

# The Occultist:

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## TO OUR READERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE appearance of this—the First Number of *The Occultist* (late *Seer*),—forms a suitable occasion for offering to the reader a few general remarks on the nature and objects of the Publication, and of the path which the Editor has marked out for himself. We avail ourselves of the present opportunity to speak, not only of the peculiar features of the paper under our charge, and the principles by which we profess to be guided, but to submit our views from time to time on the vast subject of Occultism. This topic presents itself as of paramount importance, although there are other matters, which, although of inferior value in themselves, yet will not be neglected.

We shall endeavour to give brief instructions to investigators, and to answer all doubts and objections which may be proposed. We invite articles from those who are familiar with the philosophy of such subjects as will be discussed in our columns. From courteous and liberal correspondence proceed those bright emanations of pure truth, which enlighten and convince the mind.

Thus *The Occultist* will furnish a vast repertory of useful, curious, and interesting information, for its true mission is to lead the soul upwards, and release it from its slavery in the bonds of matter; from fleeting phantoms to permanent realities, and from a degraded to an intellectual existence. Special attention will be devoted to the elucidation

and translation of many fragments from the precious works of the Sages of Antiquity still in existence, although hitherto deemed lost. Amongst the articles which will appear in the early numbers of *The Occultist* are the following:—THE BOOK OF THE KINGS OF AMMON, DEFINITIONS OF ASCLEPIUS, and other Hermetic gems of literary lore.

We engage, then, in the toilsome and thorny path of editorial duty with hopes, neither depressed by fear, nor elevated beyond the range of rational expectation. We shall never condescend to degrading flattery or prevarication in order to obtain favour; but if our honest and earnest exertions shall obtain for us the esteem of the worthy, and the sanction of the liberal and the enlightened, we shall toil on in our glad career, animated with the cheering hope that, as time and experience mellow the powers of the soul, and intuition still opens her abundant stores for those *who will*, we may be found more and more deserving of the patronage which it shall be our highest ambition to merit.

We have now briefly explained our idea of the manner in which *The Occultist* will be conducted. Of our own limited abilities to perform the task we have imposed upon ourselves; we must speak with the most unaffected diffidence; but of the talents and high attainments of those who have so generously offered to aid us, we may safely express ourselves with no timid voice.

Let every friend of our effort then become a partaker and co-labourer in the vineyard; by for-

warding his subscription, and stimulating others to subscribe. With this brief salutation, and heartily wishing our readers the compliments of the season, we for the present conclude.

THE VEIL OF ISIS.

BY ZANONI.

PART I.

\* \* \* \* \* "How just and wise,  
And good, is the contriver of the the skies;  
At whose command the stars in order met,  
Who times appointed when to rise and set;  
That Heaven's great secrets may be hid no  
more,  
But man, instructed, gratefully adore!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
"But ah, how few are those!"  
\* \* \* \* \*

"Gold, power, soft luxury, vain sports and ease  
Possess the world, and have the luck to please:  
Few study Heaven, unmindful of their state—  
Vain stupid man; but this itself is fate."

MANILIUS.

Had Manilius, who flourished during the famous Augustan age of Ancient Rome, lived in our day, he could not have more accurately gauged the prevailing temper of the times. The world of to day is about the same as it was two thousand years ago. Man's progress is necessarily slow, but if "The mills of the gods grind slowly, the grist is very fine." So much for the Augustan poet; and now for our subject, which we trust may not only prove interesting, but at the same time instructive. Our chief aim is to present different aspects of Occult truth to the student, and thus provide food for reflection. *The Veil of Isis!* What a strange absorbing interest these mystical words arouse in the mind of every true lover of Occult science! Of all the countless aspects of the Occult, no subject can possess such real mystical attractions as those of our Veiled Goddess. Many indeed have been the rude attempts of learned men, to draw aside the enchanted veils of our Universal Mother, and expose her hidden charms to the gaze of the world, but without success. Higgins, Inman, Flammarion, and a host of others have

thus tried to force the secrets of Isis from the stony lips of her symbolic hieroglyphics, her monuments and temples, her ceremonies and sacred relics; but that their labours have been in vain their works will humbly testify. To them she has been, and still remains, the riddle of the sphinx; and, unless they, like the fable of old, receive the answer through divine revelation, the Goddess will remain to them *for ever veiled*. In spite of the many learned and costly volumes by these writers upon the subject, the question of who and what was Isis, is as much divided in opinion among the Fellows of the Royal Asiatic Society to day as it was at the time when this Royal Society first sprang into existence, and the proud boast inscribed on the Temple of Isis, at Sais—"No mortal man hath ever me unveiled," still remains uncontradicted. It still stands there as a defiant challenge to the world of science and literature; it is a gauntlet eternally cast at the feet of our learned men, who are ransacking the depths of the human mind to invent a plausible theory to account for "the origin of life," or explain the unaccountable absence of "the missing link." "I," says the divine Isis, "*am the mother of all that has been born.*" Here, in this one single passage—O ye scientists!—is both your original germ and the missing link combined. She dares you to unravel her mysteries. Her proud boast holds in contempt the combined knowledge of all the Royal Societies on earth; here is the inscription in full, read it carefully:—

"I, ISIS, AM ALL THAT HAS BEEN BORN;  
THAT IS OR SHALL BE,  
NO MORTAL MAN  
HATH EVER ME  
UNVEILED."

What can mortal wish for more than to accomplish the task of drawing aside the mystic veil, and reading the awful mysteries of life and death that lie concealed within her divine bosom. Think you not that mankind would honour the man of science who should achieve this fact? Assuredly they would. There is no mistaking the inscription, it is a universal challenge to all—to the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the learned and the unlearned; and while hun-

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dreds of aspiring souls, thirsting for knowledge and light, have embraced the task of penetrating the arcana of the mysteries, in the hope of finally beholding "Isis unveiled," they and their laborious studies remain unknown to the world; they have accepted the challenge of Isis, and are faithfully toiling up the steep and heights of Occult science, determined to win the crown of immortality at any cost. They value not the pomps and vanities of this life, and look with pity upon the thoughtless giddy throng of society, the moths and butterflies of humanity, fluttering around some central light upon the shrine of Mammon, and who (in their lamentable ignorance) unconsciously but proudly imagine that they are "the elect," that they are an order of human beings of a superior grade to the masses. Vain mortals; they will be undeceived some day. When the change called death is upon them, they will see the awful mistake of their past lives, and learn, but perhaps *too late*, that their life is but a short probationary stage upon the great cycle of necessity, and that the cycle can never be completed until they have drawn aside the Veil of Isis, and stand undaunted before the living light of Nature's greatest mysteries. The challenge thrown out by the initiated Priests of Isis, and inscribed in front of her Temple, at Sais, is one which our *savants*, the "men of letters," dare not accept, and is a tabooed subject that our eminent leading scientists dare not investigate, upon the only lines that can ever be really successful, because it is unfashionable. Popular opinion to them is more precious than the air they breathe. Psychology is the only true key, but they are afraid to use it, and therefore the glorious Isis remains an unknown mystery to the very world to which she gave birth. The offspring knows not the parent, her significant symbolism, so marvellously traced upon every form of life, is meaningless to profane eyes; her mystic characters, like her ancient oracles, are silent to all except her few faithful children; the brave band of Brothers, the Initiates of Occult science. These true sons of Isis are the heirs elect of "the sages who first discovered the starry truths that shone upon the Shemaja of Chaldean lore" and

the sole survivors of the once mighty order of Magians, controlled by the Hierophants of ancient Egypt, they having proved themselves worthy of the sublime knowledge, have most jealously guarded its secrets through the long ages of mental darkness, each in turn transmitting the sacred teaching to those only who were found worthy to receive it; and to-day these secret Occult Brotherhoods are still in existence in our midst, and spurred into a renewed activity by the pressing demand of thirsty souls yearning for light, and as it is our intention to give practical instructions, in a suitable form, in the course of this series of papers, we can, perhaps, better explain some of the aspects of Occult truth by shewing the errors and mistakes of others, with seasonable hints in the right direction, than by attempting to instruct with a regular course of lessons. The first writer upon our subject that we shall select for quotation is the late learned and well-known G. Higgins, author of "The Anacalypsis." Mr Higgins says, in speaking of the inscription of Isis, on the Temple at Sais, (p. 311 of "The Anacalypsis," an attempt to draw aside the veil of the Saitic Isis), "This cannot apply to the moon. I am persuaded that there is no subject on which more mistakes have been made than that of the goddess Isis, both by ancients and moderns. She has constantly been taken for the moon, which, in many countries was masculine; but she is constantly declared to be the same as Ceres, Prosperpine, Juno, Venus, and all the other goddesses; therefore they must all be the moon. This is out of the question. The case I believe to be this: The planet called the moon was dedicated to her in judicial astrology, the same as a planet was dedicated to Venus or Mars. But Venus and Mars are not those planets themselves, though those planets were sacred to them. The Inscription in front of her Temple, at Sais, at once proves that she cannot be the moon. It is totally inapplicable to that planet. The mistake of the ancients is only one proof among hundreds that they lost the knowledge of the principles of their mythology, or that we do not understand it; and further, I am of opinion that much of the confusion in the systems, arose from the neglect or the

ignorance of the distinction between religion and judicial astrology."

In our next paper we shall point out the error of these remarks, and also shew how near to the truth Mr Higgins had arrived.

(To be continued.)

ROSICRUCIA.

BY MEJNOUR.

"There is scarcely one who thinks about us who does not believe that our society has no existence, because, as he truly declares, he never met any of us, and he concludes there is no such brotherhood, because, in his vanity, we seek not him to be our fellow."

"Mosaical Philosophy," Robertus de Fluctibus.

A few exalted and lofty minds, happily in the secret and well-guarded possession of the most transcendental wisdom, have patiently awaited their time to give to those of the Western race, whom they found *deserving*, a share of their priceless knowledge. To those lofty souls the splendour and tawdriness of common society have no charms, for having lifted the veil of the Inner Temple, they can well afford to smile at the vanities of book-science, for the Darwins, Spencers, and Tyndalls of to-day are, in reality, but their servants, who have scarcely helped the blind and weary wayfarer up one of the steps on the vast stairway of *real* knowledge.

The Rosicrucians are numerous, in fact of all nationalities and all climes; and although widely scattered, they meet occasionally, not however by response of "press notices," or "public advertisements," for they are gradually drawn together 'midst silence and peace, from notices unknown and unappreciated by the common world.

In early history we recognize such under the appellations of *Essenes, Illuminati, &c.* They could well afford to laugh in secret—for they dared not smile publicly—at the dross of popes, priests, and parsons; they treasured the ancient lore in cipher, whilst they built no stately churches, chapels, nor colleges, but hunted and hounded like foxes, were compelled to dwell in caves, or to flee before the merciless terrors of a diabolical and hellish Inquisition.

The ancient science of Occultism gave birth to a multiplicity of doctrines and various brotherhoods, thus the Egyptian Ophites became the Christian Gnostics, developing the Basilideans of the second century, and the original Rosicrucians subsequently created the Paracelsists, or Fire-Philosophers, the European Alchemists, along with other branches of their sect.

It was about the middle of the thirteenth century when the Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross was founded by the first Kabalist of that name, the German Rosencranz. The original Rosicrucian manuscripts exist within the archives of the lodge which first gave it birth, and its various members soon became distinguished for the remarkable purity of their lives, and their extraordinary powers, as well as for their perfect and thorough acquaintance with the "secret of secrets."

The TRUE Rosicrucian has not only learned, by long years devoted to studious toil, the secret of immortality in earthly existence, but he even *uses* such in his thorough practical experience, and asserts only what he himself knows to be possible, for in the vocabulary of the true Occultist there is no space permitted for such terms as "impossible," "coincidence," &c.

Many of our learned friends have made but a very insignificant handling of the query as to who the Rosicrucians were. Des Cartes advertised throughout Germany for those who belonged to, or knew of, such a fraternity. He was replied to by many adventurers, and as no instruction was afforded to him, throwing the least light upon the subject of his inquiry, he finally—but rather prematurely—concluded there was no such society in existence!

True, a modern order of Rosicrucians exists in Europe and America, having lodges in London, Bristol, New York, Montreal, Quebec, &c., but this order bears about as close a resemblance to the fraternity of the renowned Count Cagliostro, and Rosencranz, as our modern and degenerate descendent—Free Masonry—does to the hypothetical Lodge of Solomon, and the mythical Hiram, which it typifies.

Rosicrucia has no affinity with this pelf, or mammon-worshipping age; it has no insurance

plan, or golden basis whereupon to build its semblance of brotherly love, fellowship, and devotion. Unobserved, unobtrusive, and unpretending men (aye, and women too!), they pass mainly unnoticed throughout life's weary journey; they observe with pity a world of gold and silver treasurer-gatherers, and look upon such as playful and noisy children heaping mud in the dirty streets, lanes, and byeways. Is it to be wondered at then that such people are totally misunderstood; they are *in* this world, but they feel and know they are *not of* it, and their ardent wish is to get through with it in the quickest manner they can. Fully realising that they can only bid adieu to it by works of benevolence and charity, they are—like the silent and nocturnal nourishing dews of heaven—secretly and silently doing all within their power to assist the world in its efforts to humanise the race, for they are fully conscious of having been placed here for that very purpose.

Meek and lowly men, with mighty minds, despised and misunderstood by the ignorant and prejudiced masses, persecuted by blind bigotry, intolerant selfishness and vanity under the name of *Religion*—still they never knew of death, for such blessed souls had gained their immortality whilst yet in the flesh; and casting aside the burthen of their earthly existence, they only added further strength and wisdom to their mighty mental powers. In later days the same hideous elements of ignorance and priestcraft failed not in *Deifying* them, and their true powers and mission were hidden from mankind under the despicable black cowl of religious tyranny. Yet, although the world knew them not, and notwithstanding the darkened and villainous pall of slander which was thrown over their glorious names, the living presence of those exalted old masters permeates, and pulsates throughout every fibre of the world, and their sublime spirit and influence is felt thrilling through the moral atmosphere of reform, which, in its various diversities is always and ever ready to exalt, purify, and ennoble frail mankind.

*Rosicrucians never fail* is an old motto amongst these strange people, for that which is an apparent weakness or failure in the eyes of most

persons, is for them only a sure stepping-stone to loftier and better heights, for every worthy soul must be thoroughly tried and tested with the ordeals of deep sorrow and suffering. This awful shadow, this nameless, shapeless monster, this guardian of the threshold, or dreadful power that constantly hovers between this material world and the realm of spirit, never fails to confront those who have naturally been ordained to pass the ordeal during their earthly pilgrimage, by crushing with its terrible powers the strongest worldly passion, or trait of character, which causes it so tenaciously to connect itself with mother earth. The exalted in worldly renown are made low and humble, the wealthy are made poor, for all earthly hopes and ambitions must be crushed ere the soul learns the solemn truth, that it is in its present state, immortal. "*He was a man of sorrows,*" truly typifies such—severe lessons to learn—but the *sorrowful mysteries* must be passed, and the soul stripped of its selfish and worldly nature ere it can become strong in its spiritual powers.

Significant it is—although apparently sad—that many of those who might have reposed on downy silk and velvet-covered couches, spurning wealth, luxury, and pomp, suffered themselves to die by the wayside, or in the hospital, rather than debase their souls and violate their sacred vows by allowing the profane cupidity of those who tempted them to triumph over their achievements.

When the real affiliates of Rosicrucia meet—although strangers to one another—they know each other at first sight, for the true member of the Rose-Cross may be unmistakably known to his affiliates by the stamp which God has so vividly impressed upon him. People who have lived upon this earth in a prior existence, *as real men*, possess forms and impressions more suggestive of quiet rest and harmony than those who have only just begun to feel life's fitful fever on this planet. The former inherit more receptiveness, more prescience and intuition, since the lessons learned in other incarnations have not been wholly obliterated, neither have they lost to all recollection the beloved friends and companions of a former life, but when they meet a mutual and

sympathetic feeling of attraction and friendship showers its permanent impress upon them—a *kindred* feeling, but far more real than that of mere blood relationship.

Up to the present moment is not the Rosicrucian, Thomas Vaughan, a puzzle to "Mother Grundy?" and is not the Count St. Germain a living mystery to the world? Vaughan was one of the most celebrated alchemists of the seventeenth century, and wrote under the cognomen of Eugenius Philalethes. Throughout his works may be found the most practical remarks on Occultism, although he was decidedly *made before he became*. He lived in the reigns of James the First and Charles, two sovereigns whose names are rather conspicuous in the prosecution of witches. He was born about the year 1612, and he relates that upon one occasion he endeavoured to sell 1200 marks of artificial gold to a goldsmith. The man informed him at first sight that such gold never emanated from the mines, but had been artificially produced, not being of the recognised standard of any country. Philalethes hurried away at this response, leaving his gold behind him. A writer in 1749, remarks: "He is believed by those of his fraternity to be living even now; and a person of great credit, at Nuremberg, in Germany, affirms that he conversed with him but a year or two ago. Nay, it is further asserted that this very individual is the President of the Illuminated in Europe, and that he sits as such in all their annual meetings."

A strange work was written by Artephius, who lived more than 750 years ago, this book being entitled, "*On the Art of prolonging Human Life*," in which the author asserts that he had already attained to the incredible age of 1025 years. Roger Bacon testifies to this in his work, *Libro de Mirabilibus Naturæ Operibus*; see also the learned Theophrastus Paracelsus, in *Libro de Vita Longa*, and John Pontanus in *Theatrum Chymicum*, &c. Several people assert that he was the very personage whose biography was written by Philostratus, under the name of the celebrated Apollonius of Tyana. He also wrote a book on the Philosopher's Stone, which was published at Paris in 1612, and an English translation

from the Latin copy was published by Salmon in 1659.

To deny Occultism, or Magic, is not only to reject history, but to foolishly cast aside the testimony of witnesses thereof, extending throughout a period of more than 4000 years. To commence with Homer, Moses, Hermes, Herodotus, Cicero, Plutarch, Pythagoras, Apollonius of Tyana, Simon, Plato, Pausaas, Jamblichus, Albertus Magnus, Raymond Lulli, Agrippa, Kunrath, Roger Bacon, Robert Flood, &c.; and following this endless scroll of great men, historians, and philosophers, who each and all either believe in magic, or were themselves magicians, and concluding with our modern authors, Howitt, Ennemozer, Mosseaux de Mirville, von Tschudi, and Eliphas Levi (the Abbe Constant), &c., &c., none but the most apathetic can ignore that there ever was such a science as magic. The inspiring Sybils and Pythonesses were entirely guided by their high-priests, and those were initiated into the Esoteric Theurgy and Mysteries of the Temples, for Theurgy was magic, and the high-priests were magicians.

But the "Sacred Science" still exists, as it has ever done since pre-historic ages, and notwithstanding the furious persecutions of the Church, resumed its fame in the hands of such adepts as the Count St. Germain, Cagliostro, and Paracelsus. The exercise of this Occult power is the exercise of *natural* powers, but *superior* to the ordinary functions of nature. A "miracle" is no violation of the laws of nature except for ignorant people, and magic is but a *science*, a profound knowledge of the Occult forces in nature, and of the laws which govern the visible and the invisible worlds. Do not let the unacquainted reader then suppose that Occultism is confined to witches riding astride of broomsticks towards the moon, and then metamorphosing themselves unto hares and black cats!

How significant are the words of Paracelsus, when worried by slander and persecution, suffering for the great truth, abused by clergy and laity, and totally misunderstood by friends and foes, he exclaims: "Oh ye of Paris, Padua, Montpellier, Salerno, Vienna, and Leipsig! ye are not teachers

of truth but confessors of lies. Your philosophy is a lie. Would you know *what MAGIC really is?* Then seek it in St. John's *Revelation*. As you cannot yourself prove your teachings from the *Bible* and the *Revelation*, then let your farces have an end. *The Bible is the true key and interpreter.* John, not less than Moses, Elias, Enoch, David, Solomon, Daniel, Jeremiah, and the rest of the Prophets, was a *Magician, Kabalist, and Diviner.* If now, all, or even any of those I have named were yet living, I do not doubt you would make an example of them in your miserable slaughter-house, and would annihilate them there on the spot, and *if it were possible, the Creator of all things too!*"

Again, accurate indeed is the prophetic lamentations of the thrice-great *Hermes Trismegistus* over his own country. "Alas, alas, my son," says he, "A day will come when the sacred hieroglyphics will become but idols. *The world will mistake the emblems of science for gods,* and accuse grand Egypt of having worshipped hell-monsters. But those who will calumniate us thus, will themselves worship Death instead of Life, folly in place of wisdom: they will denounce love and fecundity, fill their temples with dead men's bones as relics, and waste their youth in solitude and tears. *Their Virgins will be widows (nuns) before being wives,* and consume themselves in grief, because men will have despised and profaned the sacred Mysteries of Isis."

But, to conclude the present paper, the Rosicrucian lives in every age, and in every clime. They have jostled each other in the busy crowd, and teeming market-place; brushed each other on the plains of Thebes and the prairies of America, and are as numerous nowadays as to truly constitute the salt of the earth, for their existence *may* be a myth to the ignorant, but for others it is not.

(To be continued.)

## What I have Seen and Heard.

BY "ALBUS MAGUS."

In past numbers of this Journal, the late "SEER," I made an attempt to point out the successive and progressive changes which I saw take place on the surface of this globe; also the gradual increase of light becoming more apparent, rendering the atmospheric region less gloomy, the whole of which phenomena appeared at the time to be giving sure indications of an upward

tendency in the whole order of nature, towards a higher, a more refined, and ultimately to a harmonious state of cosmic existence.

Amid those strange scenes I noticed mystical operations, and some terrible convulsions on a stupendous scale. Lakes, rivers, and seas become displaced, and rugged mountains and extensive plains of alluvial deposits now occupy those primeval water beds; such plains becoming subsequently the birth-place for a rank and carbonaceous species of vegetation to grow, luxuriate, and die; only, however, to be followed by others of a higher order of development.

It must be stated in this place that I do not intend following up in scientific order all those cosmic changes, as if my object was to startle the members of the Geological Society with some new discovery they may not have been made acquainted with. My drift is on another line, in order that I may throw an additional light upon a subject of paramount importance. It is my intention to follow up, with what powers of observation I may possess, the gradual unfolding of that Divine principle which we call LIFE. This Divine thing is expressed by a very little word—only four letters! nevertheless, this principle lies behind all change, and is the primal cause of all phenomena. There has not a change taken place in the past, or such as may be now taking place, or as may yet take place within the realms of nature during revolving cycles, but must be attributed to the omnipotence of the life force. To effect a change there must be motion; life is the cause of motion, and love is the source of life. THE INFINITE IS LOVE, consequently, the Infinite is the source of all.

Life is an outflow, death is an inflow. Life resembles the tide coming out into the land, death is like the return of the tide towards the mighty deep. The life-wave is the breath of the Infinite coming warm from its incomprehensible source, infusing itself into every particle of this globe. In the Bible the GREAT ONES are represented as breathing into the nostrils of the first man "the breath of life." This Divine breathing still goes on.

Here, amidst the crags and creeks of rude, and as yet but partially developed nature; here, within the domain of rumbling earthquakes, I witness manifestations of Divine love. But it is hard to bring our minds to such a philosophical conclusion.

Before the tide of life visited our earth there was universal stillness, which implies universal death. For when a man is dead all motion ceases; stillness is then complete. There are cases where suspended animation does happen, and it is in such cases I meet with what may answer my purpose by way of illustrating what I have now in hand. Now, as soon as life begins to re-animate the body, its first efforts are attended with shocks,

spasms, and bodily contortions; but when life has reasserted her sway, and when her different accessories have regained their wonted equilibrium, then spasms and contortions cease. In this we see that the advent of life is attended by disturbances of a spasmodic character, and similar manifestations are witnessed at its departure.

Between these two points there is an interval when a time of peace and tranquillity may be realized. It is even thus with reference to cosmic life as a *whole*. Earthquakes, storms, and tempests have been in the past; such repeat themselves today, and similar phenomena will be witnessed for some time to come; but this will not *always* be the order of things. As these convulsions of nature are but indicators, they simply show us that a struggle between chaos and order, a combat between life and death, is going on; a combat in which life will come off the victor. All these cosmic disturbances are but *signs*, in which the true philosopher can scan a period—possibly distant—when this earth will attain its majority, when a shockless, a spasmless, and a stormless epoch shall set in, and peace and concord shall pervade every department of nature.

Let us, therefore, note these successive upheavals, in the shape of earthquakes, &c., with less anxiety; for although we should happen to be among the victims of such a catastrophe, there are other deaths which would be equally as terrible, and to which we often *expose* ourselves even without a shudder; bearing in mind that all these so-called horrors are, after all, the same tokens of a day that *will* dawn, when your glorious sun shall shed its light and splendour upon a rejuvenated and a redeemed world.

(To be continued.)

### MY SPIRIT DOCTOR.

To the Editor of THE OCCULTIST.

SIR,—The matter contained in this letter is a *fact*, although all your readers may not be prepared to receive it as such.

I have a spirit attendant who always visits me when I am ill. I see him and now know him to have been a medical man in earth-life. This information I got duly corroborated when one evening, sitting in the company of a friend who had been acquainted with the doctor in his earth-life, to whom I related what kind of person he was, which proved sufficient for my friend to identify the said gentleman as Dr. M— of C—. I happened to be afflicted with very violent pains at the back of my head for some time past, when one night I saw my doctor. I appealed to him. He there and then applied a strange-looking instrument under the skin at the back of the head and the pain left *instantaneously*. I have been cured several times before of other ills.

Yours, &c., ZERO.

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### THE H.B. OF L.

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