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# Departure

# Arrival

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Wed Aug 10	American	390	S.D.	11:40	L.A.	12:15
1977 Aug 24	<del>AMERICAN</del> T.W.A.	8	Los Angeles	4:40 PM	New York	9:32
Aug 31	* Swissair	<del>758</del> 564	New York	7:00 PM	Geneva	7:00 <sup>PM</sup> ex-M.
Sept 1 <sup>st</sup>	Swissair	758	Geneva	6:20	NICE	8:10

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It is an ancient theory of mine that one can take the inventory of a man's soul from his eyes. But before those of the Maharishee I hesitate, puzzled and baffled.

**T**HE minutes creep by with unutterable slowness. First they mount up to a half-hour by the hermitage clock which hangs on a wall; this too passes by and becomes a whole hour. Yet no-one in the hall seems to stir; certainly no one dares to speak. I reach a point of visual concentration where I have forgotten the existence of all save this silent figure on the couch. My offering of fruits remains unregarded on the small carved table which stands before him.

My guide has given me no warning that his master will receive me as I had been received by the Sage Who Never Speaks. It has come upon me abruptly, this strange reception characterized by complete indifference.

There is something in this man which holds my attention as steel filings are held by a magnet. I cannot turn my gaze away from him. My initial bewilderment, my perplexity at being totally ignored, slowly fade away as this strange fascination begins to grip me more firmly. But it is not till the second hour of the uncommon scene that I become aware of a silent, resistless change which is taking place within my mind.

**O**NE by one, the questions which I have prepared in the train with such meticulous accuracy drop away. For it does not now seem to matter whether they are asked or not, and it does not seem to matter whether I solve the problems which have hitherto troubled me. I know only that a steady river of quietness seems to be flowing near me, that a great peace is penetrating the inner reaches of my being, and that my thought-tortured brain is beginning to arrive at some rest.

How small seem those questions which I have asked myself with such frequency! How petty grows the panorama of the lost years! I perceive with sudden clarity that the intellect creates its own problems and then makes itself miserable trying to solve them. This is indeed a novel concept to enter the mind of one who has hitherto placed such high value upon intellect.

I surrender myself to the steadily deepening sense of restfulness until two hours have passed. The passage of time now provokes no irritation, because I feel that the chains of mind-made problems are being broken and thrown away. And then, little by little, a new question takes the field of consciousness.

"Does this man, the Maharishee, emanate the perfume of spiritual peace as the flower emanates fragrance from its petals?"

**I** DO not consider myself a competent person to apprehend spirituality, but I have personal reactions to other people. This dawning suspicion that the mysterious peace which has arisen within me must be attributed to the geographical situation in which I am now placed, is my reaction to the personality of the Maharishee. I begin to wonder whether, by some radio-activity of the soul, some unknown telepathic process, the stillness which invades the troubled waters of my own soul really comes from him. Yet he remains completely impassive, completely unaware of my very existence, it seems.

Comes the first ripple. Someone approaches me and whispers in my ear: "Did you not wish to question the Maharishee?"

He may have lost patience, this quondam guide of mine. More likely he imagines that I, a restless European, have reached the limit of my own patience. Alas, my inquisitive friend! Truly I came here to question your master, but now . . . I, who am at peace with all the world and with myself, why should I trouble my head with questions? I feel that the ship of my soul is beginning to slip its moorings; a wonderful sea waits to be crossed; yet you would draw me back to the noisy port of this world, just when I am about to start the great adventure!

**B**UT the spell is broken. As if this infelicitous intrusion is a signal, figures rise from the floor and begin to move about the hall, voices float up to my hearing, and—wonder of wonders!—the dark brown eyes of the Maharishee flicker once or twice. Then the head turns, the face moves slowly, very slowly, and bends downward at an angle. A few more moments, and it has brought me into the ambit of its vision. For the first time the sage's mysterious gaze is directed upon me. It is plain that he has now awakened from his long trance.

The intruder, thinking perhaps that my lack of response is a sign that I have not heard him, repeats his question aloud. But in those lustrous eyes which are gently staring at me, I read another question, albeit unspoken.

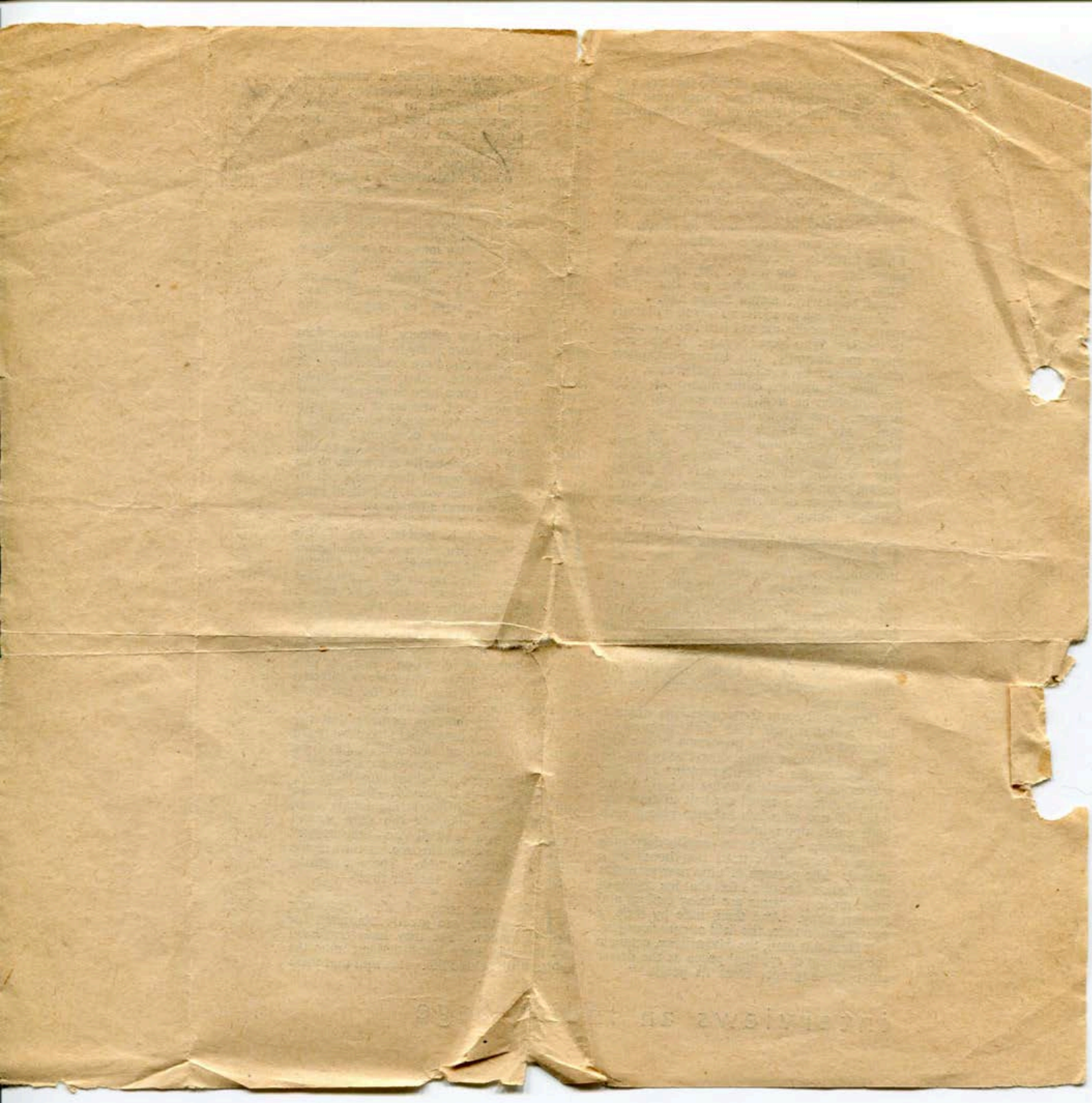
"Can it be—is it possible—that you are still tormented with distracting doubts when you have now glimpsed the deep mental peace which you—and all men—may attain?"

The peace overwhelms me. I turn to the guide and answer: "No. There is nothing I care to ask now. Another time —"

**T**HE wise men of the West, our scientists, are greatly honoured for their cleverness. Yet they have confessed that they can throw but little light upon the hidden truth behind life. It is said that there

interviews an Indian Sage







# MY TOUR AMONG THE YOGIS

By PAUL BRUNTON

(Author of "*A Search in Secret India*")

In view of the notable success of "*A Search in Secret India*" (in its second thousand three days after publication), the author, Paul Brunton, writer of the Book Causerie for the "London Forum", on the invitation of the Editor gives an outline of the causes and motives which led up to his pilgrimage to India.

WITH this issue the Book Causerie appears under another signature; for I am preparing to turn my face Eastward once more and explore the less frequented haunts of the Himalayas and China in quest of the faqueers, yogis, magicians and sages whom white men seldom contact. I hope also to spend a period of training in advanced meditation with the Maharishee, whose mysterious personality is portrayed to some extent in my book.

In the pages of a magazine like this it is possible to express oneself more freely upon occult subjects than could be done in a work that was written largely for the general reader. ~~My book attempted to make clear to the man in the street subtle and recondite matters which are usually difficult enough to make clear even to specialized students. Nevertheless, there is something for the latter in its pages also, some new information which has been drawn out of the taciturn lips of those reclusive men, the yogis. Such students will probably realize that I have been compelled to withhold from print certain items which would be out of place except in a specialized thesis.~~

The roots of the story behind my book go back to boyhood, when I found myself taking a keen interest in the subject of Spiritualism. From the very first I quickly developed mediumistic powers, particularly clairvoyance and clairauidience, and thus obtained the best kind of proof of the existence of a psychic world, i.e. by first-hand personal experience, without resort to paid mediums. After I had completely established the truth of survival for myself, I turned to the study of Theosophy and joined the Theosophical Society.

I am grateful for what I learned during this second phase ;



## THE LONDON FORUM

But after two years' membership I resigned from the Society. I felt that the adepts who had sponsored its foundation had now withdrawn and left the Society to its own devices. But theological study provided my first introduction to Oriental thought, and set me off upon a line of investigation which has become more fascinating still with the passage of time.

I moved among some of the occult groups and compared their teachings for awhile. From time to time I came into contact with advanced students of Indian, Burmese and Chinese nationality, and they helped me to a clearer understanding of their own doctrines.

I was fortunate enough to become a close friend of the Bhikkhu Ananda Metteya, who was undoubtedly the first great authority on Buddhism to step out of the cloistered retreat of an Eastern monastery and come to Western shores. He taught me something of the inner side of his faith; he initiated me into Buddhist methods of meditation; and he provided an unforgettable lesson in ethics by the beauty of his own personality. He lived the doctrine of love for all beings to its fullest extent; none was exempt from the sweep of his compassion. Let me relate one anecdote.

When he was living in the interior of Ceylon, he went out for a walk one day. In the middle of his path he came across a *krait* (this is a venomous and dangerous little snake), but the Bhikkhu made no attempt to kill it with the sun umbrella he was carrying: he greeted it instead with the words, "Good day, brother krait!" and then presently strolled away. I know that Ananda possessed extraordinary yogic powers. He could influence animals to an amazing degree. He could take poisons without injury, and on one occasion he took enough hemlock to kill several men, yet suffered no inconvenience. He had developed a breath control which enabled him at times to alter the specific gravity of his body, so that while sitting in Yoga posture he could rise a foot or two into the air and then float gently down to the floor again a little distance from the spot where he first sat. Our friendship endured until his death, and the latter was in fit consonance with the whole tenor of his life, because he sacrificed his body in an effort to extricate me from a dangerous position—a secret I am now making public for the first time. He too, stirred up anew my interest in the East.



# A South Indian Master

By PAUL BRUNTON

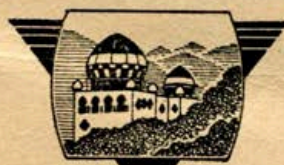
It is timely to supplement the description of the Maharishee in my book, *A Search in Secret India*, as given in the concluding chapters, because so many Western people ask me for further details about his life, personality and teaching.

This is a theme which pleases my pen well, for with none other of the adepts and yogis whom I have encountered during my travels in Africa and Asia have I been in touch so long: eight years have passed away since my first intrusion into his divine presence.

The Maharishee does not fit easily into any ready-made classification. You may call him a sage, a yogi, a recluse, a saint, a philosopher, or what not, but I do not think these terms describe him accurately. For he is unique. And in that uniqueness lies his special appeal. When, in no distant period, Western travellers will gaze meditatively on his shrine and lightly observe, "Ha, another Hindu saint!" they will make a mistake. The Maharishee is not Hindu, not a saint, nor anything else so rigid. He belongs to the universe. He is a phenomenon in Nature.

You may understand this sage of South India better when you understand something of his life. Hence I shall relate a few stories. When he was a young man he spent some

years in a pitch-dark cave high up on the lonely rocky hill of Arunachala, near the small town of Tiruvannamalai. For three years he never spoke a word to anyone, for he was enwrapped in the profoundest meditations which drew his consciousness into that inner world over whose face there is thrown a veil for ordinary men. For his food he went down twice a week to the town, carrying a begging bowl, but very soon an old widow insisted on becoming his supporter and on fetching his food to his cave, so



Paul Brunton, whose books on India's true spiritual life have won wide acclaim, sends to *Inner Culture* readers this fascinating account of his great Hindu guru. Swami Yogananda visited both the Maharishee and Paul Brunton during his recent tour of India.



# INNER CULTURE

## R SELF-REALIZATION

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L. V. PRATT  
Editor

C. RICHARD WRIGHT  
Business Manager

BRAHMACHARI JOTIN  
International Secretary

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that he was saved the trouble of the journey.

The sage's mother came to live with him during the last six years of her life and became his disciple. On her death-bed, he placed his right hand on her head and his left on her solar plexus and remained in that position for twelve hours. When asked why he was doing so, he answered: "Her spirit is already witnessing the scenes of the past, and the tendencies toward the material world are struggling within her. I am lifting her spirit steadily towards *Nirvana*, so that she shall not have to reincarnate again on earth, but attain everlasting happiness."

### Miracles Not Goal

The Maharishee does not approve of performing miracles because that will increase one's vanity and egoism. He says that they will come of their own accord very often if one realizes the Self; in that case it is the Higher Power which performs them, not the personal.

Hence he never displays one consciously, but all the same they keep on happening. Thus when his mother's corpse had to be washed previous to cremation, according to Hindu customs, it was the height of midsummer and no water was available in sufficient quantity without sending to a considerable distance. The sage quietly walked to a spot nearby and said, "Dig here!" His instructions were followed and about two feet from the surface water was found, and a well has since been made there. Neverthe-



The Maharishee illustrates power in perfect repose. Not once during his hours of quiet sitting does he betray the slightest sign of impatience. Once I asked him whether he would not like to visit Madras City with me and see a cinema, a telephone and an electric tram, three inventions he has never yet seen. He replied, "I find the universe within me: why then do I need to go to Madras?"

less, he says that the occult powers are not the chief thing to gain; we must find the kingdom of heaven first.

He has not left his hermitage for forty years, even to visit the nearest village. He welcomes everyone, although always maintaining the reserve to be expected from one who has surpassed all human attainment. He enjoys perpetually the state which all intelligent Yogis seek, the state called *samadhi* or continuous superconsciousness. Whereas most Yogis have to enter into profound trance in order to experience this unique condition, the Maha-



rishee has now this great good fortune without appearing in any way abnormal and without the necessity of entering external trance.

And now I shall report, in the form of questions and answers, unpublished conversations I had with him eight years ago and which I have kept in a private diary.

"Maharishree, do you teach that we are born again and again until we realize perfection?"

"What is it that is born? Not the true Self. Once we are born into *that* it is final. All others are but fleeting incarnations of the *vasanas*" (tendencies of feeling, thought and action).

"Many yoga postures are impossible for a European to adopt. What do you advise?"

"The best posture is to rest the mind in the Self! However, if one finds that sitting in a chair, or even walking, is easiest for meditation, that is the right posture for him. But *Hatha Yoga* (body control) is for beginners. Look for the Self and you will not be concerned with postures."

"How is it that all the *Vedas* (scriptures), the systems of occultism and theosophy describe the psychic words, the cosmogony of the universe, et cetera, and you remain silent about them?" The Sage replied, "The main object or central teaching of these systems is the attainment of Supreme Spirit, the divine reality. But as all sorts of aspirants have to be reached and appealed to, the beginners and the advanced, the dull and the keen alike, a graded cosmogony is given

which can be easily followed up to a point even by the materialistic. Thus, the spiritual world is shown as giving birth to the mental world, the latter to the astral, and this again to the physical world. But to the advanced aspirant who thirsts for Absolute Reality, all this is unnecessary; he has only to keep his mind fixed on the Self and he will have no need of studying what is lower. If happiness is his real goal, he will have ultimately to come back from all these diversions with astral experience and so on. It is not true that one must travel through these experiences in every case; one gets what one seeks. The meditation on the Self is the quickest, most direct route to realization, as well as the easiest, whereas the methods of occultism and theosophy are roundabout and circuitous, but of course they arrive at the same goal."

### Controlling the Mind

"But Maharishree, everyone complains that the mind is fickle and wandering. How to control it?"

"If you once direct your attention to the question *who* is the individual to whom this fickleness occurs, the tossing of the mind will begin to cease. Keep up the questioning attitude. And of course this can be done outside of meditation during ordinary life."

One day I went to the Sage and told him that during meditation I had found thoughts to die away and stillness to reign within me. Within that stillness I became aware of a tiny atom or point in my breast





The Maharishee does not talk much with the visitors who come to him. Hours often pass by before he utters a word in response. But when he does indulge in the luxury of a conversation with an inquirer or spiritual aspirant he usually adopts the Socratic method. There is probably no more powerful or effective method of compelling a man to think, to exercise his own reason, instead of repeating parrot-like phrases, than this of thrusting question after question at him.

upon which all my attention was centered. I asked him if this was the Self he talked about. He replied:

"Yes, that is the Self, but you will have to go deeper still in order to perfect your realization. Hold on to it. Do not lose the current by having the wrong idea, 'I am meditating on the Self.' At such a point try to remember that you are the Self, that this is your natural condition—not that you are practising meditation. Watch vigilant-

ly that you do not fall away from that."

On the journey home to Europe after my first visit to India, I rested at Colombo and later caught a homeward-bound Orient liner from Australia. The second evening out to sea I swooned and fell on the bed of the cabin. Within a few hours a mild attack of the fever which I had somehow kept at arm's length until then, was upon me. Followed a troublous time. But through it all, and through the intense physical weakness caused by Indian fever, as soon as my burning brain could shape a thought, a picture appeared ever and again before my sight. It was the pleasant, placid face of the Maharishee; the close-cropped head with a few days growth of beard upon the chin: above all, his wonderful eyes that shone with such brilliance beneath a lofty brow, upon which rested the lofty composure of a true philosopher. This mysterious Maharishee had touched something in my nature which responded eagerly. The image of his enigmatic face constantly obtruded itself upon my mind. At unexpected moments and in incongruous places I found myself thinking of him. I formed the impression that he was calmly but powerfully radiating the subtle aura of his personality into my own orbit. The sense of his *actual* nearness to me was sometimes overpowering, so that my visual evidence of his absence would prove unconvincing. It was an inexplicable phenomenon, this awareness of another being by my side.



## Visions of the Master

Thus, it came about, that some deep change within me moved to birth and finally found expression until I could never wander from the Way nor surrender myself to a purely animal life without seeing his enigmatic face as in the distance. At first the vision was so ethereal, so unusual, that I turned around with puzzled mind and wondered if I saw aright, or whether I was merely the victim of some visual auto-suggestion. The passage of time, however, established the thing as a veridic experience, for it also came at critical moments, to offer tangible inspiration, a wisdom better than my own, and higher strength. So when, later in France, Switzerland and Egypt, he appeared quite clearly before me and gave me messages at critical periods, I thought that this was enough to constitute discipleship.

But not so. The truth was not revealed to me until some time later, when I lived on the Tibetan border, among the Himalaya Mountains, whither I had gone at his telepathic request.

There, one day I found that the picture of the Sage disappeared and his true Spirit, his Self, entered into me as though I were a spiritualist medium. Of course, at first it did not remain permanently, but left me soon. However, this experience repeated itself many times. When I returned to his hermitage and sat before him again, he told me telepathically that this was the true way to find the Master.

A Yogi friend who came down from his secluded sanctuary in the Himalayas near Almora, said to me apropos of the Maharishee, after his first meeting: "How like the Himalayas he is! What richly harmonious and yet dynamic Life-silence! Yes, the Maharishee towers above us all, and has solved the supreme secret; but like the valley peaks he can keep his silence well."

"What," I once asked the Maharishee, "is the purpose of God creating our universe?"

## Creation Helps Individuals

"God has no purpose for Himself," he replied. "There is a purpose, however, for the individual souls. For their sake He creates this evolution in a universe. But God has nothing to gain by it. He just looks on, like the sun. But the individuals evolve and benefit by it. Those who say that God is trying to become self-conscious through man, are ignorant. He is already fully conscious."

Among his last words was a warning: "Do not tell this path to everyone, but only to the few who manifest an anxiety to know the Absolute Truth and an eagerness to find it. With others, be silent."

The Maharishee has now risen rapidly to fame throughout South India—a matter which makes not the slightest difference to his personal modesty—and so this once quiet hermitage under Arunachala, the Hill of the Holy Beacon, has become a noted place of pilgrimage.



# KNOW THYSELF--

**W**E are approaching the Maharishree's hermitage. We turn aside from the road and move down a rough path which brings us to a thick grove of coconut and mango trees. We cross this until the path suddenly comes to an abrupt termination before an unlocked gate. The driver descends, pushes the gate open, and then drives us into a large unpaved courtyard. I stretch my cramped limbs, descend to the ground, and look around.

Twenty brown-and-black faces flash their eyes upon us. Their owners are squatting in half-circles on a red-tiled floor. They are grouped at a respectful distance from the corner which lies farthest to the right hand of the door. Apparently everyone has been facing this corner just prior to our entry. I glance there for a moment and perceive a seated figure upon a long white divan, but it suffices to tell me that here indeed is the Maharishree.

My guide approaches the divan, prostrates himself prone on the floor, and buries his eyes under folded hands.

The divan is but a few paces away from a broad high window in the end wall. The light falls clearly upon the Maharishree and I can take in every detail of his profile, for he is seated gazing rigidly through the window in the precise direction whence we have come this morning. His head does not move, so, thinking to catch his eye and greet him as I offer the fruits, I move quietly over to the window, place the gift before him, and retreat a pace or two.

**A** SMALL brass brazier stands before his couch. It is filled with burning charcoal, and a pleasant odour tells me that some aromatic powder has been thrown on the glowing embers. Close by is an incense burner filled with joss sticks. Threads of bluish grey smoke arise and float in the air, but the pungent perfume is quite different.

I fold a thin cotton blanket upon the floor and sit down, gazing expectantly at the silent figure in such a rigid attitude upon the couch. The Maharishree's body is almost nude, except for a thin narrow loin-cloth, but that is common enough in these parts. His skin is slightly copper-coloured, yet quite fair in comparison with that of the average South Indian. I judge him to be a tall man; his age somewhat in the early fifties. His head, which is covered with closely cropped grey hair, is well formed. The high and broad expanse of forehead

●The Maharishree, the subject of this article passed away this year. Dr. Paul Brunton wrote this special Introduction when he heard of the death of his beloved teacher:—

●One night in spring this year, at the very moment that a flaring starry body flashed across the sky and hovered over the Hill of the Holy Beacon, there passed out of his aged body the spirit of the dying Maharishree. He was the one Indian mystic who inspired me most, the one yogi whom I revered most, and his power was such that both Governor-General and ragged coolie sat together at his feet with the feeling that they were in a divine presence.

Several factors combined to keep us apart during these past ten years, but the inner telepathic contact and close spiritual affinity between us remained—and remains—vivid and unbroken. Last year he sent me this final message through a visiting friend: "When heart speaks to heart, what is there to say?"

## and KNOW TRUTH

gives intellectual distinction to his personality. His features are more European than Indian. Such is my first impression.

The couch is covered with white cushions and the Maharishree's feet rest upon a magnificently marked tiger skin.

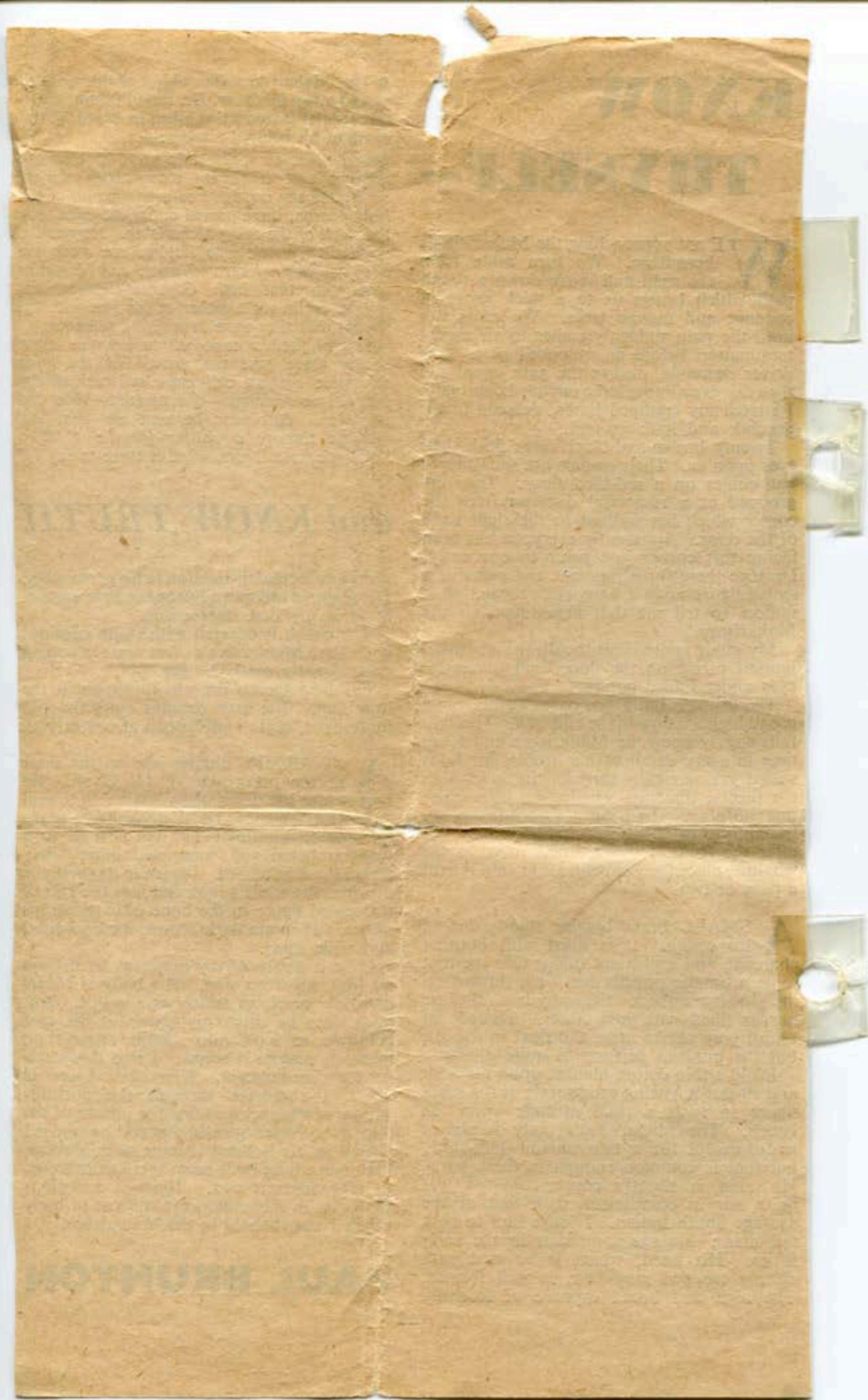
Pin-drop silence prevails throughout the long hall. The sage remains perfectly still, motionless, quite undisturbed at our arrival.

**A** SWARTHY disciple sits on the floor at the other side of the divan. He breaks into the quietude by beginning to pull at a rope which works a punkah-fan made of bamboo matting. The fan is fixed to a wooden beam and suspended immediately above the sage's head. I listen to its rhythmic purring, the while I look full into the eyes of the seated figure in the hope of catching his notice. They are dark brown, medium-sized and wide open.

If he is aware of my presence, he betrays no hint, gives no sign. His body is supernaturally quiet, as steady as a statue. Not once does he catch my gaze, for his eyes continue to look into remote space, and infinitely remote it seems. I find this scene strangely reminiscent. Where have I seen its like? I rummage through the portrait-gallery of memory and find the picture of the Sage Who Never Speaks, that recluse whom I visited in his isolated cottage near Madras, that man whose body seemed cut from stone, so motionless it was. There is a curious similarity in this unfamiliar stillness of body which I now behold in the Maharishree.

## PAUL BRUNTON







are some in your land who can give what our Western sages fail to reveal. Is this so? Can you assist me to experience enlightenment? Or is the search itself a mere delusion?"

I have now reached my conversational objective and decide to await the Maharishee's response. He continues to stare thoughtfully at me. Perhaps he is pondering over my questions. Ten minutes pass in silence.

At last his lips open and he says gently: "You say I: 'I want to know.' Tell me, who is this I?"

What does he mean? He has now cut across the services of the interpreter and speaks direct to me in English. Bewilderment creeps across my brain.

"I am afraid I do not understand your question," I reply blankly.

"Is it not clear? Think again!" I puzzle over his words once more. An idea suddenly flashes into my head. I point a finger towards myself and mention my name.

"And do you know him?"  
"All my life!" I smile back at him.  
"But that is only your body! Again I ask: 'Who are you?'"

I cannot find a ready answer to this extraordinary query. The Maharishee continues:

"Know first that I and then you shall know the truth."

MY mind hazes again. I am deeply puzzled. This bewilderment finds verbal expression. But the Maharishee has evidently reached the limit of his English, for he turns to the interpreter and the answer is slowly translated to me:

"There is only one thing to be done. Look into your own self. Do this in the right way and you shall find the answer to all your problems."

It is a strange rejoinder. But I ask him: "What must one do? What method can I pursue?"

"Through deep reflection on the nature of one's self and through constant meditation, the light can be found."

"I have frequently given myself up to meditation upon the truth, but I see no sign of progress."

"How do you know that no progress has been made? It is not easy to perceive one's progress in the spiritual realm."

"Can a master help a man to look into his own self in the way you suggest?"

"He can give a man all that he needs for this quest. Such a thing can be perceived through personal experience."

"How long will it take to get some enlightenment with a master's help?"

"It all depends on the maturity of the seeker's mind—the gunpowder catches fire in an instant, while much time is needed to set fire to the coal."

## The NEW Books

### MUSIC: ITS SECRET INFLUENCE THROUGHOUT THE AGES, by Cyril Scott. Rider, 9/6d.

Music, the most enigmatical of the arts, employing an idiom which is apparently unrelated to visual form and to phenomenal experience, can easily be imagined as having an occult influence; and especially, perhaps, because its medium consists of a mathematically related system of vibrations. The emotional effect of music can be crude or subtle; but Mr. Scott, noted composer and occultist, here traces the esoteric influence of certain great composers upon the moral, aesthetic and even scientific developments of their own and subsequent times. Beethoven, says the author, paved the way for psycho-analysis, Cesar Franck was the bridge between the humans and the Devas. Many will applaud, but probably more will resent, his statement that Jazz was "put through" by the "Dark Forces." This is fascinating reading for music-lover and Occult student alike.

### THE DEAD COMPANIONS. Psychic Press, 8/6d. TELEPATHY AND THE SUBCONSCIOUS. Privately, 1/9d. post free. By Alan Howgrave-Graham.

These two works by the same author have appeared almost simultaneously. Taking the booklet first, this is a vigorous challenge, supported by evidence, to the claim that much so-called evidence of spirit communication can be explained by telepathy between medium and sitter, or by the "hyper-suggestibility" of the medium.

Major Howgrave-Graham has been contributing to the psychic press for a good many years, but *The Dead Companions* is his first major publication. An agnostic in religious matters from his late teens, and contemptuously sceptical of Spiritualism, he was later faced with personal evidence for survival after death which left him no escape; and with characteristic emphasis he challenges the reader, on this and on much other evidence cited, to escape from the same conclusion, namely that the messages in question did in fact come from discarnate persons.

**SPIRITUAL TRUTH FOR THE YOUNG** by Charles Palmer. (Two Worlds, 7/6). Considering that the organized "religious" Spiritualist Movement conducts "Lyceums" for children, there are not too many books in which Spiritualist facts and philosophy are presented specially for young minds, and therefore Mr. Palmer's book will no doubt be welcomed. One must question the wisdom, however, of stating, as simple facts, matters concerning which there is no unity of opinion among Spiritualists. Seeing that Spiritualism claims to be a religion based on facts, it seems to be a mistaken policy to ask children to accept certain disputable things on faith.

### PSYCHIC PITFALLS, by Shaw Desmond. Rider, 15/-

There are undoubtedly many pitfalls in the path of psychic investigation—the problem before the reader is to decide whether Mr. Desmond is the best pilot to steer one safely through them. The trouble with Shaw Desmond is that he continually makes statements to which one wishes to cry out: "How do you know?" And it is not easy to find a satisfactory answer. To take one example: "The spirits see everywhere with their 'infra-red' eyes . . . Do they? Perhaps they do, but it is doubtful whether anyone on earth really knows. And how many physical mediums would allow you to put a *ju-jitsu* 'lock' on them during a seance?"

### 75 VEGETARIAN SAVOURIES, by Ivan Baker. The Vegetarian Society, 1/-

An attractive-looking batch of recipes for those who follow the meatless path—and, indeed, for the carnivores who find their meat ration meagre. It might even convert some of those who lean towards, but have not yet embraced, the vegetarian principle.







I was prompted to these thoughts by receipt of a compact volume of 43 pages which fairly bristles with statements that rouse my argumentative faculties. It is entitled *Communication With The Spirit World* (Macey Publishing Co. \$3.) and the author is Johannes Greber, an ex-priest of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany.

He begins by asking "Is there for man a conscious existence after death?" After narrating his personal experiences of spirit manifestations, mediums and séances, he gives an emphatic answer in the affirmative. No one who has thoroughly investigated the phenomena of occultism is likely to dispute that answer. But when Herr Greber commences to stray aside to other problems, I am forced to leave his company. He has received numerous messages from the spirits on theological, religious and philosophical questions. An example of the sort of thing which irritates is contained in the first message. He asks for an explanation of the nature of God. The spirit replies, "That is something which I cannot explain to you, any more than I can explain the cause of the Divine existence." Having given this sensible answer, our spirit soon forgets himself, and enters into a three-page description of God's powers, faculties, etc., including a categorical assertion that "God possesses shape and personality".

The real worth of this book lies in the autobiographical portion, where the author tells a highly detailed story of his psychic experiences. He was invited to attend a private séance in 1923, and accepted after much hesitation. The medium was a poorly educated boy apprentice, and the room was brightly lit, an unusual feature in these meetings. The boy soon became entranced, and the spirit control addressed the author "You have with you a written list of questions you want to put." This was quite correct, and soon came a series of strange incidents and verified prophecies which extended over many séances, and which gradually completed the conversion of the Reverend Greber into plain Herr Greber. He gave up twenty-five years service in the priesthood in order to become a spiritualist. He writes the account of his psychic experiences with passionate sincerity.

From this atmosphere of the séance room we rise into realms theological and truly occult with Dr. de Purucker's latest book. How helpful will *Occult Chemistry* (Bider & Co. 55c) be to many students! Imagine one



which it contains have been selected because they deal more fully in theosophical and occult literature. From Absolute, Adept, i-Buddhi . . . down to Yogin, Yuga, Zodiac, these pages cover so large a field of inquiry that their usefulness to the serious student is indubitable. If the definitions are inevitably tinged by the doctrines of that school of Theosophic thought which the author heads so illustriously, they are, nevertheless, written so as to invite the attention and respect of readers who may demur to certain points. The book deserves a cordial welcome.

Under the guise of an autobiographical novel, *The Pendulum of Fate* (C. W. Daniel & Co., 5s.), Mr. Robert Alexander presents some weird visions of other worlds and other times. The narrator takes a walk on Hampstead Heath, only to discover that he has taken a walk out of the confines of normal existence. Some interior faculty of seership suddenly unveils itself, and he perceives the buildings, meadows and people of Mars. The latter "were taller and slimmer than Europeans, and had light olive complexions". Following this he inspects one of the moons of Saturn and then Ganymede, largest of Jupiter's satellites.

The Ganymedans are far ahead of us in scientific discovery. Pneumatically propelled trains travel underground at incredible speeds. Ships move over the seas by the aid of a mysterious force which would seem to be purely psychical.

The writer's psychic visions take on a new orientation when, sauntering in Cheapside, he unexpectedly sees ancient London resurrected for pleasure. He hears the tramp of Roman legions, the clatter of their chariots. Still further back in time he perceives the prehistoric land of Atlantis. The Atlanteans were cruel and oppressive; this eventually brought their downfall.

Finally he peers into the future: three fiery aerolites fall upon London; Australia begins to sink into the sea; great icebergs patrol the Atlantic and destroy liner after liner; England is swept by destructive cyclones; Tibet quivers like a jelly; monstrous tides rush around the globe and millions perish. With vivid pen Mr. Alexander writes the last pages—a graphic account of London in the grip of an eruption of lava, burning ash and roaring geysers. The modern Babylon is destroyed, and blind materialism, repellent selfishness and hollow pride receive their nemesis.



W

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1936

THE LEADER ALLAHABAD,

MAHARAJA OF  
PITHAPURAM

[A Character Sketch of the Leader  
of the New People's Party of  
Madras.]

BY PAUL BRUNTON

(best known in India by his *A Search  
in Secret India*, now in its seventh  
impression.)

With his entry into the political arena more prominently as the founder of the People's Party, the Maharaja Saheb has inevitably drawn upon himself the attention of many eyes in the southern presidency. And because I fear that the usual misunderstandings will come to his lot, I have ventured to write this article.

I hope I shall not be misunderstood. I have the pleasure of knowing Indians who are firebrand Congressites and Europeans who are obstinate die-hards and Liberals who balance themselves between both these attitudes. Personally I am no political propagandist. I take an independent and detached view of politics, and especially of Indian politics. This has been possible only because of a unifying tie in a totally different sphere. Believing as I do that men of the most opposite and inimical political ideas may yet meet on a common spiritual platform, I have sought to help in the building of such a platform, sought to spread more goodwill in this distracted world.

There is room in public life for men who sincerely seek to serve India no less than for those whose chief desire is to carve out a career, and nothing more. Fools and politicians yearn for fame; wise men spurn it; but a few accept it as the inevitable resultant of their efforts to leave their land better than they found it.

The Maharaja Saheb has started the People's party, whatever the merits or demerits of its programme, indubitably 'as a matter of solemn duty with the sole purpose of serving the best interests of our country,' to use his own words. Such words, coming from other lips, might carry little more value than their sound; but coming from the Maharaja of Pithapuram they are certain to have been well-weighed and deeply meant.

PERFORMANCE AND NOT  
PROMISE

I know him well enough to know that he carefully considers such statements before making them, because he fully intends to make performance, and not promise, the basis of his political existence. He will not knowingly offer anything verbally to the electorate, unless he is reasonably certain of carrying it out in action, if placed in power. Possibly, he errs on the side of over-prudence in this connection, and sacrifices potential votes to over-scrupulous honesty.

The Maharaja Saheb is a realist and will not play like a child with fantastic dreams impossible of realization. He wants to do whatever he sees in his mind can really be done, and not pretend that India can be changed by glowing phrases and pat formulas.

The growth of bitterness and hatred in the modern world, engendered generally by political, economic, caste and national strife, is something which he views with grave concern. He feels that his work is not to take the easy path of destroying and attacking defective institutions, but to build and create, to adopt an attitude which shall be constructive and helpful. He holds very strongly the integrating ideals which are so needed today, and he is prepared to work with all castes and communities, with Barhmans and non-Brahmans, British as well as Indians, poor as well as rich.



## GOODWILL AND UNDER- STANDING

The world's greatest need today is more goodwill and understanding. The Maharaja of Pithapuram would subscribe to this view, I am sure. In an age of shouting politicians and raging revolutionaries, he pursues his calm sedate way, working quietly for the things that are within India's reach now. He does not regard the British as a race of devils, as so many do, nor is he blind to their defects. He sees that the way of orderly constitutional effort to secure more from their hands for India is no less entitled to consideration than the noisier ways of others. I do not think he is satisfied with the present Reforms, as I doubt whether any thinking Indian can be. But he does not propose to squat like a

sulky child outside the council chambers whilst others pass laws which affect the lives of his fellow-men, nor does he propose to rush inside like a rampaging bear and destroy what has been won with so much effort, so much sacrifice. His attitude is to make the utmost possible use of the present Reforms, whilst keeping in view, and calmly working for, a further instalment of better ones.

I would like to point to an ancient truth; *Character counts*. Nothing wrong can happen to a country when it places men of sterling character at its head, nothing but good can come of such an act. If the man at the head of a party is honest, unselfish, noble-minded and balanced, then we may expect political fruits in accordance. Such a man exists in the subject of this article. These qualities of soul must inevitably and ultimately materialize into tangible benefits to the people.

One of the dangers which admittedly exists in India as in many other countries is that the arrival of political power into hands unaccustomed to wielding it may easily lead to nepotism and even corruption, the temptations to place personal ties and personal relationships before public interest are strong and only by putting men of the highest integ-

rity in the key positions can these temptations be avoided. The Maharaja, should he succeed, is determined to select such men only as will maintain this exacting ideal which is so essential to justice.

## A CHEERY PERSONALITY

The physical appearance of the Maharaja Saheb fits his nature. His voice is soft, his manner modest, his movements quiet, yet withal he is a cheery personality. A man of middle height and kindly bearing, he has attained an age when life's experience has been ascertained and thoughtfully digested to the full—  
fifty!

He has the broad religious views and tolerant understanding of a Brahmo Samajist, and avows himself a keen admirer of the illustrious Raja Rammohun Roy. He draws much inspiration from the life and ideas of that famous pioneer of India's awakening.

His interest in the cause of culture has been very definite. Every one of the 1,800 students at the Pithapur Raja's College in Coconada is indirectly indebted to him for the munificent help which has been given to this first grade institution in the way of new buildings, financial endowments and scholarships. He has made it possible for an encyclopædic Telugu lexicon to be prepared and for rare or ancient Telugu books of merit to be published.

I have seen at Cocanada the finest orphanage in South India, where poor boys and girls receive a home and education—another fruit of the Maharaja's generosity. Finally it is worth mentioning that he was the prime mover in an attempt to get the Madras Legislative Council to provide for the care of ailing, aged and disabled destitutes.

(continued)



MAHARAJA OF PITHAPURAM ARTICLE

Anyone who has wandered around the world as I have, finds that certain ideas are fairly common amongst most people, no matter where they are born, and amongst most races, no matter the colour of their skin.

One of these ideas, for instance, is that people whom life and birth have financially favoured are likely to be spiritually bankrupt. I have heard this said in Europe, and I hear it said again in India of that class called zamindars. Well, they may be so, but on the other hand they may not.

Anyway, I know one zamindar who most definitely and assuredly is not but who, on the contrary, is spiritually rich.

That man is the Maharaja of Pithapuram.

Underneath the robes of education and the cap of convention, human nature differs far less than persons who lack wide experience generally imagine. No single class—whether working men or aristocrats—can claim to have the sole monopoly of faith in God. Nor does Truth favour anyone; she reveals herself to the worthy with complete indifference to their status or their possessions.

In these democratic days it is the fashion in certain circles to talk either with disparaging sneers or bated envious breath of one who belongs to the higher ranks of society. Such persons never dream that the subject of their remarks is as human as they are and therefore ~~can~~ escape from the inevitable troubles and trials which beset us all without exception.

#### A MAN OF HUMBLE FAITH IN GOD

The skeleton of suffering is in every family cupboard, be it that of a king or a commoner. The tales of woe which I have heard from the lips of poor labourers have their precise counterparts in the tales of woe which I have heard from the lips of not a few royalities. The comradeship of the trenches during the war did more for democracy than dozens of boring statistical volumes. A good cure

for bolshevist agitation might be to put both bolshevist proletarians and their fancied oppressors in the same club, where they could meet on equal terms and learn something about the troubles of one another!

The Maharaja of Pithapuram, too, has not escaped sorrows. He has been bereaved by a terribly agonizing domestic tragedy, whilst painful illness has pursued him, but this is a theme upon which I need not enlarge. In spite of all, he has remained a man of humble faith in God and kindly disposition towards his fellows. His hours of suffering may have scarred him but they have not been permitted to destroy his ideals. In fact his genial face is frequently wreathed in smiles and his bespectacled eyes often carry a humorous twinkle.

If he accepts his privileges, he does not forget his obligations.

END.



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# CIVILISATION THROUGH THE AGES

## THE PAGEANT OF THE EAST

By MR. PAUL BRUNTON

### THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION: OUR ORIENTAL HERITAGE:

By Will Durant. (New York: Simon and Schuster. \$5.)

He prepared himself for writing this first volume alone by twice journeying through the Near and Far East to examine at first hand the existing remains of their ancient civilizations, as well as the condition of their modern ones. Seven years' solid research work, involving the reading of some five hundred books by famed specialists, has likewise been distilled down into a thousand pages for the benefit of those who have to do their own reading in a hurry. as alas! so many of us have. The resulting volume stands, and will ever stand, as a monument to his own wide learning and noble culture. It will become a classic, without doubt.

Let us take a rapid stride across the centuries and through the chief contents of *The Story of Civilization*, which is so weighty that it tires the hand to hold it. Durant opens by picturing the beginnings of social and civilised existence upon this planet. He goes on to analyse the economic, mental and moral elements which condition the organisation of human beings into societies. And then the story itself begins to unfold its picturesque detail in Sumeria, the mid-Asiatic country which once had its habitat in Iraq, which no map marks to-day but which has left a scattered legacy throughout the East.

Durant does for this vanished empire what he does for every other country which the book covers—he describes its culture, trade, people, government, science, religion, law, art and literature, and gives a succinct summary of its history. He writes with commendable clarity and makes the cobwebbed past live anew before our eyes with

startling freshness. A multitude of curious and little known facts have been mingled into the story.

The Sumerians allowed a husband whose wife had committed adultery to place her in a subordinate position and take a second wife.

The oldest written records at present known to historians are the inscriptions on polished stone and baked clay tablets written down nearly six thousand years ago by the scribes of Sumeria. The characters on these writings run from right to left.

Durant next applies his creative reconstruction to Egypt. He points out that women were held in such high esteem in early Egypt that, contrary to Indian custom, obedience of the husband to the wife was required in the marriage bond. He quotes Diodorus Siculus's statement that women took the initiative in courtship and made direct proposals of marriage. Moreover the 'devadasi' institution was not limited to India but was equally extant in Egypt and Babylon. The most beautiful girls of the noblest families of Egypt were dedicated to the temples of Thebes.

Most striking of the ancient monuments which have survived to our own time are those triangular massifs near Cairo. "All the world fears time," says an Arab proverb, "But time fears the Pyramids." I regret however that Durant accepts without questioning the common conception that their purpose was but to act as tombs. I have elsewhere tried to show, on the basis of physical evidence alone, that this theory is disprovable; beyond that I do not expect people to accept the psychic investigations which have forced me to conclude that the Pyramids were temples of spiritual initiation. The necessity of evolving a psychic method to supplement the scientific one when investigating vestiges of remote civilisations will nevertheless justify itself during this century.



Figures of the Sacred Bull are still common enough among the Egyptian ruins. On this theme Durant writes: "The bull was especially sacred to the Egyptians as representing sexual creative power; it was not merely a symbol of Osiris but an incarnation of him." He may be right so far as unphilosophic and illiterate men may comprehend these animal gods, but I am sure that the cultured and learned amongst the Egyptians, as amongst the Hindus, saw them as symbols of something deeper also, as emblems of a

spiritual relation. Here in the South Indian township where I write, a row of stone bull-figures recline along the top of the temple wall that juts up high above my courtyard, whilst inside the buildings a gigantic bull occupies the central place. My revered Master, Sri Ramana Maharishee, once explained this point to me when I told him of the striking similarities between the customs of Dravidian India and early Egypt and instanced this bull worship.

"Nandi, the sacred bull, represents the individual ego of man," remarked the sage. "It is always shown in our temples facing the figure of the deity in the shrine, whilst a flat circular sacrificial stone altar is in front of it. The whole thing is a symbol. It means that the personal ego must be sacrificed and must always be turned towards the real self, the inner God."

This similarity of custom and faith strikes the reader again and again. The river Tigris was as sacred to the Babylonians as is the Ganges to the Hindus and the same practices took place on its banks as take place at Benares.

Assyria and Judea are storied in the further chapters, and then Persia. One of the most attractive figures of the past was the Persian King Cyrus. He was one of those natural rulers at whose coronation, as some writer said, all men rejoice. The Greeks regarded him as the greatest before Alexander although he was alien to them. He built a big empire but it was founded on kindness and magnanimity. Wherever he went he freed the oppressed instead of oppressing them still more. He preserved the religions and temples of the peoples whom he conquered and sympathetically studied their different divinities. His travels took him to the borders of India. In the Persian empire he built up the largest and best governed political organisation of pre-Roman times.

Dr. Durant reserves his loftiest praise for India and his loftiest literary style for her culture. His description of the British conquest is blunt and outspoken; despite his daring criticisms, he admits, however, that the chaos and internal wars had left the country ripe for reconquest and that the only question was which of the European powers should undertake the task. He shows the whole background of the Indian peoples' life from earliest to modern times—a cavalcade from the invasion of Alexander to the vast ferment inspired by Gandhi in our own time—and how they worked and dwelt and enjoyed and suffered. He presents their codified systems of religion, philosophy and science, as well as the vicissitudes of her art, music, painting, sculpture.

Durant's final phrases on this peninsula whereon we dwell are wise and well and discerning: "Perhaps in return for conquest, arrogance and spoliation," he writes, "India will teach us the tolerance and gentleness of the mature mind, the quiet content of the unacquisitive soul, the calm of the understanding spirit, and a unifying pacifying love for all things."

Passing on to China, we learn that political philosophers thousands of years ago tried to work out systems of government based on a unifying

The delicate poetry and fragile art of the flowery land, the inventions of paper and ink and printing, the stoic life of poverty-stricken peasantry—all these pass before our eyes as they are conjured up by the writer's fluent pen.

International Press-Cutting Bureau,  
110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Extract from

Hindu  
Madras

11 OCT 1933



## FIRE WALKING—HOW IS IT DONE?

A REPORT ON TWO EXPERIMENTAL FIRE-WALKS: By Harry Price. (With 20 illustrations and a bibliography. University of London Council for Psychical Investigation. 5sh.)

It is a significant sign of the times that half a dozen European and American universities have thrown their doors open to psychical research, while the more cautious and conservative University of London has now even formed a Council for the same purpose. Adverse critics asserted that these universities were encouraging superstition and countenancing charlatanry, as well as running the risk of disturbing the intellectual balance of their students, but nevertheless they kept determinedly to their course.

The booklet under review is the London Council's second official publication. The visit of a young Kashmiri named Kuda Bux provided it with an opportunity to examine, test and report upon the Oriental phenomenon of fire-walking. The latter has never been seen in Europe but exists in Africa, India and the Polynesian Islands.

A group of London scientists and medical men took part in two spectacular tests for Kuda Bux's strange powers and I, too, would have accepted an invitation had not the exigencies of time and space prevented me. A trench was dug in the open ground and filled with charcoal, whose temperature was then raised to the astounding height of four hundred and thirty degrees. Bux strode upon this fiery path with naked unprepared feet. He did this several times, but when two spectators tried to copy his performance they had to retire quickly, badly burned and blistered.

The investigating committee air two or three vague opinions and some far-fetched theories of individual members; these theories would never work out in practice if the feat were attempted under the strictly test conditions which Bux willingly accepts. In fact, the old materialistic explanations explain nothing. However, a definite advance has been registered inasmuch as a learned body of Westerners is now willing to investigate patiently before dismissing the claims of Oriental fakirs as mere nonsense.

To my knowledge the fire-walking feat has been common enough in India to excite no undue surprise. There was

until lately in Benares a family of professional fire-walkers among whose members the secrets have been passed down for generations. In obscure South Indian villages until recently the entire population would turn out on the occasion of certain religious festivals and indulge unharmed in a day's fire-walking.

When I discussed the subject of yoga with the Maharanee of Baroda last year, she mentioned incidentally that His Highness the Gaekwar, together with some members of his staff had once walked unharmed through a fire-trench after a fakir had made his mystic preparations and given the lead.

Fakirs whom I have questioned on the matter attribute the phenomenon to a lower order of spirits, whose aid is invoked. Kuda Bux himself attributes his immunity to the protection of "a higher power in India whom I have to ask whether I might perform the feat." Who dare say that they are romancing, when no other satisfactory explanation has yet come forth? The prudent modern mind will not be excited, either to acceptance or denial, but will weigh matters and wait.

Paul Brunton.







The Hindu  
Madras

69B

28 FEB. 1937

## PROPHECIES OF THE PAST

467  
THE STORY OF PROPHECY: By  
Henry J. Forman (London: Cas-  
sell & Co. 10sh. 6d.).

WHEN I last visited England I discovered, not without some surprise, that a boom in astrology was growing apace. Widely circulated newspapers did not hesitate to devote regular space to instructive or predictive articles on the subject, while their advertising columns contained announcements of professional astrologers who evidently did a flourishing business. This occasions no comment in India but for a country like England, where everything that savours of occult intangible influences has usually been contemptuously dismissed by educated people as superstition, such innovations are highly significant straws which show plainly which way the wind of belief is now blowing.

THE HINDU  
MADRAS

there is one which has attracted a comparatively wide following that stretches from the highest to the lowest classes, from the ranks of the well-educated to those of the compulsorily educated. That cult rejoices in the name of the British-Israel Movement and promulgates doctrine of a queer character.

69B  
Here in South India I have found lengthy volumes written by learned Tamilians to prove that Christ was really a Tamilian himself, and that the Bible stories have reference, not to Palestine and Egypt, but to places situated within the Madras Presidency. So in the West I have found lengthy volumes written by enthusiastic advocates of the doctrine that the Israelites have left their best descendants in the Anglo-Saxon race, and that Christ was brought to Britain as a boy. Many other peculiar notions of a religious, anthropological, political and historical character emanate from the same source and are being sedulously propagated in England, America and the Colonies by means of books, magazines and cheap pamphlets, as well as a host of free tracts.

Although the present book does not appear under the imprint and aegis of the British-Israel Movement, a perfunctory examination alone reveals the spiritual impression of its hands, whilst a prolonged study confirms the deduction. Never-







Here is a book which deals with prophecies on a big scale, and which takes nationally-known historic figures and the fortunes of empires for its theme. It begins with a brief summary of famous prophets and oracles of the ancient world. Delphi was first. The priestess of the Delphic Oracle breathed a gas which emerged from a fissure in the rock beneath the tripod on which she sat, passed into a trance-like state, and then answered written questions in a cryptic and incoherent manner. Those answers were clarified by the attendant priests and put into dignified verse. For more than a thousand years all Greece respected and utilised this oracular shrine, which, incidentally, was the one which pronounced Socrates to be the wisest of mankind.

The author points out that the Hebrew prophet Isaiah correctly foretold the captivity of the Israelites by the Babylonians 124 years before its occurrence, offering chapter xxxiv, verses 5-7, as evidence. Another interesting prediction appearing in the *Old Testament* was made by the prophet Zechariah. "Yea, many people and strong nations will come to seek the Lord of Hosts in Jerusalem and to pray before the Lord," he asserted. It is historically true that many did come to the Second Temple of Jerusalem from Syria, Greece and Asia Minor, as well as from the Euphrates country, bearing gifts and desirous of acquainting themselves with the religion of the Israelites during one of its triumphant periods.

Yet the complement to this prediction was uttered by Jesus: "Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." (Mark, xiii). Forty years later the Roman Emperor Titus took Jerusalem and destroyed the city, entirely erasing the famous temple from the ground.

Mr. Forman devotes much space to Nostradamus (1503-1566), whom he calls "Europe's greatest prophet"! This celebrated man was a French physician of Jewish descent, and a student of ancient Egyptian books of astrology, according to his own claim. At one time his predictions caused such a sensation in medieval Europe that kings and queens sent for him, while hosts of lesser personages made long journeys to the little French town of Salon where he lived.

Nostradamus astonished his epoch by writing a book of versified predictions which foretold the destiny of Europe for the next two thousand years. Most of the verses, however, were hidden under a veil of obscure symbolism and were not easily interpreted. Those which were clearer generally proved remarkably correct. Thus he said that the reigning king of France would be blinded in a duel and die soon after, and that civil war would follow. All these things happened exactly as predicted.

Writing of the seventeenth century, he predicted that "The London Senate will put to death its King." The execution of Charles I was the fulfilment of these words. Concerning the future of England he said:

"The great empire of England will be all-powerful for more than three centuries:

Great armies and wealth will traverse land and sea,

The Portuguese will not rejoice thereat."

At the time these lines were written, England was still one of the lesser Powers of Europe whilst Portugal controlled a flourishing empire. When we remember that the Portuguese were the first Europeans to become dominant in India, we may well understand that they did not "rejoice thereat."

Nostradamus writes without obscurity with reference to the city of Paris. During the present (twentieth) century a terrible leader will invade Paris from the sky, using frightful weapons. Fire from above will often fall. About the year 3420 the flames will prove inextinguishable and the great city will be utterly destroyed. "Not one of its dwellers will be left", he adds gloomily.

The recent revival of pagan Germanic deities may be indicated by the following lines:—

"In Germany will spring up different sects,

Strongly resembling a happy paganism."



But what is this strange quatrain,  
which follows:

"A new sect of philosophers,  
Despising death, honour, and  
riches,

Will have the support of followers  
and (printing) presses."

Is this some prophetic pointer to  
the influence of Indian thought on Eu-  
rope now making itself felt in ever-  
widening ripples?

The book goes on to detail many  
other predictions made by astrologers  
and clairvoyants nearer to our own  
time. Most of them seem to agree  
that the worst war of all is yet to  
come, but in consolation it will be  
followed by the appearance of a great  
spiritual leader. These recurrent pro-  
phesies of the destruction of old con-  
ditions are therefore balanced by their  
hopes of the coming of a new age.  
How far these statements are correct  
we must leave to the test of time. As-  
trology as a "science" is still frag-  
mentary and however great be the  
mystery of destiny, greater still is the  
mystery of Man himself. The anxious  
fears and transient hopes which are  
our reward for delving into the veiled  
future are better replaced by the  
sublime serenity which results from  
anchoring the mind in the deep  
waters of the divine Self, the Atman.

Paul Brunton.



## Among Mystics and Spiritualists

By PAUL BRUNTON.

WE still look to the lands of the rising sun as lands holding both mystery and magic, despite the inevitable and unavoidable incursion of Western ways of thought, life and action.

Though Oriental beliefs and customs are everywhere being sapped by this impact, there remains a diminishing residue of occult tradition and spiritual culture. The exponents of these latter have largely forsaken the cities and retired to quieter places in the interior. The traveller who is interested in studying them and their lore can find them if he is willing to go off the beaten track.)

SPIRITUALISM in its common Western forms is little known in India. By that I mean we do not find seances held in darkened rooms, we do not come across little groups of people sitting around a table in a home circle or around a Medium in a public circle, and we do not hear of trance addresses and public clairvoyance. It is only lately that this sort of thing has been introduced into India and then only through the pioneer efforts of the indefatigable and gifted Mr. V. D. Rishi, who has formed the Indian Spiritualist Society. Its influence, however, is very slight, although it will certainly extend itself greatly in the future.

In contrast to India, one finds a vast amount of Spiritualistic practice in China, due in part to the cult of Ancestor Worship which prevails in many parts of that country. The planchette, for instance, is very well known in China and the Chinese call it "the flying spirit-pencil." Then, the Chinese belief is that the Ego, the individual, turns into a ghost-being, the *kwei* as they call it, which keeps in the sphere of this earth and may be contacted through mediumistic seances. The Chinese Spiritualists go even further than this, for they also seek direct messages from the gods themselves at these seances.

To return to India, one may say that a good deal of the phenomena which have been produced in Spiritualist circles of Europe and America can also be found in that country—with this difference that in the latter case they are frequently ascribed to the magical powers of the Faqueers themselves. These Faqueers do not usually call themselves Mediums but claim to exercise their own supernormal faculties and powers. Nevertheless, they do not deny their contact with spirits, or *pitris* as they call them, but say that they control the spirits and use them, instead of being controlled and used themselves as our Mediums are.







**H**UNDREDS of men — young, middle-aged and old — have written and told me of the wonderful things they could do, of their good character and excellent abilities. But all their letters sing one refrain: "If only I had a chance."

In a vague kind of way they are all looking for some sort of a better job. It is one of the greatest tragedies of which I know, those fine fellows sitting down waiting to be discovered, waiting for their first big "chance." Chance keeps a waiting-list so long that it reaches right round the world—and then again. And she will keep them waiting, too, don't worry.

The way to woo her is to win her. And the only way most men have found to do this is to study hard, to make themselves efficient at something worth-while, to get hold of a special bit of knowledge that the world is willing to buy.

Only a bare few of these men who have written me have described the better job they want. And they are the men who will get it. They have picked out the target, are aiming the gun of self-preparation at it, and before long they will hit it.

There is no reason at all why anybody should not go out for a position higher up—except his own lack of ambition. If you do not want to improve your position then nothing can be done for you. Adverse circumstances, crippling environ-

cannot always be helped, and can therefore be forgiven: but the demon of Self-Doubt and the incubus of Apathy are avoidable and cannot be forgiven.

### To serve more— know more

If you want to help yourself get on in the world, make yourself of greater value to the world. You may wander from Manchester to Madagascar but you cannot evade this law—the Law of Cause and Effect. In whatever community you find yourself, the greater the service you can render the greater shall be your reward. And to serve more—study more, know more. People will pay you for it. If you can serve them well, they will pay you well.

Perhaps to-day you find yourself with a curtain of mist falling between you and your future.

Why?

I will tell you.

Two things are missing from your equipment. I know that they are missing because if you had them you would be: first, sure of yourself; and second, sure of your future.

The first is **COURAGE**.

The second is **KNOWLEDGE**.

With the first you can go out into life and perhaps fail, and go back and back again, and still go back until you succeed at last. With the second you become worthwhile, and incidentally worth more.

To get on you need courage. The thing that takes your hands and locks steel handcuffs around them and keeps you prisoner in a gloomy cell is Fear.

And yet, my friend, you are right in fearing to venture after new paths. For unless courage is backed by knowledge it is like steam hissing aimlessly into the air, instead of driving a hundred-ton locomotive.

So, if you are wise you will try to get these two things. If you are fond of arithmetic look at it this way: Courage + Knowledge = Success.

### You CAN rise up

What you have been in the past, what you are to-day, does not really matter. You may have held the most menial position life can offer a man—but still you can try. And win, too.

"Gentlemen," said George Stephenson—the railway pioneer—in once addressing an audience of mechanics in the City of Leeds, "I stand before you as a humble mechanic. I commenced my career on a lower level than any man here. The humblest of you occupies a much more

favourable position than I had on commencing my life of labour. I make this remark to encourage you to do what I have done—to persevere. The civil engineer has many difficulties to contend with in the course of his work, but if the man wishes to rise to the higher grades of his profession, he must never set any difficulties before him. Obstacles may appear but the engineer must prepare to throw them overboard or to conquer them."

I quote these words because Stephenson knew from the agony of experience about what he was talking. He became the wealthy and powerful associate of millionaires. Yet his first wages were twopence per day. He built his own great fortune out of the *knowledge* he got from books studied in the days when he was a cowherd.

(more)



This same principle is at work everywhere. The clerk who has dipped his pen in the same ink-pot on the same desk for twenty years may sigh into space—"If only I had a chance"—but he will go on sighing for a further period of twenty years, perchance, unless he wakes up and gives himself a chance. Directly he begins to better himself and his knowledge, his conditions will begin to better themselves.

When a man makes a big success everybody talks about him. But when he was sitting in his lonely room at night, struggling at the leash in his endeavour to give him success, nobody talked about him. The crowd is willing to gather around his magnificent automobile and voice its envy; it is not so willing to go home and sweat its brain and blood as he did.

## Your purse is in your clock

Some complain of lack of time. "I should like very much to study and get on," they write me, "but really I haven't much time." After a close cross-examination I usually find that they are so busily occupied doing this and that, that they have no time to do the one thing that matters. The petty, the trivial, the frivolous, claim their attention. They dare not sacrifice a moment from their round of games, when the greatest game of all—Life—is still waiting to be played. First things first.

Time is like a great treasury. Put nothing of value into it and you will get nothing out. Put study and self-training into it and at the very least you can draw out promotion; at the most you may make a fortune.

Your purse is in your clock. Squander the time that ticks away so quickly and you lose the money which could have gone into that purse. The successful



man's day was not a minute longer than yours. It held the same chances and the same temptations. Failure and success are timed by the same clock. Use your time aright. The fact is that the less time you give to striving for success, the less you will get.

You are made or marred by the way you use your spare time.

It is hard for people to realise this, I know. When we are in the midst of a

thing we do not see it. Perspective is necessary. And that is what I always endeavour to give them—perspective. It can be got because you can will yourself into anything.

Why should you expect the world to pay you more money unless you have more to sell? If you are in a low-paid class the only way to lift yourself out of it is to master one or two things which the other men in that class do not know. You can use your evenings to build a ladder out of the dismal pit in which Circumstance may have placed you. And the top rung of that ladder, when you reach it, will be ample compensation for the hours when you refused to fool away your time.

Other letters we get are veritable dirges of despondency. "In the good old days," I am informed by these authorities, "competition was far less strenuous and opportunities were far more plentiful. But to-day—???"

## Bygone days

It is about time that some pen, more learned and more expert than mine, took up this myth of the "good old days" and blotted it out of sight for ever. I am not so certain that they were good. I completely agree that they were old—so old that even in those times they were hung with cob-webs. I have a faint suspicion that my mournful correspondents would think twice and thrice before they repeated such a story. In days when an imputation was accompanied by blood-curdling screams and the bleeding stump dipped in boiling pitch; when loathsome plagues swept across Europe because the learned ones were delving into the mysteries of hair-splitting philosophies which did not exist outside of their own craniums instead of delving into the mysteries of hygiene; when Ambition found forbidding walls of caste and class hemming it in; when if you were born in a peasant's hut it was ten to one that you would stay in it for life.

The good old days—there were none! And to move a little nearer to our own times, if you will think of the epoch of fifty years ago, when "competition was far less strenuous," as we are told, because the population was much less,

(more)



## Success article, continued:

do you realise that the possible openings for a man's hands and brain were likewise far less? Hundreds of occupations simply did not exist; hundreds more were in their infancy and could not support more than a bare few; whilst the vast millions of the industrial population lived in a manner of which their grandchildren would be ashamed to-day. And methinks there were dark troubles stinging that period which are unknown today.

Really, times are as good to-day as they were then. Unemployment is not a phase of the twentieth century. Study the economic history of the entire nineteenth century and you will find that, in proportion to the total number of people at the time, it has been as grave on occasions as it is to-day. But whatever the century, whatever the epoch—whether pre-war or post-war—this one thing you will always find: unemployment is little likely to harm the efficient man who has mastered something which the world wants to buy, and which it will want more than ever ten years later.

### Be efficient

The man who has nothing to sell but his own ignorance, plus the strength of his hands, can be found by the million. At every scare of unemployment he suffers first.

The man who has a mechanical understanding of one petty scrap of routine can be found by the thousand. At every scare of unemployment he suffers second.

The man who has looked ahead and trained himself accordingly; who possesses a special knowledge that takes time to get, is accordingly hard to find. He snaps his fingers at every scare of unemployment.

Do not sigh for the opportunities of your grandfather's time. Can you not see that your own are at least just as many; that the horizon of our complex society ever recedes the nearer you move towards it?

Every new industry represents a new opportunity. Great enterprises to-day are pouring their millions into the laps of the people. We live in a wizard's age and we do not know it. Our modern magicians create huge industries for us, almost overnight. And still our trite copybooks bleat—"The age of miracles is past." Our chemical wizards peer into a heap of coal and wave their wands and lo!—subtle perfumes, brilliant dyes and valuable drugs fly out. Does all this mean nothing to you?

If it means anything at all, it means work, wages, money, trade—it means a hundred other things to the increased population of to-day.

New industries yet, representing thousands of new opportunities, are hiding to-day behind the veil of the dawn. To-morrow an adventurous hand will seize and bring them forth into the land. Commerce, too, wears seven-leagued boots to-day. She gathers a score of firms into one net and produces a business Goliath. If you want to keep up with her strides, train and prepare yourself. A new type of business man, who can visualise in terms of multiples where once he thought in terms of units, is coming to be needed. Will you be ready? It is the early-trained man who catches the worm.

Much as we may regret the fact, but whether we like it or not, the field of business is becoming a battlefield. Nature's red and ruthless law—the survival of the fittest—will leave dark stains on this field. But the man who has qualified himself for the new conditions has donned a suit of armour for the fight.

### The thrills of business

Business is the most thrilling adventure the world offers the average man. A hairbreadth escape in the African jungle is something you can read about but are not likely to experience. A hold upon the throttle of a great concern, with the fortunes and the bread of thousands dependent upon your skill, is something which you can experience, if you will. Business building is a game. Fit yourself to play it efficiently. How else can you hope to win?

The world's great prizes in the future will go to the business man.



(more)



We need perspective. The throbbing events going on to-day in the business world are too close to us. We find it hard to realise how pregnant they are with opportunities.

And so, I would say again: get courage, get knowledge. In the white heat of awakened ambition you can determine your future. "The gods sell anything to everybody," announces Emerson, "at a fair price."

Democracy has flung us all into the arena. The struggle is more or less equal, but the strugglers are not. Opportunities exist for all, but all do not exist for the opportunities.

Give yourself a chance—by study, by intelligent effort, by specialised training—and Chance will give herself to you!

(end)



# The Three Careers of LORD BEAVERBROOK.

By OSIRIS. (*Paul Brunton*)



LORD BEAVERBROOK

**L**ORD Beaverbrook makes money as easily as other people make mistakes.

He enters the world of business, a boy without a penny to his name. By the age of thirty he is already a millionaire.

There are really three Beaverbrooks.

The first is Beaverbrook the Financier.

He started work at an early age in an office in Halifax, Canada. So pronounced were his abilities that he attracted the attention of John E. Stair, a local financier, who took him into his business. The lad rose quickly and eventually became a partner. On the older man's death young Max Aitken (as Beaverbrook was then) cast around for a wider field to till. He moved to Montreal, already the possessor of a small fortune. In 1907 he got a seat on the Stock Exchange. In 1910 he prepared a merger of the principal cement mills under the name of Canada Cement Company. This accomplishment brought him great wealth at a single stroke. It also ended his career as an astute financier.

## He Becomes an M.P.

The second is Beaverbrook the Politician.

He came to England and got himself elected to Parliament, after a sensational victory at Ashton-under-Lyne. Bonar Law

selected him as his Private Secretary. They became staunch friends. When the question of who should be leader of the Conservative Party arose, Aitken had much more influence in getting Law chosen than most people knew at the time. And this despite the strong rival claims of Austen Chamberlain and Walter Long.

By 1916, as Sir Max Aitken, he had obtained such power that he brought about the fall of a government. He did it in this way.

He was at the Front as official Canadian Observer. The unsatisfactory and even tragic conditions which he saw there shocked him. He knew they could be remedied. He returned to England, brought Lloyd George, Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson together, told them the truth, and with them helped to overthrow the Asquith Government, which was responsible. In the result Lloyd George came in as Premier, pledged to a more vigorous conduct of the war. For this Aitken was made a Baron. Later he gained Ministerial rank, in charge of Information and Propaganda.

With the armistice he suddenly resigned from the Cabinet, abandoned politics and retired from the scenes.

## And Buys a Newspaper.

The third is Beaverbrook the Journalist.

When he appeared in Fleet Street the wise and experienced gentlemen of that region smiled—and went their way. Many wealthy men had arrived here before. But they had found that a newspaper could easily be a huge sink into which money could inconveniently drain away. Yet the smilers little knew that a genius had come into their midst.

He took up the *Daily Express*. It was in a sorry state. The circulation was wretchedly small. Its influence was comparatively insignificant. Its finances were so bad that it had twice been in a state of liquidation and unable to meet liabilities.

Beaverbrook waved his wand over the building in Shoe Lane, over the editors and managers and staff, over the printed pages and, finally, over the British public. The shabby aura of failure was cast out of the



You cannot know too much about anything. Learn all you can. Many people don't even know what they expect to be paid for. Look tidy. An untidy appearance makes an employer think you have an untidy brain.

Have courage to go on. Do not grumble at your lot—improve it. Life is what you make it. Keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth shut. Do not watch the clock. Be optimistic. Have faith. Trust yourself. Keep out of ruts—remember, I had 29 jobs before I found my vocation. He who takes no chances takes no prizes. I know! You will say these are all platitudes. They are.

There is no country in the world where you can make easier for success than England. And after you have made good there is no country so delightful to live in.

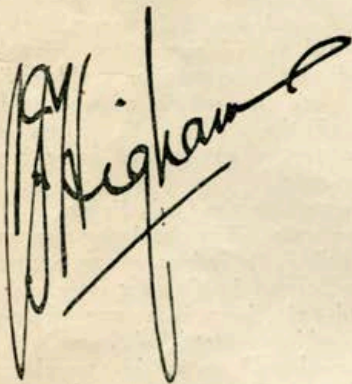
But you cannot succeed unless you make up your mind that "I will go on and on, and I will hitch my wagon to a star." Some of the most successful men of to-day have risen from pit-boys—have come from the lowest rung of the ladder. The secret of their success is fixing a point. Go straight on, play the game, do what you can; fighting, never being afraid, and never ashamed of your honest convictions. Make your way, stick to it, fight on; never mind the grumblers. Do not grumble because you did not have a university education—some grumble because they did!

Make up your mind to win and you will. The way to success is a straight line and a straight character and darned hard work.

## HE CAN WHO THINKS HE CAN

*If you think you're beaten, you are;  
If you think you dare not, you don't;  
If you'd like to win, but think you can't  
It's almost a cert you won't,  
If you think you will lose, you're lost,  
For out in the world you find  
Success begins with a fellow's will—  
It's all in the state of mind.  
Full many a race is lost  
Ere ever a step is run;  
And many a coward fails  
Ere ever his work's begun.  
Think big and your deed will grow,  
Think small and you'll fall behind;  
Think that you can and you will,  
It's all in the state of mind.  
If you think you're outclassed, you are;  
You've got to think high to rise;  
You've got to be sure of yourself before  
You ever can win a prize.  
Life's battles don't always go  
To the stronger or faster man;  
Sooner or later the man who wins,  
Is the fellow who THINKS he can.*

**THERE IS NO FAILURE—**  
except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose . . . How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, persistent effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In life, sometimes, prospects may seem darkest when they really are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success.





paper. He charmed new life into it. Soon people began to take notice of the *Daily Express*, to look at it increasingly and then to buy it. Within a few years he built it up into a powerful national newspaper, wielding tremendous influence. Its circulation has increased five-fold. And it is now a highly valuable financial property.

When its chief proprietor had sniffed something of the tang of the "Street of Ink" he started a second journal, the *Sunday Express*, in 1921. Its initial struggles were so arduous and so prolonged that perhaps another man would have dropped it after awhile. But he would not admit failure. He stuck to the paper and eventually pulled it round. It is now an established popular weekly.

A third paper which he secured control of later was the *Evening Standard*. He put his impress on it in such a way that it is now one of our best London evening journals.

Having had three careers in one lifetime Beaverbrook dropped journalism and again retired from the scenes.

To-day he is apparently doing nothing. He talks of "the waning sunset of my old age" though only 49. He sits apart, an inscrutable observer. The gleaming river of life flows before him but he does not care to dip his bucket into the waters again. He wears a smile that says: "I have seen all and known all." Has he eaten all the fruit of ambition—and perhaps found it wanting? Will he re-appear in some other arena, to achieve success anew, or is he tired of it all?

Several years ago Lord Beaverbrook wrote a series of articles in the *Sunday Express* in which he summarised his ideas upon success. Because one thought minted from the mind of a man who has done something worthwhile is worth a thousand from the mind of one who has done nothing, it should be a few minutes well-spent to take up a few of these ideas woven, as it were, into a chaplet of pearls. Perhaps you can learn something from them that could be applied to your own personal life. Here they are:

### His Success Maxims.

"WHAT is success in the affairs of the world—how is it attained and how can it be enjoyed? I have tried with all sincerity to answer the question out of my own experience. I address myself to the young men of the new age. Those who have youth also possess opportunity. There is in the

British Empire to-day no bar to success which resolution cannot break. The young clerk has the key of success in his pocket, if he has the courage and the ability to turn the lock which leads to the Temple of Success. The wide world of business and finance is open to him. Any public dinner or meeting contains hundreds of men who can succeed if they will only observe the rules which govern achievement.

A career to-day is open to talent, for there is no heredity in finance, commerce or industry. The Succession and Death duties are wiping out those reserves by which old-fashioned businesses warded off from themselves for two or three generations the result of hereditary incompetence.

Ability is bound to be recognised from whatever source it springs. The struggle is too intense and the battle too world-wide to prevent individual efficiency playing a bigger and better role.

### Fate and Free Will.

Like all human affairs success is partly a matter of predestination and partly of free will. You cannot make the genius but you can either improve or destroy it; and most men and women possess the assets which can be turned into success.

The greatest quality is Judgment. For round judgment there cluster many hundred qualities, like the setting round a jewel: the capacity to read the hearts of men; to draw an inexhaustible fountain of wisdom from every particle of experience in the past, and turn the current of this knowledge into the dynamic action of the future. In the ultimate resort judgment is the power to assimilate knowledge and to use it.

Industry is the servant of judgment. The true secret of industry well-applied is concentration, and there are many well-known ways of learning that art. Industry can be acquired; it should never be squandered.

But health is the foundation both of judgment and industry—and therefore of success. And without health everything is difficult. Who can exercise a sound judgment if he is feeling irritable in the morning? Who can work hard if he is suffering from a perpetual feeling of malaise?

The future lies with the people who will take exercise, and not too much exercise. No ordinary man can hope to succeed who does not work his body in moderation. The danger of the athlete is to believe that in kicking a goal he has won the game of life.

(continued on page 32.)



# The Labourer Who Became Employer of 100,000 Men.

By FRANK M. JOHNSON



The man who began his life as a poor boy in a village of 100,000 people, who became a millionaire, and who is now one of the great industrial leaders of the world.

His name is John D. Rockefeller, and he is now one of the great industrial leaders of the world.

He was born in 1839, in a village of 100,000 people, and he became a millionaire. He is now one of the great industrial leaders of the world.

He was born in 1839, in a village of 100,000 people, and he became a millionaire. He is now one of the great industrial leaders of the world.

## Looking for the Future

When he was a boy, he was looking for the future. He was looking for the future.

He was looking for the future. He was looking for the future. He was looking for the future.



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## An Architectural Ramble in London.

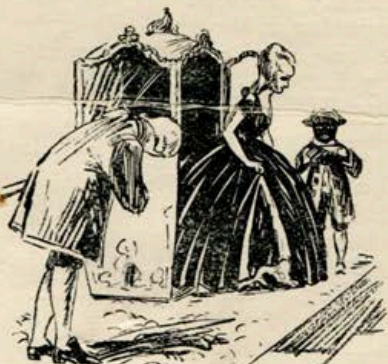
LET us wander away from the old churches and public buildings about which so much has been written and try to find some architectural beauties amid the lesser houses that are London's heritage. Old London is disappearing faster than we know, and those American visitors who would enjoy a peep at its elegant Georgian dwellings or stately Jacobean houses should discover what there is to be seen to-day, for tomorrow it may be gone.

All over the older parts of the town a great eruption of building and rebuilding is destroying for ever the handiwork of those honest builders and skilful architects who have given England high fame for their crafts. So the traveller seeking to understand somewhat of the viewpoint of the long-gone people of the Old World could not catch their spirit more perfectly than by studying a little the homes they erected wherein to spend their lives.

What could be more fitting than to begin your pilgrimage from Westminster, which is nearly as old as London town, and grew up by its side? Turn off Millbank, which runs along by the Thames, and go down into Barton Street. Here you can steep yourself in the atmosphere of early Georgian days and imagine the ladies pass you by, clad in hooped skirts, and faces adorned with beauty patches.

Their homes have been finely kept to this day, and the outside fronts tended with sympathetic care, so that you are seeing them exactly as the old gentlemen with powdered perukes and lace ruffles saw them in the year 1722, when they were built. True, they are only little houses, and hardly any attempt at external ornament has been made; yet they succeed in being very effective, in the artistic sense. Notice particularly the vase-topped wrought iron railings of the period.

Now pass round the corner into what is really a continuation of Barton Street, but is called Cowley Street. It is a little haven of peace and quietude. Here the builders have made some effort at ornamenting the fronts, particularly with nicely-moulded curved brackets to support the small hoods that overhang the doorways. These brick fronts are dark with time, but the red window-arches still give their





tive more or less as it was in the Garden of Eden before the serpent came there, and the Sun is the god he urges you to worship. He denounces the wearing of apparel as unnecessary and an abomination. He has already served several terms in prison through attempting on his own account to practise this religion in the midst of a civilised community that refuses to worship the Sun, and is determined that this subtle attack on drapers and men's tailors shall not succeed. Now you come to a bunch of three or four platforms, each holding a large attendance, and you imagine from what you hear that the country is on the verge of revolution. But you need not be alarmed; it has not yet quite come to that. These platforms bear such titles as "The Hyde Park Socialists Platform," "Workers of the World Unite," and so forth. If the British Government has any faults, here you will learn all about them. Soviet Russia you will hear extolled as the Great Land of Enlightenment; affairs in China gleefully referred to as the beginning of the break-up of the British Empire—India practically lost to it, and what were once British Colonies, now independent states that will have none of the rule of King George. You will hear the British Prime Minister and the members of his cabinet abused by name as men paid by the capitalists to assist in grinding down the workers. You will be told that the latter exist in a state of starvation, and have

only rags in which to clad themselves. You will hear every country praised by these men except their own, and, it should be added, America, for it would be contrary to policy to praise a land where the workers are prosperous, and capitalism rampant. All this is what is called "Free Speech." You may wonder what is understood by "seditious speech." When the Facist organisation holds a meeting in the Park, this is usually planted in juxtaposition to the outermost of these socialist or communist gatherings, and assailing epithets are freely exchanged between the rival spokesmen. Then at the end of it all, when the Facists join in singing the National Anthem, the others burst into "The Red Flag" or the "Internationale," until tempers become too strained, and what is vulgarly called a "scrap" ensues. But the police have these affairs well in hand, a few minutes of mild excitement seeing the trouble over.

After all this "jazz" you may probably be in the mood for some real music, and this you can obtain by walking five minutes across the park, where an excellent band plays in the afternoon and evenings at this time of the year, and where you will find thousands of perfectly peaceful folk listening to it, not in the least aware there is so much the matter with their country as you have just been told by so many orators there actually is.



pleasing contrast. The quaint little dormer windows in the roof project so far out that they seem to have an existence of their own. A short walk will bring you next to Smith Square. Those who remember this fine early Georgian square not so many years back must have been grieved to see it lose its distinctive character almost entirely. Practically only one side now remains as a memorial of its olden beauty. However, part of this side is a fine block of four houses whose mellow fronts done in small-sized bricks show how attractive brick buildings can still be when erected with the taste and charm of those days. The builders of two hundred years ago fixed the window-frames, for instance, flush with the walls. When painted, the effect was to heighten the pleasant contrast of colour. Another feature often found in rows of early Georgian houses is that they never pall on account of uniformity. Observe how each doorway is different. Characteristic of the period are the old wrought area railings and bracketted entrance hoods.

If now you take the direction of St. James' Park, crossing Victoria Street, make a halt at Queen Anne's Gate. These fine dwellings were put up 220 years ago as the town houses of fashionable folk who also had seats somewhere in the country. Here the noteworthy features are large elaborately-carved door canopies of a design seldom seen elsewhere, such as the fine pattern at No. 30. At No. 28 there is a

beautiful arched lamp standard in wrought iron, rising from each side of the entrance and finishing in a scroll. Those were the dim days when every good householder hung an oil lantern outside to assist visitors to find his place. The iron torch-extinguishers that are still to be found upon some old London houses also remind us of a time when link-boys carried the lights for such rash folk as ventured out after dark. The old nobility were rather attached to their torchlights, and in the case of Grosvenor Square the aristocratic inhabitants only adopted gas lighting as late as the middle of last century. Even then it was done under compulsion.

The stone faces set over the windows of the lower storeys in Queen Anne's Gate, and the red brick quoins and reveals give just the right touch of colour.

In St. James' Square, where we shall next go, our interest is claimed by two examples of the copying from Greek architecture that set in during the middle of the eighteenth century. At No. 20, a dignified mansion worthy of the aristocrats of that day, and built in 1772, we find a reflection of the same fine proportions and graceful modelling that characterised the Greek styles. It was one of the results of the return of Robert Adam from his Continental travels and studies. He designed this building as a harmonious blend of his own earlier style and the Greek. It has flat reeded Corinthian pilasters in Portland stone. The ceilings are ornamented with



sumptuous plasterwork. At No. 15 (built in 1760), on the same side of the square, we see again a tall house with time-mellowed stone front and the Greek influence notable in the four graceful round pilasters on the upper storeys. However, it is not so successful a blend as No. 20.

Near the east side of Bond Street there is a rather large brick building, No. 9, Clifford Street. It strongly witnesses the Italian taste of 1735 that sought for elegance and lightness. The architect concentrated his attention on the part that would be most seen—the wide entrance portal with its rounded wooden columns and graceful lamp standard, making it the most attractive feature in a rather plain elevation.

Whilst on our pilgrimage eastward do not fail to notice the picturesque Georgian shop front at No. 34, Haymarket. It is a fine specimen of a high-class tobacconist's shop of those days carried out in Adam style. The little double bay windows are a far cry from the massive emporiums of to-day. Note the fanlight over the entrance made in the form of a cobweb.

No. 32, Soho Square, is a rather quaint piece of work by the brothers Robert and John Adam, built for Lord Mayor Beckford in 1767, and incorporating upon its exterior some of the latter's peculiar ideas. The interior is more interesting. It contains some beautifully-designed chimney-pieces, architraves and decorated ceilings. There is one

interesting ceiling shaped as an oval with the figures of four boys in relief carrying flowers, a bird, water and fire respectively, to symbolise the natural elements.

To go farther back in time there are some houses in Great Queen Street which were put up in 1650 by John Webb, in imitation of the style of Inigo Jones, then the architect of the day. Of course modern shopfronts have been added in most cases. Nos. 27, 28 and 29 are fine examples with good cornices. What a different world there is just round the corner in Kingsway, built nearly three centuries later, and bearing the impress of modern American influence.

It is in the "City" that we can expect to find the oldest houses, and we shall not be disappointed. Hatton Garden has a school-house built in 1696 at the corner of Cross Street. It is in a fine state of preservation, and consists of a square red-brick building with stone quoins and stone doorways. There are very quaint coloured effigies of little scholars set over the doors. The large windows are broken up into small squares as was customary. In this street early Georgian houses are common. No. 29 shows to good advantage with its elaborate entrance, consisting of fluted Corinthian pilasters, heavily carved capitals, and a sweeping fanlight; for in architecture a much-enriched feature needs a simple background.

Penetrating further into the city, Nevill's Court, a passage on the left side of Fetter Lane, claims our attention for a group of



quaint old buildings. These appear to have been erected somewhere about the year 1600, and possibly the attractive little gardens in front helped to save them from the Great Fire of 1666. With plastered walls, projecting upper storeys, and trim wooden garden fences, they look as though they had been bodily lifted out of the pleasant English countryside and set down here in the midst of the city's turmoil. No. 10 is more imposing, but was put up later, most probably about 1680.

Still travelling eastwards, between Cannon Street and the river lies College Hill. Nos. 21 and 22 on the hill are excellent specimens of a merchant's dwelling of the year 1700. There is a handsome staircase and finely panelled rooms. The carved door-head is very fine—an oval hood on carved brackets with festoons of fruit and flowers surmounted by a Cupid's head. At No. 4 in the same street there is a carved wood pediment of a highly elaborate nature over the entrance, and also belonging to the Later Renaissance period.

A two-minute walk brings us to Laurence Pountney Hill, where Nos. 1 and 2 date from 1703. They are worth visiting by all who can experience the fascination of charming woodwork for the doorways here are extremely beautiful, and of a kind that is becoming very rare. One of these canopies is dated, and both are wrought into shell shapes.

There is a dignified old red brick mansion that was built for the wealthy citizen of 1700, lying a little way aside from Mark Lane, but numbered 32 and 33 in the latter street. As befits an important dwelling it has a long forecourt, a finely-carved doorway, panelled hall and patterned staircase. Once the home of a great City grandee, it is now let out as offices. The influence of Sir Christopher Wren is very apparent in the design, and it may be from his hand. Most of the carving is in oak.

Hidden in unnoticed nooks, and lost amid their pushful modern neighbours, are still more prim old houses that speak in quiet tones to those who understand them.



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## Exclusive Interview with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

(The Creator of "Sherlock Holmes.")

"SIR Arthur Conan Doyle will see you at about twelve o'clock in the morning in the 'Psychic Bookshop,' I was advised.

The "Psychic Bookshop" is in the very centre of the British Empire under the shadow of Westminster Abbey. Elderly ladies and serious looking men come and go therein, searching for the latest "spiritualist food." At the end of the little shop I found Sir Arthur, the leader of the spiritualists, sitting at a little desk writing an article. In order not to waste one moment I plunged right away in *medias res*.

"How long is it," I asked, "since you interested yourself in spiritualism?"

"It is now well over thirty years that I began to be interested in it," Sir Arthur answered. "But at first I attached no more importance to it than to any other exotic thing. I did not realise that it was the one subject in the world which was of extreme, of desperate importance to every member of the human race. The war came. I understood it then. I had already given my life to the subject before disaster came my own way. I was entering Nottingham Town Hall to lecture on Spiritualism when I got the telegram of my son's death.

It was difficult to carry on—but I did. No doubt he helped me through and the audience never guessed. It was a year later that he first came through at a Seance. It was his voice—his voice, and an embrace. After that we spoke to him often, discussing intimate family matters. I also saw my mother, I saw her more distinctly than I can see you now. Look here, I got a photograph under test conditions of my son after his death. Here he is. Death? There is no such thing. They are still alive, and trying to make an idiotic world realise it.

"I give all my time and attention to the cause I have set my heart upon," Sir Arthur continued: "and this is the teaching of the new religion which will tell mankind what is to happen in the world that comes after our death. This is really far more important than anything else in life. People are absolutely ignorant of what is going to happen to them after they are dead. Well, I for one do want to know what is going to happen to me. Personally I am more certain of the things which are to happen to me after my death than I would be of things which would happen to me should I undertake a journey to South America.



street Sir Christopher Wren, the most honoured English architect, built himself a house after the Great Fire of London. Here also, Sir Edward Burne-Jones brought his bride to live at No. 62, and then painted those vividly-coloured mediaeval - flavoured pictures which surprised England and some of which are now housed at the Tate Gallery.

Russell Square is rapidly losing its residential character and becoming a purely business district. A good deal about its olden life may be gathered from that fine novel of Thackeray's called *Vanity Fair*, wherein it largely figures. No. 21 is a tragic house, for here Sir Samuel Romilly, the boy clerk who rose to be the greatest lawyer of his day, committed suicide three days after the death of his wife. At No. 65 dwelt Sir Thomas Lawrence from 1805 till 1830. Lawrence painted most of the distinguished men and beautiful ladies of the age, and here he received them for sittings. Some of his work can be seen at the National Portrait Gallery.

Crossing Southampton Row we pass into the district about Queen Square, which is the oldest and most attractive part of Bloomsbury. Here there is still somewhat of the old-world charm and repose. Queen Square itself still keeps a memory of this in the fact that the northern side was not built upon, so that the inhabitants could always look out upon the fine range of hills that girdle London on the northern side; now, alas, there is no such view.

At the southern end of the square is the Church of St.

George the Martyr, which has certainly one of the most undistinguished elevations in London, architecturally speaking. It was built in 1705, and so named partly out of compliment to one of its founders, who had been Governor of Fort St. George in India. The whole district around was once a highly fashionable quarter, with fine mansions and aristocratic inhabitants. The tide of wealth and fashion has, however, flowed westwards, so that what were once great houses are to-day poor tenements.

Yet it is not too hard to imagine the coaches and Sedan-chairs setting down the well-dressed persons of quality from the neighbourhood at the church door, attended by the black servants then fashionable, who held their mistress' fan, scent bottle and prayer book. In those early days there were coffee houses in Great Ormond Street, which runs into the Square, thronged with bewigged and silk-stockinged notables, wearing swords and bearing canes and snuff-boxes.

At No. 20, Queen Square, the famous Dr. Campbell held his salon, to which Dr. Johnson often came to tea, bandying his heavy wit with the other eminent litterateurs and scientists to be found there.

In 1784 a tremendous sensation was caused when the great Seal of England was stolen from the library of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who was living at No. 45, Great Ormond Street.

This street is also remarkable for the very fine Georgian doorways still existing. It was built in 1708, and the original wrought-iron torch extinguishers, lamp-



## KEY TO LONDON

holders, and area railings still grace the fronts of several houses.

John Howard, who travelled the prisons of Europe in efforts to better their conditions, dwelt here from 1777 till 1790, at No. 23. Another reforming movement, the Anti-Slave movement, had its headquarters here in the house of Lord Macaulay's father, then No. 52, but now pulled down to make room for a hospital.

Thackeray has written a good deal about Bloomsbury in his novels; he knew it well, for after getting married he lived at 13, Coram Street, and other houses here. Charles Dickens, too, finished *Pickwick Papers* and wrote *Nicholas Nickleby* at 48, Doughty Street, which can be examined by interested visitors.

In 1822 there came to London and lodged at No. 19, Gloucester Street, a young man whose preaching astonished the leaders of society, and who claimed miraculous powers. He practically founded a new sect, and his followers built him a beautiful church in Venetian Gothic style called the Catholic Apostolic Church, in Gordon Square, not far from here. This man was Edward Irving. The church is well worth a visit on account of its fine interior.

Another Scotchman who thought to try his luck in London, Thomas Carlyle, brought his precious manuscript of *Sartor Resartus* with him in 1831, and lodged at 6, Woburn Buildings, just on the very boundary of Bloomsbury. Three minutes' walk away, another distinguished lodger arrived in 1815 at No. 26, Marchmont Street. This was no other than the angel-like poet Percy Bysshe Shelley, together with his wife, Mary Godwin. Here a first baby was born and died.

A grand-daughter of the Great Protector, and daughter of Richard Cromwell, who succeeded him, named Anne, lies buried in the quaint old English burial ground situated in St. George's Gardens, behind the Foundling Hospital. Her simple tombstone carries us back 250 years.

And so we close our little pilgrimage and hurry westwards into the huge and noisy machine that is London to-day.



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## UNDER THE READING LAMP : A CAUSERIE

WHAT is the condition of occult studies in contemporary France? It is interesting to an alien observer to cast a glance at the medley of cults which form the "advanced thought" phalanx among our Gallic neighbours. Monsieur E. Gascoin has brought out the sixth edition of his informative work, *Les Religions inconnues* (Librairie Gallimard, 12 francs), wherein he provides an intriguing picture, or rather a series of detached sketches. He describes the different cults in turn and writes always with that delightful verve and facile humour which we are accustomed to find in cross-Channel literary productions.

The Martinists appear to be one of the most influential occult fraternities. English students will already be familiar with their doctrines through the writings of Mr. A. E. Waite and Dr. Encausse ("Papus"). M. Gascoin tells us that they explore the astral plane, commune with the nature-spirits of fire and water, and hold more than a nodding acquaintance with Chamaliel, Prince of Venus. They practise magic, but, since the ends in view are strictly moral, it is of the white variety. The fraternity takes its name from its founder, one Martinez de Pasqualis. He came to Paris and held daylight séances, traced ritualistic circles, wrote down sacred communications from the angels, and withal prayed to Christ humbly and fervently. The Hermetists are also a strong occult group. They profess to study the ancient lore of alchemy in the light of modern chemistry and physics. Monsieur Jollivet-Castellot is their leader. I remember the sensation which was caused some time ago when he was called to give evidence at the trial of a Polish pseudo-chemist in Paris. The latter was unable to justify his claims after spending many thousands of francs belonging to his patrons, and found himself in the dock as a consequence.

Spiritualism comes in for some attention, and, though on the increase, one notes that it has not made anything like the headway which it has made in Britain. Then the author sketches briefly the history of modern theosophy. The latter does not progress much in France nowadays. The author commends its ideal of universal brotherhood, but, looking across the Rhine, shakes his head dubiously. There exist some curious Christian offshoots which are semi-occult in character. The Liberal Catholic and the Apostolical Catholic Churches are known also in England, but the Army of the Eternal and the Millenniumists have yet to spread their wings. There is a well-established sect called the Antoinistes who are doing good healing work. They were called into being a half-century ago by a Belgian workman named Antoine, who was favoured by a revelation at the age of forty-two. He discovered a fluidic "atmosphere" around every human being which was the true seat of disease. By means of prayer this atmosphere could be changed and bodily diseases cured.

Astrology, Christian Science, and Mazdaznan are steadily gaining adherents in France. There is an important omission in this book. The



governed personality, whose direct curse can gather these ruffled waters into the swiftness of vortex, or whirlpool into whose force of disintegration and destruction the wrong-doer may be violently plunged; the immediate results being those that his own thought or deed should ultimately reap. In other words, the curse focuses resident evil, compelling results to accumulate with none of the stagnation and lingering that may accompany a "green bay tree".

Therefore, to mitigate a curse and breath its power, seek first what thou hast against thy brother, make peace inwardly, even if impossible outwardly with him. Seek within and take out the evil by its roots of whatever nature it may be. Eradicating such evil, often provoked by the act of another, may prove a task surpassing human strength. It is necessary to call upon the Divine. Prove the promises of Christ, the reality of His Presence.

Curses, like boomerangs, must return upon the sender, and are powerless against one of clean hands and upright heart, in love with God and his neighbouring man, walking in the aura of blessing streaming through him to others.

Yours faithfully,  
HELEN MARY BOULNOIS.  
(Author of *The Law of Being*)

### "THE SHADOW"

*To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW*

SIR,—I shall be grateful if you will be good enough to publish this letter in continuation of my letter under the above title which appeared in your issue of January 1927.

On the 4th December, 1931, here in London, I awoke with this emphatically reiterated message ringing in my ears: "Two years, one year, two days." The message may be personal or even meaningless. On the other hand there is a possibility that it may be connected with the previous warning. As the first period of two years is approaching its end, I should be glad to have it put on record.

Yours faithfully,  
SAGITTARIUS.

[In his communication of January 1927, "Sagittarius" wrote: "It was not merely that I sensed it; I heard it in so many words: 'It has been decided, if war shall again break out between the nations of Europe, that it shall not be permitted.'"—ED.]



## UNDER THE READING LAMP: A CAUSERIE

WHO would exchange a visible seat on the Stock Exchange for a problematical seat in Paradise? This is the Age of Doubt, and we might as well admit it. Those who tremble at the sceptical chill which is in the air, are really trembling for their half-held creeds, for their rickety framework of inherited dogmas, and for the smug comfort of a faith which can be honoured without being followed. So let us not be over pessimistic about the doubting proclivities of our time, but rather thank heaven for their existence, for perhaps we shall now be able to get at the real truth of things.

I am moved to these thoughts by reading the candid confessions of Professor William McDougall, the distinguished American whose researches into abnormal psychology have made him famous among students the world over. The professor began his mental life by overthrowing whatever traditional religion he had inherited and by setting up the modern god of science in its place. His outlook for many years was nothing less than cautious, noncommittal, scientific agnosticism. But the prolonged investigations into psychology which he undertook under the impulsion of a keen determination to find things out for himself, brought him at last to a position favourable towards religion. He tells the whole story in *Religion and the Sciences of Life* (Methuen, 8s. 6d.); in fact, this book might aptly be called "A Sceptic's Progress"!

That Professor McDougall, after forty years of study and experiment, finds man to be a being "with idealistic possibilities", as he prudently words his faith in the soul, is no new conclusion; but that he has been forced to this admission by strictly scientific methods of enquiry is of great value as a confirmation to those of us who have arrived at it by philosophical or mystical processes. "Man is more than a machine and more than a mere mirror that reflects the world about him," he writes.

He describes with verbal gusto how he succeeded in introducing the subject of psychical research into Clark University, thus opening hitherto closed doors to the first course of lectures on the subject to be given in any university of any country in the world. Since then nearly half a dozen other universities have announced similar courses. He asserts that his colleague, Dr. J. B. Rhine, by his work at the Duke University laboratory, has carried investigations into extra-sensory perception to a point where the reality of both telepathy and clairvoyance has been established in a manner which brings them definitely into the field of recognized and approved experimental science. Indeed, Professor McDougall does not hesitate to claim that Dr. Rhine's work will be found to have given biological materialism the heaviest blow it has so far suffered. But for the fact that the former was able to persuade the Duke University authorities to place psychical research on the curriculum of studies, it is extremely doubtful whether Dr. Rhine would ever have found sufficient scope to carry out psychological experiments of such an epoch-making nature. ~~Adverse critics asserted that the Clark and Duke Universities were en-~~



~~couraging superstition and countenancing charlatany, as well as running the risk of disturbing the intellectual balance of their students, but Professor McDougall kept determinedly to his course.~~

The book is really a collection of fifteen scattered essays and addresses linked around the theme suggested by its title. Incidentally, the author fiercely attacks Sigmund Freud, the exponent of psycho-analytic doctrines, for trying to show that all religion is illusory. Freud's theories of the origin of belief in God are stigmatized as fantastic, and his famous attack on religion is denounced as "but another illustration of the fact that man's intellect is a feeble thing, liable, even in the greatest men, to be led astray by emotional bias and by prejudices unrecognized by the thinker".

*Love and Death: An Anthology of Consolation*, by R. Ursula Somervell (Methuen, 5s. od.)—this is a wisely chosen collection of poetic and prose passages intended to comfort those who are passing through trouble and bereavement. The compiler has given herself wide latitude. She ranges in quest of consoling verse and helpful thoughts from the bearded prophets of the Old Testament to Maurice Baring's delicate stylistic paragraphs; from Thomas à Kempis' impassioned calls to renunciation, to William Blake's vision of Christ in London's cobbled streets; and from Shakespeare's matchless dramas to Walt Whitman's inspiring lines. I like the following quotation from Mary Webb:

"The seared spirit must have silence. In one of earth's tranquil haunts a man may lay his head on her green pillow. One who has lived under the large arbitrament of earth ceases to question. There is a hand on the hot forehead. He begins to link himself with the Beauty that lies in and beyond the beauty of earth. When each breath is drawn in this eternal atmosphere, now and for ever are one; to-day and in a million years, here and beyond the uttermost star, we are in the heart of God."

*Earthen Vessels and Other Poems* (Circle Editorial Committee, London)—this is a little brochure of inspired verse by Winifred A. Pearce. Each poem is devout with aspiration and betrays the spiritually uplifted face of the authoress. Here are the opening lines of "The Everlasting Joy":

"Fountain and Fire—  
Source of all life that springs,  
I seek my Origin to recognize  
That as a child I may be humbly wise,  
Loving the Hand that feeds me day and night,  
In trust surrendered to the Infinite."

And here is a reference to reincarnation:

"O Treasure held within a little span;  
O Living Water in the flask of Man!  
Innumerable prisons have been Thy dwelling place,  
Veil upon veil shrouded Thine unknown grace."

A sensible, simply written, soundly based guide to better health comes from the pen of H. Ernest Hunt. *Health First* (Rider & Co., 1s. 6d.) contains some plain speaking on the question of constipation,



for the author asserts that this condition of internal poisoning mainly arises from the habits fostered by our artificial, unnatural civilization, and that the finest cure is to get back to natural remedies. He plans an excellent curative régime comprising exercises which stretch the hips and abdomen; lighter breakfasts, less meat, and the use of brown bread; the conservation of valuable mineral salts when cooking vegetables; more raw salads and the use of fresh fruit juices, with plenty of drinking water. The book is worthy of wide distribution.

Woman hurls herself into the fray of modern life with bobbed hair and masculine mien. The pale and pouting maiden of the last century is no more. Our century has turned her into an imperious smiling girl, who probably sweeps into Hollywood as an aspirant for film honours, with jasmine on her hair and music in her eyes. But if Lord Dunsany had his way, she would not find her desertion of the old household gods so

"One of a woman's jobs is cooking," he indignantly reminds us in a new book, *If I were Dictator* (Methuen 2s. 6d.), as he laments the pile of canned foods which the average larder holds nowadays. So, if his fellow citizens choose to put him in the position of supreme power, the noble author will make women spend more time in their kitchens and less on their make-up. This is but one item of the comprehensive programme of unexpected reforms which Lord Dunsany would institute. He takes his heavy dictatorial duties light-heartedly, however, for he gives himself the title of "The Grand Macaroni", because it is reminiscent of the land in which "the happy idea of dictators fortunately originated". He issues Four Pronouncements which are to be engraved on brass and set up in every village of "the Disunited Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland", while he orders the anniversary of his appointment to be celebrated throughout the land by muffin-men, who shall ring their bells for an hour!

One of the Grand Macaroni's first cares would be to reduce the number of deaths on the roads. He would inflict penal servitude on motor-cars which cause death in accidents, quite apart from any punishment meted out to owners. Should an owner buy a new car on the forced loss of his old one, he will be required to paint a broad arrow upon it. Thus the public will receive intimation that its predecessor is in prison and a slur will be cast over the man's garage! Furthermore, all pedestrians will have to take out licences. Once a walking licence had been forfeited by a careless pedestrian, he will be rigidly excluded from the streets and forced to keep to his house for a specified period! Many other diverting innovations appear in these papers, such as "Missions to mass-producers", and wandering squads of troops whose orders are to break up white-flour machinery.

Lord Dunsany has made his reputation as a weaver of prose poems and as a scribe of fantastic stories; his old readers may therefore be surprised that he has conceived the notion of becoming the iron-handed ruler of England. Let me explain, then, that the idea was put into his head by an enterprising London publisher and that his book is the first of a series they are issuing. Dictatorships are coming into fashion on this pleasant planet of ours, as pink finger-nails came into fashion in Mayfair some while ago, and so a number of eminent men have been asked to outline the plans



they would put into operation if they were made dictator. The second volume of this series is by Lord Raglan, who takes his task much more seriously than Lord Dunsany. The former would cut down income tax to half a crown in the pound; put India under a vigorous military Governorship which would firmly restore order; stop regarding the League of Nations as being anything more than a baby; proclaim free trade within the British Empire; deport every poor Irishman from Britain, and make marriage compulsory for school teachers of both sexes "on account of the unfortunate effects of celibacy". Lord Raglan has enjoyed a distinguished Army and diplomatic career in the East; he was President of the Anthropological Section of the British Association last year: and he sets down his ideas with an unrelenting firmness which fits him well for dictatorship. Thanks to the popular Press, everybody is a politician to-day, and from amongst the babel of ideas which fill the air our future dictators (if any) should have no difficulty in selecting enough to issue three or four volumes per day!

PAUL BRUNTON.

ANTHROPOS. A Mystery-Play. By H. Y. Romaine. Published by J. F. Rowny Press, Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A. Pp. xxxi+151 (including advertisements, notes, etc.; with frontispiece).

IN the advertisement to this play it is submitted, upon the authority of Moderwell (*Theatre of To-day*) that "there is scarcely any form of thought any kind of human insight, any manner of fundamental and prophetic criticism of life, which might not be made visible on the stage." If this be granted, it must also be allowed that certain themes, however skillfully presented, cannot awaken a dramatic response in the breast of the giant public. This play, which recalls to us Lytton's novel *Zanoni*, will, by the nature of its subject, appeal to only an eclectic few.

*Anthropos* treats of the progress of a human soul, impeded by temporal attractions and the onslaughts of fleshly lusts, in its upward struggle to spiritual regeneration. Ho Nikon ("The Conqueror") has to subjugate He Phren, his elder brother and rival (the Lower mind, "The Beast"), before he can win and become one with Noesis (Direct Cognition). He is triumphant at length, with the aid of Dianoa (Philosophic Reason), despite the deductions and treachery of Epithumia ("The Red Dragon of Desire") and Akrasia (Sensuality, "The False Seer"). An old theme, but the author has re-dressed it to fine effect; so that all those who can focus their inner vision to lofty perceptions will derive from the perusal of this play both pleasure and profit. It is a noble effort; we think, however, having had practical experience of the stage, that it reads better than it is likely to act, for the dramatist in Mr. Romaine not infrequently yields precedence to the philosopher.

There is a helpful glossary at the end of the volume, which might, perhaps, have been a little more extensive. "Io evaho!" for instance, may be puzzling to those unacquainted with the Bacchanalian formula.

FRANK LIND.



"It is customary with us Hindus to commence a literary work or compi-  
excellent manual to any undertaking worth the name, with an  
through physical postures, breathing exercises, psychic training, healing  
methods, use of symbols, astral projection, astral sight, and the parts  
played by diet, sex, love and death in the occult life.

He advises students to face the magnetic North when performing any  
exercises, and to lie on their right side with the right arm folded under  
one head when going to sleep. He gives precise details of the famous  
Yogic exercise of breathing through alternate nostrils, together with clear  
explanations of the etheric currents whose rhythm is thereby changed and  
brought under control. Several other breathing methods are described,  
some of which are potent enough to precipitate a sensitive man into the  
astral world or into nervous derangement, as the case may be. I wonder,  
therefore, whether M. Guyot has not been somewhat injudicious in thus  
committing to print exercises which ought only to be practised under the  
protective ægis of an advanced practitioner. There exist grave physical  
and mental dangers in Yogic breathing exercises which are incorrectly  
done, and in most cases it is not possible to avoid mistakes when one is  
practising alone. I have given this warning whenever the subject has  
come up for notice, because the sad results of such mistakes persistently  
come within the orbit of my experience. The way to occult power runs  
along the edge of a precipice, and those who want this kind of thing ought



...discipline which embraces remaining in difficult postures, holding the breath, strictly limiting the diet, abstaining from sexual intercourse, avoiding the company of other people, and training the mind in severe concentration. It may be said, however, that this form of Yoga is the hardest which exists, and that other and more attractive forms can be pursued which make much less demand on their followers.

Amazing rewards are promised to the Yogi who will endure this discipline: "To him there is no disease, death, intellectual torpor, sleep, hunger, thirst or clouding of the intellect. He is not affected by any disease; he is not affected by any karma; and Time has no power over him." He will arouse the serpent-fire, the mysterious *kundalini*, which will confer extraordinary occult powers upon the adept as it forces its upward way along the spinal column. Wrinkles will no longer be seen upon his brow, however old he may be, and grey hairs will disappear from his head. He will attain a mystical state wherein he will experience joy beyond all description and wisdom beyond all telling.

So many of the exercises given consist of varying manipulations of the breath that the strictures which I have made in the case of M. Guyot's book must naturally apply here also, and with redoubled force. The dangers are infinitely greater here because the *Hatha Yoga Pradipika* was

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never intended for indiscriminate publication, but was kept a closely guarded secret book among the Yogis until quite recent times, and even then it was usually personally explained by teacher to pupil. Without this personal commentary it is not possible for an unaided student to obtain a correct understanding of the obscure allusions which the book contains. I am quite certain, however, that the rewards promised to the successful Hatha Yogi ~~are no chimeras~~ but realizable facts. Only two years ago Reuters gave wide publicity in the Western Press to the case of Narasingha Swami, a Hatha Yogi who could swallow the deadliest poisons with astonishing impunity. He demonstrated his powers before the leading medical men and scientists of Calcutta and Rangoon, who put the most stringent tests on him and yet had to confess that his case baffled them.

Some of the Yoga practices may seem quite grotesque to unfamiliar Western eyes, just as our own inordinate love of activity often seems grotesque to the lazy Oriental. But the point is, do they work? Do they fulfil successfully the respective functions claimed for them? If they do not, then they are to be unhesitatingly rejected. If they do, then we ought to thrust aside our parochial prejudices, our insularity of custom and habit, and investigate so far as we can such alien sources of knowledge.

The last book which turns my thought towards the lands of the rising sun comes from the picturesque Indian town of Gorakhpur and is called *The Kalyana-Kalpitaru God Number* (2½ rupees). It is a 300-page symposium of essays by Indian writers, issued to show that lofty concepts of the Deity are still current among cultured adherents of the different Indian religions. The volume opens with brief representative prayers of the Hindus, Buddhists, Jains, Sikhs, Muhammedans, Zoroastrians and Christians. And in his preface the editor of this symposium informs us that "It is customary with us Hindus to commence a literary work or compilation, or, for that matter, any undertaking worth the name, with an invocation of the Lord's blessing."

Pundit M. M. Malaviya, one of Benares' most renowned scholars, reminds us that the Indian bibles are the oldest known. "The *Vedas* are the oldest literary monuments of the world. Even European scholars admit that the *Rigveda* is at least 6000 years old and that an older book does not exist in the libraries of the world." Firoze C. Davar suggests that the possession of intellect is man's misfortune as well as privilege, because it is impossible to know God rationally, and that it is only by intuition that he can come to apprehend and realize the nature of God. "Fancy and imagination, dreams and visions, verse and poetry, enable us to have a distant flash of the King of the Dark Chamber, whose halls are jealously closed to those who do not belong to the Inner Circle." Swami Dayanand discloses a glimpse of the changing conditions in modern India when he mentions, apropos of Soviet Russia's dismantling of churches and cathedrals, that "institutions are not wanting even in this country where God is being declared as redundant, and such obnoxious ideas are poisoning the minds of our present-day fellow-beings".

K. E. Punekar writes that Ahura Mazda, the Deity of the Zoroastrians, is definitely a Personal God, the Friend and Guide of all creatures. He has instilled into man his own attributes—a "good mind", holiness, will



power, devotion, latent perfection and deathlessness. A Zoroastrian may not separate his religion from his daily life, but must live his religion in his thoughts and acts. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, the distinguished philosopher, points out that the essence of Hindu religion is its insistence on the reality of spiritual experience. "We are at grips with reality in the inner depths of the soul. ~~The saint who knows God by acquaintance and not simply hearsay~~ does not want a definition of God. Nothing can disturb his sense of certainty." Nevertheless, for the sake of ordinary human beings who are religious at second hand, Hinduism offers a graduated scale of interpretations from the most exalted down to the most crudely materialistic.

One of the shortest yet most valuable contributions to this symposium comes from the fluent pen of Sahabji Maharaj of Dayalbagh, the brilliant Head of the Radhaswamis—a cult with over one hundred thousand followers in India. My stay as his guest remains in my memory as an exceedingly pleasurable and highly illuminative experience. He writes: "The scientists and philosophers who frequent the gilded galleries of the Royal Societies of Great Britain as well as the wild pygmies of South America living in dark forests, have moments alike when their minds feel prone to prostrate before the majesty of that Supreme Invisible Power. Yet we cannot overlook the fact that there are hundreds and thousands of people in the world who do not believe in the existence of God. In taking this position they do not know that they are endowed with faculties of perception which are dormant, but which are infinitely superior to the physical senses." The writer goes on to explain that these faculties can be awakened by means of appropriate exercises, with the result that spiritual currents emanating from God impinge upon them and God-perception takes place in the same way as does the perception of the sun when its rays impinge on our eyes.

*The Cosmic Awakening*, by Christopher Pleydell-Bouverie (London: Williams & Norgate, 7s. 6d.), is a curious work which mingles the theory of relativity with psychology, evolution, mysticism, economics, and national development. It is definitely "highbrow", and makes stiff reading, even for those who may be accustomed to books written in a dry manner upon dry subjects. Mr. Bouverie's main concern appears to be with the necessity for an all-round change in the English scheme of life, and it is in order to indicate and justify this change that he has brought in Einstein's ideas for moral support. But his tone is cold and emotionless, his analogies and similes are drawn from the colourless atmosphere of the laboratory, and his consideration of the problems of national welfare is somewhat de-humanized. Nevertheless, when one has grasped the essential purport of his theories, it becomes clear that the author has put in a great deal of independent thinking.

He makes frequent reference to the necessity of individual effort and initiative; "I wish to emphasize that my Divinity is a source, nothing more, and that our progress, health and happiness as a species, as with an individual, depend entirely upon ourselves and not on some benevolent spook or by reference to a gentleman's help of any sort or description, providential, all-seeing or otherwise." He would increase the purchasing power of the country to balance with its productive power, and he would dangers are infinitely great.



no: hesitate to transform our banking system in the process. Production and distribution would no longer serve as mere mediums for the exchange of money, if Mr. Bouverie had his way.

In the sphere of religion, the author is very critical of traditional outlooks. He seems to regard churches as sentimental or poetical institutions and thinks that the working out of humanly satisfactory systems of society is a better way of spiritual expression, because of the overwhelming influence of environment in shaping our minds. Hence he would employ man's whole being objectively. It is not that Mr. Bouverie is a materialist: far from it, for he wholeheartedly believes in the spiritual factor we call intuition. He feels that we owe something to posterity and that we ought to do something for the children who are to come; he believes that the best method of bringing the Kingdom of Heaven nearer to them is to provide them with a finer social system into which they can be born.

The leader of three recent East African archaeological expeditions has written the most attractive and most readable book on anthropology I have yet seen. It is entitled *Adam's Ancestors* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), and Dr. Leakey has put into it science's last word upon the beginnings of man. In fact he has done for anthropology what Sir James Jeans has done for astronomy, making available for the layman some of that highly interesting knowledge which fills the brain of the specialist in prehistorical research.

Dr. Leakey has established his position in scientific circles as a leading authority on the Stone Age, but this book will make his work known to that large public which avidly reads scientific "Outlines". His picture of early man's environment is full of "reasons-why". He gives the piece of deductive logic which enables the anthropologist to choose the correct sites for profitable excavation; and he shows how the expert marshals all the correlated items of knowledge which enable him to interpret his findings. He explains, for example, something which I have never before seen explained—how it is possible to distinguish between a piece of flint which has been chipped by a Stone Age man and one which has been chipped by the mere elements of Nature. He makes plain the detective work which discovers climatic changes of the past merely by studying gravel beds. And finally he describes the spectacular discoveries of fossil skulls which have been taken place during the last few years.

The death of Alfred Vout Peters this year has removed from the Spiritualist movement one of its best-known pioneers. He possessed amazing faculties of mediumship which played an important part in convincing Sir Oliver Lodge of the truth of human survival. But he was more than a medium, for the study of occultism engaged his scanty leisure, and I shall miss his witty discussions of the subject in that small room which he reserved for the purpose, and which contained a large portrait of H. P. Blavatsky, "the Russian Sphinx", whom he adored.

Vout Peters was the means of bringing about a strange but fine friendship between Mr. Wallis Mansford, Secretary of the London Institution, and Rupert Brooke, the famous soldier-poet, after the latter's passing. It came about in this way. In 1922 Mr. Mansford attended a public meeting for clairvoyance at the British College of Psychic Science. Vout-Peters gave him the following message; "With you is the spirit of a young



man of extraordinary physical beauty, clear-cut features, thick hair, intellectually brilliant, strong magnetic personality. I see him in a beautiful garden, wearing a flannel suit. He had a mannerism of sitting in a chair with the arms folded and facing the back. Have you not a photograph of him in your home in this position?"

Mr. Mansford replied that he had no such photograph, but on reaching home he searched among his papers once more and then discovered Rupert Brooke's picture, *with the poet sitting in a garden in identically the same position as that mentioned by Peters*. Now Mr. Mansford had never met Brooke, but had felt greatly attracted to his personality as it became known to the world through his poems and tragic death; and it was Brooke's mother who had once given him this photograph. The affair was a good test of the accuracy of Peters' clairvoyance, for I should add that the medium also told Mr. Mansford: "The spirit with you is one who died abroad during the War fairly young. The climate is warm, and in his closing hours he suffered from thirst. An anniversary associated with him is very near." Rupert Brooke died on a hospital ship in the Mediterranean, and his birthday anniversary occurred only five days before the medium gave this message!

Suffice to say that this was the beginning of Mr. Mansford's deeper investigations into Spiritualism with several other mediums, and of a series of psychic experiences which brought him many communications from Brookes' spirit, as well as from James Elroy Flecker, another famous soldier-poet who has passed on. The story of all these interesting happenings is told by Mr. Mansford in a little book, *Bridging Two Worlds* (Rider, 5s.).

PAUL BRUNTON.

A SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE: The Living Garment of God. By Thomas Ames. London: Arthur H. Sockwell. 6s. net.

MR. AMES has given a thoughtful view of what he terms the Active and Passive elements of the Universe. In common with most recent writers who attempt to define the position of man in his relation to the state of things existing round him, he concludes that the bases of the universe are "spirit". He differs from some of the scientists and philosophers of to-day in his assumption that the ultimate essence or spirit of which the universe, as we observe it, is the outer vesture is dual in its nature. He is led to this conclusion by the prevalence of the principle of polarity, the active and passive elements which he considers as opposite aspects of one Fundamental Reality. Mr. Ames has presented many points which invite consideration, and stimulate thought, but his style of writing is not so lucid as one could wish in following him through so many speculative and intricate propositions.

P. S. WELLBY.



July '33 CR

## UNDER THE READING LAMP : A CAUSERIE

"Life is a dull business," Israel Zangwill observed. "Seventy years is a long time to go on dressing and undressing oneself. Married people put it down to matrimony and the unmarried to celibacy, but it's life itself!" Yet here is a brightly written book which shows you how to get enough out of life to enable you to greet it each day with a smile. *Personality*, by Marjorie B. Greenbie, Ph.D., (Lovat Dickson, 10s. 6d.), is the work of a woman who has gone among her fellows carrying the lamp of psychological understanding in her hand. She has seen, by its illumination, how and why some persons get more of happiness, success, love and wisdom out of existence than others. She offers no cheap-jack method of self-culture, such as certain teachers of American origin have offered us, but a sanely considered study of the effective factors which have distinguished attractive or successful individuals from the times of Cleopatra to our own. One can call her book sane, because she does not exaggerate any single factor as being the whole secret of personality, but instead, gives the proper weight to each element. Take one instance. She realizes that spiritual attractiveness does not cancel out a physical defect, but only outshines it.

Mrs. Greenbie writes approvingly of the modern desire for strong and beautiful bodies, for the soul of man receives from its fleshy house as well as gives. She even applauds the efforts of women who call in the aid of art to assist nature, since good looks strew roses in one's path through life. She passes on to that quest of love, upon which most human beings embark. "Everyone aspires to a supreme love affair, but there are few enough who find it," is her comment. The author offers numerous hints on acquiring some of the graces of social charm but she can offer no final secret of that which, to the occult student, seems to lie in the hands of destiny alone. She arrives at last at the ultimate question: "Who am I?" and finds an answer in the supreme experience of conversion, in the enthralling moment when one realizes the spiritual basis of one's nature.

~~The boom in astrology grows apace. While widely circulated newspapers do not hesitate to devote space to instructive or predictive articles on the stellar science, and their advertising columns print the announcements of professional astrologers who do a flourishing business, publishers have not neglected to ensure a steady supply of books on the subject. It is a pity that they do not hold their hands sometimes and refrain from issuing works of dubious value. Such a one is *The Stars and your Future*, by Leonid (Herbert Jenkins, 2s. 6d.). Considering that there are 255 pages of text bound in a neat cloth cover, it is remarkable value for the half-crown, but excess of quantity will never atone for deficiency of quality. My plaint against this book is that it attempts to give a reading of one's personality and prospects upon the meagre data of the birthday alone, without time, place or year. Hundreds of persons are born on January 1st~~



in the same year, who differ greatly in character and fortunes. The only way to distinguish between them is to secure their birth-hours and birth-places. How much more is the difference between those born on January 1st, 1933, and those who uttered their first cry on January 1st, 1833!

To prove my point I will select some sample readings from the book itself. Take November 14th. "All your days you will be a pioneer of new thoughts and new processes." This date happens to be the birthday of Larwood, the famous cricketer. Does the description fit him? Still more striking is the discrepancy between the reading for Adolf Hitler's birthday and the true facts about the energetic German dictator. "You delve into the secrets of nature," Leonid tells him, "and the subject of geology is very fascinating to you. You should engage in topographical work." Not a word about politics! Mr. Lloyd George, born on January 17th, is advised to refrain from building up ambitions because: "You are naturally an attendant upon the greater," while Sir James Jeans, born on September 11th, receives no suggestion to raise his head towards the stars; instead, he is told to take up work in the steel industry!

It is a pity that Leonid did not try to check his theories with a few simple facts such as I have given. Astrology has enough to do to combat sceptics, let alone the foolish ones inside its own ranks.

Though there is not a line about mountaineering in Dr. George S. Arundale's latest book, he has called it *Mount Everest. Its Spiritual Attainment*. (Theosophical Press, \$1.50). He takes his title in the spirit of symbolism from the name of Asia's mightiest peak. Dr. Arundale is prominent enough among officials of the Theosophical Society to justify one's regarding his book as a statement of Adyar Theosophic teaching to-day.

His chief concerns in these pages are with discipleship, aspiration, and the refinement of thought and emotions. Although the avowed purpose of this book is inspirational, I must frankly confess that it leaves me spiritually as lethargic as it found me. It is not that the thoughts do not find an echo in the heart, so much as that a stale air of platitude seems to pervade the chapters. The essence of the book is that the hope of becoming a disciple of a Master has brought many people into the T.S. Before this can take place certain precedent conditions must be fulfilled. Dr. Arundale talks familiarly of the Masters and describes a meeting of the Great White Lodge. He adds: "I remember my first conscious meeting with the Master K.H., now about twenty-five years ago. The years have passed and, as I know Him to-day, it would be as if He had changed out of all recognition. The Master K.H. is now an infinitely different being from what He was." I cannot understand this curious statement. Possibly my conception of what constitutes a Master, may differ from that of Dr. Arundale.

The book proceeds to trace the effect of continued aspiration upon thought and feeling, and closes with a strange paragraph: "You are never encouraged to ask questions or to bring your troubles to the Elder Brethren. You have Buddhic, Nirvanic and Monadic consciousness at your disposal, ultimately but not afar off. Get to work to see all these laws more clearly."

The scope of 8s. 6d.), is sufficient for Psychological experience and layman as for the Appreciation of Sexual Development, Sleep, Inter Events, Heredity.

Dr. Gillespie as a phantasy types. There is of recollected egoism, subtle birth does not philosophical, n

The other Gillespie has large psychology of accepting the thorough this lacks that deep mystical medita

BULLETIN IV. Schneider Research

ONE could wish Ancient Wisdom of occult teaching Bulletin purposes, moaning trance, and so exhibits, as not by "Olga", his Gruss", as well trifling phenomenon played at "her

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ing in Dr. George S. Everest. Its Spiritual is his title in the spirit book. Dr. Arundale is a member of the Theosophical Society to justify Theosophic teaching

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continued aspiration upon graph: "You are never to the Elder Brethren. business at your disposal, these laws more clearly."

The scope of *The Mind in Daily Life*, by R. D. Gillespie, (Methuen, 8s. 6d.), is sufficiently indicated by its title. Dr. Gillespie is Physician for Psychological Medicine at Guy's Hospital and out of his wealth of experience and study he has written this work, alike for the intelligent layman as for the medical student. The chapters deal respectively with Appreciation of the External World, Development of the Self, Love and Sexual Development, Nature of Intelligence, Day-dreaming, Dreaming during Sleep, Inter-relations of Mental Events, Relation of Mental and Bodily Events, Heredity, Temperament, Childhood, Adolescence and Adult Life.

Dr. Gillespie makes reference to the doctrine of rebirth, which he treats as a phantasy arising out of the tendency to day-dreaming among certain types. There is sound basis for his criticism when applied to the cases of recollected pre-existence which belong to the categories of exaggerated egoism, subtle vanity or imagination run riot. But the doctrine of rebirth does not depend for its acceptance upon such cases. We possess philosophical, religious and logical sanctions for it.

The other subjects are treated in a manner which reveal that Dr. Gillespie has largely accepted Freud's theory of interpretation and Adler's psychology of the ego. Nevertheless he has not gone to the extreme of accepting the former's fantastic notions of infantile sexuality. However thorough this book may be from its author's standpoint, it necessarily lacks that deeper insight into human nature which comes from occult and mystical meditation.

PAUL BRUNTON.

**BULLETIN IV.** An account of Some Further Experiments with Rudi Schneider. London: The National Laboratory of Psychical Research, South Kensington. 10s. or \$2.50 net.

ONE could wish this book in the hands of almost every student of the Ancient Wisdom, as it is an invaluable scientific document—a vindication of occult teachings relative to psychical and abnormal phenomena. The Bulletin purports to be a minute-by-minute record of the snortings, blowings, moanings, and clonic movements of Rudi Schneider as he entered trance, and some of it is exceedingly dull and tedious reading. But it exhibits, as nothing else could, the stupid and inane requirements demanded by "Olga", his so-called "control", whom the sitters greeted by "Gott zum Gruss", as well as by enthusiastic shouts of "bravo" after each petty and trifling phenomenon. Jazz gramophone records (O Katharina) were also played at "her" request.

What, however, is particularly interesting is the Introduction to the *Bulletin*, which describes the paraphernalia employed in the laboratory. Harry Price's chapter on "Breaking Control", and the conclusion on page 185, which summarizes most succinctly the phenomena of the twenty-seven seances. One vitally important piece of equipment present throughout was the photographic apparatus operated automatically by an electric circuit, which recorded a series of extraordinary photographs reproduced in the *Bulletin*. Among other things, they give a view of the test conditions established in the séance-room. They show Harry Price controlling the violent clonic movements of the medium in trance, the apportation of a



handkerchief from a box-table, the bulging outwards from the cab of a pair of curtains weighing 14 lbs., etc. Last, but most assuredly, at least, there are photographs automatically recorded at the twenty-four sitting indicating fraud on the part of Rudi Schneider; for it can clearly be seen that the left hand has been disengaged from control; thus would ever phenomena occurred during that particular séance, lose their value because of this alleged trickery.

This discovery obviously upset Harry Price very considerably; but he remarks, philosophically, that although it may well be alleged that the medium did on one occasion resort to trickery—and this is proved by the photographs—nevertheless some of the phenomena which did occur at other of the séances were undoubtedly genuine. Of this series of séances, some seventeen were negative, and Harry Price is forced to conclude that Rudi Schneider is swiftly losing his power.

I. REGARDIE.

THE ELEMENTS OF HEAVEN. Script received by Marjorie Livingston. Author of *The New Nuclameron*, etc. London: Wright & Brown. Pp. 158. Price 4s. 6d. net.

CHRONOLOGICALLY, this is the first of four books received inspirationally by the same medium. The present script will have a double appeal to Spiritualists, as it is said to be communicated by Zabdiel, a spirit-entity familiar to all readers of the Vale Owen Script. "I hear Zabdiel's voice as clearly as I hear a voice speaking through a telephone," Mrs. Livingston explains: yet on the jacket of *The Elements of Heaven* it is granted, a little contradictively, that these messages are coloured by the medium's mentality. Thus a critic has the ground cut from under him; since it is well-nigh impossible for any to decide, save the medium herself, who is responsible for each opinion advanced.

Zabdiel's teaching is, in conformity with his mode of expression, mostly of a precious and pretentious type; he is ever, as it were, "on tiptoe for a flight", but seldom rises above the level of a flowery, and sometimes rather sickly, emotionalism. While we quite appreciate the honesty of presenting the matter just as it came through, we feel, none the less, that these communications would have lost nothing by a little judicious editing. However, those who have enjoyed reading other volumes of Mrs. Livingston's "inspirational" writing will, without question, derive equal pleasure from the perusal of this one.

FRANK LIND.

THE SAMARITAN ORAL LAW AND ANCIENT TRADITIONS. Vol. I. SAMARITAN ESCHATOLOGY. By Moses Gaster, Ph.D. Demi 8vo. Pp. 278. London: The Search Publishing Co. 12s. 6d.

IN the field of scholarship generally, little or nothing is known about the Samaritans, for which reason a work by Dr. Gaster on this subject is doubly welcome. He has been in close touch with the high priests and learned men of the Samaritans for some thirty-five years, and has,



## UNDER THE READING LAMP: A CAUSERIE

~~Written of us can echo the noble words of the Roman stoic who said, "Where we are, death is not; where death is, we are not. It is the last best boon of nature, for it frees man from all his cares. It is at the worst the close of a banquet we have enjoyed"~~ Our attitude towards death provides also a significant hint as to our attitude towards life. Why is it that the belief in man's immortality is so nearly universal that "we have no reliable record of a tribe or nation or religion in which it does not prevail"—a point which emerges from James T. Addison's scholarly work, *Life Beyond Death in the Beliefs of Mankind* (Allen and Unwin, 8s. 6d.)? The author proves this point by laying the whole world under tribute for his study, and then skilfully marshalling many little-known facts.

The prevailing view among primitive races was that the soul took the shape and resemblance of the body. The early Chinese, the Fijians, and the Hurons, however, thought that there were two souls, one which later took flight to higher worlds and another which haunted the dismal grave. This is not dissimilar from the belief of present-day occultists. The Bororos of Brazil, moreover, believed that the human spirit could fly out of the body in dreams. This, too, is curiously reminiscent of the astral-plane travelling accepted as a fact by most modern theosophists.

A custom common among peoples so far apart as the ancient Romans and the modern Eskimos is the annual Festival of the Dead. Once every year the dead were brought into presumed contact with the living by special rites, designed to give them a reverent welcome. Another interesting thing is that the idea of reincarnation is held by many "savage" peoples. Nearly all the aboriginal tribes of Central Australia, for instance, accept this doctrine as naturally as they accept the air they breathe. The writer retells an anecdote concerning a white man who was identified by an old native woman as her dead son come to life.

Much curious lore in connection with the heavens, hells, and purgatories of widely differing races has been collected by Mr. Addison. His book carries more than a hint that where there has been so much smoke of faith in immortality, there must have been some fire of evidential fact.

A slim volume comes to hand under a familiar title. *Science and Health (Revised)*, by Mary Baker Eddy, spiritually transcribed by Alma Morrow (Wright and Brown, 2s. 6d.), purports to be a posthumous dictation by the famous founder of Christian Science. Mrs. Morrow states that the latter's astral form came to her with an insistent message to the millions of Christian Scientists throughout the world. The message is that they should straightway appoint Mrs. Morrow to the leadership of the C.S. Church, and that they should accept the new teachings presented in these pages—teachings which largely cancel or contradict those which have been spread for nearly sixty years. Stripped of their words, they reduce themselves to a combination of Spiritualism, Spiritual Healing, and Theosophy. There is nothing in them that has not been said a hundred



times before, though here they are phrased in trenchant sentences. One regrets that neither in the style nor the matter can one find sufficient that is reminiscent of Mrs. Eddy, while a deeper probing is more unconvincing still.

The publishers establish a dangerous precedent by giving this book the same title as Mrs. Eddy's world-famous text-book, and by boldly proclaiming her as author in heavy type on the paper jacket. If this sort of thing is to be practised, what is there to stop anyone issuing a book entitled *The Tempest*, by William Shakespeare, spiritually transcribed by Timothy Smith—a book giving forth Mr. Smith's feeble attempt at versification as the real inspired poetry of the Stratford bard? This is not to say that some true teachings cannot be found in Mrs. Morrow's book. One regrets again that she is either the victim of her own lack of self-understanding or else, accepting the Spiritualist hypothesis, of some impish sprite, when she attributes the authorship to Mary Baker Eddy.

Apocryphal of Spiritualism it is interesting to find that the famous medium, Mr. Horace Leaf, has lately been employing his leisure in writing fiction. His world-wide travels have provided him with sufficient material, without a doubt, but it is whispered that the story of *Ahmed's Daughter* (Wright and Brown, 6s.) was really confided to him by a spirit as a piece of autobiography. The scene is set in India, land of mystery and magic. Picturesque figures pass through the book. A lank, emaciated fakir brings a fortune to someone who bestows alms upon him. A miracle-working sadhu causes stones to fall out of the air at a man's feet, while himself appearing and vanishing in a distant room. Nikah, a Moslem's daughter, enacts the part of heroine. Before the hero can gratify his love and marry her, he has to overcome the hostility of enemies and the perverseness of fate. A tale containing plenty of thrilling incident and weird characters.

Those who care for the subtle philosophies which come from the East may like to read a curious Indian book by S. Bart Lal, M.A., entitled *Light on the Anand Yog* (Radhasawami Dham, Mirzapur, 1½ rupees). It explains a few of the doctrines of a cult called the Radhasawami Faith, whose members practise a system of Yoga based on the hearing of inner psychic music. It is claimed that by tracing this sound to its source, they ultimately arrive in the presence of God. In H.P.B.'s *Voice of the Silence* we learn of the various sounds which are heard internally by the practising student, and Mr. Lal's book will help to make the rationale of this "Sound Yoga" a little clearer, though he guardedly gives little practical guidance.

*Behold the Man!* (Fowler, 6s.) contains thoughts which are doubtless elevating, frequently true and certainly optimistic, but the literary expression falls pantingly behind them. It is written by Walter Lanyon, but there is an excessive sentimentality and exuberant emotionalism about its pages which must inevitably repel any man of normal intellectuality and educated restraint. The phrase "It is wonderful!" for instance, recurs nearly three hundred times in a book of two hundred-odd pages. Mr. Lanyon belongs to the tribe of New Thought lecturers who preach the gospel of health, wealth, and holiness. He is tremendously enthusiastic, and if his statements lack healthy balance, they at least possess the cheerful element of vitality.



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## UNDER THE READING LAMP: A CAUSERIE

"I HAVE gone right back to babyhood. I can see myself as a baby, the body being apparently inside me. I am conscious also of the external extension, which must be the Future, which is pulling me all the time." Thus Mr. Geoffrey Hodson in his new book, *Some Experiments in Four Dimensional Vision* (Rider & Co., 6s.), which has been written in collaboration with Alexander Horne. The volume records with all the precision of a laboratory worker a number of experiments wherein the well-known Theosophical seer applies his clairvoyant powers to research, mainly into geometrical problems. Mr. Horne played the part of a verbatim recorder, beside supplying a mathematical interpretation of his notes for the purposes of this book.

The object which was examined during the experiments was a cube (that favourite theme of the four-dimensional theorists), and its appearance under etheric and astral vision is lucidly described. The quotation I have given comes from the record of the fifth and final experiment, possibly the most interesting one, where an effort was made to discover the nature of time. The answer appears in the form of a symbol, a kind of hour-glass, the present being the narrow joint, while the past and future are the two containers. The latter appear to be equal in size and importance.

The seer confesses to difficulty in forming a clearly cut conception of the fourth-dimensional condition, but his findings will certainly assist those who seek a connection between astral vision and Hinton's famous theory. Claude Bragdon, the distinguished American protagonist of this theory, offers, in the Introduction, a personal tribute to Mr. Hodson's clairvoyance. He also indicates the importance of experiments along the lines of those described in this book.

"From far back the *mathematical* reality of the fourth and higher dimensions has never been in question, but with their entrance into physical theory the query inevitably arises: Are there 'worlds' corresponding to these higher dimensions—is there any body for this mathematical soul? If, for the geometrico-mathematical definition of phenomena of this order, a four-dimensional system of co-ordinates is necessary, it is a natural inference that 'the astral world' is four-dimensional."

In this connection, it must be remembered by non-Theosophists that the etheric vision which a few clairvoyants possess can penetrate, not the astral world, but only a finer grade of physical matter. Therefore we should expect the etheric examination of the cube to reveal it as being still within the confines of perspective, and Mr. Hodson reports affirmatively. His ability to extend his vision still further into the astral world should free him from the usual physical limitations so that the three-dimensional cube would completely disappear from consciousness. He says, however: "The first phenomenon as astral vision is turned on, is of the extended edges." One accepts the genuine nature of Mr. Hodson's supernormal



sight, but one must query whether he has named its penetrative power correctly. Everyone interested in solving these fascinating problems should read the book describing in detail his unusual and pioneer researches.

Another person possessed of exceptional gifts was the late William N. Pogson, F.R.I.B.A. He was highly successful in discovering the location of hidden water, gold, silver, copper and other substances. His widow has compiled his valuable notes into a booklet, *The Art of Water Finding* (British Society of Dowsters, 1s. 8d.), which is packed with useful information about his methods, and makes a most important contribution. There is an increasing interest in Dowsing nowadays, and several Governments have given it official recognition.

Mr. R. H. Naylor must be a happy man among astrologers. To him goes the credit of bringing the ancient science before the notice of millions of people through a Sunday newspaper. He has built up the most flourishing astrological connection in the Empire, on the basis of Cheiro's widely known professional practice, which he took over. Now he has written a book, a non-technical work for the large class of general readers who have become aware that there is "something in astrology" after all. It is packed with just those tit-bits of curious lore likely to fascinate them. *Home Astrology* (Hutchinson & Co., 3s. 6d.), will fill a popular demand, but it may also annoy those exacting students who are themselves deeply versed in the science. Indeed, the author suspects this, for he writes in the preface: "I am afraid much that is set down herein will arouse the criticism of astrological purists and pundits." However, it takes all sorts to make a world. Those who want their astrology in the form of light confectionery are quite entitled to have it.

The principal subjects which Mr. Naylor discusses, from an astrological standpoint, are Health, Personal Magnetism, Romance, The Best Husband, The Best Wife, Timing Activities to the Best Advantage, Signs, Omens, Prognostication from Bodily Feelings, Suitable Vocations, When to Travel, and Dreams. Subject to the proviso that if one sets up an exact horoscope for the time of birth the readings given in this book will be considerably modified, the volume may well be recommended as an entertaining, instructive and useful one.

A French book which has never before been translated is Noel Taillepied's *Traite de l'Apparition des Esprits*. A beautifully produced edition is now offered by the Fortune Press, under the title of *A Treatise of Ghosts* (21s.). Roughly speaking, the author was contemporary with our Queen Elizabeth. He was so brilliant a scholar, so admirable an orator, and so ascetic a Capuchin monk, that he was called by a poet "the flower of Pontoise". The learned Father devotes his first chapter to giving a few resounding literary whacks on the unfortunate heads of those who have the temerity to doubt the existence of spirits. It is refutation enough for him that the Biblical books and the writings of early Church dignitaries contain many accounts of extraordinary apparitions and marvellous happenings. Those sceptics who cannot digest these stories are roundly called "sottish Epicureans", "windy charlatans with empty heads", and "so-called philosophers".

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verily and indeed Spirits and Phantoms which sometimes appear to men, and not unseldom we are confronted with most unexpected supernatural occurrences. Other portents and presages also may in God's mercy foretell some future event, so that we shall be better prepared. It is good, therefore, to know how we must conduct ourselves upon these occasions."

Worthy Monsieur Taillepie roams through the Old and New Testaments, Greek and Latin histories, and medieval French and Italian writers for instances of peculiar manifestations, ordinarily inexplicable. It is this illustrative habit of his which gives the book its interest; for the narrow theological opinions which are plentifully interspersed ~~will not excite the modern mind either to acceptance or denial.~~ Mr. Montague Summers deserves a tribute for his careful editing and valuable commentary, which enhance the worth of this curious volume.

I have reserved for final mention two important works which demanded close and lengthy reading. The first is the Bishop of Birmingham's comprehensive survey of modern science—*Scientific Theory and Religion* (Cambridge Univ. Press, 25s.). The spirit which has actuated the author in composing this massive volume is the effort to satisfy man's rational need of relating his understanding of Nature and the Universe with his belief in God. Science has changed the background of thought of the modern theologian; but only men of the calibre of Dr. Barnes have the courage to come forward and frankly admit this change. He has gathered into one volume the latest pronouncements of scientific pundits who are working in widely different departments. The descriptions given of the Electrical Theory of Matter, the Origin of Life, the Geological Record, the Evolution of Animals and Mendelism, Riemann's General Theory of Space, and Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity are written with as careful regard for accuracy as for lucidity.

Dr. Barnes is a keen student of Riemann's geometry. To Riemann, a ray of light passed right round the universe and eventually returned to its starting point. This brings forward the theory that space is finite. Einstein cleverly uses Riemann's geometry—which will puzzle the ordinary man whose thinking is purely Euclidean—and fuses both space and time in his theory of Relativity. Matter is then transformed into energy, and both matter and light become nothing more substantial than energy propagated as waves through space. The student of occultism will be interested in the converse hypothesis that, as matter may be dissolved into radiation, so it may be built up through the condensation of radiant energy into atoms. This is held by Millikan to be the actual cause of the cosmic rays. Cosmic radiation is extremely penetrative, and occultists may see in it a force used by beings on other spheres and planets to transmit influences to our own and other parts of the solar system.

In the chapters bearing on philosophy, Dr. Barnes reiterates his emphatic arguments for the working of divine purpose behind the phenomena of Nature, while he places Life and Mind as the supreme manifestations of this divine activity. His philosophical position might fairly be described as that of modified realism. He admits that objects exist independently of finite minds, but denies that they can exist outside the relation of subject and object; their real existence is then in the Universal Mind, God.



It is a pity that the distinguished author dismisses the idea of rebirth with a brief rebuttal of its claims and a few unflattering remarks about the Hindoos. This wonderful concept is worth the deepest possible consideration and examination. No other hypothesis offers such satisfactory solutions of so many problems. Genius rises as an inexplicable phenomenon out of the serried ranks of mediocrity. Bespectacled historians attempt to trace its pedigree by delving into the musty records of physical heredity, imagining that if a father or grandfather fail to spawn any genius of his own, a great-grandfather or a great-granduncle must then be its true begetters. Is this not more far-fetched than the doctrine of rebirth? The fundamental differences between men explain themselves naturally when viewed in the light of this idea. In the picturesque sentence of Bulwer Lytton, "Age after age the spirit may shift its tent."

The last book on my table is *The History of Buddhist Thought* by Edward J. Thomas (Kegan Paul, 15s.). It has been long needed. The study of early Buddhism bristles with many difficulties, and only a man of the independent standpoint of Dr. Thomas could successfully separate mere legend from solid truth. He is to be praised for the impartiality which he shows to all the schools of thought, for his shrewdly critical valuations, and for his close acquaintance with important texts and translations only recently made available. The whole of his extensive knowledge of Buddhist literature is condensed into this well-balanced volume.

Dr. Thomas does not hesitate to admit that Buddhism recognized and, to some extent, adopted the yoga-practices it found already existing in India. He thrusts aside the oft-made objection that the later Mahayana developments in Tibet, China and Japan were a degeneration when, in many ways, they represented a religious and philosophical advance. He ably refutes Oldenberg's hasty assertion that Nirvana means annihilation. Colebrooke's earlier interpretation of the term as "a state of happiness" is nearer the truth.

The best-known versions of Buddhism current in the West are based on the traditions which flourish in Ceylon and Burma, and which have been recorded in the Pali language. We now know that other traditions existed which could equally claim to be the authentic teaching of the Buddha. These belonged to the Sarvastivada school and were recorded in Sanskrit. Unfortunately the ruthless stamping out of Buddhism in India by its Brahmin and Muhammedan enemies has made it possible so far to find comparatively few of these Sanskrit texts.

PAUL BRUNTON.

PHYSICAL CULTURE. By Dr. Jai Chand Sharma. London: L. N. Fowler & Co. 2s.

THIS booklet describes briefly over a score of physical exercises intended to benefit health and to relieve certain ailments. Several exercises have been taken from the Hatha Yoga system, while others appear to have been drawn from the ordinances of the Vedic Scriptures on hygiene, though the whole seems to have been revised in the light of modern scientific knowledge.

J. F. LAWRENCE.



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## UNDER THE READING LAMP : A CAUSERIE

at it will hand over his benches in an easy manner where dull academic instruction might fail. These tales are old and familiar but their interest will never wear out. Numerous full-page pictures make them more palatable to youthful readers.

The writer relates how Joseph was brought before Pharaoh and then adds: "Joseph said modestly it was not he who was able to understand the meaning of dreams. This was given to him by spirit-guides."

Mrs. Stobart weaves her spiritualistic web around the old Biblical times right up to the days of Jesus and Paul.

Those who would like an introduction to a fascinating subject will find some interesting matter in *Hypnotism Explained*, by Alan Macey. (Fenland Press, 2s.). I am afraid that the explanation will hardly go deep enough for well-informed students, while the numerous cases cited are all ancient history; but Mr. Macey's book should be useful to those who would like to get a bird's-eye view of the subjects, in theory and practice, which come within its scope. He has compressed within 130 pages a record of the illustrious experimenters in the art, from the astute Abbé Maria of old, to Doctor Milne Bramwell in our own day; a description of the various methods of inducing hypnosis current in different decades; a study of post-hypnotic effects, and a consideration of the practical uses of hypnotism in medicine, surgery and education. The author is apt to minimize the dangerous possibilities of hypnotic influence when wielded by evil persons. The dangers arise less from professional hypnotists than from secret ones. I knew three business men who successfully practise the art on unsuspecting victims, but these cases never break into the news nor get printed in books. Although the trance is admittedly the deepest form of hypnotic phenomenon, skilful operators know how to get sufficient results without its aid.

I have just finished reading a beautiful book, written in a style and around a theme reminiscent of the great Christian mystics. Curiously enough it bears the same title as one of the books of collected sermons issued many years ago by Bishop Phillips Brooks, that great American mystic whom Queen Victoria once invited to preach before her.

*The Candle of the Lord*. (Wright & Brown, 3s. 6d.) carries on its title, ... a sacred significance in the English musical world is sufficiently high to warrant careful consideration of his pronouncements on the great composers and of his analyses of the emotional effects induced by various kinds of music.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, who works so hard at the Grottrian Hall to propagate a religious type of Spiritualism, has seized every psychic element in



things emphasized—and all this quite unconsciously by those who are convinced they are doing spiritual work. Past experience of this kind shows the necessity of so wording the appeal to prospective members that it will only find response from those discriminating

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*The Candle of the Lord*. (Wright & Brown, 3s. 6d.) carries on its title-page the explanation that it is a message inspired by Brother Joseph and written down by W. H. Evans. The latter is among us in the flesh and is a psychic journalist of talent and repute, but Brother Joseph is apparently a habitant of the spirit world. The message comes from a source which may be debatable, but its value is not. Put into a few words,

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A. M. H.



Brother Joseph's dictation contains the ageless message of mysticism. Many of the literate and educated ignoramuses of to-day imagine that mysticism is a theory that has been threshed out long ago and found to be a sheer figment of the imagination of the foolish. Yet it is a fact that there exists a really practical side of mysticism, and that its practice will deal the deathblow to the scientific error which regards man as a biological accident or as a fortuitous chemical combination without a combiner.

"Son, strive to awaken the God consciousness within, for he who is awake in his centre has a candle which will light him all his days. Get to the centre; the circumference matters not," Brother Joseph bids us. "There is a deeper inspiration which is personal to each soul. When you reach this stage there will be a sinking downwards to the deeps of Being, a complete emptying of self. Here you wait and slowly comes the inflowing breath of Power, to remain the most cherished possession of the soul. This is the living, conscious union with the Supreme."

I cannot resist a last quotation. "There is a dawning perception that the religion of Jesus affords a practical way out of the morass into which the nations have stumbled. It will be found that the right way is the only practical one." If I thought it worth the trouble—which it certainly is not—I would print the last sentence in scarlet ink and send it to every politician, statesman and ruler in the world.

PAUL BRUNTON.

FOR TO-DAY. MODERN THOUGHTS SECURED ON THE FAME OF MARCUS AURELIUS. By Archibald Weir, M.A. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 8s. 6d. net.

THOSE who have had the patience to study Mr. Weir's other books, know that beneath the difficulties of style which his thought assumes, there is to be found spiritual nutriment such as few contemporary works contain. He is intensely aware of the problems of this distracted modern world, but his sensibility has driven him, not into futile railing against the stars, but to a quiet search for the terms upon which man might

in an objective order of universal validity: he is not concerned to revive the authority of dogmatic codes; but he is most earnestly anxious to discover the bases upon which a man might regulate his conduct, the rock, so to speak, from which one might control the bewildering currents of life. If in this attempt he turns to Marcus Aurelius for guidance, it is not in order to see in his ethical system a scriptural sanctity, but in the conviction that it is the best suited to the temper of a civilization that needs standards, yet will not accept them on trust from an external source. No one who appreciates the courage, integrity, and self-restraint that Mr. Weir's principles demand, can deny that they combine the merits of modernity with the massive wisdom of the ancients.

K. S. S.



## UNDER THE READING LAMP: A CAUSERIE

THE publication of *A Treatise on White Magic* by Alice A. Bailey (New York: Lucis Co.; London: Watkins) constitutes a literary event of primary importance to students of occultism. It is not only Mrs. Bailey's immediate circle of pupils in the Arcane School which shows a keen interest in her outgrowth of the Theosophy which H. P. Blavatsky restated last century, but also a wider fold whose units are scattered throughout the world. She is noted for her sane level-headed outlook, her attempt to blend Oriental and Occidental ideals into happy marriage, and her defence of modern civilization's value in fostering certain qualities which are not ordinarily regarded as spiritual.

The present volume runs to 640 pages. There stands behind it the shadowy mysterious figure of the Tibetan Brother, its proclaimed inspirer. He himself attempts to withdraw attention from his personality by frankly stating in the "Introductory Remarks": "My anonymity and status must be preserved. What I say of truth alone is of moment; the inspiration and help I can accord to any pilgrim on the path is alone vital. Upon these points the students are at liberty to ponder, omitting idle speculation as to the exact details of unimportant personalities and enviroing conditions. . . . It is not my function to make individual application of the teaching given. That must be done by each student for himself." It might be well to clear up possible misconceptions by mentioning that the method of communication used between him and Mrs. Bailey in writing down this treatise was straightforward telepathy and nothing more. Such is the explanation which the brilliant authoress has given me in private. She confesses that she has never met the Tibetan in the flesh, and she modestly disclaims any personal experience of much truly remarkable teaching which the book contains.

Those who expect to find any portions of Cabbalistic and Ceremonial Magic in this work will be disappointed. The magic which it expounds is concerned with that power known as "Serpent Fire" to occultists and as "Kundalini" to Indian Yogis. The Path which it traces is the brief passage of this power from the region of the spine's base to the heart, throat and head centres in man's etheric body. The results which it portrays may be summed up as conscious touch with the soul world. This power does exist, but such is its terrible strength that it may drive a man up to divinity or fling him down into the abyss. Hence the essential practical secrets of its awakening are wisely withheld from these pages, and aspirants are shown how first to fit themselves to earn these secrets.

But this book deals with so much more than the bringing of the "Serpent Fire" out of latency that it might almost be called a textbook of advanced Theosophy. The only way one can indicate its far-flung range is to quote some of the chapter heads. Here is a representative selection: Hindrances to Occult Study, The Creative Work of Sound, The Science of the Breath, The Awakening of the Centres, The Battleground of the Astral Plane,



Medical men are, if anything, less likely to have this gift than others of a less materialistic bent.

Medical training is quite unnecessary, moral and religious training very desirable for one practising this or other forms of mental healing. I have found tremendous benefit and protection by using mantras "I clothe my self safely round with Infinite Love and wisdom", and "In the centre of the circle of the Love of God I am," are two I use continually. But one must realize their truth in one's consciousness; parrot repetition is useless.

Above all things let "A" be fearless. A fearless consecrated soul is safe, even in a den of devils, controlled by Lucifer himself. That I have personally demonstrated—so I know.

Sorry to have been so prolix, but this is a serious matter in London to-day, where so many cliques are promulgating the blasphemies of Lucifer and holding dark seances, and sex-orgies, etc., at his bidding.

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH L. SILVERWOOD.

### DRAWINGS OF DEVAS

To the Editor of THE LONDON FORUM

SIR,—I should like to draw your attention to a mis-statement which has been made in connection with my book *The Watchers of the Seven Spheres*, a review of which appeared in your current number.

Mr. J. F. Lawrence refers to the illustrations of the devas as having been seen "by the clairvoyant vision of David Amias".

As is conveyed by the author of the "Initiate" in the Preface, these illustrations represent my own attempts to portray what has come to me through my personal contact with the Devic Kingdom.

I would be much obliged if you would insert this letter in your Journal, as no author cares to have his own work attributed to someone else.

Yours faithfully,

H. K. CHALLONER

Thought Form Building, World Workers, Astrology, A Call to Service, etc. review is impossible here.

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Thought Form Building, The Right Use of Energy, The New Group of World Workers, Astrology and the Energies, Salvation from Death, A Call to Service, etc. It is encyclopædic in scope, and an adequate review is impossible here.

"Those who are to teach the world more about the Masters are put through a very drastic disciplining," we are told. "They are tested in every possible way and taught much through bitter experience." And in another paragraph the Tibetan Brother comforts aspirants with the words: "We watch with tenderness all of you who, with weak and sensitive bodies, struggle, work, fight, fail, continue and serve. We know and we care."

I welcome the bold statement that "all books are prison houses of ideas, and only when speech and writing are superseded by telepathic communication and by intuitive interplay will the plan be grasped in a clearer fashion". This must necessarily be so, and advanced disciples know that the great truths and the great initiations are won and given in utter silence.

Mrs. Bailey stands revealed by this book as an inspired soul who has climbed the occult Mount Sinai and returned with new Tablets of the Law for a materialistic generation. She has a definite message for a particular type of mind, and it is a message which is not being uttered in vain.

The Oxford Groups have climbed rapidly to fame. A movement which has secured the benign blessing of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the active patronage of the Bishop of London, as well as wide Press notice, may undoubtedly soon justify the pronouncement on the publisher's wrapper that "Buchmanism is the post powerful religious movement since the time of John Wesley". Indeed, the bold suggestion that "it may even rival the Reformation in its effects" is not outside the barriers of possibility. During its few years' fishing it has quietly caught thousands of men and women in its spiritual nets. Success has given the Groups noticeable daring, and now they seek to trawl wider seas.

*The Meaning of the Groups* (Methuen 5s.) is therefore a book which comes with topical interest to many readers. It is especially valuable because it is written not by one man but by eleven. In short, it is a symposium, a collection of papers by men who uphold the Groups and by others who denounce them. Thus a fair balance is struck between indiscriminating espousal and indiscriminating dismissal, either of which one usually finds in the average volume devoted to the Oxford Groups.

Miss Evelyn Underhill, the famous exponent of Christian Mysticism, contributes a fine paper on the historical place of the Groups. She points out that the earliest and most genuine followers of Christ formed themselves into groups, and not into an institution. She shows that the best elements in later Christian history emerged again as inspired groups, though often brought into conflict with the Church which cradled them. Canon Frank Child tells of fifty-five young Groupers who descended on his large industrial parish and took it by storm. When they left there were many awakened souls and noteworthy conversions to testify to their work. Both Established and Free Church members were swept into the stream and sectarian differences largely disappeared. Principal Selbie showers his benediction upon the Group because he has watched it change men's



lives, quicken their consciences and inspire them with spiritual power. The Rev. H. C. Heywood, a University Don, sees in the Groups' militant evangelism obedience to the Christian's duty of making disciples. He commends their habit of daily quiet, pointing out that "in the rush of affairs conscience gets roughly handled; worry and fuss take command and decisions are too often hasty uncertainties".

Moving over to the camp of the critics, we discover Dr. William Brown, the distinguished psychotherapist, gently trouncing those who attend a Group house-party and in a few hours proclaim themselves radically and permanently changed! Dr. F. H. Dodd, a physician, perceives danger in the excessive enthusiasm of Groupers and self-deception in the idea that divine guidance can be obtained without long and gradual training. Father Knox, writing in his customary delightfully satirical manner, pictures the kind of figure which Buchmanism cuts in the eyes of Roman Catholic neighbours. "I have heard a Buchmanist quoted as saying that you should not even cross the street in deference to any calculation of human reason; you should wait until you are guided to do so!" A wise Groupier may like to ponder over this witty sentence.

Inexperienced and over confident Groupers will inevitably delude themselves and attempt to drag others into their delusions, but I think the world is a much better place because the Oxford Groups have appeared among us. And if the Groups persistently evade intellectual issues, it is largely because they rightly recognize that what the world needs to-day is not more ideas but more good will.

Survivors of the group of Theosophists which circled round Madam Blavatsky half a century ago may remember a strikingly handsome young Indian who appeared in London and Paris at the time. He was said to be the pupil of a Master; his face was markedly spiritual in expression; and he made a fine translation of the *Bhagavad Gita* before he left the West. Mohini M. Chatterji is still living in India, though he long ago broke away from the Theosophical Society. It was with some pleasant anticipation that I opened the pages of a newly published book which bears his name. *Indian Spirituality* (Dents, 5s.) describes the life, travels and teachings of Sivanarayan, a modern Hindu Mahatma.

Sivanarayan left home as a boy of twelve, driven by an irresistible impulse to discover the profoundest spiritual truth. His character was astonishingly different in comparison with that of the average religious seeker in his country. He refused to take anything for granted, thus emulating the best scientific scepticism of European savants. He even disdained the most time-honoured traditions of the Hindu religion, derided the priests and pundits, and hung his sacred Brahminical thread on a tree to show his contempt for the institution of caste. Wherever he went he persisted in asking unexpected questions, which cleverly showed up the colossal ignorance and irrational superstition of those who were supposed to be wise and instructed. In fact, Sivanarayan played the unenviable part of a modern Socrates among a people who relish honest scepticism even less than did the ancient Greeks.

It is not surprising that such an original youth had to turn to his own sources of wisdom in the end, and so successful was he in exploring the

recesses of the human soul even before he crossed the threshold to withdraw himself from the world, so, he was fond of rebuking the profession of renunciation as a mere "bear the outgoing in the man who, though a hero. The soul remains unchanged."

The Mahatma died in Calcutta. He seems to have been delighted in attainment. But some extracts from these books and they reveal Sivanarayan of India's revered sages which will never be part of a wide circulation among the world.

The author of *Naked* efficiency for his latest work (Paragon Publishing Co) factors beside personal and because some of the work has surely had no effect, the essential thing is to gladly recommend the work. It deals in plain and its Development, The How to Develop Personal Habits, etc.

Mr. Dane is a practical man who wants to bet on their own books in giving the benefit of his number of the exercises of occultism, Yoga and all fanciful theories and

His pages on character disconcerting candour, to his acutely critical a plea for immorality, the subject out of the we have enshrouded it he thrusts aside convincing the reader that

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recesses of the human soul that he took it upon himself to teach others even before he crossed the bar of manhood. Although he did not hesitate to withdraw himself from the world for brief periods when impelled to do so, he was fond of rebuking the monks and ascetics who made a lifelong profession of renunciation. "Cowards fly from the life of the world, unable to bear the outgoing impulses of the mind," he scornfully tells them. "The man who, though a householder, can cling evenly to both forms of life is a hero. The soul remains the same in all conditions, its real nature is unchanged."

The Mahatma died in 1909 amid obscure and mean circumstances near Calcutta. He seems to have influenced individuals rather than crowds, and to have delighted in making no outward parade of his lofty spiritual attainment. But some disciples kept a record of his teachings and published them in Bengalee after his death. Mr. Chatterji translates some extracts from these books. I find them clear, interesting and attractive, and they reveal Sivanarayan as an illustrious member of the long line of India's revered sages—a line which is apparently almost extinct but which will never be permitted to become so in fact. The book is worthy of a wide circulation among all who care for its subject.

The author of *Naked Ascetic* has moved away to the subject of personal efficiency for his latest book. *The Gateway to Prosperity*, by Victor Dane (Paragon Publishing Co.) is somewhat misleadingly titled because other factors beside personal efficiency are essential to the winning of fortune, and because some of those factors are outside our personal control. Mr. Dane has surely had enough experience of the world to realize that. However, the essential thing is the quality of his literary creation, and I can gladly recommend the latter as an exceedingly useful, practical and original work. It deals in plain direct language with such matters as The Will and its Development, The Memory and its Training, How to Concentrate, How to Develop Personality, How to Conquer Fear, How to Cure Bad Habits, etc.

Mr. Dane is a practical man, and leaves theorizing to those who ~~connect their own books in musty libraries~~. He knows the essential needs of the man who wants to better himself, and he goes straight to the point in giving the benefit of his own varied experience to the reader. A large number of the exercises which he gives are really drawn from the stores of occultism, Yoga and the New Psychology, but he has shorn them of all fanciful theories and debatable explanations.

His pages on character-reading may surprise some readers by their disconcerting candour, for the author is never afraid to give expression to his acutely critical mind. ~~And his paragraphs on sex read almost like a plea for immorality, until we realize that he is merely determined to lift the subject out of the mist, pretence and unnatural silence with which we have enshrouded it.~~ Whatever topic Mr. Dane turns his pen upon, he thrusts aside conventional ideas and conventional attitudes, thus giving the reader that rare article, really original comment.

The need of correct and deep breathing is emphasized frequently. A useful exercise for building stamina, harmonizing the nerves and overcoming fatigue is the following: "When out walking, breathe in for so



many steps (this naturally varies with individuals and their stride), hold the breath for one step, and breathe out in the same number of steps in which the inhalation was taken." Mr. Dane's suggestion that certain breathing exercises may be responsible for the bodily levitation of some Indian Yogis is more tenable than Dr. Cannon's statement that it is due to self-hypnotism. I knew one who had attained a modified form of this power, and he admitted that it was entirely a matter of persistent breath control.

Those who relished Arthur Bryant's recent radio talks on English types will be glad that he has now transferred them out of the ether to the more permanent vehicle of print. *The National Character* (Longmans, 5s.) is a book which tells in charming style what England means to one man who has the breadth to appreciate and accept "the rich varied meat of our native character—its ancient prejudices and solid conservatism, its passionate longing for justice, its mulish stupidity and instinctive wisdom, its patience, its courage, its incorrigible good humour".

Seven distinctive types pass in review before the reader's gaze. There is the figure of the traditional country gentleman, with his ample estates and paternal rulership of villages, a figure which is becoming less common each year. There is the parson, that bucolic but friendly busybody. There is the yeoman farmer, whose interests have been sadly neglected by an increasingly industrialized state. There is the craftsman, who once used his hands to good effect but now uses them to tend a machine. And there follow next the shrewd merchant, the fearless adventurer and the busy housewife. Mr. Bryant takes his descriptions mainly from earlier periods than our own and thus renders them more attractive and picturesque. The book is rounded off by a balanced and masterly essay on English Culture. The entire volume offers silent testimony to those superior qualities of character which have placed England, despite its faults, upon the pinnacle which it deservedly occupies.

PAUL BRUNTON.

THE UNBROKEN MELODY OF LIFE. By John Galloway Findlay.

London: Rider & Co. Crown 8vo., pp. 160. Price 3s. 6d.

SOME people are perpetually eager to sense behind the most ordinary happenings something miraculous; the extremists among these would be prepared to accept, if pushed to it, not only that the whale swallowed Jonah, but that Jonah swallowed the whale. Spiritualism is not, as we have discovered by personal observation, free from the taint of this last-mentioned type: they are not the strength of the movement. The author of *The Unbroken Melody of Life* holds no brief for such devotees to the cause he so ably advocates. The claims of the "new", or the "fresh revelation", as he prefers to call it, he affirms to be "based upon evidence and upon evidence alone. In that respect it differs from orthodox religion, which also believes that communication with the Unseen has taken place in the past, but which, being unable to explain such occurrences, terms them 'miracles' and relegates them to the region of 'faith'." Mr. Findlay shows the close parallel that exists between psychic phenomena of ancient



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## UNDER THE READING LAMP : A CAUSERIE

WHEN a man who correctly predicted the exact date of Germany's appeal for an armistice ventures to make further predictions concerning current events and the next three years, it behoves the most sceptical of us to give him at least a hearing. During the War public pronouncements were made by the Rev. Walter Wynn which have been largely vindicated by time. The mystic Pyramids and the familiar Bible form the basis of his extraordinary prophecies. The latter are fully detailed in a little work which possesses topical importance, *What Has and What Will Come to Pass* (Rider, 1s.).

The reverend author claims that there is a symbolical handwriting in the chambers, corridors, and galleries of the Great Pyramid ; that there is a prophetic significance in certain biblical books pertaining to our own times, and that he has found the correct keys to the deciphering of these messages. "When we measure the passages and Grand Gallery of the interior, we find they give in inches the exact number of years required to bring us into the period in which we are now living," he declares. "The length of the Grand Gallery is 1,883 inches ; add to this 31—the years denoted by the Pyramid as that of our Lord's atoning ministry—and you get 1914, the year when the Great War broke out."

In 1925 the Rev. Walter Wynn asserted at a public lecture that March 6th, 1926, would prove a critical day in the League of Nations' history. He pointed to France or Germany as the source of the trouble. Exactly on that date the French Ministry fell from power ; Europe began to remodel on the old principle of Balance of Power, and the League's life was thrown in danger.

Fantastic assertions have been made in the past by fools, cranks and fanatics, who have made the Bible and the Pyramids a happy hunting-ground, but the Rev. Walter Wynn stands in another category. He has made out an excellent case for his astounding theories. He writes with refreshing boldness. He has written a work which will deserve the wide circulation it will no doubt receive.

Another interesting book has come to hand from Dr. Julia Seton. Writing with the American exuberance which characterizes her vigorous personality, she does not hesitate to state that numerology constitutes one of the great revelations of this century. Following in the track of astrological revival has come this increased interest in the almost forgotten science of numbers and their interpretations. Thousands of years ago the Chaldeans, Hindus, Jews, and Greeks possessed complete systems of numerology, and most of our modern knowledge is ultimately derived from them.

According to these doctrines, a man's name and birthdate provide the data wherefrom it is possible to calculate his particular number. Once you discover this you will know what his relations with the world



are likely to be, what destiny has been pre-ordained for him, what are his character and capacity, and finally which path provides the greatest success for him. This may not seem so unreasonable if we remember that a series of undeniable correspondences links man with the whole universe, and if we regard number as being but one of the keys thereto.

The authoress gives clear instruction in the method of discovering one's number, and she shows how the science can be applied in a practical way to such varied affairs as business, marriage, choice of vocation, friendship, and spiritual self-development. Among the interesting facts which emerge are the following: 1 is the number of leaders; 2 indicates those who succeed better in association with others; 4 is the sign of the born organizer; 6 shows someone who needs to develop initiative; 7 is the number of those who are always calm and steady; 9 possesses kindness and inspiration; while 22 is very important as showing someone who can, if he wills, obtain great power over self and others.

Can we escape unpleasant destiny simply by changing our name? Dr. Seton answers with an emphatic negative. Nevertheless our new names may give more strength and more wisdom to grapple with our fate. There is an inspirational and idealistic note throughout this book, which is entitled *Western Symbolology* ("Rally" Office, 6s.), and which gives the fruit of a lifetime's study.

Spiritualism continues to spread rapidly. One young man, C. S. Collen-Smith, puts forward a propagandist effort on its behalf in the form of an autobiographical record of psychic experiences. *Youth and Survival* (Daniel, 1s), describes how the difficulties of accepting orthodox theological doctrines drove a thoughtful truth-seeker into the séance room. Here he received proof after proof of man's survival after death. He began as a complete sceptic and has finished as a spiritualist medium himself. Mr. Smith's language sounds sincere and direct; it will appeal to the younger generation, and his experiences may well startle those who can see nothing more of man than his body. Another booklet on the same subject, *A Challenge to Sceptics* ("Two Worlds" Office, 1s.), provides further evidence. Dr. Frederic H. Wood has edited therein another selection of articles dealing with the famous "Rosemary Records". Rosemary is a remarkable medium who, when in a state of partial trance, sees clairvoyantly and hears clairaudiently. Her clairvoyance includes symbolic pictures, scenes from the spirit world and impressions of past events. Her clairaudience has given rise to the much-discussed language tests of "Lady Nona", who, it is asserted, lived in Egypt over 3,000 years ago. These tests involved writing down ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics of whose nature and meaning the medium was quite unaware in her normal state. Moreover, one hundred and forty word-phrases have been fluently spoken through the medium's lips in Egyptian. This pamphlet is crowded with interesting matter and illustrations. *Percepts and Precepts* (Fowler, 2s. 6d.), is the third contribution to Spiritualism, but from a different angle. The anonymous author, "Rustic", writes with a playful wit about the difficulties of obtaining satisfactory proof in psychical matters. "Perhaps the professed psychic might be compared to a caterpillar who had been unfortunate enough to develop a small wing, and

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THE POPES AND account. (The in a Monastery Court, Fleet Index). Prior

THE earlier writers their villains wholly to a large extent, appreciation of psychology more evenly distributed former method; he depicts the Papacy as pursuing a sort of *Catholic Encyclopedia* this indictment makes



tried to frisk about with the butterflies instead of clinging to his cabbage," is a statement which is worth thought. The book makes bright and pleasant reading for "Rustic" ambles into literary bypaths.

"Dullards and nit-wits are generally much more contented with life. Such eat well and sleep well and leave the problems of the future to the priests and the politicians." Such is the scornful comment on the opening page of *Our Deeper Destiny* (Dorrance, \$1.50). E. F. Lundstrom, author of *The Last Fool*, here presents his philosophy of life and covers a wide field in doing so. The dual nature of man is the basis of his thinking; there is an outer self which works, eats, and struggles, and there is an inner self of which we are aware only in rare and exceptional moments. At times we may feel the presence of divinity, soul, spirit, or whatever we care to call it. These moments are rare simply because it is so rarely that we turn inward deeply enough. Only by making it the object of our thought can we become more frequently aware of this diviner self, declares Mr. Lundstrom. He tells of the mystic experience which brings "the certainty of divine companionship; a loving guidance; an inner light and illumination; a loss of all fear; and an ineffable and wordless joy."

The author refers to an ancient belief that every human being was accompanied by a good and evil genius—a white angel who whispered good counsel and a black angel who strove to lure him to destruction. He suggests that if we substitute the word "tendency" for the word "angel", the legend becomes clear as a great truth hidden behind symbolic language. The inner self produces the good tendencies and the earthly self is responsible for the darker ones.

Gentle fun is poked at certain types. "Mysticism has always suffered from the parasites and camp-followers hanging on to its skirts," he writes. "Magicians, necromancers, augurs, teachers—the motley crew of money changers in the Temple of the Spirit." This peculiar book is throughout independent in thought, terse and laconic in style, and contains an attractive mélange of metaphysics, philosophy, science, and spiritualism.

PAUL BRUNTON.

**THE POPES AND THEIR CHURCH.** By Joseph McCabe. A candid account. (Third and revised edition.) Author of *Twelve Years in a Monastery*, etc. London: Watts & Co., 5 and 6 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C.4. Crown 8vo., pp. 182 (including Index). Price 2s. 6d. net.

THE earlier writers of fiction painted their virtuous characters very white, their villains wholly black (much the same may be said of history, which is, to a large extent, embroidered with romance); but in these days our appreciation of psychology is less crude. We realize that good and bad are more evenly distributed in most of us. Mr. McCabe, however, clings to the former method; his brief survey of the progress of the Roman Church depicts the Papacy from its origin, through the Dark Ages, right up to date as pursuing a sort of "rake's progress". If some contributors to the *Catholic Encyclopaedia* may be held guilty of whitewashing, the author of this indictment makes as vigorous use of the tar-brush. Ten of the Popes,



the reader should be shocked to learn, were murderers and consummate scoundrels; at least seventeen were immoral men, while "scores were simoniacs and protectors of corruption". For a few pages the iconoclast will be mildly entertained; a category of almost unrelieved vice, though, becomes dull reading—and slinging mud is scarcely the best cleansing process: violence begets violence, as is pointed out (p. 43), with reference to Gregory VII, and surely this applies to mental, as well as physical assaults.

In Section II of this book Mr. McCabe criticizes Catholic scholarship; challenges the teaching of the Church; inveighs against the confessional, indulgences, etc. While we do not for a moment question that there is justification for his attack, in certain respects, we personally are wearied of such onslaughts: one ounce of charity is worth a ton of invective. Such a one-sided argument tends to the conclusion that it is "too bad to be true". Anyway, it is a feeble move to accuse Catholic writers of the lack of a sense of humour, after admitting one is "entirely incapable of frivolity or humour" oneself.

FRANK LIND.

**IN A SOUL'S MIRROR.** By Edith Serjeant. London: C. W. Daniel Co., Paper, price 1s. 6d. net.

THESE devotional prose-poems remind one of the ardent testaments left by some of the mediaeval Christian mystics and saints. "Lord, how can I see Thine ineffable Reality?" cries the authoress. "Thou didst make me hunger for Thee. Now art Thou constrained to give Thyself eternally in satisfaction." So through these pages we hear constantly the cry of her heart for that union with God which is the end of all true religion. This little book should be appreciated widely, and deservedly so.

J. F. LAWRENCE.

**THE FALLACIES OF FATALISM, or, THE REAL WORLD AND THE RATIONAL WILL.** By Charles E. Hooper. London: Watts & Co. Price 1s. 6d.

FOR the reader competent in modern psychology and versed in philosophy this work will prove unusually attractive. It is a challenge to determinism, as it is usually understood (and as usually misunderstood) from a superficial view of certain Oriental doctrines. The fact that many Oriental people themselves accept and teach a fatalistic dogma does not absolve them from the accusation of having miscomprehended their own inheritance. Even this author takes Omar Khayyam—as interpreted by Fitzgerald—who was far more in love with the imagery of symbolism than with the hidden content. It is well that this fallacious determinism should be challenged, even though some of its exponents themselves possess no sound basis; for shoddy thinking is general, and accurate thought scarce. Mr. Hooper is singularly lucid both in argument and phrasing; though he begins rather from the so-called "materialist" standpoint in the physical world than from any mystical apprehension of other truth: and he remains a sceptic on problems of the soul. The



## UNDER THE READING LAMP: A CAUSERIE

MR. H. GORDON GARBEDIAN has combined the fascination of a good novel with the readability of an easy style in a single work which covers the entire giant's stride of modern science. *Major Mysteries of Science* (Selwyn & Blount, 18s.) proves that the author is a facile and successful popularizer of a subject which can easily be made coldly forbidding.

What has science done to benefit us? What do instructed scientists think about this turning globe; the multitude of animal and human beings which has passed over its face in procession for unknown millions of years; ~~and the scintillating planets which hang in space and draw our gaze on clear nights?~~ What further secrets have yet to be wrested from the bowels of the earth? Mr. Garbedian has scooped together hundreds of interesting facts and theories which answer these and many other questions.

Take the wonders of chemistry, for instance. The clever chemist of to-day is the modern wizard, for he turns such unpromising-looking material as cellulose into paper, lingerie, explosives, and motor-car paint! Look at the field of applied inventions and see what wonders are promised us for the near future. Music and entertainments will be broadcast through telephone wires or electric-light wires instead of through the ether. Newspaper distribution will disappear when the newspaper production cabinet will be in every home, ready to produce a paper upon pressure of a button. Electricity will be transmitted over high-frequency radio beams, entirely without wires, and aeroplanes will pick up their power supplies from this radiated energy.

The author pictures the rapid advance of medical science and confidently predicts that the span of human life will greatly extend. But occult doctrine tells us of a far past when men lived very much longer than they do to-day. If we are to recover that lost condition, the basis of medical science will need to be broadened out so as to include the invisible aspects of man. The ancients possessed not a few secrets towards the discovery of which scientists are slowly and tortuously working their way.

One is sadly reminded of the rapid passage of the years when one remembers that it is over twenty years since *An Adventure*, by C. A. E. Moberly and E. F. Jourdain was first published. The sensation which the book created at the time is recalled by the new edition (3s. 6d.) which Faber and Faber have now issued. So astonishing is the story told in its pages that only lately have the writers thrown aside their early anonymity and revealed their names.

Miss Moberly's father was the Bishop of Salisbury, while Miss Jourdain was Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford. Both ladies went on holiday to Paris one August early this century. They took an afternoon walk through the Gardens of Versailles. While wandering through the charming grounds of the Petit Trianon they met various persons wearing eighteenth-century costumes, one of whom actually spoke and directed them upon their way. Miss Moberly noticed a woman sketching close to a building.



After their return both confessed to each other than an uncanny atmosphere seemed to hang around the place, so they compared notes. It was then discovered that Miss Jourdain had been unable to see any woman at the spot close to the building. More remarkable still, when Miss Moberly came across a portrait of Marie Antoinette she recognized it at once as a portrait of the woman she had seen sketching! The upshot of this experience was that both ladies paid several visits to Versailles during the next few years, carefully watching and recording their experiences, until they felt that they had accumulated overwhelming evidence that on each occasion they had been projected backwards through time to the Petit Trianon of 1789. Entire eighteenth-century scenes, including buildings long since demolished, costumes long since discarded and gardening implements no longer used, reproduced themselves upon the consciousness of the two visitors as being their real environments.

Certain obvious explanations immediately suggest themselves, but the writers, who are their own best critics, provide ample material to rebut them. What, then, is the most satisfying theory which we can fit to these amazing experiences? For the veracity of both ladies is unquestionable and one may unhesitatingly accept the fact that the "visions" were really seen. ~~Einstein has upset the conservative views of time which prevailed when this book was first issued, and he has shown mathematically that someone able to take a four-dimensional glimpse of things will have a very different sense of past and present to that which the ordinary man enjoys. This may help us to understand the occultist's belief that Nature keeps a secret memory which perpetuates the pictures of vanished centuries. It is likely that Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain, clearly persons of extreme sensitivity, touched this memory in some involuntary and mysterious manner, just as advanced occultists have touched it consciously and voluntarily.~~

*The Meaning of Immortality*, by E. S. Ritherdon Clark (Rider & Co., 2s. 6d.) is a little book by the President of the London Society of Philosophy. Its purpose is expressed by the author in the following words: "Doubt is thrown upon the possibility of ordinary individuals attaining to that realization so as to know themselves, not as possessing life but as being Life itself. This knowledge of oneself as being Life itself brings with it assurance beyond doubt that the Life which knows its own nature realizes Immortality, and the present work is an attempt to show that one can reach such realization from the standpoint of Reason by means of logical method and intellectual processes."

Mr. Clark proceeds to open his case by examining the various definitions of immortality which are current in our time, and by comparing them with the Platonic and Aristotelian conceptions. Then he tackles the hoary problem of Reality. He recognizes that ordinary existence is illusion-bound, and that only when we sink deep into our own consciousness by means of inward-turned meditation do we touch the essential and eternal soul of things. The acceptance of this thought eventually leads him to recognize that ~~the consciousness which thinks is itself the supreme reality.~~ He completes this line of argument by arriving at the theory that ~~organized matter reaches self-consciousness in humanity,~~ and that the highest forms of

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humanity reach self-consciousness as spirit. Thus, by following a strictly intellectual path, the writer ultimately perceives the same truths which the mystic perceives in a flash by intuition. Mr. Clark has ~~packed much thinking into a minimum of space~~, and his book may readily be recommended to those who care for the philosophical approach to truth.

It is often asserted that nothing but platitudinous trash and boring trivialities come through to this sphere from the spirits who control mediums. The unfairness of this accusation is evidenced by the lofty philosophy which "Power" is giving to crowded audiences through Mrs. Meurig Morris, by the elevated note in the writings inspired by "Dr. Lascelles", and by a little book which has just come to hand from the Society of Communion. It is called *Counsellor's Teaching* (3s.) and contains a record, made by the Rev. J. W. Potter, of trance addresses given during 1922-23 through his son Clifford, who was then a lad of only seventeen. Counsellor is the spirit control responsible for these messages, but his real identity was never revealed to the circle. The noble character of these discourses can best be judged from the following extracts:

"The Saviour is not known by words but the living of the Christ within; by a stretching forth after eternal truth; by serving others. This is what your churches need."

"The soul rises from the body and stands apart, glorious, free, grand. It finds itself in a new world, a world which is fair above the fairest; greater than the highest conception of beauty; where peace may be found for the troubled heart, joy for those who have had sorrow, fellowship for those who have been shunned of all men."

"Let not earthly things call you away from those things which are real and true. Let the love of God dominate your being—live within you, lead you on."

Counsellor repeatedly lashes the religious hypocrite with his verbal scorn and denounces churches which conveniently forget Christ's exhortations to practise love and brotherhood at whatever cost. The basic teachings of this book are a clarion call to pure, earnestly lived primitive Christianity, while the emphasis laid on the doctrine that death does not end all is naturally to be expected from a psychic message. The volume offers a silent rebuke to those who turn with exclamations of horror from the mere mention of Spiritualism.

"It is a noteworthy fact that the three great truth-revealing and spiritualizing organizations of our time were all founded in America; namely, the Theosophical Society, Christian Science and Spiritualism," writes E. B. Atty in a small book entitled *Revelation of Aquarius* (Daniel, 2s. 6d.). The author suggests that unseen powers are inspiring, guiding and energizing these movements in preparation for a new and higher epoch of mankind's history called the Aquarian Age. Although many Christian Scientists and some Theosophists will consider it a dubious honour to be bracketed with the other two groups, the fact remains that all of them have succeeded in spreading their anti-materialistic ideas to most parts of the Western world.

Mrs. Atty briefly sketches her ideas of true religion, and shows how badly present-day Christianity compares with present-day Buddhism. It



is obvious to me that she is writing out of books and hearsay, for had she travelled among the Buddhists of Asia and mingled with them she would have discovered that time's degenerating hand has touched them too. If the West is sadly in need of a genuine spiritual revival, so is the East.

Why have chaos and bewilderment overtaken the modern world? Observers, standing at different points of vantage, have provided us with different answers. Now comes Adela M. Curtis with the theory that we are witnessing nothing less than the universal dethronement of the power of money, or Mammon, as she calls it. She has written a 400-page volume, *Bible Study Notes on the Divine Law of Wealth* (School of Meditation, 7s. 6d.) to prove her point and to expound her esoteric interpretation of the Bible.

"Unhappily for the world, the civilization of which it is so inordinately proud is based entirely upon money. Hence the panic into which the nations are now thrown as they see the foundations of their cosmos crumbling," writes Miss Curtis. "Even now earnest Christians, as they believe themselves to be, are imploring God to reverse His Judgment and enable them to patch up the ruin of things as they are and repair them to what they were, instead of remaking them to what they might be. They do not dream that the whole false structure has to make way for the New Order of a New World on the New Foundation of Christ's Own Teaching." These words give the gist of the book.

The thoughtful author is an absolutist. She will have no compromise of any sort with the Sermon on the Mount. She believes that the present state of affairs is sufficient proof that most of us are following a wrong course. She is confident that Christ's injunctions, because they lead to increased individual happiness and improved social relations, are more practical than the ethics of the market-place.

Miss Curtis' philosophy goes farther than that. She attempts to restore agriculture to its former place as man's most important activity on this earth. She pleads eloquently for the dignity of manual labour, and unhesitatingly asserts that a man or woman who does not do such work for part of each day is not truly cultured. She wants people to go back to the land, but in a new way. They should return to the villages and work in couples on an acre of land each: growing, preparing and storing food; spinning, knitting, weaving and sewing; managing bees and silkworms, and cultivating trees for fuel. The author says that the whole business could be learnt by townsfolk in a single year, but one rather doubts that statement. It would only be necessary to work for three hours daily with one's hands, the rest of the time being devoted to prayer, contemplation, study and teaching one's neighbours how to live the spiritual life.

The average man, caught in the modern tangle, unable to envisage a return to medieval simplicity or a going forward to Christlike existence, will be apt to dismiss all these notions as mere idealistic nonsense. But if he wants to reach a certain place and finds that he has taken the wrong road, he does not hesitate to retrace his steps. If the dire calamities which Miss Curtis darkly prophesies really fall upon us, it is not at all unlikely that the remnant of mankind will decide to retrace its steps and neglect its wealth of technical inventions until such time as its spirituality is



developed enough to use those inventions wisely. At any rate, I can gladly recommend this book to those who want to see Bible meanings and world affairs from a new angle.

The idea that every man and woman has a personal number continues to gain devotees, if I am to judge by the number of times this belief crops up in conversations. And publishers tell me that books on numerology do not cumber their shelves for long nowadays. So I welcome a slim black volume from across the Atlantic which sets out to provide a clear explanation of the influences which are traditionally attributed to the primary numbers, i.e. one to nine, eleven and twenty-two. *Metaphysics of Numerology*, Vol. 1, *Number Ontology* (Boston: Christophers, \$1.25) is its somewhat forbidding title, but the contents are decidedly attractive and definitely interesting. Dr. Roy Melton, its author, has attempted to smooth away a common difficulty for beginners by unifying the Pythagorean, Chinese, Hebrew, and Cabbalistic systems, which are often thought to be at variance in several points.

One is the number of the master, the leader, the dictator. It possesses a dynamic force which sweeps aside every obstacle that would impede its progress or interfere with its movements. Hence, on its destructive side it makes the gangster chief, and on its constructive side the ruler who sits enthroned, commanding the absolute obedience of his people. Two is more diplomatic, beats about the bush to gain its ends, progresses more slowly but surely, and will go to almost any extreme in order to maintain harmony. Being dual by nature, it is unhappy without companionship and understanding. Five possesses an insatiable craving for variety, which turns it into a rolling stone covering much ground but gathering no moss. It is intemperately enthusiastic, always sure of itself, and a born gambler. Seven is the number of mystery, fantasy, occultism and psychism. It makes the highly spiritual Yogi no less than the theatrically charlatanic fortune-teller. It is extremely sensitive, and a person having seven prominent in his chart will have to solve many more problems and overcome many more obstacles than anyone else. His gift of day-dreaming may turn out to be an asset or a positive hindrance in life. Nine is the number of high nervous tension, because it represents inspiration. Hence those who vibrate to this number have deep emotions and extremist outlooks. Dr. Melton gives them some sound advice about self-control. His book generally is full of useful suggestions and information for the student of human nature.

*Out of the Clouds*, by Walter Clemow Lanyon (Fowler, 6s.) is a book which lives up to its title. The chapters are somewhat disconnected, but all of them show the cloudy mysticism which floats over Mr. Lanyon's other books. His experience of a soul-stirring religious event is indubitable and sincere, but when he attempts to bring it to literary expression the result is hardly likely to appeal to the reader of educated taste. The book belongs to the class of religio-New Thought literature which is doing a good work in its own enthusiastic way, but which would be all the better for a little judicious restraint and the application of some common sense.

The author believes in the power of God to confer everlasting joy in



an instant of time upon those who can believe in this power. The divine presence is already with us and we have only to become aware of it.

W. B. Yeats through his delightful poems, and "A. E." through his inspired essays, have already given us attractive versions of a few of their native Irish legends. Doffing a scholar's robe and carrying the lantern of *The Secret Doctrine*, Miss Edith Pinchin has recently been investigating the most ancient traditions of the Green Isle, traditions which contain plentiful stories of men who had attained spiritual greatness and psychic power. The results of her studies have been condensed in an interesting little volume, *The Bridge of the Gods in Gaelic Mythology* (T.P.H., 4s.). It can be recommended to those who would like to know how the Irish myths link up with the traditions of the lost continents of Atlantis and Lemuria.

PAUL BRUNTON.

CHRIST RESCUED. By Werner Hegemann, translated from the German by Gerald Griffin. London: Skeffington. Price 6s.

THE reader unacquainted with the modes of rationalistic thought will find much to challenge his hitherto accepted beliefs of Christianity, and not a little which will shock him, in this book; but it is not a state of mind which will continue. The conversations between the American, Manfred Ellis, Bernard Shaw, and others, in which they set out to show the impossibility and the inconsistency of the Christian God and the uselessness of self-sacrifice, do not really carry weight, because they one and all try to judge of deeply spiritual truths by crude materialistic standards. One fact emerges from it all, however, upon which all appear to be agreed. Christ was the greatest social reformer and the most unselfish Being the world has ever known, and it is of far greater importance to concentrate on His life than on His death.

The various states, Greek, Mexican, and others, in which ritualistic human sacrifice once predominated, are discussed with a considerable wealth of gruesome detail.

Of the two chief speakers in the book, Manfred Ellis maintains we have no proof whatsoever of the death of Christ. He was obviously rescued by Joseph of Arimathea; Bernard Shaw, on the contrary, maintains that He died on the Cross and did not rise again. Had He not done so, His gentle creed of brotherly love could never have been so barbarously travestied by His successors. The conversations, though imaginary, truly represent the opinions of the various speakers. An interesting point put forward by Arnold Zweig is that the figure of Barabbas owes itself to a copyist's error—the actual word should have been Barnasch, which means "son of man".

Says Manfred Ellis: "The Christmas tree is a much more Christian symbol than the Cross. Perhaps under the symbol of the Christmas tree Christ will prove victorious." And so the book ends.

ETHEL ARCHER,



## UNDER THE READING LAMP: A CAUSERIE

MR. WILLIAM KIRK can tell a tale with the effortless ease which reveals the true artist. His *Stories of Second Sight in a Highland Regiment* (Stirling, Mackay, 2s. 6d.) show that and other desirable qualities. This record of amazing psychic happenings is nevertheless offered to readers as being based on authentic experiences of the author and his fellow-soldiers in the Seaforth Highlanders during the war. The fictional form has been adopted to enhance the interest of strange episodes which, in themselves, are highly interesting.

The basis of most of these stories is the established principle that Celtic races, such as the Highlanders, possess a definite predisposition towards the psychic. Some soldiers, in the first tale, go to a French fortune-teller's parlour to while away an idle half-hour, but themselves see their futures mysteriously pictured on the darkened wall of the room. The man who sees a bursting shell is killed two days after, while the other man confirms his own vision after the War, when he lolls—a destitute tramp—on an Embankment seat. In another tale a Scotch nurse working in the field hospital at Abbeville sees a ghostly Maori visitant bending over a wounded New Zealander. It transpires that an aged Maori retainer, who belongs to the soldier's father, has died at precisely the same time. But most impressive of all is the story of the gloomy Highlander who committed suicide after his young wife was murdered in the Indian Mutiny. His set of long-handled razors pass, by the strange mutations of fate, into the hands of another Scotch soldier many decades later. When the latter is about to shave himself with one of these razors, he sees in the mirror a picture of the suicide's gaping, crimson-stained throat!

During the last four years Miss Estelle Stead has been the recipient of a stream of writings which, she strongly believes, emanate from the inspiration of her father, the late W. T. Stead, a noble soul, an ardent psychic researcher, and a distinguished journalist. She has gathered a sheaf of these writings into a book, *Life Eternal* (Wright & Brown, 7s. 6d.), whose central object is to make good the average man's ignorance of psychic principles. A series of frequently asked questions, with answers, is appended to each chapter.

The topics touched on by this volume include: life after death, the pre-natal state, animal survival, trance mediumship, direct voice communications, materialization phenomena, automatic writing, clairvoyance, spirit photography, hauntings, guides, and controls. A special chapter is devoted to the subject of reincarnation, upon which the teachings given are entirely unphilosophical and illogical. It is said that the larger proportion of disembodied beings continue their development on the other side, but those who wish to return to earth may do so. No one is ever forced to take up the burden of flesh again. The minority who



do reincarnate are mostly wicked or weak persons who seek another chance "to make good". The Oriental doctrine of Karma, or allotted fate according to our good or evil actions in the past, is scouted as absurd.

Thus we witness once again the spectacle of different "spirits" communicating contradictory teachings upon rebirth. One group in France subscribes to this ancient doctrine, another group in England firmly rebuts it, and here we have a third section which makes the matter dependent on the chance will of individuals. As if such a momentous event as human birth were not subject to rigid laws imposed by the great Architect of the Universe!

How do suicides fare? The answer sounds reasonable enough. "If the suicide is committed because pain cannot be endured, there is only the natural result of sudden death, a longer period of unconsciousness. But if the suicide has been committed to escape consequences, the memory of what has occurred can go on torturing the victim."

Miss Stead is perfectly satisfied that the communicant was her own father. The actual work of mediumistically producing these automatic writings was done by Mrs. Hester Dowden. One may accept their sincerity without accepting the imputed origin of these scripts, for it is much less easy to determine what constitutes a sound test of mediumistic ability than unscientific people may think.

The book is largely free from abstract argument and gives plain teachings on most of the themes about which the average enquirer into psychic matters seeks information.

One welcomes the spirit of critical investigation which inspires the National Laboratory of Psychical Research, if the evidence of their excellent publications is to be taken as a token of their internal activities. The latest Bulletin, *Official Science and Psychical Research* (2s.), gather together a series of addresses delivered by well-known scientists and writers at a special function arranged by the Laboratory. Professor Joad, who presided, made the important pronouncement that "in various circles psychical research is becoming increasingly regarded as something which is not yet quite—but may at any moment become—a fully fledged science". Referring to certain spirit-messages he says, more humorously, but perhaps rather more unjustly: "So appallingly platitudinous are these communications that one is driven to the conclusion that if our souls survive our brains certainly do not!" Monsieur René Sudre, who shares with Professor Richet the honour of being the best-known authority on psychical research in France, pointed out that the existence of supernatural phenomena could only be denied by those critics who refused to make a serious study of the subject, but that it is entirely unnecessary, therefore, to jump at the explanation which spiritualists offer us. After twelve years of constant experimental investigation he had utterly rejected the attribution of these phenomena to spirits, although they could reasonably be attributed to exceptional faculties of living human beings. M. Sudre's lengthy lecture is so brilliant a survey of a complex subject, so masterly an explanation of the manner in which psychical research is beginning to afford help to the sciences of psychology, zoology, biology, and physiology, that it deserves the widest possible circulation. Other

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valuable contributions to this *Bulletin* are made by Sir Richard Gregory, Professor Schiller, and Mr. R. S. Lambert.

Once every year there arrives from across the Atlantic a bulky, green-paper-covered volume containing the *Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution* (Washington, 70 cents). One always expects two or three scientific papers of exceptional interest in each volume, and one is never disappointed. The latest *Report* (1932) contains a significant article by Sir Arthur Eddington on "The Decline of Determinism". This distinguished thinker reminds us that there is no longer any ground for the assertion that electrons are purely hypothetical, because by an instrument called a Geiger counter, electrons may be counted one by one as an observer counts stars one by one in the sky. ~~He refers also to the silent revolution which has been taking place in physical science during the last ten years. The naive materialism of last century no longer appears credible, while the relativity theory, the quantum theory, and wave mechanics are transforming our view of the universe.~~

Professor Albert Gilligan contributes some notes on the geological history of the North Atlantic region. In view of the widespread belief among occult students that the sunken continent of Atlantis still exists in that region, it is significant to find this celebrated geologist arriving at the conclusion that "there was an actual continental area occupying the whole of the present North Atlantic which has since broken up and foundered".

The famous excavations which are being carried out in the Indus valley at Mohenjo-Daro are carefully described by Dorothy Mackay. It is only ten years since the world became aware, through these discoveries, that the history of India could no longer be started with the coming of the Aryans, but that it stretched back to a still older civilization, the Indo-Sumerian. Merchants' seals belonging to the Sumerians have been found as far afield as Egypt, Syria, Babylon, and the shores of the Caspian Sea.

The Professor of Archaeology at Benares University, who has himself discovered and identified many Sumerian seals and inscriptions in Central Asian countries, once told me his opinion that there was formerly a civilization stretching from North Africa to Eastern India which possessed a common culture. It seems that twentieth-century archaeology is gradually and unconsciously being led towards the ideas enunciated nearly half a century ago by Mme. Blavatsky in her monumental volume, *The Secret Doctrine*.

When a scientific enquirer takes to the investigation of palmistry, collects the imprints of many thousand hands with notes about their owners, and compares his results with the traditional doctrines of this ancient art, we may reasonably expect that a book on the subject by him will possess more than average value. This is precisely the case about *The Hand of Man*, by Noel Jaquin (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.), which can therefore be commended. Nevertheless, one is naturally disappointed to find that divination, or the art of fortune-telling, which is the side of palmistry that most usually interests people, is the very side which



interests Mr. Jaquin least. As an ex-medical student he has given prior consideration to the medical, psychological, and sexual sides.

He proves, and I think with clearness and accuracy, that the human hand does betray diseased conditions which exist, or are threatening, in other parts of the body. He makes out an ample case for the value of palmistry as a help to medical men for correct diagnosis. Numerous examples of such diagnosis are freely strewn throughout the book.

Short-fingered people are the ones who get things done, according to the author; they are quick in thought and action. Long-fingered people belong to the world's brain-workers. Lack of thumb development can be taken as a definite sign of lack of will-power. A short, straight head-line indicates the materialist, the man who accepts nothing that cannot be proved by material means. George Bernard Shaw's palm imprint is reproduced as a frontispiece: his little finger is abnormally long, thus showing remarkable literary ability; while the bulgy termination of his third finger betrays dramatic talent. Other palms illustrated are those of Professor Einstein, Sir Oliver Lodge, the late Sir Henry Segrave, and Sir Arthur Keith.

Mr. Jaquin refuses to admit that palmistry is a form of clairvoyance. "Clairvoyance is merely a magnification of the normal faculty of intuition," he says. "It is often startlingly accurate and often entirely wrong—it is just unreliable." He tells a story which was related to him by the late Sir E. Marshall-Hall. Many years ago a clairvoyant foretold the whole of Sir Edward's life in minute detail, which later proved accurate. The same day the same clairvoyant gave a reading for a friend of the distinguished lawyer, but not one prediction proved to be correct!

The author prophesies that the use of finger-prints for identification purposes by the police will one day be replaced by the use of full hand and finger imprints. The idea is an excellent one.

His heartening and inspiring belief that, within reasonable limits, we may change our circumstances by changing our psychological make-up and bodily health is doubtless responsible for the indifference with which he views fortune-telling.

PAUL BRUNTON.

**APRON MEN.** The Romance of Freemasonry. By Colonel Robert J. Blackham, C.B., C.M.G., C.I.E., D.S.O. Demy 8vo. Fully Illustrated. 15s. net. London: Rider & Co.

It is a pleasure to call the attention of Masonic brethren to Colonel Blackham's latest work, *Apron Men: The Romance of Freemasonry*, for many reasons, but chiefly because the author is well qualified to deal with the subject, and because he can write to the point. There is no snobbery, no pomposity, in these pages. They are excellent reading, and it may be said that the author wields his pen like a man of quality, a thing rarely to be met with these days, whether among Masons or others. His book gives a sketch of the rise and development of Freemasonry in this country from the time of the Craft Guilds, reminding us that the Guild of Masons adopted as their patron saints the Quatuor Coronati, the four Martyrs of Rome, whose emblems were the saw, the hammer, the mallet the com-



## UNDER THE READING LAMP : A CAUSERIE

"MOST people cannot quickly answer the simple question, 'What would you most like to do in life?'" remarks Elizabeth Severn in her excellent new book, *The Discovery of the Self: A Study in Psychological Cure* (Rider, 7s. 6d.). "They are filled with doubts, uncertainties and confusions; they have to consider what is possible or probable, or make a choice between various conflicting desires. The problem ends in frustration." So Mrs. Severn has written this work in an attempt to help such persons attain a larger degree of inner unity, as well as a better understanding of their own complex natures.

Her method is essentially psycho-analytical, but the commingling of a spiritual outlook vastly improves it. Mrs. Severn's valuable experience as a psycho-therapeutic practitioner in America and England renders her writings more useful than those put forth by enthusiastic but unscientific theorists. She narrates several interesting stories from her case-books which give point to her statements. We learn from them what a vast amount of misery prevails unspoken under conventionally happy adolescence and outwardly harmonious marriage.

There is an unusually informative chapter entitled "Nightmares are Real". It examines the nature of dreams, of which the persevering author has collected records of many thousands. She makes the curious but perceptive statement that "dreaming is a state akin to insanity, in that it is not limited by facts as they are known to the conscious mind". Nightmares are dream-reminders of painful personal catastrophes which happened in the past, and which have left permanent scars on the psyche.

An able review of the rise of psycho-analysis and an outline of its main ideas are included. Though it possesses a large literature and an eager body of lay students, the science is still excluded from most official and academic sources. The author would place Freud among the benefactors of the world. I would add that Jung developed Freud's doctrine to a truer level, by minimizing the absurd emphasis placed on infantile sexuality and by breaking away from the excessively materialistic view taken by his master.

The daily meetings which take place between the psycho-analytic practitioner and the patient have the quality of the confessional. Mrs. Severn admits that the method used is "a hard process, for it destroys many illusions and forces one to see his own ego in its true light, which is not always a favourable one". The usual procedure consists partly in drawing out the patient's opinions and feelings about himself, while avoiding any expression of the practitioner's own opinions. It is claimed that the results are worth while, for emotional complexes are dissolved, neuroses are cured, and even physical pains and disorders may vanish. In her analysis of the causes of illness, the author attaches much importance to the emotional factors, as grief, shame, depression, repressed instincts and hatred. "A neurotic is a person who is physically injured", is a very



true definition. The chapters on sexual emotion are outspoken and emphatic. Civilization has fixed a standard of decency and restraint in sex matters, but it has not shown much sympathy for those unfortunate persons who are unable to live up to that standard. Mrs. Severn manifests a kindly attitude toward them. She reveals how proper psychological treatment will greatly help unhappy adolescents and the maritally mismated.

Garland Anderson is a negro, and follows in the trail of that splendid man Booker T. Washington to prove that intellectual activity and high ideals can fill a black man's cranium no less than a white man's. *Uncommon Sense: The Law of Life in Action* (Fowler, 5s.), is the title of a book he has written to teach some rather well-worn ideas. A few years ago his play *Appearances* drew packed houses to a West End theatre, for it was an original and daring production. One wishes that this book were as well constructed and as smartly written as that play, but, with the kindest will, one must confess that it is not. There does not seem to be much regard for literary form, while the first fifty pages are wearying. Their omission or extreme condensation would improve the interest of the hundred and fifty pages which follow them.

Mr. Anderson, having risen from hotel page-boy to successful Broadway playwright, offers us the recipe which he followed when making the necessary efforts to rise. Here it is: "When the mind reaches the point of absolute and unwavering belief in the success of anything, the ways and means to that end will automatically unfold in the mind. The working of this principle is exact and unfailing, even in the extreme cases where the intellect can see no possibility of success." He asserts that as you strongly believe, so shall it be. Apply his recipe, and character will be transformed, poverty will give way to prosperity, and diseases will vanish from your body. An attractive teaching, this, but one hopes it is not too good to be true. It is common New Thought doctrine, which often is truth swaying dangerously upon the end of a balancing-pole! New Thought, with all its defects acknowledged, has nevertheless done much good in getting rid of people's "blues", in turning tired pessimists into untiring optimists, and in convincing sufferers from flat feet that they have perfectly normal pedal extremities! However, Mr. Anderson's volume is flavoured with sincerity and idealism, and one cannot help liking the character which the author projects into his pages. How far his theories are acceptable is another matter. Faith is truly a wonderful thing and greatly to be recommended; but then, so is common sense.

~~It was, I believe, Sir Francis Bacon who said that Time is the friend of man.~~ But Mr. J. Louis Orton evidently wishes to improve the phrase, for he has called his latest treatise *Hypnotism—the Friend of Man* (Thorsons, 5s.). The author collaborated for some years with the famous Monsieur Coué at Nancy. He reveals that when they first met in Paris in 1922, Coué said: "You use hypnotism; I do too, but I don't say so—I think it is better not." This statement will surprise many people, especially those with confused notions of the mind's powers. The author adds that "Coué was an indifferent hypnotist but an excellent suggestionist. He was not very successful in inducing profound hypnosis."

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Mr. Orton begins by retelling the story of George Du Maurier's famous novel *Trilby*, and then proceeds to cast withering scorn upon the technical inaccuracies of the plot. "The Svengali method is simple," he writes, "and so are those who believe in it!" Half the feats attributed to that picturesque and powerful hypnotist Svengali could never have occurred, while the impression given that hypnotic procedure racks the nervous system of the subject is quite contrary to fact.

The author describes a number of simple experiments which students can attempt upon themselves and others. They reveal the potency of suggestion, but different personalities will inevitably differ in the results obtained. He points out further that it is a common error to suppose that hypnosis presents any difficulty in termination. On the contrary, experience shows that the difficulty lies in perpetuating hypnosis. Blowing on the face or tapping on the soles of the feet generally suffices to awaken a mesmerized subject.

Looking over the range of subjects which the author has put on parade in the table of contents, one realizes the wide stretch which hypnotism has now taken. Hypnotism in Fiction, Suggestion, Auto-Suggestion, Why Thought Kills and Cures, Management of Hypnosis, Medical Uses, Surgical Uses, Mental Complaints, Nervous Complaints, Moral Reform, Educational Uses, Social Uses, Speech Defects and their Cure—these are some of the titles.

Mr. Orton believes firmly in the materialistic hypothesis *à la Haeckel*. He can hardly take occultists seriously; he calls Christian Science "a spurious science"; he is impatient of the Brahmins, whom he dismisses as "mystics and pretenders"; and finally he proudly states that he is completely sceptical of clairvoyance. His book is at an advantage because it is written by a practical man; it is at a disadvantage because of its frequent insistence on the materialistic nature of hypnotic causes. The type of materialism which it espouses is pitifully out of date, and few first-class minds would be found willing to entertain it to-day. However, those readers who can skim the cream of Mr. Orton's facts and reject his philosophy should find his work useful.

After a lapse of twelve years since its last printing, the fifth edition of *The Gate of Remembrance* (Blackwell, 7s. 6d.) now appears. Those who remember Frederick Bligh Bond's peculiar book will also remember the stir it created at the time. Mr. Bond was Honorary Architect to the Diocese of Bath and Wells; the crumbled ruins of Glastonbury Abbey came within his purview; and so he took advantage of his post to make use of psychic guidance in the work of excavation. He had been a keen student of glorious Glastonbury's history, and he was an equally keen student of the occult side of things. So few were the existing remains, so incomplete were the available plans of the great Abbey, that it was difficult to know where to dig usefully. This book tells how Mr. Bond called in the help of a psychically gifted friend, John Alleyne, and the two sat together fairly frequently with a view to the production of automatic writings. Their rule was to make their minds placid and their moods quiescent. They hoped to tap what they term "the cosmic memory". Their attitude toward spiritualism was unfavourable, but subsequent results



forced them to favour it. Many scripts were produced, a large proportion of them having reference to Glastonbury's ancient monastic affairs. One day came a message which contained an important secret they had long been seeking, viz. a detailed description of the Edgar Chapel, its location and its exact measure. "The width ye shall find is twenty and seven, and outside thirty and four, so we remember—Beere Abbas." The excavations which followed confirmed these words to the letter.

Now Bere (or Beere) was the last great building Abbot of Glastonbury. He was the man who had erected the Edgar Chapel, but the dissolution of the monasteries and subsequent depredations had removed all trace of it. This verification is why Mr. Bond was compelled to veer round toward the Spiritualistic hypothesis. Then came another signature to the writings, that of the monk Johannes. He told the wondering sitters that he died in 1533, and advised them exactly where to dig further. His advice was sound, for more archaeological discoveries were made at the places indicated by him. His messages came through in a queer mixture of old English and quaint Latin, thus: "Ye balcony was underneath ye window and from yt did lead the way to ye altare back where was an ymage of Saint Mary. Ego sum Johannes qui ex memoria rei dico." (I am Johannes who speak from memory of the matter). Quite apart from the intrinsic value of these documents, there is the added interest of their background. Glastonbury was one of the first strongholds of the Christian faith in Britain, and popular legend associates it with the Holy Grail. Certainly it was in former centuries a centre of pilgrimage comparable in importance with some of the most famous centres of Christendom. The devout came thither from all corners of the Christian world.

The problem of true origin raised by these scripts is not to be solved by their impatient rejection or credulous acceptance. Are they the records of still existing personalities who lived and laboured in old Glastonbury four and five hundred years ago? Are they the "tappings" of some etheric atmosphere surrounding the Abbey's site and rekindled to temporary life by the psychic vitality of the sitters? ~~Or are they but the emergence of latent ideas derived from the author's study of old documents? The wise reader will not leap swiftly to judgment, for Truth is an elusive lady who, says ancient report, lives at the bottom of an extremely deep well.~~

*Essays in Zen Buddhism: Second Series* (Luzac, 20s.), is an attractive book which reminds me that many years have turned the pages of time since I last met its distinguished Japanese author, Professor D. T. Suzuki. His modest character and profound learning are an ornament to his race. A few brief conversations with him sufficed to divert my interest in Buddhism, which I was then studying under one of the Elders of the Burmese school, into the wider vistas which are to be found in Mahayana (the schools of Tibet, China and Japan). Since then Professor Suzuki has made it possible for English readers to have access to the great treasures of Zen through his admirable translations and studies.

What is a "koan"? After Zen had flourished for five hundred years or so the masters observed that it was declining into the merely formal, highly systemized, logic-chopping and word-mongering condition into which most religions, cults and spiritual philosophies seem fated to decline after their

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creative genius has left the world. Accordingly, a new kind of mental discipline was added to the training. Strange problems were given to disciples for solution, problems which were anti-logical, intellectually perplexing, and seemingly without sense. These problems were condensed into short phrases consisting of a few cryptic words, or formulated by the master into brief questions with apparently unconnected answers. The pupil's tendency to intellectualize matters was thus checked, for sooner or later he came to realize that no amount of rational thought could effect a solution. He was thus driven into a condition of ever-increasing mental strain and emotional tension until, under the guidance of an experienced master, he was led into a kind of crisis. When the latter was successfully passed, the koan was dissolved and intuitive perception with transcendental experience was the result. Two typical koans are: "To be and not to be—it is like a wistaria leaning on a tree"; "Look at the North star by turning around towards the south." I hazard the theory that the nature of the koan is less important than the intense concentration induced by exercising upon it, and that this concentration itself is largely responsible for successful results.

The remaining chapters are full of interest. They contain two new translations, the secret message of Bodhidharma who founded Zen, and a study of mystical passivity which is worth comparing with the recorded experiences of Christian mystics. The book contains twenty-five reproductions of old Far Eastern prints and should be welcome to the discerning few.

Another work on Buddhism is Dwight Goddard's revised edition of *The Buddha's Golden Path* (Luzac, 4s.). Since it is more concerned with the ethical and religious side of its subject, it could be regarded as complementary to Professor Suzuki's. Mr. Goddard describes the moral and practical discipline which comprises the eightfold path of Buddhist life, and then shows the reward waiting for the man who practises it. ~~Those who think that Nirvana is a kind of never-ending boredom~~ would do well to study this easy introduction; ~~the author will correct their mistake and make good their ignorance.~~ Mr. Goddard's work is authoritative and to be recommended, for he has studied his subject at first hand in Japan; he writes me that he has just gone to China on a spiritual quest.

Zen is the most vital and possibly the most mystical of Chinese and Japanese Buddhist schools. Its approach is predominantly psychological and intuitive rather than religious and intellectual. The author has explained its groundwork in the first series of his Essays, which appeared in 1927, and in this volume he considers the more advanced aspects and later historical developments. The same charm of style, the same fondness for colourful illustrative anecdotes and the same masterful ease in handling subtle thoughts which marked the first book appear also in these pages. Several chapters are concerned with the "koan" exercise which became such a feature of the mediæval monks' training.

A slick sub-editor on one of our popular journals gave the title of "Gloomy Dean" to William Ralph Inge, D.D., many years ago, and it has been eagerly adopted by every wielder of the journalistic pen. Yet if ever there existed a gloomy dean, surely it was that one who flourished two



hundred years ago—Jonathan Swift, whose irascible temperament offers much contrast to the philosophic character of the Dean of St. Paul's. The truth is that Dr. Inge is neither a pessimist nor an optimist but, like a good Platonist, dwells outside both these definitions. He believes in three eternal values—Truth, Goodness and Beauty—and whoever loves these things can never be really gloomy.

*God and the Astronomers* (Longmans, 12s. 6d.), is the latest addition to his galaxy of brilliant books. There is very little astronomy but very much philosophy in this work. Its central idea is that we must accept Sir Arthur Eddington's positive statement that the whole universe is steadily and irrevocably running down like a clock, if we are not to flinch before the discoveries of science. Having thoroughly impressed this upon his readers, the Dean pertinently asks: "Is it not reasonable to assume that whatever power wound up the clock once may probably be able to wind it up again?" Therefore good Christians need not unduly alarm themselves over the dark forebodings of our scientists, because the Creator can—and probably will—create another universe again! That leads Dr. Inge to the theory of recurrent world cycles, a theory which he seems to favour though prudently hesitating at a fixed opinion.

The idea that the universe is annihilated and then re-created anew after a period of rest is an ancient one. Its history extends from China through India and Persia to Greece, while to-day we find the belief incorporated in the Secret Doctrine of Theosophy.

The Dean believes that Darwin's biology was misread and made to serve a superstitious belief in the perfectibility of the species. The chapter on "God in History" is a sustained polemic against the modern pantheists who would make Deity grow with the universe, as well as against those modern scientists who would give Time itself an absolute value. A lengthy passage from Croce, the Italian philosopher, is quoted with the sarcastic comment: "I confess I can see nothing in his hymn to progress except delirious nonsense." Nevertheless Dr. Inge closes the chapter with a confession of wistful hope. Gifted with a strong intuition of the soul's immortality, he needs no further proof. He harshly rejects Spiritualism, "which is often the spurious mysticism of the materialist". He treats the notion of successive lives on this earth with sympathetic understanding, as indeed we should expect one to do who takes Plotinus for his master. His phraseology may sometimes be exceedingly pungent, but his arguments are so lucid, so precise and so brilliantly expressed that his prose shines on occasions like a piece of mother-o'-pearl.

Mrs. Alice A. Bailey's classes in occult philosophy are well known to New York students of the subject, and now that she has transferred her activities to London, for a period at least, interest will be centred on the new edition of her work, *Initiation, Human and Solar* (Watkins, 4s. 6d.). Although the authoress modestly disavows any personal authority for the extraordinary information which follows, it is commonly understood that she claims to have certain Tibetan adepts as her distant inspirers. Her general teaching is a variant of Theosophy while this book especially deals with the mysterious and sublime experience of initiation. Mrs. Bailey explains that two things result from it: (a) "an expansion of consciousness



that admits the personality into the wisdom attained by the ego; (b) "a brief period of enlightenment wherein the initiate sees that portion of the Path that lies ahead to be trodden".

What the average reader will find most interesting in this book is the continuous reference to a group of Masters called "the Hierarchy of Light". We are told that it has been in existence for millions of years upon this planet; ~~that it controls the world's destinies and guides its major affairs; and that it is leading everything towards an ultimate perfection.~~ Its central home is in the Gobi desert, possibly the most mysterious region in Central Asia. Other members of this order dwell in different parts of the world. The Christ is still among us in a physical body somewhere in the Himalayas. Each day he stands under the great pine tree in his garden at the sunset hour and pours out his blessing on all those who aspire spiritually. The Hungarian Master Rakoczi is in charge of the destiny of Europe and America. He impresses the minds of statesmen, inspires the acts of rulers, and brings about desired results by telepathic energy. Several other picturesque figures are briefly described for us.

How far these things will be credible to non-Theosophical readers one cannot say, but let us hope that they are really true for they will help to restore confidence at a time when most things around us are fast losing their stability. If these hidden but benevolent beings hear the widespread cries of a tortured world, then surely those cries will not be uttered in vain. If Mrs. Bailey is one of those fortunate persons to whom a vision of life's secret meaning has been vouchsafed, then her work becomes of vital importance. And if I am not competent to touch on these points, I can say at least that her book is well worth reading.

PAUL BRUNTON.

THE TANTRIK DOCTRINE OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. The Secret of the Tantras. By Elizabeth Sharpe, F.R.G.S., F.R.E.S., M.R.A.S., F.B.E.E., etc. Published by Rider & Co., Paternoster House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4. Price 4s. 6d. net.

APART from its intriguing title it is claimed on the title page that this book is "*culled from the most ancient occultism of India, the Shakta-Kaula: never before written in a book, but handed down from Teacher to pupil*".

The writer warns against the performance of ritual without understanding its secret meaning, a practice which leads to utter degradation of its followers. No other doctrine has been more greatly misunderstood and debased than the Tantra, she states.

The Tantrik Doctrine centres round the ancient and long-hidden secret belief that there exists on the forehead of woman who has reached to the highest principle of spiritual enlightenment, a spiritual womb, capable of being impregnated from above by Divine means. The author describes her as "*a mortal woman with deer-like eyes*". "*Men and women*", she says, "*have gained, through years of evolution, the art of reproduction of themselves in the lowest of all centres, that of the earth. But there are many higher centres, where reproduction can and does occur, if the affinity is sufficiently pure and powerful.*"



Miss Sharpe points out how many of the Church teachings were practised long before the introduction of Christianity, as, for instance, the Roman Catholic meditation of the Sacred Heart, which shows that heart *burning*. This, she says, is part of an ancient esoteric heart-lotus meditation (Anahata). Then there is the recitation of the rosary, laying stress on the value of sound repetition, as do the ancient mantras. Worship of the Mother, as taught by the Roman Catholic Church, is also a custom antecedent to Christianity, and there are ~~many~~ others.

The book, as a whole, is profoundly symbolical, and only open to "the ears of understanding", but seeds of wisdom may be gleaned by any intelligent student.

R. E. BRUCE.

LOTUS LILY IN LAKE LAND. By L. E., A LITTLE BOOK ON BODY BUILDING FOR A BOY. By L. E. London: "Rally" Office. 3d. each.

Two charming little pamphlets for children. The first conveys deep spiritual truths in the simplest language: "When you are not busy on the outside, just think God Thoughts, Jesus Thoughts all the time, then you will make a little Inner Dwelling where God can live in you." The second contains just those words on breathing, feeding, fighting, sex and health which every right-minded parent will want to say to her child.

J. F. LAWRENCE.

THE FALL OF IDEALS. By H. P. Blavatsky. U.L.T. Pamphlet No. 27. London: Theosophy Company. 2d.

~~A book is not to be evaluated by its bulk. The slimmest volume oft holds the profoundest wisdom. H. P. B.'s brilliant essay is an apt exemplification of this truth. She derides the witness of man's present degeneration, and prophesies his ultimate arisal into a godlike condition. She bankrupts the theory of a personal Devil and reveals that Satan exists nowhere but in Man's own dual nature. And she points at last to the greatest need though saddest lack of to-day—love for humanity.~~

RAPHAEL HURST.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED: *The Lord's Prayer*. By Gertrude E. M. Saunders. (Waymark Press, 6d.) *Durchdie Handschrift zur Menschenkenntnis*. By von Hilde und Dr. Passou. Rascher & Cie.) *Modern Astrology Ephemeris for 1934*. ("Modern Astrology" Office. 1s.) *Entry into the Kingdom of Heaven and Messages of Peace*. By Shiv Bart Lal. Mirzapur: Radhaswami Dham. *Spirit Communications from a Prominent Freemason*. Anon. *Thought Processes and Respiration*. By Alexander Cannon, M.D. *The Human Aura and How to See it*. By Harry Boddington. (Psychic Press. 6d.)



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## UNDER THE READING LAMP: A CAUSERIE

MORE than half a century has passed since that bleak November morning when a handful of people gathered in the Mott Memorial Hall, New York, and the Theosophical Society was publicly inaugurated. Have the hopes of its early members been realized? The Society has encountered so many antagonisms, both from within its own fold and from without, that its future cannot be traced with any certainty. Indeed, it has followed the general fate of most attempts to organize spiritually, for it is to-day divided into a half-dozen schismatic bodies. Those who would like to know one version of its first great split will find it graphically written in Henry S. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves: Fifth Series* (Theosophical Publishing House, 7s. 6d.). This volume covers the history of the T.S. from the opening of the year 1893 till the spring of 1896. Reading it, one perceives how quickly a sorry state of affairs developed after the death of Mme. Blavatsky, who, "at the behest of the Masters of Wisdom of the Great White Lodge", brought the Society into being.

The Vice-President, William Q. Judge produced, from time to time, written messages which were put forward as coming from the mysterious Masters themselves. Col. Olcott, the President, did not agree with this claim. He joined with Mrs. Annie Besant in an accusation that the letters were forged. Mr. Judge entered an emphatic denial, and in turn denounced Mrs. Besant for working black magic upon himself. An attempt was made to oust him from his post. He retaliated by withdrawing almost the entire American Section, which was formed into an autonomous organization in 1895. The Society was shaken to its foundations during the controversies.

The further pages of this book are full of interesting matter. There is the detailed record of Mrs. Besant's first visit to India. Her hurricane lecture tour in that country roused the educated Hindus to a sense of the intellectual values of their own religion, and they greeted her enthusiastically. The diarist conceived a tremendous admiration for Annie Besant, and praises her oratorical powers unstintedly. There is a reference to Swami Vivekananda who "did not impress me with having any belief in the existence of our Masters".

One day there came to the headquarters at Adyar a sick, disappointed, and disillusioned man. He was an American, Dr. Scrogin, who had been attracted to India by extravagant stories of Yogis and Mahatmas. "Poor Dr. Scrogin had worked his way north as far as Kashmir without seeing the least bit of a wonder-worker or miracle, had contracted a dreadful fever in the Terai jungle, and been laid up a month in hospital." The author mentions also three Russians who had come to India, attracted by Blavatsky's writings and ardently hoping to enjoy some weird experiences with the Yogis. "That they were disappointed, as have been scores of others who have come on the same quest, goes without saying," observes Olcott. "Mahatmas and other miracle-workers are not on show." The



his childhood in Shetland where he gathered paddick stöls, or mushroom, and dug in sea-sand for clams, or as he called them, smislins. As they are printed on the leaf before me, they run : . . . An gadderin paddick stöls ; or pokm efter smislins, etc.

Yours truly,  
J. W. MASON.

### ASTRAL PROJECTION.

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW

Occult subjects have always appealed to me because I have had wonderful experiences, during sleep, of what I call "out of one's physical body" happenings. I have been in my spirit-body even in the full sunlight *on this earth*, seeing physical surroundings and people as a silent and invisible watcher. I had often wondered whether others have had such experiences.

Then one day I bought a book called *The Projection of the Astral Body*, by S. J. Muldoon and Mr. Carrington. To my surprise I found that the experiences Mr. Muldoon relates coincide wonderfully with my own. I consider Mr. Muldoon's work as very striking—a great advance in explaining this marvellous phenomenon of the human soul. His explanations are so direct, true, and also cover all the spiritualistic phenomena. I think his work will one day be recognised as the work of a genius when the human race becomes more awakened. I wish I could meet Mr. Muldoon personally—what an interesting talk we could have !

As to some practical points : What students will have to notice is, that a vivid dream, or even psychic travelling clairvoyant experiences are not the same as "out of body" experiences. The first two are instinctive, or, elementary occurrences, not under the control of the spiritual will ; the latter, however, is a perception of one's own *super* sensible form in a soul body, and enables one to stand, conscious of oneself, in a supersensible world, as one is conscious of oneself in the physical world through the perception of one's physical body.

Yours sincerely,  
CHAS. B. WINSER.



book is written throughout in that lively, engaging and personal style which characterized all Olcott's work. There is not a dull line in it.

It is an open fact that the late Col. Olcott was ceremonially received into Buddhism by the High Priest of Ceylon, and thereafter did much to spread a knowledge of the faith. To-day he is being followed by another American who is working valiantly in the cause of a correct understanding of Buddhism. Dwight Goddard has sent me a copy of his third book, *The Buddhist Bible*, (London agents: Luzac & Co., 9s.), a finely printed volume of three hundred pages. Mr. Goddard's early experiences in China and Japan brought him into contact with Zen, possibly the most advanced and most vital of present-day Buddhist schools. He has collected, edited and interpreted the four important texts which comprise this book, namely: The Self Realization of Noble Wisdom; The Diamond Sutra; The Prajna Paramita Sutra; and the Sutra of the Sixth Patriarch. A short history of Chinese Zen (Ch'an) is given as a preface.

The first scripture is at least two thousand years old, yet it was not translated into English till 1929, when Professor Suzuki issued a translation which was, unfortunately, too unreadable for the average Westerner. Mr. Goddard has followed in the wake of his respected teacher by presenting a more attractive version. It deals with most profound metaphysical problems. Its basic teaching is that the whole universe, the whole structure of our external world, depends for its validity upon our own intellect. "I teach that the multitudinousness of objects has no reality in itself," declared the Buddha. "When it is clearly understood that there is nothing in the world but what is seen of the mind itself, discrimination no more rises, and the wise are established in their true abode, which is the realm of quietude." Such a bold declaration must necessarily be caviare to the many; because intellect, itself body-based, automatically rejects it, while intuition, that faint whisper from Reality, alone grasps the secret.

The fourth scripture in the book was composed by Wei Lang, who flourished fifteen hundred years ago in a monastery near Canton. He tells us: "If we knew our mind perfectly and realized what our self-nature truly is, all of us would attain Buddhahood."

The earlier Western conceptions of Buddhism regarded it as an atheistic and unduly pessimistic religion. They are now slowly yielding to a truer understanding. In the result we begin to perceive that the real teaching of the Buddha was unconcerned with fruitless theological argument about Deity, and that Nirvana is a positive condition of unperturbed happiness hardly consonant with the mournful connotations of pessimism. Thanks to Dwight Goddard for placing before Western students the little-known teachings of Zen, and may he receive sufficient encouragement from discerning students to go on with his work of uncovering these gems of Oriental wisdom for our benefit.

We return with a jolt to the modern age, when confronted by Clifford Bax's new essays, to which he has given the poetic title of *That Immortal Sea* (Lovat Dickson, 7s. 6d.). The Oriental atmosphere of religious certainties is gradually fading from our lives, so Mr. Bax makes a brave attempt to rescue belief in the soul from the cold air of twentieth-century scepticism. Perhaps he is guilty of some exaggeration when he dares to



assert that "the average man does not now believe in God or the soul", but there can be no doubt that the average man finds it difficult to arouse great enthusiasm for such belief. The author attempts to convert and convince such a man as the one who would rather go for a spin in a motor-car rather than go to church, who likes a cocktail party infinitely more than a theological discussion, and who is more concerned with how to pay his bills than with his spiritual condition.

The first part of this book is historical and describes in felicitous language, spiced with subtle irony, how the modern tide of materialism has arisen, and how the scientific investigators and anthropological researchers have devastated orthodoxy. The second part makes broad allusions to psychic research and offers the sensible remark: "The sceptic is hasty when he performs a gleeful war-dance because a certain medium has been exposed. Ninety-nine grocers may put sand in their sugar, but there may still be one just grocer who does not." The results achieved by modern spiritualism justify the attention of those who are still puzzled by the problem of death.

Mr. Bax offers us his meditations upon sexual morality in the last part of his book. He rightly finds a link between this theme and his first one. Although bestowing an intellectual sympathy upon those ardent persons who would run up the flag of sexual promiscuity and run down the last fences which hold sexual passions in restraint, he prophesies that they will prove nothing more than transitional types. He holds that marriage must have fidelity as its basis, and that a calmer age will perceive this. He believes that the future generation will possess a kindlier and cleaner attitude towards sex, treating it as a natural function of which we need not be ashamed, and which the spiritually aspiring need not despise as an evil thing. It has been a privilege to read this sensible and beautiful piece of writing by Clifford Bax.

*Mainly on Physical Phenomena* is the latest Bulletin to be issued by that vigorous institution, the Boston Society for Psychic Research. It contains six contributed papers bearing on fine points of psychic controversy. Forty old cases are cited to demonstrate how intellectual persons were deceived by physical phenomena, supposed to be of spirit origin. This care for truth is praiseworthy, but forty other cases might be cited which strain credulity if a materialistic origin is to be ascribed to them. John Myers, Rudi Schneider, Mrs. Piper and "Margery" are some of the celebrated mediums whose feats come under critical review in the Bulletin.

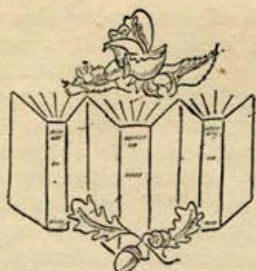
PAUL BRUNTON.

~~RELATIVITY AND REALITY. A non-technical exposition of the theory of relativity and its philosophic consequences. By G. H. Paelian, B.S., M.A. Macoy Publishing Company, New York.~~

~~In this book the principles underlying relativity are shown to be common to occult beliefs. So that, with no blaring of trumpets, but with the cold, calculated reasoning of the scientist, the most brilliant and incontrovertible proof of occultism is born.~~



BOOK



SHELF

CHRISTIAN ROSENKREUTZ

by Rudolf Steiner, translated by Dorothy Osmond and Mary Adams  
(The Rudolf Steiner Publishing Co. 12/6)

Reviewed by DR. PAUL BRUNTON

THE WORK OF TURNING into English and putting into print the enormous mass of unpublished lecture material left behind by Dr. Rudolf Steiner since his death a quarter of a century ago, has steadily gone forward. Although so many volumes are now available, the number which has yet to appear is still larger.

The book now under discussion is the latest addition to the series. It brings together within one pair of covers two separate but related courses of lectures. If they are separated by twelve years in time they are related by blood ties of Rosicrucian interest. The full title of Part I is *The Mission of Christian Rosenkreutz: its Character and Purpose*, whilst that of Part II is *Rosicrucianism and Modern Initiation*.

A The first of Steiner's lectures is called "The Dawn of Occultism in the Modern Age". He brings in the principle of historical development in connection with the higher culture of humanity, particularly spiritual culture. The different kinds of civilization to

which the human being is exposed become full of meaning when we accept the idea that he returns again and again to earth. In this way he is schooled in different periods of culture and gains from each one what he could not gain from the others.

B The thirteenth century, Steiner continues, was a time of transitional importance, for it was a time of secret preparation for that intellectual culture which later characterized the modern world. Twelve men who were then living in Europe met privately for this purpose and took over the care and education of a child who, they foresaw, would one day be the most powerful and vital figure of their group. They were themselves highly spiritual individuals and brought out all his finer possibilities. He was kept rigidly from the world and untouched by its influences. At the age of twenty he was ready to go through a trance experience, similar to Paul's before Damascus, which led to an exceptional degree of wisdom and illumina-



groups. This dual code is of great antiquity and is obeyed instinctively by lower animals.

Is it not even stranger that the Editor of this REVIEW should appear to be unaware of this fundamental constitution of our natures when he writes, "If acting pro-group is instinctive in us, acting anti-group cannot also be"? ("Comment", in RIDER's REVIEW, Summer 1950.)

The views expressed in the editorial "Comment" seem to be influenced by the mechanistic explanations of human character which are so popular today. Instincts are dismissed by McCabe as appendages of an outmoded psychology. But even if we are to read "tropisms" for "instincts", the viewpoint is no more acceptable. The advance of the theory of tropisms has done more than any other single theory of late to strengthen the materialist and mechanist theory of life and is the principal argument of the Rationalists in refuting a mystic interpretation of life. "Instinct is a definitive or final category," says the Editor, "not admitting of exceptions." Theosophists would say that instinct like the doctrine of Karma—the law of action and reaction—admits of very considerable exceptions in the

possession by man of free will.

It is easy to be misled by the apparent simplifications of scientific theory, whereas such researches, if understood, lead not to simplification but to an acceptance of the unutterable complexities of life. The true revelation is experienced by the occult student who is led not to an understanding but to an acceptance of the complexities of the spirit. It is the "acceptance" of war that horrifies some people. They fight against the concept, and in fighting they are, of course, physically or mentally, "accepting" it, for propaganda, in the sense that it is the imposing of one's will upon another, is a mild degree of aggressiveness. The non-proselytizing religions of the East are so by virtue of their basis in "acceptance".

While the wheel turns slowly and the earth's millions bring upon themselves and upon us all ages of upheaval and war we must not forget that for all the evil in the world there is also good to meet it. Mankind has his Path—he must tread it. The inventions of war are the milestones on the road. The Lord thy God is a Jealous God, Mighty in Battle. But at the end of the road God is Love.



# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A YOGI

by Paramhansa Yogananda. (Rider 21-)

Reviewed by SHAW DESMOND

THE *Autobiography of a Yogi*, so far as I know, is the first time a genuine Hindu yogi has written his life story for a Western audience. How far such an audience will realize the "universal" nature of this very human story is doubtful. For it takes us on a magic carpet outside time and space, as in the chapter, "An Experience in Cosmic Consciousness".

Put succinctly, this story of Paramhansa Yogananda, chosen as the yogi missionary to the West and whose work as teacher is known throughout America and our modern world, simply dwarfs the periphery and approach of the Western scientist, though it pays full tribute to the achievements of such as Einstein or Eddington in "The Law of Miracles" section. Yet our concepts of the atom, as of the sub-sections of the atom, were indubitably known to the Indian *rishis* thousands of years before Christ. We are, largely, but re-discovering. From my own prolonged studies of Hindu and Buddhist science, and I use the word advisedly, I can say that Einstein's Unified Field Theory, which "marries" the laws of gravitation and electro-magnetism, was, in effect, known in past ages to the *rishis* who taught that "the protean *maya* was the sole texture of creation".

This book is a Bible for the student who does not fear being driven, as physics is being driven, outside time and space.

In a series of fascinating stories of levitation, of living without food or drink, of Swami Sohong, the "Tiger Swami" who, unarmed and with his naked hands alone, reduced the most savage tigers to helplessness, this "yoga textbook" makes plain why it is that the science of the West is now "Physics in Flux". We may even say that the veils are down between the Third and Fourth Dimensions, and that we are seeing and shall see wonders beyond dreams. Actually, there are not a hundred real dyed-in-the-wool materialist scientists left. All are "contaminated with ghost!"

The illustrations are of a high order—the faces of the *yogi* and *yogini*, or female yogi, fascinating to study. They seem of another order of vibration from even the most evolved of the Western teachers. But the men, in nearly all cases, themselves have the faces of luminous women, yet without effeminacy, and I can vouch, from personal experience, that the bodies of these men are superbly muscled and nerved. The face and expression of Yogananda himself in the frontispiece is unforgettable, and that of Ananda Ma, the "Joy-Permeated Mother", fascinatingly human.

The idea that the yogi is set apart from the daily life and is egomaniacal, is just nonsense. The life of the genuine yogi, as opposed to the pestilential *swamis*



contact with other worlds was lost.

This view, which the evidence of history and of true esoteric tradition shows to be the correct one, contradicts the view of short-sighted contemporary occultists in America that the human race is on the verge of manifesting psychic faculties on a wider scale as a result of its own progressive evolution. **F** It is misleading to suggest that only recently has a start been made to unfold spiritual capacities and develop psychical faculties. We are merely recovering the first and losing the second. The fact is that the twilight of inner sensitivity meant the dawn of intellectual faculty. The practical achievements of science became possible through such a change. If today those achievements threaten us with suicidal self-destruction, if the hopes for human welfare once raised by nineteenth-century science now seem absurdly extravagant, that is the warning signal to restore the balance and to regain the lost sensitivity of the past while holding fast to the intellectual gains of the present. This is indeed the most important mission of mystical teaching in our tragic times. **G**

To return to this book, it must be said that although so much of Rudolf Steiner's teaching is acceptable, some of it is disputable. But what remains indisputable is that the times call for more eager inquiry into what men like him have found through penetration into spiritual and cosmical facts, more dedication to self-ennoblement and self-upliftment, and more reverence for a higher power. **H**

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the sense of being wholly given up to earthly things, while the other would withdraw altogether from worldly life for the sake of spiritual concerns. This was not desirable and so he strove to bring true Christianity into closer touch with practical living as well as to create methods of esoteric development which would not lead the aspirant away from the earthly activities required of him by Karma. He is still fulfilling this mission and those who follow such methods are indebted to him. The alchemists of the Middle Ages and the Anthroposophists of our own age are among them.

Nevertheless Steiner utters brief but necessary warning that Rosicrucianism has degenerated into charlatanry in many quarters. The true Rosicrucians are extraordinarily hard to find. His warning must be strongly endorsed.

Throughout all this work Steiner consistently puts forward the view that with the efflux of time changes took place in the inner constitution of man which led to a loss of certain senses. Early man was instinctively clairvoyant; he saw and knew what modern man no longer believes in, much less perceives. This is why all primitive peoples without exception accepted the existence of other worlds of being and freely allowed themselves to be guided by prophets, seers, sages, holy men, oracular mediums, witch-doctors or sorcerers. But the necessities of individual and intellectual development slowly brought about an enfeeblement of clairvoyant powers until the visions faded away, the intuitions were no longer felt and the

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tion. Although he died soon afterwards, he reappeared in the following century as Christian Rosenkreutz and dwelled in a body which had an unusually long life.

Steiner asserts that each of the twelve teachers stood as representative of a different ancient culture, mainly Atlantean but also Persian, Babylonian, Indian and Graeco-Latin. Each brought out in his pupil perceptions, qualities, feelings and tendencies peculiar to that special culture, as well as provided him with its special knowledge. His personality was thus well-integrated and well-balanced, developed on all sides and bearing within itself an admirable and harmonious synthesis of the highest attributes.

It is this remarkable genius who, says Steiner, has repeatedly stepped into incarnation since then for the purpose of influencing the Christian world in certain ways. He even calls through the subconscious mind on a number of individuals. **C**

His general aim appears to be the broadening of Christian faith, so as to include and unite what is the core of the other religions, and the deepening of Christian purpose, so as to promote the progress of human evolution. Esoteric and Rosicrucian Christianity is thus not only the true form of Christianity but also the true synthesis of all religions. **D**

Rosenkreutz foresaw that with the changes in human outlook worked by the tremendous theoretical discoveries of science and their applications in external living, two classes of human beings would arise. One would become wholly materialistic in

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## UNDER THE READING LAMP: A CAUSERIE

MAGNIFICENT indeed were the possibilities with which the Theosophical Society started its uneven career. Here was a world whose black sky of materialistic, militant science and irrational, uninspired religion had hitherto been vainly searched for a star, the light of which was capable of guiding head and heart alike. Here was an effort, begun with enthusiasm and soon favoured with success, to draw the conflicting doctrines of philosophy, science, and religion into serene harmony. Yet, if the Tartar eyes of Mme. Blavatsky have followed the entire course of her Society's history until the present day, one wonders what pungent comments have been made by the shade of that brilliant lady. These are the reflections which come to me after studying the horoscope of the T.S. as drawn up by David Anrias and presented in his new work, *Adepts of the Five Elements* (Routledge, 5s.).

One notes immediately that the planets in this chart have been tragically arranged by fate into opposition and square aspects, thus creating a cross in the heavens. It is a horoscope of strong conflict, which the historic fortunes of the Society amply confirm. Mr. Anrias has conceived the original idea of overprinting in another colour, upon this chart, the birth horoscopes of H.P.B. herself, Dr. Annie Besant, Krishnamurti, Bishop Leadbeater, and others. He provides a clear interpretation of each chart for the benefit of those unacquainted with astrology, but only in terms of comparison with that of the Theosophical Society.

The author claims to have contacted one of the Masters who sponsored the T.S., and gives a varied mass of information received from higher sources. The method used in obtaining this material is telepathic, and is described as analogous to listening-in to the wireless. "Everyone has experienced the sensation of endeavouring, for the time being, to exclude sight, thought, and even physical movement, so that the attention may be entirely fixed upon the process. Something of this same method has to be adopted, but carried to a further point of concentration in order to contact one's Master in meditation; only, instead of being negative, the chela has to make the positive effort to attune himself to a much higher rate of vibration."

It is seldom that such an extraordinary book comes to hand as Alexander Cannon's *The Invisible Influence* (Rider, 5s.), which claims to be a vindication of hypnotism. The pages are packed with a fascinating miscellany of information upon the higher aspects of the subject, mixed with anecdotes and stories of amazing happenings. Indeed, I am at a loss to know whether Dr. Cannon wishes his readers to understand that the Tibetan, Chinese, and Indian experiences are to be taken as his own, or whether they are to be regarded as fictional pegs upon which are hung the literary clothes of his expert knowledge. One cause of this uncertainty lies in the style of the book itself.



There is an account of an excursion into Tibet and a visit to the Grand Lama. The latter restores a dead man to temporary life and then has him replaced in his coffin! The author is accompanied by an unnamed person, the Sage, who appears to be possessed of a perfect knowledge of hypnotism. They meet a "Knight Commander of Asia", who has caused his left arm to be removed in order to show symbolically that he is a member of the Brothers of the Right Hand Path. They cross a wide river, which could not be forded or swum owing to precipitous cliffs, by levitating their bodies into the air and thus landing in a moment of time safely on the other side.

In India, the author puts Colonel X into hypnotic trance and then causes him to write down accurately the exact doings for three hours of a famous statesman. The record is later shown to this statesman, who acknowledges its truth but implores Dr. Cannon never to try such uncanny experiments on him again. Incidentally, one might mention that there are several instances of this kind of spatial clairvoyance in the annals of the earlier French investigators of hypnotism.

Another interesting but unnamed character is an Indian professor who is over a century old, and who consciously visits distant friends and even departed spirits during his body's sleep. This professor tells us that death is simply the continuance of our ordinary sleeping condition. We then hear of Black Magicians who live to an incredible age; "nine hundred years being no exception", and we are treated to accounts of their devilish work. We learn that serpents so completely hypnotize their victims that anæsthesia of certain brain centres is brought about and the victims are quite unconscious of any pain while being killed. There are queer stories of the faqueers and their feats. Dr. Cannon says, in effect, that Yoga is nothing but auto-hypnosis. If his book lacks literary polish, it is nevertheless a psychological document of most absorbing interest.

Another book which concerns itself with India is *The Land of the Lingam* (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.). It is written by Arthur Miles, who lived for several years in the country. He has collected together a large number of quaint anecdotes about the peculiar customs and caste traditions which have obstinately affixed themselves to India's life since antiquity. Mr. Miles' standpoint towards them is openly intolerant, and, because even the most pernicious practices find religious sanctions, he characterizes Hinduism as "that conglomeration of superstitions and myths . . . idealistic in theory but quite another in practice". He further denounces it as sex-ridden and immoral. In most of the temples one sees a stone representation of the lingam boldly set up, while symbolic figures of it are often scattered at intervals along the roads. Moreover, some Hindu sects paint it as a caste mark on the forehead!

The accusation that sex worship is a primary phase of Hindu religion is only partially true, for there exists a tremendous difference between the ideals of philosophic, cultured Hinduism and the popular version which can alone satisfy the untutored masses.

Most of Mr. Miles' volume is taken up with the superstitions which he so despises, and with descriptions of the different kinds of castes and



sub-castes. It is interesting to read that lepers are never cremated because there is a weird belief that a leper never completely dies ; that the women of the Kuruvikkam caste must wear the same skirt, with nothing under it, until it drops off, and that even when bathing they are not allowed to remove the garment ! On the whole, the book is a terrible indictment, from which one gathers the impression that India is one vast bedlam !

The mention of sex brings me to a refreshingly sane book on the subject by Millard S. Everett, Ph.D. *Marital Hygiene* (Rider, 6s.) contains far and away the best handling of its practical side that I have yet seen. The book presents just that amount of worthwhile knowledge which a self-respecting man or woman should possess, and it presents it in a clear and clean manner. A generation ago, people were forced to acquire an understanding of this vital bodily function from haphazard, incorrect, and often dubious sources, but nowadays no one need follow such a sorry path. Dr. Everett has had the assistance of expert medical authorities in compiling this work for the general reader, so that his facts are thoroughly reliable. A list of some of the sectional titles will show what useful ground he covers : the genital organs, conception, childbirth, special hygiene for men, menstruation, the menopause, venereal diseases, sexual abnormalities, abstinence, physical hygiene for marriage, birth control, and contraceptive methods.

"The reader will find here an analysis of the conditions of satisfactory sexual adjustment of men and women," writes the author. "These conditions are physiological and psychological and sociological." He enumerates three essential conditions of happy marriage : romantic love, fundamental equality, and satisfactory physical union. His analysis of the first factor is keenly penetrating ; he exposes many romances as mere illusions destined to collapse as soon as nature has achieved its object in marriage and procreation. He reveals the many difficulties which stand in the way of the third requirement, but proffers sound advice and practical counsel. Scientific methods of contraception are freely discussed, and Dr. Everett provides his readers with the most up-to-date information available—an important point to those interested, because medical research in the matter has made great advances during the last decade.

How much unexpected suffering and unnecessary misery might be saved to large numbers of people if they were taught at maturity how the profound workings of sex force express themselves !

The spiritual and social side of marriage engages another pen. After the psycho-analysts have done their fell work of denuding love of all its mystery, here comes Mr. Walter Wynn to replace the insulted goddess upon her deserted pedestal ! He enthusiastically rises to defend her romance, her beauty and spiritual meaning, in *Love's Closed Doors* (Rider, 4s. 6d.). He does not trouble our heads with the scientific aspects of sex attraction ; it is enough for him that a young couple fall desperately in love, and he will glowingly describe the emotions which flame in their hearts. He meets them at the church door (he was once a minister), gives them his blessing, and sends them away to live happily ever after.

He gives short shrift to the enterprising young man who flirts with



many girls in order to find the right one. "Love is not fancy!" wrathfully exclaims the author. "It is an angel who enters the soul to preside over it for ever. A man may have forty surface loves, but they fade away. The love that endures rules his heart and life."

"Is love at first sight possible?" he asks. If the cinema is any guide, it is more than possible! But our author thinks that the cupid who throws darts at first sight is more probably fancy, not real affection. The latter is the best thing on which to found a marriage. Mr. Wynn makes much of the power which love possesses to inspire a man's whole career. Perhaps he does not exaggerate. A self-made millionaire once pointed a finger at his wife and said to me: "There is the secret of my success!"

"Let back-street societies preach their gospel of free love; let worshippers of the golden calf plead for marriages based on bank balances," cries Mr. Wynn, but give him a good, old-fashioned, conventional marriage based on mutual affection, of the kind which lasts. His book is written in popular style and in a homely way; it is a kind of antidote to the rebellious ideas of to-day's young people, who cast their nets into the waters of love with a gay irresponsibility.

*Jim McWhirter* is the title of a lengthy novel written by W. P. Knowles and published by C. W. Daniel Co. (7s. 6d.). It is really an attempt to propagate certain teachings, and the fictional form has evidently been chosen in the hope of reaching a wider public. Unfortunately, the feat is a difficult one. To produce a story which reads convincingly and yet "put over a serious message" calls for the ability and experience of an expert novelist. Mr. Knowles' effort is much too obviously that of an amateur. He would have been better advised to have stuck to a plain statement of his ideas, and to have left fiction to those who can handle it better.

His basic ideas deserve ample consideration. First, he outlines a regime whereby it should be possible for every mother to determine the sex of her unborn child. Then he makes a strong attack on meat eating, because of its deleterious physical and psychic effects. Next he shows how more ethical principles could be introduced into business, even at the cost of some self-sacrifice on the part of employers. A further chapter advocates a doctrine of sexual union which has become known under the name of Karezza. His most amazing suggestion, however, deals with our habits of breathing, for he predicts a startling catastrophe if humanity does not change those habits. Mr. Knowles says that alterations are now taking place in the ether, due to the gradually changing position of the earth's axis, which will cause our usual breath rhythm of three seconds to be insufficient. Only those children will survive whose mothers have, during the gestative period, been able to extend their own breath rhythms to seven seconds. The date of this catastrophe is not given.

There are many other unusual ideas in this volume, though it is perfectly clear that they are derived from the Mazdaznan cult, despite the author's omission of the name. Mazdaznan embodies some very sound teachings, although they have been clothed in a fantastic garb.

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*The Living Idol*, by Jane Cardinal (Stanley Paul, 7s. 6d.), is also a novel, but far better done than the previous one. It is a romantic melodrama which reads like one of Rider Haggard's African stories brought up to date. Two famous film stars are held as prisoners, through an aeroplane accident, in a secret North African kingdom, whose ruler is a man of amazing wisdom. He is worshipped by his subjects as a god. He heals the faithful of their ailments, but punishes the sinners with a heavy hand. Zena Lanny, whom her publicity agents call "the last word in chic and sophisticated allure", is forced to become the bride of Vlashkah, the living idol. But in the end she meets with a tragic fate, while Cedric Cade, her companion and jilted lover, escapes to freedom. The whole story moves quickly, like a cinema reel, and it is written in a light laconic style which should prove agreeable enough to those who wish to keep boredom at bay for a few hours.

"Udar is the name of a Fellowship of wise and beautiful souls in the Great Beyond," writes Margaret V. Underhill. "I believe that I have been corresponding with a group of its members by means known to the student of psychic science as automatic and inspirational writing." Some of the results of this inspiration appear in her book, *Dreams of Udar* (Wright & Brown, 5s.), which consists of a most interesting and lengthy autobiographical preface and a collection of poems. It appears that the members of the Fellowship who have entered into this strange correspondence are chiefly poets and thinkers. Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Shelley, and Wordsworth are names mentioned. Miss Underhill's own preface is a balanced piece of writing, but I must candidly confess that the poems—however good and idealistic they may be—seem to lack that vital spark of genius which we are entitled to expect, considering the illustrious poets who are alleged to be among her inspirers.

A slim little volume of verse, *The Star-Gazer*, by Phyllis Dawson Clark (Blackwell, 3s. 6d.), makes no claim to supra-mundane inspiration, yet its lines possess a beauty which exhibits the authoress as a true poet. Here is one verse:

"Oh Silence, I have need of thee,  
And all day long, mid noisy throng  
Of jocund tavern company,  
My heart is crying: Come to me,  
Oh Mother of the strong and free,  
And lull me with the melody  
Of thy eternal song."

The mystical language used by the writer of the Fourth Gospel has frequently puzzled many readers. Mr. Richard Whitwell, who is already known as an intuitive lecturer and writer on Christian mysticism, makes an attempt to provide an interpretation in his new book, *The Golden Book* (H. T. Hamblin, 2s. 6d.). The author takes each paragraph of St. John's Gospel and subjects it to a brief analysis. Step by step he carries the reader past all the difficult passages. Although he refers most of John's writing to the inner pilgrimage of man's soul and the unfoldment of man's



spiritual nature, he accepts literally the events recorded. Jacob's Well, for instance, symbolizes traditional worship, literal observance of external rites. The woman who approaches the well is the human soul craving for spiritual satisfaction. Jesus meets her at the well and His words slake the soul's thirst. She leaves behind her water-jug, thus symbolizing that the old, formal way of worship is no longer necessary to her. Mr. Whitwell's textual interpretation is highly suggestive, although there is room for other viewpoints.

Initiation into the secrets of the Mystery-Temples was esteemed of high importance among the ancients. The Greeks built vast sanctuaries where this sublime experience could be undergone by selected applicants, and now we are beginning to realize that the ancient Egyptians erected the Pyramids for a similar purpose. A small book, bearing the curious title of *No*, by A. Lura Douglas (Sun Publishing Co., 50 cents), gives the author's version of what happened within the mysterious recesses of the Pyramids during the process of initiation. The candidate's adventures within the dark passages and dim halls are well described, and his progress is shown to depend upon the positive efforts which he makes to rid himself of fear, doubt, fatigue, and many other hindering qualities. It is a pleasure to commend such an excellent little work.

"Sir, the biographical part of literature is what I like best," said the shrewd Dr. Johnson, and many of us will echo his taste. Certainly, it has been a charming experience to read A. F. Webling's autobiography, *Something Beyond* (Cambridge University Press, 3s. 6d.). One gathers the impression of a quiet, unambitious man writing these pages in a quiet, book-walled study, a plain-shaded lamp at his side, and a comfortable fire in the grate. The same modest spirit has pervaded Mr. Webling's uneventful life. One perceives its keynote in the confession: "I was born in a noisy thoroughfare in Camberwell. I passed the first twenty-six years of my life mainly in London, the City and its suburbs. I am imbued, therefore (being what I am), with a loathing of town life." The author fled from a clerkship to become a minister in the Church. He describes his experiences in great detail. Mental and spiritual struggles eventually arose to trouble his inner life, but the study of psychic research comforted him with a fresh understanding of Christianity. He has passed his humble years through the alembic of deep reflection, and their record here is presented in an accomplished, attractive style.

PAUL BRUNTON.

YOGA. By Major-Gen. J. F. C. Fuller. London: Rider. 5s. net.

WE are glad to see that this interesting and useful little book—which has been out of print for some time—has now been reprinted in a new edition. For the author knows his subject as few Westerners know it, and the manner in which he explains the many obscure points which confront the student of Yoga are not only of great interest but of tremendous help. Truth has many facets, and it is only through delving into philosophies other than one's own that one is able to detect that the various roads which mankind travels to attain the Goal join at a central point which is Truth.



by PB

I stand upon the shore of dream where tides of beauty drench my face with sacred spray. Soft hallowed by the silvered light the moon's far face remains my friend in this lone world..... Dark eagles flap the heavy air and turn their heads towards the hills, where eyries gaunt shall be their beds... Then silence falls upon the sea and I am left in reverie beside the slowly ebbing tides. Ah! voices of the lonely moon, your strength is passing with the night. All is forlorn.

I call upon the gods to give me birth in that brighter and more beautiful world where flowers are the language of the soul, and thoughts mirror themselves in pellucid pools, so beautiful are they and so glad to see their own beauty.

Oh gods! not here in the darkness of night-world can I stay, for the body is no longer my servant and has given me, once its proud master, the servile stigma of a slave. Heavy are my chains and harsh the bonds that bind me to the bitterness of an alien world. I stand lone and forsaken for who that passes cares for a Merchant of Dreams, one who wants not the pennies for his wares but is glad to find any who will take them freely; one whose only reward is sometimes the attic bed



within the clasp of welcoming boughs. I knew their swift shrinking from the fierce hunger of the followers of the red star who, sometimes weeping, sometimes with brutal laugh seek the lurid splendours of a passionate life.

Why then have I been born into a world where the sense of white dream has gone clean out of the memory of man? Why should I tread the thorns of pain grown by the monsters of a people's own thought-creation?

I walk the lonely ways of life with slow halting steps. Now and then I turn aside to pause and offer all I have unto God—but a few prayers. I see through closed eyes the soft tremulous prayer shaping itself out of the bowl of sacrifice and rise, a wraith of dim purple hues, up through the air and melt into the far skies like a shy wanderer in some foreign land. At other times gentle intimations are brought to me of the bitterness of a life devoted to the service of Time when I find that some prayers are so heavy with the desire of this world that they cannot rise out of the bowl at all. A great dark shadow broods over them, like the fog which hangs over the soul of a large city, stifles them in its deadly arms. And so, my little offering falls dead.

My Early Writings



A Book of W. R. CHIST underneath the Bough  
An eager Reading of his Doctrine,  
I throw all discipline, all thought-control,  
to the desert sky.

FOR - " T H A T     A R T     T H O U ! "

Perhaps H needs such practices — not I, not I!  
For if, with his book, I wander in the wilderness  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!         -         PB



A Book of H. E. Hunt and the House

An early edition of the book.

I have all the time, all night long,

to the great end.

YOU - "THAT I AM T. H. O. U."

Perhaps a note with the book -- not I, not it.

For it, with the book, I wander in the wilderness

On, wilderness was the end.



Nov '32 CR

## CROWLEY'S "MAGICK"

By PAUL BRUNTON

THE appearance of a new book\* by Aleister Crowley recalls to memory an earlier work by that author which came for review into the hands of G. K. Chesterton some years ago. Writing in the *Daily News*, G. K. C. wittily remarked :

We have all possible respect for Mr. Crowley's religious symbols and we do not object to his calling upon Shu at any hour of the night. Only it would be unreasonable of him to complain if his religious exercises were generally mistaken for an effort to drive away cats !

There are several exercises in the present book whose purpose might similarly be mistaken if a neighbour overheard one practising them.

It is known that Aleister Crowley has been working on the manuscript of this book for several years, though not continuously, and that he regards it as his supreme contribution to technical or practical magic. It is not quite clear, however, why Crowley has resumed his old pseudonym of the "Master Therion".

*Magick In Theory And Practice* runs to the length of 436 pages and consists of four parts, each separately bound in strong paper. Before I turn to the work of the author, I would like to pass a deserved compliment to the printer.

Crowley persists in using the archaic spelling of the word "magic" throughout his books. This is undoubtedly a matter wherein he is right. "Magick" certainly upholds the wider and more philosophical connotation of the term which it possesses among the initiated. One would like to follow Aleister Crowley in restoring the true spelling of the term, but editors and printers are pontiffs whose bidding must be obeyed.

*Part One* of this book opens with an appropriate introductory chapter wherein the author presents his twenty-eight theorems in the science and art of Magic. The first theorem is simple but interesting : "*Every intentional act is a Magical Act.*" The twentieth is equally interesting : "*Man can only attract and employ the forces for which he is really fitted.*"

\*MAGICK in THEORY and PRACTICE. By the "Master Therion." London : W. & G. Foyle, Ltd. In 4 parts. Price 15/- the Set.



In a further chapter Crowley proceeds to describe his theory of the universe. His aim would appear to be a reconciliation of the Dualistic, Monistic and Nihilistic theories. His conclusion is that our true knowledge of the material universe consists principally of the concepts of pure mathematics.

The remaining chapters take up a consideration in detail of those Magical formulæ which compose the rituals of the art. Thus we have the wand, the cup and the pentacle among elemental weapons; Tetragrammaton, Alhim and I.A.O. among evocative names.

I am afraid that on page 65 Crowley loses his head when he tells readers that not even God can check the Magician upon his chosen path, but must be obedient to him. The part is declared to be greater than the whole!

An unpleasant chapter on blood sacrifices contains this astonishing statement:

For the highest spiritual working one must accordingly choose that victim which contains the greatest and purest force. A male child of perfect innocence and high intelligence is the most satisfactory and suitable victim. . . . It appears from the Magical Records of Frater Perdurabo (i.e. Aleister Crowley) that he made this particular sacrifice on an average about 150 times every year between 1912 and 1928.

This is doubtless nothing more than one of Crowley's practical jokes, though a particularly nasty one. Crowley once boasted that he had killed and ate the bodies of two native bearers in India. A prominent journal heard of this boast and sent a reporter to obtain his authentication, which was readily given. Thereupon the next issue of the journal appeared with a headline: "Crowley the Cannibal!" I regret to say that a humorless audience was completely deceived by this posturing. Crowley has a predilection for practical jokes. He holds nothing sacred, not even himself.

The choicest literary piece of *Part One* has been reserved for the final chapter. With that characteristic modesty for which he is so justly celebrated, Aleister Crowley explains that the outbreak of war in 1914 was due to the publication of his *Book of the Law* the previous year. "The intrinsic power of the truth of the Law," he adds proudly, "and the impact of the publication, were sufficient to shake the world . . . the might of this Magick burst out and caused a catastrophe to civilization."

At last we know the truth! It was not Kaiser Wilhelm; it

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was not the fear and suspicion among national governments which caused the war; it was none other than Aleister Crowley himself!

*Part Two* of this remarkable work covers some of the operations in Magical ceremonies.

Some interesting chapters on Clairvoyance and Divination close this part. A common method among the adepts is that involving fixation of sight. Crowley's method is very different. He instructs the pupil to imagine a shape resembling his own body, standing immediately in front of him. When the concentration is strong enough, he is to transfer consciousness to this "body of light" while keeping the physical eyes shut. Then one is to use the eyes of this thought-body.

*Part Three* inaugurates a series of appendices, which provide the reader with a variety of informative notes. We are given a glimpse of the structure of Crowley's organization, to which he mysteriously refers as the A.:A.: and to which he applied the designation in earlier days of "The Great White Brotherhood". It can be stated here, however, that the letters stand for "Atlantean Adepts".

*Part Four* contains a noteworthy Dictionary of Correspondences, harmonizing the Cabbala with Egyptian, Hindu and Chinese magical systems. It is reprinted from his pre-war work, *Liber 777*, which, I believe, is now wholly unobtainable. Letters, numbers, names, etc., belonging to these systems are brought into line with each other. Crowley explains that there is a natural connection between them all as well as with certain symbols.

The later chapters describe a series of rituals and incantations. I append a fair and funny sample of the kind of matter they contain:

The Animadversion towards the Aeon.

Let the Magician, robed and armed as he may deem to be fit, turn his face towards Boleskine.

Let him strike the battery 1-3-3-3-1.

Let him describe a circle about his head, crying NUIT!

Let him touch the centre of his forehead, his mouth, and his larynx, crying AIWAZ!

Let him break into the dance, tracing a centripetal spiral widdershins, enriched by revolutions upon his axis as he passeth his quarter, until he come to the centre of the circle.

Is this Practi

it lunacy? Or is it just part?



One chapter deals with the control of breath. It gives certain Hatha Yoga practices in an altered form, but their dangers can hardly have been lessened. Crowley informs us that his last birth in a physical body was Eliphas Levi, the French writer on Magic. As an interesting confirmation of this statement he tells us that Levi died six months before the birth of the author of *Magick In Theory And Practice*. I will supplement this with the information that Crowley told his friends in pre-war days that the illustrious Count Cagliostro was another earlier incarnation of his, a claim that was also made, or at any rate implied, by Mme. Blavatsky when requested by Dr. Franz Hartmann to tell him what was her last incarnation. She went to a drawer and took out a portrait of Cagliostro, and gave him to understand that this distinguished personage had provided a sheath for her soul.

I am therefore forced to the conclusion that Aleister Crowley and H. P. Blavatsky are one and the same person. But since this theory scarcely seems tenable, the final judgment must be, in Lord Tennyson's phrase, that "someone had blundered!"



# EGYPT—THE HOME OF THE KABBALA

By PAUL BRUNTON

4614.

This article, from the pen of the well-known author of "The Secret of Ancient Egypt", throws an interesting side-light on the personality of the Russian student of the Kabbala, who, writing under the pseudonym of "Enel", has, in his work "Les Origines de la Genese et L'Enseignement des Temples de L'Ancienne Egypte", made a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the early Egyptian temple teachings.

ONE sultry African evening last year, when an opalescent sky set a perfect background to the black silhouettes of Cairo's mosque, minarets, and houses, a friend took me to an office building in the business quarter of the city and led me into a square, plain room. There I found a dozen people gathered together. They were members of a study class which met weekly to hear a paper read out by a Russian ex-officer, and to ply him with questions thereafter.

The subject which engrossed their minds was a wide one—the origin, culture, religion, language, and literature of ancient Egypt—and it was viewed in a manner at once unorthodox and, possibly, unusual among students of Egyptology. These topics, curiously enough, find but scant interest among native Egyptians, and hence the speaker's little audience was almost wholly drawn from Cairo's European colony. After question-time was over, I had a conversation with the Russian and found that he was engaged in difficult but fascinating researches along lines that ran part of the way parallel to my own. I discovered, too, that he was the author of some well-known treatises on the Hebrew Kabbala which had been published in Paris, where he had studied Egyptology under the famous Maspero. In his researches he did not rely entirely upon purely materialistic facts and then setting his logic to work upon them, but also upon an inner sense which he called intuition. (He would not walk into the occultists' camp, but hesitated half-way thereto.) Nevertheless, he accepted the system of the Kabbala, on its literary



side, and his treatises in French, published under the pen-name of Enel, revealed the profundity of thought which he had given to the subject.

As I was on the point of leaving for Southern Egypt, he invited me to visit him on my return and to pursue further the several fascinating points about Egyptology in which we were both interested. Thus it was that later, following the winding course of old Nile, I made my way back to Cairo and thence to Heliopolis to fulfil my engagement. Enel lived in one of those pleasant modern villas which have sprung up all over the site of the ancient sacred city where Moses learnt his recondite lore and where Plato was shown the priestly treasures of papyri and inscriptions. But the Heliopolis of their days has vanished, being buried below the surface of the earth by the all-covering hands of time.

Enel's further talk revealed a mind that for thirty years had been treading a lone path in the fields of Egyptology, for he welded the learning and methods of the academic student to the intuitive faculty, which did not hesitate to leap boldly into that dark period of pre-history at whose frontiers science stops for lack of data. He seemed to me to be a man who was suffering from undeserved but inevitable neglect, rejected by the orthodox and unwilling to become a naturalized citizen of the land of the occultists. I felt it incumbent upon me to encourage him to continue his researches, even though my own experiences far outran his probable acceptance. Enel was attempting to do by intellectual and intuitive research what others, including myself, are attempting to do by psychic and spiritual investigation. The two lines of study need not be inimical. To a balanced onlooker, they are complementary and may even help each other.

Because the Egyptians are so lacking in interest in their own native antiquities, because the French have shown and continue to show some appreciation of Enel's efforts, I felt that he ought to be introduced to the world of English readers attracted by Egypt. In a short time his first publication in English, entitled *The Message from the Sphinx* will be issued by the House of Rider, and will probably be followed by the larger and more important work, *The Origins of Genesis and the Temple-Teachings of Ancient Egypt*, which represents Enel's *opum magnus*.

The first volume of the latter work has just made its appearance



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the walls of the synagogues ; that the magic rod was a standard appurtenance of Egyptian priestly magic, where it was given a serpentine design, and was the same that Moses used for performing his miracles.

Much of the author's effort is devoted to philological considerations and to an attempt to unveil the profounder sacred meanings of hieroglyphs, that truly remarkable picture-alphabet which forms the key to ancient Egypt's wisdom and culture. Paragraphs in the old texts which are meaningless when read by the candle of orthodox Egyptological interpretations, become vivid and meaningful when read by the light of Enel's lamp. He takes many of the leading words, names, and phrases which occur and recur in the texts and upon the inscribed walls, and analyses them into their original components in such a philosophical manner as to impart to them the meaning which they bore to the learned priests in relation to the highest doctrines of their religion. For hieroglyphs admittedly carried three meanings, and the final interpretation was purely esoteric, unrevealed to the laity and generally understood only by the initiated.

Egyptian views on such topics as the soul, death, resurrection, astronomy, the gods, universal laws, etc., are explained and discussed respectively in separate chapters. The correspondences these bear to the Kabbala are likewise given. A good deal of miscellaneous lore is included which will fascinate the student of ancient Egypt.

Enel's comparisons between the Egyptian, Kabbalistic, Christian, and Hindu conceptions of Nature and man are worth quoting : "According to the Kabbala, man presents a ternary reunited in a unity, just as is the case for his prototype, the One God, Whose aspects are the Trinity." And then he gives the hieroglyph representing the human being, a picture of *three* uprights tied together at the top ! Finally, he mentions the triple Brahminic division of man as being composed of material, subtle, and causal bodies.

He accepts the view that the Egyptians believed not only in a life beyond the tomb for the soul, but also in a resurrection of the complete human being, including the embalmed body. "Thus in the ritual of 'The Opening of the Mouth', which sym-



bolizes the restitution of the functions of the body of the mummy, the first act consisted in placing the latter on some sand. This act showed symbolically that the deceased had emerged from the

original and painstaking studies, likely to take a permanent place in its literature. It is a book, nevertheless, which demands and should receive close attentive reading. He treats his subject with all the dignity and restraint it requires. I am glad to commend it to those who read French.

#### SCIENTIFIC LEVITATION

We regret that unforeseen circumstances have occasioned delay in publishing the article by Mr. W. G. Verschöyle, which we had hoped to include in the present number, and shall look forward to being able to include this in our forthcoming issue.—Ed.

#### BOOK REVIEW

A MESSAGE FROM ARUNACHALA. By Paul Brunton. Cr. 8vo. Pp. 223. London: Rider & Co. Price 5s.

From "the Hill of the holy Beacon" and the inspiration of "the last of the Maharishees of India", with whom readers of *A Search in Secret India* will already be acquainted, Paul Brunton has compiled a volume of essays on the inner life which should find a ready welcome by his numerous admirers. The subjects covered range from meditations on the nature of spiritual consciousness and "contact with the Overself or divine being that dwells within each one of us" to a criticism of the hollowness and shams of Western civilization.

Naturally in a scrap-book of this kind may be found chapters of varying merit or appeal, but the burden of the author's message is the necessity for recognizing that spiritual factor which without any permanent reconstruction of civilization is impossible. Through the pages of the book breathes the refreshing air of the Heights where Peace remains unbroken—Arunachala, the hill of Peace, the mount of Vision, to be found by every man if only he will turn his gaze within.

H. S.





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attitude towards  
dismissed as fanciful  
2018

the ancient sciences of Prophecy, Astrology, Numerology, Spiritualism and Magic out of the undeserved contempt in which they have lain while younger sciences sprang to lusty manhood.

Yet for a generation past the publishing house of Rider and Company have been issuing sound books which cover these and kindred subjects. To-day the catalogue of this pioneer firm lists over 400 works.

Newspapers which bring such subjects to the favourable notice of millions of people for the first time, perform a public service. The astrological readings printed week by week in one famous London paper are being talked about all over the country. The doctrines of the ancient astrologers, once grasped, are fascinating. They provide a perennial study which helps one to deal with one's fellow men, for they give the key to human nature. Moreover, they reveal how we can win a better success by understanding and preparing for our destiny, than by struggling blindly with it. Those who would like to look into astrology for themselves cannot do better than read William Wilson's *Astrology: An Effort at Simplification* (2s. 6d.). The author possesses an easy pen and one will find his book, strange though its subject be, perfectly comprehensible at the first reading. A little less ambitious is *Your Birthday Month—And You* (3s. 6d.), by Margaret Baillie-Saunders, the famous novelist. This volume gives a simple astrological system of character reading.

A famous Sunday newspaper is now publishing a series of articles on the curious and little-known theme of Magic. Read Israel Regardie's *The Tree of Life*

(15s., illustrated), and then his *Garden of Pomegranates* (7s. 6d.), and you will discover that magic is not mere superstition but scientifically verifiable.

One subject which, since the war, has caused much controversy in several national newspapers as well as in scattered provincial journals, is Spiritualism. Its apparition startles our agnostic age. Not only the Press but many of our best scientists and thinkers are joining the ranks of those who believe in a psychic basis of life. What they think to-day the masses will begin to think to-morrow. For a record of an amazing investigation into the subject, read *On the Edge of the Etheric* (3s. 6d.), by J. A. Findlay. This book will astound you for it proves, as far as literary proof can go, that Death is but the obverse of the coin of life. And next take up a clergyman's account of spiritualistic experiences in *Proof* (5s.), by Rev. V. G. Duncan.


Hypnotism, too, now well entrenched in the fields of psychology and medicine, invites your inquiry. In this connection Alex. Eerskine's *A Hypnotist's Case Book* 5s., will be found highly interesting, while Ernest Hunt's *A Manual of Hypnotism* (2s.), gives some valuable information.

Much publicity has been given to certain predictions of world change but what lies behind them can be checked by reference to such carefully written works as *The Times Bear Witness* by "Sphinx" (1s.), and *What Has and What Will Come to Pass* (1s.), by Walter Wynn. Therein it is shown that the Pyramids carry strange prophecies for our time, written in stone and verified by the colossal happenings of recent years.

Any reader who will come to the Rider Books mentioned with a free mind, will be better rewarded than he might first think.





T  the not PB - TJS 2018 by Marigold Watney (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), is, in one word, happiness. All that most people ask of life is happiness. The problem is how to capture the blue bird.

Hannah Honeybunn and Joana Crighton thought that happiness was to be found by living a free life in London. Filled with the spirit of adventure, they forsook the monotony of a country existence and took a flat in Jermyn Street, where a variety of experiences, some alarming, others amusing, thrilling or disappointing, awaited them.

Marigold Watney writes with delightful understanding of really likeable people. *All I Ask* will make friends wherever it is read.



There was to be found in MARIGOLD WATNEY'S first two novels, *Uncertain Story* and *Ducks*

*on a Pond*, a rare and satisfying charm. "An interpreter of Cranford's up-to-date", the *Morning Post* has labelled her.

## *Successor to Sunset Song*

LEWIS GRASSIC GIBBON, a voluntary exile from his native Scotland is the son of a Mearns farmer who has given up facing the elements behind a plough in order to write books in his study. His first attempts to publish a story only served to send up the dividends for the Post Office, till at last he sent a specimen of his work to H. G. Wells who recognised his ability and has since praised his work. *Sunset Song*, of course, was an instantaneous success both here and in America and went into several editions on both sides.

"BEYOND question an event of importance in contemporary Scottish literature," said Eric Linklater of Gibbon's *Sunset Song*. With the publication of that book the critics with one accord joined in a chorus of praise for what was undoubtedly a *great* novel. "A notable triumph," said Compton Mackenzie. "He has written something permanent," said L. A. G. Strong writing in the *Spectator*. J. C. Squire in the *Daily Telegraph* asserted that "this new author had great parts".

*Sunset Song* dealt with the countryside. Mr. Gibbon has undoubtedly repeated the success of *Sunset Song* in his new **CLOUD HOWE** (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.), which has the Scots village for theme, and a treatment equally epic.

Tragedy told with ironic humour, comedy as real and as grim as the hills—Mr. Gibbon has achieved a style and a method inimitable and startlingly effective.