

Contents

NOTES OF THE MONTH By the Editor The Philosophy of Beauty

THE BLACK ARTS By J. F. C. Fuller

LLANTHONY ABBEY AND **EXPERIENCED THERE** By Chas. H. Rouse

SOME SURMISES ON MATERIALIZATION PHENOMENA II. By Kenneth Mackenzie of Scatwell, Bt.

A THEORY OF TWIN SOULS By G. Baseden Butt

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SEERSHIP By R. M. Sidgwick

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NOTES OF THE MON

WE all know what Beauty is. We are all capable of appreciating it. We all find satisfaction in its contemplation. Yet who, when asked, is able to define the nature of the Beautiful? It is recorded of St. Augustine that he remarked of Time, "What is it? If unasked, I know; if you ask me, I know not." In the same way, if unasked, we all know what Beauty is, but if we are asked we cannot say. We glory in the beauty and fragrance of the rose; we appreciate its delicate colouring and the graceful curve of its leaves. We find delight in the beauty of a grand orchestral symphony, or in the rhythm of a poet's masterpiece. We watch with keen joy the beauty of a graceful deer as it bounds away into the seclusion of the forest. Beauty comes to us by the avenues of every sense. The world of visual beauty may be denied to the blind, but the beauties of the world of sound, by way of compensation, are frequently intensified.

Nevertheless, the fact that Beauty has no material origin

may be realized when we regard the beauty of a noble life; or some splendid act of heroism or self-sacrifice. There is moral and spiritual as well as material beauty. The distinction is brought home vividly to the mind when sometimes we see a beautiful face which yet betrays a hidden wantonness or selfishness; or conversely, a homely face which is graced by honesty and dignity, or maybe with a smile of winning tenderness.

It would seem, in fact, that there exists an abstract Beauty, a Beauty behind and beyond the universe of phenomena, a Beauty of which we catch momentary glimpses alike in the glory of the sunset, or the rustle of the summer breeze, or the story of a mother's love. Without delving too deeply into the abstractions of philosophy, we may perhaps say that Beauty lies in the realization by the beholder of the divine immanence. The sense of beauty is a faculty of the soul. The more highly developed and sensitive the soul, the keener the appreciation of beauty, and the greater the profusion in which it is found. To the awakened spiritual sight beauty abounds everywhere, in the city streets as in the pleasant countryside, in the bustling throng as in the quiet solitude.

Beauty is everywhere could we but see it, and the function of true art in whatever form lies in making manifest the vision of that hidden beauty to those whose inner eyes are as yet

THE FUNCTION OF ART. Unopened. The artist, the musician, the poet, the saint, are each interpreters for us in their special way. The interpretative function of Art is well brought out by Schopenhauer, who maintains that the true artist is he who seizes upon some immanent Idea, isolates it, and finally makes it manifest to others in his own particular medium. Thus it is that the real artist is never a copyist. Only in so far as he sees and passes on his vision to others is he actually an artist.

To say that the truly beautiful must also be good, brings us back to the eternal trinity of the Good, the Beautiful and the True. To quote the lines of Tennyson:

Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters That doat upon each other, friends of man, Living together under the same roof, And never can be sunder'd without tears.

According to Plotinus, without reference to whose teaching no consideration of the philosophy of the Beautiful would be complete, there are three degrees of beauty—the corporeal, the spiritual, and the divine. When we pass from the corporeal to the incorporeal it is necessary to remember that if the eyes of the soul are as yet unopened Beauty has no existence for us. We may search the world over and never find it. There must be that within us which is akin to that which is perceived without. It is the beauty of spiritual things that makes us love them. This agrees with the conclusions of Bhagavan Das, who states, in *The Science of the Emotions*, that the emotion of the Beautiful in his opinion is Love pure and simple. This accounts for the air of mystery which always surrounds it, as it surrounds Love itself. Standards of physical beauty vary with different climes and races, but there is no variation so far as the inner sense of attraction is concerned.

To return to the teaching of Plotinus, the Good and the Beautiful are synonymous, as are their opposites, the ugly and the evil. True beauty of soul, he maintains, is to be made like God. This end may be reached by different roads. "The love of Beauty which exalts the poet [he writes in a letter to Flaccus]; the devotion to the One, and the ascent of science which makes the ambition of the philosopher; and the love and prayers by which devout and ardent souls tend in their moral purity towards perfection—these are the great highways conducting to that height above the actual and the particular, where we stand in the immediate presence of the Infinite, Who shines out as from the deeps of the soul."

Between beauty and spiritual illumination there is a close kinship. The beauty of nature has ever been a powerful factor in awakening the soul to a sense of the divine presence. It is the beauty of the cosmic Christ that stirs us at the sight of

the blossoming trees in spring, at the sound of the gentle zephyr in the tree-tops, at the fragrance of the flower, at the laughter of children at play. With St. Augustine "the beauty of God" was a favourite phrase. Seers like Walt Whitman, Edward Carpenter and Richard Jefferies (in perhaps a lesser degree) found the key to their vision in nature mysticism. Another seer who sensed Reality as the Beautiful was Blake; while the gentle Francis of Assissi is a classical instance of a saint for whom the barriers that shut out the great Beauty and Life of the cosmos were removed. A less familiar name to English readers is that of St. Rose of Lima, for whom the world was transformed by Beauty into a veritable paradise, so that it seemed to her as if the trees and flowers and birds joined with her in a concert of adoration

when she lifted up her heart to God. Even to-day rare souls enjoy a vision of that Beauty which transfigures and irradiates the world, and compared with which even the brilliant light of the sun itself seems dim.

An esteemed correspondent has sent me for my private perusal an account of how, in a time of trouble, she trod a transfigured earth. As she stood drinking in the beauty of a summer scene, her troubles fell away from her, giving place to a calm serenity which nothing could disturb; while the whole country-side became transfigured and bathed in a warm golden glory beside which even the sunshine paled. For some days this state of exaltation and illumination remained; but at length "very slowly, very gently, and very definitely the Light went quietly out—as if some one had turned out a great lamp in a large room, and then when one was used to its being gone, one saw that a candle (the sun) had been left in its place."

In a similar manner Jacob Boehme in the year 1600, on the occasion of his first illumination, beheld a transfigured earth. He was about twenty-five years of age at the time of the occurrence. He was surprised to find himself surrounded with a divine light, and discovered that he was "able to gaze into the very heart of things." Contemplating the herbs and grass of the field, he "saw into their very essence, their uses and properties." He attained complete illumination ten years later (in 1610). On this occasion, the third, that which before had appeared chaotic was resolved into an all-embracing unity, "like a harp of many strings." Boehme himself, speaking of this final and complete illumination, tells how in one quarter of an hour he saw and knew more than if he had been many years at a university.

Although the name of Plotinus is perhaps more intimately associated with the philosophy of the Beautiful than any other, the tradition owes much to Proclus, his spiritual descendant, who lived some two centuries later. Proclus maintained that there existed a primary supersensual Beauty, which is the cause of all the secondary or derivative beauty which we are able to perceive, whether in the material, moral or spiritual realms. It is this infinite Beauty which is the source of all splendour, by the love of which men are drawn towards and participate in it.

It is not intended to trace the history of the philosophy of Beauty, but some consideration of Spenser's Hymne of Heavenly Beautie cannot very well be passed over in this connection. Having in his youth composed two hymns to Love and Beauty,

with which he was dissatisfied, Spenser wished to withdraw them from publication, but was unable to do so. He therefore supplemented them with two further hymnes. Hymnes to Heavenly Love and Heavenly Beautie respectively. There is little doubt that Giordano Bruno, a contemporary of Spenser's, greatly influenced the poet's views, and it is a noteworthy fact that Bruno's famous work, The Heroic Enthusiasts (De gl' Heroici Furori), was written in England and published in 1585, eleven years before the appearance of the Fowre Hymnes, of which that to Heavenly Beautie is the fourth.

Beauty, according to Giordano Bruno, possesses its power over man because it is the embodiment of a beautiful soul, and this soul in turn is a revelation of the divine. The soul ascends by stages from a contemplation of material beauty to reverence for the soul, and finally to love of spiritual beauty and ecstatic vision of the Beautiful.

In the Hymne to Heavenly Beautie, Spenser calls on the Holy Spirit to lend him its aid, so that he may adequately convey to men some conception of the divine Beauty. From a consideration of the beauty of physical form he proceeds to moral beauty, as manifested in the virtues and graces of honesty, temperance, charity, etc. These lesser degrees of beauty are necessary stages to lead the mind to the splendour of God, which otherwise would be blinding. After much toil the soul penetrates to the adytum where Sapience, or Wisdom, the divine Sophia, in the form of the Virgin Mary, sits enthroned, "The soveraine dearling of the Deity." The description of the peerless beauty of Sapience leaves little room for doubt that an embodiment of the Divine Feminine (Sophia) is really intended.

But who so may, thrise happie man him hold, Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace, And lets his owne Beloved to behold; For in the view of her celestiall face All joy, all blisse, all happinesse, have place; Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things, remaine;
But all that earst seemd sweet seemes now offense,
And all that pleased earst now seemes to paine;
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see;
All other sights but fayned shadowes bee.

Ah, then, my hungry soule! which long hast fed On idle fancies of thy foolish thought, And, with false beauties flattring bait misled, Hast after vaine deceiptfull shadowes sought, Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought But late repentance through thy follies prief; Ah! ceasse to gaze on matter of thy grief:

And looke at last up to that Soveraine Light, From whose pure beams al perfect beauty springs, That kindleth love in every godly spright Even the love of God; which loathing brings Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things; With whose sweete pleasures being so possest, Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

This conception of Mary as the embodiment of divine Beauty is, of course, nothing more nor less than a grafting of Roman Catholicism on to Neoplatonism. For many the mystical ideal of Mary makes a special appeal, even though it may not rise to the abstract heights of the philosophy of Plotinus. Every one, CULTIVATE however, might with advantage cultivate the THE SENSE perception of the beautiful. If we would but learn to look at mankind and nature with the eyes OF BEAUTY. of the soul rather than with the eyes of flesh, life would become far richer. The apparently dull and commonplace to the awakened vision is transfigured by a divine radiance. Not only does Nature reveal her hidden loveliness, but human life itself is seen beautified and exalted by an inner glory. The slums are hideous? Yes, but the great heart of humanity reveals its beauty there quite as frequently, if not more often, than it does in more fashionable quarters. Not that the eye becomes blind to the ugliness and distortion of much by which the doings of mankind are characterized; but that these are taken up to form part of a more comprehensive and more perfect whole. Only those, however, who have reached the very heart of Beauty, like Mother Julian, are in a position to know that despite all seeming to the contrary, "it is well."

The proprietors of the Occult Review have acquired for immediate publication, under the title of *The Voice*, an account of one of the most remarkable instances of unseen guidance which has ever come under the notice of the Editor of this magazine. The case is noteworthy not alone for the positive nature of the intervention from another plane, nor for the intensity of the realism which characterizes the narrative, which grips

the imagination more thoroughly than any effort of creative fiction; but because the record presents such varying features that it cannot fail to lead to much discussion and the most diverse conclusions, according to the point of view from which it is regarded.

Briefly, Joan Halford, while struggling alone to gain a livelihood for her child and herself in one of the new countries far overseas, determines to experiment with automatic writing.

From so small a circumstance she finds herself involved in toils of adversity from which escape unaided is practically impossible. Separated from her helpless little one, and confronted with the prospect of passing the rest of her days immured within the walls of a pauper lunatic asylum, the subject of this amazing story comes perilously near the border-line of actual mental breakdown.

It is at this juncture that the intervention of the "Voice" saves her reason, by taking unseen control of the situation and guiding her through a labyrinth of difficulty and misfortune to freedom and reunion with her daughter. Since there is no hope of her gaining her liberty by her own initiative, Joan Halford obeys implicitly the counsel of the Voice. There are no half measures about her unseen guide. She is put in possession of information which normally would be quite outside the bounds of her possible knowledge. She is warned of the hidden motives and intentions of those around her. She is prompted to choose the right moment for making any move. She is literally led by the hand through darkness and danger to finally reach a haven of refuge for herself and her daughter in the old country which, but for her invisible helper, she would never have seen again.

Small wonder, therefore, that Joan Halford came to regard the Voice if not as divine, then at least as a messenger of God. The accuracy of the predictions made, the uncanny insight into the minds of strangers, the wise nature of the counsel offered

her—all these combine to make an ineffaceable impression of majesty and power. Her ordeal, she was told, was for the purpose of warning others. She had been punished in this life instead of hereafter for trafficking with the Unseen. She was given frankly to understand that the task of restoring her to safety with her child having been brought to a successful issue, any promise made in the early days of the intervention with

regard to the development of "inspirational writing" no longer held good. It was only a device to secure her obedience. The means was justified by the end.

What, then, was the nature of the unseen guidance? That the author should take the Voice at its own valuation is entirely natural. The intensity of her convictions is the measure of her sincerity. The dispassionate observer, however, will be forced to ask what sort of divine messenger would make promises which were never meant to be fulfilled. Was the Voice, after all, an outside entity at all? Is it possible that the story is a record of the unexplored possibilities of the subconscious mind as exhibited in the case of the author? Factors enter into the narrative, however, which go to indicate that the guidance really emanated from an exterior source. In one instance an invisible but palpable hand took Joan Halford's and actually guided her. One cannot, of course, assert that the subconscious mind is incapable of producing a tactile hallucination, but certainly the spiritualistic hypothesis seems far more reasonable than that of subconscious activity.

Even granted that the Voice and guidance are attributable to an entity acting from beyond the veil, we are still left with the problem of the nature of the operating influence. Many who, while admitting the genuineness of spiritualistic phenomena, feel an instinctive aversion to mediumistic practices, will naturally welcome the author's conclusions with regard to the nature of the Voice. Here is a woman, they may justly urge, who gets into trouble through tampering with dangerous forces. An unseen helper comes on the scene and rescues her from the fruits of her indiscretion. The grave risks she ran are apparent. The lesson is obvious. Maybe. But reflection will show that the lesson is not quite so obvious as at first one might think. The spiritualist may point to the record of Joan Halford and urge with equal justice that it is a perfect example of "spirit guidance," in the highest degree a confirmation of spiritualistic claims.

On the face of it, and having regard to the bare facts, apart from the author's own interpretation of them, the case may be accepted either as a confirmation of or as a warning against spiritualism. The individual reader, of course, will form his own conclusions according to his mental outlook. In weighing the evidence, however, a vital point that needs to be carefully borne in mind, is the claim of the Voice to be considered as a messenger of God. It should not be forgotten that anyone who

comes to the succour of a fellow-being in distress, even on the physical plane, may well lay claim to the title of a messenger of God. The air of mystery surrounding an unseen guide lends itself all too easily to the fostering of false impres-WHOSE sions in regard to moral or spiritual status. It is "VOICE"? in no mood of disparagement that we would point out that the Voice exhibits, in the failure to keep promises, a particularly human weakness—a weakness usually conceded as a privilege of the fair sex, the privilege of changing one's mind. Further, the interest of the Voice in the affairs of common humanity is a human interest, the interest of a brother. Is it too much to suppose that we may find in the invisible helper a discarnate human being, not so very different from ourselves, when allowance is made for the possession of the subtler senses of a higher plane?

The records of psychic science are proving fairly conclusively that discarnate human beings are not so marvellously different in character from what they were whilst still embodied. Here on earth we have very divided opinions in regard to the desirability or otherwise of intercourse with the "spirit world"—many people cherish quite strong convictions on this point. On the astral plane a highly developed human being with decided views against mediumship might well be tempted by the opportunity afforded for the promulgation of his own views, to undertake the onerous task of helping Joan Halford out of her predicament.

Granted that this is mere conjecture, it nevertheless offers a clue to the explanation of certain otherwise puzzling features of this strange story. As already suggested, however, readers of the little book will be able to form their own conclusions as to what was the nature of the communicating entity; why the promise to develop the author's gift of automatic writing was never kept; and what was the object, if any, of the trying ordeal to which she was subjected. The record is offered on its merits as a striking document of intense psychic interest, and so far as the publishers are concerned, neither as pro nor anti spiritualism. It is, in fact, anticipated that even those who have no interest whatever in matters psychic will find in the narrative, which gains added power from its simplicity and obvious sincerity, episodes which rival in horror and pathos the sensationalism of Grand Guignol.

From America has come to hand a work which all should

Welcome who have at heart the interests of true occultism. Hartmann's Who's Who * is an all-inclusive guide to the advanced thought organizations and movements throughout the world.

AN OCCULT This occult, psychic and spiritualistic directory which is now for the first time offered to the public will, it is to be hoped, increase its sphere of usefulness as time enables it to become more firmly established. The scope for the future development of such a compilation, if wisely conducted, is wide in the extreme. That there is room for improvement in minor details such as classification, arrangement of headings, choice of type, etc., is only to be expected in a new venture. Future issues will doubtless show a consistent advance in this respect. Meanwhile, as it stands in its present form, particulars of the most diverse movements are included in its pages.

Under the more obscure classifications the following movements and organizations are represented: The Ahmadiyya Movement; Baha'i; Bio-chemistry; Bio-psychology; the Emanuel Movement; the Essenes; Mazdaznan; School of the Sacred Science; Sufism; and Transcendentalism. Naturally, many pages are devoted to such world-wide movements as New Thought, Spiritualism, and Theosophy, while particulars of the various organizations devoted to psychical research are each recorded in due order.

The nucleus of a valuable biographical section devoted to particulars concerning outstanding personalities in the many psychic, occult and spiritualistic movements is also included, as well as classified lists of psychic practitioners of all kinds and grades. The world's Press of advanced thought periodicals is listed under the various countries of publication; whilst the addresses of occult booksellers in all parts of the world add further value to a proposed annual work of reference, the growth and development of which rests to a large extent in the hands of those for whom its use is intended. The enterprise is worthy of all support, and it is with much pleasure that it is here introduced to the notice of readers of the Occult Review.

THE EDITOR.

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THE BLACK ARTS

By J. F. C. FULLER

MAN is human and a mystery; herein is to be sought all our sorrows, all our joys, all our desires, all our activities. Man is a troublesome creature, inwardly troubled by his consciousness, outwardly troubled by the unconscious, the things which surround him, the "why" and "wherefore" of which fascinate his mind and perplex his heart. We cannot fathom the origin of life nor can we state its purpose; we can but judge of it by inference, and inferences, if we probe them deeply, dissolve into an unknowable ether, an all-pervading miracle. Yet, such as these shadows are, we follow them, and as day creeps out of night so does the conscious emanate from out the vast and formless body of that unconsciousness which softly enfolds us in its gloom.

Some lie still in the coffin of existence; these are the human sheep who, where the grass of life is green, browse peacefully, and, where it is dust, die or bleat helplessly to others. These others are those who tear their shrouds and hammer at the lid, and with bleeding brow loosen the nails of oblivion, and, through the chinks between mind and soul, peer into the beyond.

Follow me, cries the priest, the king, the lawyer and the physician, and the human flock follows. Herein is to be revealed a mystery; not of the seeing leading the blind, for all are ultimately sightless, but of a spirit intangible, mysterious, which impels gross human flesh to flow onwards in streamlets and rivers to some unknown and seemingly unknowable sea. This impulse towards movement, whether it be betwixt star and star, atom and atom, or brain and brain, is the ultimate source of that ancient and yet ever youthful magic which, like a dark and wanton courtesan, decked in immortality, dances down the centuries, luring man on through cloud and sunshine, Letheanwards, a shadow cast on a shadow.

He who can impel any thing or creature, living or dead, to move, is a magician; whether it be a speck of dust brushed from the table, or the mind of another deranged by his will; for he has made use of an incomprehensible power—gravity or thought. When this power is named, and when this name can be pronounced by all, and all have accepted the shadow for the substance,

299

the image for the reality, hallucinated by the commonplace, man ceasing to think ceases to live intellectually. If a human being should arise, one who can tear away illusion, who can breathe a new life into the corpse, who can grope into the darkness, then is his art called black. Dark to him, it is still darker to others, and, disturbed from their slumbers, they pronounce him to be a harbinger of evil, a black magician, shrouded as he stands before them in the mystery of a little light.

What is the source of this impulse which, whilst the millions slumber fitfully, awakens the few? This is indeed a difficult question. Yet, from a search through history, it would appear to be sometimes love, sometimes fear, sometimes ambition and more than sometimes despair. Nevertheless, whatever its source may be, the valleys through which the river of magic flows are built of the slothfulness of others, those who like sheep browse, but who possess not the understanding to plough, sow and reap, to rend conventions, to awaken the imagination and to compel it to take form, tangible or intangible, real or ideal, it matters not which, for each is but a different aspect of the same shadow.

Thus history will tell us that the black arts are in reality but a revolt against convention, an insurrection against the satiety of images, a war against accepted words. They are black because they are unknown, evil because they unfrock the commonplace and take bread from the mouths of mumbling priests. Sometimes these arts are terrible and infernal, sometimes they are sublime and celestial, but always are they powerful, compelling hostility or allegiance. Separating the goats from the sheep, they sound a "Deus Vult" and emblazon a new crusade: a crusade against ignorance and oppression, which like a living wind raises the dust of the unconscious and casts it mote by mote into that beam of light which we call the intelligence of man.

An animal is born into this world, it lives and it dies, and its life is its eternity. Man also is an animal, but, to-day, he differs from the brute in that he knows that there was a time when he was not and that there will be a time when he, as he is, will be no more. The secret of good and evil is the secret of time. I was not, I am, I shall not be, and he who first discovered the truth of time was the first of the little will be a single property of the first of the little property of the first of the little property of the first of the little property of the littl

of time was the first of all the magicians.

Naked and bestial, crouching in the shadows of the twilight, we watch this ancient seer rise in terror as in his mind this truth is born. Now, like a god, he realizes, dimly though it may be, that there are a beginning and an end, two voids spanned by a human arch without abutments. Yet, unlike a god, he cannot

fathom what they hold, these twin abysses of eternity. Henceforth man measures himself against God, not for love but for envy; hence do we too measure ourselves against God, not for love but for understanding. Then, as God would not appear, did man invoke him, call upon him, and demons were born, the powers which vibrate from the Pleroma of unconsciousness. Some are pleasant to look upon, and others fill our nostrils with their stench. Thus are angels and devils created from the inert as it ferments into the active. They are the reflections of a consciousness which to some is without and material, and to others within and secret; but, whether they be tangible beings or ideas, it matters not, for in either form they are equally potent.

Then, as the demoniacal hierarchy takes shape, are all things endowed with a semblance of immortality, that is a power over time and consequently over space, and all that space includes, for these are the visible attributes of God the Timeless One. There are the gods of the rivers and the woods, the mists and the mountains, there are sun gods and moon gods, and star gods and gods of music, of dance, of death and of marriage, of love and of hate. All things become demoniacal, they possess the power to change, that is to quaff from the cup of time. Like unto men are they, eat, drink and wive do they, yet they are not men but the powers of men which, through things material, entice men onwards to states immortal, ultimately, that is, towards the timeless, the conquest of time and the accomplishment of godhood.

As demons walk the earth, so do those who follow nearest become priests, and those who follow at a distance, the congregations of the creeds. Propitiations grow into rituals, for there is an art in giving food and in offering prayer. Canons are evolved and inexorable laws are written. Thus are the Great God and all his servitors, his forces in time, potted in Vedas, Bibles, Zendavestas and Korans, and the followers are spoon fed on the narcotics of faith, and time and the knowledge of what time holds secret is wrenched from their minds by obedience to the word of the priest, the terrestial pedlar of celestial chattels.

But thought is a combustible: leave it to man's will and like scattered gunpowder it burns with a little flame; but tamp it by oppression and it explodes, and sometimes will blast an epoch.

As the priest kneaded man's mind into his bread and trod out man's heart into his wine and on human woe and terror fed, some there were, men and also women, old and young, who fled his grasp, and, in the solitude of desert and mountain and forest, offered their souls as a eucharist to the demoniacal rulers of these places. They called upon them, and called not in vain, for in their calling they awoke within themselves the very powers which could set them free.

Wherever we look, from time to time do we hear the bugle note of the magical revolt against priestcraft and the enslavement of thought summoning the devils to form phalanx against the priest-conscripted angelic hosts. Thus were the wizard and the witch born, searchers after evil powers, for the good had deserted them, and evil enslaved them and made them what they were. Whither else could they turn? Living in dark places they turned to the spirits of night, for the spirits of goodness lay enchained in temples and in mosques, in the churches and in the cathedrals of the priests.

In Assyria, the cradle of sorcery, we hear the cry mount

upwards :-

Urudu-Gar-Lig-Ga Ur-Sag An-Na-Ge
Za-Pa-Ram Me-Ne-A-Ni Hu-Luh-Ha
Gar-Hul Ba-Ab-Sir-Ra Su-U-Me-Ti
Ki Za-Pa-Ram Sum-Mu U-Me-Ni-De-A
Dah-Zu-Hi-A
Tu-Dug-Ga I Dingir-En-Ki-Ga-Ge
Urudu-Gar-Lig-Ga Ur-Sag An-Na-Ge Za-Pa
Ram Me-Ne-A-Ni Hu-Mu-Ra-Ab-Dah-E
Utug-Hul A-La-Hul Ha-Ba-Ra-E.

"Take thou the potent meteorite of heaven, which by the roar of its awful might removeth all evil. Place him where the thunder roar is uttered, that it may help thee, by the magic of the word Ea may the potent meteorite of heaven with its awful

roar help thee."

And help them it did, for it awoke within their hearts a faith in their destiny. Now they were no longer alone in their struggle against the throttling rituals of convention. The words leapt from their throats, begotten of their hearts: no longer need they listen to the mumbling of the priest and fearfully tremble, for now they could tremble with joy.

Seven are they! Seven are they! In the Ocean Deep seven are they! Battening in Heaven seven are they, Bred in the depths of Ocean. Nor male nor female are they, But as the roaming wind blast.

No wife have they, no son can they beget; Knowing neither mercy nor pity, They hearken not to prayer or supplication, They are as horses reared among the hills. . . .

Evil was at least their leaguer, and evil though these forces were, they were something, something to rely on and something better than the pauperization of thought, and, through thought, of action: they breathed freedom like a devastating storm.

In the Middle Ages of Christian rule did once again the spirit of man break the shackles which bound him, and it broke them by an alliance with Satan. Mad, if not insane, would the sorcerer creep forth to some heath or grove, far away from monastery or church, and, bereft of his senses through the gloom of those desolate places, would he shriek to the stars:—

Eko! eko! Azarak. Eko! eko! Zomelak! Zod-ru-kod e Zod-ru-koo Zod-ru-koz e Goo-ru-moo! Eo! Eo! Oo... Oo!

Though the words be different, it is the same chant of the Assyrian seer, for it is the conjuration of freedom, freedom which was to beget the arts and sciences of to-day, that consciousness which, though latent, was unconsciousness when these words were uttered. They were the love murmurings of a new betrothal.

Yet there was method in this madness: it was not all froth and frenzy, it was at times methodical, as methodical as the ritual of the priest, so methodical that the mind became entranced in the operation, carried out of itself and concentrated on the spell, until what was desired was born and to the adept became tangible and alive. Here then is a picture of the witch at her work, and, from it, it will be realized that hers was no light task.

Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd,

Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten Her nine farrow: grease that's sweaten From the murderer's gibbet throw Into the flame. . . .

And yet, these "secret, black and midnight hags," according to the story, were not impotent, for the third apparition which they evoked spake out saying:—

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill Shall come against him,

and we all know how the story ended.

Witchcraft of the above type was, in its day, a reality, a power which, through horror, accomplished what the priest should have accomplished through charity. Witchcraft was the grating of the file of truth against the ecclesiastical chains which shackled the reason, it was also a hissing acid which ate into and rotted convention.

From the crude cauldron with its bubbling offal, collected in secrecy and danger and hence potentized by faith and fear, even if but faith in Sabazios-Adonai, or fear of Zabrodax, we rise one rung on the ladder of the black arts and find ourselves partaking in the Witches' Sabbath and the Black Mass. He who has read Michelet's La Sorcière needs no introduction to this subject, yet he must understand that the true sorceress, with all that she symbolizes, is not the simple witch, she is not so much a seeker after evil as a seeker after truth. In the hut of the sorceress are the arts and sciences re-discovered. Listen to these murmurings of the past:—

There under the stars, whilst the bats circle the moon, and the toad hops through the thicket, and the frogs splash in the mere, the shepherd whispers to her: how green were the eyes of the wild wolf, how sharp were his claws, how white his teeth; ... how the entrails wriggled on the ground, and the pink brains bubbled out their blood. Then both are silent, for awe fills them as they crouch trembling amongst the hemlock and the

foxgloves before the mystery of death.

A little while and she rises and, pulling her hood over her head, sets out alone through the trackless forest, here and there lit by the moon, and, guided by the stars, she reaches the city.

At a small postern by the tower of the castle, known as the "lover's gate," she halts and whistles thrice, and then, in shrill clear notes, as of some awakened night-bird, calls: "Brother, brother mine!" Soon a chain clanks against the oaken door, and a bolt rumbles back from its staple, and before her, in his red shirt, and his leathern apron, stands her brother, the hangman.

There under the stars she whispers to him, and for a moment he trembles, looking deep into her eyes; then he turns and leaves her.

Presently, there is a creaking of chains overhead. . . . An owl, awakened from the gibbet above, where it had been blinking, perched on the shoulder of a corpse, flies shrieking into the night.

Soon he returns; his footsteps resounding heavily along the stone passage, and in his arms he is carrying the dead body of

a young man. "Hé, my little sister," he pants, and for a moment he props his heavy load up against the door of the postern. Then these two, the sorceress and the hangman, silently creep out into the night, back into the gloom of the forest, carrying between them the slumbering spirit of science and art sleeping in the corpse of a young man, whose golden hair streams gleaming in the moonlight, and around whose white throat glistens a snake-like bruise of red, of purple and of black.

There, under the oaks by an age-worn dolmen, did they celebrate their midnight mass. . . . "Look you! I must needs tell you, I love you well, as you are to-night; you are more desirable than ever you have been before . . . you are built as a youth should be. . . . Ah! how long, how long have I loved you! . . . But, to-day, I am hungry, hungry for you! . . ."

Thus under the Golden Bough in the moonlight was the host uplifted, and the shepherd and the hangman and the sorceress broke the bread of necromancy and drank deep of the wine of witchcraft, and swore secrecy over the eucharist of art.

Others swore secrecy too, Friar Bacon in his laboratory, who hid the secret of the discovery of gunpowder in a cryptogram; and others more fervently still as they watched Giordano Bruno blazing at the stake.

Between auto da fé and in pace the black arts throve in desolate huts and in out-of-the-way caverns, and thriving they grew grey, not with age but with a light which one day would glow into the brilliance of an increased consciousness. It was in this dull chill twilight of the great awakenment that the Middle Ages passed into the licence of the Renaissance, and into the sobriety of the Reformation.

What do we see in these spiritually troublesome times? The sorcerer and sorceress still practise their arts and indulge in their incantations, but we see others working near them, not on heath and in desolate cavern, but in the great cities and at the courts of kings. Paracelsus is half medicine-man, half scientist. Agrippa travels from university to university seeking weird things, but things with a meaning: he has a rational objective, the witch had none. Dr. Dee develops clairvoyance, he moulds panticles in wax, he calls upon a whole hierarchy of angels and angelic forces. Now the magical ceremony, the forging of swords in the moonlight, the compounding of incense, the fashioning of wands and sigils, are all endowed with a meaning, and they concentrate the thoughts of the adept on the work at hand: the elixir of life, the philosopher's stone, the transmutation of the

metals, of evil into good. And as thought conglobes around desire, so does desire take form, warmed as is an egg by the body of a brooding hen.

The power of talismans and panticles is a reality when believed in, and little can be accomplished without belief. They stimulate the faith of man in the powers which are ever latent in his great unconscious mind, and "atom" by "atom" they endow this unconsciousness with a conscious existence.

These are the spells by which to re-assume An empire o'er the disentangled doom;

and again:

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite; To forgive wrongs darker than death or night; To defy power which seems omnipotent; To love, and bear; to hope till hope creates From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.

Whilst these strange spells were being cast, and whilst hope in the spiritual world was dominating power, also was hope dominating power in the material. Here strange men arise, manipulating the elements of earth and water as if they also were panticles of wax and wood. Columbus, Cabot, Vasco da Gama brave the terrors of the ocean—"fighting immensity with a needle." Giovanni della Porta re-discovers the power of steam, Copernicus a new solar system, Newton the force we call gravity. In their day, all these men were still more or less black magicians.

With the unleashing of steam, the world is re-cast; that is, humanity attains a higher consciousness, the latent powers of the mind move. A new priesthood arises—the mechanical engineer—and the world is enslaved by the oppression of a stinking smoke. It is no longer so much the soul of man which is harrowed as his body, the interdict is replaced by the furnace, and excommunication by the jig and tool. The transmutation of metals changes, but only in detail, for greed is ever with us. No longer is it sought to transmute lead into silver, but instead blood, the blood and sweat of man, into gold.

During the Black Age of the steam epoch, we see the old world pageant re-enacted, the oppression of the soul of man, not by fear of heaven but by terror of earth, and, as hope dies, despair is born, a dank wet mist under the cloak of which the sorcerer creeps forth in the form of the anarchist. He is persecuted, and he thrives on persecution; he is a black magician whose heart has swallowed his reason; he is truly mad, but a power to be

reckoned with, for, however horribly bubbles his cauldron, it is destined to fertilize another epoch.

From science based on reason arises the rationalist. The black magician of the sixteenth century is now a white-robed priest in the Secular Hall, for his mind has swallowed his heart. Thus it is that we watch, materializing from the backwash of his cold calculations, strange forms—spiritualism, psychical research, theosophy and all the clatter and baby prattle of "higher thought." To the rationalist these are black children, little tumbling dagoes, who may be laughed aside; but like children they grow into strapping boys and girls, and some into black magicians. Lake Harris and Daniel Dunglas Home are undoubtedly of this type, and, morally, they are burnt at the stake. Then, as years speed by, some enter the "Royal Societies" of the world; they are no longer morally burned for being charlatans, but instead are proclaimed mad, a word which may be intonated in many ways.

What is Madness, what are Nerves? [bellows forth Carlyle]. Ever as before, does Madness remain a mysterious-terrific, altogether infernal boiling up of the Nether Chaotic Deep, through this fair painted Vision of Creation, which swim therein, which we name the Real, was Luther's picture of the Devil less a reality, whether it were formed within the bodily eye or without it? In every the wisest soul lies a whole world of internal Madness, an authentic Demon-Empire; out of which, indeed, his world of wisdom has been creatively built together, and now rests there, as in its dark foundations does a habitable flowery Earth-rind.

What indeed is madness but the orgasm between consciousness and unconsciousness; yet to-day psychology has passed this chaotic union between mind and soul: it is taking form, and one day it will be brought to bed of a new priesthood. Already have the heralds of the last illusion blazoned forth the coming of the magicians. Freud and Jung and a host of followers have invented psycho-analysis, which to-day is still pure black magic, the anatomization of the mind by thought potentized by theories in place of by panticles, mantras and spells.

In the black cabinet, in place of the cave, the modern witch squats. The cauldron has gone, and in its place Dr. Schrenck-Notzing crouches behind his camera, whilst Gustave Geley scribbles in his note-book—Dynamo-Psychism, which is but Urudu-Gar-Lig-Ga over again, or Zod-ru-koz e Goo-ru-moo—words, letters arranged according to the grammatical conventions of the days in which they are uttered.

Words, words, yet they are the philtres of the emanations of reality, those beams which smite through the shadowy land of

unconsciousness and lend to it a little borrowed light. Humanity, in part or whole, loves an ideal, as a man loves a woman. There is the chase and the capture and the kill, and from the spell of kisses, in agony, is born the child which in its day will do as its parents did. Thus it seems that, in the great heart of hearts of things unknowable, the black arts are in reality white, lucid and limpid, capricious will-o'-the-wisps which beckon us on over heath and through hut, through cathedral, city and study.

O dim, far-lifted, and mighty dome, Mecca of many minds, mauso-leum of many hopes, sad house where all desires fail! For there men enter in with hearts uplifted, and dreaming minds, seeing in those exalted stairs a ladder to fame, in that pompous portico the gate of knowledge, and going in, find but vain vanity, and all but in vain. There, when the long streets are ringing, is silence, there eternal twilight, and the odour of heaviness. But there the blood flows thin and cold and the brain burns adust; there is the hunt of shadows, and the chase of embattled phantoms; a striving against ghosts, and a war that has no victory. O dome, tomb of the quick! surely in thy galleries, where no reverberant voice can call, sighs whisper ever, and mutterings of dead hopes, and there men's souls mount like moths towards the flame, and fall scorched and blackened beneath thee, O dim, far-lifted, and mighty dome!

Thus writes Arthur Machen of the reading-room of the British Museum, that circle of the modern sorcerer who searches for the "why" and the "wherefore," not beneath the stars but under the buckram and leather of printed books. Thus in the laboratory of hallucinations has the black magician toiled, whilst down the centuries dances Illusion—a dusky courtesan, enticing, entrancing, beckoning we know not whither.

LLANTHONY ABBEY AND WHAT I EXPERIENCED THERE

By CHAS. H. ROUSE

IT was after one of his Missions in London that I first made the acquaintance of Father Ignatius; and I subsequently received from him a warm invitation to spend a few weeks at Llanthony Abbey—an invitation which I very gladly accepted.

At the time of my visit the monastic buildings were far from complete. They consisted of east and west wings, with a cloister connecting them on the south. This had an extension leading to the north-west entrance to the church—of which the choir alone was erected.

The main entrance to the Abbey was in the west wing, which formed the residential quarters of the Community. Here were the parlour, refectory, kitchen and offices, on the ground floor. Above these, the Community room, and cells. The east wing contained the large sacristy, and, beyond that, the Abbot's Parlour—which was not then used. Just inside the sacristy was a door opening to the stairs, which led to the row of cells above. These cells, all of which were on the right of the corridor (the outer wall of the building being on the left), were small cubicles, divided by wooden partitions about seven feet high, and were reserved for guests. Mine was half-way down the corridor; and, being the only guest at the time, I was the sole occupant of that east wing during the night.

After Compline, all walked in procession along the cloister, to the Community room, on the table of which a small spirit-lamp and box of matches were set out for each one. Taking mine, I had to return through the cloister to my own lonely

quarters.

At 2 o'clock a.m. the monks rose for Matins; and it was the custom for them to stop for a moment by the sacristy door and give the guests an opportunity to join, if they felt thus piously inclined. One would open the door at the foot of the stairs and call out, "Benedicamus Domino"; and the guest, if feeling responsive, would reply, "Deo gratias," slip on his shoes, and go down. He was supposed to sleep in his cassock.

309

It was on the second night after my arrival that I had my first uncanny experience.

I had gone to bed thoroughly tired out—having had a long walk that day over the mountains—when it seemed as if that Matins call came while in the enjoyment of my beauty sleep. It was not a welcome call; but, with a heroism which I have often wondered at since, I made the response, sat up and rubbed my eyes, and was down in less than half a minute. I did not find the monks waiting for me, so proceeded to the church.

Now it was a rule that anyone arriving late for an Office was to remain outside the church door during the opening prayers, and not enter until the singing commenced. There I remained, then, for some time; resolving never to be late again, for it was very dark and very cold. The minutes dragged on, and I was wondering when in the world those prayers would be over, when I heard a clock strike TWELVE! And even as it was striking I heard a voice near me—"Ora pro nobis." And then, for the first time, I realized that this was the cry which had awakened me, and not "Benedicamus Domino." Trying the church door, I found it locked—naturally so, for it was only twelve, and Matins was at two. Again came the cry, "Ora pro nobis"—Pray for us. I now returned to my cell, responded to the ghostly petition, and turned into bed again.

I was afterwards told by Father Ignatius that the same cry was frequently heard by members of the Community; and his explanation was that it came from one or more of the spirits of monks who had inhabited the old Abbey, four miles distant, and whose lives had not been consistent with their profession. He also told me that the place was haunted by a ghost known as "the silent monk," who was frequently seen walking slowly about the cloister or grounds. He walked with hands folded and head bent. The face, when seen, appeared to be that of a good man, but very sad.

A few nights after the above experience, I had another, of a much more unpleasant nature.

Compline over, I was wending my way back through the cloister, to my cell. The wind was up a bit that night, and it was a work of art to guard the feeble naked flame of the benzene lamp while negotiating the passage. However, I reached the door at the foot of the stairs without mishap, and, having closed it behind me, had ascended half a dozen steps, when I heard it opened again, and sandalled feet following me upstairs. I naturally

concluded that one of the Brothers was coming for me. My first thought was that Father Ignatius had been taken with one of his frequent attacks. I halted, therefore, and was in the act of turning to see who it was, when a breath came across my cheek—and out went my lamp. Striking a match to re-light it, and remembering that silence might only be broken by first saying the usual exhortation, I exclaimed: "Benedicamus Domino. Brother Denis, no larks!"

I then saw a monk passing up the stairs in front of me, and, though I could not see his face, I could see perfectly well that it was neither Brother Denis nor any other member of the Community—that is to say, not any that I had yet seen. This was very puzzling; for the idea of its being a ghostly visitor never occurred to me. Who, then, was it? What was he doing here?

When we both reached the corridor, this figure being about a yard in front of me, I said: "Benedicamus Domino. Who are you?"

He now turned round, and I saw the face distinctly. It was a face of deadly pallor; long, stern and troubled.

You will recollect that this corridor had a dead wall on the left, and the row of cells upon the right. When the monk turned, it was to look back at me over the left shoulder. Just for a moment did he thus regard me, and then passed right into the wall. It was done quite leisurely—no haste at all. Slowly and deliberately he walked into the wall and thus disappeared.

We parted without any regrets on my part; but I certainly did begin to regret that there was not sufficient accommodation for me in the other wing. However, supposing this to be one of the poor restless souls who sought one's prayers, I said the "De Profundis," turned into bed, and was soon asleep.

How long I slept, I cannot say; but when I woke, it was with a violent start. What in the Name of Wonder was taking place? Had Bedlam been let loose in the adjoining cell? First, a prolonged, unearthly cry rang out, and then came a furious banging against the partition. Now the dragging of the iron bedstead, the banging of a chair, and then a crash. To lie and listen to this pandemonium was impossible; yet the thought of going into that cell to investigate the cause was not a soothing one. I lit my lamp, however, and went. As I left my own cell, I saw a monk—the same who had followed me upstairs—come away from the next one, cross the corridor, and again pass into the wall.

On entering the cell in which he had been so sadly misapplying his energies, I found everything in a state of confusion. The

bedstead had been dragged from its place; the straw mattress pulled off; chair overturned, and broken, and the crucifix taken down from the wall and flung to the ground—where it lay in fragments.

On the morrow, I told Ignatius what a beautiful night I had had, and how much I enjoyed sleeping in that wing, with such charming company.

He listened to my story without interruption, and when I had finished he took a manuscript book from a drawer at his side, opened it, and, passing it over to me, said "Read that." And there I read my own story, almost word for word. It was written by a former guest, who had occupied my cell, and had had precisely the same experience that I had enjoyed.

The Reverend Father then told me that their own west wing once had a nocturnal visitation of the same nature. Soon after midnight the whole Community had been aroused by a great noise, evidently proceeding from the refectory or kitchen—or both. All hurried downstairs, but on arriving at the refectory door, the noise ceased. When they entered, it was to find that the work of destruction, in refectory and kitchen, had been complete. Both floors were covered with broken crockery. Dozens of plates and dishes, cups and saucers, jugs and basins—everything, in fact, that was breakable—had been smashed. The furniture, too, had been dragged about and overturned.

Before I left Llanthony I had yet another occult experience; but one of a totally different nature.

It was the custom for each member of the Community, including guests, to take an hour's watch in the chapel. This hour was occupied with Intercessions for various objects. The last quarter of an hour one devoted to one's own private intercession. My watch was from 8 to 9 a.m. On the occasion to which I refer, when the three-quarters struck I covered my face with my hands, and instantly found myself in a room which was strange to me, though the furniture seemed familiar. Lying in bed, with her face to the wall, and crying bitterly, was a very near and dear relative of mine. I gathered that her grief was caused by the news conveyed by a letter which lay on the coverlet. I touched her on the shoulder, and said: "Cheer up, old girl. It will all come right. And now I am going to pray for you." Then the "vision" passed, and I began my intercession for her.

I should naturally have written to tell her of my experience, and to ask if she was in trouble; but we were then snowed up,

and it was impossible to get letters posted. On returning to London, however, I went to see her—she had moved into another house, by the way, since I saw her last. In the course of conversation, she suddenly exclaimed, "Before I forget it; I want to tell you of a strange thing that happened while you were away. One morning, when the maid brought my cup of tea and 'mail,' there was a letter which contained some very sad news. It upset me very much, and I had a good cry over it. Then I felt a distinct touch on my shoulder, and, turning round, saw you standing by the bed, as clearly as I see you now. While I was looking in amazement at you, you said, 'Cheer up, old girl, it will all come right. And now I am going to pray for you.' And then you vanished. Now how do you account for that?"

"As a matter of fact," I replied, "I did come, and it was exactly at a quarter to nine." At my request she took me at once to her room, and I recognized everything; though, in one respect, it did not quite correspond with the "vision." "Yes," I repeated, "I certainly did come, but you have made some slight alteration in the room since my visit." "No," she replied, "it is as it has been from the first." At last it flashed upon me. "Surely, since then, you have reversed the positions of the wardrobe and dressing-table?" Then she gave a little gasp, and exclaimed: "But this is most uncanny! You are perfectly right. That was the first arrangement, but I altered it after a day or two."

Among other Interesting Contributions in the next issue of the Occult Review will appear

"The Greek Idea of the Soul"

By WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE

·DOG

"The Utility of Dreams"

By A. L. SUMMERS

SOME SURMISES ON MATERIALIZATION PHENOMENA

BY KENNETH MACKENZIE OF SCATWELL, BT.

PART II

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IN the first part of this article the functions of the Ether were briefly dealt with, and the possibility of its vibrations producing results other than light when their frequency was changed and regulated by some suitable controlling appliance or medium under proper conditions was considered. We saw how etheric vibrations may constitute the means whereby the whole Cosmos, astral or mental as well as material or physical, might be built up and constructed from the Ether, and how these vibrations may form a clue to the method by which the phenomena of materialization are possibly produced.

In order to make the subject more clear by bringing it within the domain of everyday life, let us consider the well-known process of "electrolysis," whereby a metal is completely disintegrated in a fluid, through which it passes to be deposited on another metal by the agency of electricity—the method, for example, by which all electro-plated goods are covered with silver. Here we have a metal, electro-chemically reduced to an invisible atomic condition, transferred through a suitable conducting medium, and appearing again in its original state at a distance, but in a form dependent upon the design of the operator.

We cannot see the metal pass, but we can note its disappearance and reappearance, its latter state being guided and arranged by the form upon which it has to be made visible.

Now Occult Science teaches that everything in this world has an "archetype," a form which exactly represents in an "immaterial medium" that which exists as a material object to our senses. There is no word which exactly expresses the "immaterial medium" in question—"astral-body," generally employed with regard to living objects, is perhaps the nearest, but neither the vegetable nor mineral kingdom possess this, having but an "etheric-body" only which all creatures of the animal world also have. Occultism also teaches that the "Astral plane" interpenetrates the material plane exactly as the Ether of

science is believed to do, and is visible to those with "eyes to see" such as clairvoyants or seers.

Perhaps the matter may be made a little more clear by a simile which, although very crude and rough, will give some idea as to what is meant by the "interpenetration" by the higher planes of the lowest or physical one. Such a concept will also give some notion as to what is meant by the statement that the "next world," or astral plane to which we pass at death, is here now, everywhere and all around us in this material world in which we live, though we are for the most part unconscious of the fact.

If a glass bottle, which may be taken to represent a "form" or "body," be filled with sand, such a shaped mass of sand may be considered as representing a material or physical body of some living human being. If as much clear water as will fill the interstices between the grains of sand be now added, the water will take the same form as the interior of the bottle and of the sandy contents. Such a liquid form of exactly the same shape and size as the sandy one, and interpenetrating it completely, may be taken as representing the etheric body possessed by every living thing in the material world. Now if a little colouring matter be added to the water it will be absorbed by it, and the atoms of the colouring matter will form another "body" exactly similar to those of the water and sand, but still atomically distinct from them. This coloured body may be considered as the astral body which every living creature not belonging to the vegetable world possesses, and which, with the etheric body, interpenetrates the physical one, yet equally distinct from both. Finally, if the coloured liquid bodies thus imagined be aerated with a gas, this gas will permeate the molecules of the water and colouring matter without interfering with them, and may be taken as representing the spiritual body of the entire form contained in the bottle. Though very crude, such a concept will give some idea of the complex nature of the human body, and may also show how the "astral" world interpenetrates the whole of the material one unperceived by our five normal senses.

8 2

If this simile be rightly understood, is it a very great stretch of the imagination to conceive something of a similar nature taking place on the astral plane when "materializations" occur on the physical plane which is interpenetrated by it?

The idea may seem rather far-fetched and chimerical, but after all it is somewhat analogous, for one can imagine an astral

body being built into by Ether atoms in order to become cognizable by our senses, thus representing one pole of the electrolytic process already mentioned. The medium or psychic from whom these Ether atoms may be drawn to enable this to be done, would constitute the other pole of the process. The astral-ether of that plane might form the conductor between the two poles, since both would be sensible to its vibrations, and it would only need some kind of force emanating from the psychic transmitting pole, (corresponding to the electric current used in electrolysis), to draw therefrom the atoms of Ether which the receiving astral body or archetype could absorb, its special vibrations having been transmuted by the medium into those of another frequency. In this way the astral body would be built upon by Ether atoms until it became visible to us, and would remain so as long as the medium was able to control the two specific vibration frequencies; the process being reversed when dematerialization commenced.

The astral body or archetype would then become the transmitting pole giving off the atoms of Ether to be reabsorbed by the medium until stabilization was again reached. It is, I believe, a well-established fact that in so-called "spirit" materializations the weight of the medium's body diminishes as the materialized body increases in size and completeness, and it would therefore seem evident that this must be due to the extraction of Ether atoms from the medium's body, which may constitute what is known as "ectoplasm." This substance, like everything else, so far as we know at present, must be composed of Ether atoms of a specific vibration frequency, and we shall probably know some day whether or not this frequency varies according to the medium from whom it emanates. It is probable that it is the same in all cases as is human flesh, blood, and bone, unless each individual medium possessed some special astral attributes which would put him "in touch" with certain astral bodies only, and make it possible for him to materialize no others than these. Perhaps this may account for some mediums being able only to materialize certain "spirits," and why nearly all have certain "controls" who always act for and with him or her, as the case may be.

The Ether atoms requisite for astral materialization may also be drawn from other persons participating in séances, a medium, presumably, being able to control the vibrations of physical bodies other than his own when conditions are favourable; and this may explain the necessity for suitable "sitters" to be present in order to obtain the results required.

When materialization of the vocal organs of an astral body takes place, as in "direct voice" manifestations, it may also be a reason why the voice corresponds exactly with that of the person when alive, and is thus recognized by relations and friends. The Ether atoms used may come from them without their being conscious of it, and in such cases the medium would not be called upon to supply any, but only to control the vibrations. I understand that at "direct voice" séances the voices most often heard, besides those of the medium's controls, are those of relatives or friends of the sitters, and the foregoing suggestion may account for this. When the voices are those of complete strangers to all present, possibly the medium alone may furnish the Etheric atoms required, under the direction of his controls aided by the deceased person whose voice is being reproduced.

Materializations of vocal organs belong most probably to the first category mentioned, though whether an invisible materialized throat and mouth with the necessary lips, tongue, and teeth requisite to produce speech have ever been actually *felt* by hand, I do not know. It would be most interesting to ascertain if such is the case, for since unseen "spirit" hands are often felt, there is no reason, apparently, why the whole vocal mechanism should not also be built up of astral-etheric "matter," tangible, yet invisible on account of its special vibrational frequency.

§ 3

The question of "apports" or material objects produced at séances by supernormal means through the powers possessed by certain psychics, may be considered as similar in some respects to what has already been said with regard to materialization. There is this difference, however, that some apports have been permanent and kept for years afterwards. This would imply that the materialization has been complete and perfectly atomic, resulting in a truly material object having been formed with all the attributes of one of normal origin. Take, for instance, a rose suddenly appearing at a séance, fresh as if newly gathered, and fragrant with its own peculiar odour. "A miracle!" one might reasonably exclaim, especially if one knew that none were to be obtained in the neighbourhood, or that it was not the time of year for roses to bloom.

Now a "natural" rose complete in every respect evolves or "grows" in a few days from "nothing," so far as our eyes can see, except from a slight excrescence on the stem of a living plant. A bud appears, grows, and blooms; but how, we cannot tell;

nor do we wonder, because it seems a "natural" thing for it to do. We do not know what forces were at work to produce it, to give it its shape, specific colour and odour, and make it more or less different from any other rose on the same tree. We take it all as "a matter of course," as we do everything in this world in the realm of Nature which does not directly affect our personal interests or feelings. But that rose was built up of Ether atoms controlled by the Life force of the plant, without any intervention so far as we could see, becoming when so evolved "matter," cognizable by our senses, and therefore an actual thing to us. It may have its archetype on the astral plane, and certainly its etheric body whilst alive, as have all living things. Would it be more "unnatural" for a rose to be built up of "astral-etheric" atoms controlled by those directing the operation through a materializing medium, than for one to "grow" from atoms of Ether in what seems to us the "natural" manner, simply because it is the usual one? I cannot see that one manner is more "unnatural" than the other, knowing, as we do, nothing of what is possible in Nature beyond what our five senses can tell us.

§4

What do we really know of "Life," of what that word implies? We see it bursting forth around us everywhere, mainly in the form of vegetation, covering every kind of desolation where it can get the least means for sustenance, and rapidly followed by insect life of myriad species. In those far-off days, thousands of years ago, when the Upanishads were written, men knew substance only—matter; Energy, as apart from it, they were unable to express except in terms of matter. An idea of it they had, but words to represent the thought were wanting. Take this excerpt, for example:—

" Bring me a fig."

"Lo, my Lord."

"Break it."

"It is broken, my Lord."

"What seest thou in it?"

"Lo, little seeds, as one might say, my Lord."

"Now break one of them."
"It is broken, my Lord."

"What seest thou in it?"

"Naught whatsoever, my Lord."

Then he said, "Of that thinness which thou beholdest not, beloved, ariseth the fig tree which is so great. Have faith, be-

loved, in this thinness hath this all its essence. It is the tree, it is the leaf. Thou art it."

Life is not a substance which can be seen, felt, or apprehended; everything which can be, is a manifestation of an invisible force within, energy blended with matter, the substance being but an envelope built up by it in which to manifest. But how it does so, and whence the life force is drawn, we know not yet, if ever we shall know, so long as we are part and parcel of a material world. The doors of God's "Power House" are closed to us; little lamps kept alight by the current we get from it, else might we tamper with the supply, and in our pride, deeming ourselves as Gods, bring destruction upon the whole scheme in our endeavour to supplant the "engineers" in charge. "So much may ye know, but no more"; that may be the warning on the doors, even now, as it once was when the search for what was forbidden, the "knowledge of good and evil," brought calamity upon the human race.

We are still too far from spiritual adequacy to be permitted access to the fountain head; but when physical science becomes a search solely for Spiritual Truth, material results being accessories only for the benefit of mankind as a whole, then we may know what we but guess at now. But that day is yet far distant.

85

Another phase of materializations about which much controversy has raged, and still rages, perhaps, more than over any other, is that of "spirit" or psychic photography, the absolute reality of which I believe to be established, though the "how" and "whereby" are as yet unknown. Here again it may be a question of astral etheric vibrations within the range of light frequencies before mentioned, which certain mediums can control, though unable to influence those of sound or matter. It is well known that persons possessing psychic qualities specialize in certain manifestations of their powers, and in them only; for those individuals who are able to produce every kind of phenomena are very rare indeed. The most widely gifted in that respect was, I understand, the late Mr. D. D. Home.

Mediums able to produce "spirit" photographs are practically a class apart, and can do little else in the way of supernormal phenomena. Their speciality seems to be the control of such astral-etheric vibrational frequencies as will bring them within the range of *light* waves, in order that those from an astral body may be modified or "tuned" to those within the range of the

320

visible solar spectrum, and thus act upon a sensitive photographic film.

Let us assume that a deceased person, still on the astral plane which interpenetrates the physical world, desires to appear on a photograph. Before this can be done the vibrational frequency of the astral body would have to be adjusted or "tuned" to those of light in order to become visible; but whether these would be of a higher or lower frequency we cannot yet say, those of the astral plane being unknown. The medium's powers would be able to do this "tuning in," the camera being merely a material optical instrument necessary to produce a material result capable of acting on our sense of sight. The astral body or form-seldom more than a face or bust—is temporarily materialized sufficiently for the light rays to act upon it and so affect the sensitive film, though invisible to the human eye. It is hardly necessary to mention the fact that a camera lens can detect rays of light quite invisible to our eyes, stellar photography being a well-known case in point. Consequently the temporary materialization need not be carried to an extent which would make them so, especially as it would be more difficult in the daylight necessary for photography. That only the face is generally seen is perhaps due to the amount of psychic power available by the medium, and exercisable during the time required for the result to be obtained; though when such photographs are taken in the presence of relatives or friends as "sitters," more psychic power would be available and better results obtained, especially those most desired. The cloudy film generally surrounding the "spirit" face or body may perhaps be that portion of the ether enclosing the astral-etheric form which also becomes affected by the alteration of the vibrational frequency, gradually fading away from the clearer image, and so leaving no sharply defined outline. It really seems that everything is a question of "vibrations" so far as this universe is concerned, for through them, and by them only, does "matter" as we know it, become cognizable by our senses through the Ether which appears to be the fons et origo of everything. If there be on the physical plane an Ether of which everything consists, may there not be one also on the astral plane, varying from it chiefly by difference in vibrational frequency, or, perhaps, in speed? As has already been mentioned, all ether "waves" or frequencies travel at the speed of those of light, and there is no reason why, on the astral plane, "astral-ether" waves, if there be any, should travel at the same speed—they may be either much faster or slower.

Much that is felt by many persons to be an objection to "Spiritualism," is its seeming "materialism"; the striving to prove the "next world" to be a counterpart of this, even to minute details. That such may be the case is perhaps probable, but surely on the lowest planes only, those lower astral planes which interpenetrate so thoroughly the physical plane of this world enabling us to realize that there is something besides what our five senses tell us. The materialism of things is all that the majority of mankind can understand or grasp with its imagination, and on that account it is perhaps necessary that Spiritualism should be "brought down" to that level in order to make what is not material comprehensible. It is, of course, the very opposite of "materialistic," but as most people think and speak in terms to which they are accustomed, it is necessary to discuss other matters with them in those terms, and show new or possible facts from a point of view which they can comprehend.

What has been suggested in this brief summary as to the possible factors which lie behind all materialistic phenomena is, of course, but a surmise only; based, however, on facts that physical science has discovered, and which are probably merely a foreshadowing of what we shall learn when the study of the Ether has become as widespread and extensive as has, for instance, that of chemistry. Especially will this be so when the scientific world realizes that its instruments and appliances for physical research can be supplemented by those special occult faculties which lie behind the five normal senses, and could be utilized if

"Science" would but acknowledge their existence.

A THEORY OF TWIN SOULS

BY G. BASEDEN BUTT

THE seeker for mythical characters typifying ideal conjugal affection may well abandon his quest at the names of Philemon and Baucis, that aged and sweet-natured couple who housed the great god Zeus unawares, and in recompense for their hospitality were changed, when the time came for them to die, into two trees standing one on either side of their cottage door, caressing one another for ever with their leafy branches. Or for deep-seated loyalty, one might turn to Cadmus and Harmonia, true to one another in misfortune, patient beneath the malediction of the gods, and changed at the last, in pity for their sufferings and in recognition of their constancy, into two serpents, symbolical of Divine Wisdom—

two bright and aged snakes, Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia.

Whether in ancient or in modern lore and life, examples of perfect wedded felicity, though few, are readily discoverable. There is that ancient hero-king of India, Rama, with his queen, Sita, ideal husband and ideal spouse; Odysseus and Penelope, supreme example of fidelity; or Brutus and Portia, typical of noble comradeship. Then there are Robert and Elizabeth Browning, and William Ewart and Catherine Gladstone among outstanding modern instances of the true marriage.

At their best, such unions are so perfect that, seeing the degree of their completeness, one is tempted to speculate on the extent of their duration. One infers that such relationships date their origin from past lives, supposing that these twin souls, so near akin to-day, have lived and loved and laboured together in ages past. One would go further even than this, speculating as to whether perfectly wedded husband and wife have not been joined together since the earliest moment of their existence, whether they have not been as a double star in the firmament of heaven since the earliest minute of the manyantara in which

their creation was begun.

When, as described by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* and by Dr. Besant in her *Study in Consciousness*, the First Logos has prepared the fivefold cosmic field for another period of

Manifestation, then the Second Logos, the Builder and Preserver of Forms, begins His activity, pouring out Wisdom and Love, which, surely, are masculine and feminine principles or attributes. With the stream of Wisdom and Love come the monads, the units of consciousness,-or, more exactly, "they shine forth, send out their rays of life. . . . For they remain ever 'in the bosom of the Father' while their life-rays stream out in the ocean of matter." Although we are nowhere told that such is the case, one cannot help imagining that at this forth-going occurs the first mating of souls, the first commingling of spiritual essence, and that the monads commence their age-long evolution, two by two. Passing through the lanes of Love, Wisdom, Thought and Desire, they reach the physical universe and appear upon the earth. In imagination we see them, these twin souls, —two crystals spending a century of centuries side by side in the dark heart of the rock: two flowers blooming together for brief hours in the sunshine: two stately forest trees with intermingling branches: two birds that speed beyond the sunset on untiring wings: two tigers hunting for their prey. Always in pairs, the twin souls tread the round of physical evolution together.

At this point, however, occurs an obvious objection. What of the animals that do not live in pairs, polygamous birds and beasts, sheep, deer and cattle, the peacock with his score of hens, wolves which are promiscuous, or the ordinary garden spider, which devours her husband? The monad which, for a period of evolution, has passed into any of these species is developing other potentialities than those of the love of the soul mate from whom, therefore, he is temporarily divorced. Among the gregarious animals the rudiments of the social instincts are acquired, and among the polygamous the rudiments of a wider, all-embracing charity.

On the human plane, too, separation from the twin soul is frequently an occurrence. Not every individual in every incarnation experiences the joy of true love; some pass from birth to death almost without knowing affection, while for many others, love and marriage lead only to unhappiness, revealing unsuspected incompatibilities between partners. Poverty of experience and conjugal misery are frequently karmic, and result from past infidelity to the loftiest ideal of love. Every deliberate, conscious, and wilful straying from the twin soul while the beloved is incarnate causes a compulsory and undesired separation at a later period. When one sees how many men and women are unfaithful to each other, putting selfish pleasures

before the claims of genuine affection, one can understand how it is that so many true lovers find obstacles in the way of marriage. or are separated by "the fell clutch of circumstance," and why it is that love is entirely withheld from many.

Every human being has somewhere his or her twin soul. though of more than a few the true mate may be a spirit or a Guide on the astral plane. Blinded through karmic necessity with the veil of physical matter, enduring for penance or for soul-development the discipline of lonely incarnation, they have forgotten temporarily the glories and the loves of the past, the complete and soul-satisfying affection which once they tasted, the companion whose presence spelt unalloyed happiness and complete content. But the Guide who watches over them sees all things written in the book of their past lives. He knows and remembers, and one day the incarnate shall remember tooshall remember and be reunited.

Others, like Paolo and Francesca, may be separated by misalliance, united only in sleep and death, or like Huxley and Miss Heathorn be divided for long years by leagues of land and sea. But one thing, at any rate, is certain: no one is ever in any doubt when the soul mate is met. The companion and friend of ages, who has dwelt with us under many forms and in many climes, coming forth with ourselves from the bosom of Brahma when the Day of the High Gods began, is recognized and acclaimed from the hidden depths of the individual. The twin soul may be known by the completeness with which she fills the life and consciousness of the lover, for indeed all other loves and friendships pale into insignificance beside this one. She is not to be recognized by capacity of carnal passion nor by power to cause upheaval and frenzy in our lives. The sign of true marriage is the existence of a mutual concern for one another exceeding self-concern, so that if it were necessary to choose between one's own happiness or that of the twin soul, one's own welfare and success or the beloved's, one would gladly sacrifice all things for the sake of the being so dearly cared for. Above all, twin souls are to be known by the delight which they take in working together. When student and sempstress, mechanic and laundry-woman, artist and poetess, delight to work in one another's company, if possible in the same room, you may be sure that they are truly mated, while trebly blessed are those whose karma allows them the delights of collaboration-participation in the same task.

We have already seen that it is by no means a universal

law that twin souls should incarnate together, though they do so whenever possible; and owing to the intricacies of karmic law it also sometimes occurs that they may be incarnate in bodies of the same sex. Indeed, in the higher reaches of evolution, when the physical stages of life are being transcended, they are born not as man and wife but as friends. The highest praise of her husband which a certain widow could utter was to cry, between her sobs, "He treated me less like a wife than a friend," and it is in the finest types of noble friendship, such as that of Orestes and Pylades, or Tennyson and Hallam, that higher evolution is most appropriately symbolized.

It is perhaps rather curious that the highest super-terrestrial spirits are usually described as being in the sublimated masculine form. This is because physical sex is but a symbol of a spiritual reality and at best nothing more than a convenient means for the continuance of physical evolution. It was Laurence Oliphant in his Sympneumata, who taught that as men and women develop in spirituality men acquire more of the nature of women, and women more of the nature of men. Similar ideas are not infrequently expressed elsewhere and are certainly supported to some extent by facts. The feminine sex, even under the most advantageous conditions possible, is always a hindrance and a handicap, only to be recompensed by karma in the course of evolution. The female form is a recognized symbol of matter, it is the receptacle for spirit, the instrument, the means, not the living soul itself; and just as matter is flooded with life and form by the First and Second Logoi, so the female is impregnated by the male in the physical world. Therefore the female form must be discarded in the higher stages of evolution, since all monads have the same birthright and destiny, just as they have the same origin and resting-place in God, and the fact of their having temporary habitation in male or female bodies is merely a karmic incident. At the end of the cycle of physical life, when they have trodden the long round of pain and joy and sacrifice, they emerge not as husband and wife but as friends, with carnal sexuality, like concern for worldly things, anxieties, ambitions and fears, trodden beneath their feet for ever. The twin souls, which in their primordial origins were undifferentiated Wisdom and Love, emerge, when their evolution is at last completed, as perfected Personality, as Ruler and Teacher of a new humanity. That which began as Wisdom is now the Ruler, that which began as Love is Teacher. For it has long been a doctrine of Occultism that guiding and guarding every civilization are the:

"Builders of races, Builders of sub-races, Builders of nations and polities; Teachers who give forms for the eternal truths of religion, shaping them in different forms according to the needs of those to whom they gave this ever-new presentation of ancient

truth." (Super-Human Men, by Annie Besant.)

It may well be that Ruler and Teacher are twin souls, for see how, even in their liberated and glorified states of consciousness, their attributes still have something of masculine and feminine quality. The Ruler is actively concerned with the outer side of civilization, with laws and with nature, and He controls seismic changes. But the Teacher has the far more tender and intimate duty of making plain to the peoples the laws established by the Ruler, and it is the Teacher who adapts these laws to the state of development of His people and presents them in a manner they can understand. Also, the Ruler works principally through Will (masculine), and the Teacher principally through Love (feminine).

Therefore we may not unreasonably conclude that the ultimate destiny in the objective worlds for every truly mated soul (and all souls are so mated) is to stand hand in hand as Ruler and Teacher of an evolving new humanity, their times of care, error, transgression and consequent separation over-past for ever, the stars of heaven for lights in their mansion, the blue spaces of the sky for lawns and terraces in their garden, evolving races of men and the so-called "lower" creation their family to guard and

guide.

Lastly, Madame Blavatsky, in the Glossary to Part III of The Voice of the Silence, tells us that there are three degrees of Buddhahood: that of the Nirmanakaya, the liberated Adept in astral body remaining in the world to watch over humanity; the Sambhogakaya, who has the additional lustre of "three perfections," one of which is entire obliteration of all earthly concerns; and lastly, the Dharmakaya, or complete Buddha, who can only be visualized as "an ideal breath" or as Consciousness merged in the Universal Attribute. Of these exalted states we know all too little; but we do know that whoever attains such heights can have no trace left of earthly concern or material affection. So we cannot tell whether any trace remains in the Buddhas of the loves which once were theirs as human beings. But we may suppose that possibly even here, in some exalted condition at present beyond us even to conceive, the relationship of the twin souls, born together at the far-off Dawn of Manifestation, is still vital and is still felt.

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SEERSHIP

By R. M. SIDGWICK

AT the present time religious belief is as confused and uncertain as are all other guiding lights in the stormy seas of man's pilgrimage towards the light. Many thoughtful people have found Christianity, as interpreted by the Churches, a vague and inconclusive body of doctrine greatly at variance with modern conceptions of the universe. Some of these disheartened seekers turn to Occultism in the hope of finding a wider and more scientific interpretation of the facts of life in general, and if possible a new light upon the origin and meaning of Christianity. To such seekers it is an interesting study to note the varying versions of Christianity put forward by the teachers of modern Occultism, which may be said to have had its genesis in the teachings of Madame Blavatsky. Since Isis Unveiled and The Secret Doctrine appeared, the flood of literature has been unceasing.

To Madame Blavatsky, Christianity was simply an adaptation of more ancient religions. In *The Secret Doctrine* she says:

"The Immaculate Goddess of the Latin Church is a faithful copy of the older Pagan Goddesses; the number of the Apostles is that of the twelve tribes, and the latter are a personification of the twelve great Gods, and of the twelve signs of the Zodiac. Almost every detail in the Christian dogma is borrowed from the Heathens."

Madame Blavatsky's attitude towards prayer is defined in The Key to Theosophy. The hypothetical inquirer is told that one cannot pray to the Absolute Principle, which is a pure abstraction. But prayer to "Our Father in Heaven" is simply a prayer to man's Higher Self, the only God of whom anyone can have cognizance. "We refuse to pray to created finite beings; i.e., Gods, saints, angels, etc., because we regard it as idolatry."

It will be seen that Madame Blavatsky's sympathies did not tend towards orthodox Christianity. The loving Father of the Christians is replaced by an abstract Principle, and prayer becomes a petition to the Higher Self.

At about the same time that Madame Blavatsky presented her version of the Ancient Wisdom to a sceptical world, Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland came forward with a conception of man's progress, based, not upon the Eastern teachings, but upon an esoteric interpretation of Christianity. The historical aspect of Christianity was disregarded. The birth, the crucifixion, and the ascension of Christ were represented as a perpetual process through which humanity must pass to regeneration. This is attained by reincarnation under the Karmic Laws.

In one of her remarkable visions Anna Kingsford saw Jesus in the fields near Jerusalem and watched his interview with a seer who recounted the various incarnations through which Jesus had passed. Here again we have something entirely different from the orthodox Jesus Christ, the Son of God, miraculously incarnated for the salvation of mankind. The true Atonement consists of the birth in man of the regenerate self, the "Christ within" of St. Paul. Man carries within himself the power of transmutation. The Church has lost the meaning of its own symbols, and the man Jesus has been confused with the Christ within every man.

In Esoteric Christianity Mrs. Besant gives a version of Christianity which resembles in some respects that of Anna Kingsford.

According to Mrs. Besant, Jesus was a man of singular holiness and purity, trained in the Essene monastery at Mount Serbal, and initiated in Egypt as a disciple of that sublime Lodge from which every great religion has its founder. The birth of Jesus is said to have taken place about 105 B.C., a date which is contradicted by Dr. Steiner and Max Heindel. At the Baptism in the Jordan, Jesus yielded up his physical form to the mighty Christ Spirit, as a means through which he could pursue his mission on earth. After three years the body of Jesus paid the penalty of harbouring the Christ. Jesus became one of the Masters of Wisdom, his mission being the protection and guidance of Christianity.

Mrs. Besant accounts for the pre-Christian Christ stories by stating that the historical Jesus Christ was credited with the myths relating him to his predecessors, whose life stories typified the descent of the Logos into matter. "The Logos, the Son of God, has as shadow the annual course of the Sun, and the Sun Myth tells it. Hence, again, an incarnation of the Logos, or one of his ambassadors, will also represent that activity shadow, in his body as a man. Thus will arise identities in the life histories of these ambassadors."

Mrs. Besant quotes Origen as saying that the exoteric Scriptures are not literally true, but are made up of stories which convey instruction to the multitude.

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SEERSHIP 329

Dr. Steiner in *Christianity as Mystical Fact* deals with the resemblance between the stories of the Buddha and Christ from

a similar point of view.

"The Buddha legend is no more a biography in the ordinary sense than the Gospels are meant to be a biography in the ordinary sense of the Christ Jesus. In neither is the merely accidental given; both relate the course of life marked out for a world-redeemer. The source of the two accounts is to be found in the mystery traditions, and not in outer physical history."

What, then, was the difference between Jesus and his predecessors? Dr. Steiner says: "The fundamental difference between them and Jesus was the fact that the Logos in the course of its evolution individualized itself into One Divine Individuality who descended into Jesus of Nazareth at the Baptism, so that the Logos manifested its whole Divine individuality through the personality of Jesus as far as it was possible to express Divinity by human means."

Max Heindel does not regard the Christ as a manifestation of the Logos. "From this Supreme Being emanates the Word the Creative Fiat 'without whom was not anything made,' and this word is the alone-begotten Son, born of His Father (the Supreme Being) before all worlds—but positively not Christ. . . . Truly 'the Word was made flesh,' but not in the limited sense of the flesh of one body, but the flesh of all that is, in this and millions of other solar systems."

Dr. Steiner's teachings include much that is foreign to other esoteric Christian teachings. The conflicting genealogies of Jesus given in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke are accounted for by the statement that there were two children named Jesus. One born at Bethlehem and descended from Solomon was a reincarnation of Zoroaster. The other Jesus, born at Nazareth, was a unique and sinless ego. At the age of twelve the Zoroaster ego passed out of his body and took possession of that of Jesus of Nazareth in order that he might develop still further the body needed by the Christ. At the Baptism in the Jordan the Zoroaster ego gave up his body, which was taken by the Christ. At the Crucifixion the Christ entered the spiritual atmosphere of the earth, which was radically altered and cleansed of the sins of humanity. A new impulse was given to man's evolution. In this sense Christ was sacrificed for the redemption of the sins of mankind considered as a whole. The individual must still atone for his sins under the law of Karma. Moreover, the Incarnation was the point at which several streams of spiritual

influence combined, notably the Persian, in the person of Zoroaster, and the Buddhist; for, according to Dr. Steiner, the Buddha was an active power in the events which culminated on Golgotha.

This is a very imperfect outline of Dr. Steiner's teaching, which can only be understood after a careful study of his lectures.

In The Christian Creed, Mr. Leadbeater denies that either the Creed or the Gospels were intended to relate the life story of the great teacher, Christ. The Gospel account is a mixture of the solar myth, the Christ allegory of initiation found in all religions, and a traditional rendering of the life story of Jesus. The Crucifixion and resurrection belong to the solar myth, or their date would be a fixed one, and not astronomically calculated.

With regard to the Crucifixion, Mr. Leadbeater states that the Christ on the Cross was originally a living and triumphant figure, and not until the twelfth century was the Christ shown as suffering. The nails, the blood, the wounds are due to the imagination of the "material minded mediæval monk," who did not understand the allegorical significance of the Christ on the Cross as typifying the descent of the Divine man into matter.

Mrs. Alice Bailey agrees with Dr. Steiner and Mrs. Besant that the physical vehicle of Jesus was taken over by the Christ; also that Jesus is now the guardian of Christianity. But Mrs. Bailey also states that Christ still lives on earth in a physical body, somewhere in the Himalayas, and every day he pours out a blessing on humanity. As for Jesus, he is living in a Syrian body in the Holy Land, though he passes much time in Europe. As Apollonius of Tyana he took the fifth initiation, and became a Master of Wisdom.

It is obvious that the teachings we have considered have certain points in common, but there are remarkable and bewildering differences. We can only conclude that clairvoyance, and other super-normal means of information, are apt to be influenced by the preconceived ideas of the seer, who may not have attained to that state where all mental and emotional bias ceases to distort the spiritual vision. It is interesting to note that Dr. Steiner insisted on the difficulties of clairvoyant research, and most emphatically urged his readers not to be content with mere "blind faith." He insisted on the need for caution, and asked them to form no conviction which could not be logically justified. This sound advice from a remarkable occultist should be remembered by every student when faced with such problems as are outlined in this article.

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.]

CREMATION AND THE DEATH PANORAMA.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. W. H. Stevens does well to draw attention once more to certain important teachings in relation to cremation. Mr. Gornold gave in these columns some time ago (in 1923) the period after which the astral body would be "entirely free from physical sensation": as 72 hours after rigor mortis had set in; but no reference was made to the

vitally important death panorama.

In a brief communication "Jesus and the Wailing Jews" (Light, April 15th, 1922) I referred to this point, and also to our duty and attitude when ministering to the dying. The Editor of this magazine has an article—"Suicides and After" in which, of necessity, I again refer to the panorama. In another effusion, which may or may not see the light, I have discussed the subject from the standpoint of the youth blown to pieces amidst the horrors of the battlefield. In such a case the ego would suffer in the after-life the grave disadvantages sketched by Mr. Stevens. To prevent injustice the ego is quickly re-incarnated and caused—no chance here—to die in childhood: and in the heaven world the loss is made good. Hence the conclusion, fantastic as it may appear: that war is a potent etiological factor in infant mortality.

Like Mr. Stevens, I have largely followed the Rosicrucian teachings, for they are clear, definite and free from bewildering terminology.

In some far future these teachings may be more widely accepted if only on the *chance* that they may be true. Then the now unfortunate out-going egos may receive some of the consideration at present lavished on those making another entrance into the school of life.

Yours faithfully,

J. SCOTT BATTAMS.

IMPERSONAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the Occult Review.

SIR,—In the letter on "Impersonal Criticism," a very forcible objection to certain occult teachings is expressed. It is perfectly true that one cannot warn others, even when one sees them to be actually "turning from the light," without being oneself accused of harshness, lack of understanding, false condemnation, narrow-mindedness, and

331

so on! No matter how "impersonal" one's attitude may really be, no matter how genuine one's desire to help and to save from obvious danger, the other will in nine cases out of ten take it "personally"; and such people are always ready to quote, in their own defence, sayings like the one mentioned by "A." Occult teachers lay so much stress on the negative injunction, "Do not criticize," that the need for some positive teaching, also, seems forgotten. Will no wise person tell us what to do, not merely what not to do, when confronted with subtle spiritual falsehoods and perils (and their effect on others) such as we must all meet at times? In "At the Feet of the Master" we are told that a man "has full right to free thought and speech and action, so long as he does not interfere with anyone else." But wrong thought, wrong speech, and wrong action interfere with others the whole time, influencing them either directly or indirectly! This is so obvious that we are obliged to suspect a lack of clear thinking in those who ignore it, and counsel a negative attitude of "non-criticism" as the ideal to be attained. Why are we told to develop the faculty of discrimination between the false and the true, if the use of that faculty in our daily lives is condemned? "A" has done well to ventilate this puzzling question, and your comment on his letter, though helpful, does not take us quite far enough.

> Yours sincerely, TRUTH-SEEKER.

THE SIDEREAL PENDULUM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—After seeing Sir A. Conan Doyle's letter on spirit photography I think your readers should know that there is proof of a "materiality" of some kind at the back of the impressions made on the negative plate.

I have made experiments with what is termed the "Sideric Pendulum" over photographs, and find that even when they are made invisible by covering with tissue paper, I can always tell the sex. I use a gold ring suspended by a thread, which, in my case, always gives a circular motion for the male, and a pendulum—to and fro—movement for the feminine sex.

The force at work is at present entirely beyond our ken, as in water and metal divining, but so potent is it that even when thousands of prints are made of an original photograph in the Press, they all give the same indication.

While admitting that a spirit photograph might be faked from an original, there are hundreds of cases without that possibility. A notable one was that of an uncle deceased in Australia thirty years previously, who had never been photographed in his lifetime, appearing on a plate in England.

I have a spirit photograph of a Red Indian control, alongside a photograph of a print of one with eagle feathers, etc.: the pendulum

responds to the spirit face, but remains stationary over the print. Finally, I have a photograph on which is a spirit face, an ectoplasmic Maltese cross, and a rounded mass of ectoplasm. The pendulum does

not move over the cross, but over the cloud of ectoplasm it shows strongly that a male face was trying to form out of it, but apparently was not given time enough.

This ought to be final as regards the reality and genuineness of the outstanding fact, that our departed can reveal themselves to us under certain conditions.

My next step was to test fairy photographs. They also showed themselves to be realities! At one time I thought it premature of Sir Arthur to publish "The Coming of the Fairies," though I fully believed in their existence; but I might have known that he was acting under guidance in this great renewal of revelation, which is being given to the World. I myself have had excellent results through Mrs. Deane. Yours faithfully,

R. A. MARRIOTT.

MANTRAS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—In reference to your interesting remarks on the Magic of the Mantra, an uncle of mine, who had been thirty years in India, told me when I was lecturing on the Travel Film "Through Romantic India "that the Tibetan priests (in the Darjeeling scene, which some of your readers who saw the film may recollect) were repeating the mantram, om mani padme hum, as they turned their prayer wheels. On being given the pronunciation I decided to repeat the words during my lectures.

Whether as a result of this or as a matter of pure coincidence, I do not know, but some rather queer things happened. I noticed soon afterwards (we frequently had natives in the front) that at every town a native bearing a remarkable resemblance to one of the Tibetan priests on the screen was seated in the front. So curious was his appearance in different towns that on one occasion I jumped down from the stage at the end of the lecture and tried to find him to ask if he had really been present at the successive towns, but I could not find him.

Another remarkable circumstance was that although, previously, having had only one rehearsal with the film, I had to look round at the screen several times while lecturing, I found myself able, after repeating the mantram, to visualize not only the film, but the hundred slides that came on at different intervals.

The mantram did not appear to produce good business so much Yours faithfully. as artistic success.

PHILIP DURHAM.

SCRIABINE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—As a musician and one who is very interested in the Occult, I beg a little space in your correspondence columns to inquire if any of your readers can tell me whether the great Russian tone-poet, Alexander Scriàbine, was connected in any manner with a definite theosophical movement.

I am profoundly interested in Scriabine's work and ideas, and I should be very pleased to receive information on this point. I have read Dr. Eaglefield Hull's charming and sympathetic book on the great composer, and he states that Scriabine came in touch with a theosophical circle in Brussels during his residence there from 1908-10. Certainly such works as "The Divine Poem," "The Poem of Ecstasy" and the great "Prometheus—The Poem of Fire," and many of the later piano works, have a theosophical and mystical basis; and this, no doubt, inspired him to plan out such a colossal work as the "Mystery," which he commenced to write just before his death in 1915.

Scriabine was intensely interested in the relations between colour and music. One of his ideals was that synthesis of the arts which had been partially realized before in the mediæval Gothic cathedral and the music dramas of Wagner (who made a fine distinction between his own works and what was known as "opera"). Scriabine had experimented with light and colour as connected with music in his "Prometheus" Symphony (where a special part was written for a colour keyboard). Did not the great Rudolf Steiner also hold similar ideals on a synthesis of the arts to express some great religious and mystic idea?

Yours faithfully,

"MOUSIKE."

MAX HEINDEL.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I regret, more than words can tell, the growing tendency of the slinging of mud among occult students, especially at the leaders of Occult Orders.

If, as we believe, occult students are in advance of general humanity on the path of evolution, they should understand the law of Cause and Effect—that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"—and that the destroying of a man's character must, some time, somewhere, bring its resultant effect.

Christ in His greatness did not deny the accusations which were made against Him by His enemies. To defend Max Heindel from attack would be a reflection on his character. His Work stands as a monument and a defence against his enemies. All that I can say is: "God forgive them, for they know not what they do."—Yours truly,

AUGUSTA FOSS HEINDEL.

(MRS. MAX HEINDEL.)

CLAIRVOYANCE AND CLAIRAUDIENCE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—As an old and interested reader of the Occult Review, I crave space to call the attention of your readers to the moral responsibility attached to the exercise of the gifts of clairvoyance and clairaudience.

Those so gifted should realize that frequently earthbound spirits come to seek our sympathy and prayers for their liberation and not

to terrify or injure us.

Frederick Streeter's account of how his mother acted toward the spirit that haunted her cottage is beyond all praise, and in great contrast to the attitude taken by the writer of the record entitled "The Haunted Lodge." We learn from St. Paul that "whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Whether we live, therefore, or whether we die, we are the Lord's, for to this end Christ died and rose that he might be the Lord of the dead and of the living." Christ, therefore, is the Lord and Head and Saviour of discarnate as well as incarnate humanity, and we should never forget that part of our Lord's mission was to preach deliverance to these spiritual captives, and that this mission is also ours.

Heartfelt prayers, therefore, to Him "who alone hath the keys of Hades and of Death" are of untold value to discarnate earth-bound humanity, as well as to those who are in what our Roman Catholic brethren call Purgatory.

Yours faithfully,
MARGHERITA C. LEWIS.

[Much correspondence is unavoidably held over owing to pressure on our space.—Ed.]

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

IT is possible to affirm as a matter of bare fact and not of uncritical laudation that the REVUE MÉTAPSYCHIQUE has never produced a dull or unimportant number, though some of its issues stand forth from the general level, which is the case—as it seems to us—with the particular livraison which opens the new volume. We have read with appreciation a plan of the active work to come, as unfolded by Dr. Osty, director of the Metapsychical Institute and reported here in extenso. It occupies some twenty-three pages, written with signal clearness and embodying a very practical programme. We can say of it only, in simple and untechnical terms, that having regard to the scarcity of objective phenomena, of mediumship for materialization and action on matter at a distance—but obviously awaiting opportunities for research in these directions—the attention in chief will be turned to the vast range of phenomena included by the word "subjective," the forms and modes of clairvoyance, the gift of prevision, transmission of thought, psychometry and so forward. We are indebted also to Dr. Osty for an extended monograph on the psychological personality of Pascal Forthuny before and after the manifestation of his psychic faculties, together with the minutes of five séances held at Paris in order to test his powers. He is practically a new name, so far as England is concerned, and is of particular interest as a man of letters, an accomplished versifier, a writer of prose romances, a musician also and painter. Add to this that he is an art critic and a translator of Chinese works. The death of his son in Rumania at the end of the war turned him to spiritism, but he found it a "fragile hypothesis." Subsequently, however, without intention on his part, he developed automatic writing and received communications, signed by the deceased boy, which are assuredly of an unusual kind. In an analogous but very different manner he found that he had the gift of clairvoyance, and it is this which has developed more especially, being also the phenomena in chief of his séances given at the Institute.

As The Theosophist travels from India it reaches us inevitably somewhat late in the day, and it is later still before we can say in these pages a word about its contents. The last issue to hand contains a report in full of the Jubilee Convention at Adyar in December of last year. It is fully illustrated, and in one of the pictures we observe that Mrs. Besant is wearing a sash which appears to be that of the 33rd Degree in the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry. The great event of the Congress was that which took place on December 28, when Mr. Krishnamurti was addressing a large audience under a banyan tree. He had been saying that the mission of the coming

336

Messiah was to those who have suffered, who are unhappy and have not understood. The next sentence was broken off and—the deponent being Mrs. Besant-it is said that "a Voice of penetrating sweetness rang out through his lips," meaning those of Krishnamurti. It said: "I come to those who want sympathy, who want happiness, who are longing to be released, who are longing to find happiness in all things. I come to reform, and not to tear down: not to destroy, but to build." The story has gone the rounds of the press, but this is the authorized version. Lady Emily Lutyens describes what occurred as the birth of a new day and the beginning of a new chapter in the history of the earth. . . . A notable supplement accompanies the last issue of Theosophy in New Zealand, being a summary of the Convention held recently at Wellington by the Order of the Star in the East. The proximity of "the Great Event" was once again affirmed; it is said to have been proclaimed by Mrs. Besant so far back as 1908; it is connected—as we have heard otherwise—with the foundation of a new religion which will unite and purify many things that are abroad in the world under this name. As regards the expected Messiah (1) he may be "with us for many years"; (2) he will teach the public in parables and his disciples "through the Mysteries," not otherwise described; (3) he is a member of the Great Hierarchy; and (4) at the head of this Hierarchy stands one who is called the King—otherwise, the Supreme Ruler. It may be remembered that Mrs. Besant claimed to have acted at Ommen by command of the King. . . . We have also THEOSOFISCH MAANDBLAD, which represents the Society in the Dutch East Indies, and gives account of the Advar Convention. . . . On the other hand, The Messenger of Chicago, though concerned more especially with an American celebration of Adyar Day and with a Convention to come in August, finds space for several columns on the personality of Mr. Krishnamurti, his urbanity and courtesy; his good looks and cleanliness; his perfectly groomed appearance and tidy habits; his love of sports and horsemanship. The appalling taste of these details does not occur apparently to our American friends. . . . Meanwhile the unorthodox theosophies are finding voice, and so are the unattached critics. Theosophy of Los Angeles has much to say (I) on Theosophy and Bedlam-presumably by way of prolegomenon; (2) on Priestcraft and Politics—a kind of aside-talk; and (3) on compromisers of Theosophy. As yet it does not touch upon Ommen and Advar events in any direct manner. . . . It is otherwise with THE CRITIC of Washington, which is eloquent after its own style on "press agenting the new Messiah," and prints at full length a letter announcing the secession of the Czecho-Slovakia section of the T.S.

Some papers of considerable interest have appeared on the Masonic subject in recent issues of The Builder. We are indebted to it for yet one further attempt to reduce within reasonable limits the alleged descent of the so-called Speculative Art from Collegia and Comacines.

Between these and the Operative Masonry represented by the Old Charges, not to speak of modern Emblematic Freemasonry, there lies the long "obscurity of the Dark Ages." Our contemporary has been examining also during recent months the problems arising from the claims of what is called the Modern Operative Society and its Rituals, and has come to the conclusion that "no documentary evidence has yet been presented" to indicate its existence in the past. There is finally an informing article on the symbolism of the "Old Catechisms," being documents put forward as "exposures of the secrets of the Craft" in the course of the eighteenth century. The disposition of scholarship is to regard them as representing fragments of the old Operative system and not as mere invention. . . . The BULLETIN issued by the Grand Lodge of Iowa has become a publication of consequence and appears every month. If it does not present much that is new on the side of scholarship, it reminds us of old subjects and looks at them sometimes freshly. The last number before us studies Freemasonry in the seventeenth century and cites the familiar facts, giving all necessary references, and this is good work in its way. It serves also to show where we are in the subject and where we are likely to remain, without one further gleam to light up the dark of things. On the other hand, a short study of the word Amen in Freemasonry brings together some points of information which will be new to many readers, even if it overlooks a few. We should have welcomed particulars concerning those old imbeciles who claimed that the sealing term in question is the Lost Word of Masonry. We have read also with appreciation the full and judicial memoir of Thaddeus Stevens-1792 to 1868-described as Arch Priest of Anti-Masonry and otherwise a person of note and influence in American Political History. . . . The Speculative Mason, founded by Miss Bothwell-Gosse in succession to The Co-Mason, established also by her and continued for many years, is not only the sole quarterly review devoted to the subject in England but there is no monthly magazine. In reality, like the predecessor, it represents the claims of women to participate in the "mysteries" of the Order, though-for reasons which do not emerge-it seems to have renounced all reference to the fact. The new issue has articles on the Fellow Craft-Degree and its symbolism, on the ceremonial of the bare foot and on the purpose of "substituted secrets." Yet another paper affirms that the soul's history and apparently the theosophy of its evolution are enshrined in the Craft Degrees, butat least as the case is formulated—this is an excursion in dream. There is also a kind of Encyclopædia or alphabetical explanation of things Masonic proceeding from number to number and paged separately from the rest. It is still in the early stages of the letter A, and discovers Acacia symbolism in records of ancient Egypt. Lastly, there is the first instalment of the Four Sons of Aymon, an old French romance of chivalry, rendered into English from an indifferent

modern French version in summary form. Its presence in a purely Masonic periodical may seem unaccountable, but the explanation is that at the very end of the story Renaud of Montaubon, one of the four sons, does penance for his sins by assisting at the building of Cologne Cathedral, and is killed by certain operatives who are put to shame by his activities. It occurred long ago to Fort, an American Mason, that here was a twelfth-century version of the Hiramic Myth, and the notion appealed presumably to that dreamer of a thousand dreams who was John Yarker. The analogies are of course phantasmal, but were they thrice as strong it would mean only that the anonymous unknown who told the story of the Master Builder post 1717 had read in his youth an early English version of the Four Sons and remembered and borrowed something. Were there time for such diversion, it would be as pertinent to expound Huon of Bor-DEAUX, another and greater romance of chivalry, as an allegorical presentation of the High Degrees. . . . A new undertaking is the MADRAS MASONIC JOURNAL, a substantial octavo of over eighty pages, which it is proposed for the present to issue three times a year as an official organ of the Madras Masters' Lodge, consecrated in 1923. There is an account of this Ceremony, and though it is somewhat far back in the past it serves to link up the Journal with the genesis of the Lodge. The opening of the new Freemasons' Hall at Madras and the solemn dedication of its Temple in 1925 are reported also at length, followed by the Minutes of Meetings of the District Grand Lodge, Grand Chapter and Grand Mark Lodge. In a word, the MADRAS MASONIC JOURNAL, having regard to that which has been accomplished in its first issue and all that is promised for the future, seems likely to be an excellent representative of Masonic activities and interests in its particular district of the Empire. We offer it a cordial welcome, noting with satisfaction that it will give space to records of Masonic research and that it invites contributions thereon. Some points of extraordinary interest are offered already in a paper on eastern symbolism. . . . Recent successive issues of the French monthly review entitled LE SYMBOLISME present a curious picture of Freemasonry as it is found in Paris, the Grand Orient ignoring and suppressing all reference to a Grand Architect of the Universe, while the "organ of initiation" before us defines Him as the Consciousness of the Cosmos. Moreover, one of its contributors affirms the timeimmemorial existence of an Esoteric or Mystic Freemasonry which is the parent of all others and consecrated all human energies and faculties to the fulfilment of the Divine Will. We hear also of Madame Renooz, possibly a Priestess of La Maconnerie Mixte, who has discovered not only that King David composed the Rituals of the three Craft Degrees but that so far from being a "mere man" he was une blonde et gracieuse jeune fille when the giant Goliath was conquered. We should add perhaps that LE SYMBOLISME does not accept this delightful view.

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THE RULE OF THE BEASTS. By V. T. Murray. Pp. 191. London: Stanley Paul & Co., Ltd. Price 5s. net.

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Artistically speaking, the novel is a very thin performance beside Mr. Shiel's "The Purple Cloud" (in which all but two of the human race are annihilated by vaporized prussic acid). It is indeed curiously unexciting even on its sexual side. But the human race needs to look keenly and imaginatively at the inside of life, and this short novel with its cargo of fine, pure thought, deserves to be read. W. H. Chesson.

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A TIBETAN ON TIBET. By G. A. Combe. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. Price 10s. net.

This handsome volume makes an interesting contribution to a deeply interesting subject.

As Sir Charles Bell, in his appreciative Foreword, rightly observes, very few of the many books written about Tibet are written from the Tibetan standpoint or reflect the Tibetan point of view; and there would certainly seem to be room for this human document, the substance of which was taken down by Mr. G. A. Combe from a Tibetan's own lips.

The Tibetan in question is an educated English-speaking merchant—Paul Sherap (otherwise Doije Zodba) by name. In a series of confidential talks with Mr. Combe he communicated the story of his earlier adventurous years, his travels in various parts of Tibet, and his observations on the customs of his countrymen.

In his childhood, Mr. Sherap tells us, his parents intended him for the monastic life; and he spent some time, as a small boy, in the monastery of Drebung, the largest monastery in Tibet. Later, his education seems to have been taken in hand by the Swedish Mission, near Darjeeling, where, curiously enough, the teacher of Tibetan was a Buddhist lama, who told young Sherap that all religions were good. The boy, however, considered Buddhism too "difficult" a faith and inclined towards Christianity as 'more easy to understand." Accordingly he was in due time baptized, receiving the Christian name of Paul. But Mr. Combe records of him that he always spoke with reverence of Lamaism, and the whole book bears witness to the abiding influence of early religious training and belief, and to what we may perhaps call the mystical sympathy between certain religions and certain races of the human family. Mr. Combe was right in thinking that this good merchant-adventurer's story might interest a wider audience, and he is to be congratulated for his careful and sympathetic editorship.

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PARADISE: OR, THE GARDEN OF GOD. By George Chainey. pp. 121.
Boston, U.S.A.: The Christopher Publishing House. Price \$2.

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John North.

MATTER, LIFE, MIND, AND GOD. By R. F. A. Hoernlé, M.A., B.Sc. (Oxon.). Pp. xiii + 215. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd. Price 6s. net.

THE aim of this book is not to present original theories about the subjects from which it derives its title; but rather to put forward in a general and coherent way the views now being taught by our leading thinkers and scientists. It is a digest of modern scientific and philosophic thought. The author begins with a brilliant survey of the influence of science on contemporary thought, chiefly in its limiting effect on the concept of "Nature" as compared with the universe of human experience. Thence gradually there is traced out the growing revolt against materialism both in scientific and philosophic circles; and the last chapter deals, from a fresh and most illuminating angle, with the attitude of philosophy towards Religion and Theology. Mr. Hoernlé is an exceedingly lucid writer, and his book bears moreover the marks of one well accustomed to profound thought about the realities of life. No one would pretend that the ultimate solution of the problems of matter, life, mind, and God, is yet in sight; but it is certainly true to say that thinkers of to-day have made a very real contribution towards the final philosophy of life. What that contribution is it is the purpose of this book to define.

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"Thousands sank wounded on this path, to whom there came not
A breath of the fragrance of union, a token from the neighbourhood of the

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Meredith Stark.

SEEKING WISDOM. A little book of Buddhist Teaching by Geraldine E. Lyster. pp. 48. Birkenhead: Willmer Bros. & Co., Ltd. This slender volume comprises verses which have been reprinted from sundry sources, and are most certainly well worth preserving. They are,

sundry sources, and are most certainly well worth preserving. They are, in the words of the author, reprinted "in the hope that they may lead a few to the study of the life and teaching of the Lord Buddha," and are written with unconcealed devotion to and admiration for him "who came to remove the sorrows of all living things." It is evident that the author is much influenced by Sir Edwin Arnold's epic poem, yet observing this, there is no lack of original thought.

The author paints delightful pictures of the Buddha's gentleness and understanding of human frailties, and in so doing joins the vast throng who have through the centuries lauded and followed his precepts. Occasionally, however, she leaves the Buddhistic theme, and disports herself in more general philosophy. Thus:

"If you would dream of beauty, then quit the busy throng,

And wander for a little space the river bank along, And see the wild things at their play, and hear the blackbird's song . . ."

forms a good example.

A valuable little addition to the book is the *Notes*, wherein the uninitiated will find concise definitions and descriptions of Buddhist phrases and expressions.

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REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

Vol. XIX. 9½ in. × 6 in., pp. vii. + 455. New York, 1925.

This volume of the American S.P.R. Proceedings consists of one contribution only, "A Further Record of Mediumistic Experiments" by Mr. J. H. Hyslop. This is a long and detailed record reproducing every word spoken in each of a long series of sittings with Mrs. Chenoweth. There is nothing noted of special importance and it is regrettable that the American Society should have recently made a practice of filling their Proceedings with these minutely described sittings to the exclusion of more general

Society should have recently made a practice of filling their *Proceedings* with these minutely described sittings to the exclusion of more general and theoretical discussions. These detailed accounts have a great importance of course, but I for one would rather have them filed in the Society's offices, and the precious space of the *Proceedings* devoted to analysis and theory.

Theodore Besterman.

THE ETHERIC DOUBLE. By Major Arthur E. Powell. London: Theosophical Publishing House, Ltd. Pp. 140. Price 7s. 6d. net. Major Powell has performed a very valuable service to all occult students in thus gathering together all the existing information with regard to the Etheric Double and other allied phenomena. From forty different authorities he has culled items of knowledge, piecing them into a coherent whole, and the result is a book of absorbing interest. Its value lies not only in what it contains, but in the fact that it makes clear the gaps in our present knowledge, and the need for further investigation in certain definite directions. The materials are extremely well arranged, and Major Powell's original charts and diagrams are a most useful addition to the text. One chapter is devoted to the work of Dr. Kilner, and his "screens," which render the health-aura visible to those possessed of no clairvoyant faculties; another treats of the phenomenon of ectoplasm; others, again, of magnetic healing, and the magnetization of objects for definite purposes. The ground covered is very wide, and the book represents an immense amount of patient and careful research. Major Powell most certainly has earned the grateful thanks of hundreds of readers who would have neither the time nor the opportunity to consult at first hand the many sources from which he has made his compilation.

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W. G. HOOPER, F.R.A.S., Principal. contributes a foreword to the book. It is always difficult to review the work of devotees. One's dispassionate judgment is so apt to become hazed by their ecstatic mistiness. Books of this kind, however, to those who do not accept the definition the title confers upon Mohammed, are always of considerable value in the study of comparative religion. There are certain aspects of Christianity discussed in the book which have long yielded food for thought. At the same time, it is totally impossible for the general public to follow religious rhapsodies. Every mortal is born and reared in his own faith, and while I admire the Khwaja for his sincerity it is naturally beyond me to realize his view-point.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

LE Rêve: ÉTUDE PSYCHOLOGIQUE, PHILOSOPHIQUE ET LITTÉRAIRE. By Yves Delage. 8 in. × 5½ in., pp. xv., 696. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires de France. 1924. Price 25 frs. net.

M. YVES DELAGE is the author of monumental works on biology and zoology, sciences which call for imagination but principally for careful objective observation. M. Delage, however, suffered from a complaint which affected his eyes and through which he gradually lost his sight, being now almost completely blind. This most terrible of all afflictions, in which we extend to M. Delage our deepest and most sincere sympathy, led him gradually to scientific introspection, with special regard to the dream. As a result of this M. Delage has now produced a book on the psychology of the dream quite as valuable as any other of his works. Unfortunately M. Delage's scientific training has caused him to make his approach to this question in such a materialistic spirit as to vitiate some of the most important conclusions to which he comes. Holding very firmly to the idea that thought is nothing but a secretion of the neurans, and treating the dream as a form of thought, it is not to be expected that M. Delage should provide any interpretation of telepathic and such like dreams as will appear reasonable to readers of the Occult Review.

The principal value of this work lies, however, not in the theories brought forward by the author but in his detailed reports of his own carefully observed and recorded dreams. M. Delage prints a considerable number of these which will be of the greatest possible use to students. This book should become widely known.

THEODORE BESTERMAN.

THE ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED RITE. By A. Bothwell-Gosse, 33°.

London: John M. Watkins, 21, Cecil Court. pp. 16. Price 6d.

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This booklet will be of interest to all members of the Masonic fraternity, for the author knows his subject thoroughly and writes with authority. There are two recognized Masonic Rites, the so-called "York," and the "Scottish," and here the second is dealt with. It is not largely used in Anglo-Saxon countries, but is preferred by the Latin races, and the author explains its constitution, and traces its history in detail. It was found in France in 1740, and even earlier, but in its present form dates from 1804. For further information, inquirers must be referred to the little book itself.

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