

THE
OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY
RALPH SHIRLEY

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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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VOL. XXXI.

JANUARY 1920

No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

WHEN Matthew Arnold observed that "miracles do not occur," he stated what was at once the most profound of truths and the most glaring of falsehoods, according to the precise meaning which may be attached to the word "miracle." It is very frequently the case that the meaning which attaches itself to a word in the course of centuries deviates in a very marked manner from its original connotation. Thus the word "miracle,"

WHAT ARE
MIRACLES? which, in accordance with its original implication, merely denoted an occurrence which, owing to its startling character, excites wonder or surprise, came by degrees through the laxity of popular thinking to be interpreted as conveying the conception of a breach of some one of nature's immutable laws, an idea which was quite foreign to its original meaning. In this sense we should doubtless be justified in describing the legendary incident wherein Joshua called upon the Sun to stand still upon Gibeon and the Moon in the Valley of Ajalon, as a "miracle." When, however, we so describe some psychic or supernormal incident which does not find its explanation within

the limits of the recognized scientific creed of the day, we merely beg the question. We are, in short, introducing a word which does not simply describe the incident itself, but colours and possibly distorts it by our own personal interpretation of its character. We are, that is, implying that we regard it as a breach of natural law; for it is assumed that we are employing the word "miracle" in its popular sense. In reality the occurrence may have been simply one of a startling and very unusual character. Matthew Arnold undoubtedly intended the word in the popular sense, but in so doing he evidently wished to stigmatize as breaches of natural law many surprising occurrences that might possibly be susceptible of a very different interpretation.

| It is well to recognize that the laws of science are merely generalizations from observed phenomena, but these generalizations are usually so wide that we may dismiss anything in the nature of a breach of them as on the face of it incredible. We must, however, be careful to bear in mind that scientific laws do not in reality cover all observed phenomena, from which we are forced to draw the deduction that there are other laws of which we have no knowledge whatever. In addition to this, a law of nature is always liable to be interfered with by some other law or, alternatively, by the action of man, and possibly we should include within this latter alternative not only man incarnate on the physical plane, but man discarnate as well. When Newton watched the apple falling to the ground and deduced therefrom the law of gravitation he might have interfered with the action of this law by catching the apple and thus intercepting it in its fall to the earth.

The miracles (so called) in the New Testament have been regarded from three different points of view: firstly, from the standpoint of the sceptic who dismisses them as legendary or as exaggerations and misinterpretations of what actually took place; secondly, from the standpoint of the Roman Catholic Church, which accepts them seriously as miracles in the popular sense; thirdly, from the standpoint of many modern thinkers who regard at least the majority of them as evidences of the abnormal power of a Master Spirit, but in no sense as violations of natural law—rather, that is, as the result of the utilization of certain natural laws by one who was able to employ them with greater effect owing to the possession of deeper spiritual insight and understanding than his fellows. The latter view, now so widely held, implies the acceptance of certain much disputed theories with regard to the psychic powers inherent in the human

race. It is these powers that are the subject of a controversy which has come to the forefront at the present time owing in the main to the interest aroused in the reality of the spiritual world, and the possibility of proving this reality scientifically, which is one of the main legacies of the great war. We have heard during the last two or three years more discussion concerning communications with the other world than in any preceding generation. Every gradation of credulity and scepticism has found expression in the press of the day, and the uninstructed critic has lost no opportunity of giving voice to his prejudices and preconceptions. It may be doubted if tittle-tattle across the border line can add greatly to our knowledge of the real character of life beyond the grave. Such communications are frequently at once trivial and uneventful. It is not surprising if the critically minded hold them up to ridicule and contempt. They point, however, if susceptible of substantiation, to possibilities fraught with such immense consequences to the whole human race that in spite of their seeming triviality, they have aroused the attention of the world's thought of to-day. Many striking prophecies were quoted at the beginning of the war with regard to the upshot of the great conflict, a considerable proportion of which the course of events has only served to disprove. Had a prophet arisen then to foretell that one of the greatest consequences of this struggle of the nations would be a general rehabilitation of faith in the after life, he would merely have raised a smile; but there is no doubt that the fact that to-day Spiritualism is at length becoming a live issue with the public at large is due directly to the world war. How often man does but achieve the divine purposes when seeking to violate the divine laws!

If, however, the war has given an impulse to psychical investigation that nothing else could possibly have supplied, there is a danger that that impulse may degenerate into over-credulity and the precipitate acceptance of conclusions which the careful sifting of evidence will fail to substantiate. Nowhere, perhaps, is the enthusiast more dangerous than in matters appertaining to another plane of consciousness.

Spiritualism as hitherto understood will not provide us, whatever its enthusiastic votaries may suppose, with a new religion, scarcely even will it be more than partially successful in rehabilitating the old one. Least of all will it provide us with a new philosophy of life. It is recognized, however, by the man in the street that

SPIRITUAL-
ISM AND
THE WAR.

WHAT SPIRI-
TUALISM
CANNOT DO.

it may be the means of enabling us to establish scientifically the reality of another world, and it is on this precise issue that the thoughts of mankind are concentrated to-day. As to the conditions and character of this world, it will possibly only be able to tell us the impressions of the new arrivals on its outmost limits. What the conditions are in which the spirit of man may function after it has passed through these border realms may still remain an insoluble mystery.

There is, however, a large body of educated opinion which maintains that we are entirely on the wrong track. Its foremost representatives contend that the Spiritualist's view of the other world is sordid and commonplace, nay, more, that it is materialistic. The charge is reiterated in an article in a recent issue of *John o' London's Weekly*, and it must be admitted that a fair case for his position is made out by the writer.

I have read [says Mr. Sidney Dark], four books (dealing with the other world) very carefully. Their titles are: *Fourteen Letters from the Beyond*; *After-Death Communications*; *The Great Beyond and Its Inhabitants*, and *Psychical Miscellanea*. After reading them my feeling is that the Hereafter of the Spiritualist is amazingly banal and that the proofs of its existence are absolutely unconvincing. *Psychical Miscellanea* is by far the most interesting of the series. It is written with dignity and skill, and with much that Mr. Hill says of miracles, hypnotism, and telepathy, most people will agree.

Mr. Dark quotes, however, from Mr. Hill's book an alleged communication from the other side, as follows: "In a case known to me the spirit communicating through a non-professional medium, a lady of means and position, referred to a recipe for pomatum which the communicator said she had written in her recipe book." On this Mr. Dark comments: "To me it is an

A RECIPE
FOR POMATUM.

appalling thought that when life is finished and the mortal has put on immortality men and women should still bother their heads about pomatum." Mr. Dark proceeds to quote another message from *After-Death Communications* sent by a Mr. Marston. It runs as follows: "I have seen Marion's mother. Mother has lost her baldness, which was such a pity, was it not? Mother used to look very sweet in that coloured jacket. It was between a blue and a green." The writer argues that "the triviality of the Spiritualists' after-world is the main reason for disbelieving in its existence. The idea that when our earthly course is run we are to spend our years half in and half out of the world, interested in baldness and pomade, not only adds to the horror of death, but robs life and the essential spirit of man of their dignity." Mr. Dark alludes to

the "note of repulsive littleness" that occurs over and over again in these communications, and concludes that "they are too silly to be credible."

Is it not true that we ourselves feel a similar sense of repulsion? Do not we feel that we should be only too thankful to get rid of the petty meannesses of life after we have passed over to the other side? I think we must admit that the way in which the critics jumped upon the incident of the whisky and soda and the cigar, in Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond*, was not unnatural.

THE INSTINCT WHICH prompted them to do so was a true one. And yet the deductions drawn from such alleged messages in condemnation of the veracity of all communications from the other side is not therefore justifiable. The incident of the whisky and soda and the cigar recalls the story of the late Lord Romilly. Lord Romilly was burned to death through the upsetting of his lamp. It was persistently reported that for some time after this incident he was seen by various people walking up and down the street outside his house smoking his cigarette. The parallel here is obvious. People do not shuffle off the habits of life with the readiness that is generally supposed.

It has always seemed to me that there must be many very stuffy and sordid corners in the astral plane, and if people are to be found there who take interest in pomade and discuss hair restorers, it would not surprise me in the least. But for those who wish to avoid this sort of future life, the way is surely open. If we carry over to the other world only that which we garner in this, we shall find ourselves at least in the sort of surroundings to which we are logically entitled. Those who desire a higher and more spiritual heaven must set their affections on things above.

OTHER
WORLD
CONDITIONS They must see that their interests centre on the higher and nobler things of life here. Surely there are two sides to the matter. If people who only take interest in clothes, complexions, and hair restorers, find an environment which provides them with food for similar interests in the other world, it follows surely that those who have lived for art, or science, or philosophy, or who have found their pleasure in bettering the condition of mankind, will also find themselves when they pass over, in the condition of life in which these higher interests will meet with their abundant gratification. Perhaps, too, there may be the additional advantage that the more sordid and self-seeking of mankind will have dropped to their own natural low level, and consequently left the higher planes

free of many of those unpleasant features which here on earth spoil so much of the beauty and harmony of life. Matthew Arnold's wish about his own death, a wish in all its essentials actually fulfilled, has an evident bearing on this matter.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied.
Ask but the folly of mankind
Then, then at last to quit my side.

Surely there is such a possibility in the after life. Surely also it involves as its corollary the fact of the existence, repulsive as the thought undoubtedly is, of these stuffy corners of the astral plane, which people, alas! so often get in touch with at the ordinary spiritualistic séance. There is, as I have said, undoubtedly a very commonplace side to many of the pictures of the other world in the numerous books of spiritualistic communications which have been so lavishly offered to the public during recent times. But are not they pictures by commonplace people of their own inevitably commonplace environment? All such pictures are not commonplace. Take, for instance, some descriptions by the author of *The Letters of a Living Dead Man*.*

I am just beginning [he says in one of these] to enjoy the romance of life out here. I must always have had the romantic temperament.

THE RO- But only since changing my place have I had time and
MANCE OF opportunity to give rein to it. . . . When I say romance,
THE I mean the charm of existence, the magic touch which
AFTER LIFE, turns the grey face of life to rose colour. . . . It is wonder-
ful to have leisure to dream and to realize one's dream.
For here the realization goes with the dream. Everything
is so rich. Imagination is so potent. And the power to link things is so
great—so almost unlimited.

Is not this a fascinating picture from the point of view at least of one who possesses the necessary imagination? of one who is an artist or idealist by temperament?

Doubtless there is also the other side of the picture. The picture of the other world from the point of view of those who cannot get away from their commonplace earth interests. And this is the side that obtrudes itself in the quotations made by Mr. Sidney Dark. But it is not mere triviality from which people cannot get away.

I have often been sorry [says the writer of *The Letters of a Living Dead Man*] for men who in life have been the slaves of business routine. Many of them cannot get away from it for a long time, and instead of

* London: W. Rider & Son, Ltd. 4s. 6d. net.

enjoying themselves here, they go back and forth, to and from the scenes of their old labours, working over and over some problem in tactics or finance until they are almost as weary as when they "die."

There is the instance, again, given of the woman who still fancied herself living in a boarding-house, and could not realize that she had passed into another world. For such people the

IS THE
OTHER
WORLD
LIKE THIS
ONE?

life in the other world is doubtless a dream, and a very sordid dream at that. But in the nature of things is it unlikely that it should be so? I confess that I think not. Mr. Dark says, in criticizing one of the quotations he makes, "here the suggestion is that the next life is almost exactly like our present life." We are all too familiar with this criticism. For the woman in the boarding-house, it undoubtedly would be so; but for those who have passed over and realized the true conditions of the new life, surely it is something very different. There are certain obvious facts to be borne in mind with regard to this, which seem to escape people to an amazing extent. One of the points to which attention is drawn in the book already referred to, is the power of imagination and imaginative creation in the other world, the facility with which great works can be accomplished.

Why [says our reader], it takes more energy on earth to put one heavy foot before another heavy foot, and to propel the hundred or two hundred pound body a mile, than it takes here to go round the world! That will give you an idea of the quantity of surplus energy that we have for enjoying ourselves, and for dream building.

What, again, does life generally turn on here? Does it not turn on the necessity of making two ends meet, and of providing for wife and family? Does it not turn on the necessity of earning an income which will enable us to provide for what we call "the ordinary necessities of life"? There are no such "ordinary necessities" in the other world. Surely this point alone should satisfy us that the other world and this world are the poles asunder. The interests and activities that make life what it is here disappear to a great extent when we pass over. When a man has left this world for a better—or perhaps a worse—one, it is usual to speak of him as "poor So-and-so." The phrase has always seemed to me a singularly futile one; but perhaps the allusion is to the fact of his no longer having a balance at the bank! What an amazing difference, indeed, must the absence of the whole question of finance make! All our social life here turns on it. Read the daily papers. Is not this one problem in one form or another

at the bottom of the bulk of the news that they contain? Strikes, agitations for higher pay, slum problems, revolutions, and indeed very often external wars themselves, hinge on this question of social well-being which at bottom is a matter of finance. You are up against it at every turn. Where the interest of life to the man in the street does not lie in this direction,

WHAT WE
SHALL NOT
FIND ON
THE OTHER
SIDE.

it is a question of the relation of the sexes, and of the insoluble problems and embarrassments that arise therefrom. Here again, in the other world, the whole crux of the problem is removed. And yet people suggest that the other world is like this one. The point is surely rather that the man or woman who passes over is the same as he or she was in the other world, but that the conditions are entirely different. Here, it seems to me, is where Mr. Sidney Dark makes his mistake. He says: "The triviality and the materialism of the communications stamps them as false." And again: "It cannot be that we shall put off this incorruptible to rap tables and bother about pomade." The trouble, it seems to me, is that those who bother about pomade in this world are only too likely to bother about pomade in the next. One fatal illusion which has distorted all our ideas with regard to the future life is that we shall be transformed by death. If there is any future life for us at all, one thing at least is certain. What we were on this side we shall remain on the other—until at least we learn the folly of our ways. If this were not so, what would it mean? It would simply mean that we should die and that another person totally unlike us would be born on another plane. Whatever the transformed person might be, it certainly would not be ourself. It would not possess the one essential which would make this possible. There would be no identity, no survival of the individual man.

It is a fascinating picture that people paint for themselves of an after life in which we shall all be transformed into seraphic beings. It is well that they should wake up to the fact that it is pure illusion. Man makes for himself here either his heaven or his hell, and when he passes over he takes it with him. True as this is, Mr. Sidney Dark's criticisms contain, I think, a wholesome warning. They show what a great mistake it is to put into print all the tittle-tattle of silly conversations across the borderline, even when, as is, I am sure, by no means always the case, these are actually in the nature of genuine communications. It suggests, I think, more than this. It shows what a mistake it is to hold spiritualistic séances, in which commonplace and sordid spirits

communicate, and which bear the obvious hall-mark of futility and triviality.

You know, perhaps [says the author I have already quoted], that, while on earth, I investigated Spiritualism as I investigated many things of an occult nature, looking always for the truth that was behind them, but I was convinced then, and am now more than ever convinced, that except for the scientific demonstration that such things can be—which of course, has value as a demonstration only—most spirit-hunting is not only a waste of time, but an absolute detriment to those who engage in it.

"This," he adds, "may sound strange, coming from a so-called spirit, one who is actually at this time in communication with the world. If this is so, I cannot help it. If I seem inconsistent, then I seem so, that is all. But I wish to go on record as discouraging irresponsible mediumship." In the passage which follows this the writer, it seems to me, comes to the crux of the whole matter, at the same time justifying his own position.

THE DAN-
GERS OF
THE SEANCE
ROOM.

"Would you [he says] advise any delicate or sensitive woman to sit down in the centre of Hyde Park and invite the passing crowds to come and speak through her, or touch her, or mingle their magnetism with hers? You shudder. You would shudder more, had you seen some of the things which I have seen." It is of course quite another matter where there are communications of importance to make; but there are no communications of importance to be made about pomade, or bald heads, or hair restorers. In these matters it is only too frequently the case that like attracts like, and people who think trivial thoughts attract trivial spirits. "It is another matter," as our author says, "if we could be sure that at the other end of the psychic line there was an entity who had something sincere and important to say. But this world out here is full of vagrants even as the earth. As this world is peopled largely from your world, it is inevitable that we have the same kind of beings that you have. They have not changed in passing through the door of death." Is this not common sense? It would be well if inquirers would apply this same touchstone of common sense to all the problems that confront them in connection with another plane of being. *Sanitas sanitarum omnia sanitas* is the true motto of the occultist. The sane judgment is nowhere more vitally important than in matters outside the scope of recognized scientific law.

There is special danger in periods of great social and political change for the mind to become unbalanced. We have seen a

great deal of this lack of balance among individuals as well as among great masses of people during the war period—men and nations first carried away by too sanguine hopes, and then again by waves of needless pessimism. There is also a wave of credulity passing over the world, stories of a kind that were once almost universally derided now being eagerly swallowed without consideration and without the application of any critical judgment.

LACK OF BALANCE AMONG MEN. Recently an entirely ridiculous prophecy has been going the rounds of the Press, based on a supposedly unique concatenation of the planets. Undoubtedly the prophecy as it appeared in the papers bore little resemblance to the prediction originally made by Professor Porter of Michigan. But it has certainly earned for him an unenviable notoriety. The planetary positions (by no means unique in their character) on which he relied for his forecast of storms and earthquakes (not apparently any universal cosmic upheaval) were heliocentric; that is, they were viewed from the standpoint of the Sun, and not from that of the earth. Recognized astrological predictions are based on calculations of a geocentric character. It would appear that heliocentric positions should affect other planets equally with the earth, though this is of course not saying that they might not conceivably exercise a disturbing influence on the magnetic condition of this planet and thereby be productive of meteorological or even possibly seismic disturbances. **A FANTASTIC PREDICTION.** The manner in which the forecast has been distorted and exaggerated and the alarm which appears to have been raised in certain quarters, affords a striking evidence of the hysterical and unbalanced temperament now so prevalent, a temperament which one must regretfully add the daily press does its level best to foster.

There is an old Greek mythological story of some demigod (I forget which) who, however often he was overthrown or slain in battle, invariably rose rejuvenated the moment his head came in contact with mother earth. If in the present disintegrating and unnerving social and international conditions, men would endeavour to keep a little more in touch with the cool sanity and solidity of mother earth, fewer panics would arise, and fewer mistakes would be made by those to whom the guidance of the ship of state is entrusted at a time when mistakes are so fraught with grave danger. According to astrological theory, the Aquarian age is upon us, and the Aquarian age is an age of change, new ideas, and intellectual emancipation. Says

the author of *Last Letters from the Living Dead Man** :—

The wave of psychical research which is now sweeping across the world will wear thin the veil between the visible and the invisible. More and more, men and women will live in two worlds at the same time ; for the two worlds occupy the same space, and their differences are differences of consciousness, of vibration, the latter including a difference in states of matter.

Men will grow more magnetic under the influences that will play upon them. They will affect each other more and more, and that is one reason why greater freedom will be necessary. With the greater sensitiveness which the new time will bring, it will be more difficult for large families

THE AQUARIAN AGE.	to live together a common life. While the tendency is for all mankind to be one family in sympathy, more and more it will be recognized that each man requires privacy for his best development. The tyranny of the family will give place to freedom in the family.
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Strip family life of its tyranny and it may be very charming.

The sensitive and highly-charged beings of the new age would explode if they should be obliged to sit every evening round the family "centre table" listening to the maunderings of the least progressive among them, who by reason of greater age assumed the right to lay down the law. This does not mean that children will not honour their parents ; but under the new dispensation parents will honour their children's need for the individual life, and will give it to them—thereby securing their own freedom.

The freedom of the later Aquarian age will be manifest in the mind. "Heresy" will cease to exist ; the word will become obsolete.

In this Aquarian age the fatal error will ever be to cramp the expanding human mind with the shibboleths of outworn tradition and the exploded theories of the past. Orthodoxy, alike religious and scientific, will inevitably go by the board, and those who attempt to bolster up the dead dogmas and lifeless battle-cries which did duty while the race was in its swaddling clothes, will find themselves fighting in vain against the *Zeitgeist*, the world-spirit of the Aquarian age. Let them be wise in time and realize that now that the "old order changeth, yielding place to new," they do not find themselves relegated to the museum of human antiquities, because they refused to breathe the purer air of the new time. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*. The times are changing, and if we do not change with the times we shall not stop the wheel of progress but shall ourselves be broken on the wheel.

It is interesting to note that *Zadkiel's Almanac and Ephemeris*† for the year 1920 is the ninetieth annual edition of this

* *Last Letters from the Living Dead Man*. By Elsa Barker. The third and last volume of communications from X. London ; Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd. Price 4s. 6d. net.

† London : Simpkin Marshall & Co. Price 1s. net.

publication, which was first brought out under the auspices of Commander Morrison, R.N., at the end of the year 1830. In addition to the usual astrological information with regard to the months of the year, and the quarterly figures, it contains an ephemeris of the planets' places for the year 1920, and notes on the horoscopes of King George, the Prince of Wales, Marshal Foch, the ex-Kaiser, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Winston Churchill.

In the ex-Kaiser's horoscope the Sun comes both to the conjunction and parallel of Mars by primary direction at the end of 1920, the critical nature of which position needs no comment.

In the Premier's horoscope the early summer falls under the favourable influence of the trine of ZADKIEL'S ALMANAC. Jupiter to the Moon, but the latter part of the year is less fortunate, the Sun returning to its own parallel and the Moon reaching the opposition of Neptune. It is curious that this planet (Neptune) of which we know so little, should be just culminating at the birth of Marshal Foch, to whose horoscope I have already alluded. The figure for this nativity gives Mars rising in Cancer in opposition to the Moon and in sextile with Mercury in the 4th house. Mercury, the Sun and Venus all occupy the 4th angle and Jupiter is not far distant, notable indications of success in the latter part of life. The very favourable positions under which Marshal Foch won his great victories have already been adverted to. It would be interesting to see the figure for Monsieur Clemenceau's horoscope, in view of his very long and stormy political career, and the signal success in which it has eventuated. One would look to see indications of a very forceful personality.

Some reference is made in the Almanac to the opening of the Peace Conference, under auspices which at the time left all astrologers aghast. Certainly if astrology has the validity for which those who have studied it carefully contend it has,

it is sheer madness to open conferences of such THE PEACE CONFERENCE. momentous importance under such very unfortunate planetary configurations. "When the Peace Conference was opened at Paris," says the Editor, "on January 18, 1919, the Moon was within $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ conjunction with Saturn and in opposition with Uranus, and she was only 2° past the opposition of Mars." The only really favourable position was that of Jupiter, lately risen in Cancer. "The armistice," adds the Editor, "should not have been conceded without a demand addressed to the German authorities for Berlin to be occupied

by the Allies, and for peace to be signed in that capital."

The signing of the Treaty of Peace on June 28, 1919, at Versailles gave a very significant figure: one strikingly mixed in its good and evil indications, the most favourable position being that of Venus, Lady of the ascendant, occupying the Mid-heaven. Here again we see the planet Neptune dominating the figure, being posited in Leo $7^{\circ} 49'$ within one degree of the Mid-heaven. Eight of the celestial bodies are congregated within 62° , one-sixth of the circle, all around the Mid-heaven. Uranus stands alone retrograde in the Fourth. Says the Editor, "As the figure of the heavens shows the four fixed signs Leo, Scorpio, Aquarius, and Taurus on the four angles, there is some hope of the Treaty remaining in force for a quarter of a century, notwithstanding the Sun, Moon, Jupiter, and Mercury being in Cancer cadent from the Mid-heaven." There are indications of deceit and treachery in the figure.

From the point of view of London, the most favourable quarterly figure for the year is that for the autumn equinox, as Jupiter culminates, while Venus has just risen. The summer figure is a fairly favourable one, but with rather mixed indications. Mars is just rising in its own sign at the vernal equinox, and Saturn occupies the ascendant at the winter solstice, so that the indications for the first half of the year are hardly propitious. The malefic planet Saturn is stationed in Virgo throughout the year, the sign which has been traditionally regarded as ruling

the Turkish Empire, and among cities, Paris.
 RUSSIA AND TURKEY. The benefic Jupiter, however, enters the same sign at the end of August, thereby mitigating its

evil influence, and holding out prospects of reform and better government for Turkey. The long sojourn of the evil planet Uranus in Aquarius, the ruling sign of Russia, comes to an end with January, so that a more fortunate period for that unhappy country may be anticipated. Though the improvement is likely to be a permanent one, the turn of the tide will probably be gradual, as there are evil significations in the Russian horoscope on more occasions than one during the year, Mars being seen culminating at Petrograd at the summer solstice. The outlook in the autumn is a much brighter one, and the indications suggest that the Bolshevik dominance will receive its quietus during the forthcoming twelvemonth.

A ROMANCE OF TYRE

By ST. GEORGE BEST

IN dreams that haunt my sleep I see
Yourself in Tyrian purple clad ;
And at your side I seem to be,
With all your witcheries made mad.

Your arms like Parian marble gleam,
Your sandaled feet are white as snow ;
Your zone-girt breasts with jewels teem.
Your wrists with sapphires are aglow.

Your eyes the selfsame charm possess
That now beneath their lashes dwells ;
In every gesture I confess
The magic of your myriad spells.

Your hair gives forth a perfume such
As once from Araby was blown ;
I tremble at your fingers' touch,
I long to make you all my own.

You yield, you're mine, no more to part
The ages through, come weal or woe ;
And thus I held you to my heart,
In Tyre three thousand years ago.

OCCULTISM AND THE ATOMIC THEORY

BY H. STANLEY REDGROVE. B.Sc.(LOND.), F.C.S.

THE theory that all material bodies are made up of small particles or atoms is an extremely old one. It played an important part in the Epicurean philosophy of ancient Greece, and almost certainly Epicurus derived it from some still more ancient source. The atomic theory of modern science is, however, a very different thing from the atomic theory of Greek philosophy, being the outcome of an endeavour to correlate a large number of definite facts—to express them, as it were, in the simplest possible formula—whereas the atomic theory of Epicurus and Leucippus was merely a hazy speculation. There has been much discussion in recent days concerning the ultimate truth of the atomic theory, and the theory itself has undergone important modifications as the result of investigations in a field of facts not hitherto cognised by science, to which further reference will be made later. It must be remembered, however, that science is not concerned with ultimate truth, and that so far as, but no farther than, the atomic theory is found useful as a formula co-ordinating the various classes of facts it was devised to co-ordinate, so far is it true.

It would, of course, be impossible here to essay any detailed account of the origin of the atomic theory of modern science, especially as the subject is very involved and technical. Certain salient features may, however, be pointed out. The modern atomic theory may be said to be the product of two distinct lines of investigation and thought. On the one hand, the study of the ratios by weight in which bodies chemically combine with one another revealed certain remarkable regularities, which, as Dalton saw, could be very easily explained by a revival of Epicurus' theory in a modified and exact form. As a result, he put forward, in the early days of the nineteenth century, his atomic theory, according to which, in its original form, the chemical elements—that is to say, bodies incapable of being broken down by analytical methods—are made up of small indivisible particles or atoms, which for any one element are all alike in their chemical properties, and are characterised by a definite weight; whilst the atoms, or smallest particles, of compound bodies are formed by the juxtaposition of atoms of different elements, every different

combination of elements forming a different compound, with properties (in many cases) quite unlike those of the elements constituting it. The atoms of elements Dalton called atoms of the first order; those of compounds atoms of the second, third, fourth, etc., orders, according to the number of elementary atoms which each contained.

The other line of investigation which led to the same conclusion was that of the physical properties of gases. In the first place, Robert Boyle, in the seventeenth century, had found that the volume of any gas at constant temperature is inversely proportional to its pressure. Next, Dalton found that all gases at constant pressure have the same co-efficient of expansion under heat, the actual value being $\frac{1}{273}$ per 1°C.* The significance of these two remarkable laws did not escape notice, and it was seen by Gay-Lussac that they could be explained by the assumption of an atomic structure for all gaseous bodies. Moreover, he had himself discovered the remarkable law that the volume-ratios in which gases chemically combine with one another are always expressible by means of simple numbers, and that the contraction in volume which usually follows as the result of such combination is always some simple fraction of the total volume. It seemed, at first sight, only necessary to adopt Dalton's atomic theory and to make the further assumption that the effective volumes of the particles or atoms of all gases (under the same conditions of pressure and temperature) are the same, for all these laws to fall in line. But when the attempt was made to work out the actual contraction-ratios on this assumption, glaring contradictions at once emerged and a controversy ensued between Dalton and Gay-Lussac.

In a few years, however, the whole matter so far was cleared up by Avogadro, though his views did not gain full recognition until many years later. The great point made clear by Avogadro was that the particles demanded by the weight-ratios in which chemical bodies combine are distinct from the particles demanded by the pressure-temperature-volume relations of gases; in other words that the chemical "atoms" and the physical "atoms" are not the same. The latter are now termed "molecules" to avoid confusion, though Avogadro used a different nomenclature. The molecule is (except in the cases of the recently discovered rare gases of the atmosphere and a few other bodies, such as mercury vapour) composed of more than one atom. The exact

* Both these laws are approximately true only. For a discussion of the significance of this see my *The Magic of Experience* (Dent, 1915), § 50.

number of atoms in one molecule of any body is a hypothetical number, but in order to reconcile Dalton's and Gay-Lussac's theories, all that it is necessary to assume is that in the case of a compound the molecule is identical with what Dalton called an atom of the second, third, fourth or higher order, as the case may

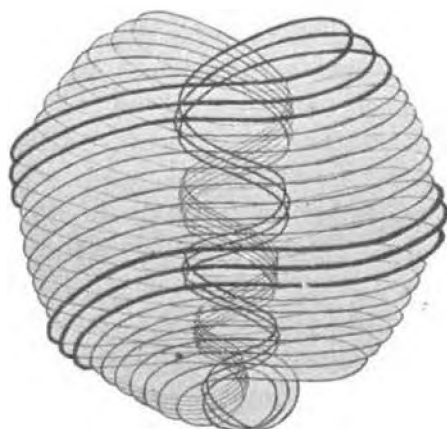


FIG. 1.—Positive (or male)

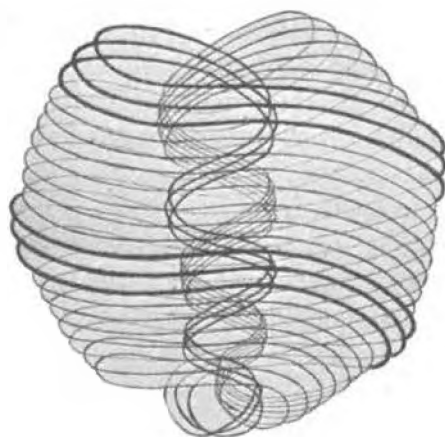


FIG. 2.—Negative (or female).

THE ULTIMATE PHYSICAL ATOMS.

Clairvoyantly observed, according to Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater.

be, whilst in the case of an element the molecule consists, in many cases, of two atoms.

But although all the known relevant facts were thus harmonised and correlated, men of science almost at once began to speculate as to whether the end of the quest had been reached, and many attempts were made to resolve the sixty-odd different sorts of atoms postulated by Dalton's theory into one primal

entity. The actual weights of the various sorts of atoms were, of course, unknown *; but comparatively simple chemical methods were devised for determining these weights relative to one another. Since the atom of hydrogen was found to be the lightest, its weight was chosen as the arbitrary standard, and the other weights were expressed in terms of this as unity.† It was found that when this was done a very large proportion of the atomic weights came out as whole numbers, or very nearly so, and the theory was put forward that all other atoms were built up by the conglomeration of hydrogen atoms. This theory, however, failed to be substantiated, and it may be said that nothing effectual was achieved towards the unification of matter until it was definitely established, in recent years and mainly by the researches of Professor Sir J. J. Thomson, that when electricity is forced through a highly rarefied gas, it is conveyed by (or rather, in the form of) minute negatively-charged particles, much smaller than the smallest known atom, that of hydrogen. Since the nature of these particles—first called "corpuscles," but now known as "electrons"—was found to be independent of the gas used, it was not unreasonably concluded that here perhaps was the unity behind the multiplicity of atoms for which so long search had been made. This conclusion was much strengthened by the discovery of radium and other strongly radio-active elements, whose atoms were found to be unstable, decomposing spontaneously into atoms of other elements with the liberation of free electrons.

At the same time a serious difficulty was encountered, namely, how to explain the production of an atom, an electrically neutral body, from electrically negative particles, no electrically neutral or positively charged particle corresponding to the electron being known. Professor Sir J. J. Thomson assumed a sphere of positive electrification wherein the electrons are supposed to revolve. However, determinations made by him of the stoppage and scattering by various elementary and compound bodies of the electrons (β -rays) which are shot off when the radium atom decomposes, as well as other researches, seem to indicate that the number of electrons in any atom is of the same order as its atomic weight. Professor Rutherford has suggested, in consequence, that the atom may consist of a massive central nucleus

* Attempts have since been made to determine these, with a fair measure of success.

† For certain reasons the standard oxygen=16 is now always employed. This makes hydrogen=1.008.

OCCULTISM AND THE ATOMIC THEORY 19

(or ion = carrier of electricity), electrified positively, around which the electrically-negative electrons revolve, the atom thus being a sort of microcosmic solar system.

The inertia or mass of the electron, as determined by Thomson and others, is about $\frac{1}{1836}$ of that of the hydrogen atom. Moreover, everything indicates that this inertia or mass is entirely electrical in origin, the electron being, not strictly a particle charged with electricity, but simply an electrical charge—an indivisible unit or atom of negative electricity. Now, mass or inertia is the one characteristic property of what we call "matter," and it is because of this property that matter possesses weight; so that it would seem that the one essential character of matter can be explained electrically and that matter can be resolved into an electrical phenomenon.



FIG. 3.—AN ATOM OF SODIUM.



FIG. 4.—AN ATOM OF GOLD.

Clairvoyantly observed, according to Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater.

The resolution of matter has, however, been carried a step further, and the view is everywhere gaining ground amongst men of science that the electron is nothing but a stress-centre in the ether, and the atoms of matter ethereal vortices. What then is the ether? The concept of the ether, like that of the atom, is exceedingly ancient and has undergone many vicissitudes. From the scientific point of view the history of the theory of the ether may be dated from Huygens (17th century). It arose as the result of attempts to explain such phenomena as the diffraction and polarisation of light, which the old theory, that light was propagated by means of small particles thrown out from the luminous body, was powerless to explain. According to Huygens' undulatory theory, which was especially developed by Euler, Young

and Fresnel, all space is filled with a homogeneous, perfectly fluid medium, the ether. The luminosity of a body is due to an extremely rapid vibratory motion of its molecules, which, when communicated to the ether, is propagated in all directions. The vibrations of the ether take place transversely and not in the direction in which the wave is travelling.

Such a medium as the ether is, moreover, needed to fill the interspaces between the particles of matter, unless we are to essay the very difficult concept of action at a distance.

In the early days of the undulatory theory of light, and until quite recently, the ether was always thought of as a very tenuous and rarefied body, and attempts to calculate its density, yielding very small values indeed, based, as is now known, on erroneous hypotheses, were made. The researches of Sir Oliver Lodge have, however, entirely altered all this, and have given us an entirely different idea of the nature and properties of the ether—an idea which seems to take us back to certain esoteric and occult teaching. Lodge's researches prove, not merely that the ether is by no means a tenuous body, but that its density is enormously great compared with even the densest form of matter.* Not only is the ether enormously dense, it also possesses tremendous energy. As Lodge himself puts it, "Every cubic millimetre of the universal ether of space must possess the equivalent of a thousand tons, and every part of it must be squirming internally with the velocity of light."†

As Swedenborg so well divined, and modern research demonstrates, a fluid or normally non-rigid body, if moving with a sufficiently high velocity, becomes endowed with rigidity and the other characteristics of solidity; thus, as Lodge points out in the work to which I have referred, a disc of paper if rotated sufficiently rapidly will cut into steel, and a stream of water flowing at a high rate cannot be severed with a sword. So by the rapid vibration of etherial stress-centres may a solid atom be produced. Material bodies have such low densities compared with the ether, because, although made out of this very dense medium, they possess a grained structure, and the distances between the grains are so great. The density of the ether within any material body is as great as that of the ether without, but it is not this density we determine when we find, as we say, the density of a body, by means of weighing it and measuring its volume.

Matter in the light of this theory is seen to be something less

* See his *The Ether of Space* (1909).

† *Ibid.* p. 97.

than the ether—its properties faint shadows of those of its source. In itself ether is always ether, but to become manifested as matter, it must, if I may be allowed to personify it, humiliate itself and limit its splendour and powers. But if we may conceive the energy and mass of all material bodies to be that of the ether, limited in view of its manifestation, may we not carry the thought a step further and, with Swedenborg and many another bold adventurer into the unknown, regard the whole universe as continually created by the self-limitation of the infinite substance and power of God?

In connection with these recent conclusions of modern science, a work by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, which has just been



FIG. 5.—AN ATOM OF CARBON.

Clairvoyantly observed, according to Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater.

re-issued in an enlarged form under the able editorship of Mr. A. P. Sinnett,* is of peculiar interest. Clairvoyants claim to be able to see, through the veil of matter, the worlds that lie within and beyond. If this claim is a valid one, then the elements ought to be capable of analysis by means of clairvoyance. Now it is precisely this which Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater assert that they have accomplished, and the results of their investigation are given in the book in question with some considerable detail.

For full particulars of the investigation I must refer my readers to the book itself, but it will be of interest here briefly to sum-

* *Occult Chemistry : Clairvoyant Observations on the Chemical Elements.* By Annie Besant, P.T.S., and Charles W. Leadbeater. Revised edition, edited by A. P. Sinnett, 8½ in. × 6 in., pp. v + 109 + x + 6 plates. London : Theosophical Publishing House, 1 Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Price 8s. 6d.

marise the chief points. The researches, it is well to point out, were commenced in the year 1895, and the early results were published in *Lucifer* of that year.

According to Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, all the chemical elements are built up of two sorts of constituents, the ultimate atoms of the physical plane. These are shown in Figs. 1 and 2. They may be roughly described as spiral whorls of force—which remind one of Swedenborg's views*—and the two sorts differ from each other only in that in one ("positive" or "male") force pours into the physical realm from fourth-dimensional space, whereas in the other ("negative" or "female") the process is reversed. In other respects they are identical. They are said to be very complex in structure, the spirals of which they are composed being in their turn made up of spirillæ, and these again of minuter spirillæ. The minuter spirillæ themselves are made up of an immense number of the tiniest imaginable dots arranged like pearls threaded on an invisible string. It is estimated that there are about fourteen thousand millions of these dots in an ultimate physical atom. They are spherical and absolutely simple in construction, and consist of centres of vacuity in the all-pervading ether—or, as our authors term it, "koilon."

The ultimate physical atoms are built up, through three intermediate stages of increasing complexity, into the chemical atoms. The forms of these are more or less symmetrical, as may be seen from the illustrations reproduced in Figs. 3 to 6, which show the appearance to clairvoyant sight of the atoms of sodium, gold, carbon and iron respectively. And it is thus possible to calculate the total number of ultimate physical atoms in any chemical atom, by counting the number in each of its distinct parts. Thus in the sodium atom, the number of ultimate physical atoms in a funnel is found to be sixteen, the number in a central globe ten, and the number in the connecting rod fourteen. Since there are twenty-four funnels and two globes, this gives 418 as the total number. Now it was found that the hydrogen atom contains eighteen ultimate physical atoms, and $418 \div 18$ gives 23.22. This is a very close approximation to the atomic weight of sodium, which is 23.83, referred to hydrogen as unit. Similar results were in every case obtained, the number of ultimate physical atoms in a chemical atom when divided by eighteen giving a figure closely agreeing with the official atomic weight.

It will hardly be suggested that Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater have deliberately concocted these results with a view to

* As expounded more especially in his *Prin ipia*.

establishing credence for the clairvoyant powers they claim to possess. I merely mention this alternative in order to discard it. What explanation, then, is possible, of the striking agreement between their atomic weights, clairvoyantly determined, and those based on ordinary chemical methods? I can see only two possibilities. Either their sub-consciousness has played a most elaborate trick on them—a very hazardous speculation, attributing to the sub-consciousness extraordinary powers in the way of mental arithmetic—or else what they claim to have seen does somehow correspond with reality.

I am by no means unaware of the difficulties involved in this latter view. Their ultimate physical atoms are far too large to be electrons—they are nearly a hundred times too large—

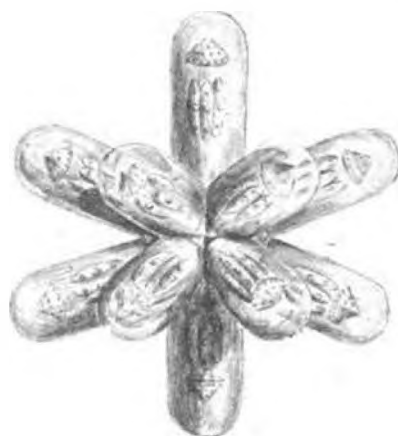


FIG. 6.—AN ATOM OF IRON.

Clairvoyantly observed, according to Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater.

whilst their centres of vacuity in koilon are far too small. Moreover, whilst, as a rule, they describe the atoms of elements which resemble one another chemically as having constitutions of the same type, the unlikeness of their sodium atom to those of sodium's chemical congeners (potassium especially) is rather marked; and we look at the diagram of radium in vain to see how helium could result therefrom, unless, indeed, the ultimate physical atoms sever themselves separately from the radium atom and recombine together as helium atoms.

The work of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater presents a problem and a challenge. I certainly have no intention of proclaiming: Here is the mystery of the elements revealed; but also I should be the last to tolerate ignoring the claims of clairvoyance. The mysteries of the world are manifold, and those who would see need every available source of light. He is a

foolish man who scorns any means of approach—any hint that may lead to the solution of these mysteries. Research : that is what is called for—and it is only thereby that we may hope all finally to arrive at the same goal.

Before concluding this essay there is one other curious matter to which reference must be made, a matter which raises questions no less difficult to answer than those created by Mrs. Besant's and Mr. Leadbeater's work. The old-time occultists with one accord believed in a connection between the planets (including sun and moon) and the seven metals known to them—an idea in harmony with their belief in the symbolic, or to use Swedenborg's term, correspondential, relationship running throughout all planes of existence and binding them into a whole. There was also asserted by them to be a similar relationship between the planets and the days of the week, which belief is preserved in many cases in the names given to the latter. This is more particularly evident in the case of the French names, as may be seen from the Table herewith appended. And in the case of those English names which are derived from those of the gods of Scandinavian mythology, obvious connections can be traced between these gods and those of Greece and Rome, and a common astronomical origin for the gods of different mythologies is indicated. Thus Tuesday is named after *Tíw*, a god of war, such as was Mars ; Thursday is named after *Thor*, a god of thunder, such as was Jove or Jupiter ; and Friday is named after *Frig*, or *Freya*, a goddess, such as was Venus. It is not difficult also to connect *Odin* or *Wotan*, the god after whom Wednesday is named, with Mercury. Mercury, the fleet-footed, was the messenger of the gods, and *Odin* could send his thoughts afar. Both, it would seem, symbolise the mobility of thought.

TABLE OF OCCULT CORRESPONDENCES

Planet	Sign	Metal	Atomic Weight *	Specific Gravity	Day of the Week	
					English	French
Saturn	♄	Lead	207	11·4	Saturday	Samedi
Jupiter	♃	Tin	119	7·3	Thursday	Jeudi
Mars	♂	Iron	56	7·2 to 7·8	Tuesday	Mardi
Sun	☉	Gold	197	19·3	Sunday	Dimanche
Venus	♀	Copper	64	8·8	Friday	Vendredi
Mercury	☿	Mercury	200	13·4	Wednesday	Mercredi
Moon	☾	Silver	108	10·5	Monday	Lundi

* These are here given to the nearest whole number only, expressed in terms of oxygen=16.

Now the order in which I have enumerated the planets in the appended table—the Chaldean order—is the one invariably adopted by the ancients, and corresponds with the distances of the planets from the earth, and their periods of geocentric revolution. If, starting with the Sun, we select every third planet, and write in place of it the corresponding day of the week, we then have these days in their correct order. This fact, however, is less surprising than may appear at first sight, for the same result necessarily occurs if, instead of every third, we select every twenty-fourth planet, since twenty-four divided by seven (the number of the planets) leaves three as a remainder. According to the old-time belief, the planets, or the gods of whom they are the astral manifestations, rule each in order for a twelfth part of a day or a twelfth part of a night. And it seems probable that the days were named, each after that planet or god which ruled during its first twelfth part, and which in a special sense was the guardian of that day.

If, however, we start with Saturn, and select every fifth planet, a most surprising result is obtained, for if we then write for each planet its corresponding metal we have the metals arranged in descending order of atomic weight. Fully to appreciate this extraordinary regularity we must bear in mind the unanimity that existed among the old-time occultists as to the allocation of the metals to the planets, and the fact that they could not possibly have been acquainted with the atomic weights of the metals (since the concept of "atomic weight" was unknown prior to Dalton) and, therefore, could not have deliberately allocated the metals to the planets in accordance with any rule based on their atomic weights. In fact, it seems fairly plain that the allocations were based upon certain obvious and seemingly rather superficial properties of the metals. Gold is yellow like the sun, silver white like the moon. Iron is reddish like the fiery planet Mars; it is also the metal chiefly used in making the instruments of warfare. Copper, on the other hand, was much employed for the making of mirrors, before the "silvering" of glass was discovered, and thus is connected with Venus, goddess of love. Mercury is the only metal fluid at normal temperatures, the mobile metal, assigned to the fleet-footed messenger of the gods and the rapidly moving planet of the same name; whilst dull and heavy lead is assigned to the slow-moving planet Saturn. And, finally, tin possesses the curious property of emitting a crackling noise when a sheet of it is bent—thundering, so to speak, in miniature,—and is thus connected with Jove, lord of thunder.

I have to mention that the extraordinary regularity in question was first discovered and pointed out (to the best of my belief) by Mr. W. Gorn Old in his *A Manual of Occultism* (Rider, 1911), pp. 7 and 8, to whom full credit should be given. But the discovery passed almost without notice. This may have been due to the fact that Mr. Old in his book expressed the regularity in a rather obscure manner. Moreover, by a slip of the pen, I suppose, he wrote "specific gravity" instead of "atomic weight." As a matter of fact the determination of the specific gravities of bodies, that is, of their densities compared with water as unity, was by no means beyond the experimental resources of the ancients; but as will be seen from the Table, no regularity of the sort indicated in the case of atomic weights can be traced in the case of the specific gravities of the metals concerned.

What is the explanation of the regularity? Is there, indeed, an occult connection between the seven metals and the seven planets known to the ancients? The discovery of numerous other metals, that of Uranus and Neptune, and the assignment of the sun and moon to categories other than those of planets, render this conclusion extremely hazardous. On the other hand, it can easily be calculated by means of the mathematical theory of probability that the odds against, not merely this regularity, but any such regularity, occurring by chance, are 119 to 1, so that the endeavour to explain the regularity away as a mere coincidence seems equally hazardous.

I leave the problem for solution to a mind more capable than my own.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCE

By HENRIETTA LESLIE

A RATHER remarkable happening was experienced a few years ago by a friend of mine who was spending a week or two in Paris.

Seized with a sudden impulse to attend a late evening service at the Madeleine, she left the friends she was with, promising to meet them later at a much frequented restaurant.

The music at the beautiful church, however, being particularly grand and her mood one of extreme depression, she stayed on and fell into a deep reverie, from which she was at last aroused by the verger touching her upon the shoulder and informing her that they wished to close the church for the night. He indicated, moreover, that she must leave by the side entrance, the large west door being already shut.

On passing out, the girl found herself facing the flower market, which flanks the great church on both sides. It was summer, and the twilight was gradually creeping up and chasing away the remnants of day. She went slowly down the steps, and, as she reached the last, she became suddenly conscious of a group of three people—a man and two women—talking together in animated tones.

The man, who must have caught sight of the girl over his shoulder, for he was standing with his back to her, immediately left his companions and came towards her, raising his hat.

She stared at him in amazement through the half light, for it was a friend—one James Gillespie—whom she had last seen in London, and from whom she had, during her Paris sojourn, received several letters, in none of which had he made any mention of coming to France.

"Hullo, Laura!" was his greeting. "Surprised to see me, are you? Let me drive you to your hotel." And he hailed a passing *fiacre*.

As my friend was about to step into the conveyance, a little barefooted urchin came running by, with a single bunch of violets upon his tray; these Gillespie purchased and tucked into the girl's coat. He then gave Laura's address to the driver—unprompted by her—and the pair set off.

They conversed intimately of subjects known only to them-

selves, until suddenly, and for no apparent reason, Gillespie seized my friend in his arms and embraced her affectionately.

"You mustn't do that," she protested. "Think of your fiancée."

"Oh yes—Estelle," echoed Gillespie, with a blank look. "Forget all about it, Laura, please. I want you to meet Estelle. She's in Paris now. Will you come to lunch to-morrow—Café de la Lanterne, near the Bourse, you know—at half-past twelve."

"I should like to come very much," Laura replied; "perhaps you'll write the name down for me. I've got no memory at all," and she handed him her little diary, in which he duly inscribed both hour and address of the projected meeting.

By this time they had reached their destination, and Gillespie, descending from the cab, helped Laura to do likewise and paid the driver.

The hotel proprietor was standing in the doorway of the house and Gillespie wished him a cheery good evening; after which, once more reminding Laura of the morrow's appointment, he bade her good-bye and disappeared into the night.

At a quarter to twelve the following morning, Laura sallied forth to the Café de la Lanterne, a small restaurant, essentially Parisian in character, with its small check cloth covered tables and sunny veranda. She waited until past one o'clock, and then, as neither Gillespie nor his Estelle had put in an appearance, she wended her way back to her hotel.

In the doorway, as last night, stood mine host.

"Back already, mademoiselle?" he greeted her.

"My friends have failed me," she told him. "Did you hear the gentleman who came with me last night mention any hour?"

"Oh no, mademoiselle," replied the old fellow; "I only bade 'ce Monsieur' bon soir."

Laura took one more look at her diary, which convinced her that she was not in fault, and resigned herself to the inevitable.

A few weeks later she returned to London. She had made no attempt to clear up the mystery by writing to Gillespie, for she felt that the first explanation was due to come from him.

When she had been home a few days, however, the telephone bell rang and her friend's voice came to her over the wire.

"You're a nice one," he abused her, "leaving a poor fellow to languish like this. What's the meaning of it, may I ask?"

"Have you any need to ask," she rejoined, "after what happened in Paris?"

"Paris!" he echoed. "Why, what did happen there?"

"The way you behaved to me," she enlarged.

"I dare say I should have behaved atrociously had I been there," he laughed, "but, unfortunately, I haven't—at least, not for about six years. I've not left London since I saw you last."

And so it proved to be. Mutual friends gave a detailed corroboration of Gillespie's account of his doings for the night when Laura had supposed him to be sharing her *fiacre* from the Madeleine.

Yet against this was the spoken evidence of the hotel proprietor and the written evidence in Laura's diary. The whole mystery seemed impossible of solution, and has indeed remained unsolved to this day.

INVESTIGATION

By A. M. PERCY SMITH

BACKWARD, through measureless years to the bounds of the
darkness primeval,

Patient, persistent, alert, man's thought as an eagle pursuing
Sweeps o'er deep valleys, and plains, observing each change as he
passes,

Ever to wider horizons set with strong pinions unwearied,—

Homing, with instinct undimmed, to goal where mere sight may
not follow,

Onward, to eyrie and nest in the virginal heights of the mountains.

So with assiduous search seeks man for his early beginnings.

Fearlessly following trails of the manifold ways he has trodden,
Tracing each winding and turn, each boundary, camp-fire and
dwelling ;—

Gathering slowly with care evidence faint and divergent,
Linking each symbol and sign, as beads on the thread of his
knowledge ;—

Backward through measureless years comes man to Himself,—
the Undying.

PHENOMENA IN SACRED EDIFICES

By R. B. SPAN

SHORTLY before the outbreak of the Great War (when indeed there were no signs of a coming war in England), an extraordinary incident occurred in a chapel in South Wales (the name of the place I believe was Llanelly). The preacher was about to begin his discourse, when the attention of the congregation was attracted to a peculiar light on one of the whitewashed walls, which gradually increased in intensity and volume. In the centre of this light appeared the face and form of a man bearing a striking resemblance to well-known pictures of the Christ. The countenance, which was of remarkable nobility and divine beauty, had a very sad and sorrowful expression, and conveyed the impression of foreseeing some great and terrible calamity. The people were at first too astounded to move, and then, convinced that they were beholding a vision of Jesus, they went down on their knees; though the more sceptical and practical, thinking that perhaps some trick was being played by means of a magic lantern, or bioscope film, made a thorough examination of the premises and surroundings to try and find a natural solution of the mystery—which however was not forthcoming. The vision remained on the wall for several hours, so that all could examine it closely. The interior of the church was closely searched, the windows were examined, and the exterior of the building was investigated, but there was no sign of anyone playing a trick, and no possibility of the light, or the vision, being conveyed through one of the windows by any means that could be conceived of. After being seen by hundreds of people, the phantasm gradually grew fainter and faded away. This strange incident was reported in most of the daily papers.

A phenomenon of a somewhat similar kind occurred in the Franciscan Church at Athlone, in Ireland, on the evening of Sunday, August 20, 1882, and was reported in the Irish newspapers (this account having been quoted from one of them). As the Rev. Father McDermott was concluding his sermon, a brilliant light shone from the roof above the figure of the Virgin Mary. Numbers of starry lights appeared around the head of the figure, and suddenly the eyes opened and the eyelids moved,

the head appeared to bend forward, and the hands were extended in an attitude of benediction. For a minute or so, the figure had the semblance of a living being, blessing the congregation, then suddenly it resumed its normal condition of statuesque rigidity. Those who witnessed this strange phenomenon left their seats and hurried to the altar, and the greatest excitement ensued. The service came to an abrupt end, but no one left the church, except a few who rushed out to tell others of the extraordinary event. The church became crowded to excess, and remained so until nearly midnight, and even then the people were dispersed with great difficulty. The account concludes with these words: "This morning the thoroughfare near the church had become impassable. Much credence is attached to the accounts of the 'wonder,' as numbers of people who witnessed it all give the same version of what took place."

In the *Life of St. Francis of Sales* (A.D. 1567-1622) it is stated that on one occasion when the Saint was preaching in the Church of St. Dominic, at Annecy (France), the great crucifix suddenly emitted a pure white light, which shone with dazzling brightness over the face of the preacher, who, however, stood unmoved, though the congregation cried out in surprise and admiration.

Had that occurred to-day, a trick by means of electric light might have been suspected. Sir Henry Halford, who wrote and published an account of the "Opening of the Coffin of Charles I," in the year 1813, describes how the countenance of the Royal Martyr was found impressed on the cere-cloth like a photograph. It will be remembered that the coffin of Charles I was discovered in a vault beneath St. George's Chapel, Windsor (known as Henry VIII's vault) in 1813, and was opened in the presence of the Prince Regent and other distinguished persons—amongst whom was Sir Henry Halford. (The incident is recorded in *Notes and Queries*, March 3, 1883, p. 161.)

When St. John of Matha was ordained by the Bishop of Paris, a brilliant tongue of fire suddenly appeared out of mid-air and settled on the young man's head, just as the bishop was pronouncing the words, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," and whilst the congregation gazed in amazement at this strange phenomenon it was noticed that an aureole of light surrounded the priest's head (*Life of St. John of Matha*).

Some years ago, when the writer was staying in the South of France, remarkable phenomena took place in the house in which he was residing, which was an old mansion adjoining a

very ancient monastery many centuries old, situated on a rocky ridge (or spur of the mountains), some 800 feet above the sea. The monastery has been uninhabited, and unused, for many years. A steep zig-zag path leads up to these buildings from the town of Mentone, far below. Along this path, at intervals, are a number of shrines (about a dozen still standing, though originally eighteen) built by a Princess of Monaco as a token of gratitude to God. In some of these shrines were images of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and the Saints, and they were duly consecrated as sacred edifices. The writer has passed these shrines many hundreds of times during the years he spent in that locality, as his residence was then in the Maison d'Annonciate, adjoining the monastery of that name. (Before the funicular was built one could only reach the monastery by the steep mule path up the precipitous mountain side.) One winter's day, just as it was growing dark, a young man named Pierre, a servant on the Annonciata estate (who occasionally also worked in the mansion), was going down the path to Mentone, when he saw in front of him a procession of seven nuns walking slowly in single file along the narrow way which is there bounded on one side by a high wall of rock, and on the other by a precipitous descent into the vineyards below, so that it was impossible to leave the path except by jumping over the precipice. At a spot where the path widens stands one of the aforementioned shrines which had been built into the solid rock. The iron gate of this shrine was always shut and locked. The young man concluded that the nuns had come from one of the convents in the neighbouring Principality of Monaco, and were returning from a pilgrimage to the old monastery d'Annonciate.

Great was his amazement to observe the foremost nun, when she reached the shrine, turn and walk straight into it—the others at once following her example until they had completely vanished. Pierre, in telling us about it the next day, stated that he went past that shrine as fast as he could run, and never stopped until he reached the lighted town below. He was no coward, he assured us, but never had he been so frightened before in his life, and nothing would induce him to pass down that way again by himself after dark. He had returned that evening to his cottage by a roundabout way through the vineyards, lemon groves, and olive groves.

These nuns were later seen by others at the same spot, and mysteriously disappeared into the shrine. The writer has examined the edifice in question, and found that there was abso-

lutely no place therein for any living person to go into—the back being of solid rock, and impenetrable. Pierre was undoubtedly telling the truth, and he is not at all an imaginative man. There was no reason whatever to doubt the genuineness of the occurrence. As for the phenomena referred to as having occurred in the house near the monastery, they were of a far more remarkable kind, and had no connection with anything “sacred.” They have been fully described elsewhere.

Perhaps the best known, well authenticated case of an apparition in a sacred edifice is that of the “Ghost” of Trinity Church, York, which has been seen by many hundreds of people—and of which several accounts have been published. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould made exhaustive inquiries concerning the ghost, and received many letters from people who had seen it, which quite convinced him of its reality. The ghost appeared as a woman in a flowing white garment, and used to walk across the great east window of the church and vanish, sometimes accompanied by two others. This window is of stained glass, richly coloured in the centre, and forms an excellent background for the luminous white figures. On Trinity Sunday this phantom was always joined by the other apparitions, another woman and a child. “The two women were very distinct in appearance,” writes one of the witnesses (a clergyman) in a letter to Mr. Baring-Gould. “One was tall and very graceful, and the other middle sized; we called the second one the nursemaid from her evident care of the child during the absence of the mother, which relationship we attributed to the tall one from the passionate affection she exhibited towards the child, her caressing it, and the wringing of her hands over it.” (Extract from the letter referred to.) These apparitions generally proceeded across the window during the singing of the hymns, or when the organist was practising on the organ—music, for some occult reason, having a peculiar power of attracting and influencing them. The little drama enacted in the window was generally as follows. First the tall figure in the Grecian robes (known as the “mother”) made its appearance, at the north side of the window, and after hesitating a few seconds, and gazing around, as if in search of something, proceeded with a buoyant “springy” motion half-way across the window, then paused, and turning round made a beckoning gesture with her hand, at which signal the other two figures made their appearance, the “nurse” leading the child. The two women then bent over the child and seemed to be in great distress about it. The nurse embraced

the child, and appeared to be bidding it farewell, after which the "mother" led the child away to the other side where they vanished, leaving the "nurse" in the centre wringing her hands and showing signs of great grief. This figure then slowly retired to the north side of the window, waving a hand as though in farewell and also disappeared. After a time the "nurse" again appeared and looked around as if in expectation of seeing the other two, who then invariably joined her, when the same scene of distress and endearment was repeated. It was like looking at a bioscope film—the same scenes being shown over and over again—absolutely identical in every gesture and detail. Needless to say the window has been carefully examined from the exterior, as well as the interior of the building at various times, whilst the "performance" was going on, as well as when nothing appeared, in the daytime and night time, and in all kinds of light, but no natural solution of the mystery has ever been arrived at. Outside and below the east window lies the churchyard, with the vicarage exactly opposite it. The vicar and his wife had spent months investigating the phenomenon, trying to find some natural explanation. They, and others, had closely watched the window day and night, only too anxious to expose and get rid of what they considered a clever trick, but they were all obliged to confess that it was done by some power not known amongst the forces of nature or super-nature. A lady resident of York stated that she had often seen it when she was a child, and also in later years, and had read of the phenomenon in an ancient history of York, published in the 17th century. This witness described the tall figure as "a graceful figure of a girl, of about eighteen, who moved with a light free step, and wore a fine lace veil which completely covered her, and flowed back as a train when she walked." Another witness said that "the pure white of the robe quite obliterated the colours in the window, and the distinct outline of the figure was most striking."

The children belonging to the Sunday School, who occupied the gallery opposite the east window, became so familiar with the sight that they talked and laughed about it, as if it were a scene in a cinema show. A clergyman who had often heard of the "Ghost of Trinity Church," and was anxious to see it for himself (being very sceptical in such matters) took the first opportunity, during a visit to York, of going to the church, and to be sure of not missing anything, he went some time before the service began, accompanied by his young daughter, aged thirteen. They had the church to themselves at first, and soon after they

had taken their seats in the gallery, a figure arrayed in white appeared moving across the window, and was shortly joined by two others. This was not Trinity Sunday, but *one* of the Sundays of Trinity, and this witness declares that the *three* figures appeared on other days besides Trinity Sunday, as he had seen them on several other Sundays.

It happened to be a blazing hot August day, and the church was flooded with sunshine. The apparitions first proceeded across the window "long before the service began," then they came again at the commencement of the service, and also during the singing of the Psalms and each of the hymns, and twice during the sermon. On each occasion the same pathetic little drama was enacted. Other seers have described the tall female figure as "a beautiful girl in a shining white robe" which floated behind as though caught by a breeze, and that she walked with a "skipping" step. Beneath the window outside, there is a very ancient gravestone with an illegible inscription on the headstone, and it is rumoured that two men, who were constantly watching the window from the outside, declared they had seen a white figure, ethereal and luminous, rise from the grave and float up to the window. In the year 1874 it was stated that the phenomenon had been seen for over a century. Sometimes it was not seen for weeks, then it would appear on several succeeding Sundays, also on week-days. One gentleman declared he had seen the "ghosts" in bright sunshine, and on a dull, rainy day, also by artificial light. The general effect on the minds of the seers was that of a magic lantern slide being shown on a sheet—and the whole thing appeared theatrical. The same effect was produced on the minds of the two ladies who witnessed the unique and extraordinary phenomena in the Gardens of Versailles, which were recorded by them in the book entitled *An Adventure* (Macmillan & Co., London). As an instance of this, a witness on one occasion noticed that after the tall woman and the child had disappeared, the remaining figure (the nurse) walked with a truly theatrical air to the very edge of the window (as though it were a stage), turned round with her back to the *panes of unstained glass* (which surround the richly coloured centre), and waved her arm towards where her companions had vanished with a "stage gesture," plainly displaying the arm bare to the shoulder, with the white drapery suddenly thrown back—the movements of the drapery being distinctly noticeable, so that it looked indeed like a living woman performing in a play.

The Church of Holy Trinity, Micklegate, York, is one of the

oldest in England, and dates back to before the Conquest. In the siege of York, by William the Conqueror, it was partly demolished, and fell into ruins.

In 1089, Ralph Paganell, a follower of the Conqueror, restored the service of the church, and placed in it some Benedictine monks. The church was then granted by Ralph Paganell as a "cell" to the Abbey of St. Martin^l Marmontier, at Tours in France, to be perpetually possessed by that abbey. The present vicarage was erected in 1639, on the site of a very ancient building connected with the Benedictine monks, and stands in the east corner of the churchyard. There is a legend that the phantom women at one time lived in the building which existed where the vicarage now stands, and that a monk was unfaithful to his vows, hence a pathetic tragedy in which a beautiful girl's life was blasted, and a monk's cut short by violent means. The scene which has for so long been enacted with unwearying repetition in the church window may have some connection with such a legend. Who can say why such things occur? They are beyond the range of our philosophy.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES

By MAY KENDALL

A SHINING Angel with robe of flame,
Into the Land of Time there came ;

And he saw all ills that mar and blot
In the light of a land where time is not ;

And out of our turmoil, seeming vain,
We cried upon him to ease our pain.

We bid him gaze on the hapless folk
Whom life still baffled, and maimed, and broke,

Whose eyes had pierced to the heart of woe.
He told us : " Yonder the blessèd go ! "

He looked on avarice, envy, pride,
And " Yonder," he said, " the weaklings bide."

He looked on the dreary streets we trod ;
And he saw it rise—the city of God.

He looked on our souls, at war within,
Weary of countering sin with sin.

He pondered : “ Can you not watch an hour
By the shut calyx that sheathes the flower ? ”

He smiled—and the universe smiled too !
“ As you deal with Time, I deal with you ! ”

He laid his hand on our straining eyes,
And earth was ablaze with Paradise ;

And death and agony, fear and strife,
They were but the bridal veil of life.

As breaks a wave in a shoreless sea, *
So time was whelmed in Eternity.

* * * * *

He passed ; and the world was grey with rain,
And sinning was sinning, pain was pain,

And Time the usurer, as of old
Days, weeks and years' in patience doled ;

And hatred envenomed love and trust,
And ashes were ashes, dust was dust.

* * * * *

Yet, those who the fleeting vision knew,
They toil in the quarries, dig and hew ;

And faulty the stones : yet, handling them,
They dream of the New Jerusalem,—

Of beauty for ashes, joy for stress,
The garment of praise for heaviness.

And a strange peace on their labour falls,
As though 'twere sheltered by city walls.

SUFISM IN AFGHANISTAN

By IKBAL ALI SHAH, M.R.A.S.

"Mun. Safaho. La. Hubay. Fahoa. Saff
Wa. Mun. Safaho. La. Habeebay. Fahoa. Suffee."

"HE that is purified by love is pure ; and he that is absorbed in the Beloved and hath abandoned all else is a Sufi." The Sufi, like all mystics Eastern and Western, claims to receive a direct vision of God. The immediacy of the access to the divine places the devotee beyond doubt, superstition and the possibility of error. But the faith and practice of Sufism entail a certain discipline, and the devotee is invited to make his pilgrimage under the guidance of a Spiritual director, whose lightest word he must regard with the highest reverence. So will he make his voyage over the waves of doubt and error, led by a skilful pilot into the haven of Truth. Having embarked on the mystic way, the initiate regards himself as a vowed pilgrim of eternity and constantly occupies himself in the contemplation of the Deity. God, according to the Sufi, is immanent in all created things and the soul of man, like all other existences, not only proceeds from God, but is a Spark, as it were, of the Divine Light Himself. The soul of man is regarded as living in exile from its Creator who is not only the author of its being but also its Spiritual home. The body is the cage or prison house of the soul and life on this earth is regarded as banishment from God. Before falling into this captivity every Soul has seen the face of Truth, and what seems to us here as truth is but a transient gleam amid our earthly shadows, a momentary reminiscence of the glories of a past existence. Sufism by a long system of mental and moral training restores the soul from its exile, leads it onward from stage to stage until at length it reaches the goal of perfect Knowledge, Truth, and Peace.

As an example of the Sufi doctrine of the immanence of God in creation an old MS. tells us how the creation proceeds at once from God :—

The Creation derives its existence from the Splendour of God, and as at dawn the sun illuminates the earth, and the absence of its light is darkness ; in the like manner all would be non-existent if there were no

Celestial Radiance of the Creator diffused in the Universe. As the light of the Sun bears a relation to the temporal or the perceptible side of life ; so does the Splendour of God to the Celestial or Occult phase of existence."

And as illustrating the idea that the present life is the banishment of the soul from God, we may cite the life of a great Afghan Sufi, Mullah Meran, who on his deathbed wrote the following lines on a piece of paper :—

Tell my friends when bewailing that they disbelieve and discredit the Truth.

You will find my mould lying, but know it is not I,

I roam far, far away in the Sphere of Immortality.

This was once my house, my covering, but not my home.

It was the Cage : the bird has flown.

It was the Shell : the pearl is gone.

I leave you toiling, and strangled, as I see

You struggling as I journey on.

Grieve not, if one is missing from amongst you

Friends ! let the house perish, Let the shell decay !

Break the Cage, destroy the Garment, I am far away.

Call this not my death. It is the life of life, for which I wearied and longed.

There are four stages through which the initiate must pass on his way to perfection and the enjoyment of a Beatific Vision of the Divine Glory, where " His Corporeal Veil " which previously obscured the vision, will be lifted and the soul, emancipated from all material things, will re-unite with the divine and transcendent essence, from which it had been sundered for a time but not separated for ever.

The first stage is termed *Nasat* or humanity, in which the disciple is merely required to be a faithful follower of Islam with due obedience to its laws and ceremonies. This preliminary course is regarded as a necessary discipline for regulating the lives of the vulgar and weak-minded and as a wholesome restraint upon those who may be constitutionally unfitted to attain the heights of divine contemplation. If the later liberty were at first conceded, harm would be done, for many would be led astray by that very latitude in matters of doctrine which sets free the more powerful intellects and devouter hearts on their upward course of unfettered aspiration.

The second stage is termed " *Tarequt* " or the Way, in which the disciple attains what is called " *Jubroot* " or *Potentiality* and *Capacity*. Here the novice is freed from the state of pupilage, which consists merely in carrying out the rules and directions of a guide, and becomes a real Sufi. Some have maintained that in

this second stage the pilgrim is privileged to lay aside all the external forms of religion and to have soared beyond the need of corporeal worship and to have reached the heights of Spiritual Contemplation. This view, however, is contested. Many eminent Sufi authorities insist that a careful observance of all religious forms and devotions is obligatory, no matter what the degree of piety he may have attained. Others, however, make a contrary assertion, maintaining that as purity can only be acquired through the constant practice of orthodox devotions, so it cannot permanently be retained unless these things be transcended and outgrown.

The third stage, "Arafi," signifies Knowledge or Inspiration, and the adept now is said to have possession of super-natural Knowledge; he is inspired and has become the equal of the angels.

The fourth and final stage is that of "Hagequt" or the Truth itself, for the Union of the Soul with Divinity is now complete. This perfection which qualifies the Sufi to be a spiritual guide can only be attained by means of long continued prayer and by complete abstraction and severance from all mundane desires and affections, for the man must be annihilated before the saint can exist. Such a professor has now climbed the five Lateefa or steps. These are Heart (Dill), Breath (Nafus), The Root of Soul (Sar), Head (Ikhfa), and Crown of the head (Khafi). Before attempting this last and final ascent the novice must have proved himself a devout and godly learner, and have shown himself in the eyes of his teacher to have the power of devout abstraction from all worldly cares. In pursuit of this object many retire into the absolute solitude of the jungle or dwell in caves located among barren mountains.

In Afghanistan, as in other Eastern countries, the most eminent Sufis have been as distinguished by their learning as by their devotion. The ranks of Sufism are open to all those sages whose words or writings reveal a philosophic temper and the power of penetrating into the mysteries of the Divine Nature; for this alone lifts a man above the level of the vulgar. Poets, especially, are held in high estimation, for poetry is of the essence of Sufism. The genius of the poet is akin to religious inspiration. His power of soaring into the infinite and appropriating the inexhaustible treasures of the unseen world is itself religious. The rapture of the poet transports him into heavenly regions where he can disport himself in freedom, and at last fly upon the wings of devotion into that rare atmosphere where his soul can

be re-united with its Creator, who is the source and the end of his existence. There have been Sufi poets in every Eastern country. It is through the symbols and metaphors of poetry that the mystic can describe the higher experiences of the soul, for which direct human language is too weak and imperfect. Hence in Afghanistan as elsewhere, Sufi devotion is expressed through poetry. Here the ardent love of the creature towards the Creator finds its best medium of expression. This poetry is so full of religious allegory and so saturated with mystical allusion that what to the initiated reveals deep spiritual truth may appear to the profane but a Bacchanalian riot of luxury and eroticism.

Indeed so liable has some of the poetry been to this misinterpretation that we can hardly wonder at the action of the Great Mogul Aurungzab. This man was not only a great Sufi but also a great administrator and moralist. And when he observed that in India the poems of the Hafiz and Jami were being misunderstood by the vulgar and even regarded as provocative of immorality, he ordered that no one should be allowed to possess these works until he was in possession of that spiritual affinity which the writings of Hafiz and Jami presuppose, and such action was not unjustifiable, for even Eastern mystics themselves are capable of thus misinterpreting the poets.

But in truth, it is the dark riddle and pathos of human life which the Sufi poet veils under the metaphor of physical love and the woe of parted lovers. All this signifies the banishment of the human soul from its eternal Lover; the pain of earthly parting adumbrates the anguish of the soul when estranged from God. Love and the wine cup signify the rapture of the Soul.

To sum up the whole matter, let us understand how completely Sufism is interpenetrated with the belief that the souls of men are one in essence with the divine. However much men may differ in degree from divinity, they are, after all, particles of the Divine Being and will ultimately be re-absorbed in Him. He is universal Substance; in Him alone is perfect Goodness, perfect Truth and perfect Beauty; the love of Him alone is real love. That love which is wasted on inferior objects is but an illusion and a snare; nature itself is a mirror wherein the divine Beauty is reflected: from all eternity the Supreme Goodness has been occupied in diffusing happiness among those capable of receiving it. There was once a covenant between God and man and it is only when man recovers his relationship with God that he attains real happiness, nothing really exists but the Mind or Spirit; material things have no real substance as the ignorant believe;

they are but beautiful pictures continually suggested to our minds by the divine Artist ; we must beware of attaching ourselves to what is but a phantom, and cleave only unto God who is the Supreme and only real existence, for He exists in us and we in Him. Here we may use these phantom pictures as a means of approach to the eternal Beauty, through them we may gain a dim remembrance of the primeval covenant between God and man. Sweet music, fragrant flowers and calm zephyrs perpetually renew in us a remembrance of the heavenly archetype ; these good gifts we may indeed cherish with affection, but we must look from them to their divine Source. We must turn our Souls from vanity—from all that is not God, for thereby we approximate to His perfection, find our kinship with Him until at last one in Him in essence we reach the transports of union with the divine. Note how it is assumed throughout the Sufi doctrine that in a prior state of existence man was in union with God. At the moment of his creation every being met his Creator face to face, and to each separately was put this solemn question by a celestial voice—Art thou not with God ? or Art thou not bound by solemn covenant with thy Creator ? And each created spirit made reply “Yea.” Hence it is that the words *Alasto* (Art thou not ?) and *Bala* (Yea) occur so often in mystic Sufi poetry. For instance, Romi began his celebrated *Musnawi*, which I have ventured to render into English verse as follows :—

THE FLUTE.

Oh ! hear the flute's sad tale again :
Of Separation I complain ;
E'er since it was my fate to be
Thus cut from off my parent tree,
Sweet moan I've made with pensive sigh,
While men and women join my cry.

Man's life is like this hollow rod—
One end is in the lips of God,
And from the other sweet notes fall
That to the mind the spirit call
And join us with the All in All.

The Sufis have even formed a vocabulary of the secret meanings of the terms employed in their poetry. Wine signifies devotion ; sleep is meditation on the divine perfections ; perfume is the hope of the divine afflatus ; zephyrs are the outpourings of the divine grace : kisses and embraces typify the transports of devotion and piety. Idolaters, free-thinkers and revellers are held, by a strange perversion, to be representatives of those whose

faith is of the purest kind ; their Idol is the Creator, the tavern is a secluded oratory where they become inebriated with the wine of love ; the tavern keeper is the Merophant or Spiritual leader ; beauty denotes the perfection of the Deity, curling locks and tresses are the infinitude of His glory ; lips are dumb with His inscrutability ; down on the cheeks is the world of His encompassing spirits ; even the black mole on the breast of the beloved is the centre of indivisible unity ; inebriation and dalliance typify that abstraction of the soul which shows contempt of mundane affairs.

Jami, the author of the celebrated *Lala* and *Majnoo*, is a pre-eminent exponent of Sufi doctrine and is venerated throughout Central Asia. He holds that when the Supreme Being sheds the effulgence of His Holy Spirit upon the creature, such a one becomes himself divine. The essence, attributes and actions of the creature become so completely absorbed in the essence, attributes and actions of the Creator, that he finds himself endowed with the privilege of sharing the regulation and direction of other created beings. He becomes so identified with other creatures, that they become as it were his fellow members and limbs of the same body to which he belongs. Whatever happens to any one of these members, that experience he shares by sympathy.

Now, in the opinion of many, such a doctrine would imply that Saintship is almost equivalent to deification. But we must bear in mind that this mysticism always presupposes the fundamental axiom that no mortal can become God. However intimate the union of the creature with the Creator, there is no apotheosis of man. The Sufi doctrine merely asserts in an exaggerated form the truth that the final union means the return of the exiled soul to its native country. The result of union with the divine is the annihilation of the self—and when self is annihilated, a man realises that his own real essence is one with the essence of the One and Only God. The influence of the eternal Spirit is so great that the light of man's understanding—that by which he makes distinctions between things—is lost and extinguished ; “ even as error passeth away on the appearance of truth,” so is the power of discriminating between the perishable and the imperishable removed. It was this dying away of the self which prompted Mansur to utter in a fit of ecstasy the words “ I am Truth,” meaning thereby “ I am God.” In the light of orthodox religion such a statement is blasphemy, and consequently Mansur lost his head.

There has been much debate among the Sufis as to the origin

of evil, and many declare categorically that evil does not exist because God is good and all things are from Him. One poet says :—

The writer of our destiny is a fair and truthful writer ;
And never did He write that which is evil,

Evil, accordingly, is attributed to the frailty of man and to the perversion of the human will rather than to an arbitrary decree of fate.

Let us note, in conclusion, that all beneath the gorgeous imagery and mysticism of Sufi poetry, whether of Persia or of the Middle East, there is an underlying teaching of deep significance. And we have here a message that we seek in vain upon the pages of Greek and Latin literature. The old Greeks and Romans have taught us much, but we miss in their writings an expression of those deeper and more ardent feelings which are evoked by the soul's colloquy with its Creator. There is little in classical literature which tells of the yearning of the finite for the Infinite. The Sufis deal with a deeper theme. It is the drama of the inner life. Beneath the erotic imagery and the glorification of the juice of the grape, Sufi poetry speaks of a love which is not carnal and of an inebriation produced from no material vine. There are, it is true, wine cups in profusion and many ardent pictures of human love, but the Spiritual love of the 'soul for its Creator and the transports of divine affection are the realities which underlie these metaphors. It is the old mystery of life and death, mystery within mystery :

All, all on earth is shadow, and all beyond
Is substance. The reverse is folly's creed.

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 OLD TESTAMENT.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As regards your point in the last Notes of the Month, in respect to the teachings of the prophets in the Old Testament compared to the Mosaic ordinances, it may be well to point out that the prophets in not a few cases were as brutal as the Mosaic ordinances. The instances of the calling of the she-bear out of the wood to destroy the children, and that of the hewing to pieces of Agag by another prophet, may well be remembered. I have heard sermons on both these subjects given by Church of England clergy, who seemed quite unconscious of the barbarity of the incidents.

It would appear to be very advisable that the New Testament only should be read in churches, and the Old Testament relegated to a sort of Apocrypha.

It is apparent that many people still confound Jehovah, the tribal God of the Jews, with the God of the New Testament.

If the Old Testament is to be retained, children should have it made quite clear to them the difference between Jehovah and the God of Love who is the God of the New Testament.

I am, yours truly,

A. G. WITHERBY.

[I must admit that my correspondent in the above letter has certainly scored a point against me. It cannot be denied that all the prophets in the Old Testament do not represent the same high type to which I alluded. But many passages could be quoted to show that prophets like Isaiah, for instance, denounced the very thing that the priests were enjoining, as, for instance, in the case of animal sacrifices. The Old Testament contains so many books from such very different points of view that it is hardly safe to generalize in speaking of it as a whole. Many of the finest passages in the Bible are to be found in it, and it would be, I think, a great loss if they were excluded. The principal point, it seems to me, is to let children understand what the Bible really is, and make clear to them the fact that the theory of inspiration as applied generally to all books of the Bible is grossly false. In my opinion there are many parts of the Old Testament which children had very much better not read at all.—ED.]

WHAT IS BEYOND?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have been deeply interested in Mr. Eshelby's letter in the December number on "What is Beyond?" I have been studying psychic matters now for about sixteen years, have attended many séances, read a fair number of books on the subject, and am an automatic writer myself. What strikes me forcibly about the average

description of the other side, is that the generality of people crave for and get described their own ideals of an after-life. A few old-fashioned people may be shocked at the homely, somewhat prosaic, accounts of the spiritualist's life after death; but they have been brought up on the traditional heaven, of angels, harps, "damp clouds," etc. What would be the normal ideal of the "man in the street"? Surely a life similar to the one led here on earth, but without any of its drawbacks. To be free of his body, to attain all those desires and ambitions he was denied on earth, to be with those he loves best, that would be to him the summit of his happiness. That is the average future described for all who have led normally decent lives. Those who have led notoriously sinful lives will of course be punished, but as we are none of us in that class ourselves, it won't apply to us, we think.

I had a relative who was a man far advanced both spiritually and intellectually; yet his descriptions of the life beyond differ very considerably from any I have yet come across. I have wished to publish his MS., but I can quite understand it would only appeal to thoughtful reasoning minds who have courage to face the truth. It is only natural we should most of us prefer the flowery glowing accounts of "Summerland" that are usually given us. Put briefly this is what he emphasizes:—

1. That the world beyond is a world of illusion—a world of thought. We *create* our own world—therefore the world we dwell in is the world of our own individual limited consciousness. As we have lived and developed so have we enlarged or starved our spiritual consciousness and created for ourselves the surroundings of our future home. As we progress, we develop that spiritual consciousness and in *theory* mount higher and higher, but in *reality* simply become more and more attuned to the Divine mind and cognisant of the Divine Ideal. We are able to *realize* beauty in more ethereal forms, and to concentrate our thought on higher forms of happiness. That is why there are so many contradictory accounts of life after death because each spirit describes as "objective" what is objective to his own individual mind. This may not be discernible to others of lower development, and to those of higher development may appear in very different guise. To illustrate—my relative visited a lower sphere to find an old friend. He was overcome with horror at the apparent conditions and surroundings, but to his surprise most of those there did not seem to realize their state. If they had, they would have wanted to escape, and the desire so created would at once have lifted their minds and themselves to higher, purer conditions.

2. Again and again the writer insists on the fact that the state to which we pass over at death is a *purgatorial* state—not only for the wicked, but for all—and this is the point I think we often find glossed over. (I would make this criticism on Sir A. Conan Doyle's books on the subject and also endorse the remarks of the Editor on p. 310 of the December REVIEW.)

My relative gives a detailed account of *his own purgatorial discipline* and the reasons for this throughout the whole of his experiences. I have not heard of any other communicator doing this. Another relative who was Master of a College at Cambridge has done the same. I know many have given accounts of punishments hereafter and of the penal states, but so far I have not seen any writer from a high sphere giving an account of his own disciplinary progress.

3. An important fact to be remembered is this—that contentment, stagnation are *not* to be desired on the other side, otherwise progress is not made. Therefore though we may be anxious to hear our dear ones are happy and peaceful, we must remember that the happier they are the *less probably will they advance*. It is the desire for something better that spurs us on to progress, and this is just as true on the other side as on this. The average communicator naturally shrinks from hearing that any one he loves is not perfectly happy and therefore presumably not in a high sphere, *whereas the reverse is often the case*. Of two uncles passed over, one wrote happy contented letters, and the other rather discontented ones. Yet their mother told us the discontented one was progressing and the other was not.

Now that spiritualism is spreading so rapidly, let us see to it we do not err by preaching too comforting and comfortable a doctrine about the future state. It is very tempting, no doubt, but is it wise?

Yours,

REGENT'S PARK.

E. PEROWNE.

[This letter certainly calls for comment in more directions than one, and doubtless it will be forthcoming from interested readers.—ED.]

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I am glad to answer the question of Mr. Ince, appearing in your November issue, namely, Why is it that the adverse critics of Christian Science have always a false concept of it?

Christian Science is founded on divine principle. Its rules are as exact as mathematical rules. It is, therefore, demonstrable. There are millions proving the truth of Christian Science daily all over the world. Not one of the critics can prove it. Few of them will even try, but those who have honestly done so, have gained such good results that they have ceased to be critics and have acknowledged that they had been mistaken in their first estimate of it.

All that one will ever know of Christian Science must come through spiritual discernment. At first this is very slight, but as one studies the subject, it grows, and will continue to do so until one awakes to full spiritual discernment of the allness of God, Spirit, and the spiritual nature of man and the universe.—Yours truly,

CHARLES W. J. TENNANT.

TALBOT HOUSE,

ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C.2.

MALIGNANT MASCOTS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—A writer to the *Manchester Guardian* points out how when he took a horseshoe he had found as a motor car mascot, he had nothing but bad luck till he finally threw the horseshoe away when it punctured his back tyre. The custom of suspending a horseshoe upside down (an insult to all equine influences) is very disastrous, especially to motorists, as the motor car is killing off horses and rendering roads a purgatory to horses owing to the slippery tar surface, and the way motorists, especially motor bicyclists, rush on to horses.

Naturally, when the horse, by its shoe being put on a motor car, is able to employ elementals to assist the equine influence, the result is disastrous to motorists.

It is wisest to leave all animal mascots aside when selecting a motor mascot.

EXPERIENCED MOTORIST.

PREDICTIONS FROM PALMISTRY.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—*Re* the query of "Cheironomos" in the December journal:—

In 1902 a Hindu palmist predicted for me, amongst other things, that I should be engaged in war in 1909; that the war would be won; that I should have during it an accident from a falling horse, and that, although no limbs would be broken, I should carry the mark of it for the rest of my life; and that I should come out of it safely. In January 1906 "Cheiro" predicted that I should be engaged on active service, but, he thought, more in the nature of scrapping with savages. He could define no date, but it seemed near.

What actually happened was:—

In 1906 I severed my connection with the Army, thereby putting any active service apparently out of the question. I went abroad and had a certain amount of scrapping with savages. In 1915 I returned for the war and put in about four years in the firing line.

I was thrown from my horse in 1917, thanks to a hidden shell-hole into which he dived, and, though lamed for only a short time, suffered a permanent thickening of the muscles just above the knee joint, which, however, in no way impedes movement.

I survived, with many very narrow escapes, unwounded from beginning to end.

Time has shown that "Cheiro" was vague and made many mistakes in predicting events, which took other forms than his diagnosis, albeit in a sense related.

The Hindu palmist has been absolutely correct in his details, not only as to the war but in regard to quite unusual events.

Both were considerably out in their estimate as to the date of any occurrence.

The reason for unreliability as to dates is familiar to every student of Occultism.—Yours, etc.,

F.

THE CREATION STORY IN GENESIS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Your issue of October last has only just reached me, hence the delay in answering one or two correspondents on the above subject.

I notice two letters from Mr. Winans: the first has nothing to do with the original question, though I will answer him; and further with reference to his opening paragraph in the second letter, he is grossly misleading. I did not say that "the gods made man and then got frightened of him." This remark was made by Mr. Winans himself, a type of remark which I criticized. I pointed out to him that Genesis vi. does *not* say that the "gods" intermarried with the daughters of men; the Hebrew and the English translation both state "the sons of the gods." This points to the first descent in type being on the part of the children of the Elohim. The Hebrew word "Beni" translated "sons," though masculine, oftentimes implies "children," for the ancient races counted their genealogies through the line of sons, and only in exceptional instances do we find daughters mentioned in the line of descent, and then only for express reasons when these are mentioned by name. The title *ELOHIM* is a Hebrew plural noun, and if Mr. Winans refers to the narrative again he will find the phrases "let US make man in our image—male and female." The Hebrew of Genesis vi. 4 speaks of three distinct races apart from the Adamic race: "the Beni-Ha-Elohim," "the Nephilim," and "the Gibborim"; the first mentioned are "the Sons of the Elohim," the second race are a gigantic race of Spirit-substance type, the third race are of flesh and blood, born of the union of the first-mentioned race with the daughters of the Adamic race. The distinction between this last race and the Adamic race is that "the Gibborim" are the offspring of an adultery of species, taking their bodies from their mothers, but their souls *from their fathers*, and in their souls they differ from the souls of the Adamic race.

If your correspondent were more familiar with the Old Testament, he would therein find the evidence he seeks as to the actuality of female "goddesses."

The fact that offspring always receive their type of body from the mother, explains why there are no race of flesh and blood type arising from a union of "goddesses" (to use Mr. Winans' phrase) with men of the Adamic race. Still there are other types, with which your correspondent is evidently unfamiliar.

Mr. Winans remarks as to my "trying to force the Creation myth" down the throats of the people, are foolish; not only is there no trace of this in my first letter, but it is apparent that he still looks upon the account as a pure "myth," a statement which shows that he has neither grasped the hidden truth of the record, nor has acquainted himself with the particulars of *the same "myth,"* which permeates the earliest records of Egypt, Babylon and Assyria. The Arabic, Hebrew

and Chaldean languages are treasure-houses wherein Mercury keeps his choicest gems, but these have to be won.

Mr. Winans still thinks the "idea of a universal language *silly*," even though he qualifies his statement with the word "less"; this is a point which can hardly be debated here, though I would respectfully point out to him that on this subject also he is out of his depth.

I do not, sir, like to take up an undue amount of your valuable space; being an editor myself I know too well the difficulties of your position, but I would like to be of some assistance to your correspondent signing herself (?) "An Earnest Seeker." Genesis i. 2. says, "And the Earth was without form and void," the Hebrew for which is "Tohu-Bohu," literally "ruined and devastated," the devastation applying rather to the destruction of all forms of life (i.e. *devoid* of life); these words are *active in principle*, and not passive as the English translation implies. Let her look at Isaiah xlv. 18, where the *same* words occur in the original; this passage, speaking of Jehovah as Creator of the heavens and the earth, says, "He created it NOT 'Tohu.' He formed it to be inhabited." A careful comparison of these passages, with others in the Old Testament relating to the creation, shows a period *prior* to the Adamic race, when there dwelt *on this earth* at least two distinct races, "the Sons of the Elohim" (or rather, "the Children of the Elohim") and "*The Messengers of the Dawn*" (termed by some "the children of the Mist"), both races being mentioned in the Hebrew of the Old Testament. Neither of these races were of flesh *and* blood type; there is a type of *flesh and bone* wherein flows no blood, but rather a fluidic spirit. (I use this phrase here as being suitable to my argument, but not as necessarily defining the actual condition.) The Hebrew symbolism of the word "Adam" implies "Aleph," the first; "Dam," blood; i.e. "the *first* blood"; the first type through whose veins blood coursed. The older classics are in accord with Genesis, which teaches that Spirit preceded Matter, and that Matter was prior to Soul; this is also true of the correspondences of these three principles.

Yours faithfully,

Z. A. S.

A RECURRING DREAM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Some time ago—to be precise, in March, 1917—I wrote to you concerning two strange dreams which, at varying intervals, I have had ever since my early childhood.

Since then, one of those dreams has recurred continually, and with ever-increasing regularity, till now, a week rarely passes without two or even three repetitions of it coming to interrupt my night's rest.

I would be very much indebted to you if you could suggest to me any reason for this continual recurrence of my dream, or what it can portend.

I will repeat the dream, as doubtless it has slipped your memory by this time.

I stand in the south-west corner of Trafalgar Square, looking up towards the Nelson Column. The roads are filled with nothing but what appear to be taxi-cabs, all moving very quickly and quietly. Nobody is visible inside them. The air is full of aircraft of every conceivable description, all moving at a great speed, and all in the same direction.

There are very few people about, but what people there *are* I know distinctly. They are always there. A tall, thin man, dressed entirely in black, lounges against the pedestal of the lion that most nearly faces Cockspur Street. I cannot see his face, but there is something diabolical about him, and I always look in his direction with fear, for somehow I am in mortal terror lest he should reveal his face. The other people I can see—there are about half-a-dozen of them—are also dressed in black, and all are men. I cannot see *their* faces, either. Well, as I stand there, I look up at the vast monumental pile above me, and, even as I look, the huge column totters, cracks in three places, and crashes to earth in the direction of the Strand.

Then I wake up with a start.

I am no sooner awake than I am sure of some impending calamity, though whether it is of national or merely local or personal importance I cannot say.

It is always some little time before I feel composed enough to go to sleep again.

The recurrence of this dream is now so frequent, that, as I have said, a week rarely passes without two or three recurrences of it.

I used to like it, years ago, when I first dreamed it, but, now, as it grows more frequent, I am getting very afraid of it. *And what frightens me most, is the belief that, sooner or later, that man will turn round and reveal his face ! !* Goodness only knows why ! I am not at all easily frightened—far from it : nothing *earthly* has ever frightened me yet—at least, that was my reputation in the Army. When I first used to have this dream, I took no more notice of that man than the very pavement I was standing on—but now, every time the dream comes, I am more and more afraid to look in his direction.

The last time I had the dream was Thursday night. It is now Saturday, so I must expect it again to-night, I suppose.

Well, I am afraid I have been rather long, but if you, or any of your readers, could see their way to furnishing me with any explanation to the above, I should be very greatly indebted to them.

For myself, I can think of no reason for it whatever. Trusting you may be able to help me,

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

S. WILFRID SMITH.

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PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IT is not improbable that the independent collections of myth, custom and folk-lore which appear in the periodical press on the subject of Christmas would make an annual volume of no inconsiderable proportions, but it would be obviously full of repetitions. In the new issue of *Vision* Mrs. Grenside has avoided successfully those beaten tracks with which we are all familiar and has placed her garnerings in a setting of suggestive personal reflections. With the lore itself we are not especially concerned in the present place, though it will be new and pleasing for most to hear that the yule-log is lighted on Christmas Eve in the kitchens of many an Irish homestead, a meal laid on the table and the door set ajar, "so that if a woman and her child should pass, in seeking shelter, they might not be turned empty away." Mrs. Grenside tells us that it is called the Christ Welcome, and that there are legends of humble thresholds crossed by the Mother and Son. The variations in the date of Christmas are mentioned on the historical side and the fact that the Church of Armenia still keeps to January 6, following the general Christian practice during the first three centuries. The change to December 25, which took place thereafter, is called arbitrary, though it "synchronized with the great pagan festival in honour of the Birth of the Sun"; yet Mrs. Grenside recognizes the wisdom which transformed the honoured festivals of old into those of another age and a new birth in time. The parallel between the old observance and that by which it was replaced is drawn with care, especially in respect of the birth of Mithra on our own Christmas Day. Outside its Yule-tide matter, *Vision* on this occasion is rather a folk-lore number, and Dr. Ingram gives a serviceable account of old Aberdeenshire beliefs and customs arising therefrom: those connected with death and burial—including episodes of Phantom Funerals—are very curious reading. More connected with our own subjects is a short article on the "logical basis" of Mysticism, which affirms (1) that its credentials are identical with those of science, philosophy, art and poetry; (2) that its authority is "implicit in the very fabric of our social well-being," and (3) that to deny its place "in the great scheme of human advancement" is to deny the foundations of all art and knowledge. The affirmations seem strong and antecedently command our sympathy, but in the way of demonstration the author has proposed to himself more than he proves able to perform, and the alleged logical basis evaporates in a smoke of words.

The Kalpaka tells us that the Hindu mystic is a citizen of more worlds than one and is in fact a denizen of three which are intimately related, though veiled mysteriously from one another. Those who are alive in the body and the so-called dead "can speak across the veil,"

can help and pray for one another ; but there is also communication possible with higher ministering spirits. Hence in the old records it is said that there are three debts of man, his " debt to the *pitris* or departed souls," his " debt to *Devas* or shining ones," and his debt to fellow-men on earth. Herein is the communion of saints, as our Indian contemporary interprets it, speaking from the standpoint of the old and new spiritualism, of which it seeks to be an interpreter, as one who stands before " the mysteries of the inner shrine " and beholds " the gems of truth hidden in the necklace of Divine Love." . . . *The Harbinger of Light* discusses from its editorial chair the hierarchy of the Blessed Angels and their ministry in respect of man. It expresses the opinion that such " spiritual agency " was the salvation of the Allies in the great War, and that its sudden termination " was largely due to the intervention of Higher Powers." We are especially glad to be reminded of the founder of Methodism, John Wesley, and of his sermon on Good Angels, its account of " millions of spiritual creatures " that walk the earth unseen, to deliver us from things evil, to bear us up in our trials, temptations and discouragements. Other ministers, from the standpoint of *The Harbinger of Light*, are of course those whom we have known and loved on earth and who are not " far away in the depths of space " but just " within the veil." The same testimony is thus borne concurrently in the same month by the Australian magazine of spiritualism and the Indian " psychic review." . . . An editorial note in *Light* cites Mr. G. K. Chesterton on the Hall of Science in the old Bradlaugh days, where " simple and sincere masses of men used to hear with shouts of joy the assurance that they were not immortal." Our contemporary remarks sagely that times have changed since then and that such a doctrine would carry at this day no note of comfort, as indeed none of conviction. Some reflections follow on immortality itself and suggest that in its true sense " the term is a religious and not a scientific matter." In this sense it belongs to the Absolute and is " beyond the limits of human thought." For us and for our concerns it signifies survival of physical death. That this is the general practical truth of the matter must pass unquestioned, and it goes without saying that such survival is the great concern of spiritualism, beyond which is, however, the faith of spiritualism—namely, in the immortality of our being. But seeing that within the canons of the mind that only can have no end which has also no beginning, behind this faith there lies the whole mystery of pre-existence, with suggestions on the ultimate identity between the Spirit of God and the spirit of man. We are therefore in sympathy with *Light* when it is " content to leave the question " of immortality and to rest on that of survival. We have been impressed by two articles in other issues of the same journal. One of them describes prayer as " the supreme act of spirit communion," a form thereof " in which all are mediumistic " and the conditions of which are within the reach of all. The kind of prayer intended is the realization of the Divine Presence, truly a spiritual inter-

course. "While communication with spirits is not practicable at all times, nor with the majority of people, communication with the Great Spirit is practicable with every one and at any time or place." The other article is by the Rev. F. Fielding-Ould, and proposes (1) that the soul on the other side determines its own environment according to the measure of its attunement to the good by which it is surrounded ; (2) that the visits to higher spheres of which we read in records of communication may signify quickenings of spirituality rather than objective journeys ; and (3) that the after-life "may be much more extensively mental and spiritual than many spiritualists realize." . . . Mr. Edgar Lucien Larkin is contributing to *The Progressive Thinker* and *Reason* some amazing accounts of séances, in which "discarnate human intelligences" are said to have handled radium and its emanations. The chief communicating spirit testified (1) that he was Curie, who—together with his sister—discovered "the mysterious metal, the highest and most refined state in which matter is known to exist" and (2) that all spirit lights seen in spiritistic researches, "in ancient and modern times," have been obtained from radium. Unfortunately, Mr. Larkin, through an enthusiastic and indeed perfervid spiritualist, is not a wary investigator : it was in reply to direct leading questions that the alleged M. Curie disclosed his identity and gave the elucidation in question.

The Theosophist publishes a study on heredity considered in the light of reincarnation. As regards the latter, it is explained (1) that the experiences of one earthly life are brought into the next, "not generally as memory but as faculty" ; (2) that repeated and diverse experiences increase the faculties of the soul and bring about its evolution ; (3) that such being the cause of evolution, "the soul alone is responsible for the building of its body" ; (4) that the experiences of the past are stored in the "mind body," "not in the physical, astral or even lower mental" ; (5) that these three vestures are cast off before a soul is ready to incarnate again, being factors of personality which change in every birth ; (6) that the individuality or "spark from the Logos" is permanent and common to all incarnations. This is the case stated, but the writer—Mr. S. R. Gore—is disposed to regard the physical body as a product of heredity, at least to a certain extent : "it is in truth the resultant of heredity and the powers of the soul." However this may be, it must be understood that the expositions of reincarnation are many, of which one example is here. . . . *The Messenger*, which is busy about many things and has just issued an elaborate report of the American Theosophical Convention, does not amidst all its activities forget Francis Bacon and publishes from time to time some further unexampled revelations of his literary life, for the benefit of those who can suffer them. The latest instalment unfolds the circumstances under which Bacon wrote Milton's *Comus* and Pope's translation of Homer. The Baconian world is a very mad world indeed and dull enough, even in its greatest paroxysms. . . . *Rays*

from the Rose Cross gives the secret history of Jesus in connection with the Order of Essenes, described as a fraternity of mystic masons. The father of Jesus was a carpenter, but the Greek word thus translated signifies builder, though in the case under notice it is used symbolically, to show that Joseph belonged to the Essenes, who were builders of living temples of the soul. Mary the Mother was joined also to the brotherhood, as indeed Jesus also at the proper time, or when He received the call. He passed through thirteen initiations to prepare Him for His Divine Mission, which was the great Essenian object. The Annunciation took place in the gardens of the Essenes. After the destruction of Jerusalem it is said that the order vanished from Palestine as mysteriously as it appeared therein, but emerged in the thirteenth century of the Christian era "and became known to the western world as the prophetic [*sic*] Order of the Rosicrucians."

Azoth continues the elaborate series of articles by Mr. F. C. Higgins on Ancient Craft Masonry, with special reference to the zodiac and to Egypt as "the land of Freemasonry's greatest development." . . . While the *Quatuor Coronati* Lodge—which stood once at the head of all Masonic incorporations in respect of antiquarian research—seems to have passed into that region where "universal dullness covers all," and is moreover in a state of suspension so far as its *Transactions* are concerned, considerable interest attaches to other and younger institutions which produce their records with regularity, notwithstanding difficulties of the time. *The Freemason* reports the fifty-first regular meeting of the Manchester Association for Masonic Research, at which the newly-inducted president gave account of "the hitherto undisclosed records and history of another English Grand Lodge." It was constituted—or *ex hypothesi* revived—at Liverpool in 1823. The headquarters were removed to Wigan in 1824, where the obedience continued till 1866, when it came to an end under circumstances which do not appear. Of the six Lodges which conformed to it at various times, that called Sincerity is said to have continued its independent course till 1913, when it was reconciled to the United Grand Lodge. One interesting point concerning the obscure institution is that it recognized not only the Royal Arch but the Masonic Degree of Knight Templar. . . . *The Freemasons' Chronicle* reports an interesting address by Mr. A. F. Calvert delivered before the Leeds Installed Masters' Association on the subject of Masonic medals, jewels, aprons and other curiosities of the past. More interesting from our point than exhibits of this kind was the production of an autograph manuscript of Thomas Dunckerley—"that fine old pillar of the Craft"—containing various experiences and reflections between 1750 and 1757, an address to Masons and an account of a voyage made in the last year, "when the squadron to which his ship, the *Vanguard*, belonged, encountered and fought off the French fleet." The publication of these documents or their most important portions is promised.

REVIEWS

VERSE AND NOTHING ELSE. By T. L. Crombie. Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 12 annas or 1s.

THOUGH inadequate in expression as a whole, these verses come straight from the heart. *Verse and Nothing Else* contains some fine flowers of thought, and it is a pity the aspiration stalks so far ahead of the form. An exception may be made in the case of the lyric "Day-Dream" and the sonnet entitled "The Dark Hour," which is extremely fine; in the latter poem the author approaches most nearly to the inner reality he seeks, while the former strikes a delightful note of mystical devotion and is written in a haunting rhythm. Towards the end of the little volume there are some fine lines inspired by Mrs. Besant; they do justice to her noble and courageous character and to the manner in which she has used her gifts for the elevation of mankind.

MEREDITH STARR.

CHARACTER INDICATED BY HANDWRITING. By Rosa Baughan. Third Edition—Revised and Enlarged. 7½ ins. × 4½ ins., pp. vii. + 184. London: William Rider & Son, Limited, 8 Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE sub-title of this work describes it as "a practical treatise in support of the assertion that the handwriting of a person is an infallible guide to his character," and I do not think that anyone who has paid any attention to the subject whatever would deny that much, at any rate, concerning a person's character may be gathered from his or her handwriting. It is when we come to the details of the art or science (I am not sure which it should be called) of Graphology that differences of opinion arise, though Miss Baughan demonstrates most of her points with a considerable degree of conclusiveness by means of facsimiles of the handwritings (and especially the signatures) of numerous statesmen, lawyers, soldiers, ecclesiastics, authors, poets, musicians, artists, actors and other persons of note. With one matter, however, I am strongly inclined to disagree with her, and that is her assertion that tenderness is indicated by (forward) sloping writing. I could give many instances from the handwriting of personal friends in defence of my scepticism on this matter. The idea is, I believe, one generally held by graphologists, but it seems to me to be a too wide induction based on insufficient evidence, or else the product of a priori reasoning. Up to about twenty years or so ago sloping writing was in fashion: since then the upright style has been taught by an increasing number of teachers; so that whether the writing slopes forward or not is mainly determined by the generation to which one belongs. In fact, this is proved from the autographs given in the book itself. Practically all of them are the autographs of celebrities of the past and practically all of them slope forward. Miss Baughan does not state what indication, if any, may be drawn from the writing sloping backwards, nor does she mention the theory I have heard put forward, that the size of the writing is, roughly speaking, inversely proportional to that of the hand that writes. But she has produced a very interesting work, which is a valuable contribution to a serious subject; and all students will be glad of this revised and enlarged edition.

H. S. REDGROVE.

MOMENTS OF GENIUS. By Arthur Lynch. London : Philip Allan & Co., Quality Court, Chancery Lane. Pp. 257. Price 10s. 6d. net.

THE world envisages itself to our eyes according to the degree of genius through which, as through a luminous window, we look upon the world. The secret of our clairvoyance lies not so much in what we see as in the light whereby we see it. The scope of revelation is proportionate to the intensity of light that floods the mind and soul, and this again is conditioned by the measure of the desire for Truth, by the indomitable will to attain, to achieve.

It was in all probability the realization of this fundamental truth of our inner life which caused the author to remark, "The world is always magical, and the key to that magic is in the soul of man." His book is in many respects an illustration of the truth of that utterance. In *Moments of Genius* Mr. Lynch presents us with a series of synthetic studies of inspired moments in the lives of great men; moments when "we see at work the forces that play upon a man, that affect him to his foundations, and make all his fibres strain . . . moments that strike upon the soul so that it vibrates like a bell, startling with its own undreamt-of music, and making known the compass of its harmonies, its faults, its flaws, as well as its uttermost strength."

Mr. Lynch has been remarkably successful in artistically reconstructing the atmosphere which surrounded the characters whom he depicts. He shows us Julius Cæsar, rescued from indolence and the arms of Faustine by visions of heroic resolve enkindled by the perusal of a scroll narrating the deeds of Alexander. We see Napoleon in his tent, after Lodi, reviewing his life in the early morning, and becoming obsessed by the dream of world-dominion. Demosthenes, Dante, Milton, Keats, Descartes and others are revealed in the embrace of the eagle of genius. The chapters on Keats and Theodore Schwann, the great biologist, are extremely fine.

Mr. Lynch is abundantly justified in the hope expressed in his preface that the reader may find in *Moments of Genius* "something of the stimulation which comes from contact with spirits that have dared and toiled."

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MEREDITH STARR.

A CHINESE WONDER BOOK. By Norman Hinsdale Pitman. London : Dent. Price 7s. 6d.

FOR those who love quaintness, mystery and art combined, this delightful volume will prove a treasure-trove, for even grown-ups can be Peter Pans thirsting for a clear well-spring of wisdom and child-lore such as this. The mystic, too, will find his craving spirit appeased and freshened by the charms of these legends from "far Cathay." The great bell of Peking, which still murmurs "*hsieh, hsieh*" for lost Ko-ai's jewelled slipper; the myth of Honeysuckle and her lover, the mountain-magician, and especially the exquisite fables of Kwan-yin, the goddess of mercy and children, immortalized in "The Princess Kwan-yin" and "Lu-San, Daughter of Heaven," are particularly alluring to the imaginative mind. To me, Kwan-yin has always been the Chinese Isis. She is "Isé, the Lotus-lady of the South," in Japan, she appears in "The Secret Doctrine" of Mme. Blavatsky, while her delicate images, with exquisitely modelled hands (the arms, in the earliest ones made by the Chinese,

being detachable and thus capable of being used as incense-burners), have always cast a spell over my spirit. One of the most beautiful Kwan-yin legends I ever read, is contained in a Japanese fairy tale-book *Green Willow*.

But the present volume of Chinese marvels will bring similar joy, both to the babe and the idealist. It is illustrated with coloured plates after the famous Chinese artist, Li Chu-Tang, whose imagery is of such tender delicacy that one can scarcely believe one is not gazing upon some fine old piece of *Famille Rose* or *Kang H'si* porcelain.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE DEAD-ACTIVE! By H!!!!!! Through the Mediumship of Mrs. Lamb Fernie ("Parma"). To be obtained from Mrs. Lamb Fernie, 40 Bedford Gardens, Kensington, London, W.8. Price 4s. 6d. Post free 4s. 11d.

ALTHOUGH it is not definitely stated, the writings contained in this book are understood to be communications from a well-known London clergyman, whom many of us remember for his forceful, whimsical, and original personality, his psychic sympathies, and his devotion to his violin. All these characteristics are found in the many beautiful messages, of which "Parma" has been the Chosen Instrument. They are indicated by the various titles of the contents of this volume, which is already in its second edition. Intensely interesting are, in particular, "Prayers for the Dead," "Spirits in Prison," "Shipwrecked Souls," "Sleep Travel," "The Domestic Planes," "The Garden of Hope," "Legitimate Curiosity," and "The Gift of the Open Door." The proceeds of the sale of this little work are to be devoted to a fund for the building, in London, of a "Non-Sectarian Temple of Unity" . . . "for the teaching of the Spiritual Laws and Conditions of the After Life by some who are in it."

EDITH K. HARPER.

THE DIVINE COMPANION. By James Allen. London: L. N. Fowler & Co. Pp. 157. Price 5s. 6d. net.

WE are told in the preface to this book by the late James Allen that the author was engaged in the writing of it for many years, and that he wished it to be the last of his published works. In it he considered that he had revealed the spiritual history of his own life, and it does indeed contain the whole story of a soul's progress along that immemorial Path which leads through pain and darkness into peace. The subject being what it is, it would be too much to expect to find anything startlingly new in these pages, for they deal with experiences familiar to all travelling souls since the beginning of time. The reader is every now and then reminded of the Psalmist David, of New Testament passages, of Thomas à Kempis, and very frequently of Eastern Scriptures, particularly in the section entitled *The Divine Dialogue*, which is like a faint and far-off echo of that immortal conversation between the warrior Arjuna and the god Krishna enshrined in the pages of the *Bhagavad-Gita*. The wonderful poetic fire and beauty of the Eastern dialogue are lacking here, but all through the book the language has a certain dignity, and the writer's earnestness and fervour are not to be questioned. There is, however, a good deal of repetition that might have been avoided if the work could have been revised by the hand

that wrote it. The third section is perhaps the most impressive, telling as it does of the final attainment of the pilgrim soul.

"He has unveiled the Face of the Highest ;
He knows the Great Rest,
The Deep Silence,
The Profound Peace.
In the Light which knows no darkness he walks,
And it casts no shadow on his pathway."

By all who have derived comfort and help from other works from the same pen this latest addition will be very warmly welcomed.

E. M. M.

WINTER SONGS AMONG THE SNOWS. By E. E. London : John M. Watkins, 21 Cecil Court. Price 2s. 6d. net.

THIS is a second series of Verses from the pen of Miss Elise Emmons, in which, no less than in her previous volume, "Summer Songs Among the Birds," a genuine love of nature and of all things kind and beautiful, is expressed with much ingenuity of diction. Miss Emmons has evidently "struck a rhyming current," and her inspirers seem to keep her busy. The Author dedicates this work to her friend, Miss Lilian Whiting.

EDITH K. HARPER.

SINGING GAMES FOR CHILDREN. By Eleanor Farjeon, illustrated by J. Littlejohns, R.B.A. London : J. M. Dent. Price 6s.

MISS FARJEON has the soul of the mystic, the pen of the poet and the colour-schemes of an artist. Her singing-games are things of joy for ever and above all, they are easy of construction and for production. "The Daisy-Field" with the quaint figure of a Satyr amid the children grouped as daisies of the field, the delightfully Irish "The Green Cap," in which the Little People appear and, one of them having lost his magic green cap, has to set the fairies' human captives free, in order to redeem it from Angus Ogue, the Irish god of love. All these are conceptions of grace and melody. "Bertha, Gentle Lady" is a specimen of the author's exquisite style. "The people of the game" are the Gentle Bertha and the children :

"At the core of the Universe, in the green twilight of unborn things, sits the Gentle Bertha spinning at the Wheel of Life. Her shoes are shaped like the feet of a swan, and her garment is green. On either side of the wheel stands a great golden bowl, the left-hand one empty, the right-hand full of gifts. Around her lies a circle of little recumbent figures, each half-hidden under a silver veil.

"As she spins, first one and then another casts its film, and raises wondering eyes to the wheel and the spinner.

"The children sing :

"Bertha gentle lady, O my busy Mother,
What are you spinning there ?
Bertha sings : Wings, children, wings !
Some are for one thing, some are for another,
For morning, for twilight, for all sorts of things !"

These plays deserve a niche in the literature of childhood, for they can but serve to awaken the young to loveliness and thought, as lilies unclose to the sunshine.

The illustrations of Mr. J. Littlejohns form fitting and dainty adornments to this truly poetic text.

REGINA MIRAM BLOCH.

A THIN GHOST AND OTHERS. By Montague Rhodes James, Litt.D.,
Provost of Eton College, Author of "Ghosts of an Antiquary," etc.
etc. London: Edward Arnold, 41 and 43 Maddox Street, W.
Price 4s. 6d. net.

A FLAVOUR of olden times, of long-past Christmases, and of Yule logs and snapdragon—though these are never mentioned—comes with this delightfully blood-curdling book. The Ingoldsby Legends done into prose, with here and there a dash of Mr. Elliot O'Donnell, would only half suggest the consummate art with which the Provost of Eton College sets to work to make our flesh creep! Of this quintette of short tales the one entitled "A Story of a Disappearance and an Appearance," is perhaps the best for sheer perfection of craftsmanship. It is all so natural. . . . That is, however, a question for individual taste. It is in the *telling* of these stories that their fascination lies; the quaint character sketches and humorous touches afford a grotesque mise-en-scène which throws into high relief the gruesome and the horrible. Dr. James knows well how to manage the limelight. Though no lover of the average imaginary "ghost-story," I confess to a distinct hope that the Provost of Eton College may continue to enrich the annals of fiction from his storehouse of eerie fancies, which, nevertheless, as many of us believe, can sometimes be paralleled by actual fact.

EDITH K. HARPER.

WILLIAM BLAKE: THE MAN. By Charles Gardner. 8½ ins. × 6½ ins., pp. 202 + 12 plates. London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.
(New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) Price 10s. 6d. net.

IN *Vision and Vesture: a Study of William Blake in Modern Thought* (1916), which I had the pleasure of reviewing in the OCCULT REVIEW, Mr. Gardner gave us one work—and that a particularly fine one—dealing with the great poet-artist-seer. I welcome a second work from his pen on the same subject, even if the terms of praise in which I speak of it must be more measured than those which were appropriate to the former work. Mr. Gardner gives us a living picture of the man Blake; but he is, I venture to think, rather too like Blake himself in certain respects to write a biography that shall be above criticism. There are things he hates too violently, and things he loves. Thus, his treatment of Blake's spiritual relation to Swedenborg is inadequate because of his strong anti-Swedenborgianism, just as Mr. H. N. Morris's treatment is inadequate because of that author's strong pro-Swedenborgianism. And one cannot avoid the conclusion that Mr. Gardner has always a criterion at the back of his mind whereby every view of Blake's is judged, that criterion being the body of doctrine known as "catholic theology." Not such is the equipment of the ideal biographer: above all he must be impartial. At the same time, however, I judge Mr. Gardner's catholic theology to be very broad-minded and tolerant. This, perhaps, is more especially to be noticed in his remarks dealing with the theosophical theory of the Akashic records and belief in seven distinct planes of existence; though, indeed, it is evidenced by his very great admiration for Blake himself. So that, on the whole, we do get, not only a live book on Blake, but one that will, for many readers, afford some explication of Blake's work and add to their appreciation thereof. The book is well illustrated by half-tone reproductions of twelve of Blake's wonderful creations.

H. S. REDGROVE.