

BORDERLAND

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"To myself I seem to have been as a child playing on the sea-shore while the immense ocean of Truth lay unexplored before me."—ISAAC NEWTON.

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XIII.—THE OCCULT SIDE OF FREEMASONRY.

BY JOHN YARKER, P.M., etc., 33-96°.

MR. LILLIE is good enough to allude to me in his masonic article as some authority upon this subject, and though I agree generally with his views, yet I think that a good deal in the way of particulars may be supplied in support of his contention.

The art and religious mysteries are thousands of years old, and had their occult rites, degrees, and dogmas; and though there may be some dispute as to the relative antiquity of the two systems, there can be little doubt that both sprang out of a primitive united system, which in the hands of Aryans and Hindus developed into *caste* rites.

THE ORIGIN OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

There are many particulars which tend to prove that the legends of the "Secret Doctrine," which attribute Oriental civilisation to an advanced colony of Atlantians, are very credible. Plato transmits the assertion that magnificent temples and other architectural structures existed on the island of Atlantis, which sank above 11,000 years ago; and hence we might argue that they had the "Mysteries" as well. There are certain untranslatable portions of the "Egyptian Book of the Dead," of which analogous symbols are found in the archaic, ideographic tablets of Thibet, and the Ritual of the Ophite Gnostics. It is also now admitted, even by such competent authorities as Mariette Bey, that the architecture of the great pyramid of Cheops is intended to represent, even in minute details, the heavenly temple of Osiris, and, in some translations, the first chapter of "The Book of the Dead" contains symbolic language which would be considered Masonic.

CLASSIFICATION OF "MASONS."

Broadly speaking, we may class the Initiated grades of *Mystic* and *Epopte*, as they appear in the "Mysteries," with (1) the ordinary Mason, and (2) the Mystic and Occult Societies of Gnostics, Kabbalists, and Alchemists. The writings of such men as Origen, Clement, Chrysostom, and Synesius, who allude frequently to the "Christian Mysteries," must be read between the lines, and Synesius specially informs us that the Hierophants themselves descended into the crypts of their temples, and there wrought the statues of the gods upon some fixed plan or canon, and that the ordinary Mason was not allowed to participate in this sacred work.

FREEMASONRY IN ENGLAND.

English Freemasonry has two sets of Constitutions, the Anglo-Saxon and the Anglo-Norman. The former simply alleges an organisation derived from Egypt, and brought into this country by the Romans. Coming down the stream of time their rules were sanctioned by King Athelstan, with a right of Assembly to regulate their internal affairs. This constitution asserts that the association was not then known as Masonry, but implies that it included all artisans who used geometry. There is not the slightest trace of Solomon's Temple or any Semitic legend in them, and it is useless to attempt to find what is not there, and was never intended to be there. The Culdees of the Secret or *Arcane Discipline* were the schoolmasters of the period, taught the artisans in their monasteries, and had their own builders, and wrought with their own hands. Hence these constitutions are essentially Christian; as members of the *Arcane*

Discipline the Culdee monks had their own occult ceremonies, rites which the late Cardinal Newman asserts were added to the Church by Platonising Christians, but which were actually the continuation of the mysteries of Serapis. From these causes it arises that there is scarcely a salient point in the laws and symbols of Freemasonry, which is not equally found in the writings of the Neo-Platonists.

The second, or Anglo-Norman constitution, is found in a MS. of about 1450, but which is only the copy of a copy. It no doubt dates from between 1200-1300 in its original form, and it is now that the Semitic legends are introduced into the system, along with the first version of the present English ceremonies. About the year 1356 a dispute arose in London between the "Masons" and the "Freemasons," and the mayor and sheriff in that year drew up a series of regulations which united the two sects, and virtually established the London "Company of Masons." Now name, symbolism, and numerous other points indicate that this system was introduced into this country from the East by the Templars, who no doubt modified their own receptions upon the same model, and hence the charge of Gnosticism brought against them, and upon which they were destroyed. The sun-god in the Saxon constitution was altered to the martyrdom of Jesus, whilst in the Saracenic system the same hero was converted into Hiram, a chemist rather than a stone-mason, who wrought on the site that the Templars had granted them as a preceptory in Palestine.

The fifteenth century Burgh-laws of Aberdeen enact that "Na Templar shall intromit be buying and selling, but gif he be ane gilde brother."

THEIR RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT.

Side by side with the Association of Geometers came down the ages numerous sects of Gnostics, developing out of the religious mysteries which Christianity had done its best to suppress; amongst these alchemists. Writers upon modern chemistry assert that both Essenian and Kabbalistic Jews were working in alchemy, and it is quite probable that the Alchemical Society of "Sons" and "Fathers" may have obtained their organization from the Essenes. At any rate, the symbols of the Middle-age alchemists were identical with those of the Freemasons, and in some cases it is very difficult to say whether certain symbols are intended to refer to Freemasonry or to Alchemy; witness, for instance, those of Jacques Cœur at Montpelier.

Add to this the certainty that the higher class of builders must also have been students of chemistry; witness the glaze upon the limestone of which Castle Rushen was built 1,000 years ago, and the superiority of the ancient stained glass over the modern manufacture. Nor is this pure conjecture. Thomas Norton, of Bristol, who wrote on alchemy in the year 1477, alludes to various trades, and among these by name to the Freemasons as students of the art; and the same thing is repeated in later Rosicrucian works. Another proof, though not quite so clear, appears in the abridged constitutions of about 1535, which allege that the French Charles Martell learned masonry from Manus Græcus, who is now beginning to be considered as the Marcus Græcus from whose MS. the English Friar, Roger Bacon, asserts that he derived the composition of gunpowder; indeed in one, though late, MS., the name appears as Marcus Græcus. It follows that when an edu-

cated Artisan or Mason desired to extend his researches into the hidden mysteries of Nature and Science, he sought initiation from the Alchemists, or their successors, the Rosicrucians.

MASONS AND ROSICRUCIANS.

If we come down to more modern times, we find masons amongst those who figured as Rosicrucians, as, for instance, Elias Ashmole, Sir Robert Moray, Thomas Vaughan, and there is a Mr. Flood mentioned in the records of the Masons' Company of London. Nor had this connection died out when the modern Grand Lodge of London was established in 1717, as there is an address to these Masons in London, printed by Robert Samber in 1722, which is couched in Rosicrucian jargon. The masonic high-grades in after years drew largely upon the Alchemical and Rosicrucian Society.

I have developed all these points fully in a MS. of considerable extent, but I scarcely expect it will be printed. Masonic inquiry is confined to a very few in this country, and those few who do read a little do not seek the *truth*, but desire to see something that will conform to their own prejudices and give them importance. The ramifications of Freemasonry are quite unknown to the society, and its very nature must ever bar the way to a full development of its history.

MASONRY IN FRANCE.

I may mention that for many centuries there has existed in France societies which have an analogy to Freemasonry under the denomination of *Compagnonage*; that of (1) Master Jacques is a Christian system having an analogy to what I hold was the Anglo-Saxon rite; (2) the sect of Father Sonbise, chiefly carpenters, and whose name is supposed to be derived from Sabazius or Bacchus; (3) Sons of Solomon, with a legend which corresponds with our present English Freemasonry. These societies, degrees, rites, and ceremonies are undoubtedly very ancient, and they have some curious legends. One of these is a veneration for the *Reel*, precisely corresponding with that which is attributed to the Gnostic Manichees. Another legend causes their chief to distribute his clothing as a badge of trade, in the precise way that Ali distributed his clothing amongst the founders of the Paths of the Dervishes, and it must be borne in mind that the Saracens were in France until the time of Charles Martell, whose patronage the masons claimed in 1254 as a legend "handed down from father to son." Lastly, it is claimed that one of the sects was organized by Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master of the Templars; and it is a curious fact that Philip le Bel, before he destroyed the Templars, abrogated these trade fraternities, or, rather, attempted it, for they exist to this day. Another curious fact is that the three grades of the *Compagnonage* of Jacques are, in translation, identical with the three grades of the old Persian Magi, whilst the charges brought against them in 1650 by the Sorbonne read very similar to those of the Fathers against the pagan "Mysteries." In the Old and New Testaments we read that Moses was hidden amongst the bulrushes, and that the clot in; of Jesus was distributed among the soldiers; but it is not likely that either these instances, or those of the Gnostic associations, which are here shown to be identical with the customs of the French *Compagnonage*, are derivative the one from the other. There is probably some very ancient symbolical legend transmitted through Cabiric and Bacchic rites that has been adapted by the Mystic Associations. To give one such legend, the very ancient Finnish poem of the Kalevala represents the "Virgin Mother of the Northland" conceiving a heavenly child who is "hidden in the reeds and rushes."

MEDIUMS AND FREEMASONRY.

SECRETS OF THE CRAFT REVEALED AT A SEANCE.

MR. A. LILLIE's article in the July BORDERLAND has prompted a correspondent in America to send us the following curious story. An interesting point, suggesting some external agency (though Thought Transference is not excluded) is the fact that the Masonic formula was known to a female medium, such knowledge of course never being revealed to women.

Our correspondent begins by relating other curious details as to his visit to the medium (who, be it noted, was not a "professional") and proceeds—

(Sept. 30.)

But now to the object of this communication which I send to you as a subscriber to your paper, and because what follows can be most appreciated by Masons.

When the sitting commenced, almost the first words of the medium were: "I see behind you the spirit of a rather stout, fair gentleman, with fine forehead, blue eyes, and little hair on the top of his head. Do you know him?"

I replied, "No."

The medium continued, "He is rather distinguished looking, and seems to be a Freemason. Are you a Freemason?"

My reply was "Yes; but I do not recognise him. Can't you give the name?"

The medium answered, "No. I will try later."

About a half an hour afterwards, many messages having come in the interval, I detected a change in the voice of the medium and looking up found her face over mine. A remarkable transformation had occurred. Her skin was copper-coloured, like an Indian; the nose beak-like; the voice coarse, like a man's. The question addressed to me was, "Are you brave?"

I said "Yes."

To this the answer came, "An Indian brave desires to speak with you in behalf of a brother who is here to-day. He sends you a brother's greeting and bids me say,

"The oath we took on earth binds us here."

"We are travelling towards the East and are building here the new temple of the soul which is founded on the rock of truth."

My hand was seized with the grip of a master Mason. I was drawn towards the medium, and the word was offered to me masonically on three of the five points of fellowship. I hesitated; whereupon the Brave (or medium) motioned the head towards our feet, and said the position of our bodies prevented him from completing the other two. This being perfectly correct, and the word being again whispered in my ear, I added a syllable and received the third in the same manner.

Let me add in conclusion that the description given corresponds perfectly with a former brother Mason with whom I was associated in business closely for more than eleven years, who introduced me to Masonry, who died in April, 1892, and who was, at the time of his death, I have been told, the oldest 32nd degree Scottish Rite Freemason in Canada.

The medium after this extraordinary occurrence leaned back in her chair, rubbed her eyes, and opened them with a dull look as if she had been in a stupor. I made no allusion to what she had just said and done, nor did she.

My card is enclosed. I do not wish my name signed to this article, but hold myself ready to answer any inquiries from you or others, through you or direct, as preferred, if this, to me, mysterious and wonderful statement, occasions any interest.

G.T.B.

Our correspondent writes again, under date Oct. 15th:—

In further investigating the marvels of Clairvoyance, I had, on October 4th, two more private sittings with mediums in Chicago. At each of these sittings I received messages of a Masonic character, and I feel impelled to give them to you in

the belief that they will be read with interest by at least some of our brethren.

After some preliminary statements, the medium then went on to say that a portly, fair gentleman was present. "He had little hair here" (pointing to the top of her head). "He laughs and rubs my head (here medium rubbed her head violently), and says he rubbed his head that way when here (on earth) to make the hair grow. He writes the word 'Brotherhood' over your head. I see an M— Masonic Brotherhood. He wears a badge here (pointing to the right breast). It seems to me an axe which he shakes at me. He was high in degree, but he wears a blue ribbon, and says, 'We are all Brothers of same degree here.' I get the name —" (here was given the surname of the person alluded to in my letter of September 30th, who was so well described in both this sitting and the one on September 29th, that even without the name no room was left for doubt as to who was intended). After describing another spirit, of a younger and slimmer man, wearing a small apron, who she said was named John, and was in company with the spirit of the blue ribbon and axe, she said, "I see a lot of men standing up. They walk in procession. There seems to be —" (here medium stated a fact which occurs at the initiation of all candidates, and with seemingly an involuntary movement, clasped her handkerchief over her mouth, and said, "The stout spirit puts his handkerchief to my mouth and tells me not to speak secrets.") Then followed extraordinary revelations concerning events in my life which occurred more than twenty-five years since, including the naming of a particular friend of the family at that time, description of a girl friend, with cause of her death some ten years ago, name of school which she and I attended as children, a perfect description of my mother, who was about four hundred miles away, and of my two children, who were over eight hundred miles away, all three entirely unknown to medium, names of living and dead friends and relatives, some of the latter unknown to me at the time, but subsequently verified, predictions as to the future, &c.

The second of these two sittings took place on the afternoon of the same date, with a medium named Campbell. He said he got the name —, a peculiar one. He asked if I knew such a person. I said yes, and that before leaving home I had promised to answer a certain question regarding him. Here let me explain that on September 22nd, I was interrogated by a brother Mason as to whether this person was, in my opinion, eligible for membership in our lodge. Having heard disparaging rumours about him, I requested time to consider my reply. I left home September 25th without, in the meantime, having done anything in the matter.

Campbell said the voice he heard was, no doubt, designed to remind me of my promise. The person named was a man of double life—an open and hidden one. "He hates you with the hate which springs from an attempt to do another an *undeserved* injury," which, by the way, agrees fully with reports made to me long ago by several friends, whom, however, I did not credit, as I knew of no reason for any hate or ill-will. "You have been asked to stand *sponsor* (note the very apt word) for him. If you do so, it will lose you the confidence of a certain person, and cause bad complications. This man is sometimes so depressed that he meditates suicide—thinks he might as well end it all at once, then livens up, but I would not be surprised to find him commit suicide. He is a man of bad morals." The medium said more, but all related to this person; and I was cautioned that my best course was to keep silent as to the question I had promised to answer.

I was largely influenced in my request for time to reply to the question by knowledge of the fact that this person had been involved in at least one serious moral trouble which had not been cleared up satisfactorily to some who were familiar with the case, although he had been "whitewashed" by superiors.

Faternally yours,

G. T. B.

"THE SORCERERS OF THE INDIAN HILLS."

HOW THE SPELL WAS BROKEN.

THE following story comes from a Circle Member in Malabar, who writes:—

In this quarter's BORDERLAND there is an interesting article on the tricks of the natives—Carumbas—I think, but having forwarded my copy to a friend cannot refer to it; it particularly mentions their method of bewitching their foes. As a member of the "Circle" I venture to tell you the following, which bears on the subject, and has the merit of being true. The lady who told me this is dead, but the native woman in question has been my "thoti" for several months, and a more repulsive-looking old hag it would be difficult to find.

While living as "thoti," or scavenger, at my friend's, at an estate three miles away, she was generally at feud with the rest of her fellow servants, who held her in great awe, as she on the slightest provocation threatened to bewitch them. One particular day the ayah Chinnama offended her, so pointing her lean wicked-looking finger at the woman she said, "To-night, be sick, to-morrow night plenty sick, third night, *die*," and forthwith began to pick the air with her fingers, and mutter mantras or spells. The ayah turned ghastly, figuratively speaking; and, true enough, that night my friend was

called up, as she had been seized with pains and was very ill. Mrs. W— gave her medicines, thinking it *might* be choleraic pains, but as the next day Carli (the bewitcher) was full of glee at the results of her work, she decided, if Chinnama were again ill, to make an example of Carli. The second night the ayah was again taken very ill—the mantras had continued all that day—so in the morning my friend assembled all the domestics (about eight or ten) and made the bewitcher and bewitched stand in the middle, while she made this speech to Carli (natives are obliged to have heroic treatment if any impression is to be made!):—

"Carli, the Queen-Empress, mom sahib, perrier dorasawmy, has ordered that throughout the domains owned by her, all witches and those who make mantras shall be burned with fire. You, Carli, have bewitched Chinnama. You have caused her to be ill, and intend that she shall die, by reason of your spells. I therefore command, in the name of the Queen-Empress, that unless you immediately remove those spells, all your fellow servants shall take wood and fire, and burn you with fire. I shall be very sorry to order this, but such is the will of the dread Queen and Empress, and I must obey." Carli immediately realised the situation, and knew Mrs. W— meant what she said, so she made some passes, and muttered some reverse mantras over the terrified ayah, who was as well as ever in a few hours. I do not think that Carli ever tried it on again.

XIV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

A CLAIRVOYANT VISION OF WATERLOO.

THE phenomenon of the spectral rehearsal of tragic events in the scenes which may have occurred is familiar to students of psychical research. There was, as has been frequently remarked, something in nature like a compound of Edison's kinesiograph and phonograph, which, when a certain mysterious spring is inadvertently touched, displays before the astonished beholder the spectral semblance of the action that occurred long ago. The story of Mr. Light is, however, so recent and so vivid, and it relates to so famous a battle, that I have much pleasure in reproducing it here.

Mr. Light, editor of the *Herts Guardian*, writes to me as follows:—

About twelve months ago I read, with great interest, but with even greater incredulity, your publications regarding "spooks."

Last summer I met with a rather singular adventure, which has caused me to modify my disbelief; and I take the liberty of enclosing the record of my experience, in case you may care to glance at it. I published it in our Christmas Supplement two weeks ago, and I daresay it is believed by our readers to be a joke. It is absolutely true, every word of it.

AT MIDNIGHT ON MONT ST. JEAN.

(Being a Plain Unvarnished Ghost Story.)

Had a friend of my own related this story to me six months ago I should of course have had only one word for it—"Bosh!" Until that night at Mont St. Jean I had never seen the faintest trace of an apparition; though I may be said to have courted such society for years. I economise what little intellect I possess by never trying to solve psychical problems. As to ghosts, until last June I considered them as fabulous as the unicorn. When, therefore, I relate how I saw spectres on the field of Waterloo, I am quite prepared to have this narrative treated with the contempt that everybody will consider it deserves.

I had been attending the International Conference of Journalists at Antwerp and Brussels; and as the great majority of the members present were Frenchmen, I went to the spot surreptitiously, instead of listening to all the speeches. At the mound of the Belgian lion I fell in with a party thoroughly representative of Greater Britain. An ex-Cavalry Sergeant-Major—who is a member of the Corps of Commissionaires, and has authority from the Belgian Government—acted most efficiently as our guide.

Of course we went over the cosy *Hôtel Musée* (whose landlady is the descendant of a Waterloo hero).

In the afternoon I went over the farm of Hougomont, the visit being made doubly interesting by the courtesy of an artist-author, representing the famous firm of Cassell & Co. The village from which the great battle takes its name is, as every one knows, some distance from Mont St. Jean, where the actual fighting was; and returning in the evening from Waterloo, along the rough stony road that must have jolted our wounded so terribly, I was overtaken by a thunderstorm, which, however, did not prevent troops of ragged urchins pursuing me with the request to purchase "ze stick of Waterloo." I took refuge in the hotel, and finding there excellent accommodation and pleasant company, I decided to stay the night.

I went to bed in a room whose window looked direct on the hideous mound of the Belgian lion; but to the left, that section of the field of which the centre is La Haye Sainte, was clearly visible. Though ordinarily a sound sleeper, I was disturbed by the kicking of a horse in some stable hard by, and

the thuds were so persistent that I resolved to sit at the window until drowsiness came to my relief. The night was still and calm, and though the sky was slightly overcast, the landscape was distinct in the pale starlight. I was not in an imaginative mood, nor even over-thoughtful, my main concern being to put in a certain quantity of sleep, in order that I might be refreshed for a walk to Planchenois in the morning. If anything was passing in my mind, it related to the jovial conversation we had held downstairs. But whilst I glanced carelessly across the field there came to me a sense that something was moving upon it.

"The wind astir amongst the barley," I thought; but as I looked, I could see distinctly a mass of shadowy figures advancing. The array was uneven, as though marred by sudden casualties, but in front there was a fringe of fire—just such as would issue from muskets of the Brown Bess order. I shiver now a little as I recall it; but I did not shiver then.

"This is hallucination," I thought, "and I am precipitating French legionaries as Moozeby, in the *Strand Magazine* precipitated things; but I've not come to Flanders to see ghosts, and am not going to tolerate 'em either."

I got up, walked once or twice across the room, and resumed my seat at the window, mentally challenging any amount of grand disembodied armies to come on if they felt disposed. But I soon lost that feeling of bravado. There across the field in the faint light, that strange company was moving still. It would halt at times, and anon vanish; then I could see it again advancing steadily towards the slopes that on the memorable 18th of June were defended by the patient and invincible British soldiery.

I got a map of the battle-field out of a pocket, and marked on it the exact spot of the appearances; and on the back I made notes as to what seemed to be happening. If I had been out on that field I should doubtless have been less deliberate and more uncomfortable; but I reflected that there were plenty of mortals within easy hail, and that the poor restless outsiders must be quite as dead as Julius Cæsar.

Thinking that if there was anything to see, it should not be lost for lack of looking out of window, I returned to my post, and I declare solemnly that I beheld the same dim fire-fringed line again advancing. It disappeared, and there seemed a change in the ordering of the battle, for the indistinct mass that next became visible advanced with a bounding motion. "These," I thought, "are cavalry, and history is repeating itself at midnight." [It was really then between one and two A.M.] I then owned to a sensation of awe, which was increased when over La Haye Sainte I saw columns of smoke arising, lit by a glare amongst the buildings below. These appearances were repeated *à plusieurs reprises*; and then, as it seemed to me, all the movement was away from, instead of towards, the "sunken road of Ohain" that marked the front of the English position. Finally, there was a confused and choking rush of shadowy figures along the road that leads from La Haye Sainte past Belle Alliance to Gemappe; and, after that, although I looked steadily across the same ground, I could see nothing. The same slight breeze, which had never changed direction, was still rustling the barley, but otherwise the surface of the field was motionless; and I felt that in the hush of the starlight I had seen one of the Fifteen Decisive Battles that have shaped the fate of nations.

Next morning I was jaded; for it is perhaps needless to say that I did not sleep directly after that experience. After breakfast, I walked across the sodden fields to Planchenois, which the Prussians stormed so gallantly.

A storm was impending when I reached La Belle Alliance, on the road to Braine l'Alleud, and the inn there proved a convenient shelter.

Just past Hougomont, I met what is euphemistically termed a "lady guide." As she trudged alongside me, conversing with the frankest simplicity, I judged that she was a good

woman and honest, but bound to keep an eye to business. One of her relatives, she said, had once lived at Hougomont. I then asked her point-blank if apparitions were included amongst the live-and-dead stock of that historic farm. The quaint little Flemish peasant became reserved and serious.

"It is not good to talk of," said Audrey.

"Would your brother, or the husband that is to be, care to cross the field at night?"

"No, no," she replied vehemently, adding, "As to the other, no one would have me; I am too plain."

Admitting to myself that there was sound basis for her remark, I told her how I had either seen or imagined spectral battalions moving towards Mont St. Jean.

"That is it," she exclaimed. "It is always like that—it has been seen before."

Mademoiselle gave me also to understand that those whose own relatives fought at Waterloo have a kind of special faculty for viewing phantoms.

Doubtless there are whole troops of legends such as these—the wonder would rather be at their absence from a spot that was the sepulchre of so many thousands—but the story I have told, however mythical it may appear, is the true record of my actual experience; and these depositions I would confirm on oath.

A MYSTERY IN CEYLON.

WHOEVER Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph.D. may be, he is undoubtedly a gentleman who has the gift of writing entertaining copy. And the articles which he has contributed recently to the *Arena* are undoubtedly thrilling, and may be true. In the December number, for instance, he tells a wonderful story of "The Fate of Major Rogers," and he styles it "A Buddhist Mystery of Ceylon." Major Roberts was an English officer, who had a passion for killing elephants. Like Nimrod, he was a mighty hunter, and he spent his life in hunting the great pachyderms which still survive in the forests of Ceylon. The Singhalese only regarded Major Rogers with abhorrence, but they allowed him to go his evil way dealing out death and destruction to their four-footed brethren, but marvelling at the forbearance of the invisible powers which allowed so great havoc to be wrought by the English hunter. At last, however, the full cup ran over, and in Jan., 1845, when Major Rogers was starting on an elephant hunt with a party of Europeans, at the village of Badulla, the curse was pronounced. No Singhalese natives would help him in his enterprise, therefore he had to engage Malays and Tamils to carry his guns and baggage. The story that proceeds is as follows:—

He was just passing the great pagoda, in the centre of a grove of sacred fig-trees, on the Minneria road, when Rogers' attention was attracted by the appearance of an old Buddhist priest on the stone vestibule, who stood there, like a statue chiselled out of amber, fixing his calm eyes upon the major. There must have been something unearthly in that Oriental's gaze, for it froze the very marrow of its victim. Those who witnessed the scene have repeatedly asserted in later years that the priest's face wore a kindly aspect, and that his voice was melodious, yet to Major Rogers it seemed like a vision of Medusa foreboding his doom.

The priest calmly stretched his right arm, pointed to the great elephant-hunter, and delivered himself of the following sentence: "White *sahib*, thine hour is drawing near; thou hast persisted in slaying the bodies and disturbing the souls of our sacred brothers; the measure of thine iniquities is full, and thou shalt be consumed by the lightning of heaven before thou canst raise thine accursed weapon for another act of sacrilege."

Rogers sat on his horse like one in a trance, and it was with great difficulty he could be persuaded to continue on his way. The incident cast a gloom over the expedition

and they had no success that day. For eight months after this he never fired a shot; but in September, hearing that a rogue-elephant had killed two bullock-drivers in Badulla, he decided to go out and shoot it. On the day fixed, accompanied by a dozen others, they assembled at a rest-house near Badulla, but when they were lunching a great storm came on. Major Rogers was in excellent spirits:—

"We shall have a glorious time at the swamp to-night," he shouted; "this will clear the atmosphere and give our trackers a chance." In less than a quarter of an hour the rain ceased to fall, and the sky began to brighten visibly. "I think we can start pretty soon," said Rogers; "I'll just go out and see how things look."

And out he went on his last errand; he never returned, nor uttered another word, for, thirty seconds later, Major Rogers was a black, unrecognisable mass. A flash of lightning had struck him with terrific force before he got to the centre of the high-road in front of the bungalow, and had almost carbonized every particle of flesh, down to his bones. His hour had come at last.

This, of course, may only have been a coincidence; any one may have been smitten by lightning, even if he had not killed 1,400 elephants, but the rest of the story is truly marvellous. It is vouched for by Dr. Hensoldt, but the truth or otherwise of a story ought to be easily verified:—

Rogers having been one of the most popular men on the island, the Europeans subscribed for a tombstone, which was duly placed on his grave, and in which the principal events of his life and his sad end were briefly recorded. The stone had been there barely two months when the residents of Ceylon were startled by the news that it had been struck and seriously damaged by lightning. And, what is still more marvellous, lightning struck that stone at least a hundred times within the next thirty years.

The writer, to whom this part of the story appeared utterly incredible, and who suspected some trick on the part of the Singhalese, visited Newera Ellia in the month of July, 1876. Starting early from Peradenia, and riding through the Ramboda Pass, he did not reach the famous sanatorium till after sunset, taking up his quarters at the only hotel there, kept by one Hawkins, an old Scotchman. The cemetery was within three hundred yards of this place. After supper the writer and his host, who proved an exceedingly well-informed as well as kindly gentleman, repaired to the verandah, where comfortable easy-chairs were inviting for siesta. Cigars were lighted, and soon the topic of Major Rogers' tombstone was in order.

"Young man," said Hawkins—the writer having strongly expressed his doubts as to the genuineness of the lightning business—"wait until to-morrow morning! I have lived in Newera Ellia thirty-six years, and never, before Rogers' burial, has lightning, to my recollection, struck in that cemetery. Now it occurs on an average three or four times a year, and it invariably selects the tombstone of Rogers."

The writer was indeed impatient to behold that wonderful stone, and, at an early hour the next day, found himself in front of it.

"What do you call *this*," said Hawkins, who was present, "does this look like man's handiwork?"

"Indeed not," the writer replied, lost in astonishment, for here were the clear and unmistakable proofs of lightning's action. The stone, a huge slab, about nine feet long, five feet wide, and ten inches thick, placed flat on the grave, had been cracked in at least a dozen places, and evidently by lightning, while the peculiar furrows of lightning were visible all over it. As one well acquainted with lightning-marks on rock surfaces, the writer, after a careful examination of the slab, feels thoroughly justified in stating that they are genuine.

Now where is the clue to this mystery? Major Rogers' tombstone is in no way peculiar, or different from the other tombstones in the Newera Ellia cemetery.

DEFOE'S APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL.

ONE of the most famous ghost stories on record, and one which has led to a great deal of comment, is Defoe's apparition of Mrs. Veal in Canterbury, on September 8th, 1705. As a result of a great deal of controversy it had come to be regarded as a masterpiece of Defoe's inventive genius, and was popularly believed to have been written as a kind of ingenious puff to Drelincourt on Death. Mr. George A. Aitken, in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, gives good reason for believing that the sceptics were all wrong, and that Defoe, instead of exhibiting his skill as a writer of fiction, was recording nothing else than what actually took place in his time. Mr. Aitken says:—

In collating the text of the *True Relation*—the modern reprints are very inaccurate—I found in the British Museum a copy of the pamphlet called the "fourth edition," which, as appears from a catchword, once formed the introductory sheet to an edition of Drelincourt, printed about 1710. Of no value in itself, I noticed some manuscript notes in a contemporary handwriting, and on examination I found at the beginning a long note in Latin, of which this is a translation: "On the 21st of May, 1711, I asked Mrs. Bargrave whether the matters contained in this narrative are true, to which she replied that she had neither written the printed narrative nor published it, nor did she know the editor; all things contained in it, however, were true, as regards the event itself, or points of importance: but one or two circumstances relating to the affair were not described with perfect accuracy by the editor. The editor, no doubt, learned all particulars by word of mouth from Mrs. Bargrave, and then published them without her knowledge. Some things added in this copy were changed for the better by Mrs. Bargrave herself."

Was Mrs. Bargrave, then, a real person? Here we have a contemporary owner of the book placing it on record that he saw her, and that she said that the narrative was, in all essentials, true. She added little; her interviewer corrected with his pen only four passages, and of these one is clearly a mistake. After "She was with me on Saturday almost two hours," the writer inserts, "from twelve till near two." Among the devotional works recommended by Mrs. Veal he mentions Scott's *Christian Life*; and after Mrs. Bargrave's offer of tea to her visitor ("and so it passed") we find this addition: "Something was also mentioned in this conversation of the former times when the Dissenters were persecuted by King Charles the Second. At which, says Mrs. Veale: 'People should not persecute one another whilst they all are upon the road to Eternity.'" These remarks are just such as Mrs. Veal might make, and her friend recall to memory afterwards. For the rest, the printed narrative was accepted by Mrs. Bargrave.

My next business was to find what was known of the persons mentioned in the pamphlet. In Hasted's *Kent* there are many particulars of the Bargrave and Veal families. A Bargrave was Dean of Canterbury under Charles the First, and from Berry's *Kent Pedigrees* we learn that a Robert Bargrave, of Doctors' Commons, had, by his wife Sarah, an only daughter, Elizabeth, who married in 1715. Now, Mrs. Bargrave, in 1705, had a daughter for whom Mrs. Veal inquired. In view, however, of the bad character given of Mrs. Bargrave's husband, it would be unkind to identify him too positively. Perhaps he was the Richard Bargrave, of Bridge, maltster, who married Barbara Smith, widow, by licence, on the 11th of January, 1700 (N.S.), at St. Alphage's, Canterbury. From Mr. Cowper's reprints of the registers we know that he was buried at St. Paul's, Canterbury, in July, 1726, and that "the widow Bargrave" followed him in January, 1727-8.

We are on more certain ground when we turn to the Veals. There had been De Veals in very early times, but the family seems to have sunk into obscurity. There were Veals at Canterbury in Defoe's day, but those with whom we are concerned belonged to Dover, as he says. Mrs. Veal's brother, with whom she lived, was, as is stated, "in the Custom House";

for by 1719 he was Comptroller of the Customs at Dover. This William Veal married soon after his sister's death in 1705, for a "young son" of his was baptised at St. Mary's, Dover, on the 10th of August, 1707. His wife was a widow named Minet, and another Minet, rector of Eythorne, married William Veal's daughter in 1724. Veal died in 1729, and was buried Capel, where he owned an estate. But the most important fact for us is that the register of St. Mary's, Dover, records the burial, on the 10th of September, 1705, of "Mrs. Veal," the central figure of the narrative. She died, it will be remembered, on the 7th of September, according to Defoe, whose account is thus completely substantiated.

But other details can be verified. There were several Watsons in Canterbury at the time, one of whom, no doubt, was Mrs. Veal's cousin, Captain Watson. And, curiously enough, we can identify the "old Mr. Breton" who had given Mrs. Veal an annuity, of £10. He was Robert Breton, of the Elms, near Dover, of whom particulars will be found in Berry's *Pedigrees*. He died in 1708, three years after Mrs. Veal, and was called "old" Mr. Breton, no doubt, because he had a son Moyle, born in 1692. Thus the whole narrative is literally true, and I have only to thank the Rev. A. L. Palmer, of Dover, the Rev. J. C. W. Valpy, of Alkham, and Mr. S. Wilson and Mr. J. B. Jones, of Dover, for the help they have given me in tracing the various characters. No doubt Mrs. Veal's dress had been scoured, though this is now hardly capable of proof. Who can say, however, that the account for the cleaning of the gown will not some day be found?

THE POLICE HELPED BY A CLAIRVOYANTE.

The *Westminster Gazette* reports:—

The mysterious murders committed under the auspices of the Secret Society of Chevaliers d'Amour at Denver are still unsolved. So bewildered are the officers of the law that they summoned a famous clairvoyante from Chicago, and on her arrival took her to the scene of the murder of the Japanese girl Kika Cyama. The woman declared that the murderer was a man of fair complexion, with a sandy moustache, who had a peculiar habit of carrying his head a little on one side, and he wore a light slouch hat. He entered the dead girl's apartment, she said, through the curtains which separate it from the front room. He left it after he had committed the crime by the door at the back, the key of which he put in his right-hand trousers pocket. Finally the clairvoyante asserted that the man lived within two blocks of the scene of the deed, and that he would make an attempt to murder a woman in 1,950, Market-street. The police are now watching that house, and are at work on this clue. It is to be hoped that they may find the criminal!

SYMPATHY OF TWINS.

Under this title the *Daily News* publishes the following letter from the Rev. J. Lloyd James, Congregational minister at March, Cambridgeshire:—

An incident occurred on the 17th inst., which may prove of some interest to your readers and others. I have twin daughters, now twelve years old. While at dinner on the 17th inst., one of them jumped up and said that a dog bit her leg just above the ankle. We all laughed, knowing that there was no dog in the room nor in the house, as we keep none. An hour afterwards, her sister, the other twin, went out, and a neighbour's dog bit her exactly where the other complained of being bitten whilst at dinner. That seems strange to me, and what is equally strange is, that both the twins had pain alike after the dog bit one of them, and the one that was not bitten would cry out in her sleep that a dog had bitten her. The one felt what the other suffered from, and as the one gets better the other's pain lessens. On what ground can this singular incident be explained, physical, physiological, or psychological? Perhaps one of your readers can explain. To me it seems strange.

XY.—SOME BORDERLAND BOOKS.

MADAME BLAVATSKY AND HER

"THEOSOPHY." *

MR. ARTHUR LILLIE is the latest to handle Madame Blavatsky, and the morals of the Theosophical Society. His work does not profess to contain new matter, but rather to collate and discuss the evidence already before the world. With one class of the charges against her, those which concern her private life, Mr. Lillie's book has nothing to do. Other religionists may look for some kind of example in the lives of their prophets; if the Theosophists can afford to disregard this point, it is perhaps their own concern; though the public is sure to look, indeed has lately been looking pretty closely, into the effect which the obliquities of their leaders may produce upon the moral code of other representatives of the Society.

In his preface Mr. Lillie sketches the scope of his inquiry—

1. Whether there are any Mahatmas.
2. Whether we have their teaching, and, if so, what is that teaching?

In this task I propose to leave out as much as possible the private character of the lady as far as regards sex relations: The authenticity, or non-authenticity, of her "miracles" is plainly too vital to be passed over.

But in its ultimate the real inquiry before us is not so much why Madame Blavatsky failed at times, but how it was she achieved her astonishing success. With the Theosophists, the 8th May, the day of her decease, is now called "White Lotus Day," and, according to the terms of her will, a reading takes place at each of the 279 "centres." The works thus honoured are the "Bhagavad Gita" and Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia."

The opening chapters deal with the discrepancies between historical facts and Madame Blavatsky's autobiography—the gap in the story of her existence between October, 1848, when she fled from her husband, and May, 1857, a period when she was supposed to be in Thibet, though during the same period she was known to be in Paris and also in New Orleans.

Mr. Lillie, who has lived much in India and is an accomplished Orientalist, further questions the stories of the Thibetan training and the Hindoo education, from internal evidence—her ignorance of Sanskrit as exposed by Max Müller, of the meanings of words commonly understood; the use of words professedly native but really inventions of her own; and the anachronisms displayed in her descriptions.

In "Isis Unveiled," vol. ii., p. 609, is this statement:—
We met a great many nuns travelling from Lha Sa to Kandi. . . . They take refuge in caves or viharas prepared by their co-religionists at calculated distances."

What would be thought of a modern traveller who announced that along the roads of Sussex he had met numbers of the "Valas" or prophetesses of Woden, and that at the stone circles, where they stopped for the night, mead and the flesh of the boar Sæhrimmer were doled out to them? Buddhist viharas and Buddhist nuns have disappeared from Hindustan quite as long as the priests of Woden from England.

Besides, as Mr. Spence Hardy tells us, there are no female recluses in Ceylon. ("Eastern Monachism," p. 61.)

* "Madame Blavatsky and Her 'Theosophy.'" A Study. By Arthur Lillie. London Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. 1895.

MADAME BLAVATSKY AND SPIRITUALISM.

When H. P. B. came to England in 1884, she announced in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* that the main object of theosophy was—

1. To put down spiritualism.
2. To convert the Materialists.
3. To prove the existence of the "Brothers."

Yet on her return from the Thibetan training in 1858, where she herself learnt the existence of "the brothers"—

"She was," says her sister, "what would be called in our days a 'good writing medium,' that is to say, she could write out the answers herself while talking to those around her." But the lady adds that the answers given were "not always in perfect accord with the facts."

The spirits were called "Helen's spirits," and also her "post-mortem visitors."

Furniture was moved about without contact. Heavy tables were moved, and then rendered immovable. Change of weight in furniture and persons occurred at will. Prescriptions for different diseases were given in Latin.

Later chapters show how the rôle of medium was pursued in Paris, Cairo and America, with "John King" for familiar.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Then comes the founding of the Theosophical Society. Mr. Lillie takes his facts mainly from Colonel Olcott, and Mrs. Hardinge Britten, an original member of the Society. The Cairo experiences being more recent than the Thibetan, the Theosophical Society was at first Egyptian as to its local colour.

Its moving spirit was a Mr. Felt, who had visited Egypt and studied its antiquities. He was a student also of the Kabbala; and he had a somewhat eccentric theory that the dog-headed and hawk-headed figures painted on the Egyptian monuments were not mere symbols, but accurate portraits of the "Elementals." He professed to be able to evoke and control them. He announced that he had discovered the secret "formularies" of the old Egyptian magicians. Plainly, the Theosophical Society at starting was an *Egyptian* School of occultism. Indeed Colonel Olcott, who furnishes these details ("Diary Leaves" in the *Theosophist*, November to December, 1892), lets out that the first title suggested was the "Egyptological Society."

"No more difficult work," says Mrs. Besant ("Theosophy," p. 2), "could be proposed, perhaps, to any body of people than the understanding of Theosophy."

If Colonel Olcott's authoritative statement, backed up as it is by the Mahatmas, be true, I quite agree with this; and a small table of dates will make clear its astounding complications:—

Blavatsky born	1831
Married	1848
First trip to India	1855
Initiated by Mahatmas in Thibet, and commissioned to overthrow spiritualism	1857
Learns what spiritualism is from Home the medium	1858
First has John King for a control	1861
BATTLE OF MENTANA, November 3rd	1867
Société Spirite, Cairo	1871-2
America	1875
Bombay	1879
Publishes the great revelation of the Mahatmas	1881

H. P. B.'s mind, in short, was adaptative rather than original.

She took spiritualism from Home, the Brothers of Luxor from Colonel Olcott, the notion of controlling "Elementals" from Mr. Felt. And hearing for the first time about Mahatmas from Dayānanda Sarasvatī, she promptly assimilated them likewise.

H. P. B. AND MRS. KINGSFORD.

Mr. Lillie considers, with some detail, the influence of Madame Blavatsky upon Mrs. Kingsford, a fact, if fact it be, which certainly calls for explanation, for it would be difficult to conceive of two natures more entirely opposed, if we may accept the dictum, "by their fruits ye shall know them." Beyond the fact that both held the teaching of vegetarianism (which, according to history, H. P. B. held in theory rather than in practice) there could surely have been little in common between a refined, cultivated, self-sacrificing, spiritually-minded English gentlewoman and Madame Blavatsky!

The Kiddle revelations disenchanted her, if disenchantment were necessary, and in 1884 we learn—

The cup was full. Anna Kingsford retired, together with Mr. Maitland, Mr. Stainton Moses, Mr. Massey, in fact, the greater portion of the intelligent members of the society. They had long argued that whether there were Mahatmas or no, it was desirable to support a society in touch with the real occultism of India.

DR. HARTMANN AND H. P. B.

Another subject of H. P. B.'s influence was Dr. Hartmann, the author of "The Talking Image of Urur."

This clever little work is at once a farce and a dirge—the dirge of deluded years. Its author, Dr. Hartmann, was induced by his theosophical studies to travel from America to India; and he was one of the committee at Adyar during the Coulomb troubles. Dr. Hartmann is the most able champion of Madame Blavatsky's teaching, not excepting Mr. Sinnett. He has published works on Boehme, Paracelsus, the Rosicrucians, and other mystics. In all these works there is, perhaps, too strained an attempt to show that mediæval Kabbalism was derived from the adepts of Tibet, and too little attention to the converse proposition. What must have been the surprise of the Esoteric Lodge when the prophet suddenly exchanged fervent eulogy for fervent denunciation.

THE CHANGE OF FRONT.

The most original chapter in Mr. Lillie's book is perhaps that which bears this title, and which originated in the following circumstance:—

In the month of February, 1894, at the request of a friend, I gave a short lecture at Toynbee Hall, intending to explain theosophy in a popular way to the working man, of whom I was told the audience would be chiefly composed. Instead of them I found that a large detachment of theosophists had invaded Whitechapel. They contradicted every word that I had said, and were especially angry with me for representing Madame Blavatsky's teaching to be atheistic, and for announcing that she had ever asserted that only the bad halves of men could ever communicate with the living.

I was puzzled. These theosophists were plainly enthusiasts. Also they seemed honest enthusiasts. And they cited chapter and verse against me. As I rolled home in the Underground Railway I began to think that the theory of "Shells" had come to me in some turbid dream.

Eagerly I consulted her writings when I reached home. Certainly in the *Theosophist* for October, 1881, appeared these words, "At death or before," the "Spirit," the higher Ego, "becomes a new person," that "can never span the abyss that separates its state from ours." Plainly I had not dreamt all

this. And in "Esoteric Buddhism," p. 177, I read: "They (the Mahatmas) never occupy themselves with any conception remotely resembling the god of churches and creeds."

But my theosophical assailants could not be quite mad: so I made a careful examination of the more recent utterances of Madame Blavatsky, and I found that the charge made against me was perfectly just. "Theosophy" had made a complete change of front. I place a few of its statements side by side.

Then follows some pages of quotation placing H. P. B.'s earlier and later teaching side by side on such points as God, Nirvana, Good Spirits, The Adepts (Dhyān Chohans), Flesh, Meat, Wine, Marriage, etc.

I have fully noticed other discrepancies, the metempsychosis, the seven and the four principles, &c.

What was the meaning of this complete change of front? Soon I detected a logic in it. Madame Blavatsky's theosophy had one consistent principle—opportunism. Her "Esoteric Buddhism" was designed to win over the rich Hindoos, and to do this she was obliged to dethrone Brahma, Vishnu, and Rama, and to put in their places the Mahatmas, the Dhyān Chohans. These Dhyān Chohans made the Kosmos as Mr. Sinnett tells us. But as they are still alive in Tibet they confront us with a difficulty. Without a world there could be no Dhyān Chohans, and without Dhyān Chohans there could be no world. Then Madame Blavatsky had to get rid of the Indian ghost worship. Her mind, as I have often stated, lacks originality. But a book by an eccentric Frenchman gave her a hint.

This was the *Haute Magie* of Eliphas Levi, which leads Mr. Lillie into a long and interesting discussion on the practices of Magic and the origin of the Association of Theosophy with Secret Societies, of which we have lately heard so much.

We here see how many million miles away the "Buddhism" of Madame Blavatsky was from that of Buddha. Supposing that there are Mahatmas and that the Russian lady's miracles were genuine, does that take us very far? Madame Blavatsky, a pauper, desired to use her magic to gain the lakhs of rupees of Mr. Sassoon and Holkar. Buddha having a crown and countless gold pieces desired to become a pauper. Madame Blavatsky had an ambition to astound the vulgar with duplicated diamond rings and astral post offices. Buddha condemned diamonds and false applause. Madame Blavatsky worked entirely on the plane of matter, and sought to demolish Brahma and his legions. Buddha worked entirely on the plane of spirit, and sought the immortal world of Brahma, and the soul growth.

CEREMONIAL MAGIC.

Mr. Lillie's chapter on ceremonial magic, though somewhat beside the main purpose of the book, is well worth the attention of those who are puzzled as to the real value of the claims of magicians, black and white; what is the value of their mysterious statements, their secret societies, their dangerous secrets? what does all their theatrical "business" amount to?

But magic has its secrets. This is quite true, but it gets these secrets from books open to the public, from the Kabbalah, and such works as "The Magus" of Frances Barrett. This gentleman was one of the real Illuminati, and the real Martinists. His work, which appeared in 1801, gives the secrets of Kabbalistic magic.

WHAT IS THE VERDICT?

The final conclusion which Mr. Lillie draws from the very wide range of evidence which he brings together on the subject of H. P. B. is very much that at which Mr. Harrison, in his new book, "The Transcendental Universe,"

also arrives. She was a woman who allowed herself to become the sport of circumstances, who organized her life by opportunism and ignored principle.

The beautiful truths of Buddhism, which have deservedly exercised great influence on human thought, were but very superficially understood by Madame Blavatsky, who utilised them as she utilised magic or spiritualism when it served her turn, for her own ends. He does not believe in the existence of Mahatmas, and shows by the Coulomb letters that Koot Hoomi was a rag doll.

From about the date of the Société Spirite in Cairo she seems to have been quite without means. Becky Sharp thought that with ten thousand a year she could have lived quite a "respectable" life. Perhaps with some such sum at her disposal Madame Blavatsky might have been a Madame Guyon. But when she adopted spiritism as a means of livelihood she started on an incline of polished ice. "Miracle Club," "Arya Samāj," "theosophy," the "occult business," the "materialising show business," each was "business."

H. P. B. AND MRS. BESANT.

It would be unjust to the author of this study if we failed to quote his explanation of the fact that an honest, clear-headed woman like Mrs. Besant could read the Hodgson exposure and disregard it. Mr. Lillie thinks that though fraudulent as a "medium" and self-seeking as to theosophy, H. P. B. had nevertheless a real gift of hypnotic influence, and, absurd as it sounds in regard to a woman who weighed eighteen stone, liked fat pork and smoked and swore, of personal fascination.

As in the case of Dr. Anna Kingsford, we have here a complete proof that the mystic develops from within. For years Mrs. Besant had been an unconscious chela; and the crop of lofty mysticism that she carried away with her after her first interview with Madame Blavatsky had in reality been carried there. The Russian lady had little more to do with her launch than the admiral's little daughter, who touches a button, and sends a ponderous fabric like H.M. battleship Rodney sliding down the grooves.

THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE."

Mr. Lillie's book is quite up to date, and has a final chapter on the revelations of the *Westminster Gazette*, and on the recent separation between the theosophy of the old world and the new.

SPIRITUAL LAW IN THE NATURAL WORLD.*

SUPER-NORMAL AND SUPER-NATURAL.

WE have before us a remarkable book which appeals much to the thoughtful, and though a great deal of it is highly theological and technically abstruse in that direction, there is yet much to interest the purely psychic reader. Light is thrown on many a supernatural manifestation, showing that psychic phenomena are such rather than "supernatural," a definition the scientific inquirer will appreciate.

THE SPIRITUAL BASIS.

The thesis as a whole, goes to show the spiritual basis of all things—the Divine Immanence in all matter and life (not, however, of the Pantheistic kind), and that spiritual powers in the unseen are constantly at work, both for good and evil, in the exercise of their divinely-given free-will, though in its misuse, working fearful havoc in the

cosmos. Comfort may be gained by those who suffer from the contrairiness of matter, and also very seriously from the spectacle of cruelty and violence in nature—by the author's theory that these are all the work of the hostile camp and its leader, who, from the first moment of the planet's existence, did his utmost to injure the work of God, "Teaching the Ichthyosaurus to gormandize and destroy wholesale," as in other forms of life doing so still.

Though by no means free from inconsistencies, the book will well repay careful study, and to induce such the following partial abstract of it is given.

THE LAW AND THE LAWGIVER.

Wherever there is law, there must be a lawgiver and power or force to carry it out. The concept of force is inherent in that of law, and yet men too often talk as if the God of providence were merely "a sleeping partner" with the God of grace. "Natural laws" should rather be regarded as "spiritual" ones, because they all spring primarily from the Holy Spirit. It is a striking fact that it is not in the larger movements and changes of creation there is disorder, but only in the lesser, showing that the God of good has more dominion than the adversary, and that order is in the true ascendant.

The strange message given by Isaiah, "I make peace and create evil," was addressed to Cyrus, who did not believe in the unity of God, but in Ormuzd and Ahriman as equal potencies—as if to show him that the rebellious powers of evil are still God's creatures, and subordinate to him. Only because the angels and man have the gift of free-will can God be in any way responsible for the evil which came from its misuse.

THE PERSONALITY OF GOOD AND EVIL.

Our time has the tendency to drop the idea of "personality," and relegate everything to "influences" or blind forces, so that the personality of the Holy Ghost is apt to be lost sight of, together with that of Satan. Perhaps this is a reaction from Reformation times, when Man's accountability was minimized and Satan given most of the blame.

The subtle forces working round the early Christians necessitated "discerning of spirits" to recognise evil and false prophets.

THE PERSONALITY OF ANGELS.

Mr. Thomas holds that individuality necessitates force, though he strikingly says—"Angels have the power to alter the rate of vibration of the molecules of matter, to assume a body of flesh and blood one moment, and to dissipate it the next." Both they and we have the strong bond of "feeling," for though we ordinarily think of the body as feeling, it is really the mind which is the seat of it, the body being only its sense-expression (one of the *fundamenta* of the theories of spiritual healing).

ELECTRICITY AND THEOLOGY.

Electricity he holds to have thrown the greatest light on Theology, because its power of actually permeating solid metals is a parable of the way God's Spirit can be immanent in all matter, where His presence is necessary to superintend tenuous forces and operations in the inorganic world. Our chief terrestrial "forces" are all of a subtle, spirit-like quality, and point to some mighty central one which holds the balance of power. It is now widely thought that the inorganic world can progress along continuous fixed lines without supervision, God being thus hypothetically ejected from His own creation.

* "Spiritual Law in the Natural World." By J. W. Thomas.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF FORCE.

If all things proceeded on an unvarying, mechanical plan, this might be more easily conceived, but it is not so; there are too many varieties of action from the smallest atom to the stars and suns, and no mere clock-work mechanism would suffice, where an intelligent operator is so manifestly needed. We see both crystals and ice rejecting surrounding impurities; and no merely dead matter could be endowed with such specific action as for each substance to crystallise in its own proper form, or to contain exactly the same proportion of different component parts—without the presence of an intelligent force residing in it. Without the Divine Spirit, light or electricity would be as powerless to do their wondrous works, as a king would be to govern without a mind or reason.

We see in our day how much less sharply the line of demarcation is drawn between inert and organic matter, and the very molecules of air rival in grace of movement the most delicate actions of low forms of life.

THE POWER OF EVIL.

To say that all life is governed and evolved by iron laws is to make God the actual author of evil, seeing the general discord, and war, and violence in Nature, whereas to Him the preying of creatures on each other must surely be more abhorrent than even to the most tender amongst us. Where Nature's forces act cruelly we must see in them the disturbing effect of the powers of evil, injuring and blasting the benign works of God just as they do in the heart of man. Our writer holds that wicked entities suggested evil to the animal creation from the first day of our planet's history, "teaching the ichthyosaurus to gormandize and to destroy wholesale!" and that they do so still in the effort to stultify God's beneficent handiwork for the time, suggesting to the cuckoo its parasitism, and even to certain plants the reflex action of closing upon their prey, whether of insects or animals.

When from reflex action we ascend to "instinct," and then to "reason," we can hardly attribute such an astounding development of life to chance or to anything short of the almighty mind and power.

HUMAN LIFE AND PROVIDENCE.

When we go on to consider human life we see that, although man has control over his external actions, his inner vital functions are not subject to his will, and occur without his consciousness of the intricate processes which are always going on within him, under constantly altered conditions.

THE UNIVERSAL MIND.

Mr. Thomas speaks of much knowledge coming to us from "the universal mind ether, on whose infinite storage space thought and knowledge are registered," where a man unconsciously has to write his own record, to be recalled "when contact is made with the brain molecule which forms the terminal of the spiritual battery," showing, too, how one day "the books shall be opened" and their unerring records disclosed.

The next few chapters are purely theological—as to the *mode* of the Holy Spirit's indwelling, illustrated by peculiar diagrams, showing, *e.g.*, "a slice of mind laid out flat!" (as the writer quaintly terms it), and he inclines to define conscience simply as the discerning between right and wrong, though he says the suggestion of pleasure which follows right-doing, and remorse after the reverse, are a law of God in order to give men a righteous incentive.

MAN AND THE SUPERNORMAL.

§ The chapter on "Man and the Supernormal" is much

more to our present point, where early miraculous gifts are dealt with, where it is suggested that certain men were endowed with will-power both to act supernormally themselves and to confer this on others. In modern days all human occult gifts have been denied, and all forms of miracle attributed to the *direct* intervention of God, so that *every* kind of magic or divination has been very unwisely despised or ignored as fraud and superstition. Hence it follows that a calm and level-headed investigation of these subjects is of great value, as pursued in *BORDERLAND* and elsewhere. Hypnotism, *e.g.*, is a most dangerous element if not approached under very careful and intelligent conditions, though suggestion becomes very valuable when employed to elevate the race towards religious and social ideals.

All down the ages, in pagan Egypt as in monotheistic Judæa, supernormal powers have existed, and may be used for good or for evil, for useful skill or for jugglery, for healing or for injuring.

Our author holds that no mere man can give another anything, and that one mind cannot of *itself* dominate another, but that when "suggestion" is made by those specially endowed with will-power for good or evil, this is at once carried out and brought to bear, by some power from the unseen which is in sympathy with the intention. He holds, further, that "the living water" which was to flow from those of strong faith is the capacity to help and heal and vitalise, carried out by power of the Holy Ghost, and that we all ought to feel this to be the great life work of every true disciple.

THE POWER OF MIRACLE.

In the next chapters, on "The God-man" and "The Human Life of Christ," we have again a host of philosophical subtleties, and some theories that would not be accepted by an Anglican reader.

Then, as to miracles, he asks, why doubt the control of Incarnate Wisdom and Knowledge over natural forces when we see that chemical action, radiant heat, light, and electricity, are all forms of transmutable energy, differing only in the length of wave-motion, and the rapidity of molecular vibration?

Thus, admitting the power over matter by the Divine Spirit, we have no "breach of natural laws," but a demonstration of how the God-Man bridged over the gulf between the material and the spiritual, and even said to his followers, "Greater works than these shall ye do."

SPIRIT ENTITIES. ARE THERE SUCH?

We are loth in conclusion to emphasize any illogicalities into which the writer may have fallen, after the very honest spirit of investigation which is so manifest in his work, but there certainly are some curious divergencies between arguments and conclusions, which ought to be pointed out.

In the preface he says it is his object "to prevent those interested in Psychic truth from going too far, and expressing phenomena in terms of spirit entities, instead of spiritual force." Yet, on page 51, he states "the evil 'suggested' by a hypnotist is due to spirit influence, a human spirit calling on unseen powers to aid a wicked design," adding, "If intercourse between men and departed spirits were proved, this would be valuable evidence, but I see no proof of individual spirit agency!" Again, "the operations of angels are essential to our well-being (p. 71) . . . partly because free-will is more easily upheld if man is helped by angels instead of personally by God." Regarding telepathy, he does not believe in this as generally explained, or that mind can act upon mind, "excepting (p. 162) through the medium of unseen powers," and he

naïvely adds: "This he says in his desire to eliminate so-called Spiritualism" (which seems to us a very curious way of doing it), as also that "no man can give another anything or dominate his mind (telepathically), but that when 'suggestion' is made by those specially endowed with will-power for good or evil, the suggestion is at once carried out and brought to bear by some power from the Unseen!" (pp. 285-6).

On page 154 "he does not object to the conclusion that mind, soul, and spirit are a form of matter!" (which sounds strange with his constant emphasizing of the spiritual throughout).

On page 86, in speaking of the force of gravity and the solar system, he entirely omits all mention of the centrifugal force; thinking, apparently, that it is only the attraction of other bodies affecting the earth which prevents its falling into the sun!

These instances will show the reader how curiously Mr. Thomas's mind works, though it will be easily seen from the previous sketch of his book how original and thoughtful he is—certainly having the courage of his theological convictions, so that it may be well for him he did not live in the days of Galileo and Giordano Bruno.

His book is an admirable tonic for a depressed and self-tormenting mind, because it so joyfully realises that we are all the "children of God," and have only to take of the Water of Life so freely offered. One feels that the writer breathes in a pure mountain region where he recognises that the circumambient air is truly that of the Divine Spirit—and he would have us breathe of it, so as for ever to leave the mists and miasmas of the valleys below.

E. E. ABNEY-WALKER.

A BOOK ABOUT DREAMS.*

MR. FREDERICK GREENWOOD's two essays on dreams are already pleasantly remembered by readers of *The Contemporary Review* and *The New Review*. They are now republished in book form with additions, and further illustrations of his theories. He seeks some further basis or explanation of the process of dreaming than that offered to us by physiologists. The old argument is that the dream material is supplied from waking observation recorded by memory, and that when we do not recognise our dream pictures it is because (1) that those memories have been unconsciously stored, or (2) that our judgment is dormant and we are incapable of such recognition.

We have often had it proved to us, by such experiments as are carried out by the Society for Psychical Research, that it by no means follows that the last things stored by memory are necessarily the first to tumble out when the box is opened. Therefore the argument that the things we dream of are often things we have thought of lately, which would formerly have appeared to contradict this theory, no longer holds. The present writer has observed for years past that her dreams are either purely imaginary, having no conceivable relation to experience, or they refer to persons, places, and events, apart from her daily life, so that those scenes most familiar to her enter into her dreams only when she is away from them, and the *dramatis personæ* of home life are never called to play upon the stage of dreamland except when she is removed from them by time and space. It, therefore, seems to support the argument which Mr. Greenwood advances, that faculties are active when we sleep other than those of memory and observation; faculties which offer to us something

more than disregarded shreds and fragments of the day's experience.

THE PROFIT OF DREAMING.

It has been decided by the scientific that dreams are entirely profitless. My suggestion is that that is an indiscriminating mistake; and that imagination, which is a teaching faculty, reveals in dreams an originality and force far beyond all that it displays when we are awake. (P. 27.)

In the first place, dreams, in which imagination plays an active and vivid part, are "a measure of pictorial strength and a range of capability not at our disposal for work-a-day purposes of mind, even when those purposes are intellectual and divining." Further, Mr. Greenwood thinks they exhibit the independence of the imaginative faculty. This is very suggestive, and might perhaps serve as a clue to the conditions of artistic production, inspiration, and the like, though perhaps it amounts after all to much the same as "subliminal activity," or "sub-conscious personality." Our author suggests, moreover, that this recognition of the working of imagination may render, in the intellectual domain, some such service as conscience performs in the moral; imagination being the revealing quality of the mind. "Is that the best you can do, the best conception you can formulate?" Imagination suggests; "just let ME show you your own feebleness and poverty."

PHYSICAL THEORIES.

With the merely physical theories of nerve disturbance and indigestion Mr. Greenwood thinks the student of dreams is but little concerned.

The truth is that if an unwholesome supper produces such phenomena, it does so only in the sense that a bird singing in the air produced Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark." This is not intended as a figure of speech, but as a literal statement, corrective of the physiological explanation of dreams. There was a noise in the air—the bird's song. Striking on the tympanum of Shelley's ear, the noise was conveyed to his brain, where it started certain vibrations. These vibrations, acting on the mind-machinery—and especially on that part of it where imagination dwells—moved it in a certain way; whereby the machinery threw off many beautiful images palpable to Shelley's vision, many beautiful thoughts being liberated at the same time. And of these he made the ode; and the ode is the thing. It might have been all nonsense. Thousands of odes to skylarks, started by the same noise, acting in the same way on similar machinery, have been such nonsense that nobody was ever allowed to hear of them. But this one was different, and is universally esteemed for what it happens to be. (P. 31-2.)

WHY SHOULD WE NOTE OUR DREAMS?

It is not to reinstate a superstitious interpretation of dreams, or to encourage the practice of searching into them for omens as fortune-tellers pry into the lees of the cup of tea. The purpose is to show cause for a more liberal, a more comprehensive, and at the same time a more discriminating treatment of dreams whenever they are inquired into. As it is, the inquiry is almost invariably approached either in the spirit of the old superstition or in the new spirit of materialism and mockery. Dreams have neither interest nor meaning for the one if they do not disclose the operation of supernatural agencies, impalpable influences from without; the other is narrowed into a predetermination to believe in the dissecting knife, the microscope, and the galvanic battery as the only interpreters of man to himself. Each spirit has an own rewarding delight to look to; the supernaturalist, revelling in a mysticism deliciously haunted with fearsomeness; the other never so pleased as when it can show the glory and mystery of sight lodging in a dirty little patch of eye-pigment, or when it tracks the brightest hopes, joys, and inspirations of a life to some other

* "Imagination in Dreams and their Study." By Frederick Greenwood. London, 1894. 5s. net.

secretion; and each goes astray after its own particular enjoyments.

Dreams are best studied as manifestations of mind, and, above all, for the most mysterious and powerful of its faculties, memory and imagination. The notion that all dreaming is due to the same causes, and they physiological in the baser sense, should be discarded; it is no more true, at any rate, than that all thinking can be traced to physiological excitements and disturbances. (P. 89.)

DAY DREAMS AND NIGHT DREAMS.

As to the confusion in dreams, the rapid inconsequence of them, the swift transitions, the sudden changings and mergings of scene and circumstance which so often make them seem merely ridiculous, two things have to be considered. Since the whole transaction of a dream proceeds at so great a pace, it is not remarkable that the transitions should appear monstrously abrupt to our waking senses. But especially it should be remembered that few of us note at the end of the day how many hours of it have been spent in a loose medley of imaginings as excursive as those that occupy our minds in sleep, and like them in this very particular of breaking off in abrupt and incongruous transitions—like them, too, in being soon forgotten. Here, again, however, the greater activity, force, and impressiveness of imagination in sleep becomes apparent. For the day-dreams in which, unnoticed by ourselves, so many hours of our waking life are spent, are not only paler than those others while they last, but are hardly ever remembered for five minutes. None are remembered as vividly as many a dream of the night, though such dreams have become proverbs of passing things; and—unless they are something more than day-dreams—never do they influence thought, feeling, conduct in any degree; which is not true of dreams of the night. (P. 94-96.)

TIME AND SPACE IN DREAMS.

A tutor, worn out with work by day and watching by night, was examining a pupil one day from a question-and-answer book. The business had not got very far when, immediately after reading out a question, the tired man closed his eyes. Seizing the occasion, weariness betrayed him instantly, he slept and dreamed. It was a long, long dream, carrying him through many scenes and events. Hours of dreaming it seemed; and yet he woke in time enough to hear the last words of the answer to his question. Fifteen seconds, perhaps, for the whole episode; the falling to sleep, the beginning of the dream, the development of its changing times, scenes, and conversation, their cessation, and the return to conscious wakefulness.

This is the most remarkable illustration of dream rapidity (it was given to me by the dreamer himself) that has ever come to my knowledge; though many others equally convincing have been recorded. Indeed, no characteristic of dreaming is so well ascertained as this, which is one of its greatest marvels. (P. 98.)

THE STUDY OF DREAMS.

Mr. Greenwood seems hopeful about the future of the study of dreams.

There are men who, with more or less of hesitation, do avow belief in the supernatural character of dreams, and the number of such persons among the educated seems to be increasing rather than diminishing just now. But the general disposition is to take the cue from science and declare all belief of the kind to be ridiculous. (P. 108.)

DREAMS AND THE SUPERNATURAL.

The association, in the minds of the unlearned, between dreams and the supernatural, seems as rooted as, in the same persons, is the association of hypnotism with spiritualism, or automatism with the influence of the departed. Mr. Greenwood points out that there are two lines of superstition associated with dreams—one the visits of the dead, the other the receipt of omens and warnings.

Here, of course, might come in the theory of the Subconscious, as evinced in premonitions, in the demon of Socrates, and the like, the surging up in dream of subliminal processes, observation, or memory. To our author this is all the work of Imagination, a word which he uses as equivalent to *Intuition*, which perhaps translates the theory into terms more psychic, and brings the whole question, to our thinking, on to the true plane of thought.

Whether one word or the other be chosen it is intended to signify a mysterious quality which, judged by its operations as we are conscious of them, and the outcome when critically viewed and compared, hardly seems to be a constituent part of the mind-machine at all. It may rather be fancied an informing spirit attendant on the composite mind-organism of which will is the directing member, or as bearing to the whole machine a relationship not unlike that of the mind to the body. (P. 181-2.)

WHAT IMAGINATION CAN DO.

We are further shown that imagination may assume various functions, taking the place and doing the work of other parts of the mind dormant for the time being, or imperfectly active at all times.

Judging from what is known of imagination (insight, intuition, or what not) I should readily accept any good evidence that it could go to that length; to that length, for example, and amongst other feats. Indeed, the whole intent and purpose of these pages is to enforce the suggestion which runs through them all; to wit, that no conception of the sweep and force of imagination is too wide to be brought to the study of dreaming, and that its possibilities include what is now called miraculous power. The general conception of imagination is confused, in detail and erroneously weak in the bulk; though why it is so may be easily understood. The imposing and irreproachable associations that gather round the word "reasoning"; the phantasies, the dubieties, the grotesquerie, the lightness, the illusion and delusion that mingle with the loftier associations of the word "imagination," conspire to give that quality the lower place which should have the higher in all men's esteem. (P. 186-7.)

IMAGINATION AND JUDGMENT.

It is difficult to conceive of judgment in any state of existence without imagination to inform it; nor does it exist, indeed—except in a weak, erring, elementary, and therefore useless state—amongst men the most high reasoning who are sparingly endowed with the gift divine. (P. 181.)

With all the rest of our mental faculties, but without imagination, the philosophic and the scientific mind could not have been. The poet's divinations—which are not merely pleasurable to responsive imagination in folk less endowed, but stepping-stones to the comprehension of the loftiest things—are bestowed by this faculty. And when a man like Newton himself has brought together his calculations, imaginations, comparisons and the like, they often lie like the fruits on Abel's altar, till a flash of inspiration (imagination) fires them up into a blaze of discovered truth.

All this should the student of dreams bear in mind; with the reflection that when we have ascended to the topmost height of what we know imagination can do we become aware that its potentialities may rise infinitely higher; far and far beyond our sight. Obviously, it is a reasonable, if not an indispensable thing, for the student to do, and if he does it the purpose of these remarks will be achieved. He will not be unduly fearful of admitting the possibility that the hints and impartations of imagination in sleep may transcend its powers when yoked with other faculties awake. (P. 188-189.)

A DEAD HAND.

Among other illustrations of the power of the dream faculty Mr. Greenwood gives us the following, which is very remarkable as a specimen of imagination having a

coincidence, and that of a kind not to be dismissed as accidental.

One night I dreamt that, making a call on some matter of business I was shown into a fine great drawing-room, and asked to wait. Accordingly, I went over to the fire-place in the usual English way, proposing to wait there. And there, after the same fashion, I lounged with my arm upon the mantel-piece, but only for a few moments. For feeling that my fingers had rested on something strangely cold, I looked and saw that they lay on a dead hand—a woman's hand newly cut from the wrist.

Though I woke in horror on the instant, this dream was quite forgotten—at any rate for the time—when I did next day make a call on some unimportant matter of business, was shown into a pretty little room adorned with various knick-knacks, and then was asked to wait. Glancing by chance toward the mantel-piece (the dream of the previous night still forgotten), what should I see upon it but the hand of a mummy, broken from the wrist. It was a very little hand, and on it was a ring that would have been a "gem ring" if the dull red stone in it had been genuinely precious. Wherefore I concluded it was a woman's hand.

Coincidence! The dream certainly taught nothing and had no discernible purpose. Yet visions of severed hands on mantel-pieces are not common, and, with or without previous dreaming of it, few men have actually seen one, even when taken from a mummy-case, in that precise situation. Now, had I myself rifled the tomb where she reposed from whom the relic was torn, or had I by any means acquired that poor little brown hand to make bric-à-brac of it, my dream would have been pertinent enough. Then it would have made a pretty tale, with a moral that is not unheeded perhaps. But, as it is, we can make nothing better of it than a dream gone astray. (P. 197—198.)

X.

MAGIC AND MYSTERY.*

READERS of Mr. Harrison's little volume will be tempted to wish they had been introduced to its contents in their original oral form of "Six Lectures on Occult Science, Theosophy, and the Catholic Faith." Under such circumstances, one would have had the opportunity of asking some of the many questions which his mysterious statements are calculated to suggest. In spite of the mystery and the very serious nature of the subjects with which he deals, he is never for a moment dull. We may not agree with his opinions, but they are always suggestive, and their mystery is often piquant. Strange to say, a main object of a work so difficult to the average reader, is to clear away some of the mystery with which the "Science of the Occult" (whatever that may mean) is surrounded. One has heard of the Black Art, but that Mr. Harrison entirely repudiates. He belongs to a school of occultists whom it is impossible for the mere laic to discuss, since we know nothing of their unit of thought, and whom it would be as absurd to criticise as to pass judgment on the hidden rites of freemasonry.

The time has come, we learn, when a corner of the veil may be lifted. It is a process full of danger both to society and the individual, but Mr. Harrison is venturesome, he "has not always been able to agree" with his fellow students "on the question of how much it is prudent to reveal," to the advisability of strict adherence to the rule which prohibits the writing down of occult formulæ—a rule which, though it may have had its uses in the past, is practically obsolete, and can only be maintained in the present day at great inconvenience. To the ordinary out-

sider it seems as if it were a human duty to make known any truth worth study, or, on the other hand, to refuse to give attention to any secret not for the common weal. But Mr. Harrison is nothing if not individualistic. He has his own views, which he supports with logic and learning upon many points. It is satisfactory, for example, to get a definite expression upon the status of Theosophy, as to which we have heard so much lately of what it is not, that it is comfortable to be told for once what it is. We are so often told by theosophists themselves that it is not a religion, only a fraction of a system, and in its ordinary presentment imperfect as a philosophy.

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?

The great strength of Theosophy lies in the fact that it is a coherent system. It is a cosmogony, a philosophy, and a religion; it claims to possess the key to problems of life and mind which have been regarded hitherto as insoluble; to account for the religious instinct in man, and to interpret, by the law of evolution, the various forms in which it finds expression in different races of men and at different periods of the world's history. (P. 3.)

A NEW BLAVATSKY THEORY.

He has, moreover, a theory about Madame Blavatsky, which he supports by a very interesting statement hitherto unpublished, and which it would be a shame to reproduce here in such mutilated form, as space would render necessary if produced at all; but it is mysteriously mixed up with "Brothers of the Left," and being, occultly, "in prison," and shows that she herself was the victim of something very like Black Magic, and that Koot Hoomi "is a real person, but is neither a Thibetan nor a Mahatma, but," says Mr. Harrison's informant, "a treacherous scoundrel in the pay of the Russian Government." For the old lady personally, however, Mr. Harrison does not profess respect.

In regard to Madame Blavatsky herself, as I hope to show, there is reason for believing that she was ignorant, for the most part, of the true sources of her inspiration; that she was an instrument in the hands of unscrupulous persons who made unfair use of her remarkable gifts and exploited her, so to speak, for purposes of their own; and that, when more is known of the nature of the conflict which raged around her unhappy personality, she will be regarded as more sinned against than sinning. Moreover, I hope to show that, in spite of her vast knowledge (obtained Heaven knows where, but almost certainly not from Thibet), she displays, at times, an extraordinary ignorance which it is difficult to account for, except on the hypothesis of a deliberate intention to deceive the uninitiated. Her "Secret Doctrine," too, is exceedingly faulty, both in regard to its cosmogenesis and its anthropogenesis, especially the latter; and is, besides, tainted and pervaded by her personality to an extent which seriously impairs its value as a scientific work. Added to which her passionate invective, her perversion of facts when they do not happen to fit in with her theories, and her sectarian animus in favour of any and every non-Christian religious system (Judaism alone, excepted), all combine to render her a most unsafe guide to the Higher Wisdom. (Pp. 5, 6.)

HYPNOTISM.

On the subject of Hypnotism, too, Mr. Harrison has something original to say. We have heard a good deal lately about its dangers, but these have hitherto seemed to concern only the hypnotised person. This appears to be a merely narrow and special view of the subject, to which far wider generalisations apply.

It is now almost past praying for that our physical scientists will continue to ignore the phenomena of the séance-room and

* "The Transcendent Universe." By C. G. Harrison. Elliot & Co. 1894. Price 2s. 6d.

the latest developments of hypnotism. Directly these become subjects of investigation by a large number of trained observers for the purpose of ascertaining the relation they bear to the mystery of life and mind—what relation, for example, electric conditions set up by the action of the human will bear towards similar conditions in inorganic substances—it is almost impossible that certain natural forces should fail to be discovered, and the methods by which they may be manipulated, which our scientific men, in accordance with their usual custom, will immediately make public. This will constitute a serious danger, but one which it is impossible to avoid. Accordingly, it has been deemed advisable by some who possess the key to the higher knowledge, to impart to those who choose to receive them, certain facts, until lately kept secret, because they were part of a secret whole, which, until quite recently, there existed no special reason for making known. (Pp. 18, 19)

THE RISE OF SPIRITUALISM.

But one of Mr. Harrison's best surprises is his account of the rise of spiritualism. The story of the Fox sisters is familiar and commonplace; another, romantic as a novel by Lord Lytton, mysterious as a tale of Edgar Poe, is now presented to us. Spiritualism takes its rise in no mere Topsy-like "aspects I growed," is no mere accidental development of the times, but is part of a great and far-reaching scheme, a detail in an infinite process of evolution.

About the year 1840 the nations of modern Europe touched a certain point in their evolutionary cycle called "the point of physical intellectuality." One of those crises had arrived which necessitated immediate action of some kind on the part of those who keep watch over the signs of the times. [The italics are our own] . . . It became, therefore, a serious question with occultists (1) how far they were justified in concealing longer the fact that there is an unseen world around us, as real as the world of sense, and (2) how this could be revealed with safety. . . . It was admitted on all hands that something must be done, but the party of secrecy were averse to a straightforward policy of tentative elementary instruction.

And so it came to pass that the whole thing was a failure, which resulted only in spiritualism. The mediums, one and all, declared they were controlled by spirits who had departed from the earth. "It was just what might have been expected," said those who are always wise after the event, but, in point of fact, no one had expected it.

It appears that, for some reason unexplained, the spiritualists could not be undeceived as to the source of their inspirations, and there was no alternative but to withdraw from the experiment. But the mischief was done—the door had been opened to extra mundane influences, and could not be reclosed.

Among the many questions one would like to ask are, "Are all alleged spiritualistic revelations, however far removed in time and space from the outbreak in 1840, equally the result of tentative experiments made by 'those who keep watch over the signs of the times'?" among the Dine Hareskins, or the Maoris of New Zealand, or in the cases preserved for us by St. Augustine, Eusebius, or Cicero? It would be indiscreet perhaps to ask, Who are those who keep watch? but we should dearly like to know. One asks these questions in no spirit of frivolity, or except for information, feeling assured that no one, writing with the obviously conscientious, reverent seriousness of Mr. Harrison, would propose to us such difficult problems and mysteries for mere love of the marvellous, or desire to astound.

Among those who thus gained back-door admission to the occult was "a person who was known to exist but who had not been discovered, and who suddenly appeared

in Paris, presented herself at an occult lodge, and demanded admission into the brotherhood, on terms which could not be entertained for a moment. She then disappeared, and the next thing that was heard was that a certain Madame Blavatsky had been expelled from an American brotherhood for an offence against the Constitution of the United States, and had gone to India in order to carry out a certain threat, which it would seem there was a fair prospect of her putting into execution." Thus it was that the prophet of Theosophy, during the time she imagined herself to be in Thibet, "was in reality at Khatmandhu in the state known to occultists as 'in prison.'"

THE DRAMA OF MAGIC.

Besides being prepared to run the risk in our own day, here and now, of "a straightforward policy of tentative elementary instruction," Mr. Harrison talks good commonsense about the sort of thing which the merely would-be mystic supposes to be vital, and which crops up now and then, like other survivals, as part of the process of crystal-gazing, or the stock-in-trade of quack "mag-netisers."

The dramatic element (if I may use the expression), which at one time had its use, has almost disappeared, and with it all the paraphernalia of robes, crossed swords, and barren verbiage. The place of the swords has been taken by pointed copper rods, which are found to answer the purpose better, while Turkish Baths and Jaegar Clothing are amply sufficient for all purposes of cleanliness.

WHERE ARE WE NOW?

If about the middle of the century we reached the low level of "physical intellectuality," it is satisfactory to know that since 1879 we have tended towards "spiritual intellectuality." Already two men, Keeley in America and Tolstoi in Russia, have been born out of due time, and a third is coming. Among the signs of the times Mr. Harrison cites the production of "Lux Mundi," and Professor Crooke's Birmingham address on the Genesis of the Elements, as showing that "the swaddling clothes of mechanical authority in religion, and the inductive method in science, are felt to be a hindrance to free development."

CATHOLIC RELIGION.

If, from want of information, we find Mr. Harrison somewhat difficult to follow when he talks of Occult Science and Theosophy, we feel entirely in sympathy with him on many points of his third subject, "The Catholic Faith." Here, for example, is a really beautiful passage on the theory of prayer:—

We may regard prayer as a form of spiritual energy, having an intellectual value, and capable of being expressed in terms of will, as will-power is a form of vital energy, possessing a mechanical value, and capable of being expressed in terms of motion. Now the difference in the effects produced by a given quantity of energy on the physical and intellectual planes is apparent if we compare the value of a day's work by a brick-layer's labourer and a man of science. In the same way those who are acquainted with the laws of psychical dynamics know that the work produced by a fixed amount of energy on the intellectual plane is, in turn, enormously inferior to that produced on the plane of the spirit. The words *laborare est orare* contain a profound truth. If, then, to pray is to labour, on the spiritual plane, who can tell what results may not follow from communion with those unseen intelligences who, in the order of God's providence, stand in direct relation to the hidden forces of nature, and wield the powers entrusted to them in conformity with the Divine Will? If it be true that innumerable multitudes of angelic beings fulfil the commands

of the Almighty, as responsible agents, in administering the affairs of this and other worlds, the great difficulty of reconciling prayer with the reign of law disappears. For, on the theory of the universe which we have been considering, law is not the result of blind inexorable force, but of *cosmic ideation*. Prayer may be regarded, therefore, as the translation into will-power of spiritual energy, and is part of the machinery, so to speak, by which the universe is governed. (Pp. 102-103.)

It should be noted that these lectures were originally delivered before the Berean Society, under the title of "The Revival of Gnosticism." Mr. Harrison tells us that it has been his "endeavour to supply materials whereby the true gnosis may be distinguished from the oppositions of science falsely so called. . . . The remedy for evils which spring from ignorance is knowledge; but we have lately witnessed a reaction from agnosticism, and a revival of gnosticism in one of its most dangerous forms." This is all very true, but Mr. Harrison's book, interesting as it is, does not forward knowledge as we, and, I believe, he, could wish. He must write more plainly, if he may run that readeth it.

X.

TALES AND THEORIES OF APPARITIONS.*

MR. WIRT GERRARE's volume of stories was introduced to the world with considerable flourish. Long before its appearance we were warned to prepare for "a new theory of apparitions," and advised to make the most of our chances, for this is one of a series issued by the Roxburgh Press with a time limit, and your only chance to secure a copy is to make "Phantasms" your own before March 31st.

In one respect, however, the book is absolutely superlative. For lifting your hair and making your flesh creep; for evoking mysterious forms in the dim corners of your bedroom; for drawing your attention to creaking in the furniture, and making you wish somebody else slept on your landing; for haunting your dreams, and infesting your waking hours, "Phantasms" is one of the finest books I have ever read. The combination of Christmas-tide and "Phantasms," of mince-pies and "The Horror," who is the hero of the last story, ought certainly to increase the average of ghost seers, and affect the statistics of the next Census of Hallucinations.

But the new theory of apparitions is somehow not forthcoming. I read the whole preface because I felt it a duty, and all the stories because, having once begun, I couldn't stop, but I never came across that theory. Only one is offered, and that is, next to the undiluted "ghost," the most familiar, the most largely discussed theory extant. It is that originally put forward in "Phantasms of the Living" (Myers, Gurney and Podmore), in the year 1886, and referred to continually in the pages of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" and in *BORDERLAND*, receiving certain modifications from time to time according to the individuality of the writer handling it for the time being. What the theory amounts to is this, that what we call an "apparition" may have no external objective basis whatever; that it may be the objectivation of an idea or image, (1) self-suggested, or (2) suggested by thought transference from some one else who originally became possessed of it by self-suggestion, or (3) suggested by thought transference from the dead, the reflection, as it were, of some meditation on the past, or (4) conceivably by some sentiment or emotion still lingering in the world they have left, in the atmosphere or among the surroundings of their earth life.

* "Phantasms: Original Stories Illustrating Posthumous Personality and Character." By Wirt Gerrare. Sole edition, price 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

This theory in its presentation as (1) and (2), together or separately, is about equivalent to the Podmore theory of apparitions, as (3) to Mr. Myers' theory of the dreams of the dead, and (4) was propounded by the present writer, in an article on "Haunted Houses," in the last *BORDERLAND*. This is how Mr. Wirt Gerrare puts it—

THE AUTHOR'S "NEW THEORY OF APPARITIONS."

"Just as we have been able to use electricity to enable us to hear and see things our senses *can* perceive, so can thought-transference be utilised. Thought-transference also explains the kindred phenomena of clairvoyance; for clairvoyance is merely a change to the other end of the connecting line. The percipient of a sensation, the one who receives a thought-message, *knows* that a similar sensation is experienced by the person who communicates."

"Then thought or sensation transference proves that the external organs of sense *do not need to be appealed to directly*, in order to produce exactly similar sensations in those which follow an actual appeal to the senses in the ordinary way?"

"Of more importance is the fact that through thought-transference and clairvoyance many get a glimpse of a world of activities imperceptible to man's external organs of sense; an indication of the manner in which it is the easiest for a being not possessing man's organs of speech or material body to communicate with him."

"Then you acknowledge that apparitions, ghosts, are subjective, not objective? That they are in fact illusions?"

"Consider the matter in a common-sense manner. Assume that a phantom of the dead wishes to appear to the living, in order to accomplish some set purpose, will not the phantom adopt the method easiest for it? The simplest and most direct means are usually the best, and if the phantom had to simultaneously attract the attention of a blind man and a deaf one, it would be useless to "appear" in winding-sheet and with clinking of chain; it would be easier to appeal to the sense of touch."

"Do you give ghosts credit for ability to touch?"

"Say rather ability to make themselves felt. The hypnotiser can suggest to the subject that he is blistered, and a real actual blister, leaving a real, unmistakable scar, is produced, wholly by the effect of the suggestion on the hypnotised subject. When, therefore, the ghost of Lord Tyrone appeared to Lady Beresford, and made an indelible scar upon her wrist, it is not necessary to suppose that it was really burned, or that the phantom had the power of touch."

X.

* ONE can't help wondering why no one ever did before what Mr. Arthur Morrison has done for us now, namely, put into story form some of the marvellously dramatic tales which writers on the supernatural have collected as evidence, and which at present are regarded only as "cases." So long as the real gist of the story is not "doctored," they are very fair game for the story-teller, and so far as concerns the stories which are familiar to us ("The Ahrenburg Vault" and the "Ghost of Willington Mill," for example), Mr. Morrison seems to have done his work conscientiously enough. They have already reached a second edition, and deserve the popularity they have acquired.

X.

SOME POEMS ON THE BORDERLAND.†

THE actual number of poems concerned with the Borderland in Mr. Auberon Herbert's little volume is but a small part of the entire series, but the book, as a whole, is just one in which lovers of the fanciful, of the mystical, of the shadows of nature, of the underlying teachings

* "Shadows around us: Authentic Tales of the Supernatural." By Arthur Morrison. Henry Nisbet & Co. Price 1s.

† "Windfall and Waterdrift." By Auberon Herbert. Williams & Norgate, 1894.

of life—students of the Borderland, in short—cannot fail to delight. Indeed, they have one dainty little poem all to themselves.

IN BORDERLAND.

For strange deep longings move us,
As betwixt the two we stand,
And share in the mystic meetings
And partings in Borderland.

When day and night so gently
Touch hands and fall apart,
Like those in life forbidden,
Heart should be one with heart.

This is a fair example of the kind of poem the volume contains; they make no pretence at style or form, they are merely the rhythmical, often the musical, expression of some passing thought, often some tender reminiscence of the past or yearning as to the future, not amounting to reflection on the one hand, or speculation on the other, but giving utterance to the memory which rises at the scent of a flower, at the sight of a certain tone of colour in sky or sea, at a voice, at a sound in nature.

In the little poem, "The Lost Gift," Mr. Herbert recognises a truth which it is hard to teach—harder possibly to learn.

A LOST GIFT.

It is hard to believe that such things be,
You may take it for what it is worth;
For she that came and talked to me
Was not of the race of earth.

But I stained my soul, as 'tis easy to see,
With the touch of the common clay;
And the earth and the sky grew empty for me,
And their gift was taken away.

If the lesson is to be learnt at all, it will surely be in some such fashion as is taught in the following lines:—

"Say, master, say, how shall men learn
The hidden truths to speak,
To feed the inward fires that burn,
The far-off knowledge seek?"

"If ye would win the gift within—
So toil for many a day—
And yet, forsooth, the truest truth
May come by other way.

"Oh! thin the line this world that parts
From other worlds be sure;
And strange things drop within the hearts,
The open hearts and pure?"

There are two little poems, in different parts of the book, which serve as pendants to each other, one dealing with the silence of the dead for the living, the other with the silence of the living for the dead.

THE VOID.

She stretches hands to midnight skies—
So vast, so void they seem;
And back unanswered come her cries,
And all is as a dream.

"Oh! where art thou?"—the far stars yield
No word to hopes or fears;
From all that vast unmeasured field
No answering sign appears.

THE BREAD ON THE WATERS.

Ah! yes, the loving dead they stand,
And stretch their hands to you:
And as you pass to that far land,
Their loves your life renew;

Sweet gifts of love your steps pursue;
You gather what you sowed;
You lived for love; love waits for you,
In old or new abode.

X.

BOOKS OF CLASSIC MYSTICISM.*

WE have received two more volumes of Dr. Westcott's valuable series, "Collectanea Hermetica." To speak of Vol. IV., "A Chymico-Kabalastic Treatise," would only be to make ourselves ridiculous; for in truth I have not the remotest idea what it is all about. We are told that "an attentive study of its statements, considered with accurate relation to the numerical allusions, may give some true conclusions as to the material and agents to be employed in the several forms of transmutation." I have tried the method of "an attentive study," but I get no further. The pages seem to consist mainly of detached notes, so that one feels somehow that the text is missing. It is like a copy of the last fifty pages of a Clarendon Press Play of Shakespeare, whose orange-tawney covers are so great a dread to the candidate for local examination, the trifling detail of the play of Macbeth, or Hamlet, having been omitted by the binder.

But when we come to Vol. V. it is quite another matter. We have had nothing in this series so interesting since the publication of "The Divine Pyramider." The volume consists of three parts: "A translation of Cicero's Vision of Scipio," "The Golden Verses of Pythagoras," and "The Symbols of Pythagoras," all of which one is glad to have. Not the least interesting part of the book is an editorial essay by L. O., treating of "The Vision of Scipio considered as a Fragment of the Mysteries," and the philosophy underlying.

That philosophy (we read), it is reasonable to conjecture, was alike

... The system inculcated in the ancient mysteries of every nation ... those mysteries being considered as the organized endeavour of illuminati to elucidate the great problem of life and death, the nature of the soul and its relation to the Deity.

Men have ever found themselves face to face with these great difficulties, trying to unravel the skein of life with all the poverty of language and the restrictions of human thought. But human thought alone is powerless for such sublime ascents ... a higher faculty of the soul being requisite. "Strive," says the Zoroastrian Oracle, "to understand the intelligible, which exists beyond the mind, with the extended flame of an extended intellect."

And we learn further

Purity of soul is therefore a *sine qua non* to all, who, while yet upon the earth, would come "forth from the bands of body step by step." But purity itself is not sufficient, it must be accompanied by intelligence and will; intelligence to direct the life to the highest good, will to preserve the "equilibrium of balance," that steady mean between two opposing forces, which to pursue is indeed difficult.

* *Collectanea Hermetica*, vols. iv. and v. Edited by W. Wynn Westcott. Theosophical Publishing Co., 1894. Price 2s. 6d. each, net.