chair at the same time. He was not a big man, yet he seemed to smother Mudge completely.

Yet, even as he did so, and felt the wriggling form underneath him, it began to melt and slip away like air or water. The wood of the armchair somehow disentangled itself from between his own arms and those of Mudge. The phenomenon known as the passage of matter through matter took place. The little man seemed actually to get mixed up in his own being. Dr. Silence could just see his face beneath him. It puckered and grew dark as though from some great internal effort. He heard the thin reedy voice cry in his ear to "Block the entrances, block the entrances!" and then—but how in the world describe what is indescribable?

John Silence half rose up to watch. Racine Mudge, his face distorted beyond all recognition, was making a marvellous inward movement, as though doubling back upon himself. He turned funnel-wise like water in a whirling vortex, and then appeared to break up somewhat as a reflection breaks up and divides in a distorting convex mirror. He went neither forward nor backwards, neither to the right nor the left, neither up nor down. But he went. He went utterly. He simply flashed away out of sight like a vanishing projectile.

All but one leg! Dr. Silence just had the time and the presence of mind to seize upon the left ankle and boot as it disappeared, and to this he held on for several seconds like grim death. Yet all the time he knew it was a foolish and useless thing to do.

The foot was in his grasp one moment, and the next it seemed—this was the only way he could describe it—inside his own skin and bones, and at the same time outside his hand and all round it. It seemed mixed up in some amazing way with his own flesh and blood. Then it was gone, and he was tightly grasping a draught of heated air.

"Gone! gone! gone!" cried a thick, whispering voice somewhere deep within his own consciousness. "Lost! lost! lost!" it repeated, growing fainter and fainter till at length it vanished into nothing and the last signs of Mr. Racine Mudge vanished with it.

John Silence locked his red book and replaced it in the cabinet, which he fastened with a click, and when Barker answered the bell he inquired if Mr. Mudge had left a card upon the table. It appeared that he had, and when the servant returned with it, Dr. Silence read the address and made a note of it. It was in North London.

"Mr. Mudge has gone," he said quietly to Barker, noticing his expression of alarm.

"He's not taken his 'at with him, sir."

"Mr. Mudge requires no hat where he is now," continued the doctor, stooping to poke the fire. "But he may return for it——"

"And the humberella, sir."

"And the umbrella."

"He didn't go out *my* way, sir, if you please," stuttered the amazed servant, his curiosity overcoming his nervousness.

"Mr. Mudge has his own way of coming and going, and prefers it. If he returns by the door at any time remember to bring him instantly to me, and be kind and gentle with him and ask no questions. Also, remember, Barker, to think pleasantly, sympathetically, affectionately of him while he is away. Mr. Mudge is a very suffering gentleman."

Barker bowed and went out of the room backwards, gasping and feeling round the inside of his collar with three very hot fingers of one hand.

It was two days later when he brought in a telegram to the study. Dr. Silence opened it, and read as follows:—

"Bombay. Just slipped out again. All safe. Have blocked entrances. Thousand thanks. Address Cooks London. MUDGE."

Dr. Silence looked up and saw Barker staring at him bewilderingly. It occurred to him that somehow he knew the contents of the telegram.

"Make a parcel of Mr. Mudge's things," he said briefly, "and address them Thomas Cook & Sons, Ludgate Circus. And send them there exactly a month from to-day and marked 'To be called for.'"

"Yes, sir," said Barker, leaving the room with a deep sigh and a hurried glance at the waste-paper basket where his master had dropped the pink paper.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE HAND

By C. W. CHILD, Author of "The Writing on the Hand," etc.

"If every man had his hand printed every birthday, he would have a valuable series of documents ready for his biographer."—W. T. STEAD.

"The human hand is so beautifully formed, it has so fine a sensibility, that sensibility governs its motions so correctly, every effort of the will is answered so instantly, as if the hand itself were the seat of that will; its actions are so powerful, so free, and yet so delicate, as if it possessed a quality of instinct in itself, that there is no thought of its complexity as an instrument, or of the relations which make it subservient to the mind."—SIR CHARLES BELL, F.R.S.

FROM our cradles to our graves our hands instantaneously obey every thought of our brains, and remain our most indispensable servants throughout life. Finally, on one's deathbed, when the desire to live has evaporated from all the rest of the body, when the seeing, hearing, tasting and smelling faculties have become hopelessly obscured, the restless fingers, obedient to the last to the dictates of the dying brain, pluck feebly at the sheets in a last expiring effort to hold on to the fading relics of material life. The last certain sign of dissolution, the infallible indication to the watchers at the bedside that life has departed, is notified by the action of the thumb, which, with the absolute extinction of the vital spark, ceases its unwearying service. This most faithful adherent of all the gallant company which our brain commands and directs, the proud standard bearer which by its very existence has distinguished man from the brute creation, staunch and true to the last, stands by his chieftain until the very end. Even when all the other members of the body are frozen into immobility, when death has mounted from the extremities of the feet to the inmost citadel, when even the power of the arms and fingers has been extinguished, the thumb remains to ring down the final curtain. The brain has ceased to act, and the thumb, no longer owning a master, falls helplessly inwards across the palm.

Men in the early days of the world, the untutored savage of the present age, may or may not have observed this falling-in of the thumb at the moment of death, but at any rate he used formerly, even as he does to-day, to follow the example set him

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by Nature. He acknowledged and acknowledges inferiority or subjection to a master or conqueror by dropping his thumb inwards, just as he expressed and expresses defiance by elevating it proudly.

The savage has realized to the full, even as we civilized peoples are in danger of forgetting, that the thumb is the one distinctive mark which separates man from the brute creation.



PLATE I.—OUTLINE OF HAND AND MAP OF THE MOUNTS.
Whereby the Character and Natural Abilities are indicated.

The late Reverend Dr. M^omerie, when called upon for an accurate definition of a man, is reported to have replied in these words : " A man is a being capable of walking erect upon his hind legs and possessing the prerogative of a thumb." As the *thumb* of the monkey is nothing more than a wad of flesh stuck on the palm, and at best is but a very poor imitation of the real thing, this is one of the fullest, plainest and therefore simplest statements of fact that can be given.

It would occupy far too much space even to touch on the fringe of this subject here, but allusion may at least be made to our loss of nearly the whole of one of the most expressive languages in the world, namely, the language of gesture. Primitive man communicated with his fellows, even as savages do to-day, far more extensively by means of gesture than by the use of his tongue. He can convey almost all his wants, aspirations and emotions by the use of his hands and fingers, and only on the rarest occasions feels himself called upon to recruit his forces of expression by the aid of guttural ejaculation.

The hands are our most sensitive members. Other organs and members may be more sensitive to pain, but that has nothing whatever to do with sensitiveness so-called. They have been and are used as substitutes for ears by the deaf, in the place of eyes by the blind, and as makeshifts for the tongue by the dumb.

Anatomy, moreover, has proved beyond all dispute that the nerve connexion (that is to say, the telegraph system of the human body) is more complete, is infinitely more fully established between the hands and the brain, than it is between the brain and any other part of the organism.

Again, recent scientific research has discovered that the peculiarities of the ridges of the skin covering the first phalanges of the fingers and thumbs possess the unique merit of being self-signatures—*i.e.*, finger-prints—and afford the surest and easiest guide to the identity of any individual. They are first discernible five months before birth, and are fully formed three months before the child is born. They persist absolutely throughout life and after death, and are only effaced by decomposition.

The brain, which is the master of the human body, has many servants. Each other fragment of our tissue is in direct obedience to it, yet it relies earlier, longer, and invariably more frequently upon the faithful service of the hands, than it does on any other member of its household. Can it be supposed for a moment, therefore, that the hands, which so faithfully and persistently carry out the requests and behests of the controlling master of the organism, could fail to reflect accurately every sensation, every thought, and every movement of the master of all—the brain? Moreover, observation and experiment has proved that the lines and markings on our palms, thumb and fingers often undergo considerable changes, and correspond thereby to changes in our environment, health conditions, mental attitude, conduct, and strong desire backed by firm determination to master self and

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attain success. It will therefore be patent to all that our hands are affected by our thoughts, actions, and sensations.

The marvellous way in which this is effected, has been demonstrated by Dr. Meissner, who, some sixty-one years ago, showed that there are rows of tactile corpuscles "running in



straight lines in the red markings of the palm." Subsequent investigations and research enabled him to show conclusively that the important nerve-fibres passing from the brain to the hand terminated in these said corpuscles, which gave forth faint throbbings and vibrations perpetually throughout life. He was able further to demonstrate that these said throbbings and vibrations were absolutely "distinct and different in every human being," and that they also underwent variations according to the

varying changes in the lives of their owners. They are subject, in fact, to the influence of every change in the organism, and they cease to vibrate only with the absolute extinction of life itself.

These facts stamp the truth of Scientific Hand Reading on the understanding of every reasoning mind; and yet, we who grope desperately and blindly for indications of the soul through the varying organs of sensation, who have developed ourselves into specialists in all directions, concentrating our energies on all sorts of pursuits, the end and object of each of which is a more or less purblind effort to peer "behind the veil," have hitherto almost entirely neglected what the most casual reflection should have taught us was the simplest, smoothest, and most direct route, namely, a study of the most sensitive and most expressive portions of our anatomy—the hands.



"ASTARTE"
BY ANNIE K. DIVER

A NEW PHENOMENON IN ART

BY H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc.

§ I. *Introductory*

ALL art that is worthy of the name has in it the quality of inspiration—of inspiration in its production and revelation in its effects. Every painter depicts that which he sees ; but because of his seership, he sees deeper into things than less gifted folk. He is frequently oblivious of this fact, seeing as normal what to others would be supernormal ; or he may exercise his power consciously. His visions may take upon themselves an objectivity comparable to the things of this world—though in the most profound sense, in which that term connotes width in the scope of validity, they are, indeed, more truly objective—and arise in the world of his experience, without effort on his part, as easily as the fleeting symbols of sense. So was it with Blake, though he did not confuse between the two worlds, and referred that of vision to within the mind. But in other cases, clear-seeing is more hardly wrought out by the potent tool of thought.

Psychical research has acquainted us with the phenomenon of automatic writing ; and cases are known, but they are rare, where artistic productions have been obtained as the result of automatic action in a trance condition. There is a closely allied phenomenon, in which, whilst consciousness is not lost, the work is not the product of that consciousness. I referred to this phenomenon in the OCCULT REVIEW for October, 1914, and intend to deal with it more fully here. I have called this phenomenon " non-visual art," in preference to any current term, because of the more empirical quality of that expression, the most striking thing about the phenomenon being the entire absence of vision on the part of the worker—the lack of any image of the projected picture in the mind's eye. This pregnant fact seems, at first sight, to stand in direct contradiction to what I have said in the preceding paragraph. But the whole question is : Who is the artist ? It would be absurd to attempt the attribution of productions, in many cases replete with beauty and significance, such as those reproduced here, to the mere play of the worker's fancy, unfettered by will striving towards a conscious end ; though no doubt the elimination of the element contributed by

the normal consciousness of the worker is by no means easy. Whether the doctrine of the subconscious is adequate to account for these works, or whether they are due to other intelligences, striving to express to us, who shall say what messages? is, as I previously remarked, a problem for further research to determine.

Correlated therewith is a further problem. As is not perhaps surprising, most of these pictures are obviously symbolic. But this is not to say that the significance of their symbolism is obvious. In many cases, one feels that there is a deep meaning, and sometimes one seems to grasp it in a dim, intuitive sort of way. The problem is a difficult one, needing an alliance of mystical interpretation and scientific research for its solution.

§ 2. *The Art of Annie K. Diver ("Atlantis")*

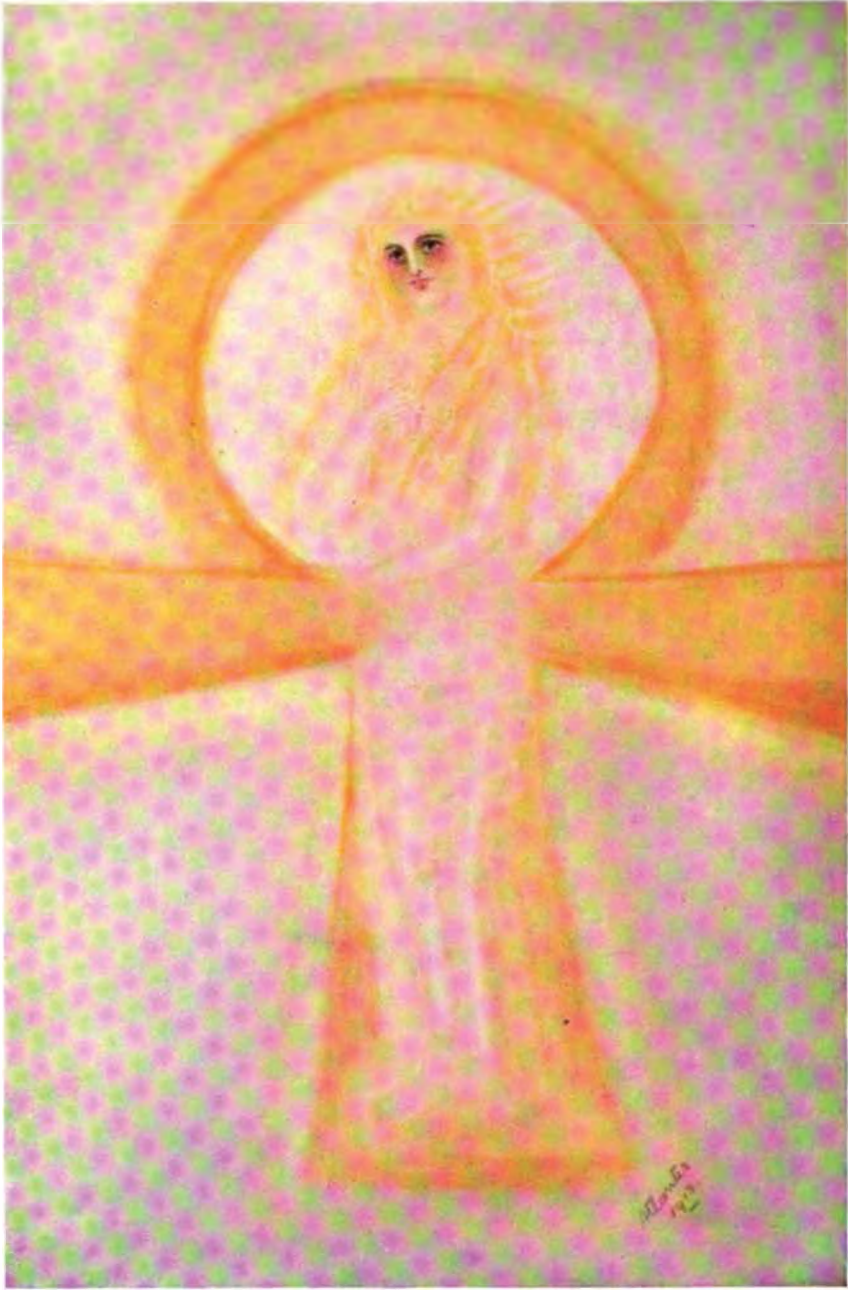
An exhibition of some of the works of Mrs. Diver was organized by Miss Clarissa Miles at the Doré Gallery last January, so that readers of this article may already know something of her striking productions. She works in pastel; and the majority of her pictures are those of heads, frequently in an Egyptian setting, though the faces are not in such cases always of an Egyptian character. Some of her pictures are, perhaps, rather hard and mechanical, but others, such as the three shown here, are of rare beauty, very delicate in colour and expression—creations full of loveliness and meaning. I regret that exigences of space will allow me to mention only a few.

In *The Ankh*, a delightful study in the palest gold of a woman enveloped by the mystic cross of generation, we have an expressive symbol of life and the yet-to-be-fully realized true significance of woman. Man has been prone, it must be confessed, to consider woman his inferior, and that just on account of those things that make her woman and constitute her worth. That woman has reacted by attempting to simulate man is regrettable, but easy to understand. She awaits enthronement in her rightful kingdom. She and man are equals, only in the sense that two utterly different things may be of the same value. If man is supreme in his own realm, that of thought; woman is no less supreme in her realm, which is that of life. The symbol of life is a bi-sexual symbol, both *lingam* and *yoni* are necessary. But it is *lingam* that is below, and *yoni* above. It is *lingam* that serves and *yoni* which receives. When this is fully realized, woman shall come to her own. Such, at least, are the thoughts this picture occasions in my mind.



"THE VEILED SPHINX"

BY ANNIE K. DIVER



" THE ANKH"
BY ANNIE K. DIVER

The Veiled Sphinx, also here reproduced, speaks to us, I think, of mysteries—ancient mysteries—approaching revelation. The sphinx is a recognized symbol of wisdom locked deep in the soul of the past, and the rather coldly intellectual face of this picture, with its eyes turned inwards in introspection, emphasizes this meaning. But the mist is dispersing and already the lineaments of at least the upper part of the face are clear. *Astarte*, the third picture by Mrs. Diver here shown, Miss Miles considers to be connected with the recent cross-correspondences investigated by the Society for Psychical Research. At any rate, it is surely an inspiration of pure beauty.

It is difficult to realize that pictures so extraordinary could be produced in the manner that actually obtains. But I will give a description in Mrs. Diver's own words. "I studied art in the ordinary way at school some years ago, but never imagined any painting like these pastels. I first drew small heads in pen and ink on note-paper, with Egyptian symbols, during convalescence last October,* and in November I had the most irresistible desire to paint (never dreaming I could do it). So I bought some pastels and tried the first coloured head on the lid of a hat-box. I thought it wonderful, and felt very proud of it; but a kind friend called it a she-devil! Nevertheless, I worked on in spite of very adverse criticism, and have produced sometimes three pictures in one evening. The impulse nearly always comes on about eight o'clock. I have very seldom worked alone and can always carry on a conversation, if the person or persons sit before me. I could not work with anyone standing behind my chair. If I am alone, I always sing or hum sacred tunes, and feel extremely happy. . . . The first fifty-three pictures were painted in about six weeks . . . since then I have finished nearly another hundred. . . . I very seldom know what I am going to paint, the picture often changing from the first idea—for instance, I think the face is to be a woman's, and finish it as a man's, and vice versa. I have tried many times to paint the faces of friends and relations who have passed over, and only in one case have I been able to succeed. . . . The message I had was that these paintings were to convince those people who did not understand the nearness of the spirit world. . . . I think there are many influences at work, but the strongest is certainly Egyptian."

It is interesting to note that ten days previous to the *Empress of Ireland* disaster, Mrs. Diver painted a wreck; and a clairvoyant

* I.e., October, 1913, the letter from which I am quoting having been written to me last September.—H. S. R.

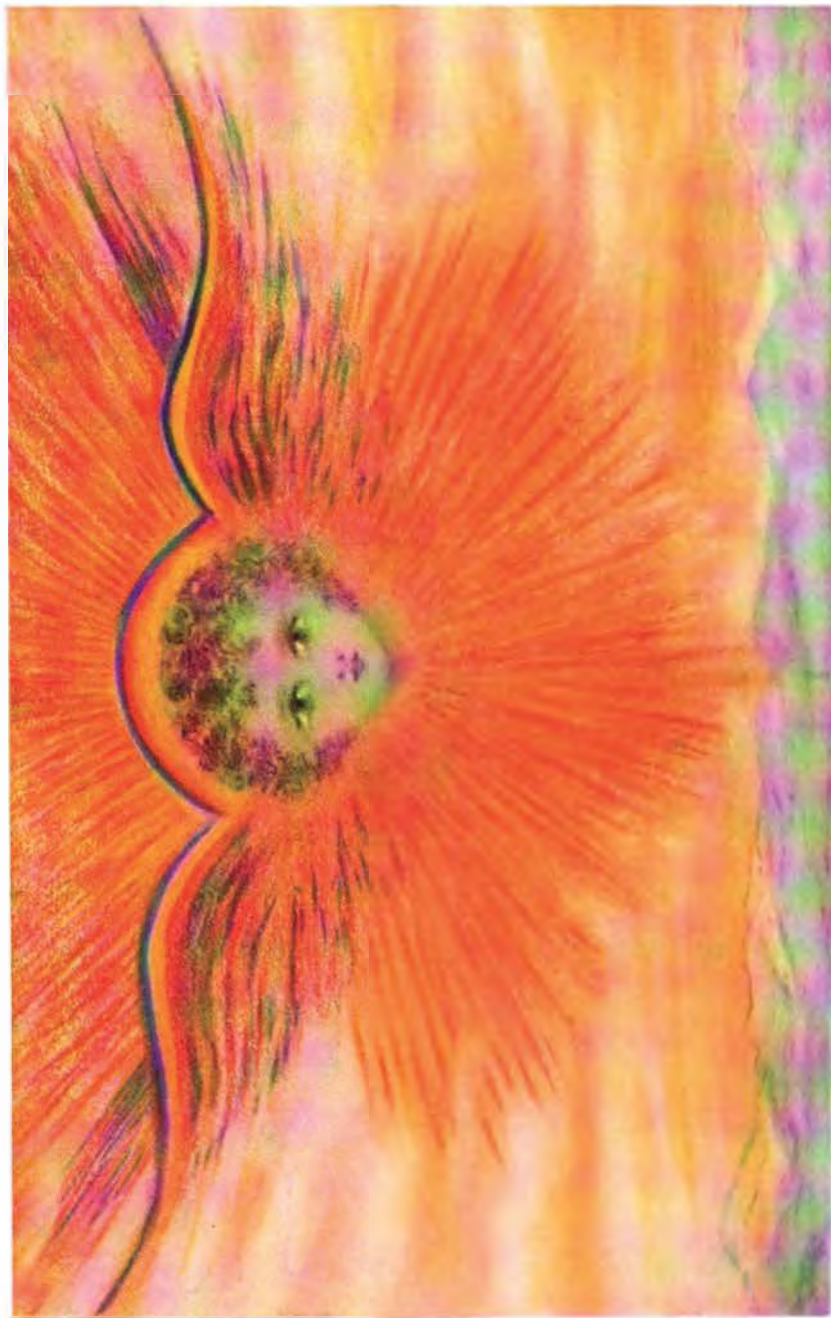
friend who was present asserted that Mrs. Diver's hand looked like a man's, and that she saw Mr. W. T. Stead standing on the left of the easel. A nun's head was also painted the same night, or rather early morning. The next picture was *The Destroying Angel*, a figure with a drawn sword, certainly symbolical of the times at hand.

§ 3. *The Art of Kathleen Heron-Maxwell*

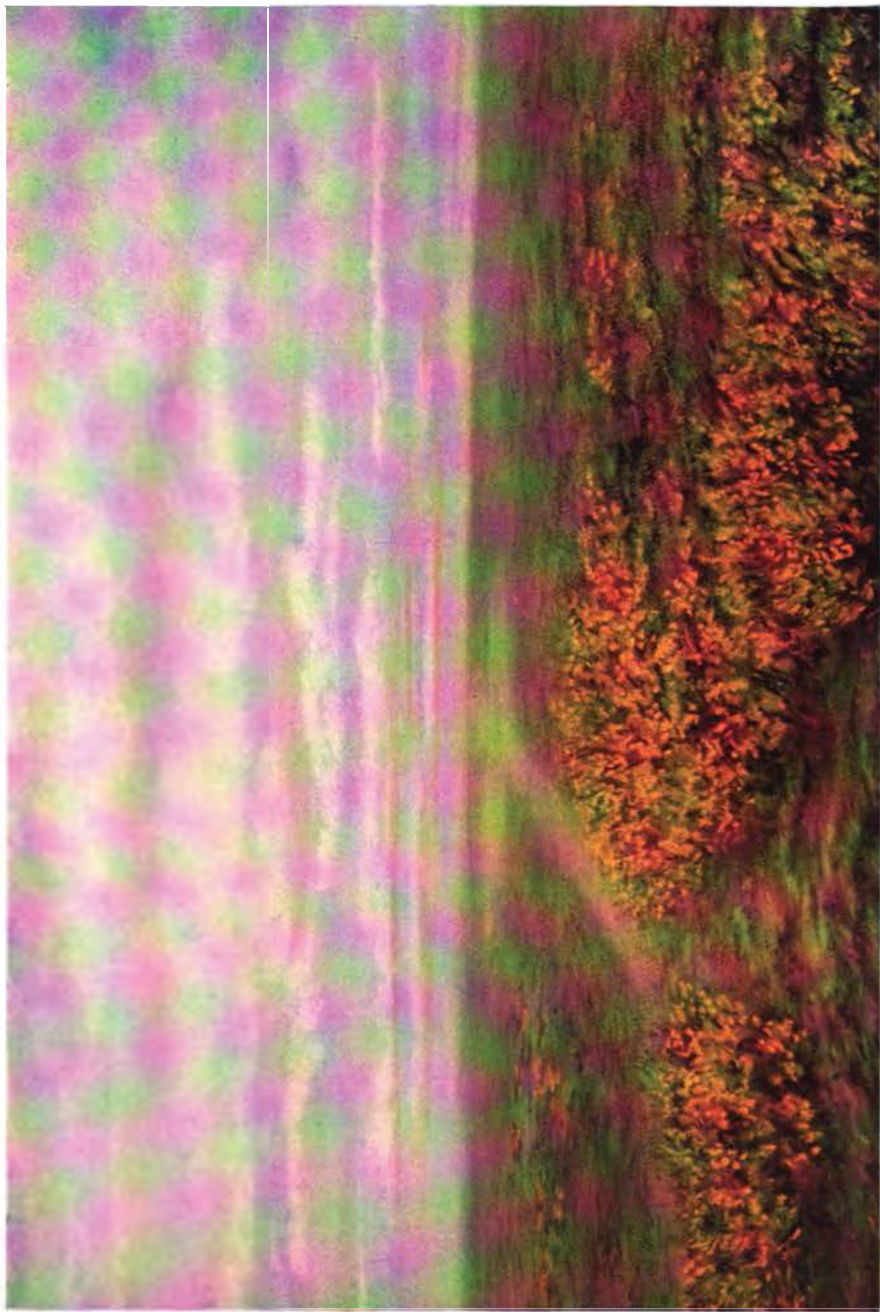
Miss Heron-Maxwell is a composer, of whose charming songs *Smiles* is perhaps best known. Her pictures are, in certain respects, even more remarkable than those already described. In the first place, Miss Heron-Maxwell has never had any instruction whatever in this branch of art. Rather more than a year ago, she felt an irresistible desire to paint. Knowing nothing of the technique of the art, and feeling sure that the impulse would lead to no more than some "smudges," she went to Harrod's stores and asked for a cheap medium. She was supplied with a box of crayons, and setting to work, produced an extraordinary picture of a storm, which a friend who had travelled on the coast of China pronounced to be a realistic study of a typhoon as there occurring.

This picture was produced in a condition of dimmed consciousness. Later pictures have been executed in a more normal state, but quite automatically. The condition in which she paints is preceded by a feeling of lightness, combined with lassitude, in her right hand. She works rapidly, without the vaguest idea what she is going to produce, watching her hand with interest, to see what it will do, as though it were not her own. But as her works are highly finished, and the state in which she paints only infrequently occurs, a single picture usually takes some weeks to complete. While at work, she is very susceptible to external influences. She works always in pastel (except for one small picture in oils), obtaining results usually only the product of other mediums. This is a very striking quality of her works: one could very easily mistake some for oil paintings, others for water-colours. They are, indeed, both in significance and execution, artistic productions of high merit—in tone, intensity of colour, and balance between light and shade.

The quality of realism is very pronounced in her landscapes and seascapes. There is, for example, a picture of a Scotch moor, covered with heather that, so to speak, really grows, that one would swear was copied from nature, and not executed in a Chelsea flat, far away from the smell of the earth and the keen



" WITH HEALING IN HIS WINGS "
 BY KATHLEEN HERON-MAXWELL



"THE DAWN"
BY KATHLEEN HERON-MAXWELL

air of the Highlands. But in spite of, or perhaps because of, the realistic beauty of these landscapes and seascapes, as one looks into them one becomes conscious of an ulterior meaning, a deeper significance. It is symbolism clothing itself, not in fantastic or curious garb, however beautiful, but in its own attire of nature's loveliness. The example here shown is entitled *The Dawn*.* Is it, perhaps, the path of suffering, symbolized by the cross, which must be passed over, but is transcended when purification is perfected?

Miss Heron-Maxwell, however, does not always produce landscapes and seascapes. There is one picture by her, *The Tibetan God*, which shows a hideous heathen idol, all unbalanced and out of line, and might well symbolize all the false gods of unbelief and wrong belief. Then, on the other hand, there are some beautiful heads, also totally unlike her landscape work. There is one of the face of a Spanish nun—a face hooded in glorious purple and blue, singularly impressive in its austere beauty, whose eyes look deep into one's soul and are hard to forget. The cherub, coming in trailing clouds of glory, here reproduced, has a face of exquisite beauty, but not wholly "spiritual." It is so much a face of flesh and blood that, as Miss Heron-Maxwell remarked, one wants badly to kiss him. Does he symbolize a new revelation in the hearts of men, reconciling matter and spirit, and harmonizing their joys?

* * * * *

Such are the phenomena, and other cases are not unknown. Their significance, as I have said, is a problem for research to solve. For myself, I take pleasure in having been able to call attention to the subject, in the investigation of which it seems the quest for truth and the quest for beauty may be united. I wish in conclusion to express my sincere thanks to Mrs. Diver, Miss Miles (to whom belong the pictures by Mrs. Diver here shown) and Miss Heron-Maxwell for kindly allowing me to reproduce the pictures accompanying this article, and for supplying me with all needed information in their power. The copyright of the reproductions is strictly reserved by Miss Miles and Miss Heron-Maxwell respectively.

* Miss Heron-Maxwell, as also Mrs. Diver, says that, in the case of certain pictures, the titles are "given" to her.

SUPER-PHYSICAL ASPECTS OF THE WAR

BY A. P. SINNETT

THE battles raging on the surface of the earth, even in their mighty aggregate, constitute but one aspect of the fearful struggle in progress. The unseen battles of the higher planes, carried on by the opposing Powers of Good and Evil, are really, in their aggregate, the mainspring of the warfare we actually observe. The unseen struggle will certainly end in the triumph of Good over Evil, and that is the explanation of the confidence we may feel in the success of the Allied Forces in their conflict with the unhappy nation used by the Powers of Evil as the instrument, on this plane, of their malevolence above. Later on I will attempt to reproduce the information I have been able to obtain concerning the unseen warfare in progress, but meanwhile I know well how the eagerness of those amongst us who have lost or are losing beloved friends and relatives on the blood-stained territory of Northern France and Belgium, is chiefly directed to the anxiety they feel concerning the ultimate destinies of those who are passing on. In attempting to describe them I may leave out of account the vague uncertainties of those for whom the continuity of life is imperfectly understood, or even perhaps the subject of comfortless doubt. From the point of view of the better informed such uncertainty is sadly absurd. The infinitudes of future life stretch far beyond the region of which we have definite cognizance, but at all events that next world which is really all around us, though beyond the reach of our physical senses, is a familiar region to the students of the higher occultism, and in order to meet the aspirations of those in momentary bereavement, I must begin with a sketch, familiar though it may be to many of my readers, of the conditions awaiting those who pass on to the Astral Plane.

That Astral Plane, a vast envelope of variegated matter, as real to those who reside there as the chairs and tables around us now, has very many sub-divisions that may vaguely, though not inaccurately, be thought of as great concentric spheres, and the conditions of existence in these sub-divisions is varied to what, for the moment, one may describe as an almost infinite extent. Indeed, the lowest conditions of astral life penetrate the solid surface of our globe, and to frame an accurate mental picture of the astral world, we must realize that the lowest and the next lowest of the sub-divisions I speak of are actually submerged in regions which ordinary thinking imagines to consist merely of solid rock. Matter is really solid or diaphanous in accord-

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ance with the senses applied to its perception, and for consciousness immersed therein, the lower sub-divisions of which I speak, though horrible beyond the reach of ordinary imagination, are none the less regions in which conscious existence and movement are possible. None but the very worst representatives of human iniquity have anything to do with these regions, and I refer to them merely in order to make my sketch of astral conditions approximately complete. The third sub-division moving upwards is above the earth's surface, and is still a region of varied discomfort. Here it is that people passing on from physical life, if hampered by ignoble tastes and desires, remain, as a rule, for a time until natural conditions, too complicated for me to describe in this hurried survey, enable them to get rid of such lower attributes and ascend to more joyful realms above. For large numbers indeed of those who, at the present stage of human evolution, lead reasonably decent lives while in physical incarnation, the third sub-plane of the astral (counting from the lowest upward), is one of which they have no experience. I am glad to know of many friends who on passing through the blissful experience commonly called death, slip at once through intervening conditions and awake to variegated happiness on the higher levels; the different characteristics of which appropriate to different stages of moral and intellectual development could only be dealt with effectually in a very protracted dissertation.

Now it is obvious that many of those who are killed on the battle-field must be thought of as infected with more or less ignoble characteristics, so that, passing on under normal conditions, they would have to spend some time in the purifying processes going on on the third sub-plane. But deaths in the present warfare are abnormal in more ways than one. The peculiar abnormality which concerns us for the moment arises from the fact that our soldiers going into action in this war, are really filled with a conviction, I take it in nearly all cases, that they are fighting for the right. They confront the enemy with their lives in their hands, realizing the possibility, approaching something like probability, that their lives will be sacrificed in the glorious cause they are willingly serving. The effect on the other side of a life sacrificed under these conditions is beautiful in the extreme. It sweeps out of the astral body, into which their consciousness passes, all those lower varieties of astral matter—to give the explanation accurately as well as technically—which might have detained them on the third sub-level. The purification is accomplished by the noble life-sacrifice, and they are ready—irrespective of the minor peccadilloes of their physical existence—to pass on at once to happy conditions above. They do, indeed, go through a period of some mental confusion. Death in the battle-field is attended with a wild excitement which persists in the consciousness for a time, during which the entity, passing on, does not actually realize the nature of the change he has gone through. He is for a time on the third level in a wild state of excite-

ment, or once more, to put the matter technically, within an aura revolving around him with such intense rapidity that it constitutes for the moment a shell within which his consciousness is confined. But this embarrassment in the cases we are thinking of does not last long. Vast numbers of eager helpers on the astral plane are engaged in clearing up the confusion of thought I have endeavoured to describe on the part of those suddenly transferred to the astral realm. And then the personalities concerned, even while their names are being printed here in lists of the killed, flit happily to regions beyond, where they enter on a new life which very few of them would be willing to exchange for the one abandoned.

Complications of thought have to be dealt with here. I am not wishing to suggest for one moment that those who pass on, leaving behind in grief those whom they may love as fully as they themselves may be beloved, are otherwise than sympathetically conscious of the sorrow they cannot for the time assuage. But this sympathetic sorrow is tempered by the vivid consciousness they enjoy that it is transient in its duration, that reunion after an interval that will seem in its prospect much shorter when viewed from above than as we view it from below, will put an end to all the trouble which for the moment has to be endured. And work it out how we will, the one great truth remains that all consciousness on the higher levels of the astral world is associated with what must be described as a background of happiness which cannot, so to speak, be contradicted by the transient sorrows of physical life. There is so much to be said concerning the mightier phenomena of the super-physical struggle that I must leave what I trust to be the consolatory assurance I have been able to give above, to afford as much comfort as it may possibly convey to mourning survivors.

But how is it possible to convey to those who are unfamiliar with the unseen mysteries of life, familiar though these may be to occult students, any conception of the forces arrayed against each other on the loftier planes? The ignorant world at large knows nothing of those who belong to what the occultist describes as the Great White Lodge. For many of us happily this mighty organization is one which we are privileged more or less to comprehend. For millions of years in the past, the noblest and best representatives of the human race have been ascending to higher conditions of knowledge and power, until they have become agencies through which the divine purposes of human evolution are fulfilled. With the spiritual hierarchy connecting humanity with divinity in an unbroken series—with the loftier beings associated with it—we need not for the moment be concerned. But in touch with humanity and guiding its progress towards higher conditions of spiritual welfare, there are, in direct association with the affairs of this world, some who have already emerged from the ordinary course of human evolution and have attained, far in advance of the rest, the summit levels which that

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evolution, as such—before blending with evolutions of a still higher order—is destined to attain. And these, becoming agents for carrying out the divine idea and for promoting the progress of the multitudes towards those stages of development they have themselves already reached, associated indeed with others of still loftier development, representing earlier achievements during the eternity of the past, constitute collectively those whom the occultist speaks of as the White Powers.

How does it come to pass that they are confronted with Black Powers almost equal in knowledge and power to themselves, but guided by a fierce desire to oppose the divine will, to impede evolution, to aggravate human suffering, to play the part figuratively assigned in early theologies to the Devil? The occultist is perfectly competent to trace the origin of this terrible organization, though human imagination of the ordinary type is almost baffled in the attempt to comprehend the attitude of mind represented by the poetical epigram "Evil, be thou my good." These pages are not extensive enough to enable me to attempt even to trace the evolution of the Black Powers from the beginning. Roughly it must be enough to hint that such beginnings are to be recognized at very remote periods in the history of the human race, arising from the desire to acquire power for purely selfish purposes. The possibility that human energies can be thus misdirected must be recognized as due to the investiture of the myriad egos constituting the human family, with that free will which is a necessary prelude to successful effort in the right direction. The idea can only be realized on the foundation of an understanding concerning the continuity, through the ages, of individual human egos. The realization of this great principle is the first step in the direction of comprehending the higher occultism, and is abundantly dealt with in the vast, ever-growing literature of that grand science. Then we have to take into account the necessity underlying the idea of loftier evolution, for encountering difficulties with which to struggle. Within reasonable limits that which we call evil is a necessity of human evolution. And though no human agent is ever appointed by divine decree to import this evil into the undertaking, it was from the first too sadly certain that some would engage themselves in the task. And at this stage of human evolution—we of the most advanced races having passed the mid-way point—the development of those choosing evil to be their good has reached an appalling degree of perfection. The result is that the powers of good and evil presiding over human destinies, if for the moment we think merely of the agents on each side who have arisen from human evolution itself, are very nearly in equilibrium. And it so happens again by virtue of mysteries it is impossible to do more than faintly refer to, that just at this period, within several years of the past, and for a little longer in the future, conditions that it is difficult even for the occultist to understand, defiant of clear interpretation, are operative in such a way as to

favour the activity of the Black Powers to an extraordinary degree. They have been availing themselves of this opportunity for many years in the past, and they have seized upon the unhealthy political ambitions of Germany to work with as a nucleus for the expansion of their long concerted onslaught.

Here again we touch an idea, important in connection with the study of the war above and below, but unfamiliar to commonplace thinking. The Black Powers, aiming at the dislocation of human progress, must find human agencies available for their influence. They could not obsess for their purposes a nation the character and aspirations of which were predominantly good. Unhappily there has been cultivated in the German nation, from the Prussian nucleus in the first instance, an aspiration which is by no means admirable in its character, an aspiration towards the destruction and dominance of other nationalities, towards an unhealthy assertion of their own tyrannical supremacy. With that characteristic to work with, the Black Powers have contrived to infect the whole German nation for the time being with their own spirit. Its leaders are but their tools and slaves; unconsciously, of course, but none the less definitely that in truth. Commonplace thinking is gradually realizing how Germany has been preparing for this war for many years in the past. Germany has been made to prepare for it under the influence I am endeavouring to describe, and the White Powers have on their side been endeavouring to prepare for the long foreseen catastrophe.

On the basis of the explanation so far, we are enabled joyfully to realize that the great White Powers are, to put the matter in commonplace language, fighting on our side. There is no doubt, ambiguity or question about it. The Allied Forces on this plane are combating the forces guided on this plane by the Black Powers. But the complexities of the situation are far deeper than commonplace thinking could recognize. As a matter of fact we have been, in the progress of the war on this plane, protected in many ways by actual intervention on the part of our loftier friends. And yet this idea must not be allowed to hurry us into supposing that they are directly concerned with the task imposed upon us, that of slaughtering our enemies. In all that I have learned concerning super-physical intervention on our behalf, I hear merely of measures that have been taken to disconcert some of the physical plane attacks directed against our armies and navy. I have never heard of any action by the White Powers aimed at the direct slaughter of Germans. On the higher plane it may be that the White Powers have to aim at the actual destruction of *their* enemies, but we can hardly presume to follow out this idea to the bitter end. All which we have been able to comprehend has first to do with the terrific ferocity of the struggle above. As I have said, the Black Powers have, owing to peculiar conditions now prevailing, an opportunity extraordinarily favourable to their work. The present opportunity is altogether unprecedented in the history of this planet. It

has been made use of with superhuman energy, with the result that, to a certain extent, the programme of human evolution has been actually dislocated. That which is happening now on the physical plane of life is outside the law of Karma. Many occult students, even, will be surprised to hear this. But such is the actual fact, with results in prospect that are extremely curious as well as encouraging. For in order to understand the whole situation, even approximately, one has to think of this world as going on in fulfilment of a certain programme of evolution under the guidance of that almost invariable and certainly inexorable law of Karma, the law of cause and effect on the moral plane. The dislocation of the scheme under the influence of evil powers competent to accomplish this almost impossible result, gives rise to conditions in the interests, so to speak, of the divine idea, that were not provided for in the original programme of this planet's life, and that is how it comes to pass that we feel such absolute confidence in the ultimate result of this war; first of all on the higher plane, and then as a consequence of that success, on the plane within our own physical observation. For the White Powers, scarcely, to start with, more powerful than those opposed to them, have been invested under divine authority, operating outside the range of what may be described as the planetary programme, with such additional forces that their ultimate triumph, even though with this help it involves great effort, is absolutely certain. The great powers of the White Lodge may not themselves be able to say from week to week, scarcely from month to month, of our time, how the battles on the higher planes will work out. But what they do know is that when the peculiar period favourable to black activity comes to an end, the final victory will be achieved. And that dark period can hardly outrun the year immediately in front of us. It is possible—I think we may indulge in a confident hope on that subject—that the victory will be achieved before the expiration of that year, and once achieved on the higher plane, the war on this one will simply collapse. The whole effect of the explanations I am endeavouring to convey points to the idea that really the war now in progress in France and Belgium, destined before its conclusion to be fought out on German territory, is a reflection of the war going on above, a consequence thereof, a struggle which has, with that loftier struggle, a parallel future.

And now let me attempt to give some little hint concerning some of the activities which are raging on the higher planes. For readers quite unfamiliar with occult teaching, I am afraid such explanations must necessarily be almost unintelligible. But in so far as the Black Powers are directly endeavouring to promote German victories over, may I say, the White Forces of the Allies, they use to a large extent elemental agencies. The commonplace world so far knows nothing of elemental agency. And yet it is intimately blended with every phenomenon of nature that scientific investigation deals with, with

every external event of our lives, for each one of us is shadowed, guided or protected, as the case may be, with elemental agencies, engaged in the fulfilment of the great Karmic law. But that subject is one of enormous complexity, and I can only deal with it in its aspect as concerned with the strife in progress. The Black Powers are continually evoking from those horrible submerged levels of the astral world, to which I made a faint allusion in the beginning, elemental creatures available for evil and diabolical service, which, normally at this stage of evolution, ought to be fading into non-existence. And Will Power of the exalted order that the Black Powers have at their disposal can evolve from elemental conditions on the lowest conditions of the astral levels, new varieties of elemental force calculated to produce, when brought to the surface of the earth, disastrous effects on those at whom they are aimed. In that way I think I know definitely of stupendous elemental organisms prepared and designed to shed the germs of horrible disease among the Allied troops. Elemental organisms have been prepared which brought to the surface and dispersed so to speak over the allied armies, would have created epidemics of plague, cholera and other diseases, the effect of which would have been far more disastrous than that accomplished by German guns. The destruction of these fearsome organisms has been one task with which the White Powers have been recently engaged. And so little does commonplace mankind realize either the dangers to which it is exposed or the divine protection by which it is shielded, that we have been going about even in London sublimely unconscious of elemental warfare in the regions above this city. I do not say this with a view of creating alarm. On the contrary. That which the opportunities of the higher occultism enable us to realize, is calculated in more ways than one to abolish fear and to enlist our thoughts, so to speak, in the service of our mighty protectors. For though it is ill understood by the world at large, thought, even as it emanates from ordinary human life, is a force which in the aggregate is capable of producing important effects. And I cannot more appropriately conclude this attempt to convey to others, whose incredulity may be conquerable to some extent, such knowledge as I possess, better than by emphasizing the solemn truth that our thoughts at this time, persistently and intelligently directed towards the great ends in view, do actually reinforce the mightier powers wielded by the great White Lodge in our interest. It is a literal truth that if, to imagine a practically impossible state of things, everybody in London devoted ten minutes a day to earnest concentrated desire to drive back from the territories they have invaded, the aggressive hordes unconsciously guided by the unseen powers of evil, the aggregate value of such thought, as it would affect first of all the battles above, and through them the battles below, would be worth many army corps in the field. General comprehension of occult force is not sufficiently diffused to render the realization of this Counsel of Perfection possible,

but at all events those who do in some measure comprehend the nature of thought energy may, and to a large extent I know do, exert themselves in the way I have suggested above. It has been my privilege to emphasize this idea before many large audiences interested in such explanation as I have been able to give concerning the super-physical aspects of the War, and I am glad to learn that as a consequence there has been perceived by some of our loftier friends a distinct enhancement of the force thus contributed to their service by those who more or less fully realize their own capacity for rendering service. And beyond this indeed the full realization of the ultimate certainty that the White Powers will triumph in the conflict above, will help to maintain that attitude of cheerful confidence and courage throughout the countries whose armies are fighting for the right, which in its turn is a force conducive to its own justification.

THE RETURN

BY TERESA HOOLEY

THE trees sigh in the dark ;
 Fast falls the rain ;
 A west wind sobs, and—hark !
 How the ivy beats
 Wild hands at the shuttered pane !
 Do you hear me cry,
 Wistful, beseeching, lone,
 From earth and sky ?

The tears of rain implore ;
 The tall trees sway
 In yearning round your door ;
 With a voice of wings
 The wind entreats alway.
 Do you hear me call,
 Fain for your following feet,
 And heed at all ?

One with the stir of leaves,
 The soft sad rain,
 The ivy 'neath the eaves
 And the wandering wind,
 I have come to you again,
 Though they call me dead—
 Here, in the night we loved,
 With the storm o'erhead.

THE KAISER AND ANTICHRIST

THE tendency of the mediæval mind was to anthropomorphize. The tendency of the modern mind is to interpret everything in terms of abstract, blind, impersonal force. We see this tendency everywhere, not least in the desire to explain away the phenomena of Spiritualism. Here the attempt is always made to avoid the spirit hypothesis by assuming the intervention of telepathy, or the exteriorization of the sensibility, or the automatic reproduction of events by the action of unknown powers of the atmosphere. For the demons and sprites that were supposed in times past to haunt hill and dale has been substituted the action of natural forces. The conception of "the act of God," as the legal phrase runs, has been replaced by the idea of the negligence of man. Behind all phenomena we tend more and more to conceive a vast impersonal force, whether we term this force God or the Great First Cause of all. The orthodox Deity as described to us by earlier divines, in our own Bible and in our hymn-books, is slowly fading from our vision. He is more akin to the deities of the tribes of an earlier civilization. We still sing of Him in the well-known lines—

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

But though this is the way in which we still think of Odin or of Jove, our conception of the Divine Power behind phenomena is more akin to the Great Central Sun of the occult philosopher.

Certain figures loomed large in the mediæval mind, and they were all conceived of as definite concrete personalities, even though they may have embodied in their attributes some general abstract idea. The most familiar of these conceptions was that of the Devil—the Devil with horns and hoofs, or the Devil—even though temporarily appearing under the guise of Mephistopheles to Faust, or of the beautiful maiden to St. Anthony—still liable at any moment to resume his natural shape and to sprout the familiar hoofs and horns. Another conception of a similar kind was that of the Man of Sin. Another was that of the Wandering Jew. Yet another is that of Antichrist, sometimes identified with, or confused with, the Beast of Revelation, whose mysterious number, 666, has proved an insoluble problem for all the

ages. A fresh interest attaches to-day to this mysterious Scriptural figure, owing to the hypothesis advanced in the "Prophecy of Frater Johannes," which has created such an extraordinary sensation in the midst of our matter-of-fact modern civilization. The idea that a monarch of modern Europe could fulfil in his person an ancient prophecy of the coming of Antichrist is so astounding to twentieth-century thought that the very notion of it is calculated to raise a smile on the face of the man in the street. Yet this conception is coming home to us to-day in a form which actually threatens to make us pause and ask: "May not this incredible thing, after all, be true?" How, otherwise could Frater Johannes, if indeed the prophecy is his, be inspired to foresee in such extraordinary detail the whole story of a great war, not destined to take place for well over three hundred years, under conditions, moreover, which, at the time he lived, and indeed for centuries after, were totally unknown? There is obviously one simple way out of the difficulty, to describe the prediction as a prophecy after the event. One daily paper, posing as less credulous than its contemporaries, has, in fact, already done so. It has not been possible to obtain clear and decisive evidence in this matter at the time of writing, but certain facts bearing on the matter are being now brought to light, and such evidence should, I think, be eventually forthcoming.

It is, in truth, the extraordinary accuracy of the prediction which has caused the scepticism with regard to it. Take, for instance, the statement in the Prophecy that the armies of Antichrist will take as their device the phrase "God with us." This is the actual motto of the Uhlans, the words of which are, I am told, engraved on their helmets. Take another verse in which it is stated that men will be able to cross the rivers over the bodies of the dead. Instances of this have been given on more than one occasion during the present war. Here is one of them, quoted from the *Daily Chronicle* of October 29:—

How desperate has been the fighting there is revealed in a few vivid sentences which a German officer spoke to-day to a Dutch journalist:—

"Seven times we crossed the Yser," he said, "and seven times we were beaten back with terrible losses, so that at last our dead formed bridges over which we again tried to cross, only to be repulsed once more."

I have already alluded to the statement made in the prophecy, that the spies of Antichrist will overrun the earth, and that he himself will represent himself "as the arm of the Most High sent to chastise corrupt peoples." The manner in which these pre-

dictions have been fulfilled to the letter is, of course, common knowledge.

The allusion to the war in the air has also been adverted to, but the exact words of the prophecy should be particularly noted in this connection, as the reference is not merely to Zeppelins and airships, but also to a corresponding war on the superphysical plane. The words are: "Red will be heaven and earth, and water, and even the air, for blood will flow in the four elements at once." The war in Heaven is therefore, from the prophet's standpoint, a distinct matter to the war in the air. It is a battle royal between the spiritual powers of good and the spiritual powers of evil. The struggle that Brother Johannes foresaw was, in short, to be fought out in the spirit world as well as in the three elements, just as in the vision of the author of the Apocalypse, there was to be war in Heaven in which "Michael and his angels fought against the dragon and the dragon fought; and his angels" (Revelation xii. 7), Brother Johannes would have us understand that the war cannot be finally and conclusively won unless corresponding victories be gained in the spirit world to those fought in the terrestrial sphere. In order that the enemy may be crushed here, he must also be outflanked by spiritual legions on the spiritual plane. This is why "It will need the energies of all the kingdoms, because the cock, the leopard, and the white eagle will not be able to make an end of the black eagle WITHOUT THE AID OF THE PRAYERS AND VOWS OF THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE."

The conflict has, indeed, been long brewing both in a spiritual and in a material sense. While Europe has been becoming year after year more and more of an armed camp, and while each side have been threatening the other and manœuvring against the other in the diplomatic field, the corresponding struggle has been developing intellectually and has been fought out month by month and year by year between the defenders of the materialistic hypothesis—the apostles of the gospel of force—and the champions of the spiritual and physical interpretation of life and of the universe. It is not so long ago that the cause of materialism appeared to be everywhere triumphant, and the boasts of its scientific champions rang through the air much in the same way as the loud defiance of Prussian militarism threw down its gage, time after time, to an irresolute and hesitating Europe, fearful of risking all in the great Armageddon of the nations. The unprepared state of Russia was revealed by the Japanese War. The enemies of militarism were disunited and at variance among

themselves. France, reminiscent of the War of 1870, feared to draw the sword. Unfriendly to Germany, she was no less hostile to England. The Boer War was a cause of infinite contention, and the British Empire was isolated among the nations. At this critical period in the history of Europe, the accession of King Edward VII, probably the greatest diplomatist of modern times, transformed the whole political outlook. The hostility with which England was so widely regarded gave place to far friendlier feelings. The war was brought to a termination satisfactory to the British Empire while favourable to the defeated foe. The main bone of contention with France was removed by an arrangement which, while making concessions to the French on the north-west coast of Africa, gave England the free hand in Egypt which she had so long desired. Thus the Entente Cordiale with France was initiated, which grew year after year in popularity and was shortly followed by a similar arrangement with her Russian ally. In the meantime the defeat of Russia by Japan was followed by the complete reorganization of the whole Russian military system, for which neither labour, pains, nor expense were spared, and the results of which we see in the series of triumphant victories which have crowned Russian military effort in the present war. Thus the Powers that represented the opposition to Prussian tyranny and Austrian threats were united in a bond of mutual harmony, and, though anxious to avoid by every possible means the arbitrament of the sword, were in a position to defend the rights of Europe from the threats and menaces of Teutonic domination whenever the fatal hour might strike.

Meanwhile, here and there at first, the intellectual world was gradually awakening to the realization of facts which, slowly indeed, but no less surely, were destined to put the materialistic hypothesis, so long triumphant, entirely out of court. It was the materialistic boast at the height of its triumph, in the days when Haeckel was a name to swear by, and the Huxleys and Herbert Spencers and their still more aggressive disciples were everywhere in the ascendant, that the scientist had "shown God out of the door." To-day the modern scientist admits the claim of the transcendental philosopher that the materialistic interpretation of the universe has finally broken down, and given place to a broader and less one-sided appreciation of scientific evidence, and an interpretation, saner from the very fact that it is more spiritual, of the entire Cosmos.

Thus it is that the great struggles in all the great crises and turning-points of the world's history are fought out at once

spiritually, intellectually and materially. For otherwise the progress of the race would inevitably be arrested until the enemy had been vanquished on that plane of being in which he still held the field triumphantly. The belief in the gospel of "blood and iron," triumphant under Bismarck, corresponds to the belief in the dominance of blind force on the material plane. It is this which according to the author of the Epistles of St. John typifies the spirit of Antichrist, the mystic Christ being the embodiment of the contrary idea that the spiritual is the true reality, ever expressing itself in the phenomenal world in terms of symbol and allegory. The sin of Antichrist is thus the mistaking of the shadow for the substance.

It is not a little curious that in St. John's Epistles, and in these alone, is there any reference to this mysterious personality. Four times altogether, in the first and second Epistles of St. John, is Antichrist alluded to, but nowhere else in the whole Bible. But that the idea was familiar to the early Christians is made plain in the first reference of this series, in which the writer assumes the fact that they were already expecting the coming of this type of the Principle of Evil.

"Little children," he writes, "it is the last time, and as ye have heard that Antichrist shall come, even now are there many Antichrists, whereby we know that it is the last time."

There is a curious parallelism between this verse and one of Brother Johannes' which I have not yet quoted, that immediately preceding the prediction about the true Antichrist. Brother Johannes writes: "We have thought to recognize him (i.e. Antichrist) already many times, for all the murderers of the Lamb resemble each other, and all the wicked prove to be but the precursors of the Great Wicked One." It is evident that the writer of the Epistle of St. John, along with his flock, associated the coming of Antichrist with what he describes as "the last time." This to the author is very near at hand, but looking at the matter from the standpoint of a later age, we are inclined to interpret this "last time" as the conclusion of one great era in the world's history and the commencement of another. Daniel also alludes to this "last time" which he describes in his prophecies as "the time of the end." "Understand," he says, "O son of man; for at the time of the end shall be the vision." And again, the angel of the Lord addresses him in the words, "Go thy way, Daniel: for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end. Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly: and none of the wicked shall

understand; but the wise shall understand." And again: "Thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Again the question is asked: When shall this "vision" be fulfilled and the sanctuary cease to be trodden under foot? And a voice answers him: "Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." That the predictions of Daniel were not actual predictions of the times of which the author of the book wrote is now generally admitted. The writing of the book of Daniel, at least in the form in which we have it, bears trace of a later period than that of Nebuchadnezzar and Darius. It is, however, well known that it has been interpreted in a double sense and as having reference, not only to this period, but to later epochs of the world's history, and there are those who have seen in the period of 2300 days a reference to a world epoch of 2300 years at the end of which the spiritual sanctuary, and possibly also its earthly counterpart in Jerusalem, were to be cleansed from desecration and freed from the hand of the spoiler.

We shall probably be well advised to take the form of the expression of Brother Johannes' prophecy as typical of the atmosphere in which he lived, and the external conditions which inevitably moulded his phraseology. And we shall not feel obliged, even if we identify his Antichrist with the German Kaiser, to draw all the collateral conclusions which such identification might seem at first sight to imply. He is speaking in terms of allegory, and it is enough for us that we can read through this allegorical language the underlying meaning which he intends to convey.

Some discussion has arisen as regards the allegorical figures under which Brother Johannes typifies England and France. The leopard is apparently the heraldic figure in the royal arms of England, borrowed, it is said, from the coat of arms of William the Conqueror, but whereas the Conqueror's heraldic device bore two leopards, a third was subsequently added by his successors. With regard to the cock, I have heard this called in question as the invention of a later age, but such can hardly be the case inasmuch as the name is unquestionably a play on the old Latin name of Gaul. To Cæsar, who first wrote for us about this country, Gaul was "Gallia," and the cock was "gallus." The suggestion of this idea must therefore have occurred to writers of the earliest times, before ever France bore its present name.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE

In Two Volumes, demy 8vo, xxxvi + 354, and xii + 352 pp.
With a New Portrait. Price 21s. net.*

THERE are certain occasions in the life of the emotions which stand out with a rare distinction and are remembered as experiences of a kind that defy analysis, but are treasured as belonging to a golden time of youth and adventure. As one instance of such an occasion the writer recalls how, from the Cornish cliffs at the dawn of a winter's morning, he watched the approach of a ship under sail to a small harbour lying beneath the heights on which he stood. The veil of mist brightening under the rising sun added a sense of distance and vastness to the waters from which the vessel drew towards the shore, whilst the silence of the quays in the port below suggested that the end of the voyage shared in the mystery of the voyage itself.

The plain fact that this was an ordinary coasting vessel trading in fixed routine between one commercial town and another was entirely forgotten. The ship, the sea and the harbour became symbols of adventure, the unknown and the future, and the cliffs became a mount of Vision. Such experiences as this, occasional to most men, would seem to befall the poet in all places and all times.

To Arthur Edward Waite it is insistently obvious that the world in which he lives is a world of sacraments and symbols, and in these two volumes it is to be seen after what manner the Mysteries of Life and Mind have presented their aspects to one mind in the Universe, and after what manner the gifts of seer and poet have enabled him to express those aspects to others.

Among poets Mr. Waite stands alone in this particular, that the external wonders and beauties of a beautiful creation are to him always the vesture, and the vesture only, of a world which is beyond externals. The processes of Nature and the glories of the seasons appeal to him as a great rite for ever in the performing.

Now, high as lark in heaven or deep as bowers
Wherein the sea heals immemorial flowers,
The world's great organ sounds through spacious halls

* London : William Rider & Son, Ltd.

And all the faithful fauna sweetly calls
 To hear how priestly Nature, ere they pass,
 Pontifically chants her twelvemonth mass,
 And at each noon triumphantly lifts up
 The measure overbrimm'd of the sun's cup.

The careless rhapsody of the pagan shepherd is not his, nor
 has he any kinship with "the idle singer of an empty day."

The panorama of this outward world
 Before mine eyes transfigured in a breath
 Is supernaturally glorified—

Exclude me not,
 Nor—Mother Nature—blame a chosen priest !
 Send forth innumerable voices high
 From thy four quarters, multiply above
 Thy solar pageants ! Worshipful, I take
 And minister thy worshipful sacraments.

It is indeed as a chosen priest that he chiefly appears in these
 volumes ; but though his verse may be termed didactic, there is
 an entire absence from it of any tendency to dogmatism. He sings
 not as one with a message, but rather as one who needs must
 give of what is in him, at times for the mere pleasure of singing,
 as in the lines headed—

RESTORED TO LIGHT.

A faint light shining for a space ;
 A breath of wind upon the face ;
 A stirring in the mist ; a sigh ;
 A sense of distance, height and sky ;
 A little wave of melody !
 O but how beautiful to see
 The light leaf dance upon the tree,
 The bloom upon a hedgerow stirr'd
 By transport of a singing bird,
 And—after darkness and eclipse—
 The sun upon the sails of ships,
 All up and down the dancing sea !
 O but how beautiful to hear
 A little whisper in the ear,
 A smaller voice than note of bird,
 A still small voice, a mighty word,
 A whisper in the heart to say
 That God is not so far away !

As to the metre of these poems Mr. Waite has in the first
 place a mastery of the use of blank verse. His best work is,
 in my opinion, to be found in this form. It would not be easy
 to match the beauty of such lines as

Poise, happy moon, for ever ; in the cold
 And starry spaces poise thy shining shield !

Behold, as shadows on the road, are cast
 Our meaner selves behind us. Earth and sea
 Are in thy light transfigured; vistas bright
 And paths that end not tempt us sweetly forth;
 A thousand lofty hopes inspire the heart
 Which from a lonely zenith of the soul
 Thou pourest downward, as the moon her beams,
 O Mystic Moon, enthroned in heaven of mind!

In that lyric entitled "A Door For White Doves," joyously compounded of life, colour and sunshine, the quality of his rhyming is admirably illustrated.

I sing not now of a thought from sight
 In a word evasive hidden,
 Of signs which stand for a sense unseen—
 The little signs and the worlds they mean—
 But an arch so old and a sward so green,
 And the sudden flight in a tawny light
 Of doves through that arch unbidden.

Science of motion, wings of white,
 Gay, so gay, in the beams so bright,
 In the warm rich stream of the amber beam—
 Gleam, dream, glory and gleam!
 The honey-bee hums in the hawthorn hedge,
 The wild rose slumbers on plinth and ledge,
 And over the wide world's sapphire edge
 The rich ripe corn of the world is roll'd,
 As rocks in its laver the burning gold.
 The whirr of the wings of the doves goes by,
 And a singing bird hangs in the flame of the sky;
 Hot is the scent of the wheat and dry;
 And sinking slowly and circling down
 A petal falls from the rose's crown;
 Soft on the soft sward falls and reposes,
 As a gentle breath stirs the swooning roses.
 But the doves come forth and the doves go in;
 Here in a low flight circle and spin
 Over and under the arch and out,
 And out and over the arch and in,
 Wheel and circle and plunge about.
 Sweet and warm is the air they stir,
 And pleasant the chirp of the grasshopper;
 Motion, melody, scent are kin,
 And the doves come forth and the doves go in.
 The second sense on a day like this,
 Meseems, a moment the mind may miss,
 Midst incense, music and lights content
 With the outward grace of the sacrament.
 Therefore for once of mere doves in flight
 The rhymes shall end as the rhymes begin;

Of the full rich light upon wings so white,
As the doves come forth and the doves go in.

ENVOY.

*Why hint so deeply, O mind within,
Of the going forth and the coming in
Of doves through an arch unbidden ?
Do I not know that the whence and where
Of the life of man may be symbol'd there ?
But in light so bright and on sward so fair
O let what is hidden be hidden !*

To touch in detail on the contents of these volumes is not possible here. They are a treasury into which one may dip with both hands, and at random, and find nothing trivial or vain.

Returning again and again, there is never the need to go empty away; delve deeper yet; the more treasure abounds. Every time brings its own interpreter, and when the twentieth century has passed from the turmoil of transition to the peace of realization, these poems will remain a source of inspiration for all those who, like the poet, "look to see."

We clasp but the shadow of love, which is longing and thirst,
And no man possesses another, for bonds which have never been burst
Enswathe and divide us from each, and our separate life
Intervenes like a wall in all nuptials; no woman is wife,
Nor ever call'd any man husband, save only in sign;
But because of the want and the longing, the strong flame which burns
in the shrine

And feeds on the heart that sustains it, I know, beyond sense,
O I know my Redeemer is living; that keen and intense,
By some change in our substance of being, the union divine,
To which all our blind motions reach out, shall the ends of all longing
decree;

And that out of the flesh I shall gaze on the love which is mine—
So I look to see!

To hear and to see and to know, and, immersed where the lights never
fail,

Confess that at length we have truly transcended the world of the veil;
We have pass'd through the region of omen, and enter'd a land of sight.
O thanks be to God for the pillar of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by
night;

The voice in the cloud and the burning bush and the holy places trod;
For the soften'd grace of the shaded face and the back of the Lord our
God;

For the shadow'd home and the light beyond, for the secret pulses stirr'd
By the parable dim and the mystic hymn and the first sense of the Word!
But O for the end and the vision, beyond the gate and the way,
The light which the eye cannot picture, repose in activity free!
The veils of the world are about me, sad dreams of the night and the day,
But I look to see!

PHILIP S. WELLBY.

THE FAITH OF REASON

BY "SCRUTATOR"

THE idea of the immanence of Deity in the manifested universe is one that has been gaining ground in theological discussion of late years. As opposed to the *Deus ex machinâ* of orthodox theology, it offers a more reasonable view of the integrity of the universe as we now scientifically perceive it in the various stages of world progress. The idea is as old as Plato, and possibly more ancient still. The Platonic definition of God as "That whose centre is everywhere, whose circumference is nowhere" admits of very little controversy even on orthodox lines if once we are genuine subscribers to the doctrine of Omnipresence. It is only a question for us as to the *modus operandi* of God in the Universe* and of our human relations with that Being. If we posit the trilogy of Life, Substance and Intelligence, or that of their material expressions, Energy, Matter and Consciousness, we shall be ultimately concerned merely with the outworking of this trinity of co-ordinates towards the effect realized as the Self-conscious Unit.

On the material plane, at all events, we have learned a great deal concerning the effort of Nature towards the evolution of the unit from the mass, and of the specialization of faculty in the process of selective evolution.

Indeed it may be fairly said that we have arrived at that point of view and of intelligent correlated thought where we can answer to the question of the Why of our existence. In our thought we have rendered cosmos out of chaos, and in tracing the How of the building up of material organisms from inorganic substances there has been borne in upon us a conviction of purpose and design. There is no longer left to us any tenable ground for the belief in a fortuitous concurrence of atoms. We see instead attraction and repulsion as the first manifestation of the selective faculty in an inorganic universe, followed by chemic affinities and fusions, not as chance happenings, but as expressions of a law which manifests from first to last, and we perceive that this law is intelligible because, and only because, it is an expression of Intelligence. In fine, we see matter of various forms in all

* *God in the Universe.* By J. W. Frings. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, E. C. Price 3s. 6d. net.

degrees of activity being perceptibly impelled through a succession of transformations which lead to higher and yet higher expressions of faculty. Everywhere there is a manifest effort towards co-ordination of function, towards correlation of faculty, towards a fuller degree of organic integrity. And along with this we find at first consciousness of relativity and finally self-consciousness. Mr. J. W. Frings offers this definition :

“ There is no life without consciousness, and conversely, there is no consciousness without life. But man is more than conscious. He is conscious when he feels. He is self-conscious when he knows that he feels. And that man knows that he feels is also obvious. For he reviews his feelings as they pass in his mind. He recalls them after they have ceased to be feelings. And he passes judgment upon them at the time, and afterwards. The apex of his self-consciousness is that ‘ he knows that he knows. ’ ”

Careful thought will reveal the fact that, according to the best definition, even inorganic life—for our postulate requires this seeming anomaly—is endowed with consciousness. Consciousness is the result of resistance, and it is measured by response to stimulus. What we call attraction and repulsion, and chemic affinity, are more intelligibly considered when regarded as the result of consciousness. In the lowest forms of organic life we find a certain discrimination and selective faculty at work in the effort towards adaptation to environment, and we further see that every form of matter, whether organic or inorganic, is responsive in greater or less degree to stimulus. But this degree of resistance is at first only related to extraneous agents. It is in the more complex organism of man that we find activity and resistance set up within one and the same body, and this by reason of the fact that man is invested with a mental organism as a bridge between his spiritual and material natures. The continent of the mind and that of the body, primarily united, are now seen to be in conflict. Hence arises the problem of the freedom of the Will. Mr. Frings argues that man's will is not fundamental in causation, but secondary. What we call free-will in man is, as Philip Bailey well said, “ necessity in play. ” Our decisions, as expressions of will, are not initial, but resultant. They are themselves the effects of all past experience. We are, in short, what we are by reason of what we have been. We are the embodied complex of individual experience. Man obeys the primal laws of mechanics. “ His every movement, including his highest judgments, are determined by precedent causes.

Man tends always to move along the line of least resistance." It is the recognition of the mechanical law in the universe which impels us to use it as the groundwork of all our thought concerning the psychological, mental and spiritual in man's experience. If we argue at all about questions of freewill, determinism, and the like, we are bound to argue from material premisses, because it is from these that we draw our first experience and demonstration of law. The idea that there may be a spiritual law which transcends and negatives the operations of a physical law has always been the refuge of the theologians. What is referred to as the "Grace of God" is of this order. But it has not been shown that Grace is not the natural result of the employment of natural causes in a manner more or less obscure, only because of our very limited knowledge of human psychology. The miracles—and sudden conversions are of this order—may quite reasonably be regarded as the results of the employment of natural forces of a kind, or in a manner, that requires a high order of specialized faculty such as is not as yet commonly evolved in man. And if the whole process of man's evolution is towards the acquiring of self-consciousness, then undoubtedly the gift of Grace by the superposing of a spiritual law at variance with the natural can only retard the process of evolution if we are to regard the latter as resulting from experience.

But Mr. Frings carries his argument through many converging channels, the human understanding, the emotions, subhuman emotions, chemical activity, atomic structure, stellar physics and cosmic evolution, all bearing on the ultimate problem of human existence and the purpose of life, and he clearly shows that Motion is the Breath of Life which animates the whole universe and finds its expression in the infinite variety of form, colour, thought and emotion, and it is finally brought home to us that all discussions about the transcendence or immanence of Deity, or whether the fact of immanence negatives the possibility of transcendence, matter little or not at all.

"For if God breathed into man the breath of life it is that the Divine Thought became manifested in time and space, and this is one mode of expressing it. If we prefer to hold the idea of immanence, it is because of the Absolute we can perceive nothing that is not IT. All that is is but the garment of the Deity. In it we live and move and have our being. Living is moving, life and being is Motion, eternal and absolute." And the outlook for this our humanity, which has been evolved through countless ages from the confluence of electrons and the upbuilding

of those miniature universes which we call atoms to the point where matter has learned to respond to the highest motions of the intelligence, is of paramount human importance.

“Our evolution, intellectually and physically, is nearing its completion. Our psychic and intuitive evolution begins to unfold. Fresh powers of mind and soul and spirit begin to dawn for us. Shadows though we be, pale reflections only of the Divine Idea, IT begins to shape in us, and for us, further visions of a heritage that will make us gods that are to be.”

With this uplifting ideal ever before us we can with patience, and with more of consolation than may be suggested by this brief survey of the groundwork of Mr. Frings' argument, lend our minds to the consideration of the vast problems that are involved in the study of man's origin, nature and destiny as set forth so lucidly in this useful contribution to the literature of Scientific Religion.

CORRESPONDENCE

[*The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.*]

THE MYSTERY OF ST. SOPHIA.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Having bought your most interesting book *Prophecies* from the office of *Light*, I see that you ask your readers to give any information they may possess regarding the prediction about Constantinople. When my husband and I were there some years ago we went to visit the mosque of St. Sophia, or as they call it, Agia Sofia. There we heard this story. When the Turks burst in to seize the church from the Christians the priests were saying mass and were *all* murdered. They told us that, according to the prediction, when Constantine and Sophia should reign in Greece, St. Sophia would once more become a Christian church, but before that could take place the spirits of the murdered priests must enter by a hidden door and must *finish* the mass they were saying when the Turks entered. Then St. Sophia would be a church once more. I do not know the origin of the prediction, but it is absolutely believed, and looks like coming true. Another strange thing is that over the former place of the high altar there is a fresco picture of our Lord. The Turks have tried to get rid of the fresco in every possible way, but it cannot be done, and whatever means they take it comes through in a few days, and the face of our Lord still looks down.

Forgive so long a letter, but I thought even this amount of information might interest you.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

JESSIE R. POWELL.

THE ELMS,
MELTON MOWBRAY.

NEW RACE PROSPECTS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—There is one point which "Another F.T.S." misses, this being that the egos who have personalities reflecting the full human consciousness are never incarnated amid congenial surroundings. Practically all the real theosophists have come back to us through orthodox or nonconformist families, where the narrow or inconsistent

teaching has driven the advanced one to investigate other creeds, faiths and philosophies until the old paths of past earth lives are crossed again and a further stage of relative illumination is reached.

I remember Mr. A. E. A. M. Turner, who opened the above subject, saying once that theosophists and theosophical *students* corresponded in his estimation to the disciples and laymen as instituted by the Lord Buddha. The former in both bodies did not marry, but the latter did. It appears to me that the appeal of "Another F.T.S." to theosophical students to rear families for the new race is a vain one, as those who are born by such parents go the way of the average clergyman's and pious dissenter's children—back into the world, so that the tennis court and golf links are their rendezvous, while many reach the ecstatic stage over detective adventures and heroic boy scout scenes in the picture palaces and similar haunts of the mentally degenerate.

Yours truly,

E. E.

THE HALL OF LEARNING.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—*Re* the inquiry of your correspondent Isobel Green regarding the Hall of Learning. Now though the temple visited by your correspondent was perhaps not absolutely identical with that of Dr. Bouchier, yet surely all the features of the Ethereal Plane do not appear the same to all minds? The general aspect is the same, but the details differ in accordance with the character of the person seeing. Now the Ethereal Plane is surely identical with the "World of Spirits" of Swedenborg, the Remoter Plane, or rather the two Remoter Planes, which may possibly be taken as more or less equivalent to Heaven and Hell, though not in accordance with the general idea of these.

Now as regards your correspondent's attempt to travel on this road. The desire to travel it shows a desire for death, as none but the dead can pass further than the Ethereal Plane; while the arresting of this desire shows that your correspondent has yet some important duty to perform before departing this world. As regards the figures in the temple, no one except the observer can interpret their meaning; perhaps some person who knew the observer very well might possibly form some idea, but a stranger certainly could not.

However, your correspondent certainly visited the Ethereal Plane and had she continued on the path of light she would certainly have perished, so her experience is extremely interesting, and a full description would, I am sure, be most welcome.

Yours truly,

S. F.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IT was mentioned last month in these pages that Mr. G. R. S. Mead, writing in *The Quest*, has affirmed that in the present travail of the world it has become for the first time "a conscious rather than a vegetative organ." And now Mr. W. L. Wilmshurst, taking the present great crisis as the text of a discourse on the mystical understanding of the words "Not peace but a sword," held to be a sign of Christ's presence in the world, speaks of humanity entering at last into a state of social consciousness, "and awareness of its own homogeneity." This is not, however, a growth of the living moment, but a development of recent years. *The Seeker* is interesting in respect of all its contents, but perhaps especially because of this editorial. In certain epistles of Jacob Böhme and certain prognostications of Swedenborg, Mr. Wilmshurst discerns "distinct though discreetly obscured allusions to the present war"; but the real message of his paper is not to be found herein. It is rather, in his view, that the upheaval without "is but the material 'signature' or externalization of forces in conflict upon withdrawn planes of life." In other words, he believes that at the present day there is that kind of apocalyptic "war in heaven" which "betokens the purgation of evil and dispersion of darkness, materialism and selfishness, before the advancing ingress of the Light of the World into the body corporate of humanity." The world and the Churches are both in the melting-pot. The seeds of a larger good have been sown already, and this war is evidence of their vitality. It is evidence also that human experience is in a stage unattained previously and one preparatory to a deeper realization of "the mystical corporation of God and Man."

The last issue of *The Open Court* illustrates its devotion to the science of religion and the religion of science, those putative objects mentioned on its cover, by an entire dedication to the question of the European War from a pro-German standpoint. The reason lies on the surface. The founder, one E. C. Hegeler, was born at Bremen in 1835, while its editor and incessant contributor P. Carus is also German by birth. He is the organizer, moreover, of a publishing company which produces *The Open Court* and its *alter ego*, *The Monist*. The particular festival of cultured mind and flow of patriotic soul may be said to begin with an article by Haeckel on "England's Blood-Guilt in the

World War," and it is good reading—though not in the sense intended by him who is its writer. That the blame rests on Germany is patently false because the Emperor William II has done everything in his power to preserve the blessings of peace. That it does rest upon England is not less patently true, the proof being that her declaration of war had long been in readiness. Such are evidential values from a biologist's point of view. There follows a certain Professor Burgess, who calls himself "an Anglo-American of the earliest stock," adding, in case this should seem insufficient, that he belongs to "the most pronounced type." However, all that he possesses of "higher learning has been won in Germany." Less hysterical than Haeckel, who screams for "liberation from the unbearable yoke under which the British Empire would bend all other peoples," he is content to "draw back with dismay" from the picture of Russia dominating the European continent and Britain ruling over the seas. To minimize such possibilities he falsifies the political situation which led to English intervention. The rest of the number, to an extent exceeding fifty solid pages, is occupied by the editor, who approaches his subject from all possible points. Pan-Slavism appears as a conspiracy; the breach of neutrality in respect of Belgium was the mere pretext for a war already planned; the German cause has been, apparently from the beginning, a fight for very life. As regards the foes of Germany, General French "is proud of having escaped annihilation." Finally, there is the question of Militarism, and at this we pause to offer our becoming respects, because P. Carus announces that "if there is anyone outside of Germany who can speak with authority" on this subject, he is the man. He testifies therefore with authority and not as the scribes. We are instructed to realize that the German Army differs from any other, but especially from that of England, in the fact that it is "the German people in arms" and that "the fatherland does not enlist mercenaries." Now, we can tolerate this kind of thing because it is a rubbish heap which stands at an obvious value; but we confess to a sense of impatience when the writer offers some advice to his "dear English friends." Very civilly he invites us to believe that we are blind, that we are going to our own ruin and that we have done "a grievous wrong." Above all, our generals should be "replaced by capable men." We shall look forward to a much later issue of *The Open Court*, when the great thing which is now being done in the world, outside all seeking of ours, has reached its final term. Mean-

while, so far as "dear English friends" are concerned, *Tace, Carus!*

In the last issue of *The Co-Mason* we confess to a particular interest in what is written from "The Master's Chair." Though in the form of occasional remarks, it fills nearly a third of the number and is entirely outside the subject-matter of Masonry. It is most informing, however, on such extrinsic considerations as the history of Poland and on the Pontificate of Pius X, the latter in particular being treated from a broad standpoint which calls for our best sympathy and earns our highest praise. Among the short papers that follow there is an account of Rosslyn Chapel and its Masonic connections which furnishes much information in summary form.

It is possible that our valued American friend *The New Age* might take a lesson of tolerance on questions of religion from its unorthodox contemporary mentioned in the preceding lines. For some reason which, to write with moderation, is obscure on our side of the Atlantic, this official organ of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in its Southern Jurisdiction seems incessant in its diatribes against the Roman Church in America as if the *Humanum Genus* Encyclical of Leo XIII would never be effaced from its memory. However, in the last number a member of the thirty-third degree has come to believe that there is a surer way of warfare than by the expenditure of "tons of paper" and "gallons of ink." He gives a bird's-eye view of Catholic institutions in Quebec, which provide for "every phase of human need, human suffering and human hope," and are open to everyone "regardless of faith." Here is a system of propaganda which, the writer thinks, is more of a practical success than the above-mentioned gallons and tons. The counsel to Masonry is therefore to do likewise. It is sound enough in its way, but in what manner the fuller development of Masonic benevolence, rivalling that of Catholicism, either will or need be part of a warfare against the latter must be left to those who can see.

We observe that *The American Theosophist*, which has just entered on its sixteenth volume, has decided to suspend publication, in order that it may give place to *The Theosophist* of Adyar.

We note that the December number of *Modern Astrology* contains the reply of a German astrologer to the remarks anent the war which appeared in the October issue of that magazine.

REVIEWS

PRACTICAL MYSTICISM. By Evelyn Underhill. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price 2s. 6d. net.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE MYSTICAL LIFE. By Abbé Lejeune. London: R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

As Miss Underhill in the preface to her book points out, Mysticism is no hot-house plant, no reed to be broken by the stress of circumstances, but the crown and consummation of life, to which all are invited. And in the easy and finished style with which those who are acquainted with her works are already familiar, the author addresses herself, not to the learned or the devout, but to the normal, everyday man, and shows him how far from the dreamer and visionary the true mystic really is, and how sane and healthy, and indeed *essential* to man's wholeness, is the deeper insight into the heart of things which Mysticism brings. While her book is of a practical nature, it is far from a mere collection of cut-and-dried counsels. Rather is it a clear and skilful presentation of fundamental principles. We have nothing but praise for this, her latest effort, and there are none who can fail to be refreshed and inspired by its message, least of all the man in the street, for whom it is written.

In seeking to disabuse the mind of the inquirer of false notions with regard to Mysticism, Miss Underhill remarks that it is not synonymous with Catholic piety. Now, in comparing her work with that of the Abbé Lejeune, *An Introduction to the Mystical Life*, we find that the principles enunciated are identical, as indeed they must be, and that the mystical life of the Catholic is something far different from mere piety. At the very outset the neophyte is warned that he can do no more than prepare the soil, and that while earnest aspiration will call forth due response, that response is not ours to command. Humility, and still deeper humility, is the mystic's watchword, and those who follow the author's exposition of the qualities demanded of the soul ere she can tread the time-honoured Path, will see how every detail of the daily life is tinged with the great purpose of the aspirant. That purpose? To attain to the simplicity of mind and heart that shall see and feel God in all things and all things in God. To the devout the Abbé's treatise cannot but prove inspiring to the highest effort, whilst his persuasive and convincing style should go far to win the sympathetic attention of the non-Catholic to his discourse on the Way, as preserved in the traditions of the Roman Catholic Church.

Although addressed to rather divergent types of audience, the two books are complementary each to each, and we would urge the serious inquirer to a careful perusal of both. H. J. S.

THE BIRTHDAY BOOK. By Mrs. Cecil Crofts. London: William Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 5s. net.

It would be possible to write a long scientific discourse on the probability of the premisses assumed by the author of this attractive-looking birthday book, and without violation to the canons of most exact orthodoxy, argue

for a belief in the view that every day of the year has a psychic characteristic of its own. This is the *raison d'être* of the present charming little volume. As to the symbolism attached to the various days of the year, and the psychic interpretations set upon them, this must be left entirely to the judgment of those who are fortunate enough to possess birthdays. The mere fact of being born on a particular day does not give us any proprietorship in that part of the calendar. Birthdays are of two sorts, those that fit us and those that we fit. If we are good enough or great enough to make a birthday worth recording, then in a very real sense we may be said to possess a birthday. The tacit suggestion here is that birthdays possess us and that we are what we are—at our best, be it observed—by reason of our having been born on a particular day. We can have no quarrel with so convenient a process in nature which makes of every man a slave with a written permit to extend his powers indefinitely and make of himself what he can, even to the point of gaining his own freedom. But while you are on "the Spiral Staircase" or "the Bridge" connecting two Islands, or even "taking tea on a cottage lawn" (the 7th of May being found altogether suitable for that little domestic ceremony), it seems that you have your limitations and must make the most of them.

At the same time you must not forget your opportunities, and if you are in the way to make a suitable birthday or Christmas present, you certainly cannot do better than avail yourself of the opportunity afforded by this neat and attractive little volume.,

SCRUTATOR.

PROPHECIES AND OMENS OF THE GREAT WAR. By Ralph Shirley, Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW, Author of "The New God," etc. London: Messrs. Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., 8 Paternoster Row, E.C. 1914. Price 6d. net.

THERE is no more fascinating form of occultism than "the art of seeing things to come," and the editor of the OCCULT REVIEW has rendered a very useful service in gathering together this noteworthy collection of Prophecies and Omens of the Great War. Several of the predictions are already familiar to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW in "Notes of the Month" during September, October and November, but many others have been added to the collection, and most people will be glad to have them bound together for reference in this handy form, which is quite a vade-mecum of current tradition. The now famous prophecy of Frater Johannes, which was published by M. Peladan in the Paris *Figaro* and identifies the Kaiser with Antichrist, aroused some doubts as to its genuineness on account of the almost-too-remarkable accuracy of its forecast of events. Mr. Shirley, however, at the moment of going to press, received further information showing that the prediction had been in existence at any rate for a number of years. No less striking than some of the prophecies are the astrological forecasts also included in this little book, which the author prefaces by a short but extremely interesting Introduction dealing with the scientific justification of the gift of seership and the illusory nature of our present conception of Time and Space.

EDITH K. HARPER.

KAISER AND ANTICHRIST: STARTLING CORROBORATION OF THE PROPHECY

BY THE EDITOR

AT the moment of going to press I am in receipt of most important information which clearly establishes the fact that the Prophecy of Brother Johannes relating to Antichrist and the Kaiser was not a bogus compilation of Monsieur Peladan's as has been maintained in certain quarters. I have already alluded to the fact that a Belgian Judge, Mr. van Leries, believed that he had a volume in his possession which gave this prediction. He hesitates to make an absolutely positive statement on the matter until he has the opportunity of referring to the book, which is now inaccessible on account of the war. Evidence in confirmation, emanating from another source, appears in the columns of *Light*. This is the statement of a Mrs. J. W. Taylor, of West Retford, Notts. She writes:—

I distinctly remember my grandmother reading portions of the Prophecy of Brother Johannes to me about thirty-eight years ago. I recall her explanation that the Leopard represented England, and I remember also that verse thirty-two made a great impression on my mind. My uncle tells me that he remembers reading the prophecy during his mother's lifetime, so the translation must certainly have been in print over thirty-two years, as it is that length of time since my grandmother's translation.

More important than either of these is the remarkable narrative of Mme Faust, a Belgian lady from Liège, who is now in the neighbourhood of London, and whose husband was the editor of a Belgian newspaper in that town. This lady in the year 1890 attended an evening social entertainment at Liège, where a mixed programme included songs, humorous sketches, and recitations, at the Phare on the Place Verte at that town. Among those who entertained the audience were three or four artistes

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from Le Chat Noir in Paris, and, more important than this, Monsieur Josephin Peladan was also present, and as an item of the programme contributed a recitation of the now celebrated prophecy. Mme Faust, who was then a bride, has a very distinct recollection of the whole evening's performance, and of the way in which her Catholic friends looked at the Protestants who were present, and smiled when he came to the phrase which described Antichrist as a " fils de Luther " (son of Luther), and alluded to Germany as the " pays de Luther " (country of Luther). This recitation was applauded, in spite of the subject, which obviously bored a large number of the company, but Mme Faust and her husband were both greatly impressed. Certain sentences were specially impressed on Mme Faust's mind, owing to their strangeness. Among these was the description of the animals who allegorically represent the Great Powers, and also the statement that more men would fall in battle than Rome had ever contained. The paper as read was entitled at the time " A Prophecy of the Twentieth Century." No explanation of its origin was given by Monsieur Peladan on this occasion. He had then apparently just recently found it among his father's papers. I have already alluded to the fact that Monsieur Faust was the editor of a Liège newspaper. There is reason to believe that all back files of this paper have been preserved, and, if they have not been destroyed by the Germans, they will doubtless be forthcoming at the expiration of the war. In one of these, it is thought that an account of the entertainment figures, among other items of news.

It is clear, therefore, that the charges which have been levelled against Monsieur Peladan in certain papers as a common charlatan and literary forger, absolutely break down. It may still be maintained by some that the prophecy is not of ancient date, but though the exact date in question is clearly a matter about which no dogmatic statement can be made, the impossibility of assuming that the prediction was otherwise than *bona fide* is too ridiculous even to deceive a child. A careful reading of the contents of this remarkable prophecy shows conclusively that its invention during the last fifty years would involve something very much more extraordinary than its acceptance as an inspired utterance of a mediæval monk. We should, in fact, have to suppose that some one—either Monsieur Adrian Peladan (père) or another—had been actually inspired to perpetrate a literary forgery which was subsequently destined to a fulfilment more amazingly accurate than that

KAISER AND ANTICHRIST

of any other prophecy since the world began. No stress was laid by Monsieur Peladan on the exact date of this prediction. The year 1600 was merely put forward as a rough and tentative guess at the approximate period.

The arguments advanced to prove the prediction a bogus one have been throughout singularly weak. One was based on the phrase, given in a free English translation from the French, of "Lutheran Protestant." It was said that this phrase could not have been used in the year 1600. The critic who advanced this extraordinary argument had actually not even referred to the French version, which was readily accessible, and a reference to which would have prevented his perpetrating such an amazing blunder. The phrase in the French is "fils de Luther," which is presumably a translation of the Latin "filius Lutheri." The whole argument was founded on a particular form of expression which there was absolutely no reason to believe figured word for word in the original Latin, and even had it been found in the French version, the contention urged would have been far from conclusive. Another argument, if I can call it such, has also been advanced. This is that there was another Johannes, who published a book of prophecies about the Popes at or about the year 1600. My readers may be at a loss to know what conclusion it was proposed to draw from this fact unless it was that there could not be two people of the name of John, about the same period of history, who could both write books of predictions.

One serious argument, and one alone, has been put forward on behalf of those who would demolish this remarkable prophecy. It is based on a statement of Monsieur Peladan himself, who uses a phrase, in first contributing the prediction to the pages of *Le Figaro*, which seems to suggest that he, and not his father, had done the translating. The phrase is "J'ai trouvé à la traduire et à l'éclaircir." It is obvious from this that, when first sending up the paper, Monsieur Peladan had not proposed to himself to enter into detail as to the exact manner in which he came by it. In view of the interest subsequently aroused, he felt himself bound to make a clear statement of all the facts, as far as he knew them, which he did with a detail and a candour which left nothing to be desired. With this flimsy scrap of evidence, has been bolstered up a charge of the most flagrant kind against the good name of an erudite French writer, an author whose numerous works should by their very nature have at least entitled him to the respect of students of occultism. With the legal aspects of this matter, and the questions of libel inevitably involved, I do not

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propose to deal here. It is, however, much to be hoped that those who have so traduced an honoured name will hasten to make the *amende honorable* at the earliest possible moment. In conclusion I should say that I am indebted for the principal details of this account to the enterprise of Mrs. Salis, a valued correspondent of the OCCULT REVIEW, resident in London, who was kind enough to interview Mme Faust and obtain the particulars above given.