Volume I

A WAYFARING MAN

Part I

"The Torch is passed from Generation to Generation

The Candle is passed from Chief to Chief,

Thus does Light Perpetual shine."

M.C.

Whare Ra

This edition is limited to 100 copies,
numbered from 1912 to 2011.

Thus this book marks the year

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INTRODUCTION

While it has been over 60 years since the serial work *The Lantern* was last published in New Zealand, the pages within this book flow from the same stream of inspiration, and continue the Tradition, at least for the time-being, a little further on in time.

It is anticipated that this will be the first of several new volumes of *The Lantern*. For this and the subsequent *Volume II*, the main essay within the book is a re-publication of *A Wayfaring Man*. Originally issued over several years in the original *The Lantern*, it is now very scarce and hard to find, particularly in a complete set. *A Wayfaring Man* was written by Dr Felkin's second wife Harriot, and recalls the life of the Doctor, albeit partially through allegorical spectacles.

Part I of *A Wayfaring Man* is here presented as originally published, including the use, for instance, of double spacing after full stops, capitalisation, and irregular spelling of such things as country names etc. Only obvious errors have been corrected. None of these things detract from the telling of the story, and have been retained for antiquarian and romantic purposes.

Dr Felkin is often described as an "astral junkie" by those who know no better, thanks solely to Francis King's coining of the phrase in his *Ritual Magic in England*. Amongst other things, King fails to portray Felkin's much faceted character adequately, and either was unaware of, or chose to ignore the many excellent other characteristics that he possessed. There is no doubt that Felkin had his feet firmly planted in reality. It was by no coincidence or fluke of circumstance that he attracted many great people to himself, some of whom would not have suffered fools gladly, and influenced many people far outside his sphere of personal acquaintance. It also must be stated that he established and lead the most dedicated and robust of all the old

Golden Dawn Temples, a fact often forgotten often forgotten by proponents of the "Astral Junkie" theory. Deeds and actions speak louder than words.

The date of this publication deliberately marks the centenary of the founding of that Temple, Smaragdum Thallasses[1], an important event directed by some profoundly inspired people. "Whare Ra", as the building is called, was designed and purpose built by New Zealand's leading Arts and Crafts Architect (and senior Order member) James Walter Chapman-Taylor to exacting specifications. This concrete edifice provided a stabilising anchor that other Golden Dawn Temples did not have as they invariably operated in comparatively makeshift and temporary accommodation. At the time the Felkin's must have seen the opportunity as extraordinary - a utopian dream come true.

Preceding *A Wayfaring Man Part I* is an Essay depicting that fertile ground which was the village of Havelock North, the players, and the events that unfolded around the establishment of the Order in New Zealand. *The Magic of Havelock North* is an important work as it offers for the first time many historical facts that are little known, and weaves them together with better known facts to paint the most complete picture to date of the events of the time.

The second essay, *Robert Felkin the Astrologer*, provides both an insight into the man from an astrological perspective, as well as into his considerable ability as an astrologer. It also reveals some little known facts for the first time.

[1] Ellic Howe in his *Magicians of the Golden Dawn: A Documentary History of a Magical Order 1887-1923* appears to have misspelled 'Thalasses'. Copies of Ritual's dated 1914 have the spelling 'Thallasses'. An undated copy of G1 – General Orders, issued to Neophytes of the Order also has the spelling Thallasses. The Mss. in question are in a private collection.

This volume also contains a memoriam to G.H. Frater Fiat Lux, a largely un-documented but important figure in the history of the Order.

Fiat Lux was a dyed in the wool "Golden Dawn" man, having been admitted to the Smaragdum Thallasses Temple as a young man in the 1930's. He eventually held the Office of Hierophant, Cancellarius, Demonstrator and Chief Adept for many years, rising to the Grade of Exempt Adept, as well as being a confidant to the Chiefs and pall bearer at their funerals. To put some perspective on Fiat Lux's membership, Dr Westcott had been a member and adherent for 37 years when he died, Dr Felkin for 31 years, and W.B. Yeats for 49 years. Fiat Lux devoted 58 years of his life to the Order - to the very last breath.

In the relatively contemporary essays III *Introducing the Order* and IV *What is the Golden Dawn*, Fiat Lux describes as clearly as he can the true but simple purpose behind the Order's method of training, a purpose and method which should surprise most deep thinkers who have been schooled by contemporary authors. "Some of these writers have cast a lurid veil upon the Order", warns Fiat Lux!

Essay V *My Order Memories*, provides an eye witness account by Fiat Lux of his time in the Smaragdum Thallasses Temple, and an insight into the man behind some very insightful writings.

Gentle reader, enjoy this small volume of treasures. May it shed some light on matters of interest.

Sic Vos Non Vobis

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Essay I

THE MAGIC OF HAVELOCK NORTH

Almost any small town or village worth its salt has one or more of those keenly dedicated folk, usually retired, who apply a significant part of their lives to writing a local history of the various events and personalities which, at some time, were a focal point of interest in the village. Apart from the usual lists of local councillors and mayors, and the customary dates of when the swimming pool or library moved to its present location, it is not unreasonable to say that these labours of love do not ordinarily possess a huge power to engage or entertain the disinterested outsider. Apart from, perhaps, a sort of "train-spotting" fascination, they are often dull to the point of painful tedium.

In such a context one might be forgiven for expecting that the past events of a small New Zealand village, Havelock North, fall squarely into this category. Forgiven, but undoubtedly mistaken. For, besides being a pleasant village, Havelock North has the unique distinction of being the location for the very last surviving Temple of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, a secret Victorian occult group which purported to practice magic, and which attracted a number of prominent Victorian personalities, including the poet W.B. Yeats, Constance Wilde - the wife of Oscar - and the notorious occultist Aleister Crowley, once dubbed by the British press as "the wickedest man in the world."

This singularity does not stop there however. It is not simply that Havelock North happened to be one of a number of places where such "temples" existed, such as London, Paris or Edinburgh. Indeed, it is rather that almost every aspect of the Temple, which was called Smaragdum Thallasses, and how it came to be there, possess particular interest for the growing number of accomplished scholars in several

fields but particularly those working in the relatively new, and now widely recognised, academic field of Western esotericism. This is important because, as a number of recent studies have demonstrated, the role of *fin-de-siècle* occultism in general, and that of the Golden Dawn in particular, are increasingly being seen as constitutive of modernity itself.

The Temple opened in 1912 and its final curtain call came on 24 August 1978 when the Temple "Chiefs" declared that it had "served its purpose and the Divine Guardians have withdrawn themselves"[2]. To say that it was the last Golden Dawn Temple to close its doors and cease functioning is not a metaphorical description. Unique amongst all the Temples, Smaragdum Thallasses possessed its own architecturally designed building, named "Whare Ra" or "House of the Sun", which was constructed for the sole and express purpose of conducting magical ceremonies. With a membership of between 400-500 men and women throughout its relatively untroubled and secret lifespan of 66 years, it was unquestionably the most successful of all the Temples. Yet until relatively recently, virtually nothing has been known of its history and indeed it was still operating in 1972 when Ellic Howe wrote his "definitive", *The Magicians of the Golden Dawn: A Documentary History of a Magical Order 1887-1923,* which he regarded as "an essentially antiquarian exercise".[3] Howe records the opening of the Temple in 1912 but makes no further reference to it. Even as late as 1986, the Golden Dawn scholar R.A. Gilbert writes that "after 1916…nothing further is known of its history".

In terms of scholarly interest the eclipse of this important Temple for so many years can be attributed to a number of factors, including its remote location and the anonymity, if not obscurity, of its membership, but more especially to the disciplined secrecy of the Order which led to

[2] Letter to members in private collection

[3] Howe, Introduction to second edition (Wellingborough: Aquarian, 1985), pp.1-2.

the destruction of virtually all its records and correspondence.

This situation began to change in 1978 with the sale of the Order's specially designed Temple and surrounding land of nearly four acres. Because the many distinctive houses designed and built by the architect of Whare Ra, James Chapman-Taylor, were and are highly sought after in New Zealand it was inevitable that considerable publicity would surround its sale and subsequent resale in the mid-1980s.[4]

Interest in the property and its history were magnified by the discovery that the basement of the building was a large subterranean room of some fifteen hundred square feet that could not be mistaken for anything other than a "temple", along with a connecting seven-sided room, each wall of which was painted in a complex arrangement of varied colours and occult symbols.[5] With this discovery and media interest, several surviving ex-members revealed the Temple"s connection with the historic Order and a small degree of scholarly attention has, therefore, begun to be directed towards Smaragdum Thallasses. The few published studies that have emerged, however, provide few details regarding the history of the temple.[6]

By any conventional standard, the story of Smaragdum Thallasses is an extraordinary one. Not only was it the case that a magical Order flourished in secret for so many years within a small and deeply

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[4] See, e.g. 'Hermetic Temple Set up' in *Leader,* 25 June 1987, Havelock North Library Archive A Series 94/1983; also undated *Herald Tribune* clipping, 'No Longer a House of Secrets'.

[5] While the outer temple has been converted by the current owners, the painted Vault remains largely unchanged, and is the only example of such a structure known to have survived.

[6] Most of these form part of a broader study. For example material appears in the various works Judy Siers has produced on the architect of 'Whare Ra'; James Chapman-Taylor; in studies of Havelock North, such as that of Matthew Wright; and of modern spirituality in New Zealand in Robert Ellwood's *Islands of the Dawn: The Story of Alternative Spirituality in New Zealand* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1993).

conservative village in New Zealand, but the Order exercised an invisible influence within the local community so strong that it is hardly an exaggeration to state that, for a period at least, its members virtually governed every aspect of significance within the village of Havelock North, as well as occupying positions of importance in the larger neighbouring towns of Hastings and Napier. Besides two Anglican Bishops and numerous Anglican clergy, its members included the Mayor of Havelock North, the owner and manager of the local newspaper, head teachers of private schools in the area, wealthy farmers and many owners of local businesses.

Matthew Wright has observed, in his study of Havelock North, that in the early 1930s, when Smaragdum Thallases was at its peak in terms of membership of at least 300 men and women, this was also a period "when (the) village population was only a little over a thousand".[7] While it is likely that around a third of the Order membership came from outside the area this still presents the intriguing possibility that at some point between one third and one half of the village's adult population were members of the Order.

Inevitably, this caused some friction and controversy within the small community. Robert S. Ellwood noted in 1988, when conducting research for his book on alternative spirituality in New Zealand, that he was told "that the subject of the Order was still a touchy one to raise, so deeply were neighbours and families divided over it".[8] The extensive influence of the Order over local affairs is illustrated ably by an additional anecdote told to Ellwood during his visit to Havelock North:

One story I heard was that once a newcomer to Havelock, picking up disturbing rumours of dark and mysterious goings-on, went to the town board to request an investigation. He was cordially promised it would be done, and several weeks later the petitioner was reassured to

[8] Ellwood, op.cit., p.177.

hear the matter had been looked into and there was nothing to worry about. What he did not know was that four of the five members of the board were themselves also members of the mysterious order that had given rise to the gossip.[9]

The required secrecy of the Order was taken very seriously by all the members of Smaragdum Thallases. A previous Chief of the Order, Frank Salt (1917-1994) who was initiated in 1936, stated that the members would not even acknowledge one another in the street unless they had a relationship independent of their Temple membership.

Another story recounted by Salt concerns the efforts to ensure secrecy when the Temple was being built. Although much of the work was carried out personally by Chapman-Taylor, himself a senior Order member, the assistance of several Maori workmen was also required. Apparently, they were gathered together before beginning their work and required to provide a pledge of secrecy. Salt observed that this imprudent measure virtually guaranteed that the matter was widely discussed and undoubtedly contributed to future rumours.

Piscatores Hominum

The central figure involved in bringing the Order out to New Zealand in 1912 was the extraordinary Englishman Dr Robert William Felkin (1853-1926). But the origins of the Temple actually lie in the village of Havelock North itself and in the development of what John von Dadelszen has described as the "Havelock Work". This "Work", he observes, began in earnest in 1907 and finished in 1914.[10] The driving force behind it was the devout Anglo-Catholic Reginald

[9] Ellwood, op.cit., p.177.

[10] John von Dadelszen, 'The Havelock Work 1909-39', *Te Mata Times* (Havelock North), September 1983, p.1. This is the most complete general account of the Havelock Work in print. Von Dadelszen was a participant in much of what he describes. Both Wright and Ellwood rely heavily on this work.

Gardner (1872-1959) who was initiated into the Order by Dr Felkin in 1912 as Frater Piscatores Hominium and appointed to be one of the first three Chiefs of Smaragdum Thallasses.

These Chiefs governed the Temple until Dr. Felkin, his wife and daughter emigrated permanently to New Zealand in 1916 when the New Zealand Chiefs stood down in favour of the Felkins and assumed lesser roles as Temple "Wardens" or "sub-Chiefs". On the death of Dr Felkin in 1926 Gardner resumed his previous role as an Order Chief and continued in this capacity for 33 years until his own death in January 1959.

Despite its very small size, it was in the early twentieth century that Havelock North began to acquire a reputation within New Zealand, and even beyond, of being an unusual centre of independent thought, particularly in the areas of "the spiritual, the artistic, and the imaginative".[11] Farming and agriculture brought considerable prosperity to the area and it became the favoured place of residence for many of the wealthy elite of the wider Hawke Bay region as well as a preferred location for several popular fee-paying private schools modelled on the English public school system. Ellwood has noted that "in those expansive and now-distant Edwardian days", Havelock North became "for a few shining years the Vatican of a peculiar but locally powerful cultural wave, albeit one set in a remote colony of a far-flung empire".

The Havelock North sensibility paid homage simultaneously to Pre-Raphaelite Romanticism and "Merry England" idealization of the homeland's rural past, to craftsmen, architecture and the new century's optimistic expectation that a bright new age was dawning, to liberal Anglicanism and the decade's vogue for an Evelyn Underhill style of interest in mysticism.[12]

[11] Grant., op.cit., p.54.
[12] Ellwood, op.cit., p.167.

The driving energy behind the Havelock Work was Reginald Gardner, aided by a group of like-minded individuals deeply interested in the varied current of intellectual, artistic, esoteric and religious thought especially prevalent in Britain at the turn of the century. Wright observes that the legacy of Gardner and his friends "far transcended…the Havelock Work" and that the "whole shape of village life in the twentieth century was profoundly affected from before the First World War by Reginald Gardner - the deep thinking, enthusiastic, community minded villager".[13]

The son of the Reverend A.W. Gardner, an Anglican missionary, Reginald Gardner was born in Orange, New South Wales in 1872 and lived most of his childhood with relatives in England until coming out to New Zealand in 1875. After a return to England, where he met his wife Ruth, Gardner and his wife moved back to New Zealand and Havelock where his brother, the Reverend Allan F. Gardner, was the Anglican vicar.[14]

An important event for Gardner occurred shortly after his return in 1907 when he met up again with an old friend, Harold Large. Large had recently resigned from the New Zealand Theosophical Society, in which he had played an active part and edited the society journal, *The N.Z. Theosophical Magazine.* At around the same time Large became confirmed in the Anglican Church. This decision was based on his conclusion that the emphasis placed by the Theosophical Society on Eastern methods of spiritual training was mistaken and that these methods were unsuitable for Western people. He believed that a Western equivalent of esoteric training involving Christianity must also exist and he expressed his determination to find it. This belief was the predominant motivation of Gardner and his associates and it was eventually to lead to the Hermetic Order of the Stella Matutina, or Golden Dawn, being established in New Zealand.

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[13] Wright,op.cit., p.1

[14] It was not until 1910 that Havelock was renamed Havelock North.

For the following two years, Harold Large lived with the Gardners and his quest for this esoteric training so enthused and inspired them that each day the three met together "in prayer and meditation for this purpose".[15] Shortly after the formation of this group they were joined by Reginald's sister, Rose Gardner and then again in 1907 by Mary Mitchel McLean, a Scottish school teacher who had come to Havelock North from Edinburgh to join her two sisters living there. Apparently, Mary McLean held the same views as Large and "had already met people with similar interests in Britain".[16] Amongst these "people with similar interests" were McLean's friends Father Charles Fitzgerald who, was a member of both the Anglo-Catholic Community of the Resurrection and the Stella Matutina, and Dr. George Carnegie Dickson who served as the most senior Chief of several Stella Matutina Temples in London and Bristol.

This small group soon expanded, consisting of devout members from the Quaker movement, the Anglican Church and the Theosophical Society, meeting regularly together for meditation on Christian topics and to conduct a "simple form of ritual" they had adopted. Assuming the informal title of "The Society of the Southern Cross", in many respects it was the precursor to what later became the Smaragdum Thallasses Temple. Gardner believed this Society to be essentially a "cultural society" but also the "outward expression" of the more personal spiritual quest which formed a "silent power station" around which the Havelock Work was built.[17] Its first, and possibly most important, expression, began in 1907 with the same group of people, who met each month to read and discuss their own literary work in prose and poetry. Within a few months they decided to produce a monthly journal of their writings and illustrations called *The Forerunner*. Although initially produced on a hand press by Gardner and

15 Ibid.

16 Von Dadelszen, op.cit., p.10; Brodie, op.cit., p.303.

17 Von. Dadelszen, op.cit., p.31.

his wife, with the text being partly handwritten and partly typed, and usually illustrated with water-colours, from May 1909 *The Forerunner* was printed professionally until December 1914 when it ceased, probably due to the restrictions imposed by the First World War.

The Forerunner has been described as "a journal with philosophic, literary and informative content of remarkable quality and an extraordinarily high level of typographic attainment".[18] There is a distinctly "William Morris" appearance to the journal both in terms of stylistic illustration and typeface which closely resembles Morris' "Golden" typeface, and similarly the use of ornamental initial capitals follows the style of Morris. The Christian influence, and that of Reginald Gardner, are apparent from the covers of the magazine where each issue carries "the Christian symbol of the fish, surmounted by the orb and the cross and bearing the legend, *Piscatores Hominum* meaning "Fishers of Men"."[19] The magazine title was itself significant and John von Dadelszen, the last senior Chief of Smaragdum Thallasses, who knew Gardner extremely well and married his daughter Michael, addressed the question of why *The Forerunner* was so named;

One of the meanings given to the word "forerunner" by the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* is that of "one sent to prepare the way" and I suggest this is how the founders of the Havelock Work regarded their publication.

The "way" being prepared was envisaged as a spiritual one and the overwhelming majority of articles appearing over seven years are concerned with religion, usually from an esoteric Christian or mystical viewpoint and one which Ellwood has described as an "idealization of high saintly spirituality".[20] Reginald Gardner's purpose in producing the

[18] Ibid.
[19] Von Dadelszen.op.cit., p.8. Gardiner's motto appears in many unpublished Order documents.
[20] Ellwood,op.cit., p.170.

magazine is set out in his introduction to the first printed issue:

"We want to show that behind the outward manifestation of things lies Creative Love. It is by the power of harmony and the deep power of joy that we see into the life of things. What I am really doing in this magazine is sending out the light. What is that light, you may ask? Well I think it is knowing the spiritual world as interwoven with our ordinary, everyday world, here and now…My hope is that this magazine may draw nearer together those who live for the same great ideal. As we keep true to the inner light within us we shall steadily grow to express our local conditions, our local environment, in terms of truth and beauty, joy and harmony. Each of us will add their chosen part as individual units of an orchestral band …Let our aim be Unity in Diversity, and our joy will lie in sounding each his own life-note, and so producing infinity of opinion on the common theme, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man."[21]

The diversity referred to is conveyed both by the mix of artwork, "stories, poems, philosophy, social commentary, natural history" and by the range of articles on spiritual themes from clergymen, Theosophists, Quakers, followers of Rudolf Steiner and other New Zealanders prominent in local affairs.[22]

A noticeable theme in many of the articles is an emphasis placed on the importance of symbolism and ritual. Amongst the many articles appearing in *The Forerunner* which dealt with church ceremony, ritualism and symbolism it is apparent that the writers believed fervently that the rediscovery of and access to the secrets which Jesus supposedly conveyed to his followers was the exciting future for Christianity and one which would reinvigorate the Anglican Church. To this degree, one can see a parallel between the Havelock Work and the reforming zeal

[21] Von. Dadelszen, op.cit., p.8 Quoted from Skye Isaac, *Tauhara: The Growing of an Educational and Spiritual Centre* (Hastings: Cliff Press, 2002), pp.13-14.
[22] Skye Isaac, op.cit., p.14.

of those Anglo-Catholic theologians who argued both for the restoration of ritual and the Sacraments within the Church, and for the recovery of the supernatural and esoteric interpretation of the Christian mysteries emphasized by some of the ancient Church Fathers.

Important as this inner, personal quest was to Gardner and his associates, of possibly greater significance was its "outward expression", or "cultural society", which embraced the entire Havelock North community. The purpose of this was described by Gardner as being "to encourage the talent of the musical, dramatic and literary people who were attracted to it".[23] It took a large variety of forms, involving the formation of various glee and dramatic clubs, classes in woodcarving and drama, fruit and flower displays, the hosting of concerts by visiting artists, Morris dancing classes, the encouragement of local handicraft through Gardner opening an arts and crafts shop in the village, and the building of a community hall for the express purpose of staging plays and entertainments for the village population. Its most notable achievements were two entertainments staged for the entire village – an "Olde English Village Fete" in November 1911 and a Shakespearean Pageant in November 1912. The former is reported at length in the October 1912 issue of *The Forerunner* where it is said that the beginning of the fete was marked by a procession of "over a hundred men, women and children, dressed in old English costume and carrying banners emblematic of their position, e.g. King Arthur and his court were preceded by the "dragon of the great pendragonship" and the Morris dancers by lambs frisking on the Havelock Hills…" Entertainments of many types for all ages were held throughout the day and evening and it is likely that virtually the entire village attended, along with visitors from neighbouring towns.[24]

The "crowning achievement of the Havelock Work", however,

[23] Von Dadelszen, op.cit., p.5.
[24] See Wright, op.cit., pp.109-112; Ellwood, op.cit., pp.168-169; Grant,op.cit., pp.65-69.

and recognised as such by many local and national historians, was the "great Shakespearian Pageant" which was intended by Gardner and others to create a solid village spirit by drawing in together the entire village population in a common endeavour. The ambitious programme for the three day event required weeks of work from several hundred Havelock townsfolk and bypassed the Victorian social boundaries by bringing together people from every social and economic class to assist in the preparations. The programme began at 2pm on Wednesday, 20th November 1912 with a large procession led by two heralds and two "pursuivants", followed by a "Court Group" which included "Queen Elizabeth". Behind the Queen and her courtiers was a "Shakespeare group (including the Bard himself)" and then a number of costumed villagers taking part in Shakespearean games. These were in turn followed by the principal characters from twelve of Shakespeare's plays, interspersed by other entertainments, including Morris dancers, a "Flower Group" and a "Hawking Group". Over the three day period numerous plays were staged in different venues by various village and school groups, as were various musical events, including children singing sixteenth century songs, and performances from the glee club, and Morris singers and dancers. Evening festivities also included a torchlight procession of villagers and the Pageant reached its climax on the evening of Friday 22 November with a ball in Shakespearean costume.[25]

The members of the first Executive Committee, and its "Ladies" auxiliary committee, which directed the Havelock Work, including the fete and pageant, were also involved in producing *The Forerunner* and meeting together to pray, meditate and discuss spiritual matters. These activities were not seen as isolated parts of their lives but as being the preparation for a grander and deeper quest for themselves and for the community. They included some of the wealthiest and most influential

[25] Wright, p.109-112. Contemporary photographs of these events frequently appear in the local media covering historical aspects of Havelock North and in almost every study of the village.

members of the community and they had come to adopt the vision of Reginald Gardner which he expressed a few years earlier with respect to his small prayer group.[26]

"We know we are ones sent to show the way. This magazine and our cultural society are just part of our deeper spiritual question. Five of us meet every day to pray and meditate together and we are becoming more aware of the esoteric teachings behind all formal religion. The world today is filled with turmoil because people have forgotten and neglected the inner truth."[27]

The majority of members of both Committees also joined the Smaragdum Thallases Temple when it opened within a month of the staging of the Shakespearean Pageant, and it is possible that all of them did so. Indeed, the key figures behind the Havelock Work had already made some type of contact with the Order in 1910 and since that time the group meeting for prayers and meditation appear to have been under guidance from Anglo-Catholic priests belonging to the Order.[28]

At the time of the Pageant itself Dr. Felkin, his wife and daughter, were en route to New Zealand to found the new Temple. They arrived in December 1912 and over a three month period admitted twenty-four men and women as its first initiates.[29] Twelve of these were taken rapidly through the Grades of the Outer or First Order, and were then initiated into the Second Order during this period.[30]

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[26] Most of the names listed on the Committees are mentioned in surviving Order papers or in personal recollections as being Order members.
[27] Isaac, op.cit., p.18.
[28] Von Dadelszen writing as a sub-Chief (Frater A.B.S.) in 'HO.49 Annual Report for the Year Ending 31st December 1959' In noting the death of Gardiner in January 1959 he provides some early history of the Order and states Gardiner made contact with the Stella Matutina in the UK in 1910.
[29] Von Dadelszen, op.cit., p.15.
[30] See note 53 where Von Dadelszen provides these figures. In all other published versions the number of those initiated is incorrectly stated as

The Society of the Southern Cross

As previously noted, the Society of the Southern Cross was the name subsequently adopted by a "strangely-composed company" of Anglicans, Quakers, and Theosophists living in Havelock who first met together in 1907 in order to pray and meditate in silence.[31] Although the custom of holding Quaker "quiet meetings" had begun at the homes of Reginald Gardner and John Holdsworth (1850-1935), a prominent local Quaker, permission was sought by Holdsworth in 1908 to hold weekly "quiet meetings" at the Havelock Anglican Church, St. Lukes.[32] The Reverend Allan Gardner, brother of Reginald and Vicar of St. Lukes, readily agreed and began to attend the meetings regularly, along with several Anglicans, Quakers and Theosophists. For a period of twelve years this group met weekly on Saturday evenings at St. Lukes Church for "the corporate silent practice of the Presence of God". Although Silent Worship, or the "silent meeting," is a customary practice among Quakers, the ecumenical combination at St. Luke's apparently produced an unusual and powerful effect. One visiting Anglo-Catholic priest from England noted that his attendance "was a profoundly new experience, different in kind from other times of realization of the Presence, in that it was…the psychic approach to the spiritual world", and he added, "I believe our Quiet Meeting to have been the consecrated use of latent psychic forces which led directly and

'twelve' where they have either ignored the Outer initiations or confused them with the same number admitted to the Inner.

31 E. Herman, *The Meaning and Value of Mysticism,* op.cit., p.123.

32 Holdsworth came from a Lancashire Quaker family, some of whom migrated to New Zealand where they acquired considerable wealth as farmers and landowners. Their very large house, 'Swarthmoor' subsequently was purchased by the esoteric Christian group, 'The Sutcliffe Schools of Radiant Living' and then again by the Anthroposophical Society in the 1980s and 'Weleda', the natural pharmaceuticals company which follows the principles of Anthroposophy.

deeply to the spiritual, to God Himself".[33]

As important as these "experiments" were to the participants, some of the leading members of the ecumenical group of Anglicans, Quakers and Theosophists did not see that the Quiet Meetings were in themselves the answer to their quest for esoteric initiation into the Christian "mysteries".[34] The next vital step in transforming the Society of the Southern Cross into the Hermetic Order of the Stella Matutina occurred in 1910 with a Mission of Anglican priests to New Zealand. Late in August of that year sixteen priests arrived for a four-month visit with the intention of covering the six New Zealand dioceses, and "promoting the practice of prayer, the place of the sacraments and the importance of men in the work of the church".[35] It had been preceded by four years of preparation in New Zealand and early in 1910 two "Forerunners" were sent by the Anglican Church to draw up an itinerary and make local arrangements.

It seems likely that some members of the Havelock Work within the diocese of Waiapu had made clear at an early stage their desire for a type of esoteric training within the Christian tradition. Besides the apparent coincidence of the term "forerunner", the selection of the Stella Matutina Chief, Father Charles Fitzgerald, as one of the three to carry the mission to Waiapu, appears unusually fortuitous. In light of the established friendship which Mary McLean, a keen member of the Society of the Southern Cross, had with both Father Fitzgerald and Dr. W.E. Carnegie Dickson, another Order Chief, the probability of McLean having made representations in this regard seems high.

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[33] Hepher, *Fellowship of Silence,* op.cit., pp.38-40.

[34] It is clear from the accounts of Von Dadelszen et.al. that the approach made to the Stella Matutina had the support of the Quaker members of the Society of the Southern Cross. The considerable generosity of the two Chambers brothers, both Quakers, in paying for the land and buildings of Smaragdum Thallasses, and paying for both trips of the Felkins would also appear to support this.

[35] Ibid

Such probability increases further with the fact that another member of the small mission to Waiapu was Father Timothy Rees of Mirfield and later Bishop of Llandaff. Like Father Fitzgerald, Father Rees was also a member of the Stella Matutina Order in which he was initiated in July 1909, just three years after joining the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, then a small body of only twenty-three priests. Following his initiation as a Neophyte, over the subsequent seven years Rees duly passed all his examinations in occult studies, before progressing in 1916 to the "Inner" Rosicrucian Order, and the first of the three Adept Grades. A gifted scholar, who had taken Honours in theology at Lampeter, Rees spent twenty-five years as a Mirfield Father before becoming Bishop of Llandaff in Wales.

The third missioner selected to cover the Waiapu diocese was also a desirable choice from the Havelock Work perspective. He was the Reverend Cyril Hepher, vicar of St. John the Baptist in Newcastle upon Tyne, and later to become Canon of Winchester. Educated at New College, Oxford, Hepher had previously served in a number of northern parishes and it is apparent from his writings that he was particularly sympathetic towards the type of fin de siècle mysticism then prevalent within many areas of Anglican thought.

Apart from their mission work which entailed preaching at many different churches throughout New Zealand, the three clergymen also met separately with the members of the Society of the Southern Cross. This was arranged through Mary McLean who organised a meeting at Bishopscourt in Napier, the home of the Anglican Bishop of the Waiapu diocese, the Right Reverend Alfred Walter Averill (1865-1957). Fathers Fitzgerald, Rees and the Reverend Hepher were present and, apart from Reginald and Ruth Gardner, other leading members of the Southern Cross Society also attended. These would certainly have included the Reverend Allan Gardner, Mary McLean and the brothers John and Mason Chambers who were wealthy landowners and ardent

Quakers.[36] There is little information available on the meeting itself other than the facts that Reginald Gardner, on behalf of his group, requested assistance in their quest for Christian spiritual training of an esoteric kind. Evidently this request was warmly met and Father Fitzgerald promised his assistance, on the condition that they worked under his guidance.[37] The reaction of Bishop Averill to this somewhat unusual situation in his home is not recorded but it is known that his successor to the post, Bishop William Walmsley Sedgwick (1858-1948), joined the Stella Matutina himself following the establishment of the Smaragdum Thallasses Temple.[38]

Full detail of the guidance provided by Father Fitzgerald for a period of two years is not known but the last senior Chief of Smaragdum Thallasses wrote:

"Needless to say, this visit filled the group with hope and expectation. They kept in touch with the priest after he returned to England and conducted their meetings as he instructed them."[39]

Some indication of Father Fitzgerald's methods may be seen, however, in his paper "The Power of Silence for Healing and Conversion" where detailed instructions are given for individuals and for groups wishing either to heal by suggestion or aid the conversion of a person. Apart from the seemingly magical nature of the practices

[36] The Chambers brothers, and Mason in particular, had a close association with Smaragdum Thallasses which they financed almost entirely. See the several works by Brodie and Brodie. Mason Chamber's name appears on the labels affixed to all the early Order documents requesting they be returned, unexamined, to the addressee.

[37] Von Dadelszen, op.cit., p.11, Ellwood, op.cit., pp.172-173, Isaac, op.cit., pp.23-25.

[38] Evidence of Sedgwick's membership can be found in several unpublished Smaragdum Thallasses documents, including a reference to a Bishop being a member in a letter Felkin wrote to Westcott. See page 26 of this chapter.

[39] Von Dadelszen, op.cit., p.11.

recommended, of interest is the fact that certain passages of Father Fitzgerald's contribution which appeared in the First Edition are omitted from the eight reprints of the book between 1915 and 1918, and from all subsequent reprints. These passages are distinctly of an occult nature and it is conceivable that either Father Fitzgerald felt he had revealed too much, or that the Lord Bishop of Winchester, who provided a somewhat cautious Preface to the reprints, objected to these passages.[40]

In 1912 Father Fitzgerald wrote to Reginald Gardner saying "if any further progress was to be made, people would have to come from England to give personal instruction". Fitzgerald is said to have told them, "What you really need is to meet Dr Felkin" and he suggested they invite him, his wife Harriot and daughter Nora Ethelwyn to visit New Zealand. Within a week of receiving Father Fitzgerald's letter the Quaker brothers, John and Mason Chambers, had cabled the £300 to pay for their fares and advice was received shortly after, that Dr. Felkin, wife and daughter would visit New Zealand for three months.[41] Before Dr. Felkin made his decision to travel to New Zealand he consulted with a disincarnate Arab spiritual guide Ara Ben Shemesh who evidently approved, for on 9 June 1912 Felkin recorded brief notes of guidance received from the Arab indicating that either he, Felkin, or both, seemed to envisage the establishment of a Stella Matutina Temple in New Zealand as being a kind of magical commune:[42]

"Re: New Zealand, we will have an opportunity such as has not occurred in thousands of years in going to an entirely new and clear

[40] Edward Winchester, the Right Reverend, the Lord Bishop of Winchester, 'Preface', in Hepher, *The Fellowship of Silence,* op.cit., reprint of first edition May 1915 and all subsequent reprints, pp.v-viii.

[41] Ibid.

[42] Ara Ben Shemesh (A.B.S) was one of several spiritual guides or 'astral teachers' of Felkin who was believed to provide advice for a period of eight years between 1908 and 1916.

atmosphere which leave us free to form fresh symbols unprejudiced by any previous tradition...Select a few people to devote themselves entirely to occult work, including healing, and others to see to the material needs of the few, to live together equal numbers (sic) in a divided sort of monastery; others can go and stay for periods. Must always have a guest-chamber and a sort of healing-wing….Everything we take must be carefully purified, consecrated, and wrapped in white. Will have to look after it for a considerable time. It will develop along independent lines to a great extent. Name of Temple: "Emerald of the Sea" No.49 - Smaragdine Thallasses…New venture is much more important (than London)….He is greatly impressed with the importance of virgin soil, no occult order has been there before, Theosophists only breaking the soil."[43]

Dr. Felkin- Physician and Magician

Whether judged by occult or mundane standards Robert William Felkin; M.D.; L.R.C.P.; L.R.C.S.E.; F.R.G.S.; F.R.S.E; was a remarkable and enigmatic man who played many different roles in his life.

Born in Nottingham in 1853 Felkin was educated at Wolverhampton Grammar School until the age of sixteen when family financial pressures obliged him to leave to work initially in a Wolverhampton railway office and then, for five years, as a trainee factory manager in Chemnitz, a city then located in the Kingdom of Saxony. Since a childhood meeting with the famous explorer David Livingstone, who had inspired the boy with tales of the "Dark Continent" of Africa, Felkin's ambition had been to train as a doctor and become an explorer. Despite the unpromising start to his desired career, after returning to London in 1876 Felkin began studying

[43] To some degree the Felkins followed the advice and endeavoured to make the members of Smaragdum Thallasses a type of community. One example was an early requirement for all the women, wives and children of members of the Order to wear red socks. This raised considerable interest in the Village and embarrassment to those affected and the practice was dropped.

medicine part-time while working in a factory and then as a tutor.

Throughout his life Felkin seemed blessed by fortuitous meetings with influential and important people who were often able to assist him. One such was a chance meeting at this time with the prominent missionary Alexander Murdock Mackey (1849-1890) who had returned to Britain from Africa seeking support for future African missions. This led to Felkin being accepted by the Church Missionary Society as a medical missionary for work in Uganda, although he was still not qualified. Amongst numerous adventures of a striking kind Felkin is said to have been the "first white man to measure the pygmies of Central Africa"; one of the last men to have seen his friend General Gordon (of Khartoum) alive before being slain by the "Mad Mahdi", and the first white man to see both sources of the White Nile.[44]

Felkin returned to Britain in 1881 and resumed his medical studies, first in Edinburgh and then in Germany at the University of Marburg, where he qualified as Doctor of Medicine in 1885 and which qualified him for his licentiates from the British Royal College of Surgeons and the Royal College of Surgeons of Scotland. He practised as a physician over the subsequent twenty-five years in Edinburgh and London, as well as lecturing on tropical diseases and allied subjects throughout Europe and Britain.

He wrote several books during this period, contributed to various periodicals, gave talks to several church groups, and participated in meetings to discuss "Bible-Readings". He also found time to join, along with his first wife Mary, whom he had married in 1882, the Scottish

[44] Details of Felkin's early African experiences appear in Harriot Felkin's serialised biography of Dr. Felkin , 'A Wayfaring Man' in *The Lantern,* op.cit., 1936-1949, especially Vol.1, Number 3 1936. Some of Felkin's medical work in Africa is covered in *Medical History* 3*,* no.1, London 1959. Material on Felkin also appears in *Scottish Geographical Magazine* (Edinburgh: ,Scottish Geographical Society, 1885) Vol. I, p.454;

Lodge of the Theosophical Society and the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. They were initiated in the Edinburgh Temple of "Amen-Ra" on 12 March 1894 as Frater Finem Respice and Soror Per Aspera Ad Astra. Amon-Ra included amongst its small membership the City Astronomer of Edinburgh, William Peck, Professor Andrew Reebles Aitken (1843-1904) from Edinburgh University, and Dr. George Dickson, F.R.C.S.Ed., father of Dr W.E. Carnegie Dickson, a President of the Royal Medical Society, and later senior Chief of British Temples of the Stella Matutina.

By the end of 1896 the Felkins entered the Second Order as "minor adepts" and transferred from the Temple in Edinburgh to the "Mother-Temple", Isis-Urania in London. This move coincided with the beginning of considerable tensions within the Golden Dawn, and these were to lead directly to its formal dissolution in 1903 and reformulation into three main groups. The two groups which contained the large majority of members, were renamed the Hermetic Order of the Stella Matutina and the Holy Order of the Golden Dawn (or "Independent and Rectified Rite"), which were, in general, led respectively by Felkin and the noted writer on mysticism and occultism, A.E. Waite.

Apart from the personal ambitions of both Waite and Felkin to lead their own groups, the essential difference between their approaches to the Order being that whereas Felkin and his supporters wished to retain and preserve its magical orientation, Waite was determined to minimise, if not discard, the magical aspect and replace it with a mystical emphasis. This distinction did not imply, however, that a mystical or even orthodox religious interpretation of the Order's mysteries was neglected or considered unimportant in Felkin's Stella Matutina. On the contrary, it is apparent from all of Felkin's work, and from many of his Order's rituals and teachings, that an esoteric and mystical Christian interpretation was as fundamental to Felkin as it was to Waite. A "Concordant" was drawn up between the two Orders in April 1907 and they worked together in a degree of cooperation until

1912 when differences caused the final split.

A criticism levelled by Waite against Felkin, and subsequently echoed by several modern commentators, was his supposed "recurring confusion of psychic dreams with events of daily life". This is a reference to Felkin's propensity to rely on "information" as factual which he had received during his occult and magical work and from his putative communications with disincarnate beings and the "Secret Chiefs" of the Order. Waite considered this trait to be worthy of "derision" and while this may be an expected and not unreasonable response from anyone outside the Order it is difficult to see the grounds for Waite's criticism when it has equal force against many of Felkin's contemporaries within the Golden Dawn and other esoteric, if not religious, groups.[45] The particular context of Waite's remark was Felkin's search for the "genuine", and possibly Rosicrucian, origins of the Golden Dawn, along with the often allied attempts to confirm the existence of the "Secret Masters" believed to guide the Order, and make contact with them.

This search led Felkin to Germany on a number of occasions and he subsequently believed that through the contacts he had made and experiences undergone, he had found the proof he and his Order required. Amongst the more important of these contacts was the Austrian esoteric philosopher, Rudolf Steiner. At the time of the most significant meetings between the two men, Steiner was developing his own esoteric views of occultism and Christianity and in the process of breaking away from the Theosophical Society.

Although the close relations between the Stella Matutina and

[45] The notion of receiving spiritual guidance from either supernatural sources or 'advanced' 'Masters' is a feature of both orthodoxy and such heterodox movements as Theosophy and Anthroposophy. Throughout his writings Waite professes admiration for the 'inspired' writings of many such religious 'seers'.

Anthroposophy weakened in the English Temples following the death of Dr. Felkin in 1926, it remained stronger for a significantly longer period within the New Zealand Smaragdum Thallasses Temple and Anthroposophical concepts were included in the eclectic mix of esoteric philosophy that proved, for a period, so attractive to the Anglicans and Quakers of the Society of the Southern Cross.

In the attempt to understand why a system of magical practices, espoused in a secret society, should hold the appeal it did for so many orthodox Anglo-Catholics, priests and devout Quakers, undoubtedly a major factor was the charismatic personality of Dr Felkin. Ellwood notes wryly that "this level of success in recruiting presumably hardheaded graziers and businessmen and their kin, followed by getting them in class week after week to meditate and chant the names of angels, certainly suggests that Felkin was a man of considerable authority and ability as well as metaphysical vision"[46] The "personal magnetism" of Felkin is referred to by many of his contemporaries, including one "Chief" of an English Temple who noted:

"F.R. (Felkin) happened to be a many sided personality. He could be a pagan priest and magician with a touch of the witch-doctor about him. He could also be an orthodox churchman as witness the little paper about the Sacraments. He held that the Church was the lineal descendent of the Mysteries and that the way of initiation was there for those who would look for it in a large enough spirit. He thought …. that the Kabbalist should try to open the eyes of the Christians to their heritage, so that the world might be saved from what he saw at that time was coming to it."

Even Felkin's old rival for leadership, A.E. Waite, who was miserly in his praise of any of his contemporaries, grudgingly acknowledged Felkin's extraordinary character, and concluded:

[46] Ellwood, op.cit., pp.177-178.

"It remains only to add (a) that we parted good friends; (b) that to the last day of my life I shall always regard him as a first class medical man and remember that I had his help in this respect; (c) that if I had called him from the Antipodes as the only person who could save my life, I verily believe that he would have come to me at all costs, without money and without price."[47]

Smaragdum Thallasses

It was in early December 1912 that Dr. Felkin, wife and daughter arrived in New Zealand, approximately two weeks following the conclusion of the Havelock Shakespearean pageant. In a period of slightly less than three months the three of them established and consecrated the Smaragdum Thallasses Temple and initiated twenty-four members, with twelve being taken rapidly through six different Grade ceremonies before proceeding to the more advanced and exclusive "Second Order". Even allowing for the probability that members were admitted in groups of, perhaps, three or four at a time this must have been a demanding schedule involving at least thirty separate ceremonies, each of which could have taken between two and three hours to perform.

Because the permanent Temple was still in the early stages of construction the ceremonies were performed in the dining room of a small house set aside for the Felkins' use during their stay. In her record of this period Mrs Felkin stated that before these ceremonies could take place "we set to work and made the robes and furniture (they had made the tunics before we arrived)".[48]

Another arrangement made before Felkin departed for New Zealand on 12 October 1912 was drawing up a written Warrant for the New Temple. This authorised the "three Very Honoured Fratres, Piscator Hominum, Kiora, and Lux Tenebris to form and rule both the

[47] Waite, *Shadows of Life and Thought*, p.223
[48] Ibid.

Inner and Outer Orders of the R.R. et A.C. and the Stella Matutina in New Zealand and Australasia".[49] These three were Reginald Gardner, Mason Chambers, and the third was probably Harold Large but might also have been Mason's brother, Thomas Chambers. At the time of his first visit Felkin did not anticipate returning to New Zealand and thus considerable time had to be devoted to instructing and training the new Chiefs in the magical work of the Order, as well as its governance. At some point shortly after the visitors' arrival the members of the Society of the Southern Cross being considered, or selected, for initiation were gathered together and addressed by Felkin, his wife and daughter, each of whom described in the most basic terms some aspect of the Order system and what it would mean for the members in his "Preliminary Address 1912" Felkin sets the scene by providing his understanding of the Order and its relationship with Christianity. This was almost certainly the first time the small gathering of Anglicans, Quakers and Theosophists would have heard about the Hermetic Order of the Stella Matutina and its "magical Christianity":[50]

"We claim to bring to you the Message of Western Occultism as descended from the Middle Ages and a part of the very fascinating message which, during the past 30-35 years, has come from the East to

[49] This 'Warrant' is in a private collection. It has been reproduced by Howe, op.cit., p.269.

[50] These unpublished addresses appear in a surviving notebook of an unknown member of the Smaragdum Thallasses temple. The notebook appears to have been written in the 1930s. The three addresses have the following prefatory comment: 'Bear in mind when reading these addresses that they were delivered on the occasion of the Chiefs' first visit to Havelock. This was in 1912 and was but of brief duration, the Chiefs returning to England before finally settling in this country'. Private collection. Also of interest is the fact that a formal 'Trust deed' was drawn up for Smaragdum Thallasses under the name 'Whare Ra' and dated September 1913. It is signed by the Quakers, Mason Chambers, Margaret Chambers, the younger John Chambers and Reginald Gardiner. No sign of its esoteric purpose is revealed in the text.

the West. The message we bring is this…that in the Catholic or Christian Church, as in every great religion that the world has ever known, there is an esoteric as well as exoteric side. We want to try and set forth this esoteric teaching which has been ignored for so very long.

"It was said to our Lord:- "Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us and not unto the World?" The reply was that the disciples were chosen for this esoteric manifestation….The Mysteries of Jesus and the Christian Mysteries are alluded in the Patristic writings of the early centuries, and it may be noted that at the time when our Lord incarnated there were many mysteries in vogue, so that the mass of the people well knew what was intended…"[51]

Felkin provides several biblical references alluding to the esoteric teaching, distinguishing the "milk for babes" and the "strong meat for men", noting that the "Hidden Church may once more materialise and manifest" and that the means for this materialisation in New Zealand would be placed in the hands of those present by the "Mystic Methods and Formulae which "we are permitted to bring to you" and which "we shall provide for your use". Stressing the antiquity of a system of "study, of Ceremony, of Ritual, and of training" which had "been at work in Europe since 1250" Felkin acknowledges that the preparatory work has already been "so nobly done in Havelock during the past five years". This, Felkin states, was laying down the essential foundation for building "a Temple fit for the development of a Centre of Light, Life and Love". The division of the system into three "Societies" or Orders is described discreetly by Felkin with the First, or "Outer", "teaching the A.B.C. of methods" and testing members for their suitability for admittance into the Second or Inner Order where the more intensive spiritual work occurs, and he adds, "There is a Third Order but that is not for you at present".

The importance of secrecy is stressed repeatedly in all three

[51] Ibid. The pages are unpaginated.

"Preliminary Addresses" and Felkin provides various reasons for its need, concluding that "the chatter about Holy things is the curse of the present age". He also gives attention to anticipated Quaker misgivings regarding ritual and ceremony, noting:

"Now as to Ceremonial: we are obliged to use Ceremonial at first for very good reasons. Some people object to it, but I doubt if when they know more about it their objections will hold good. To those who are in doubt I say – just wait and see. Do not reject what may be of great value. I quite admit that by contemplation and Quietism alone great things may be gained, and we do employ these methods in their proper place".[52]

While this intensive programme of ritual ceremony and training of the twenty-four new initiates was occurring the building of the permanent Temple was also underway. This unique structure was not completed until late 1913 although the first part of the structure was consecrated before the Felkins returned to England in February 1913. The Temple building was the first reinforced concrete building in the district, with solid walls of more than a foot thick, and a four-inch thick concrete roof. The underground Temple was built first and served as the foundation for the rest of the house consisting of a large room for meetings, living quarters and several "cells" or spartan bedrooms for members wishing to stay overnight and meditate prior to taking a higher Grade. The architect, James Chapman-Taylor, a member of the Order for more than 40 years, disliked New Zealand structures as being "flimsy and soulless" and had firm views on the nature and purpose of a building:[53]

"Even in cottages, it is possible to put stone and bricks and wood together so that they become endowed with spiritual qualities. The whole is made greater than the parts and may convey to the human

[52] Ibid.
[53] Wright, op.cit., pp.94-95.

soul a message deeper than words."[54]

Within the building Chapman-Taylor combined the concrete with the solid Australian hardwood Jarrah which he used for beams, frames and doors all of which were hand-adzed. Window frames, hinges and door handles were made of heavy iron and bearing the hammer marks of the blacksmith. As the foundational Temple is built against a slope only the top floor, built on the ridge as it were, is visible from the street. Various occult symbols are carved into the wood at certain points and under each gable of the tiled roof was a window in the shape of a "Tau Cross". Entrance to the Temple by the candidate for initiation was effected by a secret staircase leading from a large wardrobe housed in a room designated as Dr Felkin's surgery but rarely used for this purpose. The candidate was required to sit in the surgery until directed by an Order member to enter the wardrobe and walk down some stairs.[55]

"Halfway down the stairs, where the candidate was required to await further instructions, was a landing, known as "the Cave", lined with hessian curtains on which Egyptian figures were worked in light blue. After an interval of time the candidate was met by two Temple officers dressed in robes and Egyptian headdresses, blind-folded by one of them, and then led into the Temple where the ceremony of initiation began".[56]

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[54] James Chapman Taylor, quoted in Siers, op.cit., p.10.

[55]It has been speculated that the manner of the candidate's entrance into the temple might have inspired C.S. Lewis' motif of a wardrobe being the entrance to a 'magical world'. This is based partly on the probability that Felkin discussed 'Whare Ra' with Waite, and the possibility that Waite passed on this information to the novelist and theologian Charles Williams who was a member of Waite's Order. Williams is known to have been very interested in the Golden Dawn and to have had considerable influence over Lewis.

[56] F G Salt. An unpublished typescript of 26 pages, circa 1992.

One such initiate was Francis (Frank) G. Salt who was initiated as Frater Fiat Lux into the Order in 1936 and, subsequntly passing through most of the Grades, eventually became a Chief in 1959. Salt was a devout Anglo-Catholic and the son of the Reverend Cecil George Salt (1888-1967), Anglican vicar of Matawi diocese, Waiapu and of Opitiki. The Reverend Salt and his wife Dora, were both keen and long-serving members of the Order, as was also their daughter Joan Catherine Salt who visited the English Temples of the Stella Matutina in the 1930s.[57] He was instrumental in having his son enter the Order by inviting Frank to accompany him on a trip to attend the Anglican Synod held in Napier, a town fairly close to Havelock North. By a clear pre-arrangement the young Salt was billeted at "Whare Ra" with Mrs. Felkin and daughter while the Reverend Salt stayed with Reginald Gardner. In his unpublished memoir of Smaragdum Thallasses Frank Salt writes of the close questioning he underwent by the Felkins about his spiritual aspirations. He was asked about his interest in the "Egyptian Mysteries" and the types of books he enjoyed reading. A few days later he was asked to visit the Felkins again and was told that there was a successor to the Egyptian Mysteries which Dr. Felkin had brought to New Zealand. Young Salt immediately agreed to an invitation from Mrs. Felkin to join and his ceremony of initiation followed shortly after. His memoir notes the deep impact the ceremony had on him, particularly the experience of "emerging into a magical world, having entered it through a wardrobe".[58]

"On being led by the hand, blindfolded and wondering, into what felt like a large hall – incense was very strong-, I had a sudden feeling - "I have come home". It was very silent, until clear voices spoke, then there was movement….in the total darkness. The atmosphere was very intense, one felt almost as if in outer space, with spiritual forces flickering about one. A sense of deep reverence- even awe- as one was led many short distances. It was an "other worldly" experience, as if

[57] Personal letter from Salt, November 1992.
[58] Salt, unpublished typescript

being part of a heavenly host among the stars. I was asked to take a solemn obligation, which I did very sincerely, as a personal consecration to the Divine Science…."[59]

In February 1913 Dr. Felkin and Harriot Felkin returned to Britain, while their daughter Ethelwyn remained for a further two months to provide extra assistance and guidance. It had been the hope of all concerned that this concentrated period of intense occult work and the unusually rapid advance of several members through the different Grades would, with continued assistance given by mail, be sufficient to allow the small group to grow and develop spiritually, and to instruct others.[60] It is likely that the fledgling Smaragdum Thallasses Temple received a boost in later 1913 through a further Anglican Mission made to New Zealand by Fathers Fitzgerald and Rees and that the former, in particular, brought instructions and advice from Dr Felkin and was able to provide more explicit guidance now that so many of the Havelock group were fully initiated. Von Dadelszen states that after a period of just over two years the leadership of Smaragdum Thallasses began to falter and felt in further need of direct assistance:

"the small group left in charge in Havelock North found it difficult to carry on without the leadership and guidance of those more experienced than themselves. So, in 1916, the three pioneers from England, were persuaded to return and settle permanently in Havelock North."[61]

The offer made to Dr Felkin included a permanent home and a guaranteed "reserve income" for the family, made possible by the generosity of John and Mason Chambers who paid for the Felkins' travel and the buildings, house and grounds which constituted Whare Ra. The return of the Felkins in September 1916 clearly provided a

[59] Ibid.
[60] Von Dadelszen, op.cit., p.15.
[61] Von Dadelszen,op.cit., p.15.

significant boost to the stability and growth of the Stella Matutina in New Zealand. One year later, in September 1917, Felkin wrote to William Westcott, one of the two major founders of the Golden Dawn, that the Temple now had twenty members in the Second Order, thirty-four in the First Order, and ten people waiting to join. Noting that this expanded membership included a Bishop, Felkin writes, "Not bad, is it?"[62]

The Bishop in question was the Right Reverend William Walmsley Sedgwick (1858-1948). Born in Hampshire and educated at Cambridge, Bishop Sedgwick had a number of important clerical appointments in Britain before migrating to New Zealand in 1901. He was vicar at several dioceses in New Zealand and in 1910 was part of the Anglican Mission of Help for the New Zealand Church. Undoubtedly, he had close contact with Fathers Fitzgerald and Rees during the Mission when he would also have likely met Reginald Gardner and members of the Havelock Work. In this context, on 22 February 1914 he succeeded Bishop Averill as Bishop of Waiapu who had previously hosted the meeting when Father Fitzgerald extended his offer to help the Havelock North group.

Although little is known of Bishop Sedgwick's magical career within the Stella Matutina it can be presumed that his own involvement provided sanction, if not encouragement, to other Anglican priests in the area to also join the Order. As the membership roll for the Order in New Zealand has not survived it cannot be determined with precision how many priests joined but random surviving documents reveal that at least two vicars of St. Luke's in Havelock North were members, as was Archdeacon Joseph B. Brocklehurst (1877-1957) who was educated in Manchester where he was ordained as priest, and emigrated to New Zealand in 1907. Between 1919 and 1920 he was vicar at Hastings, Waiapu diocese, a town situated only a few miles from Havelock North. Frank Salt has reported his father, the Reverend Salt,

62 Unpublished letter in private collection.

as telling him that during the years following the arrival of Dr. Felkin, several vicars and many parishioners from churches in the Waiapu area were ardent members of the Order.[63]

According to Mrs Harriot Felkin in later years, several of the prominent Order members, including General Sir Andrew Russell, Lord Jellicoe, Governor General of New Zealand, and Archdeacon Brocklehurst, departed the Order on the death of Dr. Felkin. Whether Bishop Sedgewick also departed is not known but it would seem that the Order retained some appeal for Anglican clergy beyond Felkin's demise because on 9 July 1956 Bishop Wirema N. Panapa (1898-1970) was initiated as a Neophyte into the Smaragdum Thallasses Temple.[64] Bishop Panapa was a Maori with special responsibilities for Maori issues within the Anglican Church. His serving in the Waiapu diocese is a common feature with the other New Zealand priests joining the Order, for between 1951-1967 the Right Reverend Panapa was Bishop of Aotearoa, Suffragan to the Bishop of Waiapu.

But while Dr. Felkin's death in 1926 led to several prominent members leaving the Smaragdum Thallasses Temple it did not endanger the existence of the Order either in New Zealand or in England. If the sources of Wright are correct the New Zealand Temple was to grow and reach its peak of "100 Inner Order and 200 Outer Order members" in 1930. Although subject to almost complete deafness and poor health Harriot Felkin proved a very competent leader and was held in high regard not merely by the Order members and local acquaintances but also by "the leaders, and other prominent people, of many different schools of thought in various parts of the

63 Personal communication from Salt.

64 Mrs. Felkin's handwriting appears on a 1956 Equinox report stating, 'Please come to Bishop Panapa's 0=0 on Monday July 9. Mark the date!'. Panapa is remembered by several ex-members who recall an exorcism he performed on a site supposedly haunted by Maori spirits.

world"[65] These included, besides numerous Anglican church figures, such Theosophists as the clairvoyant Geoffrey Hodson (1886-1983), who visited her on more than one occasion, Anthroposophists, Asia's first Nobel laureate Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941), and even the notorious Aleister Crowley, who wrote a "private letter" to her in 1945. The English Temples were governed independently by the time of Felkin's death but Harriot Felkin was still considered the most senior Chief of the Order and she encouraged close contact between them. Various senior members from both countries exchanged visits and all three Chiefs of the Bristol Temple travelled to New Zealand in the 1930s and again in the 1950s.

In August 1936 Harriot Felkin began a small monthly journal called "*The Lantern*" which was almost entirely written by her, apart from the editorial provided by Reginald Gardner. Although the articles range over many occult, spiritual and mystical subjects the predominant theme remains an esoteric interpretation of Christianity, including lengthy serial articles, one being the life of Felkin, entitled "A Wayfaring Man" which she partly wrote from his own notes. Monthly production of "The Lantern" was maintained until July 1944 when it became bi-monthly until August 1949. This was replaced by a lengthy monthly letter for all Order members along with a six-monthly account of the Equinox and Solstice meetings.

Although little information is available on Smaragdum Thallasses and its membership during the years of the Second World War it is probable that its membership declined considerably, probably as a result of so many of the population being called up for war duties. It is assessed that by 1949 there were approximately 100 members, as it is known that the Autumnal "Equinox" meeting held on a Monday in April was attended by 36 members. Because at least half of the membership lived in towns at a considerable distance from "Whare Ra", and many could not attend during the week, it was normal to

[65] Von Dadelszen, op.cit., p.16.

expect attendance from approximately one third of the membership. Equinox attendance during the 1930s is reported as often reaching nearly one hundred members, confirming the peak membership number of 300.[66] With the death of Harriot Felkin in 1959 and that of Ethelwyn Felkin in 1960 the Order began a slow decline over the next two decades until its closure.

Tauhara

One legacy of Smaragdum Thallasses, and of Harriot Felkin, which persists today is the "Spiritual Centre of Tauhara", near Taupo. It consists of several buildings on five hectares of land, half of which is cultivated parkland and lawns, and half is sloping hillside with walking tracks through Native bush. Mrs. Felkin had a vision that a "centre of spirituality" should be established in the middle of the North Island of New Zealand where people from many different faiths could gather together at various times throughout the year for retreats, meetings and spiritual healing. The first meeting to establish this centre occurred on 7 January 1939 between members of Smaragdum Thallasses and a prominent Anthroposophist Charles McDowell. The Order raised the necessary money for the centre, which was later enriched further by the sale of Whare Ra. A Board of Trustees administered it, all of whom were senior Order members - Reginald Gardner, Ethylwyn Felkin, John von Dadelszen, and from 1959 Frank Salt.[67] Tauhara continues to play host to innumerable gatherings and meetings from virtually every conceivable form of orthodox and unorthodox organisation with a spiritual or religious dimension. In reflecting on the legacy of Harriot Felkin, one of the Trustees stated in 1988:

"From our beginnings within a secret society in Havelock North, to the establishing of a physical centre in Taupo …Tauhara has not just been a place to hold gatherings in a magical setting and drink from a rather eccentric heritage. The Trust has also been about a group of

[66] Interviews with Salt over 1990-1993.

[67] Isacc, op.cit., p.90.

people who have…been inspired to contribute to the Tauhara Vision and to allow its challenges to work away through their lives."[68]

In an address to the members of Smaragdum Thallasses delivered on 12 December 1949 Harriot Felkin articulated this vision in full, noting the urgent need for:

"A Centre where the different methods of approach to Spiritual life and teaching could meet on perfectly friendly and unbiased ground…" and where "all new teaching, and especially that of Spiritual Wisdom, must be the natural outgrowth of the old…In the past there has been too much separation. In Religion and Science we think we are right and others must be wrong. In the future we believe this will no longer be the outlook for sincere seekers; rather they will be prepared to receive the contributions of people of different views."[69]

To what degree the vision of Mrs. and Miss Felkin has been realised in the present Tauhara institute must be left for others to judge but it is clear that the remarkable and unusual heritage of the Centre was originally outlined within the philosophy and theology of Gardner's initial comments made in the very first *The Forerunner,* and which dwelt on unity and diversity. Moreover, that original vision of Gardner and the unusual experiment which began in the tiny village of Havelock North, eventually embracing Golden Dawn magicians and church bishops alike, was also to transform the very village itself. The legacy is still there. Havelock North is a magical place.

D.P. 2011

[68] Isaac, op.cit., p.76.

[69] 'Lecture on the Mount Tauhara Estate Group: Given by Mrs. Felkin at 'Whare Ra', Havelock North, 12/12/49': A three page typed manuscript in a private collection.

Essay II

ROBERT FELKIN THE ASTROLOGER

Through Harriot Felkin's eyes, we gain a valuable insight into the character of her beloved husband. Her recollections are discreet and measured, never revealing very much of an intimate or personal nature. Quite rightly, she preserved Dr. Felkin's privacy, perhaps suspecting that he might become a figure of some considerable interest in later times. Perhaps mindful, too, of the obligation she had sworn when she joined the Order of the Golden Dawn and under which she remained a head, until her death, of its successor order, the Stella Matutina.

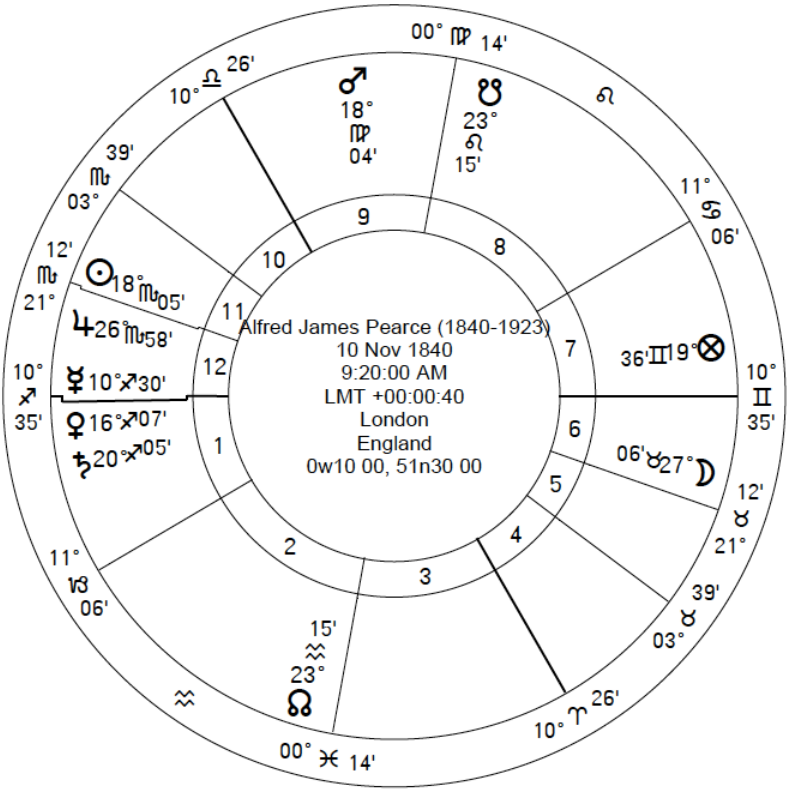
A self-made man of Renaissance proportions, his numerous accomplishments were achieved by dint of relentless hard work. For the researcher, though, the areas of Dr. Felkin's life which hold the greatest allure are those which can only be glimpsed and are those which Harriot Felkin conscientiously avoids. So it is of some interest that she gives a degree of detail regarding their joint studies in astrology. The reason for her uncharacteristic openness is simply that astrology, whilst falling under the general heading of "occult science" and one of the Hermetic arts, had been fully in the public domain for a very long time. Moreover, whilst their studies may have begun under the auspices of the Order of the Golden Dawn, their extended studies continued outside of it. Still, little enough is forthcoming to inform us of how these studies were applied or in what circumstances. So any opportunity to examine Dr. Felkin's work in occultism, however frugal, must be seized.

Mrs. Felkin's recollection of their studies under the tuition of "Zadkiel" demonstrates a deeper interest than might be expected. Whilst astrology was a required subject for a member of the Order, it is a complex and difficult study taking many years to achieve any kind of

fluency. This alone would deter most members from studying more than was required for the purposes of the Order. Moreover, there were other profound and complex subjects which each member might pursue, other divinatory arts to which they might apply themselves. So, we might ask to what extent Dr. Felkin took his astrological studies, and to what level did his expertise reach.

There were two astrologers with the pseudonym of Zadkiel: R. J. Morrison (1795-1874) and A.J. Pearce (1840-1923). Morrison published a successful annual almanac under the name of Zadkiel until his death in 1874. Subsequently, Pearce took over as editor at the request of Morrison's family in which post he continued until his own death 47 years later. Pearce is himself an interesting character and worthy of closer attention. His father was a member of the Royal College of Surgeons and a homeopath with a particular interest in medical astrology. It was he who recorded his son's time of birth[70] and the astrological calculation or birth chart related to it is presented on the following page.

[70] *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, Oxford 2004.



Having begun his astrological studies in 1860, Pearce joined Morrison's "Astro-Meteorological Society" the following year, and in 1862 contributed to the latter's almanac. In 1863 he wrote his first book, and his writing career could be said to have culminated with *The Text-Book of Astrology* published in two volumes in 1879 and 1889 (a second edition was published in 1911). This book was popular and would certainly have been in the Felkins' library. Clearly, Pearce was something of a prodigy given the speed of his literary success, but presumably his father would have introduced him to astrology at an early age.

Pearce was successful and well-known so it is unsurprising that the Felkins should have studied with him; Dr. Felkin may well have appreciated Pearce's own medical background. However, Pearce was also a vocal and ardent opponent of the astrology popularised by the astrologers of Madame Blavatsky's "Theosophical Society", epitomised by Alan Leo (William F. Allan 1860-1917) in particular. Given the known links between the Golden Dawn and the Theosophical Society, it is a little surprising that the latter organisation was not the Felkins' first choice for their studies, perhaps more so that their preferred teacher actively opposed those teachings.

"Scientific" astrology was a notable feature of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. This was not referring to science in the ancient sense as might be expected, but in the modern, experimental sense and thus asserted that astrology had the capacity to be proved in those terms; a view which has maintained, in some quarters, to this day. Pearce held this position, hence his antipathy towards the more mystical leanings of the Theosophical Society even though it had its own ambitions in the same regard. Indeed, much of Pearce's "scientific" fervour can be found in Leo's writings and that of others of the period.

It would appear that Dr. Felkin was of this opinion, too - being a man of science himself - when as "Robin", he says, "…[astrology] is the logical expression of the interrelation of the Universe. One of these days science will rediscover this fact…". It was a popular opinion that science would eventually be able to answer all questions and prove or disprove everything, seated as it was in the high confidence of a country in the full swing of the Scientific Age and the Industrial Revolution. What Dr. Felkin's view also demonstrates is his confidence in astrology itself as an instrument of knowledge gathering and of understanding the cosmos and thus all of creation. However he diverges from Pearce's belief when Robin says astrology is "Art rather than science, because it demands not a mere marshalling of facts but a

wise and discriminating interpretation before it can be applied to life." Of course, art cannot be "proved" in a scientific sense and so it is here that Dr. Felkin's independence of thought is revealed and his ability to separate himself from the politics of the occult circles in which he moved. Certainly these opposing views caused - and still cause - heated disagreements between the two camps.

Whilst Pearce was an astrologer of his age in many respects, he parted company with the majority by practising and teaching a largely traditional system of astrology rooted in antiquity. In his successful *Textbook*, he quotes from Claudius Ptolemy[71] frequently and presents the full gamut of astrological applications including horary, mundane, genethliacal and electional. All but genethliacal had been opposed, and even ridiculed, by Leo and his like as superstitious and anti-scientific because all of these are methods of divination or prediction. Even so, Pearce dismissed most of the astrology propounded by all civilisations and cultures post-dating the so-called Chaldean. He, like the astrologers of the Theosophical Society, perceived the astrology of Chaldea to be "pure" and of a golden age. It remains difficult to find a source for their "Chaldean" astrology. Nevertheless, and most importantly for our purpose here, Pearce taught astrological prediction, which Dr. Felkin learned well and of which he made good use.

In a paper[72] written for members of the Order, Dr. Felkin reports his birth time as between 3.15 and 3.30 pm. which presents a dilemma for the astrologer. In many cases, as in this, a comparison of the two calculations does not present a wide variation, nevertheless, any further work is hampered by the inherent lack of accuracy. For example, in any predictive work the results could be years off the mark. We must take on face value the time period offered by Dr. Felkin and accept that he would have worked with a chosen moment from within it for his own

[71] Claudius Ptolemy (2nd century A.D.), *Tetrabiblos* is his famous astrological text which was held in high esteem for many centuries to follow.
[72] Private collection.

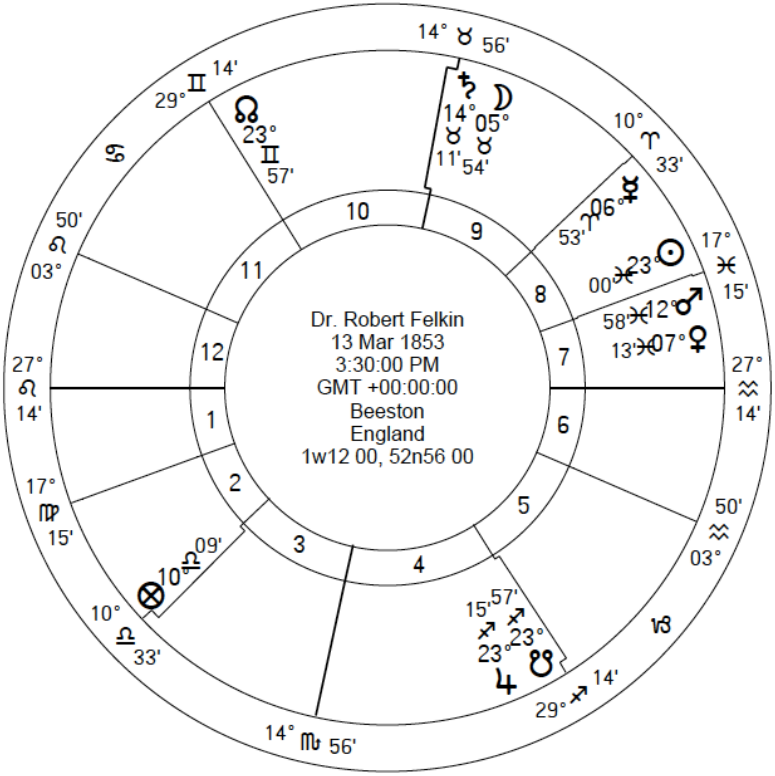
purposes. We must also assume that it had some substance for him and proved itself in astrological terms. According to *A Wayfaring* Man, his teacher Pearce made apparently accurate predictions to the Felkins presumably based upon this birth time. Pearce also wrote about a method of "rectification" of which Dr. Felkin would have been aware and quite able to perform. Traditional methods of rectification would have enabled Dr. Felkin to test his calculations against events from his past and presumably he was satisfied with the results. Taking account of the general emphasis by the Golden Dawn on divination, it would be reasonable to suppose that Dr. Felkin also tested his birth chart by prediction.

In his own notes,[73] Dr. Felkin gives 3.30 pm as the time of birth, and so it is the calculation for this time which is presented here. However a word of caution should be added. The results were calculated using computer software which follows a different process or algorithm from that used before the advent of such conveniences. Previously, astrologers had relied on various tables from which to extract their data. These tables often give results different from those of the computer, not always widely different, but without knowing to which tables Dr. Felkin referred or their accuracy, it is impossible to replicate his results. Therefore, the chart which Dr. Felkin examined is likely to have looked somewhat different from any presented here. Furthermore, Dr. Felkin was born before the widespread adoption of Greenwich Mean Time in Great Britain, thus if, in fact, the birth time given was that which was remembered or noted contemporaneously, we cannot recalculate it. Even if a clock or watch was to hand at his birth, we cannot know if it was accurate or to which standard it had been corrected. An educated guess suggests that the times mentioned were those discovered through the process of chart rectification, but the result is unknown. If this is so, then the birth time as noted by Dr. Felkin is likely to be Greenwich Mean Time. The solution to this conundrum would be sight of a copy calculated by Dr. Felkin, or at

[73] Private papers.

least, calculated during his lifetime.

Although precision cannot be expected as a result of this calculation, there is enough certainty to be able to extract a description of the man and his life.



Mrs. Felkin makes only one reference to her husband's birth chart when she mentions, through Robin, that his unusual journeys would be explained by that fact that the Moon☐ at his birth was conjunct (we might say, very near) Uranus. This planet was located at 5 degrees 57 minutes of the zodiacal sign of Taurus (not shown in the foregoing chart), so it is very near to the Moon, however this would have been

the case for some hours, thus not providing any further support for this birth time. The fastest moving body in the heavens is the Moon which can often be taken to help in cases of uncertain birth times. It is near to Saturn, which is a very well-known indicator of hard work, a serious nature, responsibilities, and financial hardship amongst other things. All of these have relevance to the character and life of Robert Felkin, but this configuration comes into place at about 11.30 of that morning and remains in place for the rest of the day.

The reason for explaining at length the problem of an unsubstantiated birth time is that, from the astrologer's point of view, this horoscope is unreliable as a true indicator of the man and his life. Still, there are some descriptions which would be reasonably accurate even if not solely applicable to Dr. Felkin since it is the time of birth which separates the individual from the crowd. As previously mentioned, the Moon is conjunct Saturn and is a strong indicator of the obsessive worker. These two planets are placed in Taurus which emphasises this description and adds a physical stamina to that work which is persistent. Perseverance and dogged determination enabled Dr. Felkin to achieve his goal of becoming a doctor and against weighty odds. We might draw the same conclusion with regard to his several illnesses, even the more serious malaria. He seems to have worked almost to the end of his life and I would suggest that his strong sense of obligation and responsibility would have encouraged that. *The Wayfaring Man* also describes his sense of responsibility towards his sisters in ensuring that they were secure and taken care of prior to his emigrating to New Zealand. In all his many roles, he took great care to discharge his obligations fully and properly.

In terms of work, we see that Harriot Felkin, both as his wife and as his secretary before that, was expected to work as hard as he did. He seems not to have made many allowances for her age or sex, as would have been usual, although it is doubtful that she would have wanted him to. It is said that although some members did resign following Dr. Felkin's death, most remained loyal to his wife and the Order which

she represented. This is no mean feat considering the social mores of the period when women were actively discouraged from rising to positions of leadership. The seventh house of the chart is representative of the spouse, Harriot Felkin in this case. That house has Aquarius on its cusp which means that its ruler Saturn signifies her. Saturn is very close to the cusp of the tenth house or Midheaven which associates Mrs. Felkin with Dr. Felkin's work or career. Saturn is in the sign of Taurus as previously mentioned and it indicates the same description of perseverance and hard work for her as it did for him. She stood by him loyally and resolutely throughout their lives together and worked hard. Because Saturn is in the tenth house, she would have taken a prominent role even while her husband was alive and she notes the resentment felt by some of their circle towards her.

Dr. Felkin's temperament was largely phlegmatic presenting a calm, unemotional exterior. We can draw from Mrs. Felkin's writings that he was not an overtly affectionate person, but Jupiter is the strongest planet in this nativity and so we find generosity, kindness, compassion and a strong interest in religious matters. To support this we find the Moon in the sign of Taurus where it has the "essential dignity" of exaltation. This is indicative of an affable, pleasant natured person, but somewhat timid particularly in his younger years. The rising sign or Ascendant (marked with the number "1") is in the sign of Leo and the degree is conjunct the fixed star Regulus. This star is one of those known as "kingly" or "regal" and is generally associated with obtaining high position or leadership. It usually produces an attractive personality in terms of drawing people to them and its natives stand out when in a crowd.

Regulus is a star having the nature of Jupiter and Mars and is generally fortunate and in many ways Dr. Felkin was fortunate, but often misfortune preceded it. It would be reasonable to associate his many accidents, particularly to the head, to this star because the first house is associated with the head. As is well-known, he contracted a

severe case of malaria whilst in Africa and one of the main symptoms is high fever. Mars is associated with all feverish conditions as Jupiter is with the liver; the parasite seats itself in the liver. Eventually this proceeds to the bloodstream where the parasite attacks the red blood cells which would also be associated with Mars. However, there is another side to this: the ninth house (marked with the number "9") of the chart is the house of God and thus of religion and spirituality, it is ruled by Mars because Aries is on its cusp and Mars rules Aries. As already mentioned, Jupiter is by far the strongest planet and by virtue of its own nature signifies religion and spirituality. This alone would indicate a person of strong moral character and deeply held religious beliefs, however, as Regulus holds so powerful a position and is of the nature of both of these planets, we might expect this to be greatly emphasised. It would appear to explain why this man rose to such high position and esteem in the realm of spirituality, that is, within the Orders of the Golden Dawn, Stella Matutina and the Societas Rosicruciana In Anglia.

On another note, it would also describe the journeys he undertook - because the ninth house is also representative of voyages - and the people of importance and renown who became his friends. His travels can be said to have led to important medical advances in the treatment of malaria and in the matter of childbirth at least. Mrs. Felkin reports that he regretted his missed opportunities in making more of his career as a physician, but this is explained astrologically, not by Regulus or Jupiter or Mars, but by Saturn weighing down the house of career, the tenth. His prominence was in more secret fields of activity, not so much in the public sphere, although it must be said that he was a popular speaker at many of the societies to which he belonged and wrote for learned journals. Where his wife reports his struggle with "wander lust", we might read the Moon, naturally representative of travel in the ninth house of voyages, and connected to Mars the ruler of the ninth house. An otherwise unexcitable man would, from time to time, become anxious for activity and adventure. A tension that he learned to control, but which never left him. It could be speculated that

it was exactly this drive which led him to explore so ardently worlds other than the physical.

His abiding interest and practise of the divinatory arts such as astrology are shown in the same way; because of its divinatory nature it also is signified by the ninth house. Therefore, having explained all relating to the ninth house, one would expect the same to be the case where astrology was concerned: a profound understanding and a desire to discover all.

With the popularisation of astrology, largely due to the good offices of the Theosophical Society's own publishing house, came an increasing number of those practising it. This does not mean to say that such people were taking astrology up as a career or that they were even competent, but it does indicate that a large number were simply hobbyists, not even qualifying as amateurs. So, into which group did Dr. Felkin fall? There is no evidence to suggest that he took clients or that he taught the subject in a professional capacity, although he may well have overseen the astrological studies of the members for whom he was responsible. It seems likely that he would use astrology in his medical practise, although to what extent or in what way is impossible to say; the number of his patients who would have been well-disposed towards such activities, had they known about them, was probably low.

The application of astrology to medical or health matters is one of the more complex and difficult areas in which to work. For the qualified physician, as Dr. Felkin was, it presents fewer problems, and it might be speculated that he found it to be another weapon in his armoury against disease. Considering that he may have followed Pearce's and Morrison's example of attempting to predict the weather - notorious for its difficulty and lack of consistent results - it is safe to assume that Dr. Felkin did not take the easy route where astrology was concerned. None of this is for the faint-hearted nor indeed for the hobbyist and the horoscope strongly suggests that Dr. Felkin was

neither of these.

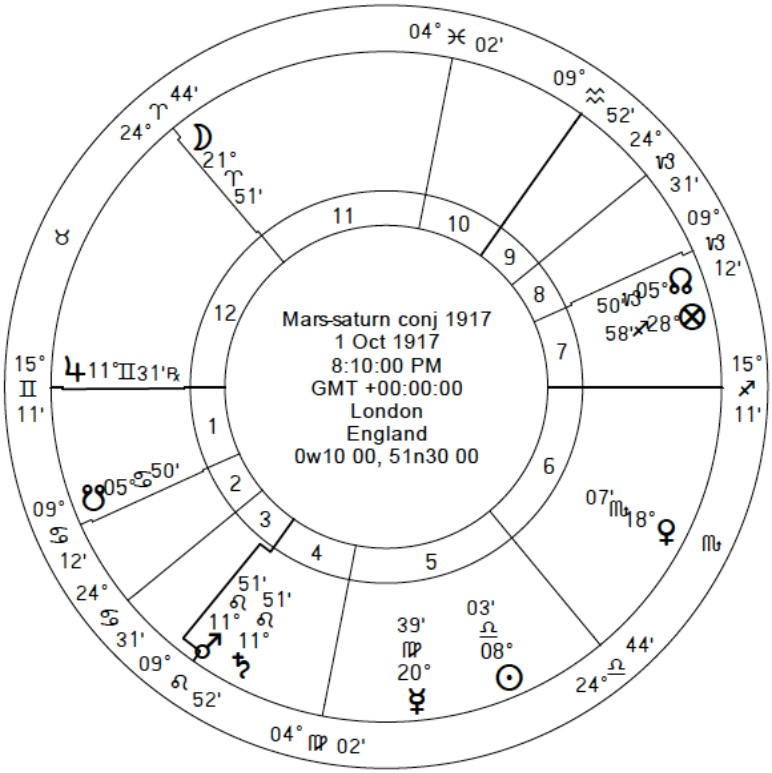
Another of the more complex astrological applications is that known as "mundane" which deals with national, or political, matters and natural disasters. From an unpublished letter written from New Zealand in 1917 to Dr. W. Westcott as Supreme Magus of the Society Rosicruciana in Anglia, we see evidence of Dr. Felkin's adroitness with astrology. He writes the following:

"…I fear it must wait till after the War is over which I hope may be soon. The stars look like it anyway.

Great Conjunction Mars with Saturn Octr: 1st. most evil for Germany, Austria & Kaiser. Also terrible earthquake in S & SE Europe. The grave affliction of 7th House = heaviest calamities to German Emperor. Jupiter in Gemini should aid Belgium. May it be so indeed."

To the untutored eye there appears not to be much of interest or substance in these few words, but, in fact, there is a great deal to be learned. One important point is that he writes in these abbreviated technical terms to Dr. Westcott implying that Dr. Westcott himself understood these comments and to which astrological computations they referred. They had both quite obviously been examining these in some detail and from an educated and comprehensive perspective.

The "Great Conjunction Mars with Saturn" refers to an infrequent configuration monitored by astrologers in mundane work, but often ignored in modern times. It would usually be analysed alongside the chart for the previous conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn to adduce timing of the events described by the latter. The data for the former configuration are 1st October 1917 at 8.10 pm which finds Mars and Saturn (♂ and ♄) at 11 degrees 51 minutes of Leo.



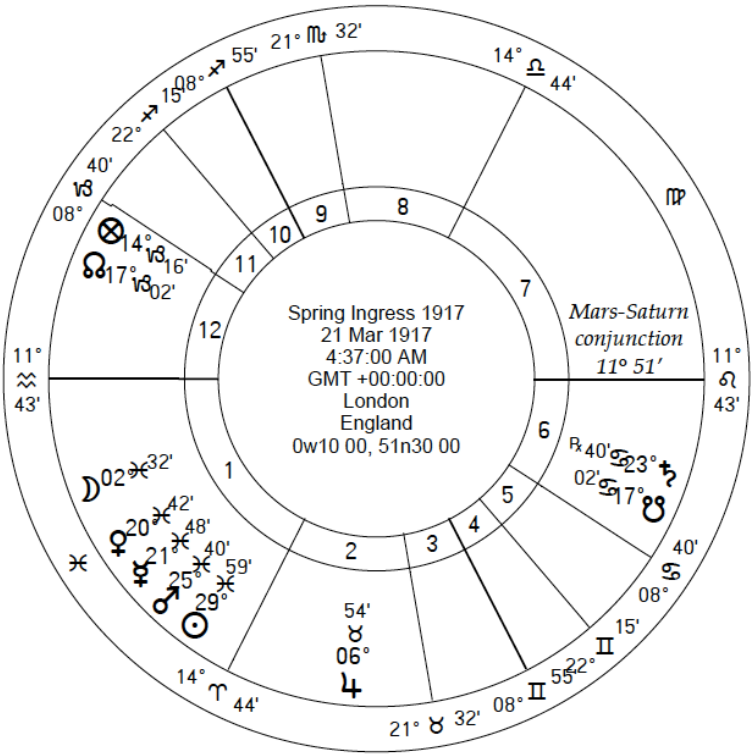
It is to this date that he refers when he mentions Jupiter in Gemini. In this manner of working, Belgium (Flanders as it was) is said to be associated with the zodiacal sign of Gemini, thus Jupiter as an indicator of beneficence would be advantageous to any country represented by the zodiacal sign of Gemini. An astrologer would take especial note of this position because Jupiter is so close to what is known as the Ascendant or rising degree at 15 degrees 11 minutes of Gemini. Jupiter has a little less than four degrees to travel before it crosses the line into the first house, so it might seem that Jupiter is in fact in the twelfth house. However, there is a principle from the ancient astrological tradition which states that a planet is treated as if it is in the

next house if it is within five degrees of its cusp or boundary. In this case, Jupiter is within that five degree limit and so would be treated as if it were in the first house. This rule is unlikely to have been taught to Dr. Felkin by the Theosophical Society since it is one of many that were rejected by its reforming zeal. If either Dr. Felkin or Dr. Westcott had considered Jupiter to be in the twelfth house, it would not have been mentioned at all simply because of its subsequent lack of prominence in this chart.

The reason that Saturn and Mars are of interest is because the orbits of both lie above the Sun and are thus called superior planets. Their motions are relatively slow, Saturn's being the slowest of all. Both also are considered to be destructive or malefic planets; their astrological natures are reckoned as barren. It is the superior planets, Jupiter being the third, which are examined for events of national or international proportions. Dr. Felkin's comment regarding an earthquake is drawn from the conjunction being placed in the sign of Leo, associated with the directions of south and southeast. It is also placed in a part of the chart corresponding to the land, the fourth house, from which he takes an inference of earthquakes and because these two planets together often indicate such catastrophes. There is no evidence of such an earthquake in southern or south-eastern Europe following this statement, although a far greater disaster was making its way around the world: the influenza pandemic, otherwise known as "Spanish Flu". The recorded deaths are said to have numbered 50 million. It is possible that Dr. Felkin mistook one disaster for the other since the sign of Leo is associated, in old terminology, with plague and pestilence. Such an event would indeed affect the land since crops and animals could not be tended.

The remark concerning the German Emperor refers to a different chart, that of the Spring Ingress or Vernal Equinox (see below). This calculation is used to assess the events of the forthcoming year for the nation or country for which it is calculated, and any investigation of a conjunction such as that mentioned earlier must be compared to this

annual figure. The first house in this manner of judgement represents the nation under examination, in this case the United Kingdom, the chart being erected for its capital city, London. Its opposite house, the seventh, represents the acknowledged enemies of the United Kingdom, in this case the Kaiser and Germany.



"The grave affliction" is that of the Mars-Saturn conjunction described earlier, occurring in the same degree as the seventh house, as shown. Thus the destruction and barrenness associated with Saturn and Mars is reflected onto the enemy. These predictions would hold true until the Spring Equinox of the following year.

In this case, Dr. Felkin was quite right and, taking account of the date of his letter, he was right against all the odds. In 1917 Austria sought to make a secret peace deal with Belgium, but it was not until 1918 that the Allies began to make headway against the Germans - their first fully successful offensive of the war. Indeed, the Germans at the time of Dr. Felkin's remarks were apparently still anticipating ultimate victory.

This is not to make a point of successful prediction, but to demonstrate that not only was he correct but that his line of argument and reasoning can be followed from an astrologer's perspective. Moreover, Dr. Felkin's depth of understanding of astrological principles - clearly demonstrated by the brevity of his comments - is uncommon. He was not a hobbyist, nor did he seek to make a living from astrology, but it seems obvious that had he chosen to do so he would have been successful. His full application to everything he did is made clear throughout *A Wayfaring Man*, that same serious and concentrated approach was likewise focused upon his esoteric activities. This we know because of a very few words written to a friend.

A final point is that Dr. Felkin appears unaffected by the "modern" and "scientific" affronts on the body of knowledge now referred to as Traditional astrology by those such as Alan Leo and other members of the Theosophical Society. His method is clearly traceable and would seem to have been rooted firmly in that Tradition and this seems to be implied in Dr. Westcott's astrological understanding, too, since Dr. Felkin makes no attempt to explain or argue his points. Another description that might be made regarding the Moon conjunct Saturn in his own horoscope is that it is traditionalist and conservative by nature. This same configuration would describe a cautious approach towards many aspects of his life, and to his concern for maintaining a steady course.

Dr. Felkin's astrological abilities as well as all his others might be

well summed up in the fixed star Regulus, "the little king" and through its earlier name of Cor Leonis "the heart of the Lion". It was also known thousands of years ago as the Watcher of the North, one of the four Royal Stars which then marked the Summer Solstice. His achievements were won through hard work and personal merit, he never stood still like the Sun at the solstice, and his work was carried out quietly without trumpets or glory. And he succeeded. Like everything else he did, Robert Felkin's astrology was thorough, studied and thoughtful.

P.P.

A WAYFARING MAN

PART I

Chapter I

"It is odd looking back over one's life," Robin remarked thoughtfully. "Little scenes stand out clearly here and there, apparently unconnected, with misty gaps in between."

"I wish you would try to tell me your life as you remember it," I responded. "I often think of you as a little boy. I expect you were rather a serious child. I see you as a big-headed youngster, not pretty but with thick fair hair and large solemn blue eyes. I suppose your nurse did your hair in a 'Thames tunnel'."

Robin laughed a little. "I don't remember that part; you should have asked Lilian; I know she had fair curls and blue eyes. Susan had black hair and eyes, and Albert - we called him Bert, or Baby, then, was fair like Lilian."

"Well what *do* you remember?" I enquired. "Were you clever then?" "Oh, no. I was stupid, or they thought I was; I think now that I was generally so preoccupied with my own secret games that I seemed half-witted to grown up people."

"What were your secret games? Didn't Lilian or Susan play too?"

"Not often. I always played that I was a doctor, and they got tired of being nurses or patients. I remember - I must have been about six I think - trying to build a Hospital with very sticky mud and getting

scolded because I made such a mess of my clothes." He stopped to light a cigarette and then went on reflectively. "That must have been the day that Mother took me to see Dr. Livingstone. He seemed a tall old man to me, but as a matter of fact I believe he was only medium height and middle aged; I am pretty sure he wore grey whiskers, but I know he had most wonderful eyes, large, clear, and very bright. He was talking to a lot of people in a big room; it must have been the Cadbury's. I know he stayed with them sometimes and Mother and Pater knew them. Anyway he lifted me on to his knee while he talked, and put his arm round me. I was so excited I could hardly breathe, but I sat very still and listened while he talked about black people in Africa, and lions and bearers. I thought bearers must be some kind of bear and was very puzzled. At the end he gave me a penny and told me to be a good boy. Then he set me down and patted my head and said; "Don't forget to pray for your Uncle Livingstone." Then we came away and for years afterwards I prayed for him every night.

For a long time after that all my secret games were about him and the black people, and I decided that I would be a Missionary. I stuck to that too. All through the years that followed I was quite determined that somehow or other I was going to be a medical missionary."

He sighed, and sat silently staring into the fire, and I watched the flames reflected on his spectacles and tried to picture the little boy sitting on Livingstone's knee. Presently he began to speak again more to himself than to me.

"It must have been soon after Livingstone's visit that our Grandfather's business got into difficulties. You know he made Nottingham Lace and during the American Civil War all the cotton industries had a bad time. I know that Grandfather struggled gallantly to carry on and keep his men employed; he must have drawn on his capital hoping that things would improve, but instead they got worse, and finally the crash came. Grandfather died and the Pater had to wind up the business and look out for a new job. He got the post of manager

in some paint works in Midhampton. By the way, it was there that the first idea of anidine dyes started. The previous Manager noticed the iridescent colours on a pool where the water drained out, and that started him thinking. However, that had nothing to do with us. I must have been about eight when we moved. We children were quite pleased and excited. I don't think we had any playmates outside the family, none that we cared about. We thought it rather fun to go to a small house with only one servant, and we didn't mind having to give up the pony and trap, but our mother must have felt it a good deal. I can remember vaguely that she and Pater were often tired and silent; she must have been worried over Pater, and in other ways too, but somehow she always found time to read to us or tell us a Bible story when she put the younger ones to bed.

Lilian and Susan had a little room between them and I had a tiny box of an attic under the roof. I loved that room; it was my own and I could do what I liked there. I remember having a magpie with a broken wing. Some boy had hit it with a stone from a catapult, and I found it lying under a tree; I made splints with stiff cardboard and Lilian and I nursed it till it could fly again. We called it Pegtop, and it got quite tame and hopped about after us. It was a terrible thief though; it stole mother's gold thimble and one of the best silver teaspoons. I remember how angry Annie the cook used to get with it when it got into the kitchen and upset her things. After its wing healed up it found a mate and they built a nest close to the house; they stayed there quite a long time too."

"What other animals did you doctor?" I asked.

"Oh there was a dog with a broken leg, and a cat. I nearly always had some creature. I had a box in one corner of my room that I called the Hospital, and it nearly always had an occupant even after I went to school.

"Looking back now I see our mother as the centre of the home life in those days, a lonely heroic little figure. If later on we found her a bit possessive, too much inclined to feel herself responsible for our soul's welfare, we must remember those years when we all looked to her and leaned on her. At the time we children felt only vaguely that we never knew whether the pater would be sunk into the slough of despond, silent and gloomy, or whether he would want to romp with us in hilarious high spirits. On those occasions we were puzzled and a little resentful that mother so often watched us with anxious eye, and very often stopped the game with a sharply spoken request that we should go to our own rooms or out for a walk. Then we were told that pater was too tired and had gone to rest. Now of course I know that she was putting up a brave fight to keep him from drinking, a fight in which she came off victor; not that I ever remember seeing pater drunk. Somehow or other in that little house with four children and one servant, she managed to guard us and protect him. I should think it must have been about five years before she felt that he was really safe. At any rate by the time I was twelve and old enough to be some help, we had moved into a better house, and pater no longer alternated between gloom and gaiety. We had made friends then, too. The Bartons, who owned the fadeless colour factory where pater was manager had a big family, and we were in and out of their house constantly. The second boy, Ted, was just my age, and for a year or two Mr. Barton had a tutor for him and invited me to share his lessons. The oldest boy was away at College. We were a wild pair, always in mischief of some kind.

Then the four Barton girls took Lilian and Susan under their wing. Janey was a little older than Lilian, Norah the same age as Susan, Lena and Madge about Bertie's age, and there were two younger boys. There were a couple of cousins, too, so altogether we made a baker's dozen. Janey was a real tomboy; I can see her yet, very tall and thin. All four girls were tall, long legged coltish young creatures with great plaits of hair hanging down their back. Janey and Lena had lovely hair, Janey's more gold, Lena's more red, and of course they were called ginger and

carrots. Nora's was flaxen, and Madge was a freak in the family with dark hair and dark brows. All the boys were fair.

They had two ponies and Janey would ride them bareback, astride with her skirts tucked up somehow; she could climb anything too, trees or walls or rocks. Lilian used to watch her divided between admiration and horror. I remember one day Ted and I got hold of Janey and Lena and plaited their hair together so that they couldn't get apart, and while they were raging at us Mrs. Barton came out and scolded us. I nearly got turned out then, but I had the sense to apologise, and the wit to take most of the blame, but that was the end of our romping.

Teddy was sent to school very soon afterwards, and then to our dismay Lena suddenly turned pious and took a class in Sunday School; what's more, she did it well and kept it up for years. Then when I was sixteen the pater told me that I would have to go into business. Of course he didn't realise that I meant to be a doctor; I had never talked about it much, though I read everything I could lay hands on. He and mother thought that Bertie was the clever one of the family, and pater explained that they could afford to send only one of us to Oxford, and they had decided that Bertie would make the best use of it. I didn't want to go to Oxford, but I *did* want to go to a first-rate medical college. Instead I got a job with the Mayor who was connected with the railway, and I worked in his office for a year. I still went on reading Medical books though; I got hold of one about Mesmer and Braid, and I used to try experiments. I got quite good at mesmerising too, and I could mesmerise Madge or Bertie in ten minutes. Susan was too frightened and Janey laughed too much, but Madge was interested. She wanted to be a nurse and sometimes we exchanged confidences. People had not begun to chatter about psychology in those days but I used to puzzle over the interaction between mind and body.

Then there was a really big row. Mr. Barton found me hypnotizing Madge one day. He was a shrewd, clever business man, but he knew nothing at all about mesmerism and God knows what he thought I was

up to. He threatened to cane me, but by that time I was taller than he was and he knew well enough that he couldn't touch me. I had hard work to get him to allow me to waken Madge, and he stood by and glared while I made the passes so that I got nervous, and of course that affected Madge. In fact I sometimes think it was that unlucky row that started her on the road to hypochondria. Perhaps it was a stroke of luck for me that Cousin James came to see us just then; he had a factory established in Germany and he offered me a job in it. It seemed to put an end to any hope of doctoring. If I had to live in a small German town, study German and learn a new business, there was not likely to be much spare time for my own studies. On the other hand if I got on well there was a possible partnership, and at any rate there was the change and new experience.

Cousin James said I could live in his house, and that it would be my home. In my innocence I thought that meant I would be able to live very cheaply and save most of my earnings. I very soon found out my mistake. Mr. Blagdon my employer was very decent. He expressed himself as sorry to part with me, wrote me a kind letter (I showed it to you, do you remember?) and allowed me to leave at the end of the week so that I could go back to Germany with Cousin James. Mr. Barton was still angry with me and wouldn't allow me to go to the house, but Ted and Janey sneaked down to the Office to say good-bye, and promised to write to me. Ted was going abroad soon for a year in Switzerland to study French and German before going into the Works. I promised to write to Janey under cover to Lilian.

That was the last I saw of either of them for five years. Ted wrote once or twice, but Janey was a faithful correspondent even after she had 'come out' and had a good excuse to forget her gawky, plain playfellow. Three days after our farewells I set out on my travels.

Chapter II

Going to Germany was like going to another world. You must remember that both the Hawkins and the Bartons were strict Non-conformists; good, narrow, laying more stress on the Wrath of God than on His Mercy. They regarded cards as 'the Devil's playthings,' dancing as the natural means of progress on the downward path, the theatre as an anteroom to Hell. Mr Barton neither drank nor smoked, and I never heard him swear or even use slang. They were kind, generous, sincere, but they had no sense of humour and I think that they were often distressed when they heard Ted, Janey and me laughing uproariously over some private joke. They were inclined to suspect evil where none was, and in the end they evoked the very evil they dreaded. But of that I had only a vague uncomfortable suspicion when I said 'good-bye' to them. Now, of course, I look back on life from a very different angle. In those days I had never heard of reincarnation, nor of the Law of Karma, though I had begun to wonder and speculate as to cause and effect. Like the other youngsters I went forward blindly and I must own to occasional spasms of resentment when I saw Bertie getting the education I longed for; I knew well enough that he was a model boy, never got into scrapes as I did, never idled, or tried experiments, or played pranks. As a child he was a timid, solemn little boy; now he was a serious, hardworking little man quite determined to make the most of his opportunities. He knew that pater had scraped and saved to send him to the University and that part of the saving was that the girls and I had to put up with second best. It would have been a miracle if he hadn't been a bit of a prig, but there was no harm in him; I didn't really grudge him his chances but I did wish that I could have gone to a medical school. Looking back I can see the working out of karma, and I know that I gained far more than I missed, but one never sees that at the time.

In Germany I found life very different. I had to work harder than I had ever done in my life, but when the day's work was over I was free to play. Cousin James was a clever man, I soon found out that he was a skinflint, it took longer to discover that he was quite unscrupulous. But he did know his job from A to Z, and he expected me to know mine. Rather to my own surprise I found that I picked up German with no difficulty at all. James had married a German lady, a kind gentle soul who did all that she could to help the shy, lonely English boy and make him feel at home. I was very fond of Cousin Kate, and she helped me a lot. She was the only child of the senior partner of the factory and I suspect that James had married her more for the sake of being made a partner than from any affection, but I didn't find that out for some time. James Hawkins was a fine looking man and very plausible when he liked. His father-in-law, Herr Bergin, was a widower and when our cousin married he settled into his wife's house as well as her business. It was a large house and there was plenty of room even when three children came.

I was given a big attic room, cold in winter, hot in summer, but roomy and well out of the way. I was supposed to earn 25 marks a week, but seven marks were deducted for my board (though I don't believe cousin Kate got any of it), and there was a system of fines and subscriptions at the Works, so that I thought myself lucky if I got 15 marks. That had to keep me in clothes and incidental expenses, so there wasn't much over for books. All the same I was happy there. I learnt to dance, to smoke, to drink wine and to flirt with pretty German girls who thought it great fun to teach the Herr Englander German. I got on well at the factory too; the men were a decent crowd and before I was twenty I was Works Manager with 100 men under me. Fine training that was, and it stood me in good stead a few years later. Long before then I could read and speak German as easily as English, and having more or less mastered my ordinary work I set myself to study medicine seriously.

In this I was greatly helped by a young fellow who came to the house a great deal; he was a cousin of Cousin Kate and a medical student a little older than I. Helmuth Bergin and I made friends at once. We agreed that we must be related since his cousin was also my cousin, and to him I confided my determination to be a doctor by hook or by crook. He quite understood and sympathised and in return he told me that his own ambition was to travel, and for that reason he was anxious to study languages. So we struck a bargain, the best bargain I ever made I think. I was to teach him English, and in return he would lend me his medical books and his notes on the lectures he attended. He did better than that, for he coached me painstakingly and with amazing efficiency for three years. During the last year he was at Vienna, but he wrote to me faithfully every week giving a detailed account of the operations he saw, the methods of treatments at the clinics, and a great many details of procedure, trifling in themselves but of great value in their sum total. He even hit on the method of taking his notes in duplicate and sending me a copy. He told me that I unconsciously helped him because he learned to observe and memorize everything exactly so as to share his experiences with me, and he considered that it was owing to this that he passed his Finals with First-Class Honours in every subject. Almost immediately he was offered an excellent post as physician to an Eastern Potentate.

For some years we kept up a regular correspondence and then I heard of his untimely death from an obscure Oriental disease which he had been investigating. Poor old Helmuth! Even now I regard him as one of the best friends I ever had. Well, you must fancy that these were busy years. Every morning we had breakfast at 6.30. I had to be at the Works by 7, and most days I remained till 7 p.m.; I had Mittagessen at the Works with the men, as it was too far from the house to go backwards and forwards. What did I get to eat? Usually 'Belegtes Brodchen'; you know the kind of thing, rolls split and buttered and slices of sausage or cheese laid on them, or sometimes shrimps or herring or ham. I never acquired a taste for raw ham or herring though; and we drank beer, great bocks of Lager mostly; and very often I could

slip out for half an hour and get a cup of coffee in the afternoon. There was a Conditorei near by where steaming hot coffee and crisp Zweibaek or Pratzelm were served by a couple of very pretty girls.

It was near the end of this phase that I had a curious experience that made a deep impression on me; in fact I believe that it was a real turning-point in my life and I will try to recount it in some detail. On fine Sundays I usually studied in the morning and went out in the afternoon. This particular day was so lovely that I yielded to temptation, put aside my books early and went with a couple of friends to a Bier Garten some miles out in the Forest. It was May and there were beds of lily of the valley growing in the woods near the Garten so that the air was filled with their scent. The Germans have always been good foresters, but in those days - fifty years ago you must remember - they had not cleared and tidied their forests to the extent they reached later, so there was a good deal of wild undergrowth left, with delightful glades where lilies and wood strawberries grew in profusion with the forest trees rising in stately beauty all about them. The Bier Garten had been set in one of these glades and it was famous many miles around for the lily of the valley in Spring, and great bowls of wood strawberries or wild raspberries served with cream in Summer. My two friends were students from the University, who had been introduced to me by Helmuth Bergin. Of course they regarded a young man in business with some contempt but in my case this was tempered by my being English. They were ready to overlook my degrading occupation and my eccentric aversion to duels as being part of my national peculiarity. Also my Cousin Magda was growing up into an extremely pretty Madel, and that was in my favour. As for me I found these irresponsible youngsters a pleasant change, and their chatter about University gossip and rival student corps entertained me as well as giving me an insight into a life which would have remained a sealed book. So I went out with Hans and Fritz quite often after Helmuth went to Vienna. They were both well off as students go. Now and then, as on this day, they would get hold of a gig and horse and we could drive further afield than I could have gone otherwise. On this May afternoon we had lunch and

sat drinking our beer very pleasantly. I taught them some quite new slang and I am afraid some swear words also, much to their delight, and presently they strolled away to show off their English to some fellow students at a distant table.

I sat on alone enjoying the sunshine and the perfumed air, and idly watching little family groups at the other tables. Presently my attention was attracted by the solitary occupant of a neighbouring table. He was a very striking looking man, tall, greyhaired, clean shaven. That alone would have made him remarkable in a company where beards and moustaches were the general rule; but I was still more impressed with the clear cut features and dark brilliant eyes. I am afraid that I quite forgot my manners and was looking at him so attentively that it could only be described as staring, when he turned his head slightly so that his eyes met mine. I would have turned away with a word of apology but he raised his hand and without exactly smiling his whole face relaxed from the somewhat stern severity of his expression. I noticed that he wore a very beautiful emerald ring which flashed in the sun as he beckoned to me to come over to his table. Surprised and a good deal intrigued I rose at once and crossed over to him. I was still more astonished when he addressed me in beautiful, somewhat precise English. I knew that by this time, in German clothes and speaking German fluently, very few strangers recognised my nationality. I think I can repeat what he said almost word for word, so deep an impression did he leave though I have never met him again.

"Seat yourself, blind seeker, and receive my message. Know that Those Who See have watched over you and brought you thus far on your way. Step by step you have been led through the darkness, now for a moment you are permitted to behold the Light. In the near future a great decision will be required of you. Remember when that time comes that only through honesty may honour be maintained, and only clean hands may hold the Holy Things. Your probation is not yet over, but help in time of trial will be given to you and I am allowed to tell you that your heart's desire is granted though you must strive after it

through toil and sacrifice. You have the gifts of insight and healing and you will have full opportunities to use them, and in years to come you shall be shown the Path of Hidden Light. You ask yourself who am I and why should you listen to my words. Who I am you may not know, but I will give you proof of my authority; before you leave this place you will save a life and avert a crime. Fare-thee-well."

At the last words he rose, made a curious sign which to my bewildered eyes seemed to be traced in flame on the air, and turned away. I can't say that he disappeared exactly, but he certainly moved very swiftly and silently so that he was out of sight before I could do more than stand up and bow. Perplexed and deeply interested I sank back on my chair and went over the whole interview in my mind. I found myself repeating his words as though they were a lesson I had learned by heart, and puzzling over the odd phrases he had used: 'Blind Seeker'; 'Those who See'; 'The Path of Hidden Light'. What did these words mean? I was so lost in thought that I did not notice that my companions had not returned.

I was roused from my abstraction by the sound of noisy quarrelling, and looking round I saw that my friends were in trouble. I never discovered what had led up to it but when I saw them they were struggling, not with students like themselves, but with a couple of young Officers. You know of course that in Germany, Army Officers are not allowed to wear mufti; they must be in uniform always, and these two were evidently a couple of lieutenants who had had enough beer to make them quarrelsome without being actually drunk. They were obviously furious with Hans, and I suppose Fritz, who was really a peaceable, sensible fellow, had been drawn into it. In a flash I saw to my horror that one of the officers had drawn his sword and there would be serious bloodshed in a moment. Without hesitation I took a kind of flying leap over a couple of tables that stood in my way and had flung myself on the lieutenant's raised arm.

'Stop!' I thundered in English. 'Would you use a sword on an unarmed man? Shame!'

I don't know what else I said or did, but my sudden interference had startled them all into sobriety. Fritz dragged Hans away and the two officers stood staring at me in sulky resentment. I hastened to apologise for my rough handling, but took care to add that whatever the provocation I felt sure that the Herr Lieutenant would have regretted it had he soiled his sword by injuring one not of his own rank. I finished by presenting my card with a great flourish, and then glancing round to see that my friends had got safely away I hastily backed off to join them. It was only as we were driving home that I recalled my stranger's words, 'Before you leave this place you will save a life and avert a crime.'

You can imagine what an impression this experience made on me. To tell the truth I felt quite sick when I got home. All night I kept having nightmares in which I saw Hans being killed while I stood by with the horrible feeling of paralysis that one has in dreams. My feet and hands seemed weighted with lead and my tongue refused to utter a sound. Then just as the sword crashed down I woke up sweating and shaking. When this had happened several times I lit a candle and set myself to read a few chapters in a new book on the brain which Helmuth had just sent me. I got so absorbed in it that I read on and on and was nearly late for Fruhstuck, a heinous offence in Cousin James's eyes. However I managed to get down in time by scamping my shaving and I am afraid skipping my usual cold sponge and exercises. I must have looked rather off colour however, for Cousin Kate watched me anxiously, and whispered an enquiry as to my health when her husband's back was turned. I assured her that I was all right for I did not want to talk about the quarrel for fear of getting Hans into trouble; in fact we had agreed on our way home that we were to hold our tongues. I suppose Hans let out something though, for I found myself treated with a good deal more friendliness and respect by the students of his corps during the rest of my stay in Germany. To these

youngsters it seemed something to be proud of that a mere civilian in business should have interfered with an officer.

As the weeks went by the first vivid impression of my curious interview faded. Nothing happened, no decision was required of me, and I began to wonder if I had fallen asleep and dreamed the whole episode. But this idea was roughly dispelled. It must have been August, I think, Cousin James had gone to England on business, when Herr Bergen was taken ill and I found myself in sole charge. Such a thing had never happened before, and though I felt a bit nervous there was a certain thrill in being acting-Manager even though it were for only a few days. Of course I consulted Herr Bergen each evening, but he was really very far from well and he told me to carry on and attend to things myself. The consequence was that in going through the correspondence I discovered that my good, righteous, pious Cousin was a regular fraud. Indeed I am afraid I said to myself that he was a sanctimonious old hypocrite and worse, for I found that he was practising a system of cheating the Government. It is too complicated to explain in detail but some of the machinery was imported from England and also certain raw materials, and he had been smuggling these in by underground methods and making a handsome profit on the transactions.

How furious I was when I unearthed the whole business. An ugly sordid affair it was too. When he returned I screwed up my courage (for I had always been rather afraid of him) and told him that I would not stand for cheating and lying. I daresay I talked a lot of bombastic nonsense, but in the first place I hated the idea of being mixed up in shady business which I was sure pater would not approve of, and in the second I had had time to remember my Stranger's warning of an 'important decision and clean hands.' The end of it was that my Cousin told me I could work in his way or clear out and go to the Devil my own. I replied that the Devil seemed pretty busy right there and I preferred to leave him to it. Poor Cousin Kate was terribly distressed over our quarrel. She was very fond of me and so were the three

youngsters, Magda and the two boys. I know well enough that they were not too happy at home; their father was, as they say, 'Strass Engel-Haus Teufel,' and they were all afraid of him. Fritz, the elder boy, had already decided that he wanted to be a doctor, and I had been lending him books and Helmuth's notes. Jakob was to go into the business as soon as he was old enough.

Well, I said good-bye to them all. I did have the wits to make Cousin James pay up what he owed me, so I was not absolutely penniless, but all the same I found myself at twenty-two without a job, and with precious little cash. Still, I was young and strong and determined not to be a burden on pater. I knew that with Bertie at Oxford and both the girls at home he had as much as he could manage. I decided to return to England, and have a look round. I could speak German fluently, had a good business training, and was pretty sure I could get through at least the earlier medical exams if I could earn enough to keep me going while I got through the course. I never explained to pater just why I left Germany. I knew how he would hate the idea of such unscrupulous dealings, so, when I got home I just said that James and I did not hit it off and had agreed to part. Pater was disappointed, but he said very little and almost at once I got a job in London in a big wholesale firm.

I never saw Cousin Kate again. She died of a neglected cold eighteen months after I left; it was a common enough story of course, Fritz told me when I met him three years later. He said that his mother got a chill somehow; he thought it was when nursing her father in his last illness; at any rate she coughed and shivered and paid no attention to herself. James grumbled that she disturbed his nights with coughing and getting up to see if the old man needed anything, so she moved to a shakedown in a chilly little room next door to her father. Then when he died she just collapsed and died a fortnight later. Fortunately for the three young ones their Grandfather had left all he had to them. Their father was furious, for it not only made them independent, but it also gave them a controlling interest in the business. Fritz announced that

he was going to be a doctor, so he transferred his shares to Jakob in return for a regular income; he was of age by then and thanks to his English father he did not have to put in a term of military service, so he studied in Marburg and afterwards came to England.

James married again a few years later, the daughter of an English doctor. Poor pretty little Magda grew up delicate. I suspect that her mother must have infected her though no one thought of it at the time; anyhow her lungs were weak and in the end she died of tuberculosis. The result of her illness was that Fritz became a specialist, and eventually started a very fine Sanatorium in the South of England.

Chapter III

To return to my own affairs. I look back on the next two years I spent in London as the most unhappy in my whole life. I was desperately lonely to begin with; I lived in a cheap boarding house so as to save every penny I possibly could. It was run by extremely pious, narrow minded people, who treated us all as if we were naughty children, and expected us to attend family prayers at least once a day. I missed the simple friendly social life of Germany; the London fogs got into my throat so that I almost always had a cough and sore throat in Winter, and I am afraid I got into the way of taking a glass of whiskey to keep the cold out instead of buying strong boots and warm underclothes. My salvation during that time lay in work. I found I could go to night classes, and in that way I managed to get through the preliminaries and still save enough for a couple of years' Medicals. To my profound astonishment Herr Bergen left me two hundred pounds, 'As a token of respect to one who had the courage to hold fast to his principles,' his will said. I suppose he must have known pretty well why I had left the Works. There was some delay in my getting this money, however, owing to my being in England. In the end as it turned out I used it to study in Marburg and Heidelberg, but that was some years later.

There is really nothing to tell about these years. I worked in the warehouse all day, swallowed a hasty meal at the boarding house and went out to classes in the evening. Very often I read when I came in again, until I fell asleep over my books. I really don't know how I managed to get along, for I never had enough sleep or enough food, or enough clothes. By the end of two years I realised that if I did not make a change I would certainly break down altogether. So I took stock of myself and my prospects.

I was twenty-four. I knew quite a lot about manufacturing certain materials; about business both in Germany and in England; I spoke and read German fluently and I knew enough of other subjects to be sure of passing all the earlier examinations for the Medicals. I had saved enough money to live on for a year if I was very careful. The trouble was clothes. Those I had were shabby and not too many of them, and I did not know how to get new ones which would be cheap and not nasty. Then I had an inspiration. I wrote to Bertie and asked what he did with his clothes. For once I put my pride in my pocket and told him exactly how I stood. Well Bertie was a decent fellow at heart. He was at Oxford and doing very well there, and of course we had drifted apart since I left home; even before that we had never had much in common but we were fond of each other in a way though I think he was rather ashamed of me, and I know that I regarded him as a milksop. But now he came up to the scratch nobly; he sent me a box full of clothes, more I suspect than he could really spare for some of them were almost new. We were very much the same height and build so they fitted me, even the boots. Of course I could not wear his ties, but that was not a serious matter. I found myself with a complete outfit except an overcoat. He apologised for that and explained that he had only two, one Winter and one Summer, and mother and the girls would ask too many questions if either of those were to disappear. So very reluctantly I bought myself a really warm overcoat.

My next move was to go to the Head of my Firm and hand in my resignation personally with an explanation of why I was leaving. It was about the most sensible thing I ever did, for Mr. Stuart proved most kind and helpful, and indeed he became a lifelong friend. He gave me some sound practical advice, told me of an old servant of his who took in one or two students as lodgers at very modest terms, and wrote me an introduction commending me to her care. Finally he insisted on carrying me off to spend a week at his house in Hampstead before starting my new career.

That week was like a foretaste of Heaven; a comfortable bed, hot baths, plenty of good food, a most kind and hospitable host and hostess. There was a big garden opening on to the Heath, and I spent long pleasant Autumn days just lying out in a hammock and being thoroughly lazy for the first time for six years. There were no young people at home; the two sons were at College, and the daughter was abroad at a finishing school. Mrs. Stuart quite enjoyed having a young fellow to coddle and fuss over, and I can assure you that the young fellow was well content to be coddled for once in his life. Mr. Stuart suggested that I might give German lessons in my spare time; in fact he put me in touch with a couple of schools, and when I left both he and his wife insisted that I was to spend a week-end with them at least once a month.

Chapter IV

The next stage in my life was much happier. To begin with my work now was congenial; I found to my relief that I need not un-learn anything and it seemed almost child's play to go to Lectures and read at leisure, still leaving myself time to eat and sleep a reasonable amount.

Then my new lodgings were a very different story from the old ones. Mrs. Mackenzie was a kind motherly Scotch woman. She had been the Stuart's nurse till the family outgrew her care, and she had then married a policeman. They had no children so she took three or at the most four lodgers as much for the sake of occupation as for profit, and she specialized in students because she liked young things about her. I was her fourth lodger when I went, and she took me as a favour to the Stuarts, but by a stroke of good luck I won her lasting affection by setting the broken leg of her cat. I made a good job of it too, so that puss could run about quite nimbly a month after his accident. I had an attic room, a good sized place with a sloping roof and dormer window, and a skylight. It had a fireplace too, and all Winter I used to come back in the evening to find a cheerful fire crackling and a lamp sending out a clear steady light. There was no gas up there though they had it in the lower rooms. Later on she offered me a first floor room, but I begged her to let me keep my attic; it was so quiet, and there was a view over the river. She fed us well too. I had a breakfast of hot porridge and an egg or a crisp rasher on a tray upstairs before I went out; and in the evening we all had a kind of 'high tea' with the Mackenzies in the spotless cheery kitchen. After that we were allowed to smoke for half an hour before settling to the evening's work.

The other lodgers were, a student of chemistry, a quiet delicate young Welshman; a young Scotch journalist; and a Negro from the Soudan, who like myself was studying medicine. I made friends with them all, and they helped me in their different ways. I found I could

help them quite a lot too. The young chemist Williams, was delighted when he discovered that I could read German. The journalist Sinclair would discuss business methods and German politics and ambitions, while Mahomed Ali soon got into the wav of coming to me for help in his studies. And in return they would do anything they could to help me.

Oddly enough it was Ali who was most useful. He told me a great deal about his own people, gave me a good working knowledge of Mohammedanism, and taught me a fair amount of Swahili which proved most useful when I went to Africa. He was a thorough good sort too, ready to share his last penny with me, and absurdly grateful because I treated him as a fellow student and a reasonable being; some of the students I am sorry to say behaved very badly, spoke of him as 'that damned nigger,' and treated him as though he were an inferior being. In his own country he was the son of a Chief, and what is more, he was extremely intelligent. Poor Ali, he caught cold the second Winter and it settled on his lungs. Mrs. Mackenzie and I did all we could for him but in the end he had to give in and go back to Africa without taking his degree, to his bitter disappointment. Before he left he insisted on giving me a curious amulet, carved out of turquoise. He told me that if ever I went to Africa I was to wear it and it would bring me safely through all dangers. Well, whether it was thanks to the amulet or by the mercy of God, I certainly did come safely through many dangers.

On Sundays I sometimes went to the Stuarts' where I met some very pleasant people. By the way it was there that I first met Buxton, and heard about the Anti-slavery Society. I asked if I might introduce Ali to him and he invited us both to his house. Once or twice I took a long week-end off and went home, and there also I introduced Ali who was thus given a glimpse of English home life. Pater especially was interested in him and drew him on to talk about his own people. But that trip cost too much and I couldn't spare either the time or the money. It had one good result however, for mother and Lilian

discovered that my clothes were in need of renewing - not mending, for Mrs Mackenzie kind soul saw to that, and after that they made it their special charge to keep me supplied with underclothes and handkerchiefs.

Very much to my own surprise I turned out to be a good teacher. I told you that Mr. Stuart gave me introductions to two Schools, one a boys' school out near Hammersmith, and the other a girls' school at Highgate. In those days it took a long time to get to either of these places; but it was well worth my while, not only for the money though that was a help, but still more for the experience. I had expected to be shy and nervous with a class of girls, but when it came to the point I thought of Lilian and Susan and Janey, and found I could face twenty girls just as easily as three. I adopted a method that is common enough now but was practically unknown in those days, that is to use entirely the language you are teaching. I didn't know much grammar when I started, so I made my pupils learn rules by rote, and recite them in a kind of singsong chorus. Then I made them read aloud and I talked to them. How? Oh well, I pointed to an inkpot and said "What is that?" in German. If they couldn't answer I told them and held up a pen: 'What is that?' then dipped the pen in the ink and told them what I was doing. I then made them repeat it, and so on with one thing after another. By the end of the first term I had the girls chattering in German quite fluently, and the Mistress was delighted.

The boys were slower and more selfconscious, but some of them got on very well. Once I nearly got into trouble, but it came off all right. There was one girl who gave a lot of trouble; she was lazy, untidy and pert. I found that all the teachers complained about her. She was very pretty and her father was well off so she traded on these things, but I noticed that though one or two girls toadied to her most of them disliked her. One day she was making a nuisance of herself, whispering and giggling so that the other girls could not pay attention. Suddenly I remembered my old experiments with Madge. I hadn't tried any mesmerism since then but now I determined on a bold stroke.

There was a glass paperweight on my desk and as it was a foggy afternoon the gas was lit. I picked up the paperweight and held it so that the light shone through it right on to Carrie Brown's face; and then I said very sharply, 'Fraulein Brown, what is this?' She was startled into looking straight at it just as I hoped she would, and the light flashed straight into her eyes. I moved the glass slightly just enough to make her instinctively stare at it and in a moment I knew I had her just where I wanted her. I looked at her steadily and spoke very quietly. I don't know if I remember my exact words but it was more or less like this:

'This is glass. You can see through it. Look hard, see the light. The light looks large, it shines into your eyes, it shines into your head. Your whole head is full of light.'

By that time Carrie was pretty well hypnotised, and I went on, always in German of course, 'You are to behave properly in school. You are to be clean, tidy, polite to your teachers and schoolfellows, and attentive to your lessons.'

I thought that was about enough, so I talked to the other girls for a few minutes and then on pretence of adjusting the gas I made one or two passes with my free hand and said sharply, 'That will do, Fraulein Brown. You are straining your eyes,' and put down the paperweight. I had hardly replaced it when the door opened and the Head Mistress came in as she often did. The girls were sitting very quietly, and I must say I got a pretty bad start, but she only thought the class was wonderfully attentive. I made some polite remark and then went on with the lesson. Now I won't say that Carrie Brown never gave any trouble in the school after that, but I personally had no further difficulty, and she certainly improved from that day.

Years afterwards I saw her again and she told me that she was terrified of me. I had been giving a Geographical Lecture at Hampstead, and at the end various people came to speak to me. One of these was a handsome pleasant looking woman whose face seemed

vaguely familiar. She was introduced to me as Mrs. West, but as she shook hands she said, "Oh, Dr. Hawkins, I know you won't remember me, but I knew you at once."

I racked my brains to think who she could be, and then she went on, "I used to be Carrie Brown in your German Class at Highgate. Do tell me if you hypnotised me, or if I was just a silly hysterical girl."

At once that old episode returned to my mind, and I admitted that I *had* hypnotised her. I began to apologise, but she stopped me at once.

"You gave me the fright of my life," she said. "But it did me a world of good. I know I was a spoilt little brat, and as careless and slovenly as I could be. You terrified me so that I never dared to be careless again. You know it seemed to me that you looked right through me."

She stopped to laugh, and then went on in an undertone:

"I thought you could see if I had a hole in my stocking, or a tear in my petticoat. Mamma couldn't make out why I was suddenly so particular; and, do you know what my husband told me after we were married? He said he fell in love with me partly because I was always so spotlessly neat. So I really owe you a lot."

I asked her if she could remember her sensations that day, and she laughed again:

"Remember! Well I should say so! It seemed to me that you suddenly became very tall, and your eyes looked immense. I hope you don't mind my saying it but we girls all raved about your lovely eyes. But that day they seemed so bright that I felt as though you were burning me. That glass thing you held up looked like a real fire-ball, and my head seemed to swell up and be quite full of burning light. I was frightened but fascinated."

Well, I must not linger over those days or I will never be done. I enjoyed teaching, and I have enjoyed it ever since. Those lessons taught me self confidence, and presence of mind. I got on all right with the boys, but I liked the girls better in a lot of ways. I was quite sorry when I had to say good-bye to them all.

The actual medical work fascinated me more and more as I went on. Of course dissecting made me feel pretty sick at first; I suppose it does most people. But it is surprising how quickly our nerves adapt themselves to conditions, and I soon became so interested that I forgot my qualms. The relationship between mind and body, the functions of the nerves and glands, these things especially interested me as more enthralling than any romance.

By the end of the first year I had begun to write articles, very diffidently at first, but rapidly gaining confidence. They were accepted and published and what is more they were paid for by one or two papers and magazines that specialized in popular science.

At the end of the second year I had actually had an article on 'The Brain as the Seat of Thought' taken by a real medical paper, and I was as proud as a dog with two tails. It was really my first very uncertain step towards my ultimate conviction that the physical brain is only a Telephone Exchange, the real seat of memory and reason, therefore of thought, being in the enclosing envelope which we now call the Aura, or better still, the Sphere of Sensation. In those days I had never heard either of those terms, but even then I had an inkling that in some way the atmosphere around us acted as a recorder.

By this time pater was reconciled to the idea of my being a Doctor, though at first he thought I was terribly rash to throw up a certain means of livelihood. Now that I was twenty-five and had shown that I really meant to stick to medicine he admitted that I had a perfect right to shape my own life, and was only anxious to help if possible. Bertie, of course, was still at Oxford. He, too, was beginning to write a little,

though on very different lines from mine. He wrote short stories and poems. You smile at the idea of my stout, bald brother writing poetry. I have heard you call him stodgy, but in those days he was a fair, slim, quite personable youngster, and had a way with the ladies.

Just at the end of my second year pater wrote to me that there was a vacancy for a Junior Assistant in Midhampton Hospital. The House Surgeon was a friend of his and he also knew several of the Committee. He thought I would have a good chance if I applied.

The suggestion came in the nick of time. Even with what I earned by teaching and writing my reserves were getting uncomfortably low. Ali would have given or lent me money and counted the favour all on his side, but I was determined not to borrow. Moreover, by one of the coincidences which do occur in real life I met a very well known African Missionary at this time, who urged me to offer myself to the C.M.S. as a Medical Missionary.

This I did, and was told that if I would go through a year's intensive training they would be prepared to send me out at the end of that time. So when I got pater's letter I wrote off post haste, got testimonials from some of the Professors, and mentioned that I was pretty well up in the German ideas and methods.

Well, I got the job. Small pay, but board and lodging thrown in. I said good-bye to kind Mrs. Mackenzie who actually shed tears over my departure. She made me promise I would let her know if I came back to London. Ali too, wept over our parting, but as a matter of fact he had to leave himself very soon afterwards, as his cough became much worse and his lungs were definitely affected. Williams had already left to take up a post in a Welsh University, and Sinclair was talking of getting a job as War Correspondent. He was killed by a stray bullet a few years later in the Soudan. Williams I kept in touch with for years. You remember he used to come to dinner with us in London and play the piano.

"Oh, is that Williams?" I exclaimed. "I had no idea you were friends so far back. I thought you got to know him in Edinburgh."

He was in Edinburgh; he lectured on chemistry there. He was a brilliant and original thinker, but too erratic. You never knew what he would be up to next.

Chapter V

To be quite honest Midhampton Hospital was a disappointing experience. I had looked forward to 'walking the Hospitals,' and of course I took it for granted that I would be in one of the big London ones – Bart's, St. Thomas', or Guy's where there is a chance of seeing famous surgeons at work, and even a new operation if you are lucky. Midhampton was humdrum, with a good, sound conservative staff, but nobody distinguished or original, and certainly no thrills. The House Surgeon was an oldish man, very cautious and unwilling to take a risk; but I learned a great deal there, especially dispensing and the knack of summing up a patient almost at a glance. As for the line I had already begun to concentrate on that later was called Psycho-Therapeutics, it simply didn't exist for any of them. Another thing I gained though, was a thorough grounding in midwifery. Hitherto I had taken very little interest in that, but before I left I was not only good at the practical part, and I had also begun to take a keen interest in gynaecology, and to speculate on the possibilities of pre-natal treatment. My attention had also been drawn to tropical diseases by a case of elephantiasis - a woman who had lived in India as the wife of a non-commissioned officer and had contracted the disease there. I became so interested in her case that she was handed over to me altogether. Many a night I have sat up studying text-books when I should have been asleep. We hadn't learnt the use of either injections or massage then, but I came across a pamphlet on the Japanese methods of "rubbing" as it was called, and I determined to try it on Mrs. Flaherty. I couldn't trust any of the nurses to follow my instructions exactly, so I did it myself, and was astonished and delighted with the results. After six weeks of really hard work I had the woman up and about, and in two months she was able to go back to her work. Of course I couldn't go on massaging her regularly, but I would go down and visit her when I got a chance and give her a treatment. Incidentally, it was in treating her that I first

learned that I had the "healing touch." She declared that as soon as I laid hands on her she felt better.

(I looked at his hands, beautifully shaped, smooth, sensitive. The true physician's hands. How many people they have healed since he had treated that woman!) The Flahertys became great friends of mine. The Sergeant had lost an arm in a Frontier skirmish and he was now night-watchman at a Bank. Their daughter was married and the son a gardener on a big estate near Midhampton which was their reason for settling there. Mrs. Flaherty would insist upon giving me a cup of tea if I went in the afternoon, as I usually did. She made delicious tea-cakes, light as a feather, and served hot with plenty of butter. Her husband would be up by that time and ready for a yarn. He had been in most parts of the Empire especially the East, and could tell a story as graphically as anyone I have ever known. Their rooms in the basement of the Bank were always spick and span, and there was generally a fire in the kitchen. I enjoyed my visits to them far more than the formal entertainments I had to attend from time to time at the Bank Manager's establishment overhead. I thought the Manager a pompous old ass, and his son an insufferable puppy. I have no doubt they found me equally dull, but they were kind to me for my father's sake. The Hawkins had dealt with the Midhampton Bank ever since it was founded.

During the years in Germany I had drifted away from the sincere if narrow religious outlook of our home life; some times I went to the Lutheran Church with Cousin Kate, but much more often I spent Sunday either with Helmuth or else in long expeditions into the country. During the week I was at the Factory till six or seven in the evening and after supper I studied or went out. I learnt to regard the theatre as a harmless and often instructive relaxation; concerts and dances as natural wholesome entertainments. In London I certainly did not go to dances because I knew no one who would invite me, and theatres and concerts were far too expensive. I had gone to Church while at my first boardinghouse, but after I went to Mrs. Mackenzie's I went back to the old practice of going for long walks on Sunday. I

can't say I was agnostic, much less atheist, but I simply put everything to do with the very emotional form of religion with which I was familiar on one side. Now and then the curious incident of the Bier Garten recurred to me, but I put it down to "coincidence" and let it go at that.

Just before I left London however, I had another odd experience. Sinclair used to come out with me occasionally on my Sunday tramps, and on our last Sunday together we decided to take a day in the country. We took the train to Bexhill and then started off at a good swinging pace. Presently we struck off by a rough track that led up hill to a little wood, and across an open heathy common. Just as we emerged from the wood we came upon a Gypsy encampment, two or three tents, some tilted carts, horses grazing, fire with tripod all complete. We stopped to watch half a dozen black eyed children at play. There were one or two swarthy men lounging round the fire while a handsome woman bent over the big pot that hung from the tripod. It was all very picturesque and Sinclair began making some notes which he thought he could write up later. Then just as we were about to move on an old woman came up to us. Her grey hair fell in elf locks about her face, and she leant on a stick, but her eyes were as black and brilliant as a girl's, and strong white teeth were clenched on her cutty pipe.

"Tell your fortunes, gentles," she said. "Cross your palm with silver and I will read your fortunes for you."

I would have refused abruptly, but Sinclair was all agog. It would make a good story and things had been a bit slack lately, so he caught my arm and pushed me forward.

"Here, Mother, tell this young man's fortune, and let's hear what wonders he is to perform," he said, and before I could stop him he had put his hand in his pocket, pulled out some loose silver and handed the woman sixpence. She took it in her left hand, held my right hand in hers and made a sign of some kind over my palm with the sixpence; then she looked at my hand a moment, looked into my eyes, (she was

nearly as tall as I), and still holding my hand she began a kind of sing-song chant. As near as I can recall her words she said, "The gentleman will go over the sea. I see men, dark men round him. There is a King. I see a rope round his neck but he will not be hung. Thunder and lightning will save his life, and a darkened Sun will direct his way. I see two women, one tall and very fair, and the other smaller but she has the sight. There is much sorrow and heavy trouble but many years to come. Travel, and death in a far country." She was silent, and her black eyes had a curious veiled look. Then she said as though speaking to herself: He is not one of us, but the veil shall be drawn back for him and he will see beyond."

I was conscious of a most peculiar tingling sensation all up my arm while she spoke, and her manner more than her words made a deep impression on me. Then she dropped my hand abruptly and would have turned away but Sinclair laughingly seized her hand and crossed his own palm with silver before giving it to her.

"Here, Mother, you must tell me my fortune too," he exclaimed. "You are not going off till you have, are you?"

The gypsy frowned and drew back, but he held her so firmly that she could not have got away without a struggle, and after a moment she gave a little shiver and shook her head.

"Have it if you must," she said. "There is hot sun and bullets streaming about you. That is all I can say." And before he could stop her she snatched away her hand and strode back to the encampment.

Sinclair would have followed and questioned her, but the men looked surly, and a couple of lurcher dogs rose from the heather and stood growing at us, so we turned away.

All the rest of the day Sinclair ragged me about being hung, but neither of us said much about the bullets the gypsy had seen round him.

A few weeks later he got a job as a War Correspondent in the East, and I never saw him again.

To return to Midhampton. I soon found that people took it for granted that I should go to Church and take an interest in Church activities. Pater was a Baptist, and Mother had been brought up a Congregationalist. I was not baptised till I was nearly seventeen and then Dr. Horton the Congregationalist baptised me and for the remaining six months before I went to Germany I not only went to Church regularly but even taught in the Sunday School. Now, however, at twenty-five I found the narrow Non-conformist outlook very irksome. In London I had occasionally gone to services at St. Paul's or Westminster, and the beauty and dignity of the Ritual made a strong appeal to me. When Bertie came home for vacation he talked about the wonderful singing, and the daily services at Magdalen, and I discovered that he, also, found both the Baptist and the Congregationalist Churches unattractive and unsatisfying. Then came what I regard as the second signpost on my road. I met Mackay of Uganda.

He came down to Midhampton to give an address on African Missions, and he spent a couple of nights with an old friend of ours who brought him to the Hospital. As assistant House-surgeon it fell to my lot to go over the Hospital with him, and as we went he talked of his life in Uganda, of the need for more men, especially medical men; of the wonderful work to be done out there and the freedom and spaciousness of the life.

Mackay could be most fascinating when he chose, and he was a good lecturer.

I went to hear him. The ground had been prepared already and I came away feeling that I had at last found my vocation. Incidentally it gave me a good excuse for joining the Church of England without hurting pater's or mother's feelings. They were so delighted at the thought of a Missionary son that they did not much mind that I had to

be confirmed. Indeed there was even some talk of my being ordained, but this never came to anything. With this prospect in view I took a course of dentistry, did as many operations as I possibly could, got hold of books on Tropical diseases, and studied them, and tried to recall the lessons Ali had given me. In addition to the strictly medical world I learned to use a compass intelligently, to draw a map, to read a theodolite and an aneroid. I got Ted Barton to lend me a horse too, and rode whenever I had an hour to spare. In short I worked about twenty hours a day and enjoyed it.

You may fancy that I had no idle hours. Sundays I spent at home when I could, but even then I read part of the time. I had to prepare for confirmation, and that curiously enough led to a greater intimacy with pater than we had ever reached before. I found that he could discuss a subject not only intelligently, but also, what is much rarer, impersonally. He told me quite frankly that he was a Baptist less from conviction than by up-bringing. He was perfectly willing that I should join the Church of England if by doing so I could become a more useful servant of God. He talked to me of the deep inner spiritual life of the mystics, and told me that his father had been an intimate friend of Vaughan and Matheson the mystics. Once or twice also we touched on the curious faculty that some people possess of seeing and hearing supernormally. He asked me one day if I could remember having seen a ghost when I was five years old. Now that was a curious little episode of my childhood, over which I had puzzled often. I remembered it, but as no one ever referred to it I had come to the conclusion that it was a dream. Now, however, pater told me the whole story, and I found that he and mother had been both impressed and alarmed at the time.

I told you that as a small child I was delicate, and subject to attacks of croup. So mother was always on the qui vive at night in case I should have an attack. I slept in a little dressing-room opening out of their bed-room. One night she heard a sound from my bed and in a moment she was up and in my room. She found me sitting up in bed and talking, but she saw no one else though it seemed to her for a

moment that there was a curious flicker of light near the bed. She stood still thinking that I was talking in my sleep, and she distinctly heard me say, "Why, you look so funny, grandpa. O-o-o-h, you are cold." Then I began to cry "Bobbie's cold." She rushed up to my crib then, and picked me up, and she said my teeth were chattering and my hands like ice. She carried me into their bed-room where there was a fire, and roused pater. Between them they gave me a hot drink and quieted me down, but I went on sobbing for a long time, "Grandpa's cold. Grandpa looks so funny."

Two days later they heard that pater's father had died very peacefully in his sleep at that time.

Pater and I had several discussions about ghosts and apparitions after that, and when it was definitely decided that I was to go to Africa to join Mackay I said to him, half laughing, half serious, that if I died or was in great danger I would let him know.

The weeks between my appointment as medical Missionary to Uganda and my sailing, were a hectic rush of preparations. I was confirmed by Bishop Selwyn, and I think now that must have been my first link with New Zealand. (Yours, I suppose was through your father.) Lilian and Susan worked like galley-slaves over my outfit, and even Janey, who was no needlewoman, came over and helped. I had seen very little of her all this time, but we were still good friends when we met. She had grown into a very handsome girl, tall, slender, very fair, much the best looking of the whole family, but she was no longer a tomboy. When we met I found her very sedate, ready to talk of serious subjects, interested in my hospital work where it touched on slum conditions, and always eager to help those in trouble. She and Lilian were close friends and though neither of them discussed religion with me I knew that both were deeply and sincerely pious. Both of them taught in Sunday School and did a good deal of work in connection with their Church.

In these days I suppose the Barton girls would have gone out into the world and taken up professions; none of them had any real aptitude for domesticity, and their mother, who was an extremely capable manager, preferred to keep the household affairs in her own hands. But in those days girls did not go out into the world unless forced. Certainly Lena would have been far happier if she could have been an Inspector of Factories, or a Rent Collector, and Madge longed to be a Hospital Nurse. Poor Madge, she had an unhappy life altogether. She was deeply in love with a man who first accepted her devotion complacently, and later married a pretty empty-headed society girl. Madge the least attractive of the quartets, suffered from what we should now call an inferiority complex.

To return to my own affairs. People were extraordinarily kind and helpful. The Stuarts not only invited me to stay with them while I attended to my outfit; but Mr. Stuart gave me practical help which saved me much time and money. He gave me introductions to all the best Firms so that I was able to get everything I needed at trade prices, even my guns, camera and medicine chest. So when the time came to start I was as well equipped as anyone could be at that time.

Chapter VI

Never shall I forget the thrill of excitement when at length on May 8th, 1878 I stepped on board the steamer that was to take us to Suakim. There were three other men on the expedition, the Rev. Mr. Williams, (odd how certain names recur again and again in one's experience) who was considerably older than the rest of us, and in charge of the whole outfit, Philip Ronaldson, about my own age, and Andrew Lindsay who was younger. Ronaldson was a skilled mechanic who could turn his hand to anything from boat building to watch mending. He was a short, dark, wiry man, habitually silent and very reserved, but when he did come out of his shell he could tell a good story with the most dramatic action I have ever come across. With a couple of gestures and a sudden twist of his mobile, clean shaved face, he would make you *see* what he was talking about. He would have us in fits of laughter and then with a sudden change of voice and expression we might be on the verge of tears. He was absolutely reliable, never seemed to forget anything he undertook, and never lost his head, and he had a constitution of tempered steel. When the rest of us were exhausted at the end of a long day's march in the steaming heat of swamps, or the scorching sands of the desert, Ronaldson would to all appearance be as fresh and almost as cool as when we started.

The voyage took us just a month, and we took advantage of the enforced leisure to study Swahili and Arabic. The latter was comparatively clear sailing as we had grammars and lexicons, but for Swahili there were only some lists of words, compiled by Mr. Lane who was already in Uganda and had sent them to us in case they might prove useful. In addition to this I called up all I could remember of Ali's teaching, and together the four of us laboriously practised sentences on each other. The boat touched at Gibraltar and Alexandria, and at the latter place several Arabs came on board. I realised then that I have a curious knack of making friends with these people. Both Arabs and

Negroes seemed to accept me at once; whereas Williams never really won the Arabs' confidence and Ronaldson only by degrees. Lindsay, poor chap, never had a chance, for he was taken ill on the voyage and had to go straight home again.

At Suakim we were met by an escort with forty camels provided by Gordon Pasha. It was at his instance that we attempted this route, and he and Emin Bey treated us as honoured guests all the way from Suakim to M'ruli. Hitherto travellers had always gone to Zanzibar, then crossed to the mainland in a dhow, and thence by a devious route inland. Gordon conceived the idea of cutting across from Suakim on the shores of the Red Sea to Berber on the Nile, and thence by steamer to Fashoda or even further. Of course you must remember that this was before any railways were built, though I believe Gordon had already planned a line to follow the course of the River from Cairo, so we were really pioneers in a sense, though Arab slave traders had followed very much the same route for generations. Indeed it was in their efforts to put an end to this ghastly traffic that Gordon and Emin had perceived the possibilities of utilizing this trade route of the ancient world. Thousands of years ago the Egyptians must have followed almost the same line in their far flung ventures. I knew nothing of that wonderful civilization in those days, so I missed much of the magic veil of associations. Yet even without that it was a marvellous experience.

Gordon with his constant thoughtfulness and regard to detail had sent four fine riding camels for our personal use. The European is apt to regard all camels as beasts of burden, not realising that there if as much difference among them as there is among horses. The ordinary pack camel that is to be seen all over the East with great bales of merchandise on its back, is comparable to the dray horse, but a good Bactrian dromedary more nearly approaches a first class hunter than anything else; and tireless in his peculiar swaying stride he will carry you all day with hardly a halt. There is an art in camel riding however; it is quite different from riding a horse or a mule, and until you have mastered it you undergo real tortures. At first, when you settle into the

curious saddle you think "Why this is easy, I needn't be nervous about sticking on," and you drop into a careless slump. But presently you find that you are getting cramp, that a red hot wire is running up your spine, and that you must change your slouch to a very different posture. I believe it is riding camels that has given the desert Arabs that attitude of superb disdainful dignity, that marks them out from every other Race in the World. The true Son of the Desert never cringes or fawns; he strides through life, head erect, and dark eyes flashing, equal to all, master of many.

However, I can't pretend that any of us attained to that dignity in our fortnight's ride to Berber. By the third day I found myself quite at home on my beast, a very beautiful mare called Fatima; Ronaldson got on pretty well too, but Williams was never happy in the saddle; the peculiar swaying movement made him sick, and he intensely disliked the characteristic smell. That part of our trip was quite uneventful and we reached Berber in good time.

In those days, as I told you, I knew nothing of ancient Egypt. The Nile for me was principally the river on which the infant Moses had been sent adrift to be rescued by an Egyptian Princess. Nevertheless the first sight of it, winding through fields of dhurra and sugarcane, with date palms and dom palms fringing the banks, and papyrus rising out of the water, made an ineffaceable impression. It was late afternoon when we arrived, and the sunset was beginning to dye the sky and water with its exquisite hues. To complete the picture a flock of flamingos passed us looking like an animated sunset cloud, and a crescent moon shone in the West.

At Berber we found a steamer waiting for us, not the luxurious Cook's steamers that you know, but a rough little paddle boat, her small crowded deck exposed to the full heat of the Sun, her cargo and passengers all mixed up. But our cabin, though it was small, was reasonably clean and the food was not too bad. Above all there was the flavour of novelty and adventure over everything. We had to steam

against the current of course, and it took us nineteen days to reach Khartoum. Here we found a most impressive personage awaiting us, who proved to be Gordon Pasha's Dragoman. He gave us a note from Gordon inviting us to breakfast next morning at 7. Gordon had been one of my heroes for years, so you can imagine how excited I was at the thought of actually meeting him. I could hardly sleep all night, and when I did drop off it was to wander along endless passages in search of Gordon who always seemed to be just ahead of me. I heard his footsteps and tried to hurry, but you know how it is in dreams; my feet seemed to be weighted with lead, and I couldn't catch up. Then I heard him calling me by name, "Robert, Robert, be quick," and I woke up to find Ronaldson beside me telling me that it was 6 o'clock and we must hurry.

We reached the house in good time; quite an imposing two-storied place it was, and we were met by the dragoman who showed us into a large bare room and requested us to wait till "Master will be ready." There was a big window looking out over the river, and the road alongside. Naturally we stood at the window looking out, and as Gordon did not come we began to talk, pointing out one thing and another. At the further end of the room where the light was somewhat dim, stood a long narrow table covered with a fine white cloth. A short, slim man with an apron tied round his waist and a red tarbush on his head was moving quietly to and fro setting the table. None of us paid any attention to him; the others chatted among themselves, making remarks on the various passers-by, but I was too excited to talk. Bye and bye they began to grumble at being kept waiting so long for their breakfast; the morning air was sharp and they were hungry. Presently the butler (as we supposed) left the room and a few minutes later Gordon entered with apologies for the delay.

"You see native servants - as you will soon find out for yourselves - never *can* learn to set a table correctly, so as I expected *gentlemen* to breakfast, I laid it myself."

We stood before him quite abashed at the thought that we had never even cast a glance at the great man so humbly employed. I was terribly embarrassed, and indeed I could hardly eat the very good breakfast that was now set before us.

In spite of this rebuke however, we were guilty of another faux pas a couple of days later. We had been invited to lunch and again as we were kept waiting we stood talking in the big window, which indeed formed an excellent box-seat from which to observe the drama of native life. Ronaldson made one of his droll remarks, and Williams began to laugh. He had one of those rather loud, cackling laughs, and it seemed to echo all through the big room. To our horror we heard a stentorian voice call out "Tell those damned Englishmen to stop chattering, and get on with their lunch. How *can* I say my prayers with all that cackling going on?" I was so mortified I could hardly swallow, but in a few minutes Gordon himself came in, urbane and immaculate as usual, and with no trace of annoyance as he greeted us and took his place at the head of the table.

We spent nearly a week at Khartoum, and Gordon was the essence of kindness and did everything possible to help us. For some reason he seemed to like me particularly, and we had several long talks. One day he took me into his bedroom and showed me a big map of the world into which pins were stuck here and there. He told me that ever since he had taught in the ragged schools at Gravesend he had kept in touch with his boys, and these pins indicated where each boy was working.

"I pray for them every day," he said with the simplicity that was one of his marked characteristics. "I like to have an undisturbed hour every morning for my prayers. I urge you very strongly never to allow anything to interfere with the habit of prayer. Guide your whole life by it and you cannot go far wrong."

After we left he continued his kindness, and busy man though he was, he wrote to me frequently and gave me invaluable advice. If I had

only followed it faithfully I should have been saved much trouble and suffering.

From Khartoum we proceeded upstream in another steamer, and there were a number of convicts on board. These men were shipped off to Equatorial Africa from all over Egypt. They were lent to the Governors as labourers, at first in chain gangs, and later if they behaved themselves, as workmen under supervision. But they were a rough unruly lot and the system did much harm. On the hot crowded little steamer a good many of them fell ill, and I was asked to attend them. The first time I went down into the dark hole where they lay I was filled with missionary ardour, and I thought in my youth and innocence that by treating them kindly and healing their bodies I would be able also to convert them and heal their souls. I was sadly disillusioned when on my return to the upper deck I found that my patients had seized the opportunity to pick my pockets as clean as a whistle; they had not even left me a pocket handkerchief. After that I took care to empty my pockets before going near them, and as for a handkerchief I safety-pinned a square of "mericane," the cheap calico used in trade, to my coat sleeve.

As the steamer chugged her way up the river we encountered great patches of sudd, dense mats of floating grasses and weeds, and these got worse as we went on, until at last the passage was entirely blocked and we could get no further. For days we were kept there unable to move up or down, until our provisions threatened to run short. At last some of the crew managed to get ashore through the tall papyrus that fringed the banks. There was another long delay, and we were almost in despair when at length they turned up with a gang of soldiers and workers who managed to hack and force a way through the growth, wading up to their necks and sometimes swimming, and towed the steamer forward foot by foot into clear water. Two men lost their lives in the process, for the river swarmed with crocodiles. Thus at length we reached Lado, the furthest point to which we could get by steamer. Between Fashoda and Lado we were met by Dr. Emin Bey who had

heard of our difficulties and came down to help us. In him I found another wonderful friend. If I had done nothing more than win the friendship of those two men, Gordon and Emin, I should count my African journey well repaid.

Chapter VII

When I first met Emin he had not received the formal title of Bey or Pasha; he was known as Dr. Emin. Of course Emin was not his family name. He was German by birth but not at all like the typical German to look at. Naturally dark, he had become so swarthy during his years in Africa that it was easy for him to pass as an Arab, and he assumed the Arab name Emin (the faithful one) so that he might mingle freely with Arabs and natives who would have regarded a European with distrust. He was a slender, wiry man, tough as whip-cord, and capable of an enormous amount of work. He was virtually King over a tract of country larger than France, and even in the short time he had been there he had brought order out of chaos. He had very nearly put a stop to the terrible slave traffic, as far as his territory extended. If he and Gordon had received proper support from Home I do truly believe that slavery would have been destroyed years ago, but as it is I fear it continues even to the present day. No one who has not come in contact with the horrors of this loathsome trade can realise the misery which it brings in its train. I saw enough of it to know what I am talking about.

In the weeks that followed I had the opportunity to become really intimate with Emin, and I think I made the most of them. He took a fancy to me, perhaps because I could talk German with him, perhaps because I was more than half doctor. Personally, I believe now that we had been very intimately associated in past lives, but at that time I had no idea of this. I only knew that there was a close bond between us, and I would have asked nothing better than to live near him and help him for the rest of my life. I regard him as one of the great formative influences of my life. Destiny decreed otherwise however. In the months of travel and exploration that followed I had malaria so badly that in the end I had to give up all idea of settling in Africa. I had sunstroke too, right at the start, riding across the desert, and when

going on board the steamer, as I crossed the narrow plank that served as a gangway I turned dizzy and fell into the water. I thought my last hour had come for I could not swim and the water swarmed with crocodiles. My "boy" saved me by diving in and dragging me to the shore at the risk of his own life. I think he always regarded me as his special property after that, for he remained with me all through my wanderings and even came Home with me. I think he would have been glad to stay with me permanently but he could not stand the cold, and I had to send him back to Africa. I was very fond of Mahoom.

The two years that I spent in exploration were in some respects the happiest in my life. I was young, keen as mustard, intensely interested in everything about me, in sympathy with the natives and in contact with two real heroes. I learnt an immense amount, not only from these two, but also from my black friends. Gordon was a mystic, his whole outlook on life was tinged with mysticism; he believed in election and predestination, and regarded himself as destined to be the Saviour of Africa. He had some very peculiar doctrines which governed his actions so that to many people he appeared to be hardly sane. We must remember that genius is allied to madness, and Gordon was undoubtedly a genius. He talked to me very openly about his religious beliefs and though some of them perplexed me greatly, still the man's immense sincerity and faith impressed me very deeply. Then Emin gave me a great deal of very practical teaching on how to deal with the native Races. Gordon would never learn to speak Arabic, and his trust in those about him was more than once betrayed. Emin spoke not only Arabic, but a score of native dialects, and could pass himself off as an Arab whenever he wanted to. He studied the other man's outlook and entered into it so that he could always see both sides of a question. I have heard him called a renegade, an apostate. He was nothing of the kind, but he saw the fundamental truth in all religion and taught me that I could only convert these people to Christianity by first learning the basic truths in their own religion and then building on that foundation.

Then from the natives themselves I learnt the existence of curious Powers and Forces, which no white man has been able to explain. Again and again I came upon instances of what we call "occult powers." I will tell you one or two of the most remarkable.

I had better explain that I found the African dialects surprisingly easy to pick up, and by the time we reached M'ruli I could make myself understood in either Arabic or Swahili, (which is the lingua franca of Central Africa) and could carry on a halting conversation in Wanyoro or Waganda, so that to a certain extent I was independent of our dragoman. My boy used to chatter to me in a mixture of Arabic and Swahili, and now and then he made some reference to "leopard men" or "wise men," that roused my curiosity. One day when I felt pretty sure of understanding what was said I asked him what he meant by "leopard men." At first he would only reply evasively, but I managed to convince him that I was quite serious, and at last he explained that certain Wise Men (witch doctors as they are often called) could assume the form of an animal, usually a leopard, and move about in that shape. They could also summon all the wild animals to appear. Of course I was incredulous, and thought he was just spinning yarns, but one evening he came to me in great excitement and told me he had been talking to a Wise Man who would "show me animals." I asked if I might bring Ronaldson who was also interested, and Mahoom said I might but no one else must know.

It was full moon, and unless you have seen tropical moonlight you have no idea what it is like. I could read by it quite easily and see almost more clearly than by day. Everything stood out sharply silhouetted, with black shadows. After our evening meal and smoke I remarked to Ronaldson that I was going for a stroll, and he promptly responded that he would come too. We sauntered away till we were out of sight of the camp, and then whistled softly and in an instant Mahoom joined us. He led us through the forest for a mile or more till we came to an open glade into which the moon shone. At the edge of this we were greeted by a tall, handsome native, clothed in the fine dark

cloth that some of the tribes use. It was draped over his right shoulder very much like a Roman toga, leaving his left arm bare except for an armlet of brass wire into which a short dagger was thrust. This, with a similar circlet on his head were his only ornaments. Mahoom introduced us and he greeted us with a dignified salute. I said to him in Swahili that I was deeply interested in the accounts of certain powers which I understood he possessed. He replied in a deep musical voice:

"I can call any animal you wish to see, and it will come, but you must remain still and silent, only saying very softly what animal you want."

With that we placed ourselves leaning against a tall tree, our faces to the glade. I said very quietly, "I want to see a rhinoceros."

Hardly were the words out of my mouth when a huge unwieldy rhino lumbered into the moonlight and up the glade. Ronaldson whispered: "Giraffe," and at once a giraffe cantered past us. We could see his eyes shining and the dark spots on his coat.

I said "Antelope," and an antelope trotted by.

Ronaldson murmured "Lion," and a lion passed.

So we went on with every animal we could remember, even a snake and a frog, and whatever we said cantered, or slid, on hopped by, so that the whole glade was filled with a silent procession, for none of the animals made a sound, neither did the lion nor the leopard hurt the deer, or the snake attempt to catch frog or rabbit. For more than an hour we stood and watched, until the moonlight no longer shone clear into the glade. Then our companion turned and bowed.

"It is enough," he said, "Moon has gone, I go also," and he strode away into the shadow.

This incident left a most curious impression on my mind. In those days people did not talk glibly of "mass hypnotism," but I did wonder whether I had been hypnotised. Against this explanation were two facts. Ronaldson, who shared the whole experience with me was a hard-headed practical man, and I had stood between him and the native. It did not seem very likely that he could have been hypnotised off-hand. In the second place we ourselves had selected the animals at random and alternately, and our choice had been largely a matter of what words we could recall in an unfamiliar language, for as I thought it over I realised that we had sometimes used Arabic, and sometimes Swahili. I discussed it with Ronaldson, but he had no solution to offer, and we agreed that here was some strange power that we did not understand.

Next day we set out again, and for some weeks we were on the march everyday except Sunday when we halted and held Divine Service. Part of the country was wonderfully beautiful with trees and rivers; here and there we came upon native villages, usually very neatly arranged and with cultivated fields of dhurra, semsem, and vegetables. There were date palms and bananas too, and often we could get guinea fowl, mutton or young kid. As a rule the villagers were friendly and interested, and most of them had very good manners, though sometimes curiosity overstepped the limit. Our greatest difficulty was that the Chiefs would insist on offering us women, and it was not easy to refuse them politely yet firmly. More than once we had to leave hurriedly to escape the embraces of these dusky belles, and I assure you that some of them were very fine looking. There are some tribes that closely resemble the portraits of ancient Romans; fine heads, aquiline noses, and well cut though over full mouths. Others are purely negroid with the broad nose and large mouth that we associate with the name of Negro.

We reached M'ruli on January 27th, having thus taken just over nine months on the journey from England. In these days with the fast steamers and railway the trip can be reckoned in days, but in 1878 there

was no thought of railways; indeed I was the first person to conceive such a possibility. My early experience in the railway office had given me some ideas in regard to extending the use of trains.

I am not going to repeat the tale of the Uganda Mission and its struggle for existence. That has been related elsewhere, but I will recall some of our adventures which were not recorded officially. The King M'tesa was an intelligent man, but he was naturally quite unaccustomed to self restraint, swayed by the mood of the moment, sometimes most friendly and ready to promise anything to his white guests, at other times angry over some fancied grievance he would threaten to throw us all into prison or even to kill us. At this time he was ill, and often in considerable pain, and as I was able to alleviate the pain I gained a good deal of influence over him. Doctoring a Native King is not without its ludicrous side. When I gave him a bottle of medicine I first had to swallow some myself in his presence to prove that it was not poison. Then one or two of his Court had to take a dose; finally, he would take it himself.

One day he had a severe attack of pain and immediately decided that I was trying to kill him, so incontinently he gave orders that I was to be hung. My hands were tied and a rope was actually slipped round my neck. I thought my last hour had come, and then I suddenly remembered the Gypsy woman's prophecy, and I knew that I would escape. I remembered an apparently idle remark I had overheard a few days before, and raising my bound hands I exclaimed aloud:

"Oh, King, if you do this thing a curse will fall upon you; even now a storm approaches. If you tie me to a tree so that my spirit departs then fire from heaven will descend upon the house of your chief wife and the Spirits of all your household will come to seek mine."

Now the remark I had heard had led me to think that the King had a secret store of powder and ammunition hidden under his chief wife's hut, so that of course the whole place would be blown sky-high if it

were struck by lightning. The King had believed that this was a dead secret, and he got a terrible fright when I shouted my threat. He ordered me to be set free at once, and sent our party presents of all kinds of food, very much to our relief for we had been on short rations for some days. The storm rolled past without damage, and as the King's attack of pain also passed off we had a peaceful interval.

The old trouble over women cropped up again very soon however. As the King's guests we had to be fed; and he got tired of providing for us, so he hit on the plan of sending sixteen of his women over to us. Now the King's women were privileged to take whatever they had a fancy for, and they would have kept us all in clover; but in return we should have been required to live with them, and of course that was out of the question, and we had to send them all back. Again he lost his temper, and breathed out threatenings and slaughter like an African Saul. Again I was able to avert the danger, this time by a little knowledge of the Almanac which told me that an eclipse of the Sun was due.

I demanded an audience of the King, and told him with great solemnity that the evil thoughts in his heart were such that they would even darken the Sun. I had timed my speech with care. At this instant I raised my hand and pointed upward: "Behold, Oh King!" I thundered. (I have a pretty good voice you know.) "A shadow touches the Sun even as the shadow of evil touches the King's heart. Should the evil thought blot out our lives then in like manner the shadow will blot out the light of day. Be warned, therefore, and refrain from evil lest all thy land be destroyed."

I was careful to speak long enough for the shadow to become perceptible to all. You know the odd hush that falls over nature during an eclipse. All the bird notes and insects seemed to stop short as I ceased speaking, and then the whole crowd started to howl with terror. They really thought the white man's magic would blacken the Sun if they killed us.

So again we got off, and I must say I was thankful that my suggestion worked so quickly.

Chapter VIII

It was soon after this episode that I had to leave Uganda. My health was far from satisfactory, sunstroke had left its usual sequence of violent headaches, and malaria had gained a firm grip so that scarcely a week passed without an attack. However bad I felt myself I had to be ready to go up to the Court, hold long palavers with the King, taste his medicine, see that he took it himself, and very often treat some of his wives or the chiefs. Then to complicate matters further one of my fellow missionaries became violently jealous of me. At the time I took it for granted that it was because the King had taken a real liking to me, and even followed my advice. It was only long afterwards that I discovered that this man had seen the photograph of a girl in my quarters with whom he was in love. I am afraid, if I am to be quite honest, that I had more than one girl's photograph. I don't think I was a flirt either then or at any later time, but I did make friends with women rather easily. Besides my own sisters I corresponded with three or four girls. If I was even slightly in love with anyone it was my cousin Greta, but I was far too interested in my work and life itself to have any thought of marrying. My feeling for Emin was much deeper than any emotion roused by a girl. I would have asked nothing better than to settle near him and work under him permanently. I could hardly have explained this to the other men, however, even had it occurred to me to do so; some of them were inclined to sneer at Emin, they even called him a renegade and pervert because he had married a Mohommedan woman; he himself was a Deist rather than a Christian, but he believed in the possibilities of Christian influence and he never became a Moslem. His real interests were scientific and ethnological though he did all he could to help our Mission. You must remember that he was a clever and enlightened doctor, and I now decided that I must seek him out and get his advice about my health.

The King reluctantly gave his permission for me to go, and then suddenly decided that he would send Envoys under my care to Queen Victoria. So when I did get away it was with the understanding that three Chiefs were to follow me and I was to convoy them to England. It was at this time that I had another most remarkable demonstration of native powers. I had heard of a man who could "travel in the spirit" and by cautious enquiries I managed at last to get into touch with him and asked if he would allow me to witness one of his feats. After a good deal of palaver he consented with what struck me as a curious remark. He said, "I will show you. You are one of us, and when you wake up you will travel further than we. You used to be of our people; search for the great mountain and you will find your Tribe."

I puzzled over this, but it made no sense to me then. Again I got Ronaldson to accompany me, and we went, this time in broad daylight to the man's hut. He met us at the entrance and explained that we must go to a place where we would be undisturbed. With that he led us away from the village to a new hut which had been erected under a tree at the edge of the forest. A clear stream flowed past it and tall grass jungle grew on the further side of the stream. Here he led us into the hut in which a heap of grass formed the sole furnishing. Lying down on this he directed us to bind his wrists and ankles with cord; this we did, first crossing his hands on his chest. I noticed that he held a leaf between his teeth, but I did not recognise the species. Having thus secured him we withdrew and seated ourselves in a shady spot about ten yards from the entrance to the hut. We had brought tobacco and some sandwiches, and we settled ourselves comfortably, prepared for a long wait.

For about twenty minutes nothing happened; we sat and smoked in silence, our eyes on the hut entrance. Then we were startled by the appearance of a panther emerging from the hut, but remembering the promises our man had exacted from us we neither moved nor spoke, and the panther bounded across the stream and disappeared among the jungle grasses. After that nothing more happened. We sat quietly

smoking, ate our sandwiches and then I had a nap. But during the whole afternoon one or the other of us had our eyes on the hut. It was just noon when we settled down to our vigil; at sunset the panther appeared on the further bank of the stream, leapt across and went into the hut. Three minutes later we heard our man calling and we raced each other to the hut.

There he lay, exactly as we had left him, his wrists and ankles bound and not a sign of panther or anything else; only as I bent to examine our knots I was startled to see that a meerschaum pipe lay on his breast between his crossed hands.

"Undo the knots," he directed, and we obeyed. Ronaldson who had been a sailor had made a clove hitch round his ankles, and we noted that this was undisturbed.

The man told me to take the pipe and keep it, and he then sat up and asked for a drink. By this time it was almost dark, so we made a fire outside the hut and sat by it while he recounted his experiences.

"I travelled North," he told us, "until I came to the great River," (Nile). "I found a place where there were people and a great boat with smoke coming out of her. There was a white man and he had hair on his face. (A quick gesture sketched a bushy beard for us). He was smoking that pipe, (he pointed to it in my hand). He took it out of his mouth end put it in his pocket and I took it. He will be here when the Moon follows the Sun, and he will bring letters from a far country."

I wrote down the words, and Ronaldson and I both signed. The Moon following the Sun puzzled us a little until we realised that it meant the new Moon; as she was then in her first quarter this was equivalent to about three weeks. I was quite determined to see this out, so I postponed my departure and we awaited the issue. Just at new Moon a messenger came in to report that another white man was; on his way and would arrive next day.

You can imagine how Ronaldson and I watched next day, and how we exchanged looks when shortly before sunset a man walked into our compound. He was shorter than I, strongly built, and he had a beard. He brought a number of English letters and newspapers and told us that he had left the Nile just three weeks ago and made a record march across country, and most amazing of all, when he had been talking a little he said:

"Have any of you fellows got a pipe you could lend me? I must have lost mine in the landing, for I haven't seen it since we left the steamer."

I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out the one our magician had given me saying as casually as I could, "Will this one do?"

Our visitor seized it eagerly, examined it, and exclaimed in amazement, "Where on earth did you get this? It is my missing pipe. Look, here are my initials on the bowl," and he pointed to some small but perfectly clear letters cut into the bowl, C. L. "My name is Charles Loudon," he said "I marked the pipe when I got it."

Ronaldson went over to his writing table and got our signed statement of three weeks ago, and showed it to the others who read it in puzzled silence. How was it done? We had no explanation to offer, but there was no questioning the facts. Neither can I explain to you even yet, for though I can "travel in spirit" now myself, yet I never brought back any tangible object in these journeys. There are still secrets among the dark Races which the white man cannot unravel.

Almost immediately after Loudon's arrival I started on my return journey. I was sorry to say goodbye to M'tesa. He was a wily old scoundrel, but there was much that was lovable and even noble about him, and in spite of his having three times threatened my life he and I were good friends. Given a little more time and experience I think I could have handled him, but you must remember that I was only twenty-five at this time. Also I was handicapped by the senior

missionary having a violent temper. In fact, though this was kept very quiet, he had shot one of his porters before coming to Uganda and got into serious trouble over it. Most of our difficulties with the King had their origin in this man's irascibility and jealousy. Well, well, he paid to the uttermost farthing in the end, poor chap.

On my return I followed a different route. I was quite alone with my porters and might have fared badly were it not for my faithful 'boy' Mahoom, and a young imp of mischief, Capsune, who had attached himself firmly to me and refused to be left behind. These two looked after me most loyally, and more than once risked their own lives to save me from danger. In my frequent bouts of fever Mahoom nursed me devotedly, and Capsune would sit for hours patiently fanning me. I remember that at one time our supply of sugar ran short and the other men couldn't understand why I always had sugar in my coffee. Then we discovered that Capsune had annexed a private supply which he hid; he kept the day's ration tucked into his loin cloth and fought the other boys valiantly to ensure that I should not go short. How many white boys would do as much?

It was the custom in long marches to allow the chief men to bring their women. This not only kept the men contented but also insured that they would get their beer brewed and the dhurra ground into meal. One of these women was a pretty young creature; I was very careful never to have any traffic with the women, but I noticed one day that this girl was lame and stopped to question her. I found that a thorn had run into her foot and she could not get it out, so it had begun to fester. I made her sit down while I bathed the foot, extracted the thorn put on a compress and bandaged it. Moreover, as this was a Saturday I decided to camp over Sunday and insisted that she was not to walk until the foot had cleared up. I said she could grind dhurra, and pound bananas for another woman, and the other could do things for her in exchange.

By Monday she was perfectly fit again and filled with gratitude to me. She knew only too well that had she dropped out and been left behind she would either have been eaten by a lion or a leopard, or worse still have fallen into the hands of the slavers. A week later she repaid me by saving, not only my life, but the whole expedition. We had been running short of fresh meat; I was a first-rate shot by this time, but you can't shoot game if you are running a temperature of 104 degrees, and shaking with ague, so there were days when we had to make do on dhurra and bananas, or dates, and not too much of those. So it happened that when one village refused to sell us fowls or eggs, my men took matters into their own hands and stole what they wanted.

I was just recovering from a pretty bad bout of fever, and did not realise what had happened when the Head man said we must get away quickly and make a forced march. However, I knew I could trust the man so I gave orders, and we were off in record time. I had to be carried at first as I was still too shaky to walk quickly. Even so I was thoroughly tired out when we halted at noon, so while they were getting a meal ready I lay down in the shade of a tree and went to sleep. I was awakened by a hand laid gently on my forehead, (that is the best way to awaken anyone by the way, lay your hand either on the sleeper's brow or on his shoulder near the carotid, and he will wake quickly without being startled). I woke to find Waheena leaning over me and holding out my gun.

"What is the matter?" I asked, thinking that a herd of elephant must be coming. She pointed over to my right. "Men from village following us, very angry," she whispered. "They come to kill Master and our people."

I looked in the direction indicated and sure enough there were strange men appearing through the long grass. I stood up and shouted to them, "Halt, or I fire." They hesitated, then came on again and I fired over their heads.

Luckily for me this was unexplored territory, and they did not understand firearms. They heard the crack of my gun and one of my bullets actually cut off the head of their leader's spear, which startled them so much that they stopped and drew back, which gave my men time to rally round me. Mahoom and Capsune came running up with extra guns; the Head man also carried a gun but actually had the sense not to use it. The attackers saw that they had lost their chance of surprising us and after a little consultation among themselves they sent over a messenger to say they would withdraw if we paid for what we had taken.

I then heard of my men's theft and promptly ordered the payment. So all was well. But had it not been for the good sense and quick-wittedness of Waheena we should all have been caught in a trap and probably killed without a chance to resist. I can assure you that when we eventually got back to Emin's headquarters I gave that girl the best I could procure.

It was on this return journey that I noticed that in a belt of country where there were no mosquitoes there was also no malaria. This set me thinking, and though I could not follow up my ideas with research, still when I got back to England I did propound the theory that mosquitoes and malaria were coincident, and might well be related. This was published in 1880 in one of my articles on Africa, and I believe first suggested the idea to others who followed it up.

I must not linger too long over this journey or I will never get finished. I found Emin soon after the episode of Waheena, and for the next six weeks I remained with him as his patient and companion. He wanted me to stay on permanently as his assistant and successor, and I would have asked nothing better. But we both very reluctantly came to the conclusion that my health would not stand it, and I must go home.

M'tesa's three envoys joined us at Fashoda, and we proceeded down the Nile.

I must confess that I nearly broke down and wept when I said goodbye to Emin. I still think him one of the most wonderful men I have ever met; indeed, looking back over my life I incline to believe that he was one of those to whom we give the title of "Master". Certainly he had gained mastery over himself; I never saw him impatient or irritable or unjust; he could endure hardship and exertion to an incredible degree; he lived in the midst of mosquito infested country without contracting malaria; he would march under the hottest sun without suffering sunstroke; he never raised a hand against his men; I never even heard him speak to them harshly, yet they obeyed him as they would obey no one else. He was not in the least sentimental but his wise counsel and understanding sympathy never failed. Gordon was a wonderful man, but he was hot tempered, impatient and intolerant: he was deeply religious and so convinced of the absolute truth of his own views that he never attempted to understand those who differed from him. Emin recognised Truth as the fundamental reality, underlying outward form. Gordon gave me my first real glimpse of the mystic side of Christianity. Emin set me on the path which led me to see the true God in all religions, and enabled me to recognise the Christ in my fellow men.

Chapter IX

Our return journey down the Nile was uneventful. The envoys were too much impressed by all they saw to give any serious trouble. The river was clear, and the steamer made her way down stream without let-up or hindrance. Greatly to my disappointment Gordon was not at Khartoum. He had retired, and the slave traffic was in full activity again. The Khedive made ineffectual efforts to suppress it, but the Pashas helped the slave traders and supplied them with arms and ammunition. The British Consul was actually an Austrian and took an active share in the foul business himself, as well as being in the pay of Germany for all information he could transmit.

Gordon's successor was a German who retired with something like £15,000 in his pocket as the result of his office.

In Cairo we waited for a few days knowing that we could not get a passage home till a mail boat was due at Alexandria.

When we eventually reached London with the envoys I had a strenuous and sometimes very entertaining time of it, though some of our experiences were not a little embarrassing and even humiliating.

After a good deal of consideration we clothed our Waganda in dark blue dressing gowns bound with red, red girdles and sandals, and red fez. They looked astonishingly dignified in this costume, and on the whole behaved much better than their hosts. I had to present them to Queen Victoria, and all went well until we retired, when unluckily one of the men tripped and fell in trying to walk backwards. The Queen and Princess Beatrice laughed, which deeply mortified the unfortunate man; nevertheless they accepted presents of chocolates and rings from the Queen. I am ashamed to say that one ring was afterwards stolen at a City banquet given in their honour; there were a number of so-called

ladies present who behaved disgracefully, actually sticking pins into our guests to see if black men could feel as much as white.

On the other hand they were tremendously impressed by two things. One was the butchers' shops with innumerable carcases of sheep and bullocks on view; the other was the number of schools. In spite of the various contretemps the accounts these men took back to Uganda paved the way to establishing a better understanding, and especially to founding schools and making good roads throughout Uganda. I became really fond of these three men, and was grieved when the time came for our parting. I think they also were sorry to say goodbye.

Chapter X

With the departure of the envoys a chapter of my life closed. I had to reconstruct my existence once more, for the doctors whom I consulted decreed that I must give up all thought of returning to Africa. Two sunstrokes, concussion and repeated attacks of malaria had effectually written finis to my Missionary efforts. I therefore had to pause and take stock.

I was 27, with little money and broken health, a good deal of experience but no medical degree. The first thing therefore was to complete my medical course and gain the degree.

At the outset I was confronted with two difficulties. I found that I ought to have been registered at Midhampton Hospital, and that I should have matriculated in Greek and Latin, neither of which things had I done. The first obstacle was overcome by an appeal to a friend in high places who arranged that in consideration of my work in Africa, and especially my studies of tropical diseases, the preliminary examinations would be waived. As to Greek, I was in a quandary, but I decided to go to Edinburgh and continue my training there until some solution presented itself. Latin I felt I could rub up sufficiently to pass muster.

It was a very odd sensation to find myself a student once more after two years of authority and leadership; very much what the temporary officers in the War had to go through when they returned to civilian life. Naturally I was a good deal older than most of my fellow students, four or five years in age, ten in experience. They were a harum scarum irresponsible crew for the most part, and I found it easier to make friends with the professors; but it was pretty lonely, and often I wished I had Ronaldson or some of my own people within reach.

I worked desperately hard however, and left myself no time for brooding, only I used to get abominable headaches, and I could not shake off the malaria. Many a night I dosed myself with quinine, tied a towel round my head, and got into bed to keep warm while I wrestled with the intricacies of the human frame.

The second year was not quite so bad. For one thing Lilian, who had been studying music in London, sprained her wrist and as she could not play she came up and stayed with me for three months. The pater insisted on our having a sitting-room, and it was like heaven to come back to a pleasant room with the curtains drawn, a cheerful fire burning, and a tempting meal, instead of the dreary, untidy bedroom. Then, too, Lilian was an attractive creature with her large blue eyes, soft brown hair, and fair skin. Very often one or two men would drop in for a cup of tea and a chat. Poor Lilian! She had to give up her music as her wrist never regained its strength. It was a bitter disappointment, but she never grumbled. It was some compensation that she began to correspond with Gordon at this time. He used to write long letters to me and one day I jokingly suggested that she should write to him about some point that interested her. To my surprise she took the suggestion seriously, and thus began a friendship which lasted till Gordon's death. Sometimes I wonder whether, if Gordon had been less wrapped up in his dreams and visions, it would have blossomed into something warmer. At any rate he went to stay with them more than once, and there was a very strong bond between them.

At the end of the Session I passed my examinations with flying colours, and even won special commendation by a paper on native midwifery in Central Africa. I was offered work in two dispensaries and realised with some amazement that with that and the articles and pamphlets I had written at odd times I was, if not well off, at all events independent. Before starting the dispensary work I decided to go home for a few weeks' rest.

Chapter XI

I expect that what I am going to say now will sound very cold-blooded to you. But you must remember the circumstances. I was at that time twenty-eight years of age. I had been working hard ever since I was sixteen, without a real holiday in all the twelve years. I had naturally had various flirtations, but I had never been seriously in love; the nearest I had come to it was my cousin Gretel when I was in Germany. I had been through a very difficult experience in Africa; indeed I had come to the conclusion there that no normal man should attempt to settle as a missionary without a wife. And finally I had spent eighteen months of extreme discomfort in Edinburgh lodgings, followed by three months of the first real glimpse of home I had had for years. So you must not be surprised when I say that I was ready to marry any reasonably attractive girl who would have me.

In this state of mind I went back to Midhampton to spend a really lazy six weeks, at a loose end for the first time in my life. Naturally the first people I went to see were the Bartons. My old chum Ted was now a steady old married man with a couple of children. Much to my surprise none of the girls had married. They were all living at home engaged in good works of one kind or another. I felt a trifle overwhelmed when they came into the drawing-room to greet me; all four unusually tall, slender, striking-looking women.

At first glance the three elder ones seemed very much alike. But I soon realised that my old friend Janey was much the best looking and most attractive. Lina's red hair hinted at a pretty hot temper. Nora's hair was flaxen, but her eyes were greenish and she wore glasses. As to Madge, Lilian and Susan had already given me a hint that she was at least half engaged, and in any case I had never liked her as well as the others. But Janey seemed to me all I could desire. I admired her shining golden hair, her clear grey eyes, her slender erect figure. Indeed

she would have been really beautiful if her complexion had not been spoiled by freckles. But even with these she was a handsome and distinguished looking woman. I did not fall in love with her either then or later, but we were close friends and I owe her more than I can say. She was a good noble woman, a most loyal wife and fellow-worker; an affectionate mother to our children.

Well, we were engaged within a week of my arrival, and both our families seemed to be pleased. Mr. Barton made quite a satisfactory settlement, and my father, bless him, insisted on presenting us with furniture for our house. There was no reason for a long engagement, so in February 1882 we were married.

I had another session to put in at Edinburgh School of Medicine, but as my lack of Greek was still an obstacle there I decided to return to Germany and take my M.D. there.

In 1883 a baby girl arrived much to our delight, and as soon as it seemed wise to travel we stored our furniture and went to Germany. Janey had spent two years at a German School so she spoke the language fluently, and was more or less familiar with the life. We went to Heidelberg, and were lucky enough to get a tiny flat almost at once. There is not much to record of the subsequent two years. They were very busy ones, and in some ways far from happy. I was often ill, yet I had to keep up with my studies on the one hand, and with writing on the other. I could not depend altogether on my wife's money though she was the soul of generosity and would have given me her last penny. As it was I let her pay more than her fair share of living expenses as so much that I earned went in fees for classes, subscriptions to scientific societies and journals, and such things.

I was elected a member of the German Ethnographical Society, the Anthropological Society, Geographical Societies and in due course to several Medical Societies, and all that involved subscriptions.

I think my final efforts in getting my degree would have amused you. I was warned beforehand that I must pay formal calls on all the examiners. At first I thought this a joke, but I soon found that it was a most solemn ritual. I had to dress up in evening clothes, white kid gloves and all, and call on each professor strictly in order of precedence. At each house the procedure was the same:

"May I ask if the very honoured Herr Professor is at home? Can he spare me a few minutes?"

"Ach, Herr Hawkins, and how do you find yourself? How does it go with you?"

"It goes well with me, thank you beautifully, very honoured Herr Professor. Next week I have to sit for my examination under you."

"So-o-o-! No doubt, my dear sir, you will pass our examinations with ease. I understand that you have already passed in your famous Medical School at Edinburgh."

"Yes, well, my very honoured Herr Professor, I have passed in Edinburgh but I fear that your world famous erudition will make demands on my brains far in excess of the meanness of my knowledge."

Then as a rule I was offered a cup of coffee, and after that I was free to depart to the next house on the list.

It took me the best part of a week to get through them all. But I did it in the end and what is more I passed all the examinations, and in due course received the Certificates admitting me to the full fellowship of the medical fraternity.

By that time both Janey and I were pretty nearly nervous wrecks, and we felt that we were entitled to a holiday before returning to Edinburgh. Someone had told me of a Spa in the North near Hanover, and offered me an introduction to a young doctor there.

"He is a Jew, but a clever man and not a bad sort for a Jew," my informant said condescendingly. "And Pyrmont is a nice little place, been a Spa since the days of the Romans so they say. Perhaps Dr. Levy could do your headaches good."

So we decided to follow this advice and go up to Pyrmont for a month's treatment.

In this way began a friendship which has lasted to the present day though I have not seen Levy since the outbreak of the War.

Pyrmont proved to be a little gem of a place, with beautiful forests on two sides, and gently rolling hills sheltering it from cold winds. It was in the Principality of Pyrmont-Waldick and even then the Prince had begun to build the Bad Haus, and lay out the gardens, though they were not to be compared to what they became in later years. It was frequented mostly by Russians, Poles, Finns, and Danes, and we were the only English in the place. Doctor Levy had a delightful old house not far from the Baths, and we found that he took a few resident patients and was willing to let us have a comfortable room on the ground floor. There we spent the first real holiday of my life. Mrs. Levy was an intelligent and highly cultured woman, unlike the majority of German women at that time. And she proved a most congenial friend to my wife, while the doctor and I found many interests in common. The great grief of their lives was that their eldest child, a boy of six, had curvature of the spine. In those days this was regarded as quite incurable. Like so many hunchbacks little Conrad had beautiful wistful eyes, and it went to my heart to see him and be unable to cure him. The second child, Gustave, was sturdy enough, and the baby Carla was a delightful, mischievous little rogue. In spite of the three

small children and her large household the Frau Doctor always seemed to have time to spare. She would sit by knitting or sewing, while her husband and I discussed philosophy or the strange superphysical powers of primitive people. In the strenuous years since my return from Africa my interest in these subjects had perforce fallen into abeyance but now it revived with renewed vigour. Some chance remark of mine led Levy to mention that profound inner doctrine of the Jews which is entitled the Kabala, and my questions led him on to expound the Central Symbol of the Tree of Life. As an orthodox Jew he spoke with reserve to a Gentile, but he said enough to stimulate my curiosity and I determined to study the subject for myself at the earliest opportunity. We discussed also, the inter-relation of mind and matter; the curative possibilities of mesmerism and hypnotism; the clinic at Nancy; the true nature of death, and many kindred subjects, about which I had never been able to talk freely before. Sometimes Janey would chime in with an apposite remark, more than once surprising me with the insight and depth of thought she revealed.

We took the Baths and waters too, and went for long walks in the country. At that time the baths were very primitive; rough wooden tubs in sheds, or simply mud holes enclosed by palings. All the same they did us both good, and I was almost free from headaches and nausea during the last fortnight of our stay.

Chapter XII

With our return to Edinburgh I entered upon what proved to be the busiest period of my life. In addition to a rapidly extending practice I undertook to give lectures on tropical diseases, the first ever given so far as I know. They attracted a good deal of attention and I often had visitors from other centres who would come round after the lecture to discuss such subjects as the connection between mosquitoes and malaria, or the origin of blackwater fever, or the best way to avoid the attack of jiggers or the tsetse fly. My own interest soon extended beyond Africa to India, China, and South America, so that I collected a considerable library on this subject. I was also deeply interested in midwifery and gynaecology, and in connection with this my wife and I founded a centre for child welfare and prenatal care of mothers, very much on the lines afterwards followed by Truby King.

Then Doctor (afterwards Sir Joseph) Bell suggested that I should follow up my investigations into mesmerism, hypnotism and suggestion. We were also deeply interested in religious questions, and with a few friends we formed a small group for the purpose of studying the Bible. This group met at our house every Sunday, and by degrees our studies extended to other great Scriptures. One or two of our members belonged to the old Theosophical Society under H.P.B. and in 1886 we joined that also. I also took part in founding the Royal Scottish Geographical Society in 1884.

I still suffered severely from recurrent headaches and malaria, and in an evil hour I consulted a distinguished doctor whom I will not name. He recommended me to take a stiff dose of whiskey and quinine when I felt an attack coming on, and against my own judgment I followed his advice with disastrous results. At first I was delighted. The treatment seemed to ward off the attacks of malaria and I felt able to get through my work much more easily. But alas, I very soon found that I

depended more and more on the stimulant, and needed larger doses. Thus began a struggle which has lasted most of my life. It was not made any easier by the fact that my wife's many and varied interests did not include housekeeping, or indeed any domestic arts. She was always ready to help me with translating German, typing out my lectures, promoting my schemes for mothers and children. She was enthusiastic in the study of Theosophy and the Bible, but as often as not she forgot that the body needs food as well as the mind, and I would come in cold and wet from a long round of visits to find an unappetising meal.

Well, one can't have everything; and I don't want to grumble, but I believe that if I had been properly dieted then I should not have drifted into the habit of pick-me-ups as a substitute for a good dinner. To cap the climax I was at this time thrown out of a dog-cart when driving down Queensferry road with a friend, and had slight concussion.

It was at this critical period of my life that I came in contact with the system of Esoteric Teaching which has proved the pivot of my life ever since. It is not easy to expound this fully because as you know we are under pledges of silence. But this much I can say.

Always from the very earliest times there have been Great Teachers who have devoted themselves to the service of their fellows. Each of these has gathered around himself an inner circle of disciples to whom has been given the secret knowledge not to be imparted lightly or carelessly to others lest it be misunderstood and abused. The names of those early Teachers survive in legend and in history, Osiris, Vishnu, Odin, Lao Tzu, Zoroaster, Moses, Buddha. Each one of these brought a special attribute to humanity, that which Theosophy has taught us to classify as "Principles." Man is not a simple creature, he is highly complex. He has been compared to the onion which is formed by layer after layer gathered about a central focus, each layer separated from the others by a transparent yet infrangible skin. So man has his physical body which acts as a focus and vehicle to the higher Principles, and each successive Teacher awakens his corresponding Principle to

activity, until we come to Jesus Christ who came not to break but to fulfil the Law. Each of these Teachers followed the same system which may be broadly outlined.

Each gathered a few chosen disciples around him to whom he could impart the inner wisdom. These disciples in their turn gathered groups of students round them, and thus were formed the "Schools," of which we read in the Old Testament and elsewhere. As the centuries passed much that was once regarded as secret has become common knowledge. Yet there has always been, there still is, a secret tradition only to be imparted under pledges of silence. I think we may safely say that all that is now known of agriculture, architecture, medicine, music, mathematics, science, poetry, art, was once part of this hidden knowledge which has gradually filtered out as people were ready to receive it. Sometimes such teaching has escaped too soon, and those who have given it out have been persecuted and even slain by the jealousy and ignorance of the outer world. Often it has been published in such obscure language that only the few can interpret. Always there has been the inner hidden way only contacted by the few.

There is a very old saying, "When the disciple is ready the Master appears." Those who seek find. Those who ask receive. To those who knock the door shall be opened. But often the search is long, the door does not swing open at the first or second knock. There is another saying which should be borne in mind, "Unless the eyes have ceased to weep they cannot see the presence of the Masters; unless the ears have been desensitized they cannot hear the voice of the Masters; unless the feet have been bathed in the heart's blood they cannot stand in the presence of the Masters." That is a hard saying but a true one.

It was just at this time that I received the offer of a post in Vienna with a handsome salary attached. I will not deny that I was greatly tempted. Indeed it was a veritable parting of the ways. On the one hand ease, comfort, even wealth, but as I very well knew, an absolutely material outlook and environment, with neither time nor opportunity to

search the hidden ways or even to practise the ordinary religious life. On the other hand a hard struggle with comparative poverty but with a definite promise of teaching and enlightenment. The decision rested absolutely in my own hands, Janey simply stood back and left it to me.

I must admit that I had a pretty hard fight with myself before I made my choice. But in the end the yearning for real inner light won the day. Nor have I regretted it though there have been times when the Light has been withdrawn leaving me to grope through seemingly impenetrable darkness. Yet even at those times there has always been the MEMORY of Light to cling to, and after a time the Light itself has shone out again and dispersed the darkness.

One curious incident I must tell you.

When Janey and I were admitted to the group of students we were taken to a house we had already visited several times. This time, however, we were led upstairs and left in a small anteroom, to await events. At first I was too nervous and excited to take any notice of the room, but by and by the stillness and peace of the place sank into my consciousness and stilled the throbbing of my pulses. I raised my head and looked at a large portrait which hung on the wall facing me. Can you imagine my feelings when I recognised the mysterious stranger who had spoken to me fourteen years before in the German Biergarten. There was no mistaking those finely cut, somewhat haughty features, and to my excited fancy it seemed as though the large dark eyes looked into mine with a conscious intent.

I could have almost sworn that the lips moved, and I heard a voice saying, "Blind seeker, receive thy sight."

I looked over at Janey but she was sitting very composedly with her hands folded in her lap, and before I could speak the door opened and we were summoned into another room.

So began what has proved to be the most important chapter in my whole life. From that day to this I have continued to advance, with many slips and stumbles it is true, but with ever increasing ardour and conviction that here indeed lies the hidden way.

Very soon I became conscious of a peculiar quickening of all my senses. I found that in dealing with a patient if I laid my hand on him and closed my eyes, I could actually see and feel, not only his symptoms but the cause of them. Diffidently at first, but with increasing confidence I based my diagnosis on this experience, so that in three or four years I found that other doctors called me in as a consultant, because, they said, "Hawkins can diagnose the most obscure cases."

It was not always an easy or a pleasant experience. At first especially the physical sensation would last perhaps for hours, and in some cases left me quite exhausted. But as I learnt more and more I was able to throw this off, so that in time the sensation passed as soon as I took my hand off the patient and I could thus proceed to analyse my observations undisturbed.

Outwardly these were uneventful years. I worked, I suppose, about sixteen to eighteen hours a day, and very rarely had more than four hours sleep at night. In connection with my lectures on tropical diseases I worked out a series of maps to illustrate the incidence of various diseases. I worked very hard at my private studies. I gave lectures on Africa, and wrote a number of articles and monographs, and all the time I was struggling against headaches and malaria. I suppose it is hardly to be wondered at that after ten years of this I broke down and had to have a complete rest.

Before leaving this phase of my life I must tell you one or two stories.

Edinburgh is a haunted city. Almost every district has its authentic ghost, and after a time I realised that I could see and hear these

revenants. The first time gave me a bit of a shock. Do you remember the Barclay Church just at the head of the Lothian Road? There was a group of old houses beside it which had come down in the world and had been transformed into very slummy flats.

I had several patients in this district, and in visiting them I had to climb up and down the long flights of narrow stone stairs with iron railings that are found in so many Edinburgh buildings. One winter afternoon I saw as I thought a woman coming down. The light was dim and there was sleet falling outside; I was tired and cold and it was a second or so before it struck me as odd that this woman should be wearing a filmy white garment. Then with a start I saw that instead of her head being on her shoulders she carried it in her hand. I think I nearly fainted, and I would certainly have fallen down stairs but that luckily I was on one of the little square landings where the staircase turns at right angles, so that I staggered against a solid wall.

Then I heard a child's voice and felt a tug at my coat tails,

"Eh, Dochter, ye're lookin gey and bad."

I opened my eyes and saw the small son of my patient gazing up at me with the miraculously clear blue eyes these children so often have. He slipped a grimy little paw into my hand and went on:

"Ye'll no can gang up the stair yer nain sel. A'll gang wi' ye."

I dared not smile but the idea of this midget supporting me up the stair quite cheered me up and I accepted his offer with proper gratitude, and leant on his shoulder as we went on. There was no sign of the headless woman but Jamie chattered on unconcernedly.

"Mebbe, ye'll hae seen the white leddy, dochter, she gangs up and doon they stairs when there's a bairn sick; wee Annie Mackersey's awful bad the day. D'ye ken Annie?"

I shook my head. The Mackerseys were not my patients but I knew that the father drank, and that he had knocked Annie down a day or two before and kicked her. Jamie went on:

"Annie'll likely dee the noo. They maistly dee when the white leddy keens, an she was keening last nicht something awfu;"

"Do you often see her, Jamie?" I asked.

He nodded. "Aye, last year when we had they measles. D'ye mind how mony bairns had the measles, Dochter? She was up and down ilka day, and my, she keened a'nicht whiles."

By this time we had reached Jamie's door and went in.

I saw to my patient, a decent kindly widow, with two children, Jamie and an older girl, Meg. They had both had measles in the epidemic, but I got them into hospital and afterwards a friend of mine sent them to a farm for three weeks, so that they were fast friends of mine and I can tell you there is no stauncher friend in the world than an "Edinburgh keelie" once you win his heart.

Jamie had waited while I saw his mother and as I was leaving he remarked casually, "The Dochter saw the white leddy on the stairs, mither. Wee Annie'll dee the noo, will she no'?"

Mrs. Elliot looked troubled.

"A'd be gey an pleased gin the weans didna see the white leddy aboot," she said to me. "Gin Annie hears she'll be frichted into deein, a'm thinkin."

"Who is the white leddy, Mrs. Elliot? Is anything known about her?" I enquired. But she could tell me nothing. The white leddy had

been there long before she came. She thought she must have lived there when it was a big house, before it was made into tenements.

Jamie escorted me down the stairs and inquired anxiously if I would like him to call a cab, but I assured him that I was quite all right and would walk across the Meadows.

I have told all this in detail because it led to my first lesson in exorcism. I puzzled over the question of ghosts and revenants all the way home, and discussed it with Janey after dinner. For once we were both disengaged and that evening I put aside my writing in order to try to reach some solution of the problem. Why should some people be drawn back to their earthly haunts? How far were they conscious or intelligent? What should we do to help them, or was it possible to help them at all?

At last Janey said, "Look here, Robert, we have to go to a meeting tomorrow evening, why don't you ask there about these things? Surely one of the Leaders will be able to give us some instruction."

Now it so happened that this meeting was a very special one, and a very advanced member came up from London in order to be present. I won't say that this man was a Master, but he was undoubtedly a Great Teacher. Like myself he was a Doctor, and I felt sure that if I could get an opportunity to ask him a few questions he would do all in his power to instruct me. Accordingly I watched for an opportunity and when it came I took my courage in both hands and went up to him.

You may think that an exaggeration, but I can assure you that it really did take quite a lot of courage for a junior like myself to accost a Principal. I was lucky, however. It was a subject in which the Doctor was himself interested and he responded at once to my first tentative question. In effect this is what he said:

"Ghosts are of two quite distinct classes, I might say three, for there are the graveyard ghosts which linger near the grave for a few days until

the etheric body dissolves. But ordinary ghosts and apparitions may be divided into those concurrent appearances which are simply moving photographs imprinted on the atmosphere, and those who are conscious entities seeking to accomplish some definite purpose. The first group are usually associated with some violent action which has set up a very strong vibration in the waves of the ether, murder or suicide for instance. These ether waves will recur either at regular intervals, in which case the ghost appears on the anniversary of death, or alternatively the vibrations are reformulated by the presence of certain people who are themselves so constituted that their own etheric bodies are easily loosened and so supply the added ingredient required to produce a visible manifestation. These people are what we call mediumistic or psychic, and unless safe-guarded not only attract these conditions but may very easily become obsessed by them. A simple form of exorcism is usually quite sufficient to disperse this type of apparition, and the Catholic Church has provided this. The Anglican Church has unfortunately almost forgotten that one of the functions of a priest is to act as Exorcist. But there are still a few individual priests who remember this fact and are willing to perform the Office if you apply to them.

The second class of apparitions is very much more serious. They are actual conscious entities, usually earth-bound human souls which cannot get away from the atmosphere of the earth for one reason or another. These again may be divided into two groups, those who are drawn back by strong attachment or sense of responsibility, and those who either desire revenge for some injury, or are slaves of a physical lust which they have not outgrown.

In the first group we find mothers who have left young children whom they yearn to protect, or husbands or lovers, wives or devoted friends. In dealing with these it is necessary first to get into communication with them, and if possible, reassure them as to the well-being of those they love. Quite often it happens that a young child can actually see the dead mother, but unfortunately foolish nurses or

guardians too often accuse the child of telling lies if it speaks of "the pretty lady." Worse still they frighten the child with ugly ghost stories, so that what should be a source of happiness and comfort to both mother and child is changed into a cause of fear. If nobody interferes then by degrees the link is gently loosened as the child grows older, and the mother is less and less drawn back. Of course it does happen now and then that the mother's feeling is less real love than lust of possession, and then she may do the child harm, but this is rare.

In the case of those who are drawn by the craving for revenge or the gratification of desire, then we can only banish them by the use of some powerful Ritual. Very often it is necessary to prepare by silence and fasting, for twelve to twenty-four hours or even longer. Such an entity will resist the effort to banish it and may even succeed in turning the tables and obsessing the would-be exorcist. It needs both courage and experience to deal effectively with it. You will probably hear Theosophists declare that the neighbourhood of public houses and even butchers' shops is the focus of attraction for those whose craving for drink or some other purely physical gratification persists after death.

There is a certain amount of truth in this. The fresh blood inseparable from a butcher's shop provides a material basis, and a public house where men and women habitually consume alcohol does attract those whose only idea of pleasure in their lifetime was to get drunk. Moreover, a drunk man offers himself as an easy prey. Alcohol taken in excess has a very definite psychological effect. It detaches the astral to such an extent that the man cannot distinguish between the distorted symbols of his own aura and external objects. Hence the delusions of delirium tremens which always take the form of some noxious animal. Drunken stupor like anaesthetics ejects the etheric and thus depletes the vitality. Under these conditions any passing entity may take possession more or less completely of the empty shell of the man's body. Many of the crimes committed by drunkards are the result of such obsession."

I asked how one could deal with these evil creatures. My Teacher pondered for some time before replying and then spoke slowly as though selecting each word with care.

"If you know anything of the theory of vibration you will realise that the whole universe may be described as being in a state of oscillation. Suppose a pendulum is swinging North and South. If you touch it gently it will gradually change its direction first swinging in an ellipse, then in a circle, finally, as you continue to direct it, due East and West. In the same way those vibrations which give admission to evil may be gradually directed into different channels until they form a barrier against the evil and admit only good. It is useless to expel evil unless at the same time you attract the counter-balancing good; if you set out to cure a drunkard then you must have something to offer him in exchange; never begin to destroy until you have a clear cut vision of constructive value.

Above all, never impose your will on another person. Direct your whole attention upon reinforcing his own will. Even when dealing with non-material disincarnate beings first find out what they seek, and then if possible direct them into channels which will help instead of hindering. Do not forget that what seems evil may be intended to act as a warning to evil doers."

He finished up by giving me a few clear and simple directions as to what I should do if I encountered the "White Leddy" again. I was able to test these a few weeks later and found them so effective that the ghost vanished there and then and so far as I know was never seen again. It undoubtedly belonged to what we may call the "photographic type" which was apparently called up by any acute illness in the building. I never discovered the history of it but many, I may almost say most, of the old houses in Edinburgh have some such apparition associated with them.

I suppose the best known is that of Major Weir, the Wizard who lived in the High Street. I never had an opportunity to come to grips with him and I am inclined to think that he is, or was, one of the conscious entities drawn back by his own evil practices.

This talk with my Teacher made a very great impression on me. I began to study these allied subjects with deeper interest, alcoholism, drugs, anaesthesia, possession, obsession, hypnosis, suggestion, the interaction of one human will on another, the interrelation between mind and body. All these things seemed to me to be intimately connected, and to open out a wide field in healing.

More and more I found that my own study and training enabled me to help people who were outside the usual range of medicine. As often happens, however, I failed to apply my knowledge to myself with the result that my own health broke down completely.

My wife had inherited a little money shortly before, and we decided that it would be wiser to leave Edinburgh with its piercing East winds and long grey winter. After a good deal of discussion I agreed to take a complete holiday for a few months, after which we hoped that I could start in London as a consultant.

Chapter XIII

Like many people who have lived at high pressure for years I found it terribly difficult to relax. We took a cottage in a beautiful district in the North. As there were now three children Janey had her hands pretty full. Suzanna was twelve, old enough to enjoy life in the country thoroughly. She was a pretty child with a mop of fair hair and large grey eyes, devoted to her mother but I am afraid rather timid with her father. To tell the honest truth I do not think I was a good father. I had been too busy and too tired to give the children their fair share of attention, and now when I had the time I was too nervy and irritable. I couldn't stand the noise they made, not that Suzanna was noisy, she was a good child, affectionate and companionable, but I was impatient and when I spoke sharply she would look at me with startled reproachful eyes that made me ashamed of myself.

As for the elder boy, Ba as we called him, he was alternatively exasperating and fascinating, all smiles and wiles when things pleased him, but ready to scream himself sick if he did not get his own way.

The baby was a good child; always busy with his own affairs and needing little amusement, but he was delicate and required great care.

What with a sick husband, a delicate baby, an unmanageable son, an adoring small daughter and her first experience of housekeeping in the country Janey had a pretty hard time of it. Luckily our maids, Bessie and Mary, were real treasures, both of them capable, reliable girls, honest as the day and absolutely loyal. I must say I have always been extraordinarily lucky in the matter of servants. From the days of my black 'boys' Mahoom and Capsune, up to the present I have had a succession of kindly, faithful souls who have been real friends.

It was not a happy time. I was ill, and, I must own, thoroughly depressed. I missed my work and our many friends. I studied as much as I could and spent many hours in copying out manuscripts, many of them with most elaborate diagrams. I also continued to write medical and geographical articles, but with the approach of winter we decided that it would be wiser to go up to London without waiting for my complete recovery.

We went first to Midhampton. Janey who was thoroughly tired out took the children to stay with her father and mother. The big family were more or less scattered now; James and Ted were married, and so was Nora, who had gone to America with her husband. She had one boy the same age as Suzanna. Lina was absorbed in good works, and Madge had settled down as housekeeper and caretaker to the old people.

Poor Madge. She had been engaged to a well-known and highly respected Congregational parson, when suddenly he threw her over and married a pretty empty headed girl years younger than himself. It was a terrible blow to Madge who sank into a state of melancholia. Instead of blaming the man she made up her mind that it was all due to her own unworthiness, and from this position none of us could move her. She was always kind and gentle with the children and most anxious to help Janey in every way, but whenever possible she would withdraw to her own room and sit brooding over her imaginary shortcomings and learning pages of poetry by heart.

The youngest boy, Will, was a delicate, weedy fellow, tall and thin. Unlike the elder brothers he disliked the business, and though he was now twenty-seven he had not settled down to anything. Just at this time I heard from an old patient who had gone out to Australasia and taken up sheep farming very successfully. I suggested to Will that he might go out to this man and try how the open air life with plenty of sun suited him. He was delighted with the idea, and after a good deal of discussion his father was persuaded to let him go. I may add that

this proved to be one of the most satisfactory bits of advice I ever gave. Will turned out a most successful farmer, he quite shook off his delicacy, married and had three children.

With Madge I was not so successful. The iron had entered into her soul, and it was many years before she regained some measure of happiness and self-confidence. My own sisters were both living at home unmarried. As I said earlier Lilian had injured her wrist and been obliged to give up the music which she loved. Susan was delicate, and poor little mother blamed herself for this because some years before she had sent Susan to stay at a boarding house where they gave her damp sheets to sleep in. In consequence of this she got rheumatic fever, was very seriously ill, and never threw off the subsequent tendency to rheumatism. She was also subject to attacks of asthma.

And Pater, too, was far from well. He refused to allow me to examine him, but it did not need a stethoscope to tell me that his heart was in a pretty bad condition. And when I asked him point blank he could not deny it. But he insisted that Mother and the girls were not to be told. He said that he intended to retire and thought of leaving Midhampton and settling in some health resort on the South Coast, which in fact they did very soon afterwards.

Bertie, or as he now preferred to be called, Albert, had a good billet as schoolmaster in a well-known school. He was said to be deeply in love with the daughter of a member of the government, people we had known for years. Her family however objected to her marrying an obscure schoolmaster, and in the meantime they had to be content with "an understanding," without any recognised engagement. Altogether it seemed to me that our family affairs were by no means in a happy state nor did I find myself at all at ease among them. I had got used to the freedom of my own home where I came and went unquestioned; Janey was the least exacting housemate you can imagine, always busy, but never too much engaged to give me a hand when I needed it. Mother, bless her, was for ever worrying over her family and seemed to hold

herself directly responsible for everything that happened to them. I could not go out for a walk without a fusillade of questions: "Where are you going?" "When will you be back?" "Wouldn't you like Lilian or Susan to go with you?" "Won't you go and see somebody?" till I was so exasperated that I answered sharply and then there were tears and reproachful looks.

By the end of a fortnight I implored Janey to get some kind of lodging in London where we could be alone. With her usual sweetness and unselfishness she agreed at once, and went off to look for a house. Almost immediately she found a small place out at Ealing, which she thought would do for the time being. We left the children with mother as a peace offering, and went up to Town to superintend the move.

My God! What a lot of mischief good women can do. I loved my mother and sisters but between them they pretty nearly drove me crazy, and I never could stand more than a week among them. They meant so well, and they were so anxious to be kind and helpful but they never could let me alone. They were far better housekeepers than poor Janey; they were intelligent, cultivated, extremely capable women, both Lilian and Susan sewed beautifully, and Susan did what you call craftwork too, wood-carving, metalwork and so on. Neither of them ever married. I have a strong suspicion that Lilian was in love with Gordon; certainly she had a very warm feeling for him, hut he was always too absorbed in his great mission to think of forming any family ties. He remained aloof and detached from the common interests of domestic life. As for Susan she was engaged at one time, but there was a quarrel and the engagement was broken off. I never knew the rights of it but she was an embittered woman, deeply disappointed and unhappy.

Well, we moved into our little house at Ealing. Bessie and Mary came down from Scotland where they had been staying with their own people. The three children came up from Midhampton and with heartfelt relief we settled down in our own home again.

My health was very unsatisfactory however, and it seemed as though I could *not* get a grip of myself. I hated to feel that I was dependent on Janey; my writings did not bring in much money. We all disliked the place, there was no suitable school within reach for Suzanna who was at a boarding school at Eastbourne. Even the maids grumbled that it was too far from shops and buses. We had originally chosen it because we thought it was within easy reach of the meeting-place of the Society to which we belonged, but when it came down to practical facts we found that we had a twenty minutes' walk to the station then a ten minutes' railway journey, and then another twenty minutes' walk. By the time we allowed for the time waiting for a train it was usually an hour's trip either way.

In the end our movements were decided for us, as our landlord died suddenly, leaving his estate in such confusion that all his property had to be sold. The purchaser decided to pull down the row of houses in which we lived, and build in a different style, so we had to turn out.

This time we had gained a certain amount of wisdom. We studied trains and buses so as to ensure easy transit, also I made up my mind that I must have a consulting room in town if we were going to live in a suburb. Then we wanted a girls' school for Suzanna and an infant school for Ba.

Finally we found a house that seemed to meet most of our requirements, beyond Highgate, near a school and a Church, and not far from a station. I secured a room in Henrietta St. and we shook the dust of Ealing from our feet.

All these years I had kept in touch with my African friends. Gordon, of course, had lost his life when I was in Edinburgh, Emin died in 1892, but others still corresponded with me and I had worked out an idea for obtaining Concessions in or near Uganda, and cultivating them.

With this in mind I now proceeded to get in touch with the Egyptian Authorities and before settling into my new quarters I decided to take a trip to Egypt to see what some personal interviews could do. Moreover, my studies had thrown a flood of light on ancient Egyptian history, and especially on the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx. I was longing to visit them again and test this teaching on the spot.

Well, I waited till Janey was comfortably installed, and then I felt I might start on my travels with a clear conscience. To be honest I was consumed by the Wanderlust, which has haunted me all my life and made it hard for me to settle down peaceably to domestic routine. Astrology tells us that the Moon influences our love of travel, and in my horoscope the moon is in Mid-Heaven in conjunction with Uranus who brings changes and strange adventures. Certainly I have had my share of both.

As far as business went I had better have stayed at home. I got no encouragement but was told pretty sharply to let well alone, and in the end I very reluctantly turned elsewhere with my tale of rich lands and hidden stores of ivory. But I seized the opportunity to go out to Mena and pay my long-deferred visit to the Pyramid.

Even yet, however, my time had not come, and I was turned back. I did manage to get to the top of the Great Pyramid, only to fall in the descent. I was more shaken than hurt, but for years after I could not stand on a height without wanting to throw myself over. Then my horse bolted, threw me, and would have trampled me to death but as I lay under his hooves I had a vision of a tall man who seized the bridle and forced the horse back. My dragoman came running up to find me lying dazed but unhurt, and when he helped me to my feet I asked who my rescuer was. The Arabs would not reply at first, but after much hesitation they told me that just when they thought my last moment had come the horse reared up on his hind legs as though a strong hand were forcing him back, but they saw no one near. That puzzled me deeply, but I was too dazed and shaken to think of it more just then.

Next day I again made the trip out to Mena, and this time we did get inside the entrance to the Pyramid, but we had only advanced a few steps when I received a heavy blow on the back of my head. I heard my own voice cry out, and then I fell unconscious. The dragoman managed to drag me outside but it was some time before I recovered consciousness, and when I did I was feeling far too ill to make another attempt.

I see now that I was not ready for the experience which awaited me when at last I did penetrate those mysterious depths, but at the time I was bitterly disappointed; indeed I was astonished by the deep feeling roused in me by the Pyramids and the Sphinx. I still accepted the prevalent explanation of the Great Pyramid as the tomb of the Pharaoh, but my soul knew that this was not the truth; and for some years to come it was as though brain and soul carried on a running argument to which my mind listened.

There was the same dual consciousness at work when I went to Alexandria. I kept seeing glimpses of some forgotten experience, and hearing snatches of conversation. All my old friends had left Egypt. Some had returned to Europe and others had died, and I found myself very much the odd man out. I turned to the Arabs and natives with a sense of relief; my Arabic and Swahili very quickly came back to me and I could talk to these men with an ease and confidence which were sadly lacking in my intercourse with those who considered themselves as vastly superior to any "nigger."

I was sitting in an Arab Cafe one evening discussing Kismet and the influence of the Stars with an Arab Sheik, when an old man came up to us. He carried a leather pouch and a slender stick, and as my friend saw him he smiled and said to me:

"Here is one who discerns destiny, not by the stars but by the sand. Will you listen to him?"

Deeply interested I agreed at once. I had heard tales of these sand-diviners, but had never encountered one before.

The Sheik beckoned to the man and bade him display his skill, whereupon he came and squatted near us, unloosed the string of his bag and allowed it to fall open on the floor. It thus became a good sized round of smoothly tanned leather about twelve inches in diameter and with a heap of fine glistening sand in the middle.

The diviner invited me to hold out my hand with the fingers spread out and the palm hollowed and thus plunge my finger tips into the sand twice; this left a series of dents from which he drew lines with his wand. He then sat poring over them in silence for quite ten minutes, while my friend and I quietly sipped our Turkish coffee and smoked; then the diviner began to speak in an odd droning voice, sometimes using words with which I was then unfamiliar.

As nearly as I can repeat it this is what he said:

"Effendi has travelled far; he has seen many men, black and white. He has lived many lives. He has learned the secrets of the Wise Ones, and has forgotten what they taught him, but he will remember when the Other One comes to him again. She will raise him up and he will stand upon his feet and his head will touch the stars. There is loss, and sorrow, and darkness before him, but afterwards there is joy and light. Unless the silver be withdrawn the gold cannot find room. Go in peace, and the mystery of death and love will be revealed unto you."

As he spoke the last words the heap, of sand slid down with a faint thud, and lay scattered over the leather and spilling on to the floor. The man's chin sank on to his chest and the wand dropped from his hand.

I bent down to look at him and found that his eyeballs had rolled back in the characteristic symptom of epilepsy. I turned to my friend but he merely shrugged and shook his head.

"Leave him, Effendi," he said placidly. "He is in the hands of Allah and will wake presently and remember nothing. Place thy silver on the sand and we will go."

I did not feel quite happy at this proposal, but I knew that Arabs like most Easterns regard those who are mad or epileptic as being under the special protection of God, and no one would steal from them. So I placed a few coins on the sand and we left the Café.

I asked my friend the meaning of one of the words used by the diviner, but to my astonishment he replied:

"I do not know. He did not speak Arabic and I do not know what he said."

I was very much puzzled over this and it was not till some years later that I discovered that the man had spoken Egyptian, the old priestly language which survives in the Hieroglyphic writings. Yet I had understood almost every word and I could remember the sound of those words I had not understood. I wrote them down phonetically and determined to inquire among my friends on my return to England.

Since I could make no headway with the authorities in Egypt I determined to try elsewhere. I was lucky enough to get a berth on a tramp steamer that called in at Alexandria just after I reached that seaport. The Captain was an old Edinburgh patient, and when he heard that I wanted to get back to London but was in no hurry, he offered to ship me as supercargo.

"Pretty rough of course," he said, "but I can give you a fairly comfortable bunk and the skoff is quite good. I have a Chinese cook and he is rather a wonder." Which I found to be an understatement. A really good Chinese cook in my opinion can give a French chef odds and a beating, and this man was one of the best. What on earth he was

doing on a tramp steamer Heaven alone knows. Too fond of pipe dreams to bother with a big job, I suppose.

We took a fortnight to get round to London, and I enjoyed every minute of it. Long lazy days, and nights of dreamless sleep. Good food and good company. The Captain and mate were both shrewd observant men who had been to every out of the way place you can imagine. The Mate was a Highlander and had the "sight," and when he found that I did not laugh at such things he told me strange tales of visions he had seen and voices he had heard. He had the fine manners and beautiful voice that often go with Celtic blood, and another Celtic characteristic, he was as chaste as a girl. On the other hand he drank heavily when he got ashore, and very often had to be carried aboard, and the tipsier he was the more religious he became. Sober he was a quiet rather shy man, but drunk he would have argued about predestination, election, and freewill with the Archbishop of Canterbury if they had met.

I never discovered why Captain Kerr was content to remain skipper of a tramp steamer, but I suspected some tragedy in the past. These two men had worked together for years, and understood each other without need of words. When McLeod was incapable the Captain took over his duties without comment, knowing that once they were at sea he could trust his man absolutely. They both served on a mine sweeper in the War, and were blown up. I think it was the way they would have chosen to go; I can't see either of them settling down to old age ashore.

Chapter XIV

On my return home I plunged into one of the busy periods of my life. I got an introduction to a man who acted as agent to King Leopold, and he took up the matter of African Concessions with enthusiasm. Under the King's auspices he formed a company for importing ivory, rubber, coffee, and various other products. I was appointed medical adviser, and had to vet all the men who were sent out to Central Africa, and I also gave advice on the possibilities of mining and cultivating.

I urged the feasibility of extensive irrigation, and pointed out that if precautions against malaria were taken that disease might be practically eliminated. I also suggested that a railway should be built into the very heart of Africa.

All these ideas have been adopted now, and are in working order; but I got none of the credit, still less the cash.

Years before, I had discussed the advantages of a big dam across the Nile. My ideas were all used in building the Assuan Dam - I am not grousing; the originators of these big schemes very rarely do get the kudos; that goes to others who have the capital to finance undertakings, or the effrontery to push themselves forward. So long as the work is done it does not really matter. Nevertheless if the full history of such undertakings as the great railways, bridges, dams, and highways of the world were written the public would be astonished and sometimes shocked.

It is simply the working out of a Law. You see all great ideas, discoveries and inventions must first be conceived on Higher Planes and then filtered down till they reach the material. In the course of this process these ideas impinge on the minds of those who are open to

such influences, and these minds pick up the thought and bring it down a stage further. As a rule however, those who are most susceptible to these influences do not possess the technical knowledge to work them out. Their part is to seize upon the idea and pass it on. Sometimes this process must be repeated many times before the ideas finally take form. That is why you so often see several people widely separated, each unknown to the other working out the same ideas.

Another curious aspect to this process is that great inventors may work for many years at something which they fail to cast into any practical form. They die, and leave their invention incomplete, and it is thrown aside as useless lumber.

Now those who believe in re-incarnation will understand what I say. To those who do not accept that as a basis my words will sound like arrant nonsense. These people, (Leonardo da Vinci for instance) die with their minds and souls filled with desire to accomplish a certain definite objective, therefore they are drawn towards that plane on which their ideas originated; they spend much of their discarnate interval in following out and clarifying their idea, and in due course they return to earth and attain their goal.

I mention Leonardo because he is an outstanding example. He spent much of his life in the endeavour to construct a practicable flying machine; but to follow out the history of flying we should have to go much further back, even to the days when Atlantis was a prosperous continent. No written history of that time survives but if you study the Akashic records you will see that the Atlanteans had airships which in some respects were far in advance of anything we can boast of today. They were more or less on the lines of zeppelins, but they drew their motive power directly from the atmosphere and were therefore practically unrestricted in range. They elected, however, to use their great powers in the service of evil and destructive forces, and therefore those very Forces recoiled on them and destroyed them. Atlantis was submerged with its civilisation; only a few scattered units survived, in

Thibet, in India, in Persia, Greece, Egypt, and (I think) in Ireland. Concerning this latter I am not sure, but I know that the Celtic Race, the Gypsies and the Jews and probably the Basques are all directly descended from the Atlanteans. But though the Nation and its works were destroyed yet the records remain and are available to those who can decipher them.

The marvels of wireless are teaching men to realise that a sound once uttered goes out into the atmosphere to be carried on indefinitely by the vibrations of the ether. They have not yet grasped the correlative fact that the ether is a sensitive photographic film, upon which everything which happens is recorded. Under favourable conditions these pictures may be developed for a time so that they are visible to such as have eyes to see. Our Lord was not using a figure of speech but stating a literal fact when He said that for every idle word man must give an account on the Day of Judgment.

So it is that even today it is possible to call up and study the records of antediluvian life. It used to be the fashion to scoff at those who maintained that such a country as Atlantis had ever existed, but now quite material corroboration is offered by science in more than one direction.

It is even admitted that a still older land existed which has been named Lemuria. Of this the records are scanty, and hard to decipher because conditions are so different from those with which we are familiar. The very atmosphere was then so saturated with moisture that there was no sunshine as we know it and all life was amphibious if not aquatic.

"I have sometimes caught glimpses of that time," I interposed.

"Queer creatures rather like seals or sealions, moving about in a fog; marshes with rocks rising up here and there, no trees or flowers, stuff like gigantic seaweed."

He nodded. That is about as near as we can get it. The atmosphere was too moist to breathe with lungs, so there were no-sounds; it was a silent world. Any communication was by signs. In fact some of the so called masonic signs in use today are survivals of the signs interchanged by members of a group then.

Well, we have wandered a long way from my story. Let us return to it. I was telling you about my efforts to form a company for importing products from Central Africa.

It so happened that shortly after my return from my abortive trip I met my old friend Mr. Stuart, in the City, and we got into a discussion of business affairs. I told him about my futile efforts to get support for what I felt sure would prove a great business enterprise, and he immediately offered to introduce me to a Mr. Jackson who acted as business agent to King Leopold.

"No time like the present," Stuart said. "Come along now. His office is just round the corner and we are pretty sure to find him in at this time."

So we went off at once, found Jackson in his office and laid my scheme before him. He called in his partner Greatorex, and all three men listened attentively to my account of the country, its products and possibilities.

I told them of a great cache of ivory of which I had heard from natives; of deposits of minerals, of rubber forest, and varied soils. And I even outlined my ideas for safeguarding against mosquitoes and tsetse fly. Lunch time came and Jackson insisted on carrying us all off to his Club where we continued our discussion over an excellent lunch. Then we went to the office where a clerk was called in to take notes.

Jackson said he was crossing over to Belgium next day and he would lay the whole matter before the King. It seemed as though we might get a start at last.

Had I known then all that I learned later of the King's character I would have hesitated over having any dealings with him, but at that time I only knew that he was an extremely able man.

By the time I got back to our new home poor Janey was getting seriously alarmed. We had no telephone in those days, and it was impossible to let her know the reason for my prolonged absence, so she had been imagining all kinds of accidents or sudden illness.

Jackson succeeded in interesting King Leopold, and under his auspices the Anglo-Belgian Company was formed. I was appointed Medical Adviser, and given a seat on the Board with 1500 shares.

Everything looked promising, but I never have had any luck with speculation. I worked hard and received a salary for my medical work, but I never got any dividends worth mentioning. Other companies were formed and large concessions taken up, but wherever the money went it certainly did not come my way.

I had taken a consulting room in Henrietta St. and three days a week I came up to it. Patients came in and I was kept pretty busy but my own health did not improve, and I had a desperate struggle to keep going. It took us over two hours to get from our house to the meeting place so that it often seemed as though I had to spend as much time in a day in the train as though I were going to Edinburgh. We both got heartily sick of it and at last determined to move in to a more central situation.

This was made possible because Janey's father died and left her a legacy, and though it was tied up so that she could not touch the principal which was to revert to the children, still it made a considerable difference in our income, and we felt justified in taking a more convenient house.

By this time the Anglo-Belgian Company was well established, and agents were being selected to go out and superintend the work of exploitation. A great many men applied and all of them passed through my hands for medical examination. Those who passed the tests had to be instructed as to outfit, precautions against malaria, methods of dealing with the natives, and many other details. Practically all this was left to me so with Mr. Stuart's able assistance I made out lists and schedules which were printed and given to the men. I also wrote a booklet on "Health in the Tropics," which was given to them to study, so you may imagine that I was kept pretty busy. I gave a good many lectures too, both medical and geographical, and I found myself involved in more societies than I quite knew how to manage, The Royal Geographical, The Scottish Geographical, The Anthropological, The Ethnographical, The British Medical, The Anti-slavery and others, all of which expected me to attend meetings at least once a month and very often to give addresses at them.

Apart from all this I was working hard at our own private studies and going to the necessary meetings. In this direction things were not going very smoothly. My original teacher was an extremely able man, who held a position in the Civil Service. Unluckily for him he left some private papers in a cab one day, and these fell into the hands of a Government official. Instead of returning them to the address clearly marked on the cover this man took it upon himself to bring the matter up in a quarter where such things were anathema. My teacher received a sharply worded reprimand with instructions that he must resign immediately from the Society or he would be dismissed from the Service. So very unwillingly he had resigned his official connection with us. I think he would have thrown up his position had he stood alone, but with a wife and family to consider he had practically no option.

One of our other leaders went to live in Paris about the same time, and much to my dismay I found myself in the position of a Senior expected to teach and lead while I still felt myself only a novice.

We had sent Suzanna to Germany for a year, and the two boys were both at school, so Janey and I threw ourselves more ardently than ever into all the work that now fell upon our shoulders. We found a house in town that we thought would suit us, and as it was so much more central I gave up my consulting rooms and arranged to see patients at home, which not only gave me a good deal more time but did not leave Janey alone so much.

Chapter XV

Now we come to a part of my life which I still hate to look back upon, though I can see how it fits in to the whole.

Somewhere I have read some lines that stuck in my head though I am not much given to poetry.

"Cheerily know when Halfgods go true gods arrive." But nevertheless we cling to our half-gods and raise a lamentation over their departure.

For some months Janey had been complaining of indigestion and had been eating less and less. But knowing how neurotic her family were I had been inclined to put this down to nerves and overwork. One day we had to go on one of our long expeditions; she had been out seeing a friend who was in great trouble, and she rushed back so late that she had no time for a proper meal. It was a cold wet day in winter, and though she hastily changed into a dark semi-evening dress she certainly did not bother to put on dry shoes and stockings.

I, of course, did not know this at the time, and though Suzanna had returned from Germany she was still too childish to think of taking any charge of her mother. I was busy with patients till it was time to start, and it was not till we were in the train that I noticed how tired Janey looked.

We had a very long wearisome meeting, ending in an unsatisfactory discussion, so that we only just caught the last train home and did not get in till past one o'clock. Janey was shivering and coughing, but she had never been seriously ill and she declared that she would be quite all right after a night's sleep.

Next morning I was called out early and in my absence she was seized with severe pain. Poor Suzanna was terrified and having persuaded her to go back to bed, could only wait beside her until my return.

In those days we had not discovered that the appendix is the source of much trouble. Nowadays a patient in such circumstances is rushed into Hospital, has the appendix out and very often is up and about again in three or four weeks. But then, though I called in the best doctors I knew as soon as I returned, we could do nothing. The temperature went steadily higher, nothing seemed to relieve the pain, and three days later Janey passed away.

I was absolutely stunned, and unable to realise it at first. Suzanna and the two boys might have been perfect strangers as far as I went. I know that I went to the funeral and I am told that I wept by the grave, but it all seems a blur to me. I think I felt very much like a man who has received a knock-out blow on the solar plexus.

I have said that I was not in love with Janey, and that is true. But we had been close friends since we were children and during twenty years of married life she had been my faithful coadjutor in all my undertakings; generous, loyal, uncomplaining.

She had not had an easy time of it, but I don't think she ever grumbled or nagged. At first it seemed impossible for me to carry on without her. Though Suzanna was now nineteen she was still curiously young and undeveloped. I had never made a companion of her and she was too timid to make the first advance. The boys went back to school and presently I began to pick up the threads of my own work.

A doctor cannot give much time to the indulgence of his own feelings; moreover Janey's death made a considerable difference to me financially. Her money was tied up so that though I received a small income the bulk of it went to the children who were all under age. I

found myself saddled with an expensive house and an inadequate income. I was anxious too, about my mother and sisters. They, also, had gone to live in a big expensive house that pater had bought in Bournemouth some years earlier. They had moved into it and settled down quite happily, and then pater died, like Janey after only a few days' illness.

The house was their own, and free of all encumbrance, but it cost a good deal to keep up. Mother was now a complete invalid as the result of a bad fall, so Lilian and Susan were both kept in close attendance on her. Susan too, was very far from strong. She had always been subject to asthma and when she was about twenty-five she had a severe attack of rheumatic fever which left her with a tendency to rheumatism.

Bertie was a schoolmaster in a big Naval College. For years he had been more or less engaged to the daughter of a very well known public man who objected to her marrying an obscure young man with neither money nor prospects. Both she and her sister were extremely plain, though Bertie's innamorata was clever, very witty and entertaining. She now astonished us all by publishing a "best seller," and on the strength of that she asserted her independence and insisted on marrying Bertie with or without her father's consent.

He gave in with the best grace he could muster, and the wedding took place shortly before Janey's death.

Now when Janey died it seemed to me that my life was practically finished. I was then forty-eight years old. I had not had an easy life, but I had had a very full and interesting one. I had worked hard since I was sixteen, and my health was very far from good. I knew very well that I ought to have been pretty well at the top of my profession and making a big income. It doesn't do for a doctor to talk about his patients, but I can say that some of them had been very important personages, and I had made a pretty good job of them. In spite of this, however, my frequent illnesses had caused me to remain comparatively

unknown, and the bitter pill to swallow was that those illnesses were to a great extent my own fault. It is true that I had had malaria and sunstroke as well a concussion, but if I had dealt with myself as I would have done with a patient I would have thrown off the results more completely than I did.

I had been given opportunities and privileges that fall to few men, and I failed to make full use of them. For a time I pretty nearly lost hold of everything. I knew the children were provided for and their various uncles and aunts would look after them; indeed one of the minor troubles of life was that all the aunts wanted to take a hand. One thought Suzanna should go abroad again. Another wanted her to go and live with her. A third suggested something else. Out of pure contrariness I determined to keep her at home and try to make friends with her.

I urged her to learn shorthand and typewriting, to study French and German. I engaged a housekeeper, the wife of an extremely clever and eccentric man who had gone to Canada to study the traditions of Red Indians. This woman nearly drove us both crazy. She had no idea of housekeeping, she couldn't keep accounts, she smoked cigarettes all day long and she talked incessantly in a high-pitched voice that went through my head like a corkscrew.

Suzanna hated her and got into such a morbid, hysterical state that I didn't know what to do with her. So I sent her down to Bournemouth to stay with her grandmother.

Then just as I was about at the end of my tether I met the Superior of a religious Community, a wonderful man. He made me go and stay in a Community House for a month and for the first time I got an idea of real Religious Life; the quiet regular life, the simple food, and the hours of silence and prayer; the wonderful talks with men who had dedicated their whole lives to the service of God. All these brought me to a deep inward realisation of the reality of the unseen. For a time I

felt tempted to enter the Community as a lay brother. I knew I could more than pay my way by giving medical service in return, I even broached the subject with the Superior but he negatived the idea very strongly. He pointed out that my work was in the outer world, and that to run away from temptation was not the way to overcome it. At the same time he assured me that I would always be a welcome guest when I could come up for a few weeks, and he urged me to undergo a course of treatment before resuming practice. I had told him how uncongenial my present household was, and he advised me to leave Suzanna with her grandmother for the present, dismiss Mrs. Bennett and shut up the house, all of which I did.

Mary and Bessie had left some years before, and we now had another equally good and capable housemaid but an unsatisfactory cook. So I wrote to Green and told her to make arrangements for a few months with the understanding that she could come back to us if she chose when I returned.

All this may seem trivial and unimportant, yet it led up to our meeting in the end, and you know how great a part that has played in my life.

I followed the Superior's instructions to the letter; dismissed Mrs. Bennett and the cook, asked Lilian and Susan to keep Suzanna and arranged that Dick should go abroad with a tutor in the holidays. I regret bitterly now that I did not make more searching inquiries about the tutor. He was highly recommended but I more than suspect that he exerted a most pernicious influence over the boys in his charge. Steve the younger boy was quite happy in the household of the preparatory schoolmaster at Margate where we sent him a year earlier on account of his health. He was one of those very fair angelic looking children with flaxen hair, large serious blue eyes and a lovely complexion. Of the three children he was the cleverest and the easiest to deal with; he was always absorbed in some elaborate game which kept him busy and

happy, and he had an equable temper but his health needed care and London did not suit him.

Having disposed of these responsibilities I then wrote to Jackson and told him I would not be in town for a couple of months or so, and thus with a clear mind I said good-bye to the Community and went to the Sanatorium where I was to receive treatment.

I can't say I enjoyed myself there, but it certainly did me good, and I regretted that I had not taken some such steps years earlier. I made several friends, especially the doctor in charge, a clever cynical Scotsman. At the end of two months I was so much better that I decided to collect my household and take up ordinary life once more.

I arranged to have a young doctor as my assistant, a very clever fellow who afterwards went out to India. At first I thought that Suzanna might be able to manage alone, but when I made the suggestion all her aunts united in protest. They said she was too young, too nervous and too inexperienced to be in charge of a big house and her two brothers, so I agreed to find a companion for her.

Now at this point my private studies definitely took direction of my life. Hitherto they had been a source of deep interest, and had undoubtedly helped in my medical work, but otherwise they had been kept apart from my ordinary affairs. By the same post as the letters from Lilian and Susan urging me to engage a companion for Suzanna, came a letter from one of my fellow students which exercised an influence over my whole life.

She said in it: "I was skrying yesterday when I saw you very clearly, then I saw your room in London and a girl or young woman entering. I saw her as distinctly as though she were present in the flesh. She wore a grey costume and black hat. She had large dark eyes, very dark blue I think, not black, dark brown hair, and a very fair clear skin. She was slender and not very tall, and you looked at her and said: 'I have been

waiting for you.' Then the picture faded, but I distinctly got the words, 'Write at once to Hakim, and tell him to ask his Scottish friends for advice; they will send this helper to him'."

Now I was known to all this group as Hakim, and it had also been my nickname among a very small circle in Edinburgh, so the letter made a considerable impression on me. I wrote to the Edinburgh circle by the next post and almost at once they replied that they knew of someone who might just suit me.

You know the rest. They asked you if you were willing to go to a queer old doctor friend of theirs who wanted a companion for his daughter, and you said in effect 'the queerer the better, I am tired of ordinary people.'

END OF PART I

In Memoriam

Fiat Lux

(1917 – 1994)

Per Spiritum Sanctum Reviviscimus

Essay III

INTRODUCING THE ORDER

What is the Order all about? This is for you to discover. The true answer cannot be put into words - it must be realised by the individual personally. REAL-ised. Lived.

Some concept, however, must be given, if only to dispel the host of mis-conceptions that have arisen since the introduction of one of its recent appearances under the popular name of "The Golden Dawn", though it may be said to have incarnated in many places for thousands of years and indeed in many forms. It came to the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Greeks and Arabs in forms which have become part of recorded history. The Orient is credited with its own forms of training, but generally speaking it has been handed down in private for the last two thousand years, a period of very intense bigotry and aggressive fundamentalism not only between the followers of different creeds but between sects within these dogmas. It has been a period of intense dogmatism giving rise to more fear and hatred than ever before, and this fixation on "Truth" as a dogma still gives rise to jealousy and suspicion among those who claim to seek "Truth". "I'm Right - you are wrong" feeds the ego its essential diet. Thus is the human need to Know expressed in popular terms today.

The human need to Know. This common factor among us is still deemed to be an extension of education, erudition, and not knowing is allied - at a deep level - to ignorance, stupidity. Our choice then is reduced to cleverness or stupidity, neither of which has anything in common with the next phase of human evolution.

Dogma concerns erudition, facts, and most people still seek dogma in some form, even on the so-called spiritual Path, and still argue, an intellectual activity, over "teachings" from various pundits of the

supposed philosophy ascribed to the Order by those who have failed to grasp its essence. Let it be said now that there is no doubt as to the sincerity - intellectually, of those who have written books on it and even published versions of the Rituals. They acted in good faith, and at some personal gain in so doing, but they acted in complete darkness as to the essence of the Order. They nurtured their egos on the credulity of others, still believing that erudition was all that is required, that spirituality is an extended education. Not so.

Consider the whole history of this planet from the first sign of life, through each step of evolution to the latest phenomenon produced, *Homo sapiens*. Each perceptible step may be seen as a gradual increase in consciousness. In man the last step has been self-consciousness, which gave rise to reflection, musing, reasoning, all intellectual activities. Thus we come to our present stage as intelligent, self-conscious beings.

We now come to the next stage of evolution. The prime difference in this stage is that we must consciously take the final step. The motive and the activity must come from within ourselves. We have developed Body, Emotions, Intellect, now is the time for the emergence of the Soul, the Love aspect, Beauty, Harmony, and the blending of the individual – as such – with the whole. We develop true individuality which allows the Self to overshadow the ego. The Self is now in, as it were, a dream state in man. Embryonic, the Order is as an umbilical cord through which the Self will take what It needs for Its purpose. Let us not presume to dictate Its fullness from our present intellectual viewpoint. Very great care has been taken to ensure that all the essential elements are kept wrapped in our Sacred Rites, and we must guard these Rituals against well intentioned meddling based on "what ought to be". This has happened in the past. Mistakes have been made. The private speculations of early members have been allowed to appear as official documents. This is dangerous. The Rituals alone are official. Any oral tuition is for the one member concerned and NOT for general dissemination.

This paper is not dogma, it is merely an attempt at the almost impossible task of giving some idea as to the purpose of the Order, as most intelligent people will require, and is wide open for questions. However it would not be possible to enter into an intellectual dissertation on the "modus operandi" of the system but a few general ideas can be implied.

The term Archangel is very old, Archetype is new, but there is a parallel. God, being eternal and unchangeable is yet ACTIVE, and the evolution of this planet is but one of an infinite number of cycles into and beyond manifestation. The Archetypes are, to put it rather crudely, the potential forms which are to evolve here on this earth, from the first DNA molecule to the final goal, and let us not here postulate on that goal. To us this appears to take time, but what fraction of eternity is a few billion years?

We now speak quite freely of Archetypal Images, using the term image in a literal sense. But these Archetypes are Living Realities, not paper plans, and their imprint appears in much of our literature, mythology, poetry and music. Their imprint is inherent in Man and we are tending towards becoming aware of and influenced by these Types, in full consciousness. We are told that we are to grow to "The fullness of the Stature of Christ". We speak of "Christ in you, the hope of Glory". Intellect can only postulate on these words, but their Archetypal Images and their modes of operating are enshrined in our Rituals, hidden from the intellect but ready to transcend it in due course.

We do not promise to confer divinity on you by magic, but by means of Symbol, Ceremonial and Sacrament so to lead you that by steady, patient application you will, in fact as in symbolism stand in the Gateway to Occult Wisdom. No man can do more for you, and you alone can "at length attain to be more than human" in the present concept of humanity. Our Rituals are in the language of the Soul, yet

help to bridge mind and Soul. Let these Sacred Rites ever be performed and received as such.

In most cases members do not need to analyse their motives for carrying on the Order work, it just has a natural appeal and they carry on happily doing the prescribed work without trying to rationalise it too much. These are the ones who generally gain most and who do not expect spectacular results.

Another reaction is to drop out, again without giving any real reason. There is a reason, however, for this, they instinctively become aware that they are not ready for the possibly drastic changes which may occur in them and they revert to the safety of the "known", the familiar. They are probably wise so to do.

Others again rush in enthusiastically expecting some spectacular miracle, and if this does not occur they retire with some bitterness and disparage the Order.

Preconceptions are indeed the greatest hindrance to enlightenment. The student has much less chance of discovering new realisations for and from themselves. Intuition feeds on original discoveries, and the less one knows what to expect the better. Each Ceremony should be a completely new and refreshing field to explore. Authors have done a great disservice to genuine seekers. Those who have read any of their works should put them out of mind as much as possible, starting as from anew, discovering for themselves the true inner worth of the actual personal endeavour and the thrill of discovery which rewards spiritual progress.

Coming thus, properly prepared, one may arrive in their own good time at the Gateway of the true Hidden Knowledge which has never and will never be gained from the written word.

This stage is known as the "Seven Steps of Initiation", a process which arises spontaneously from within one and which must be lived through, not thought out. It is not an intellectual process but a series of inner changes which occur naturally within an individual as the Self takes over from the ego, from what we have always called "I". The Self always was and always will be, it is eternal, but prior to the Seven Steps of Initiation was quietly working behind the conscious activities, guiding the personality through the necessary preparation for this final phase. In a series of waves of realisation we merge our consciousness with the Divine, with That which we always were, but which we had yet to recognise, to Know.

This can be a very trying but a victorious time. Its essence is at once concealed and revealed in the Rituals. One by one certain lines we have often heard light up, pregnant with real meaning. "Oh! So that is what was meant!" All seems simple and clear at last, and totally unlike anything we could have read or imagined. There is a great sense of freedom, release from dogma, opinion, precept. All is fresh and new and obvious and ALIVE.

Yet in opening our spiritual perceptions we also see that all the darkness and apparent strife was necessary, was - and is - part of the whole.

Before this, preconceptions blinded us, we expected the Initiate to be "different", to be obviously exceptional. He is not, because now he sees that all is exactly as it "should be", all is according to the Will of God. All that has changed is the concept, or preconception, of "I". The need for change no longer exists. "All has been consumed and become Pure and Holy".

This is the Summum Bonum, the Stone of the Philosophers. Let us therefore be patient, let us work on quietly through this night of Time, for the morning will surely come. As we hear on first entering the Temple, " - - let me enter the Path of Darkness for peradventure there

shall I find the Light". It is all part of that great Pathway of Initiation. The Path which is as old as time and as new as today. The Path is clearly marked in the Rituals of the Order and in your heart. Together we shall travel that ancient way.

Now as to the actual work involved in the process. Firstly we require a stable personality we can feel will indeed persist with the work for a reasonable time, that is one who sincerely wants to make the effort to discover for himself what lies beyond the personality.

The candidate must expect to work on faith at the prescribed syllabus. Topics include the Hebrew alphabet, elemental astrology, an intelligent interest in the Rituals, a willingness to take part in ceremonial to assist others, an ability to keep opinions to oneself and not to discuss any of the work except with those in charge of studies.

Daily and active meditation on given topics with brief written daily notes sent in so that verbal assistance may be given to keep the work along the required lines. A careful examination must be passed at each stage to see if help is needed.

Each must be prepared to start from the beginning, not allowing previous teachings to interfere with the system, which must be taken and treated as a total entity, though given in sections. It will be some time before this totality is apparent and there will be times when the student is required to synthesise the various topics given for himself. We are here to DISCOVER rather than to be taught.

More generally, the Order exists - and always will - on a higher plane. The membership, especially when taking office, should regard itself as providing a material basis, a body, in which this Higher Order incarnates for the purpose of the further evolution of those who genuinely and sincerely wish to take an active role in the further evolution of Man. We do not make the rules by which It works, we do

observe these rules to the best of our ability. Only by direct personal experience can we Know (a) that it works and (b) how it works. These "rules" or principles are built into the studies as we have received them and it is important that we preserve the system as it is and not modify it with bright ideas from those who do not know it fully.

Every effort has been made to retain the original principles. "And God said 'Let us make Him in our image, after our likeness, - -' " (Gen. 1, 26.). Here is the Great Archetype. Again, Psalm 8, v. 3-5, " - - Thou hast made him (Man) a little lower than the angels - -" The words 'a little lower" could as well be translated "as miniature", and the word "angels" is in Hebrew, Elohim, which is in the first words of Genesis, "God", the same as quoted above in Gen. 1,v 26. "And God said let us make Man - -". The same word.

Many passages in our scripture yield great insight once we learn to see the underlying essence of the Authorised version. Many of the apparent absurdities gain significance with just a little insight into the hidden meanings of the Hebrew Alphabet - we do not have to bother with the complexities of the grammar as each letter has its special significance as a factor in Life. Intuitively we each feel an urge to examine certain words, and learn to increase our intuitive perception, so long as we are trained to do so safely. There is need for caution and this need is covered in the system. What can come alive in us is something very beautiful and wonderful – if we keep to the system as it exists.

That system is something well worth preserving. This our purpose, to restore and to preserve an amazing repository of Wisdom. Of Wisdom - not cleverness nor erudition - innate Wisdom. Our true heritage in the vast scheme of Life.

F.L. 1988

Essay IV

WHAT IS THE GOLDEN DAWN

To answer this question one must first erase a host of misconceptions arising from the considerable amount of literature claiming authority to speak of it - often in derogatory terms.

No member who has successfully used Its methods to arrive at the stage of enlightenment It seeks to engender ever has or ever will try to convey Its essence by words. Those who have written are the failures or renegades of the Order. People who have not passed the stage of ego-building. Some of these writers have cast a lurid veil upon the Order.

The system itself cannot be understood by any who have not experienced its benefits. It is a fact that when properly used it can be said that spiritual growth occurs naturally.

It is a system known to Man at all times and used by the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Greeks right through to modern times. It is not a short-cut to some preconceived goal, it is Nature's way of completing the one short step in evolution that links Heaven and Earth, God and Man, and can only work by the Will of God.

As the stalactite feeds the stalagmite below, so does the Spirit of Man seek to unite with the earthly Man until they meet and form a solid column linking that which is above to that which is below.

By attempting to "add cubits to our stature" by study, intellect, thought, we figuratively try to build the stalagmite by tipping a truck load of gravel on it.

Between our stalactite and stalagmite there may be supposed a "field of force" called the Soul. This is where the Sacred Rites operate, and can only work if they are consistent with the will of the Soul – which ours are if properly applied.

There is no dogma as such. We are not a "teaching" Order. A good grounding in Qabala is essential and this takes time. Much is conveyed by symbolism, and ritual is animated symbolism having a powerful effect. Meditation is a vital activity – as essential as breathing, but few really Know just what we understand by meditation and again it takes time to tune in to our use of symbols in meditation.

We place great accent on silence. Not just secrecy, silence. For as we say "The seed of Wisdom is sown in silence and grows in darkness and obscurity". And again we speak of "He who works in silence and Whom naught but Silence can express". A silence of reverence.

"Seek and ye shall find – knock and it shall be opened to you."

To those who come in humble peace and love, welcome.

F.L. 1988

Essay V

MY ORDER MEMORIES

In 1936 I was living in Opotoki, where my father was vicar. I was invited to accompany my father on the trip to Napier for the Anglican Synod. I found myself billeted at "Whare Ra," with Mrs. and Miss Felkin while my father was with Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Gardiner. At both houses I was asked questions about my spiritual aspirations. The two houses were very close; and I had never met anyone who was seriously interested in me in this way. What books did I read? What appealed to me in them? Was I interested in the Egyptian Mysteries? I sensed a different atmosphere about the place and was intrigued. A few days later I was told that there was a successor to the Mysteries of Egypt using the same basic principles. The Felkins had moved from London where Dr. Felkin was a specialist in tropical diseases. He had died in 1926, but the Group continued to operate. Would I be interested in joining? Of course! The following Monday night I was told to prepare for my Initiation, which greatly impressed me. The ceremony was conducted in the Temple under the house of the Felkins and carried an immense impact on me, leaving me speechless! I was issued with a copy of the Ritual, a "Knowledge Lecture", and some general notes on the Order including the story of the arrival of the Order in New Zealand.

From the beginning I assumed Mrs. Felkin to be the senior Chief. Some time later, I was seeing Mrs. Felkin when she asked me to drop an application for a proposed member over to Mr. Gardiner for his approval. As each member chose a motto in Latin or Greek. This one had selected a motto as "No quest, no conquest." I saw Mr. Gardiner write a footnote on the form "This must never happen again" referring to the English motto. I began to wonder about the senior role of Chief. This was borne out later, when I became an Officer in the Order,

"Demonstrator", in charge of Outer studies and had more liaison work between the Chiefs. Mr. Gardiner had lost a leg due to circulation and Mrs. Felkin had a lame leg, so I had some liaison to do. My respect for Mr. Gardiner grew.

At one session with Mr. Gardiner I asked the sort of ponderous questions used by "smart guys" like me. His simple answer amazed me. Instead of some learned treatise, he simply said "Frank, I never was a clever man." Which I had to accept. At a later interview he told me "Frank, I have finished my work."

I had read a lot from Theosophy on the Masters and asked why he had not withdrawn to some Himalayan retreat where the Masters were reputed to live. His answer, "World Karma" indicating his missing leg. It took me many years to realise his meaning - because of my preconception as to the term "Initiate", grossly portrayed by H.P. Blavatsky, C. W. Leadbetter, Annie Besant, who obviously were cashing in on credulity and the human love of romance. I had once done a course with the "Arcane School" in the notorious "Tumbridge Wells" in England. It taught me to work systematically, a paper had to be sent every month on some topic from the enormous and expensive books by "The Tibetan" and helped in systematic meditation, but had no other value. The Order took it for granted that we would be systematic and independent, in our work, which I was not!

"P.H.", Mr. Gardiner, spoke of the group formed before the Felkins came. From my memory, a Mr. Harold Large was prominent. I later inherited many of his books. A very quiet little man, he was very active in the "Havelock Work" as it was called. They printed a little news-paper called, aptly, "The Forerunner". Mason Chambers, a Quaker, and some of his family were active, George Nelson, Muriel Falconer, Rose Gardiner and many others joined in all sorts of social activity. Mr. Gardiner, with some of the group, founded the "Hawkes Bay Herald Tribune", still a respected paper. Sir Andrew Russell was one of the team, later Commander in Chief of Armed Forces during World War

One. All were highly influential people in Hawkes Bay and successful in business. "The Forerunner" was printed in the local blacksmith's shop. There were no garages then, and the blacksmith was able to fix anything from a carriage to a tray handle. Travel was by horse, roads were laid by use of pick and shovel only. I well remember my first sight of a horse-drawn scoop, forerunner of the bulldozer. Gravel for roads was carried in horse-drawn drays. Few phones, no radio, only very local interest made a close-knit community. Journeys to Wellington or Auckland were usually by boat, taking several days. It is difficult for young people to visualise the sheer hardship of those times, ruled by the sweat of men and horses, not to mention the odd bullock team, but that was life then.

George Nelson, whom I met, knew an old Maori who recalled Captain Cook's visit to Hawkes Bay! George Nelson was in his nineties.

Mrs. Felkin was a very striking woman with clear grey eyes, a ready smile and a love of a bit of fun. She was very deaf, and had a hearing aid with a large microphone on the little table in her room. It got the title of "The Iron Curtain", as she would just not hear any stupid question, but would gaze up into the large deodar tree outside the window, thus letting one off the hook. I would be invited to Sunday afternoon tea about once a month. Ushered in by Mary Felkin and told not to stay too long. Tea was served and the afternoon proceeded until Miss Felkin bustled me out. The visitor's chair was an odd one, said to have belonged to King Charles. We escaped his fate but enjoyed his chair. There was a large and very heavy scarab on her desk, per favour of the archaeologist who opened the Great Pyramid for them, in which the Felkins had spent some time. Toby, her spaniel, was a very heavy dog and as no one had the strength to bath him he managed without. Having been raised as English gentry the Felkins were not good housekeepers.

Miss Felkin, "M.P.", was very well versed in Order matters and an

expert in Tarot. She was not an impressive person, but a bit eccentric. After one remark I heard her say, "I know, I'm as scatty as a rabbit, but that's only one part of me." She took great care of Mrs. Felkin, her step-mother.

Later Mr. Gardiner died, then Mrs. Felkin followed by Miss Felkin - I was a pall bearer to all three.

Archie Shaw was a very dour Scotsman. He knew every aspect of the Order very well. For some years he produced a monthly magazine, "The Lantern" for general consumption. He was always very good at anything he did and became a Chief, but resigned over an incident. This was very unfortunate for the Order. I was asked to succeed him, but in the circumstances preferred to continue as Demonstrator, and suggested Betty Jones. She was duly installed. Ewen Campbell (F.F.E.), when I suggested Betty, said "I hope the office does not spoil Betty", it did.

John von Dadelszen, "A.B.S.". was a solicitor. Everything about John was Just and Upright. He had married the daughter of Reg. Gardiner, who naturally had joined the Order, so John did too. Meticulous in every detail, he made a very good Imperator, in charge of Ceremonial. He and Archie were Wardens when I joined. He handled the legal matters of the Order and of the Mt. Tauhara Estate, being a co-Trustee with me for many years.

Ewen Campbell invited me to his very large home south of Hastings and I became interested in his prodigious work on the Enochian Tablets. He had spent a long time at the British Museum and had a book by John Dee, in hand-set type and many photographs of Dee's work on the Tablets, notable for the number of corrections they contained. F.F.E. had gone to great pains to ensure a correct rendering and had then drawn up the Temple Tablets. From his work I finally made a copy of the Tablets, which we now have. All told it was a very interesting time for me, and I greatly enjoyed working with so able a

man as F.F.E., who held the Grade of 9=2.

There is a gap in these notes between 1936 and 1950. This was because just before my initiation I had become engaged, and later a certain Adolf Hitler decided to change history. I moved from Auckland back to Opotiki in the early part of the war, then joined the Air Force as a radar technician. It was during my term on Green Island in the Solomons that I really made up my mind to get fully into the Order work, and I wrote to Mrs. Felkin to that effect. With a young family after being away so long I worked alone through the Outer Grades. It was very distressing trying to "move into" a family of three kids who did not know me as a father. The real cost of war is seldom seen as it is to a family. I think the sense of sheer futility on an atoll made me look beyond things temporal.

I lived in Opotiki until 1950, when John von Dadelszen rang me to offer a job with the Herald Tribune, (P.H. was a director) and a house. Land Sales Valuation was in force and prices depressed as too low. I took job and house.

Visits to Havelock were expensive and tedious. One bus to Rotorua then another to Napier, then another to Hastings etc. Later on I patented an electronic organ, which sold well but churches trust in God to pay their debts - my kids needed more than faith! But in the course of installing my attachment south of Opotiki I managed to travel via Havelock. For my 1=10 I hitched a ride by car and had to lie along the "running-board" working the petrol pump by hand through snow drifts. The road then did not go down the present valleys but up over three ranges of mountains with narrow gravel roads. I arrived at the Temple only half an hour before the ceremony – dirty! My "Earth" Grade. Miss Felkin told me it was quite normal to have trouble getting to a Grade. It always happened! Usually due to underfunding on my part.

In these days of less than an hour from Auckland to Napier, younger folk cannot possibly imagine what road travel was like. During the war, no maintenance had been done on the roads and speed was a no-no. There were no Warrants of Fitness, so break-downs were frequent. I once had to flag down a car to get me the last thirty miles to Napier – and the occupants were very drunken. We hit a bank at the Mohaka bridge and I said the front spring shackle had broken so they eased speed. No tar seal then outside the cities. No wonder I jumped at the chance to move to Hastings!

For the move we went by car with a collapsible caravan, whose main hobby was collapsing. On arrival, squatters were in the house and it took three weeks for the bailiff to get them out. Archie Shaw loaned me a tent and we lived in the camping ground. One Sunday we saw a very black cloud approaching, with a lot of noise. It was the worst hail storm I have ever seen. Archie's tent was in ribbons, as was the fabric roof of my car. We arrived at the von Dadelszen's who had missed the hail and could not believe the size of the hail-stones which were by then melting through the cloth lining of the hood. The hail-stones were hexagonal, up to six inches long and pointed. Nearby glass-houses were wrecked. We were billeted out for the night. We had some fun getting to Hastings, but made it!

I was then at the 4=7 stage, and found plenty to do at Whare Ra. I soon became Keeper of the Scrolls taking over from Miss Felkin. The papers were in a terrible mess. I made a catalogue listing every paper and the quantities held. There was no record of papers issued, so I did not know who held what. I found some copies with hopeless Hebrew in them, and was loaned Dr. Felkin's Rituals to check the diagrams and Rituals. Quite a job, but it impressed me with the need for clear Hebrew. I cleaned and painted Implements and Lamens in the Temple, learning much about the details of these things. Diagrams faded and paint worn on Implements. Quite a few papers had to be burned as bad copies, others re-written. I was constantly in Office as anything from Sentinel to Hierophant, and became one of the "Portal Team". We had

a special team of experienced Officers for the Portal Grade in which good officers are important and rehearsals take much time. I was also asked to take an interest in some members who were having difficulties, which I enjoyed. Working six days a week on the paper, refurbishing my house and odd jobs at Whare Ra kept me very busy and happy.

Having finished the practical work of the 5=6 Grade I was asked by Mrs. Felkin to take over the job of Demonstrator, normally a 7=4 job. I was surprised to find how little many people had done in their Grades and how lacking in real appreciation of just what was necessary in the way of both study and meditation. Most were very eager to do the work after a few talks, but one whom I had always suspected of skimping the work asked me to give him the 5=6 Grade. I knew he was by no means ready so asked him a few questions. He had no hope of making any use of the Inner work so I refused. He threatened to have me sacked from the job! I told him he would not be able to handle the work intelligently, but he stated he was "going through" and that sooner or later he would be told all the answers! This was not an uncommon attitude, the product of wishful thinking and lack of real interest. True, the Revelation is magical, if deserved, but it only comes from within oneself, it cannot be either given or denied. Certainly nothing will come uninvited by activity, the only sign of real motivation.

We bought a nice little rotary copying machine on which I put out the monthly Wardens' Letter, succeeding Mrs. Felkin's monthly news-letter. On it I produced some fifty copies of the "Sepher Yetzirah" by Wynn Westcott. Betty Jones did the copying, so the typing was better than mine. It is the sort of thing one can frequently refer to. Every Ritual contains quotes from it and it is the nearest thing we have to any form of text-book, apart from the Bible. Hand copying is much better for Grade papers as a way of impressing the contents in the memory.

"Whare Ra" was the first reinforced concrete building in Hawkes

Bay, and built by a well known architect, Chapman Taylor – very solid, Australian hardwood, Jarrah, was used for beams and the doors, all being adzed. The hinges were heavy iron, the latches of wood, the windows iron framed. The "Big Room" had exposed beams, Jarrah, giving a very pleasant old-English effect. There was a large hardwood table, hand carved chairs and mantle-piece. Under each gable of the tiled roof was a "Tau Cross" window. The big earthquake of 1931 did no damage whatsoever. Except that the Black Pillar, being top-heavy fell on the paw of the black sphinx on the north side of the steps to the dais in the Temple below the house.

Sound though it was, the actual edifice of Whare Ra had problems. The north wall was all below ground level. Ventilation ducts were built in, surfacing at each end of the Temple. Possums used to find their way into these and cause problems, especially if they died there. Seepage from below the drive soaked through that wall and we had to make concrete channels to drain it, but they were ineffective in really wet weather, so we had to call bucket brigades to mop up the water or get mildew in robes, diagrams and cushions. The only remedy was to seal the outside of the wall, not practical then, and paint applied to the inside was merely lifted off by some ten feet of pressure: nowadays concrete can be made waterproof. Ivy on the walls would creep under and lift the tiles. Drains would become blocked by roots or dead leaves. There were many rush calls to bail out the Temple.

There was a large room at one end of Whare Ra which was equipped as a flat. A bed, dining table, desk, small stove etc. It was spacious and very pleasant. I used it when coming from Opotiki for a Grade. It opened onto a wide veranda looking north over the garden Mrs. Felkin loved so much. Some members used it for quite long periods while taking a Grade of the Inner Order.

At that time Whare Ra was on the outskirts of "the village" and once out of the five acre grounds one was in open country, with plenty of long walks in the country. The 5½ acre section had been developed

mostly in special trees. Havelock can be very hot and dry, so a fountain had been added in the form of a Water triangle to give Elemental balance. It was in a little valley behind the house, along with a large rose garden. There was always a red rose for the Altar. This valley had got a bit overgrown when I knew it, but it was good for a ramble. The Felkins found the big house cold so added "the annexe", a two-storied wooden structure. Now this annexe has been moved several sections west of Whare Ra. There was also "the cottage" built for a gardener, then used by an Order member. A number of members had built near the property.

Bees swarming in the many chimneys were a problem, as were possums getting in the roof and boys with pea-rifles in the section. M.C. slept on an open porch on the top floor until June each year, then we moved her into the large bedroom overlooking the garden.

When I joined Whare Ra was then about twenty years old. The whole area is now filled with houses and Whare Ra is not visible from the road. All Mrs. Felkin's beloved trees are gone, but it will take a lot of work to destroy that house! Goodness knows how the present owners explain the Temple to their friends. That would need quite a bit of ingenuity and I guess there are plenty of myths now being formulated about it. Much of the furnishings were burned.

The Pillars were too big and finished up at the O.T.R. hall. The Pillars must have been turned on a special lathe, they were about 40 cms thick at the base and had intricately carved capitals. Being very heavy they were on castors for mobility. Some things were very valuable, the Cup of the Stolistes was solid silver.

When the Jones's moved into Whare Ra it was in a poor state internally. Volunteers had calcimined the walls with more vigour than skill. Paint had splashed on the jarrah beams and doors. The carpet was very worn and the place looked shabby. Ray Jones patiently cleaned all

the woodwork, stripped the white-wash and painted the walls, restoring its beauty with great love and skill. He also restored the heavy wooden furniture.

Chapman-Taylor had designed the place on monastic lines, with "cells" rather than bedrooms. A large reinforced concrete slab was built as a bed-side table. It was inconvenient, despite its marble top. I helped remove one of these. It was very solid with plenty of iron re-inforcing. A seven pound hammer left little impression. We got it out over several week-ends but left the others in situ. God help whoever tries to demolish Whare Ra! It was a first in reinforced structure – it may last, like the pyramids, for ever!

The atmosphere in the Temple was very striking, even when not in use. At a ceremony, the candles and the incense, the robed figures, quietly gliding about their preparations was wonderful. At Equinox, M.C. usually gave a brief address on the meaning of the new password. No other addresses were ever given. The Temple was strictly for Ceremonial only. Meetings were held in the "Big Room" above. The week-end before Equinox all hands came for Temple Cleaning. New candles were set in place, wax cleaned from the floor, walls brushed down, robes washed, starched and ironed and the "Big Room" and wide veranda cleaned. M.P. once said to me "Just go into that room." There I found all the clean robes hanging – it was quite an experience. We enjoyed that part of the Order life, we brought our lunch-pack and ate it on the veranda, exchanging gossip and sharing in the joy of membership, a great privilege indeed.

We kept in touch with the Bristol Temple until it closed. Their Chiefs came out for a visit before I moved to Hastings. Nancy Hobson, later a Chief, paid a lengthy visit to Britain visiting a number of members. She wrote several letters about this to my sister, Joan, but that was over 50 years ago and I was very green. I was never very worried about Order history, what I had was enough for me.

I was sometimes struck by the difference in Ceremonies due to different candidates, especially when I was Hierophant. The first ceremony I took was a 3=8, and at one stage I felt as if I was doubled up. I reported this to M.P., who asked if I had finished my Implements. I had not. "Then you shouldn't be Hierophant!" I had not asked for the role so was unaware of the problem. She also told me that if ever one felt anything as an officer one should never hold it back but just let it through as impersonal. I did so in future and had no more trouble. A point for future Officers! Don't take cosmic forces as personal, just let them flow. There are many, quite impersonal or they could seem destructive.

There are a number of little practical matters best brought about by practice. How to handle the book of Ritual while holding Implements, quite tricky at times. How best to guide a candidate in movements, some are very irresponsive with nerves. Nerves can play a surprising part until one is really used to ceremonial working. Some officers almost freeze up until accustomed to the work. Dadouchos has to be careful to keep the Censer just alight. It is disturbing to have to relight the censer or a candle during a Point, sometimes best just left alone. Some people just could not handle office-bearing, to their loss. Setting fire to robes is another hobby best avoided, but modern synthetics are chancy. We had linen robes, which crease badly and need starching. Our tetrahedrons on the P's were made of paper and sometimes flamed up. We also tried some early plastics which wilted with the flame inside. Small torch bulbs with built in batteries would save this, but for all other purposes candles give a much better atmosphere. Little "night-light" candles sometimes used to keep coffee or food dishes warm are best in the Enochian Tablets or on the Altar or Kerux Lamp. Ordinary candles for the Officers stations or beside the altar.

Heating was a problem in so large a space. We had to keep heaters out of areas where Officers walked. We had some old black kerosene heaters, rather smelly, a couple of small electric heaters on the floor and

an open fire on a hearth at the west end, with just a hole in the wall for the smoke, not very effective. Wall heaters would be too obvious for some purposes. Mostly we just wore very warm clothing. One night a new member lit the fire early but did not heat the chimney by burning some paper in the hole in the wall – result, smoke you could not see through and watery eyes for all.

Generally speaking there was little social interplay among members. Each lived his own life and went his own way. The annual meeting was the only time members gathered, and then mainly financial matters were discussed. Study was essentially an individual matter. At times two people may have a common interest for a little while, but only for a short time when again each developed along his own way. We kept Monday nights free for rehearsals or ceremonies, otherwise we lead very mundane normal lives.

During the 1960s Alistair Wallace got in touch with BOTA and sponsored Ann Davies on a visit to New Zealand. I went to some of her meetings. I liked Case's work and had some dealings with his wife, who seemed a very sincere person. Alistair Wallace was a successful insurance agent. He started a BOTA branch in Auckland and some of our members followed him. Ann came with the attitude that she might accept Whare Ra back into the True Fold provided we dropped the Enochians. She obviously had no idea of our modes of using the Rituals. I spoke with her several times. Case had written a long correspondence course on Tarot – I had not realised then that one's own interpretation, or the process of formulating it, was what matters. When one is thirsty enough, the answer just flows as it did when Moses struck the Rock with his staff in the wilderness. But we must enter the "wilderness" first, and know true thirst. "The Stone of the Wise," "The Philosopher's Stone, "the Cubic Stone" or "Perfect Ashlar" of Masonry has great meaning. Contemplate the word "stone" in Hebrew. The "Waters of Chesed" are in it. "Moses" in Hebrew is very like "Messiah", an expansion of the same Word. Study it well, in all its settings. Likewise the Hebrew word "Stone" as it occurs throughout

scripture, philosophy and mythology.

Some time after the Temple was closed I moved to Waiheke Island until a cancer of the kidney reduced my activity and I came into the Masonic Village. During my life at Waiheke I realised that I was in a position to re-found our beloved Order. I had to locate as many papers as possible. Mostly these were not in good condition, so I had to retype everything. There were those in Whare Ra who seriously tried to modify our system. Some were erstwhile friends of mine. Thank God the Chiefs stood firm. What I have been able to pass on I hope is pure and undefiled. Let us keep it so. To the best of my ability I have kept things as they were in about 1920. Since then various people had altered bits they could not understand.

I feel that my work is nearly finished.

F.L. 1990