

It is impossible to prove that these discourses on after-death states did not originate in her own unconscious mind. In any case, they are worth reading for their suggestive and clearly expressed account of the states, or "planes," through which the human spirit is asserted to pass on its long journey towards the final state where time and space are transcended. Particularly worth attention are the references to the grouping of souls to form the vehicle of one spirit; and to the bearing of this conception on reincarnation and "Karmic debts." These are somewhat esoteric ideas seldom found in spiritualistic literature; and the whole book—which includes also some unusually detailed comments on the technique of mediumship as it appears to communicating entities—is much above the level of most of the many scripts similarly received. It is most certainly the work of a cultured and thoughtful intelligence—whoever its author may be.

AN INDIAN MONK : His Life and Adventures.

By Shri Purohit Swami. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

In an introduction of some length Mr. W. B. Yeats compares in importance the "Gitanjali" of Tagore, written twenty years ago, with this book in which Shri Purohit Swami tells simply and without stressing too much the philosophical aspect, of his childhood, his life at the university at which he took his degree, and his struggles mental and moral before deciding to forgo the lure of an ordinary prosperous, material life and obey the urge of the inner self towards the higher spiritual path. He gives us a faithful record of years of meditation, of contemplation, leading to illumination and to still greater heights. For nine years he wandered throughout India, houseless, with a begging bowl, under vow to ask for nothing but food, dependent on the bounty of the devout, and finally in obedience to a command considered by him to be imperative he came to England on a mission, not professing to be propaganda, but free from caste, creed or religion, to relate his experiences in spiritual development in order to help those who might also be striving to realise the divine—for *realisation* is a different matter to intellectual perception.

Reference to Yoga and the mysteries lying behind never fails to arouse a curiosity that is not likely to be satisfied without long and earnest study, many years of patient endeavour and experience, and the good fortune to find the necessary teacher. The Swami tells us that Yogi means 'yoked with God, that is, one who has so controlled his mind as to render it both open and obedient to divine influence.' To attain a perfect control of mind, control of the physical body is also a necessity and the road along which the Holy man of India must travel before he reaches his goal is long and steep.

It is of this road that the Swami tells us. From the family life of an Indian boy of good caste to the final renunciation of all family life he writes simply, with no sensational embroidery, convincingly, and although the Western mind may wonder if a self-abnegation that may even involve ill-health be an important essential to the advance of mankind, if the end be a radiation of spiritual influence in a material world, who is to say what part it may not play in the great scheme of final unification? To the West with its urge towards action, the way of the Yogi may make but little appeal, but were the wisdom of the East to join hands with the vigorous energy of the West then indeed might men be as gods!

Throughout the book there runs a background of limitless time at disposal—of no need for haste. Years with the disciple count only as the sum of achievement. It may be that when the belief has held sway for many centuries that a man has not one life only but many in which to make good, a tendency to regard time as of no value may be a natural sequence. Linked with this attitude of indifference towards what we in the West are inclined to look upon as a commodity not to be wasted, is the fatalism of the East, the passive acceptance of *kharma*, even in

CHRISTOPHERS

PEACE PATROL

By LT.-COL. STEWART RODDIE, C.V.O.

With an Introduction by Sir Almeric FitzRoy

For several years after the War the author was engaged on special missions all over Germany. Having an intimate knowledge of the country, its language and its public men, he enjoyed unique relations with all classes from discrowned sovereigns to the underworld, and he has given a picture of the period which no other writer has been in a position to present. There is indeed hardly a person of importance in Germany whom he did not know and write about.

Illustrated

15s. net

PURPOSE AND ADMIRATION

A Lay Study of the Visual Arts

By J. E. BARTON

In this book Mr. Barton has developed the ideas which he outlined in his B.B.C. Talks in the spring and in his accompanying pamphlet on Modern Art, of which 30,000 copies were disposed of before it went out of print. He gives in terse, lively sentences an account, which is essentially for the general reader, of the progress of the arts which appeal to the eye, bringing it down to our own day, when the use of new material and mechanical processes hitherto unknown have given an impetus to painters, sculptors and architects to express conditions which are entirely novel.

The illustrations are remarkable and add greatly to the value of the book.

44 illustrations

10s. 6d. net

THE MAKING OF THE CORPORATE STATE

A study of Fascist Development

By H. E. GOAD

Director of the British Institute, Florence

"An extremely valuable book. I have seen none which gives in a short compass so clear a view of what Fascism is."—*News-Chronicle*

5s. net

A PERFECT CHRISTMAS PRESENT

MRS. LUCAS'S FRENCH COOKERY BOOK

By ELIZABETH LUCAS

A wonderful collection of recipes, simple and economical, for the preparation of French dishes by a practised artist, which it is also a delight to read.

"By far the best treatise on Cookery I have ever read in English. Every trousseau, simple and sumptuous, should include it."—*Observer*

Third Edition

6s. net

22, Berners Street, London, W.1

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

the matter of worldly affairs, which certainly does not accord with our own ideas of self-development through the eternal struggle with environment.

For those who look for signs and wonders there is the story of the path by the river Vyāsa Gangā, the mysterious disappearance of the mahātmā, and other incidents, given as examples of Yogic power. But that is not the purpose of the book. I doubt if there be a purpose in the usual acceptance of the term. It is an absorbing and faithful record of a great soul in quest of the realisation of the divine Spirit within, and to either East or West should be read with vivid interest.

ROSE CH. DE
CRESPIGNY.

OXFORD GARDENS

Oxford's College
Gardens.

By Eleanour
Sinclair Rohde.
42s. (Herbert
Jenkins.)

It is a sad thing that the history and antiquities of gardening must be written in the terms of book rather than of living flower. Here and there in cottage garden some old-fashioned form of rose, some plant long fallen from favour lives on, waiting for the eye of the curious gardener such as Miss Rohde or Mr. Jason Hill. Even in Oxford, where gardening has been pursued from the Middle Ages, from the days when the great Abbey of Oseney was built on the ground now covered by G.W.R. goods yards, there is little living antiquity. Strange plants in the physic garden which Miss Rohde describes so well cannot be counted; and even if they have set a bed of pink and white dittany at St. John's, Miss Rohde cannot pass from college to college without sighing for camomile lawns (still planted, she says, in the grounds of Buckingham Palace) or a "knot" garden of the kind that once adorned New College. One can see it in the plate reproduced from William's "Oxonia Depicta," which shows the college arms and the sundial all grown in box. Fashion is always ruthless to gardens, lacking as they do the substantiality of stone. Just as the knot garden of New College was destroyed in Southey's days, so the fine formal garden at Wadham was swept away when the romantic landscape came into fashion, and relaid by a pupil of "Capability Brown." Yet, as Miss Rohde declares, in so many of these old formal gardens

we have lost designs which accorded perfectly with the buildings they adorned, continuing their lay-out as such a good architect as Miss Scott continues it around the new Shakespeare theatre at Stratford. But Miss Rohde's book is not one long sad complaint for times past. In Oxford all antiquity is contemporaneous; from the ragwort in New College Lane to the acacia in the tiny and perfect garden quadrangle of St. Edmund Hall (Miss Rohde has a tear for the destruction of the old Principal's Garden which

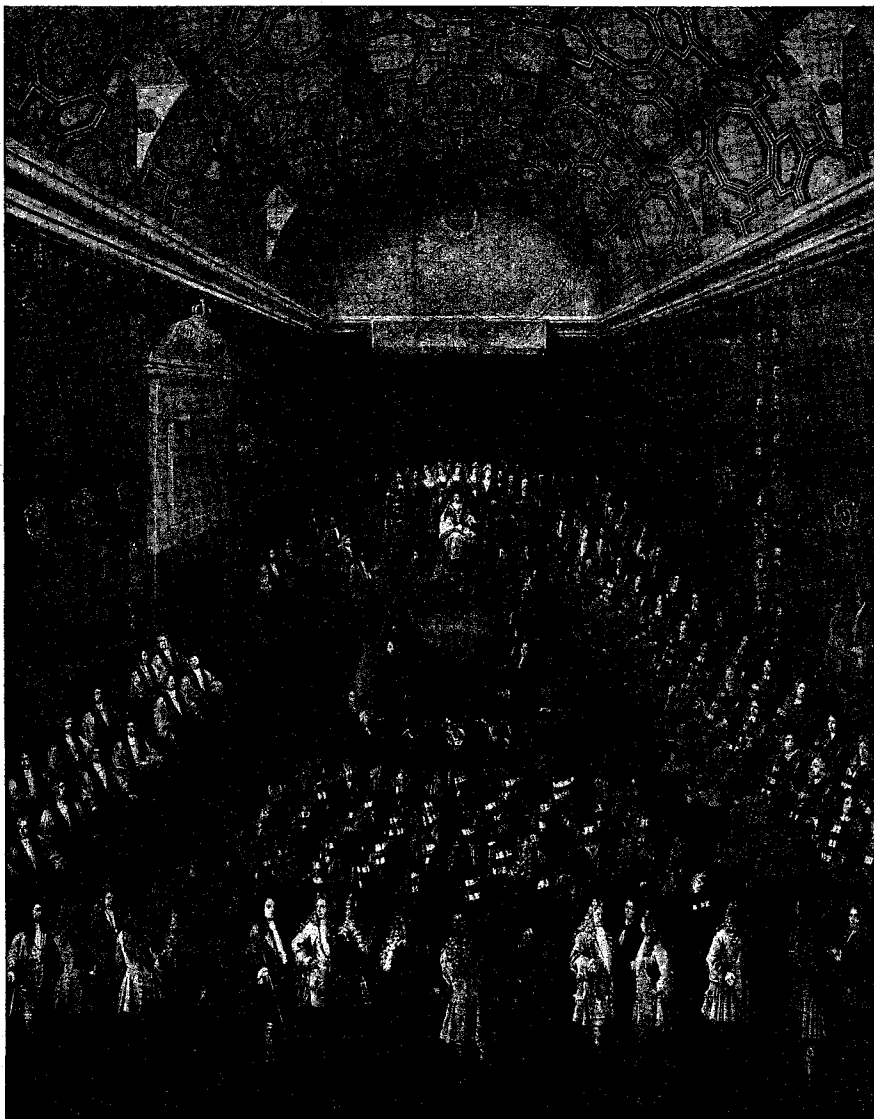
lasted through the long reign of "Dante" Moore whose beard and whether he slept with it inside or outside the counterpane was so fertile a debating subject to Aularians of an earlier day), from the Judas tree in the Warden's Garden at All Souls to Heber's Horse Chestnut or Dr. Kennicott's fig tree at Exeter (Kennicott, an Exeter fellow of the late seventeen hundreds, labelled one of its nearly ripe figs "Dr. Kennicott's Fig." Label and fig were removed by an undergraduate who left another note, "A fig for Dr. Kennicott"), from the Magdalen elms to the *Raimondia Serbica*, sent by Mr. Cowley from Albania for the rock garden at St. John's or the *Silene acaulis* brought back by the Vice-President from Iceland (did he also bring back the purple saudermerger

sheep's marrow?); from oldest to newest, Oxford offers inexhaustible treasures to the enthusiast for border, tree and lawn.

Miss Rohde makes of them a delicious miscellany. She is learned; to say in *THE BOOKMAN* that she knows early garden literature through and through would be superfluous; but she also knows Oxford literature through and through, and Oxford talk and Oxford tradition, as they touch upon Oxford gardens.

If she has missed a quotation from Gerard Hopkins (in "Dun Scotus Oxford") which almost writes her whole book in a single line, she has missed little else; even the gardens of St. Hugh's, Lady Margaret Hall, Somerville and St. Hilda's which are hardly absorbed yet into Oxford, are given their chapter; and throughout Miss Rohde does well in avoiding the easy catchpit of sentimentality.

G.E.G.



From *Ramillies and the Union with Scotland*
By George Macaulay Trevelyan
(*Longmans*).

QUEEN ANNE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.
(From the picture by Tillemans in Kensington Palace.)
Bishops on the left. Armada tapestries on the walls.
(Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the King.)