

IMPORTANT NOTICE

VISION FOR JANUARY
1920

Will commence the second volume, and will be enlarged to Demy 8vo, the size of the Poetry Review, and will be set in new type.

The features that have given Vision an unique place in periodical literature will be maintained, and the editorial programme will be extended.

The price will be raised to 9d., annual postal subscription 10/6, but present postal subscribers will not be surcharged. As co-workers with the editors and publishers, they are asked to continue to extend the subscription list on the new basis and to make Vision a still more powerful formative influence in an anxious world.

At 9d. Vision will remain a comparatively low priced magazine, economically only practicable if and when the circulation is more than doubled.

THE PURPOSE OF VISION

OUT of the chaos of warfare has arisen the need—and consequent longing in the hearts of men—for reconstruction: in every field, whether it be that of politics, health, education, international relations or religion, there is the same search for a way of escape from the crystallisation of form that is the prison of spiritual energy.

The ideal of Spiritual Reconstruction has fired the minds of many thinking men and women: it is realised that the old forms must go so that the new life may find channels and ways less circumscribed and bound. Yet experience teaches that change must be constructive and not merely destructive, for too drastic and revolutionary an upheaval—in matters spiritual equally with those material—often creates conditions that are worse than those from which escape has been made. "We fly to evils that we know not of."

There have been many strange consequences of the war, and perhaps two of the most significant are the reawakening of interest in things mystical and the emergence of the poetic instinct that has lain long buried in the heart of the nation. It would seem that the spirit of man has revolted against a materialism that imprisoned him as the pine wherein Ariel languished for uncounted years, bound by the spell of Sycorax, the witch-mother of the hated Caliban. How *The Tempest*

typifies the age-long struggle of the soul for her winged freedom !

This reaction has awakened a longing for vision in many whose eyes have been sealed, and has brought definite mystical experience to yet many others in whom the spirit was but lightly sleeping.

It is then for a very definite purpose that this magazine has been brought into being, for its aim is to bring vision where vision is needed and to seek the hidden gold that Divine alchemical processes are perpetually transmuting from the dust of earth.

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Its endeavour also is to offer a contribution to the great Spiritual Reconstruction that must rise out of the broken form of the past, and to outline and review the various phases of mystical experience of many who have been flung into the crucible of war.

The war has focussed the thought of the people upon the world invisible to an extent undreamed of five years ago, for the ordinarily accepted terms of belief and vague theories as to the survival of personality have not sufficed as a means of consolation and hope to thousands who have been brought face to face with death in its crudest and most terrible form. The loss of all that was held dearest, or even the fear of such loss, has driven unnumbered men and women to weigh and measure the value of their conception of the future life, and in the weighing many a theory has been cast out as valueless.

There is scarcely a family, or even an individual, whom separation has not touched, the hand of suffering has

lain heavily on nation after nation, everywhere has risen the cry for "Light—more Light," so that the survival of personality and the eternal nature of the spirit may be proven for those who have not yet passed through the great waters "unto shoreless space."

There are few who have not lost relation or friend, there are none who have not sickened at the casualty lists—momentary records of heroic passings—the soldiers themselves have been brought daily face to face with death in all its significance and tremendous import—a new note has been struck for, and a new experience undergone by all fighting men, whether they rank among the lists of survivors or the fallen.

In what way, one asks, will this affect the thought and vision of the people? Will there be a reaction towards an even denser materialism, or has a new orientation been established so that man sees himself as spirit wearing a body, rather than as a body in possession of an ethereal something labelled "soul"?

As a present result of war, too recent to be viewed in true perspective, there is an eager seeking for proof of survival after death, and following upon that, of contact with those for whom the cage-door of the body has been opened and the spirit set free.

This eager search is undertaken by many who have no conception of the laws conditioning such manifestation, and whose only passport is a love that seeks to brook the earthly separation. They are ignorant of the dangers that hedge investigation on every side, and of the trivial phenomena and fraudulent imposture that are the pitfalls waiting to entrap the unwary. In all scientific

investigation certain knowledge is requisite, and nowhere is it more needed than in the domain of psychism.

Too often those who seek assurance of the survival of personality choose the easiest way and frequent the séance rooms of paid mediums, forgetful that if money be accepted for the exercise of a psychic gift the probability of fraud is necessarily increased. Again and again mediums whose genuineness has been proved under the strictest of test conditions have fallen back upon trickery when their powers have failed them. Even Eusapia Palladino and H. P. Blavatsky did not escape the accusation of fraud, which has in fact been labelled with a measure of truth against almost every medium of considered powers.

Unfortunately *Raymond* and books of a similar nature have given a great impetus to the popularity of mediums, and the advocacy of Sir Oliver Lodge has brought into undue prominence the clumsy method of "table-tilting" as an alleged means of communication with the unseen in spite of the small veridical evidence obtained.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's experiences at a séance in Wales a couple of months ago and the subsequent publicity given by the Press to the "flying tambourines" and other phenomena there witnessed by him have laid an emphasis on the lowest forms of psychic phenomena which is altogether out of proportion to their value, although it is only fair to say that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his book *The New Revelation* has deprecated such over-emphasis. His experiences have been exploited

in the Press as marvellous and out of the ordinary, when it is common knowledge that as long ago as 1726 similar poltergeist phenomena were everyday occurrences in John Wesley's household, causing serious annoyance to his family, and that again in 1848 at Hydesville the constant disturbance of furniture caused the Fox family to start experiments which were the first significant beginnings of modern spiritualism.

Yet although Sir Arthur deprecates this concentration of attention upon the séance room he has obviously had recourse to mediums himself and evinces trust in them, and it is to be feared that his book will incline many to seek mediumistic communications with those whom we label "dead."

"Flying tambourines" are of interest solely from a scientific point of view: they carry no proof that has not already been established, but as Mr. Arthur Hill has pointed out, "the very people who clamour for proofs have as a rule never taken the trouble to examine the copious proofs which already exist."

Anyone interested is recommended to read Crawford's book *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena* and to study the long series of poltergeist disturbances that have been recorded since the time of the Fox sisters down to the recent Cheriton case described in detail in the appendix of *The New Revelation*, rather than to seek for themselves proofs which will probably be of less evidential value.

Such manifestations are of no practical aid as a means of gaining spiritual knowledge as their appeal is purely scientific, demonstrating the operation of certain forces,

or else perhaps betokening the childish pranks and sometimes mischievous interference of undeveloped "spirits" who are still allied to earth conditions.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle advocates automatic writing as a method of getting in touch with after-death conditions in preference to the clumsier method of table-tilting, but it should be pointed out that mediumship carries with it more than an element of danger, inducing as it does a condition of receptivity that is responsive to every influence whether of good or evil. It is a condition closely allied to that of hypnotism, and much damage, mental, moral and even physical, may be wreaked upon the unfortunate "mediums" who yield their control to that of an unknown will.

Yet everywhere proof is demanded of the indestructible nature of Spirit and of the reality of continued communion between those who love despite the severance of the Body.

Where may that proof be found, if not in the séance room or by the entranced hand of the medium?

It is one of the purposes of this paper to strive to point out the "more excellent way," and to bring forward with all earnestness the fact that it is not by playing with forces of which the experimenter knows nothing and encountering often discouragement and at worst grave danger in so doing that the real meaning and purpose of spiritual communion is established.

Physical phenomena and automatic writing have their place, but they give little evidence of a spiritual philosophy. Although they may demonstrate the operation of unseen forces, the only method giving real testimony

is that of direct communion without the relinquishing of the will to any outside agency at all.

A vast amount of evidence of the survival of personality has resulted through the war, and the most valuable evidence has been that obtained—not through the professional medium—but by this direct communion; clairaudience and clairvoyance have developed suddenly and unexpectedly and in many who were previously unaware of the faculties of “clear-hearing” and “clear-seeing,” and the voice of one who loved and has passed and the vision of one who may not again be sighted by earthly eyes have brought consolation and infinite comfort.

An inner mental communion that transcends all lesser speech has again and again been established, based on the beautiful advice given by Archdeacon Wilberforce in his little book of sermons called *There is no Death*.

Yet even so, only the alphabet of spiritual wisdom has been read.

The recognition of the reality of survival points to the probability of eternal progression, and a faint conception of the age-long Journey of the Spirit in its quest of the Ideal follows upon the opening of the first small windows of the soul. Psychic phenomena, as we have said, have their place. They are the spear-heads piercing the wall that material man has raised between himself and the Vision Splendid, but true Vision is born only of the exercise of the faculty of spiritual perception. Spiritual truth is gained by the unfoldment by the spirit of its own

inherent powers, and not from information arbitrarily meted out by "spirits," for although knowledge may result from instruction, wisdom is read only by the soul. Therefore "spirit voices" have not true direction for those who follow "the voice of the spirit."

The number of those seeking true vision—"the little secret clan to whom the wild bees of the spirit come," as Fiona Macleod puts it—grows daily, for the veil that masks the visible from the invisible has grown thin and luminous, and a living knowledge is sought of that world of hidden beauty whose understanding brings wisdom.

The Vision that is striven for is the vision of Francis Thompson, for whom the veil was lifted as he cried :

"O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee."

DOROTHY GRENSIDE.

AN AIRMAN'S SONG

FLIGHT !

No longer earth . . .

Wings ! Bear me up to my beloved sky,

Stars ! that I have seen so far, so small

Rushing to meet me !

Clouds ! Air ! O Wind of God,

To pinnacles of bliss still bear me on ;

Let me not fall.

Dear Earth : so far and small,

And I myself, so *great* !

O wings . . . O wings . . . and speed . . .

No longer Death . . . but Victory !

E. C. MERRY.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

Nothing has ever astonished me so greatly as my realisation during adolescence that most people do not concern themselves with the central enigmas of our life. I had pondered with an Eleatic intensity upon the existence of God, upon the existence, the nature and the origin of the soul, upon the doctrine that matter is illusion, upon the purpose with which life had been manipulating matter through millions of years into such innumerable shapes, grotesque or beautiful—I had set out, in short, to do battle with all those monsters which inhabit the forest of metaphysics. I had sought for good weapons in the smithies of Plato, Berkeley, Kant and many another, and had studied with the equal fervour of one who was not prejudiced the works of Huxley and of Madame Blavatsky. To me it was obvious that until he should have walled and roofed his mind a man could be only a miserable outcast who should flounder along in a bleak and inhospitable universe. I assumed in my inexperience that all my contemporaries must have recognised the urgency of these old questions, and that my seniors must be in the habit of keeping their intellectual houses in repair, or at least of spring-cleaning their minds; for I knew how promptly they applied, when necessary, to the glazier and the plumber, and what discomfort they would have felt if the rain had come through their roofs. I found, as the reader will have guessed, that within the small circumference of my acquaintance there was no one to whom Plato seemed clearly of greater importance than the dinner-bell. My elders disconcerted me by declaring that philosophy was unpractical, by their strange tendency to joust with each other about political or social problems without considering whether

legislation applied to creatures whom death should annihilate or to immortal spirits. My contemporaries, if ever they consulted the philosophers, would read Plato or Schopenhauer as light-heartedly as they would watch a game of billiards, and with no fierce hope that they might discover truth.

At length I was introduced to a fragment of the literary world, and entered it with the assumption that among poets, painters and men who were professionally intellectual I should witness at last an enthusiastic and dispassionate attempt to pursue truth wherever the argument might lead. I had counted without my age. I had not become aware that the men with whom I now spoke had formed their minds at a period when religion was a forty-years' ruin about the battering-ram of science. With immeasurable surprise I assimilated the fact that they had no philosophy, and the still more astonishing fact that they preferred to have none. They had lived too late to be agitated by the Oxford Movement. They had missed, even, the militant materialism of Tyndall and Huxley. They were contented to be vague in all their views, and, not knowing then that most men are well pleased to live without understanding life, I wrote them down for ostriches. Agnosticism was to them the only respectable attitude. Indeed, it was an unwritten law. They were as unlikely to infringe it as their sons the understanding that no gentleman wears grey flannels on the cricket field. The least reference to religion, the briefest indication that a man might be acutely interested in the fate of his consciousness—these were regarded as regrettable lapses of *savoir faire*, and were adroitly expunged with all possible speed.

For the most part this indifference to metaphysical speculations, which at that time I supposed to be wilful and cowardly neglect, still characterises our literary world. Occasionally—and with how much respect—we meet there a novelist, perhaps, who is a Roman Catholic

or a belated materialist. Most writers, however, are amused if they find that a man is eager to grapple with the ideas which constituted the chief interest of Plato's or the Buddha's mind; and compassionately amused if the philalthe does not at least confine his odd taste to the respectable thinkers. Only a few days ago, as a well-known writer was inspecting my books, I lamented that by lending I had lost one volume of *Isis Unveiled*, and, although he has never read this work, he commented, "Does it matter?"

A perceptible change is colouring the minds of younger writers, but in the republics of literature and art it is always and unavoidably the middle-aged who are in power. If we desire, then, to appreciate the peculiarly invertebrate character of contemporary literature we should compare it with the literature of another time. The later Victorians, who experienced the upheaval produced by Darwin's intellect, were not disposed to leave all mysteries unsolved nor afraid to commit themselves in their answers. No one can be uncertain of what was thought concerning God and the soul by Tennyson, Browning, Fitzgerald, Patmore and Matthew Arnold; but who shall say what our living writers think? With this challenge go two reservations. There are two living writers of repute who have declared themselves upon such matters; and it is noteworthy that one of them—so far as any agreement exists—is acknowledged to be our greatest. With the exceptions, however, of Thomas Hardy and the Irish poet AE, we must suppose that our writers have never been jarred by the demand of the intellect to be harmonised, or that they have feared lest by taking up a philosophical position they should lose caste.

This notable change from the temper of the Victorians, this lack among us of interest in religious issues or their tacit suppression, is a mark not of our writers only but of our age. The man who has dared to build up his thoughts

and impressions into an architectural shape is contemned as the quaint survival of an extinct species. To utter a conviction upon any question of spiritual importance is to be excommunicate—or it was so until quite lately. I think I am not wrong in estimating that Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge, having refused to hedge in the matter of psychic phenomena, destroyed in a large measure their scientific reputations; and I am sure that his earlier connection with the Theosophical Society explains the inadequate recognition as a scholar of Mr. G. R. S. Mead. I remember, too, how an eminent exponent of philosophy, referring to the founders of the Psychical Research Society, spoke of Frank Podmore as “the only man who kept his head”: for Podmore, of course, was the Doubting Thomas of the Society and was never convinced at any point.

There are many who exalt this vagueness of mind into a virtue. Because their thoughts lie scattered and un-built they believe that their minds are unimprisoned and more spacious. They fail to realise that just as the world has ages which do not thirst for beauty so it has ages which do not hunger for truth. The study of philosophy is time wasted if we can do without it; and precisely as there are some people to whom art is unnecessary there are some who can dwell in the universe without needing to understand it.

Our middle and older generations are predominantly of this type. A thinker who would win their attention has first to redden his nose. If it were not that both have a faculty for buffooning, Mr. Shaw who found something to destroy and Mr. Chesterton who sees something to reveal, would be toiling in penniless obscurity. The measure in which these generations are satisfied to exist with no spiritual outline may be gauged by considering the popularity of Maurice Maeterlinck's prose meditations. These were read by a section of the public which at least was not jiggling with the hectic flippancy of our

time : and they have the high value of communicating to the reader an awed and reflective mood in which he may find that he is looking at the world with new sight ; but how inconclusive their author is, how much like a child hesitating to go through a dark doorway and finally turning back with nothing accomplished.

For a long time, indeed, the world has been spiritually in tatters. To those who are connected with them the Churches seem still to be vigorous, no doubt, but their remnant force is recognised from outside to be the reverberation of the past, a reflex gasping of the gills. Almost entirely they are manned and supported by the mentally mediocre ; and remembering how at one time they contained the best minds of the world it is difficult to understand how their adherents can regard their future with any hope. Each will dissolve, and each will delay dissolution in the measure of its age and of the structural solidity with which it has been projected upon " the inner space of thought." We cannot deceive ourselves with the hope that they might reinspire mankind with spiritual enthusiasm. Perhaps we have become so completely disintegrated that any considerable unity of thought is now impossible. Perhaps men, even if they should become dissatisfied with the rootlessness of their minds, might now be unwilling and unable to associate themselves. Dante desired throughout his life that Europe should be united under one Emperor and one Church. At times he believed that this ideal of his orderly intellect might be fulfilled. No one could believe with him now, and very few, with the exception of Roman Catholics, would acclaim his ideal as desirable.

We remember the tyrannies of dogma. We have fought our way with such desperation and so far from the point of view which was natural to Dante that we have now no unanimity at all. We are free, it is true. We have dared the anger and overcome the opposition of a furious parent

who, even when we were grown men, denied us a latch-key; and now, having rushed from the house, we are kicking our heels by the wayside. We shall never return to that house, but in time we shall have to get up and secure some food.

Has the time come already? Are we about to be urged anew by spiritual desire? A craftsman may wish that the whole world might be revisited by such a desire of beauty as that which once mastered the Athenians, the Florentines or the Japanese: a mystic may wish that his fellow-men might be wakened from their absorption in mechanics by a realisation of God such as domed and starred the lives of the men who built the mediæval cathedrals: but movements of such magnitude cannot be started by a wish. They are tides, and their return is inevitable. On the other hand, when the tide is out it is useless to beckon the waves. The corruption of Rome was not stayed by Saint Francis of Assisi nor industrialism withered by Ruskin. Now, at least it is evident that after

“All this waste of wealth and loss of blood”

the world is not primarily concerning itself with the abolition of ugliness or the development of a new religion. It is using its energy in economic warfare. We have been told that Russia is a religious country, but there is no religious force in the activities of the Bolshevik Government as there is none in those of the Labour Movement in England: nor can we say that it is because they feel the urgency of social reform that men are not thinking of God, for when in the past the tide of spirituality was flowing forward no economic conditions could have withstood it.

Nevertheless, it is possible that we are upon the edge of an epoch which shall be more interested in spiritual questions than we are at present. The surprising success of Bergson is an indication that the world is in search of its soul. There is a like significance in the enthusiastic

and far-spread study of psychic phenomena. For a new spiritual activity would not reveal itself in the character of a State or of any social alliance. It would not consolidate into a creed because there can never again be sufficient agreement among us: and although we shall thus avoid the bigotries of the past we shall also lack the power to build our worship in stone, for an old cathedral was the group-thought of thousands.

Religion in the future may be sporadic, but it will be real. It will be real because it will be mystical; and in saying this I mean that it will be the natural flowering of a man's experience and thought. To be a mystic is to possess a sense of God as a man may possess a sense of health or of beauty, and to possess it so unthinkingly that there is no instinct to parade it. The few mystics whom I have known have been delightful companions, but the person who in every other sentence refers to his soul is as poor company as a man with a hacking sniff. We may be certain, indeed, that a spiritual quickening of the world shall manifest itself, when it comes, to the consternation of many who suppose themselves to be spiritual. In our conception of what is spiritual we are not yet emancipated from the Middle Ages. We are pursued by their conviction that the senses are the antithesis of the soul. We mistake the mawkish in literature for the mystical. We picture the mystic as a limp and pallid ascetic. It were wise to correct our picture by considering the characters of Mahomet, Joan of Arc and Donne. To feel that birth has enchanted him, to perceive the sky and the earth as a stupendous vision, to rejoice in beauty and yet, with the knowledge that beauty is inexhaustible, not to regret its passing, to find in the mysterious joy of sex a revelation of universal joy, to be humble as a man and proud as an eternal spirit, to have mused on time and space until he has become indifferent to neglect or poverty, to recognise the great in the little rather than to suppose that the little dishonours the great, and to know that he is not

merely a man but also man himself—these are a few of the realisations that make the mystic the most invulnerable and the happiest of men, and it is such realisations that will alter the mood of the world when next the spirit of man returns to its perihelion.

CLIFFORD BAX.

TO A ROADSIDE DAISY

O LITTLE citizen
In simple dress,
How may the wise men
Thy secret guess ?

Ears deaf with noise of street,
Eyes shut and blind,
Vision has fled on feet
Swift as the wind.

Only the little child
Humble and wise,
Innocent, undefiled,
With open eyes

Stoops long and low to see
God's Face Divine . . .
So deep the mystery
Mirrored in thine.

C. B.

A DREAM?

AND THE INTERPRETATION THEREOF

OFTEN have I meant to write down the strange vision which comes to me from time to time, and, as often as I have thought to do so, just so often has something happened to prevent me, but now to-night I will try again.

It seems to me that I am in the hall of a house which I know to be my own, in which I feel that I have lived many years.

Always do I go up the stairs, and still up, until I reach the top of the house, and the door of the room in which the servants sleep; and, as it ever happens in this dream of mine, I enter.

The reason for entering varies with each dream, but the room is always the same, both in formation and furnishing.

It is a long, narrow room, with the doorway in which I stand exactly in the middle of one long wall. The fireplace is at the right-hand end of the room, the window at the left, and the beds stand against the corresponding long wall opposite to me.

The room is quite familiar to me, and consequently I am greatly surprised to see for the first time another door behind the beds. Wondering how, in all the years in which I have known and entered this room, I should never have seen the door before, I drag aside the beds and open it. Before me lies an empty room, long and narrow, but with the door which I have opened set, this time, in the narrow end. I see no window by which light could enter, yet the room is quite light, and clearly seen. This room is always unfurnished.

At the other and opposite end is yet another door, and

I am filled with a great desire to cross this room to see what lies beyond.

All the floor is covered by a soft, thick dust, so soft and smooth, and nowhere can I see a foot-mark or sign that it has been touched for many years.

At the first step I take, I find that the flooring is insecure, so, treading carefully, I keep closely by the wall, where it seems stronger, and work my way round, until I reach this last door and open it. Inside, I see a quaint old room, long and narrow, and like the first with the door where I stand in the middle of the long wall.

Again, at the right-hand end is the fireplace, wide and old. At the left-hand end of the room stands a beautiful old cabinet. The floor is polished, with tall, quaint chairs set about, and I feel, though I cannot see them, that tall old cabinets or book-cases stand against the wall on either side of the door. The opposite side of the room is taken up with leaded casement windows, with a deep window-seat running along beneath them.

Soft muslin blinds fall before the windows, and, where one or two of them are set open, are blown out into the room by the sweet, fresh wind which rushes in.

Outside, there is a most wonderful sparkle of bright sunshine ; and I *know* that could I but cross the room, kneel on the window-seat and look out through one of the open windows I should look down on some old-world harbour, on the stone quay with fisher-folk moving about ; look down on a swaying forest of masts, as the fishing boats, lying close-packed side by side, are moved by the incoming tide ; look down on brave little wavelets, all a-sparkle in the sun, and hear the smart slap and chuckle of water against stone steps.

And how I long to cross and look ! yet cannot.

Instead, my gaze comes back from the window, and I see that on the hearth burns a fire of wood, with the dull red embers sunk in the soft grey ash.

Close to the fireplace stands an old oak table, on which

lies an open work-basket, and, as though hastily thrown down, a piece of needlework with threaded needle in it—and as I look I am filled with a strange wonder, for I remember that this room lies at the top of the house, that there is no other door in it save that at which I stand, that the outer room is thick with untrodden dust, and that the person who has opened the windows, sat by the fire and laid down the needlework must have been there but a minute ago.

Always when I come to this part I wake.

I never see this woman, never know her history, or why she lives in this beautiful room, hidden away like this, for that she lives, I am sure, and to me, in my dream, her existence is no more improbable than that the house should stand in an ordinary city street and yet that the windows of this hidden room should look down on the “beauty and mystery of the ships and the magic of the sea.”

B. M. M.

(*Note.*—A prize is offered for the best interpretation of this experience. See the Competition Page for particulars. Ed.)

THERE'S A QUEER LITTLE WIND

THERE'S a queer little wind that goes sighing along,
With a quaint little croon that is almost a song,
Then draw close the curtains and shut the door tight,
For the fairies are out on the wings of the night.

Whoever may knock, or whoever may call,
Make never an answer or ill may befall,
For enchantment's abroad when the fairy thorn's white,
And the Little Folk ride on the wings of the night.

G. L. GROOM.

THE MAGIC TREE

"Above, long slender shafts of opal flame,
Below the dim cathedral aisles ;
The silent mystery of immortal things
Broods o'er the woods at eve."

McDOWELL.

A PROSAIC era dawned on the world with the coming of machinery, popular education, and the general idolisation of material prosperity. The mind, satisfied by words that explain nothing, has almost lost the power to appreciate the wonder and beauty of life. The glory of the heavens, the miracle of the seasons, the transmutation of the water into wine, and all the mystery of the earth either pass unheeded or if noticed can be "explained" ; the *nil admirari* attitude has become habitual.

In the remoter parts, "far from the haunts of men," strange old customs can still be found, but they are disappearing rapidly. The beliefs and the practices have lost all meaning and become superstitions, but in reality they are the flotsam and jetsam, the wreckage of an earlier Faith. This season is peculiarly rich in such relics of the past ; with the last days of April the Fires of Beltein bring to a close the spring-time, and on the first of May with festive dance the Maypole introduces the summer.

Within the memory of living man this dual festival was regularly celebrated in Ireland and in many parts of Scotland, and to this day many of the subsidiary and accompanying rites are kept up, half in jest and half in earnest, by the younger generation, but in England it tended to die out earlier, the Maypole festivities surviving there later than the Beltein observances. But for how many thousands of years had our ancestors performed these ceremonies ? Where and among whom did they originate, and what was their meaning ? To some of these questions a satisfactory and authoritative answer can no longer be given, for, long before these rites and

solemnities became extinct, they had been decadent and tradition had failed to record information as to their origin and true significance.

Masses of material have been collected by students of folklore, and from this a few definite conclusions may be safely drawn, beyond, however, lies a region containing vague speculations for the most part, with perhaps a few suggestive hints.

The two-fold festival was at one time two separate ceremonies, and it is better to consider them apart, for obviously they point to different systems of time-reckoning. This fact in itself suggests that two different races were originally responsible for what later became a conjoined festival, and the distribution throughout Europe of the peculiar customs attached to each render this deduction a certainty.

The contrast between winter and summer was noticed by primitive man, the year being to him naturally divided into two seasons. Hewitt considers that the earliest method of measuring the year in remote ages was by the N.E. and S.W. monsoons which began about November, and which thus divided the year into winter and summer. In the Mediterranean region similar winds mark and divide the seasons. The upspringing life transfiguring and beautifying the world and bringing warmth and food in plenty was greeted with joy and made the occasion of a festival all over Europe at a date so remote that it cannot be computed in years. The dense forests which covered all Europe were inhabited by Neolithic Man, and indications are not wanting to show that he had a calendar with seasonal ceremonies of a religious nature, to emphasise the times for sowing and reaping.

The culture of Neolithic man flowered in the Mediterranean Race, and the people of early Britain either belonged to that race or were allied to it. To the year of two seasons another was added, Spring; and perhaps Winter, Spring and Summer was the division in use when the

Keltic race arrived upon the scenes bringing a year of four quarters marked by fire ceremonies ; at any rate the solstitial year tended to supersede the seasonal year. In those parts untouched by Keltic settlements May Day celebrations abound, where the two races overlapped a fire ceremonial is found in addition ; in our own country this is especially well marked. The solstitial year added midsummer and midwinter, points marked by St. John's Eve and Yule observances ; when the equinoxes were inserted is very obscure, but the two can be seen superimposed on each other, the astronomical year making "cross-quarter" days with the seasonal year. In ancient days in Scotland the four quarters were :

Candlemas	. 2nd of February	. Sowing.
Beltein	. 1st of May	. Growing.
Lammas	. 1st of August	. Reaping.
Hallowmas	. 1st of November	. Ploughing.

Overlying this is the common year well known to all of us :

March 25th	. Vernal equinox.
June 22nd	. Summer solstice.
September 25th	. Autumn equinox.
December 25th	. Winter solstice.

In Scotland the midsummer and midwinter points were actually called "cross-quarter" days ; the name tacitly acknowledges the fact that the new and later arranging of the year crossed the old and time-honoured method of reckoning.

Conclusions are rendered more difficult owing to the fact that the astronomical, the solar year, lagged behind and the festivals that marked the points were conjoined to the more ancient seasonal celebrations, presently the calendar was corrected, but it is almost impossible to alter the date of a festive rite when the people have grown accustomed to a dual ceremony the origin and significance of which were rapidly sinking into oblivion.

Another difficulty presents itself. The terms Beltein

and Samhein are Keltic, but do they appertain to the equinoctial points of March and September, and is the fact of the days being kept on the eyes of May and November due merely to the above-mentioned confusion into which the calendar had fallen, or are they the Keltic equivalents of May Day and Hallowmas? Authorities differ on this point.

The Mediterranean Race was an agricultural people, the Kelts were hunters and warriors, and their separate and divergent cultures each reinforced and reciprocally completed each other. All the various Keltic sub-races seem to have adopted the worship of trees. In Ireland there were five very great sacred trees—a yew, an oak, and three ash trees. They had special names, and were of huge size and great age; the oak on the top was “as broad as a plain” and bore fruit three times a year, they were tenanted by spirits. In addition each clan had its own tree under which its chief was elected, and a heavy fine was exacted from the man who cut down or damaged the sacred trees. The *Book of Leinster* tells us about these trees and mentions that they were destroyed in the seventh century.

The Romans were the last, and probably had the most famous Keltic civilisation. Pliny tells us a similar tale about their veneration for trees: “The woods were formerly the temples of the deities, and even now simple country folk dedicate a tall tree to a god with the ritual of the olden time; and we adore sacred groves and the very silence that reigns in them not less devoutly than images that gleam with gold and ivory.”

Of all the magic trees surviving into historic times the most charming is L'arbre fee de Bourlement, under whose shade Joan of Arc played as a child, and later where the “voices” spake to her, and her mission to the world was unveiled. It was nourished by the praise and the song and the grief and the love of the inhabitants who were the “Children of the Tree”—and a mystic privilege was

theirs, for when about to die a vision of the Tree arose before them bringing peace and happiness to their hearts.

There was a sacred grove "which none presumes to cut" beside a holy lake in the Isle of Skye, where the famous Cuchullin was taught to bear arms by the Great Queen who gave her name to the island; but indeed it is not necessary to multiply instances, for everyone remembers the veneration given to the groves of oak and beech in which Jupiter was worshipped, and in our own islands the mystic rites of the Druids took place also in groves of oak. Pliny's remark shows that it was known that the ritual belonged to "the olden time." But why should the tree have been worshipped? Was it only because the gloom and majesty of the forests were awe-inspiring? Because the tree illustrated perpetually afresh the miracle of returning life? Undoubtedly both of these contributed, but there was another factor entirely neglected by folklore students. The earlier races were more sensitive to the mysterious powers of nature, they *felt* presences in the lonely mountains and dark woods; clairvoyance among them is by no means uncommon to-day and at that time was rather the rule than the exception, the shadowy forms in the woodland were *seen* as well as felt. Many classic allusions could be brought forward stating this, and Irish tradition teems with descriptions of tree spirits. To an open mind there can be no doubt that the psychologist's point of view is upside down, the seeing of a tree spirit is a statement of a simple fact and not the result of an inner need to objectify an abstract conception. Abstractions belong to a later stage, simple people do not concern themselves with subtle problems of the mind, they live more in the present, are careless of the past, and unconcerned with anything beyond the immediate future; their psychic faculties aid this attitude, for it is unnecessary to argue about what can be clearly seen. Recondite speculations arise in the more complicated brain of a higher civilisation.

The savage lives altogether in the present, and there are all stages between his condition and the philosophic attitude of an evolved mind. The Mediterranean Race was very far removed from the savage, but it had not yet attained the mental culture of the Keltic peoples whose civilisation culminated in the law and organisation of Rome and the art and philosophy of Greece.

Their psychic capacity demonstrated to them the divine life inherent in all nature, not only in themselves. The tree spirit, awe-inspiring and life-giving, demanded recognition and called forth the love and devotion of those early worshippers, the rites and ceremonies established a definite relation between them, and by means of the ritual they entered into communion with the spirit and obtained the favourable results desired.

We do not understand the laws of nature yet, and in those early days the knowledge was less and the facts were continually misinterpreted, hence many of the ritual customs seem lacking in logic to the modern mind.

From the scraps of ritual extant some of these ancient beliefs may be gathered and the mode of worship reconstituted. The spirit inherent in growing things *caused* the *upspringing life* which burst forth every year in leaves, grass, flowers, fruit and harvests, especially did this wonderful power belong to the tree spirit; naturally with this dogma the ritual objects are trees, ears of corn, and flowers, and the prayers are for a good and plentiful harvest. To cut down the holy trees or otherwise damage them tended to ruin the corn, hence the prohibition that protected the sacred groves from sacrilege.

In a later age the sacred tree was brought into the village with much ceremony, and after being carried from house to house distributing as it were its wonderful influences, it was set up in a conspicuous place and, as the Maypole, was the centre of a joyous celebration on May Day. The tree spirit also *caused the rain*. It is only recently that *we* have discovered that trees *do* cause rain,

and to denude a country of its trees alters the climate by lessening the rainfall. Expressed in a simple and naive manner this old belief was sound, and the sacred branches were sprinkled or water was poured out at the foot of the tree to remind the spirit that rain must be duly produced.

Protection was another attribute, and is so obvious that it should have been mentioned first; to shelter and protect from fierce sun, violent wind, or torrential rain is a natural use for groves and woods, and later when other evils were realised it was devoutly hoped that the tree spirit would extend the protecting power and ward off malicious influences that would injure the crops. The ritual object here is a branch of a special tree, generally rowan, but in some places birch and others are used. But as the tree spirit caused life to spring up in vegetation a further extension of the power includes both animals and mankind, and so another attribute was to cause *fertility* in flocks and herds and women. The ritual objects were the animals themselves and puppets instead of women. These also had to be protected, so twigs of rowan were tied to the horns of the cattle or put over the cattle sheds and stables. The puppets, dressed in white, were hung among the flowers on the Maypole. Sometimes, however, a girl, the May Queen, took the part, and in this last case man, a May King, frequently personified the tree spirit.

When the astronomic method of reckoning was introduced the symbolism illustrated the change. The flowers and leaves were woven into what is called a "garland," this is really two circles intersecting each other—a good illustration of the crossing of the circles of the equator and the ecliptic which must have been recognised when the year was divided into four quarters of the equinoxes and solstices. Lest there should be a doubt as to the meaning, models of the sun and moon were hung in the intersecting segment in Ireland. In other places a girl doll occupied it, thus combining the symbols. The

garland was carried on a stick or hung on the top of the Maypole, thereby revealing it as the Celestial Pole; and this is confirmed by the May dance in which the men went round sunwise and the girls in the reverse direction—a child's game now, but obviously in early days a sacred dance illustrating the path of the sun and the apparent retrograde motion of the stars. A stellar cult with a left-hand circumambulation preceded sun worship, both modes were practised in Ireland.

The ceremonial acts brought the worshipper into communion with the spirit. By sprinkling the garlands, drenching the actors, or throwing the puppets into water, the rain-bestower was invoked and stimulated into action. Probably the idea of purification was also present.

The observances to procure increase and fertility were of diametrically opposed types and probably followed each other. The men lived apart from their wives at the sowing and gathering of crops, but on May eve the wildest licence prevailed. In the first case the restriction ensured all the energy being lavished on the work in hand, and the other amounted to a self-dedication to procure the desired result. Many students consider that our Lent developed from this communal taboo by an agricultural people.

There are indications that in remote times animal and even human sacrifices took place also. Later the drama was enacted, the May King or the Tree Spirit clad in greenery was beaten with swords until a concealed bladder filled with blood was pricked, then he staggered about spraying the houses and the assembled multitude with the spurting blood.

Athletic contests and horse races were the inevitable accompaniment of the May celebrations, but the meaning remained undiscovered until Westermarch's investigations brought to light the fact that racing, jumping, dancing, fighting and all violent movements that took place in connection with religious ceremonies were either

a rite of purification or to typify and stimulate the vital energy necessary for growth. The tugs-of-war represented the eternal struggle between summer and winter, life and death, good and evil, and this idea was sometimes expressed by having two queens, one for each season, and sometimes too the winter queen was buried or drowned. A sacrament was partaken of early in the day, consisting of a "candle" made of eggs and milk and an oat cake covered with knobs often nine in number.

We can now reconstruct the May worship of our ancestors! During and after the sowing of corn and planting of vegetation a season of continence was ordained. When the green shoots were well advanced, on April 31st, the married and marriageable part of the community went at nightfall to the sacred grove and in the holy precincts renewed or entered into the marriage relationship, consecrating it as a pledge for offspring in the ensuing year.

Before dawn a tall tree was cut down, and bearing this and waving green branches the folk returned to the village, pausing, however, to purify themselves with Water, especially dew, for May dew possessed marvellous powers, it conferred beauty and youth and "witch-power," and also was a protection against the Evil Eye.

The Maypole was set up, and then everyone went to the fields; a square trench was dug, leaving turf in the centre on which a wood fire was kindled—apparently the people occupied the trench—the "candle" and the oat cakes were cooked on the fire. The rite began by pouring forth a libation of "candle" on the ground, then taking a cake and facing the fire, each person breaks off and flings the knobs, one after the other, over his left shoulder without looking back, saying each time, "This I give to thee, preserver of sheep," etc. etc. The cakes, denuded of the square nob, are now broken up, one piece is blackened in the fire, all are pooled, each person, blindfolded, draws one, and he who gets the black portion was, in the early

days, the victim, the devoted sacrifice. Cakes and "candle" are then partaken of by all assembled.

The multitude now troop back to the Maypole, and decorate it with flowers, garlands and ribbons, and men and women join in the sacred dance. Horse races, contests of strength, feasting and jollity bring the day to a close.

Christianity arrived in Britain, but was powerless against these pagan customs, for the people clung fanatically to the adored object be it Maypole or Beltein fire; where religious ceremonial is concerned men display tenacity of purpose and an unyielding obstinacy.

The moral principles and dogmas of the new religion did not appear to be so *useful*, the old gods protected the land and gave increase of cattle, rich harvests and offspring to men. The new God seemed somewhat aloof, far away, and unheeding human needs and wants, whereas the old ritual was interwoven and bound up in the daily routine of life, moreover experience had shown the practical utility of the old ceremonies, and fear too played its part in perpetuating them. At this critical juncture the pontiffs of the Western Church, showing remarkable ability and knowledge of humanity, introduced a law adapting the fasts and festivals of the saints and martyrs to the dates of the great ceremonial celebrations of the older pagan cult. By this ingenious diplomacy the old objects of worship were endowed with new life, and the transformation helped to suppress the more undesirable manifestations of this remote and primitive worship.

The votaries of Protestantism, in the Middle Ages, were too fanatic and lacked this wisdom, and from that date the old observances began to die out, for it is a fact that in transition periods new life and new meaning must be put into the old symbols if they are to remain and to continue to have value. If such symbols are to endure, then in order to keep pace with the evolution of the race they must also evolve in inner meaning.

The dawn of the age of materialism struck the final

blow, and now these ancient rites and ceremonies have almost sunk into oblivion.

The past touches all with a magic finger transfiguring the commonplace and lending an artistic value to an immemorial cult that had an alluring attractiveness, inasmuch as it recognized the kinship of all the world, the divine life in all growing things, and *saw* the trees as gods. Even to-day the imaginative and the sensitive, almost hypnotized by the silence and the green twilight in a grove of tall and ancient trees, "feel there is a spirit in the place, so lofty is the wood, so lone the spot, so wondrous the thick unbroken shade."

Irish history states that Beltein and Samhein fires were introduced in the first century of our era by King Inathal; this unfortunately is not definite and may merely mean that fire rites were added to the old two seasonal year, or it may mean that the equinoxes were added to the calendar, anyhow one thing is certain that the old Pagan Irish year corresponded to the Scottish in its division :

Aragh .	1st of February .	Spring.
Sowra .	1st of May .	Summer.
Fowar .	1st of August .	Autumn.
Gevra .	1st of November .	Winter.

Such are the data available for trying to give some idea of the remote origin in time of these pagan festivals, only now becoming extinct.

The next question to be considered is to what race are we indebted for the religious rites that were celebrated on these occasions? Indications have already been given that Neolithic man bequeathed to the Kelts many habits and customs. The older race had a peaceful and pastoral civilisation, a worship of the trees "in the dim cathedral aisles" among which it lived, and a knowledge that "the silent mystery of immortal things broods o'er the woods at eve."

A. BOTHWELL-GOSSE.

THE LORDS OF THE DAWN AND DUSK

THE Master of Radiant Light and Over-lord of Shadows came unto me and darkness fled.

Dawn lifted her grey draperies from East to West, and her soft breath warmed the earth-loving mists that haunt the wooded ways. Slowly, delicately, with rose-wings unfolded, she blessed the hill and moor and little silent wood that had lain so still and dark.

I looked into the eyes of the Master of Radiant Light, and I saw there the majesty of hidden fires. . . . The great Sun woke in his splendour and cast his arrows of gold into the dark places of the Earth and they grew green and smiling, and then upon the surface of the sea where they lay . . . a million shining points.

The eyes of the Master were as the Sun himself, upon whose countenance no man may look unveiled, and He was garmented in a robe of diamond and opal fire.

I knew Him as the Lifter of Shadow and the Over-lord of Pain whose sovereignty no suffering might question, and I laid me at His feet and said no word.

He opened not His lips for He spake not the language of Earth: the fire of His being and the Light of His eyes were His word and the word was "Light."

Then, even as I lay, He was enveiled and I saw Him not, but straightway slept. . . .

Breath—trembling among leaves and seeking hidden ways through the dim alleys of the forest; Breath—stirring the white wings that lie atop the ocean; Breath—mysterious, wonderful, compelling; Breath—the giver of Sound, formless, unseen. . . . I opened not mine

eyes, for the Master of Sound and of Rhythm lifts not His veil when He would speak unto His children.

In His voice lies the note of the nightingale's song and the deep low chant of murmurous waters. His Breath is the Song of Winds, and the movements of His going and coming are as the ebb and flow of tides. . . .

. . . From afar He came as a Breath, a Word, a Cadence and a rushing Wind. . . . I rose upon my feet and I was swept out of my being by the power of great harmonies and carried in the Chariot of the Winds to a space afar off.

But the Master of Sound was with me and I feared not on my journey.

We drew near unto His Place of Song, and it resounded as a great Chord : His Word was a Word of Power, and even as He breathed it the Uncreate had birth.

But even as I listened rhythm reverberated and was still. Silence fell, yet memory re-echoed sound and I was filled.

The Master of Healing came unto me, pitiful, compassionate, tender. He laid His Hand upon tired bodies and poured the wine of life into emptied vessels. I knelt before Him that He might bless me to the full, and the whole of me was nigh to breaking with His gift.

He stayed not with me alone, but passed to and fro among many that were gathered, and I watched Him, and would fain have followed, but even as I desired Him, He was with me as with those others, yet He left them not.

Presently when He had ministered unto all and they were sleeping, He came unto me for my eyes were open : He laid His hands upon them, and His hands were as dew upon the parched grasses of the fields, and quietude came unto me, and I was as those others . . . sleeping.

One roused me from slumber, but I saw Him not, felt Him not, heard Him not : Darkness overwhelming alone proclaimed His Presence, and my breath left me with the mystery thereof. My body was as the body of one passed from life, and that which held me was as a film of gossamer unto my spirit.

Earth fell from me and my feet touched not substance, the heavens receded and naught was over me, the air ebbed and all was void.

Then knew I that the Master of Silence and the Inward Deep of Soul was come, and I rested motionless.

The stillness was as the stillness of the night when the wind wanders not, or as the forest depths where no leaf stirs.

But presently my soul cried within me, for the void was too great for my so small spirit, and I became aware of two fires that seemed unto me as hanging in space, and I knew them for the eyes of the Lord of Silence.

Mine eyes would not turn from the hanging fires, for there was naught save them in space, and they drew me unto Him.

Whether I looked for a moment of time or for eternity I know not, but presently understanding awakened in me and I saw that each of the two great eyes was in truth a cave of entrance, and the one was guarded by two lions and the other by two eagles with wings outstretched, and I entered the one cave and the lions stood aside to let me pass.

Then the Spirit in me quailed for I was in the Body of my Lord, and my soul shook with fear. I cast myself upon the ground and called unto the Lord of Silence who held me, and all was still. . . .

Then that which I had thought to be Silence I knew was not Silence, for the present held a fulness the measure of which I dared not comprehend.

Presently, in what manner I know not, nor after what duration of time, I saw before me two eagles with wings

outstretched and knew them for the guardians of the second cave. But even as I passed beyond I fell asleep, and this time sleeping wakened not again.

Over the distant hill the sun in setting weaved a rainbow mist of colouring. Amber and gold, amethyst and rose faded into silver, and the soft grey shadows crept like wraiths among the waiting trees.

Silver faded to dusk, and swiftly the dusk spun from her being a purple web. Silently the stars came forth—one by one—and the heavens shone white with their glory.

VARIA

MANY of our newer poets would seem to be mystics at heart who are striving to interpret within the confines of beautiful form their vision of the ideal. Such an one is Lady Sybil Grant, whose poem "The Unseen Presence," published a few months ago, expressed a very real mystical experience, and who has now written another on somewhat similar lines in the May number of the *Poetry Review*.

One of the poems of George Rostrevor, the author of a rather arresting first volume called *Escape and Fantasy* (Heinemann, 3s. 6d. net), bears also the sign manual of the mystic, holding as it does that deeper thought for which we look to-day. He tells us in "The Cell"

"When from the hush of this cool wood
I go, Lord, to the noisy mart,
Give me among the multitude,
I pray, a lonely heart.

Yea, build in me a secret cell
Where quietness shall be a song."

There is much in this first volume of George Rostrevor's that holds the promise of future fine achievement.

SOME INSTANCES OF AFTER-DEATH MANIFESTATIONS

THE vexed question of "spirit return" continues to exercise the minds of the newspaper-reading public, and it seems a pity that the columns of our great daily papers should be open only to the lighter and less thoughtful presentations of the subject.

There are many who are seeking earnestly for some knowledge of a deeper and more serious nature, and it is worthy of record that as a consequence of a recent letter in the *Daily Mail* asking for authentic instances of the survival of personality no less than two hundred letters were received by the inquirer, and almost every writer emphasised that he or she had little interest in the ordinary occurrences of the séance room, but was in search of a thoughtful interpretation of a personal experience.

It is not so much a seeking of the marvellous that is the present craze, but rather a reasonable explanation of supernormal occurrences that will satisfy a logical mind.

Many of the writers gave instances of communication between the so-called dead and the living which they themselves had experienced, and in the majority of cases this communication had occurred where no previous faculty of clairvoyance had been known to exist. In fact, in many letters surprise and astonishment were expressed, while at the same time emphasis was laid upon the consolation such appearances had brought during the first sad weeks of bereavement.

A feature that is noticeable in many of these letters is the short time that elapses between death and the vision of the one who has passed: thus raising the question as to whether it is not more easy for the spirit to "manifest" while the tie with the earth is still strong, and

before he has become fully bound by the conditions of the spiritual world.

It is only natural to assume that if there is a close bond of love between two people it will not be severed by the mere accident of death: the loss of the physical body will simply set the spirit free from the limitation of earth-conditions, and he will pass without hindrance to where his heart calls him, and in order to lighten the burden of one he loves he will very possibly strive to the utmost to manifest his presence as a proof that Love is a spiritual tie untouched by death.

In some of the letters there is only a partial revelation which yet brings comfort, as, for instance, that which came to a Mrs. Hill of Windsor. She tells us:—

“Four months ago I lost my eldest son. He was thirty-three years old and had been an invalid for twelve years under my care, and we were tenderly attached to each other. I was always his first thought. He would often say to me, ‘Mother, pray that I may die before you, for I could not live a week without you.’

“After a week’s severe illness he died between nine and ten o’clock on the night of October 29th.

“A few hours afterwards I went to my room, but before I lay down I turned out the light and sat on the bed crying bitterly. Presently a faint light shone in a corner of the room—it gradually got brighter, and then a Face appeared in the centre of the light. The light spread half-way across the room.

“Whilst I was watching to see whether I could recognise the Face all at once I myself was a mass of light and air, and it seemed as if my spirit left my body. All my grief and trouble fell away and for the space of a minute I was wondrously happy: in fact, it was a foretaste of heaven.

“Then the light faded and I found that I was not crying but still was happy. . . .

"Do you think his spirit came to let me know that he was happy and that I was not to grieve?"

"I do still grieve, but I do not wish him back. . . ."

Another correspondent tells us that her mother's spirit manifested to both her and her husband as a musical vibration, her letter running as follows:—

"My mother was an earnest believer in Spiritualism: I tried to be, but could not. We were greatly attached to each other, alike in appearance, taste, habits, swayed by the same impulses, having the same likes and dislikes, often reading each other's thoughts, for the amount of telepathy between us was remarkable.

"She passed away a few weeks ago, and during the night my husband and I, sleepless and heartbroken, had an experience upon which my mind has dwelt ever since.

"I said to him suddenly, 'There is nothing in Spiritualism, for I am sure if there were my mother would be with us to-night.'

"'She most likely is,' he answered.

"And immediately the air was filled with a sort of musical vibration—like nothing he or I have ever heard before or since, and it has left a most profound impression upon us both. I am constantly seeking another sign of the unseen presence but none comes."

This instance is of value, as being verified by two people neither of whom were normally clairaudient, and it is worth noting in this connection that many are sensitive to sound-vibrations in whom clairvoyance is not developed, and that often a voice is heard when no form is seen.

An interesting story comes from a correspondent in Hampshire, who states that a Scotch clairvoyant saw standing beside her an old Scotchwoman with a cat in her arms.

"Do ye ken her?" he asked. Our correspondent did

not recognise her, so the clairvoyant proceeded to describe the house in which she lived.

"A one-storey stone farmhouse in Scotland, built on a hill. A hall ran through from back to front, and she bided in the first room on the left with her two cats—a big white one and a grey one. You stayed over the Sabbath and offended her with a remark about the cats. Now do you ken her?"

"I did," writes our correspondent, "and the whole thing came to my mind as if it occurred yesterday. I am seventy-four years of age, and the event happened when I was sixteen when I went on a visit to Scotland with my father. The old lady was his aunt, and during dinner a large capon was placed on the table and she cut off the breasts and threw them to the cats. I remarked it was too good for them, but she said the cats were better than any human friends and they should always have the best. I had never seen the old lady before, nor have I since. There was not the least friendship or sympathy between us, and the affair had died out of my remembrance, although it came back vividly."

It would be interesting if some of our readers would express their opinion as to the meaning of this rather strange occurrence. As there was no bond of sympathy between the two it seems hardly probable that the ordinary explanation of spirit-return is the true one, especially in view of the fact that no less than fifty-eight years had elapsed since the actual episode took place. The old Scotchwoman could have had no particular interest in our correspondent, certainly not sufficient either to wish to manifest her presence or to get into touch with her as she had entered into her life so little.

The explanation of telepathy scarcely satisfies the reason in view again of the long interval of time, although it is the trump card that ninety-nine times out of a hundred is played by those who discredit the possibility

of communications and appearances from the "spirit world."

One explanation that occurs to the mind is based upon the theory now very generally advanced by psychologists that no memory or experience can ever be lost, but that somewhere within the content of consciousness there remains a perpetual register.

This perpetual register, however, does not lie within the compass of the present memory: it is buried in that deep, mysterious "subconscious," of which we speak so much and know so little, and ordinarily remains there "forgotten."

Under certain conditions, however, that which is normally submerged, lying hidden in the basement of our mental store-house, may be brought to the surface of the present memory, very often called there by the association of ideas. It is as if a fresh incident, as it registers itself in the consciousness and claims attention, shoots forth a long arm into the depths of the subconscious, and by the law of attraction gathers into its hand long-forgotten experiences of a kindred nature.

It is possible that this is the true interpretation of the experience just described. It will be noted that the clairvoyant was Scotch, and it may be that the sound of the broad Scotch dialect stirred faintly the forgotten levels of the correspondent's subconscious mind, wherein lay the memory of the old Scotchwoman's devotion to her cats. The clairvoyant, sensitive to the subtlest vibration, was able to visualise a long-forgotten incident, the memory of which had lain unstirred for fifty-eight years.

Many other letters received are worthy of quotation and comment, but space forbids, and they must be dealt with in succeeding numbers of *Vision*.

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES AND SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY

ON April 5th, 1919, Sir William Crookes, the world-famed scientist, laid aside the physical body after a strenuous life of research and invention in chemistry and physical science. It was in 1875 that he invented the radiometer, and in 1903 the spinthariscopes, by means of which the properties of radium were demonstrated, but it has been said that the general public will remember him most readily by the famous "Crookes tube," the use of which caused the accidental discovery of X-Ray photography by Professor Röntgen.

Sir William Crookes will, however, also be remembered as a great scientist who did not fear to extend the field of his researches beyond the respectable boundaries set by his compeers, and to embark upon a prolonged and serious investigation of Spiritualism, as a result of which he became convinced of the fact that communication between the world of spirit and the physical world was not only possible but frequent.

In 1896-9 he acted as President of the Society for Psychical Research, and his acceptance of the post gave rise to much criticism at the time, but with a breadth of view that his critics would have done well to emulate, he reminded them that

"To stop short in any research that bids fair to widen the gates of knowledge, to recoil from fear of difficulty or adverse criticism, is to bring reproach on science."

Sir William, who was one of the earliest and most enthusiastic experimenters in amateur photography—an interest that dated as far back as 1855—was naturally drawn to the investigation of psychic or spirit photography. In an interview with him published in December, 1917, in the *International Psychic Gazette*, he spoke

of the death of his wife, and described a spirit photograph he obtained of her at Crewe.

"I went down to Crewe," he said, "and had my photograph taken by the mediums known as 'the Crewe Circle.' My photograph was a very good one, and on the same negative was a good recognisable portrait of my departed wife, just by the side of me."

In an account of the sitting given in the *Sunday Times*, the conditions under which the photograph was obtained are reported. Sir William took the packet of plates with him from London, and after opening them himself in the dark room, inserted one marked with his initials into the dark slide. Immediately after exposure Sir William himself developed the plate. Everyone who had seen the picture, he stated, had recognised it as the portrait of his wife.

When a scientist of the standing and reputation of Sir William Crookes vouches for the genuineness of spirit photography it behoves those of lesser fame to be sure of their ground before they "condemn the credulous."

* * *

IN these days of insistent demand for reconstruction it is interesting to note that the Walker Trustees, through the University of St. Andrews, are offering valuable prizes for essays on "Spiritual Regeneration as the basis of World Reconstruction," their choice of subject being determined by the belief that "the realisation of the highest ideals of humanity will depend essentially on an awakening to spiritual truths which will permeate and inspire all thought."

The awards include an open prize of £200 as well as students' and workers' prizes of lesser amounts. Further details of the competition may be found in the advertisement pages. No less than 1667 essays on "Prayer" were received from all parts of the world in response to the last essay competition set by the Walker Trustees.

THE VIEWS OF A VISIONARY

I.—“WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?”

WE believe that the war was a spiritual struggle—a conflict between two opposing principles. “Might is Right” collapsed before “Right is Might.” But the final victory has not been won. Intense conviction and indomitable spirit, backed by big battalions, big guns, and big aeroplanes, saved the world momentarily. But the evil principle was not completely vanquished. It remains a potent force, more terrible in peace than in war, and the poison of it may infect the victors, who in their turn may become tyrannical materialists, denying the true spirit of humanity and blasting the fair hopes that are cherished for the future of the world.

That the high enthusiasms of the early days of the war have subsided is not alarming. Spiritual intensity is not weakened because it is less apparent. We are not less serious if we are less hysterical, and not less earnest if we are less highly strung. Our convictions are no less sincere, and our memory of pain and suffering and personal loss not obliterated because we are trying to make smooth the old paths and to explore new ones, and do not remain inordinately solemn the while. If we find a virtue in cheerfulness and take up life again with joy we have not necessarily forgotten the lessons of the war or become heedless of the sacrifices which have given a new significance to life.

But we have lost the war if we allow the old tyrannies to be reimposed in a new form—if we allow individual as well as national greed and lust of power to shackle our world again. In various guises, civic and social rather than religious, intolerances will assert themselves, and with various specious pleas the unbalanced theorist, the

dogmatic specialist, the egotistical scientist will attempt to impose shackles on individuality and to fetter the spirit of man. We are to be dragooned in health camps, to be housed in barracks, and conscripted in civil life. In the new Utopia of the materially minded bureaucrats the visionary will be a nuisance and a St. Francis a miserable tramp.

And we shall have lost the war if we allow ourselves to fall back into the old habits of chicanery and jealousy, of calculated insincerities and childish spite that marred human intercourse, and in the small as well as the greater things of life permit the spirit of pettifoggery to prevail and the little men to blast the endeavours of the honest worker whose inspiration and nobility they are unable to appreciate. In the new world into which, we believe, we are entering we must have a new generosity, not of superfluous wealth but of toleration and judgment. We need more of the spirit of "noblesse oblige," not among the poor—they possess it already in abundance—but among the striving middle-class and the newly arrived to positions of power and distinction too frequently gained by aggressiveness, by fortuitous circumstances or one-sided attainments.

The real crisis of the war has yet to be faced, and to meet it—we are glad to quote Sir Henry Newbolt's assertion—"we must band ourselves together in a spiritual fellowship, a league of endurance and sacrifice for the hope of the world. The members of such a fellowship will be to each other a continual strength and consolation: against our enemies and tempters they will stand immovable, for they will have the strength which comes of faith, of religion, of poetry—they will accept life upon no conditions but their own. In the last extreme of sorrow and privation, when they are warned that to go on may be to lose all that we still possess, they will reply, 'Take all that can be taken, but we will keep our dreams.'"

II.—THE VISION OF EVERY MAN

After two thousand years the eyes of every man are being opened to the ineffable vision of life. Science and poetry have joined forces in asserting that death has been annihilated and the victory of the spirit realised. A volume would not contain contemporary evidence of the acceptance of this great re-discovered factor in human existence, but for the moment a very few recent statements that recognise in plain language the new revelation must suffice.

Sir Oliver Lodge has declared that "the fact, as I consider it, that death is but an episode in continued existence, and that the interest and enjoyment of life after death exceed what has been experienced here, should be made more widely known. Death now seems to me something rather to look forward to than to dread. Clearly, it is an interesting adventure.

"Death is not annihilation, nor even severance: it is a change of condition but not of personality. The soul continues after death: its memories and interests persist."

Few publicists have the courage of Sir Oliver Lodge, or the intuitive perception of Tennyson and Capt. Richard Denny, but thousands who are less articulate have come to know through war and suffering and the great advance of knowledge as well as faith that the barriers have been burned away, that (in the words of Mr. W. Tudor Pole) "the veils between this state of consciousness and the next are being dissipated, and the day is not far off when they will for ever disappear. The radiance of a new dawn is breaking and making it easier for humanity to pass from one stage of life to the next. We are liable to be discouraged, to feel there is so little we can do as individuals, but our thoughts and prayers can accomplish more than we realise. Therefore, hold on to the thought that there is no death."

MEEKNESS

UPON the cross, as on a bed,
He lay ; not a word He said—
A lamb as to the slaughter led.

What pride can stand against such meekness ?
What strength can overthrow such weakness ?

“ Thy will not mine accomplished be ”—
But more than pain accepted He
Between the thieves on Calvary.

His loneliness and dereliction,
Is agony's complete perfection.

Then rang across the fearful sky
The agonised and awful cry,
Lama, Lama Sabacthanai !

Darkened the sun ; the moon was shaken
To see their God by God forsaken.

For never since the world began
Had God forsaken any man—
Till Christ was laid beneath the ban—

When by the Father unbefriended
The stricken Son to hell descended.

No consolation could He have
Who bore our sins our souls to save,
Who passed, unanswered, to the grave.

What pride can stand against such meekness ?
What strength can overthrow such weakness ?

THEODORE MAYNARD.

THE DAY'S RULE :

A MYSTIC'S CALENDAR FOR MAY

WE propose to publish a monthly calendar of quotations from the sacred books and the poets—"the last truth-tellers left to God"—which are intended to serve as a daily rule for the direction of thought and meditation. Readers are invited to assist in the compilation of this Mystic's Calendar. Quotations for July should reach the Editor not later than 21st May. The author and source of each quotation should be given and a sequence of subject and idea observed. Any one set of quotations should not include less than three or more than seven. An excellent example of a daily breviary with a definite idea pervading it is Miss Crosby Heath's *Mystic Arsenal : Wherein are Stored the Munitions of Peace*—a collection of quotations centred round and developing the perfect sense of the immanence of God. Three copies of this day-book are offered monthly for the best sets of daily quotations received, in addition to a first prize of an annual subscription to *Vision*.

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| May | One God, one law, one element,
1. And one far-off Divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.
TENNYSON. |
| | 2. Thou hast made me endless, such is Thy pleasure.
TAGORE. |
| | 3. Every morning thou must put forth thy strength
afresh upon the world, to create out of chaos the
garden in which thou walkest.
EDWARD CARPENTER. |
| | 4. The ideal is thyself ; the impediment, too, is
thyself.
CARLYLE. |

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| 5. | Thou all thy days must live
Thyself the quest ;
Plucking the heart to give
From thine own breast. | LAURENCE HOUSMAN. |
| 6. | Beauty is God's hand-writing : a wayside sacra-
ment. | C. KINGSLEY. |
| 7. | The longing for beauty that shines in the soul is
the guiding-star of the race. | CLIFFORD BAX. |
| 8. | Vision fixed
In living art ! O, I must live
To shape, to build, to sing, to give ! | I. R. MACLEOD. |
| 9. | One God in every seed self-sacrificed,
One star-eyed, star-crowned universal Christ
Recrucified in every wayside flower. | ALFRED NOYES. |
| 10. | I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord. | EVELYN UNDERHILL. |
| 11. | He is my Altar ; I, His Holy Place,
I am His guest ; and He, my living food. | FRANCIS QUARLES. |
| 12. | Take courage : for the race of man is divine. | THE GOLDEN VERSES. |
| 13. | God keeps His holy mysteries
Just on the outside of man's dream. | E. B. BROWNING. |
| 14. | Never the Spirit was born : the Spirit shall cease
to be never ;
Never the time it was not : end and beginning are
dreams. | EDWIN ARNOLD. |

15. Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with
Spirit shall meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands
and feet. TENNYSON.
16. Take Joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her.
JEAN INGELOW.
17. O my brave soul !
O farther, farther sail !
O daring joy, but safe ! are they not all the seas
of God ?
O farther, farther, farther sail ! WALT WHITMAN.
18. It is Loveliness I seek, not lovely things.
FIONA MACLEOD.
19. By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself : see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest ; for 'tis thine own :
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
GEORGE HERBERT.
20. When night comes, list thy deeds ; make plain the
way
'Twixt heaven and thee ; block it not with delays :
But perfect all before thou sleep'st.
HENRY VAUGHAN.
21. Let the hands or the head be at labour, thy heart
ought nevertheless to rest in God.
JACOB BEHMEN.
22. Live as on a mountain. MARCUS AURELIUS.
23. Look up and sing,
Set faces full against the light. CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

24. How should we bear our life
Without the friendship of the happy dead?
EVELYN UNDERHILL.
25. Days come and ages pass, and it is ever he who
moves my heart in many a name, in many a
guise, in many a rapture of joy and sorrow.
TAGORE.
26. Nothing is lifeless, everything lives,
Everything gives thanks in action. PAUL CLAUDEL.
27. O, Master of the Beautiful,
Creating us from hour to hour,
Give me this vision to the full
To see in lightest things thy power. A. E.
28. I am His house—for Him to go in and out.
GEORGE MACDONALD.
29. Then life is—to wake, not sleep,
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level. ROBERT BROWNING.
30. Thou hast thy way to go, thou hast thy day
To live; thou hast thy need of thee to make
In the hearts of others. RICHARD WATSON DIXON.
31. Far among the lonely hills,
As I lay beside my sheep,
Rest came down upon my soul,
From the everlasting deep. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

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A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF VISION

PSYCHIC SCIENCE. By Emile Boirac. Translated by
Dudley Wright. (W. Rider and Sons, 10s. 6d.)

THIS work, now presented for the first time to English readers, stands out prominently from among the ordinary run of psychic publications. Its appeal will be less wide than that of most books on psychism, for, as its title suggests, it treats of the subject from the scientific standpoint; and it is not in the records of wonderful happenings that the interest lies, but in the logical classification of the phenomena, in the search into the laws lying behind them, and in the careful accuracy with which the experiments were carried out and are here recorded.

M. Boirac divides phenomena into three main classes—Hypnoid, Magnetoid, and Spiritoid—the first accountable without the hypothesis of any unknown agent, the second involving the hypothesis of unknown *psychic* causes, and the third seeming to involve the hypothesis of some unknown agent akin to human intelligence; and it is thus that he groups all his own experiments, which range from ordinary hypnotic suggestion to the levitation of objects without material contact, and which include, to mention those of special interest, the conductivity of magnetism through a non-magnetic intermediary, the transposition of the senses, and the externalisation of sensibility.

The theory of animal magnetism (which the author himself accepts) is naturally, in a work of this order, largely dealt with; and there is a suggestive reference to the morality of hypnotic experiments.

It is always good to find psychism, which is so easily degraded into mere sentimental and curious speculation, treated seriously and sanely. This is essentially M.

Boirac's attitude, and his work is to be welcomed as an addition to the few really good books on the subject.

J. C. B.



BY AN UNKNOWN DISCIPLE. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)

IT is difficult in a few words to give any adequate impression of this book, every page of which is instinct with that beauty which is the outcome of true vision. Very simple, unutterably pathetic, it possesses in a strange degree the power to still the restlessness engendered by the stress of modern life, and to lead us for a while into a place apart.

The book consists of various incidents in the gospel story retold by the Unknown Disciple with a beauty and a tenderness which elude description; and while the name of the author is withheld, we feel as we read that here indeed may be one who followed the Master in those days of long ago, who listened to his teaching in the courtyard of the carpenter's house at Capernaum and by the blue lake of Galilee.

Of all the disciples drawn for us Judas stands out with the greatest strength and realism. We see his dark, haggard face, his thin, nervous hands, his eyes glittering with all the passion of the fanatic, and we know that here is one who "loves causes more than men," who is obsessed by the idea of overcoming the oppression of the Romans, who aims at establishing an earthly kingdom, and who assuredly knows nothing of that Kingdom whose law is Love.

The Unknown Disciple speaks very simply of Jesus, but it is a vivid simplicity, and the picture is the stronger for the lines left out. Early in the book we see Jesus walking through the cornfields with his disciples, and "his eyes are clear and gay, and in his face, burnt brown by the sun, is the joy of a young man who rejoices in

life." Later we watch him coming down the mountain side, whither he has been apart by himself to pray, and we see "that there is a tranquillity on his face and a light in his eyes as if he has looked on things unseen."

Many are the pictures we are shown of Jesus; we see him working in the carpenter's shed, healing the sick, teaching the people of the kingdom, until gradually the clouds gather, joy fades, and there stands before us the Man of Sorrows who is acquainted with grief.

The last chapter of the book is of inimitable beauty. In it the Unknown Disciple speaks of himself. It is after the crucifixion, and he goes one evening to the Garden of Gethsemane with despair in his heart, and stands alone where a few weeks before he had stood with Jesus, under a clump of olive trees.

To each the book will make its own appeal; for owing to some rare quality it is one of which we can never weary—essentially a book to be lived with and loved.

V. B.



THE SINGLE EYE. ESSAYS FROM THE MYSTIC POINT OF VIEW. By Arthur Edward Gray. (C. W. Daniel, Ltd., 2s. net.)

These five essays give the reader food for thought, although the two last are hardly convincing. It is in his essay on Religion that we see the author at his best. Here he shows a real mysticism, and writes with much beauty and insight.

A PSYCHIC VIGIL. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., 1s. net.)

A good exposition of the ordinary beliefs of modern spiritualism written in the form of a discussion between three men, which gives an opportunity for formulating and offering a solution of many of the difficulties that beset the inquirer.

THE SOUL OF TWO KNIGHTS. By Olive Katharine Parr (Beatrice Chase). (Longmans, Green, 1s. net.)

The author of *White Knights on Dartmoor* has given in this book the personal letters of two brothers who were so closely attached to one another that it seemed as if they owned "one great white soul in two bodies." The book makes such an intimate and pathetic appeal that its publication is almost to be regretted.

THE Gnostic STORY OF JESUS CHRIST. By Gilbert T. Sadler, M.A., LL.B. (C. W. Daniel, Ltd.)

An interpretation of the Christian story as a search for the "Christ-Ideal."

MYSTICISM, TRUE AND FALSE. By Dom. S. Louismet. (Burns and Oates, 5s. net.)

The author apparently finds it easy to distinguish between true and false mysticism, as he classes those who accept the Roman Catholic Faith as the followers of the true, and the sheep of all other folds the followers of the false.

THE WISE URCHIN. By Margaret Marr. (C. W. Daniel, Ltd., 2s. net.)

This little book is a curious medley. It is an allegory, apparently, in the form of a tale, and in it many ideas are touched upon—the power of Thought and the case of the Conscientious Objectors, amongst others. The author writes with an evident sincerity of purpose, but the whole effect is confused and unsatisfactory.

VISION IN THE PERIODICALS

The Poetry Review for April contains a delightful article entitled "The Affinity between Poetry and Religion" by the Rev. W. Morison, D.D. In it the writer tries to show that true poetry is inseparable from religion,

and that the religious spirit has ever found its loftiest expression in poetry. He tells us that the kinship between the two is so close that, "like Hippocrates' twins, they weep or laugh, they live or die together"; and he holds that what Francis Thomson said of the child is true also of the poet—"he believes in love, he believes in loveliness, he believes in belief." Among the various points of affinity that Mr. Morison deals with in his article are: (1) The universality of the appeal of poetry and religion to the heart of man; (2) The Passion of poetry and its peculiar power to express all the deepest convictions and beliefs of the soul and the necessity of this passion or "vivid vision" in kindling the religious spirit. In their sense of mystery, in their idealism, in their imagery and symbolism, Mr. Morison also shows us how close is the kinship between Poetry and Religion. The article contains many beautiful and apt quotations, and is altogether of unusual interest.

Taking up *The Bookman*, which in its March number celebrates the Lowell centenary, we find an article on the poet by Mr. R. Ellis Roberts. It is fresh and breezy, conveying in a clever manner a vivid impression of the poet's work and personality, and we feel that in these days Lowell should certainly be rescued from the oblivion into which he seems in some danger of falling if the words with which Mr. Roberts concludes contain any measure of truth. "He is one of the companionable authors who do not trouble greatly always to be at their best, but who give you what they can when they can. Considering rather your need than their capacity, they may not be the greatest artists, but they have the charm of good company, and that is a thing which is surely one of the most valuable and heartsome things in literature. Lowell is the kind of author who could make you put up with a coal shortage; there are many greater men of whom that could never be said."

In *The Occult Review*, among much that is of interest,

we find under Notes of the Month an admirable essay on Swedenborg. The article is a long one, and it is impossible to do justice to it here, but a general summary of its contents can be given. We are shown Swedenborg in the years of his early manhood travelling in Europe, learning all that was to be learned, and seeing all that was to be seen. A letter of his is quoted—one written from London in 1711—in which he says: "I turn my lodgings to some use, and change them often. At first I was at a watchmaker's, now I am at a mathematical instrument maker's. From them I steal their trades, which some day will be of use to me." What more illuminating peep could we have into the encyclopædic brain of this extraordinary man, who up to his fiftieth year was a man of science and a man of affairs, and who is known to-day as one of the world's great mystics? The article deals with Swedenborg at all stages of his brilliant and varied career, tells of his feats as geologist and mining expert, of his projected inventions which included a flying machine and "a plan of a certain ship which with its men was to go under the surface of the sea wherever it chooses and do great damage to the fleet of the enemy," of his studies and discoveries in astronomy and of other of his scientific interests. At the time of writing *The Economy of the Animal Kingdom considered Anatomically and Philosophically*, Swedenborg found himself unexpectedly in touch with another than the physical world. This period of his life is dealt with admirably in the article and his later theories discussed. The writer concludes with an interesting example of Swedenborg's great psychic gifts.

The Nineteenth Century contains an article by Mr. A. P. Sinnett entitled "Imprisoned in the Five Senses," which is of too complex a nature to be discussed here, but is well worth reading at first hand.

VISION PRIZE COMPETITIONS

1. A prize of HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best mystical poem. A statement to the effect that the poem is original and has not appeared before in print must be enclosed. (Criticisms of poems will be given if a reading fee of 2s. 6d. for the purpose is enclosed.)

2. A prize of HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best explanation in not more than 500 words of the experience published under the title of "A Dream?" in the May number of *Vision*.

3. A copy of *Vision* will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best set of quotations (either prose or verse) of not more than four lines from a mystical writer suitable for inclusion in a Mystic's Calendar, and three copies of *The Mystic Arsenal: Wherein are stored the Munitions of Peace*, will be awarded the senders of the next three best quotations.

4. Books to the value of 10s. 6d. (selected from those advertised in this issue) will be awarded the reader who sends to the publishers the greatest number of annual subscriptions during the month of May. They may be sent in singly as received or in bulk at the end of the month. As consolation prizes a copy of *The Mystic Arsenal* will be sent to each helper who introduces at least two new subscribers during this period.

RULES FOR COMPETITION

Entries must be forwarded not later than the 21st of each month to the Editors of *Vision*, etc. The envelope should be marked "Prize." Only one side of the paper must be used, and the imprint from the cover (i.e. "Printed by Messrs. Brendon," etc.) must be enclosed with each entry. No entry can be returned, and the Editor reserves the right to make use of any of the entries submitted for competition. In all cases the Editor's decision must be regarded as final.