

## VISION AND PSYCHISM

### The Outlook

THE wave of interest in things occult which for some time has been gathering in force would seem not yet to have reached its crest. The extraordinary increase in the number of books on psychic and mystical subjects published during the last five years as compared with a similar pre-war period in itself is significant: publisher after publisher has joined the ranks of the pioneer few who braved the scorn of the "thinking public" and catered for the "credulous masses," with the result that many of the "thinking public" have learnt that not only in the days of long ago was it true that things hidden from the wise and prudent may be revealed to babes.

Again and again there have been instances of men of intellect entering the field of psychical research solely in order to expose a fraudulent imposture, and in spite of their original bias becoming convinced of the truths of spirit-return and the possibility of after-death manifestation.

Certain scientists have not feared to announce the results of their investigations and to brave the scorn with which these have been met by their colleagues and the general public, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes and Sir William Barrett being perhaps three of the best known whose courage in the face of much ignorant ridicule was only equalled by their intensity of conviction.

It is often forgotten by those who condemn the subject unheard that mere assertion is not argument and that the value of criticism depends on knowledge rather than prejudice. Mere dogmatic statements concerning the absurdity of the claims of occultism carry as little weight as the man in the street's opinion on questions of high finance or a Christian's attempt to expose the fallacies of the metaphysics of Buddhism after a cursory reading of some sixpenny textbook written by a European.

It is a curious reflection upon the mental standpoint of many that whereas the entrance of a scientist upon the study of psychical phenomena is heralded with joyful enthusiasm as the precursor of its exposure, directly such scientist admits the reality of contact between the seen and the unseen and proceeds to make public the result of his investigations his testimony is discredited by the very section who professed readiness to abide by his verdict.

The more rabid of his critics are not behindhand in suggesting that although the value of his contributions to material science cannot be denied, the presence of a "bee in his bonnet" is to be suspected in view of his credulous attitude towards psychism.

Such a suggestion has been levelled against one of our greatest scientists because after nine years' continuous investigation he announced as his assured conviction that psychic phenomena were attributable in the main to unseen "spirit" agents.



However, signs are not wanting that such extremes of bigotry and narrow prejudice are on the wane before a wider tolerance of views that diverge from those accepted by a former generation. We live in an age when reason must be satisfied and the spirit fed even at the cost of shattering life-long prejudices, and we are therefore less ready to accept authority as our ultimatum, recognising that it is at the bar of our own intelligence that every belief must substantiate its claim. Progress depends not upon a blind following of a series of authoritative mandates, but upon intelligent co-operation based on a reasoned understanding of "the faith within us."

Yet this tendency towards independent thinking is in no way stifling the religious sense of the community, on the contrary it would seem that a deeper sense is developing which is no longer the attribute of the few but the common possession of many.

This being so, it seems strange that of all bodies who recognise the need for effecting a closer relationship between the spiritual and material worlds the clergy have remained curiously apart and apathetic, if not actively hostile, towards this new spirit of investigation and inquiry, failing to appreciate its importance and to keep their finger on the spiritual pulse of the people.

Every awakening carries with it a danger commensurate with its power, and to-day the Church is missing a big opportunity by ignoring the present psychic revival instead of guiding it into safe and wise channels so that it may lead to a real opening of the spiritual eyes of the people.

Psychism is not spirituality, neither is the ps

world a world of spirit : this has need to be pointed out : but a study of psychism may lead through lesser shallows to the deeper waters of true knowledge, for one of the first lessons that it emphasises is that the every-day man is a spiritual being of the same nature as the saints of God, with spiritual powers—latent certainly—but capable of infinite development.

Although the clergy as a whole have failed to grasp their opportunity, there are a few notable exceptions who, in the face of strong disapproval on the part of their colleagues, have not feared to attempt the investigation of psychic science.

The value of their dicta is demonstrated by the huge circulation that their books obtain, although they are often of lesser importance than those written by the laity. As an instance, we may quote the Rev. Arthur Chambers' books, the first of which—*Our Life after Death*—has run into over a hundred editions. The author was for many years vicar of Brockenhurst, and he did not hesitate to express his views in favour of spiritualism with great force and conviction, his name often figuring on the lecture list of the London Spiritualist Alliance.

The Rev. Charles Tweedale, vicar of Weston, Otley, has recently published a book called *Man's Survival after Death*, which is a useful contribution to psychical research, as he draws a strong analogy between modern and Biblical phenomena. It has already passed into its second edition, and as it is written from the standpoint of one who is an adherent to the Christian Faith it will necessarily carry weight with members of the Church.

Perhaps, however, one of the best books on the subject



that has yet been written by a clergyman is published by J. M. Watkins under the title of *The Wonders of the Saints and Modern Spiritualism* (4s. 6d. net), the author of which is the Rev. Fielding-Ould, M.A., vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street, London. It is not so much an outline of spiritualistic belief as a comparison between the experiences of the saints and modern instances of psychic phenomena, and very interesting and significant do they appear when placed in this close juxtaposition.

Mr. Fielding-Ould is not afraid to own that the Church has been, and is, anything but sympathetic to the spiritualist, and points out that although the marvels experienced by the saints are considered "divine favours from the highest source," the spiritualist's experiences are condemned as either "delusion, fraud or of the devil." There are certain clergymen who claim that they are not interested in psychic occurrences, yet if they would be in touch with the thought of the populace it behoves them to remember that there are 170,000 registered members of one English Spiritist Society alone, besides adherents of innumerable smaller societies, and the vast army of independent investigators who wear no "label" but are no less earnest in their desire for knowledge.

Mr. Fielding-Ould's book will appeal not only to those interested in psychic happenings but also to lovers of mysticism, for he recalls to our memory many beautiful stories of the old mystics and the visions that brought happiness and joy unspeakable to "the pure in heart."

These same stories, however familiar they may be, come with a certain freshness and new significance

because they are placed in this book side by side with the ordinary experiences of the modern-day psychic, in order to demonstrate their similarity. So similar indeed are they that we cannot fail to see that the wonders of the saints are the wonders of the everyday psychic, with this difference, that whereas psychic manifestations occurred in the lives of the saints as accidental happenings, to the modern psychic they are often the one aim and purpose of development. The saint knew more truly that the real quest of life lay not in a psychic but a spiritual unfoldment which would open for him the place of union—"the living cell" of the heart. To concentrate upon the development of psychic faculties without that inner entrance is to mistake the beauties of the roadside for the Vision on the Mount.

This is the danger of the modern trend of spiritualism, and is the reason that many students of occultism deprecate such concentration upon the phenomenal side to the exclusion of the true philosophic search. The old occult rule that has been handed down since the great days of the mystery teaching of ancient times still holds good—"To one step in the development of occult powers there must be three steps in the development of character."

Mr. Fielding-Ould begins his comparison with a chapter on *Voices, Levitation and Bilocation*, and reminds us of the frequency with which names are called and sometimes whole sentences pronounced when there is no physical presence in the room besides the hearer.

This is one of the most common beginnings of any development of psychic power, and results from response



to certain vibrations of the ether which are of such rapidity that they do not affect the normal physical "make-up" of man at all.

As a mediæval instance, Mr. Fielding-Ould quotes the beautiful story of St. Francis, who, while he was praying in a little tumble-down church, heard a voice that seemingly came from the painted wooden crucifix, saying, "Francis, seest thou not that My house is being destroyed? Go, therefore, and repair it for Me."

Francis went forth, filled with joy, buying and begging materials, and eventually restored the little ruined House of God. It was not until years after that he understood that it was not the physical building that needed his repair. So also, in modern instances of clairaudience, the surface meaning is seldom the true one.

The mere mention of Levitation—the raising of a person by unseen force above the ground—is as a rule the signal for an outburst of ridicule, but Mr. Fielding-Ould has the courage to quote the famous instance of Daniel D. Home who, as Conan Doyle reminds us, was not a paid adventurer but the nephew of the Earl of Home. On one occasion Home floated out of a window, across a street at a height of seventy feet, before the very eyes of unimpeachable witnesses, Lord Dunraven, Lord Lindsay and Captain Wynne, who were ready to state on oath the facts of the case. The account may be read in many books on psychism, including Sir William Barrett's *On the Threshold of the Unseen* and Conan Doyle's *New Revelation*.

Turning to the experiences of the saints, St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus, was seen by John Pascal raised more than a foot above the ground while at prayer : St. Joseph Cupertino while celebrating the Mysteries in 1649 before the Duke of Brunswick was levitated a hand's breadth above the level of the altar for a space of six or seven minutes ; St. Teresa wrote : " Sometimes my whole body was carried with my soul, so as to be raised from the ground, but this was seldom. When I wished to resist these raptures, there seemed to be somewhat of such mighty force under my feet, which raised me up, that I knew not what to compare it to."

Innumerable other instances might be given, showing that levitation was a common phenomenon experienced by the saints of old, as if the winging spirit uplifted the bodily vehicle in its desire to soar to the place of Divine Union with the Beloved.

Another explanation is necessary to account for the levitation of a strong physical medium who by no stretch of the imagination can be assumed to be filled with an intensity of divine longing. It is therefore interesting to learn that Mr. Crawford of Belfast, whose *Reality of Psychic Phenomena* is the finest book yet published on the subject, has succeeded in photographing a " psychic rod," which is described as " a kind of column of occult force," by means of which it is suggested a medium may be levitated from the ground, rather as a lift is sometimes raised on a steel piston-rod. This explanation of course assumes the assistance of unseen " spirit " agencies, whereas the saint is levitated by his or her own inherent spiritual power.



There is another interesting chapter on *Apparitions*, in which Mr. Fielding-Ould says that he himself has seen and conversed in French with a non-physical being dressed as a Carmelite nun, and he gives instances of apparitions seen by such great mediæval saints as St. Antony of Padua, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Angela, St. Catherine of Bologna and Savonarola, the last of whom "had seen spectral apparitions even as a child; they became multiplied, and haunted him even in public and by day" (Villari, 312).

Those who mock at the idea that there are unseen guardians who watch over the lives of men would do well to read the chapter on *Guardian Angels*, and to realise that the constant presence of spiritual helpers was to the saints a living manifestation of the Father's care for the welfare of His children.

But perhaps the chapter on *Fire, Light, Stigmatism* is the most remarkable of all. Immunity from fire may be experienced by medium and saint alike, as we read in the following convincing account :

"Daniel D. Home was able to take live coals in his hand and even to plunge his head into a fire without suffering any hurt. He gave an exhibition of this character in 1880, when Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Dr. Eugene Crowell, and Mr. Samuel Carter-Hall were present. Sir William Barrett, in his *Psychical Research* (p. 217), describes the same phenomenon as having been witnessed in 1869 by Lord Adare, who was able, on Home's invitation, to take the coal out of the latter's hand and hold it without being hurt. Lord Crawford is described as having witnessed the same marvel on eight separate occasions and Sir William Crookes as having seen it too. It is impossible for any reasonable men to reject the testimony of such an array of witnesses."

Mr. Fielding-Ould goes on to point out that if we believe this of Daniel Home we must believe it also of the saints.

“ St. Francis of Paula (1508), in whose arms died Louis XI of France, and who was canonised by Leo X, held red-hot cinders in his hands, and said, in explanation to the amazed spectators, ‘ All creatures obey those who serve God with a perfect heart ’ ” (Baring-Gould and Alban Butler).

Clairvoyants claim that they perceive the physical body surrounded by an aura of light or changing colours : St. Ignatius Loyola's body was seen “ shining with light ” ; St. John Francis Regis (d. 1640) while in prayer appeared “ all on fire like a seraph, motionless for many hours ” (Alban Butler).

Mr. Fielding-Ould has been content in the main to lay his instances of modern psychic phenomena side by side with the experiences of the saints, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions, but perhaps he might have emphasised a little more insistently the fact that although the phenomena are similar the causes that gave rise to them are not necessarily so. The vision of the saint is born of consecration to the higher life and renunciation of the less : the clairvoyance of the psychic as often as not is an inherited gift that is no criterion of spiritual development at all. On the other hand, there are mystics of to-day, even as there were mystics in the days long past, not so great in achievement perhaps, but of no less earnestness of purpose. They too, by dedication to the true quest of life, which is not psychism but



the true spiritual unfoldment, loose their hold a little upon the physical vehicle and as a consequence develop a measure of inner vision. Their experiences, however small, are then of the same nature as those of the saints, because they are not sought as an end in themselves but are for the illumination and refreshment of the soul as she pursues her self-appointed task of building out of chaos "an empire of light."

DOROTHY GRENSIDE.

\* \* \*

In an amusing article in the *Weekly Despatch* Mr. Robert Hichens, the well-known novelist, proclaims his belief that the dead cannot speak to us, although from all sides he hears the contrary assertion. Meanwhile, he tells us, the mediums flourish and the Bishop of London is not pleased.

Mr. Hichens claims to have attended a number of sittings, and witnessed the usual phenomena of rappings, lights, faces, etc. He came in contact with various mediums, but he was apparently a little lacking in discrimination over his selection, as he says that "without exception they were ignorant people who made a living out of their mediumship and in whom it was exceedingly difficult to have full confidence." The fact that his investigations were made with mediums of this calibre detracts in no small measure from the value of his conclusions. The study of psychic science is only in its infancy, and little progress in it will be made unless the conditions under which it is investigated are as exact and regular as those necessary for the knowledge of any other science.

Yet Mr. Hichens tells us he "wants to believe. There is something so rich in belief, something so arid in scepticism."

## THE NEW PENTECOST

WHITSUN commemorates a happening in Christian history which is equal in importance and significance to the baptism of the Master by John. As the Initiates in the Hermetica, when doused with the divine Spirit, became Teleioi, or Perfect, so He, the ideal Disciple, when united at His baptism with the Mind of all Masterhood fulfilled His great destiny, and became for all time Jesus the Christ. With this event began the real history of Jesus on earth; with the corresponding event on the first Whitsunday began the real history of His life in a super-personal body, fashioned by Him for the greater exigencies of a new era.

Three years had passed since the first baptism by John at the waters of Jordan, and the Master, having founded a new social ideal, and altered the keynote of civilisation, had left His earthly vehicle. Not, however, before He had established the nucleus of a new and super-personal organism through which He could act over a world-wide area, and with a vastly extended scope. This organism, whose cells and organs were men and women in tune with the new ideals, had to grow from swaddling days to a rich maturity. It was to be the earth body of the Master, His inviolable link between the world and the inner spheres of His transformed activity. The crises of this corporate body would correspond, by the law of analogy, with those experienced by the Master in His body of humiliation, since all His happenings were Cosmic happenings, to be shared by those who were of the Cosmic order. It is problematical whether Jesus ever planned to found the Christian Church in the sense of a vast hierarchical system clothed with external authority, and possessing the last word in divine Truth. He *did* plan to found a Divine Society composed of men and women united in two essentials—belief in Himself,



and love to the world and each other. These essentials were the irreducible minima with which He could work in the nascent spiritual organism which had been developed from infancy to adolescence during His earthly ministry, not to be left until its most tender years were passed. The event at Pentecost marked its coming of age. We need not press too literally the outer historical facts either of this or of the Christ story. Suffice it that the history of the Christ and His vehicles will ever be on the same lines of inner happening wherever and in whatever form their manifestations may occur. Pentecost is cosmic and eternal: it is with us to-day: it will recur at every new crisis in the life of the World-Spirit, at every new spiritual phase in the immortal history of man.

This being so, it is interesting to compare the first Whitsunday of two thousand years ago with the conditions in which we find ourselves in these days of world crisis. Pentecost, we have agreed, was the baptism of the Cosmic Christ in His super-personal body composed of men and women called to represent Him in the world. The occasion of the Divine outpouring—the Jewish Feast of Weeks—has its place in the mystical setting of the story. Pentecost was held at the close of a double cycle of seven weeks of seven days after the great Feast of the First-Fruits, the two Feasts being successive and complementary. They were held to commemorate the entrance of the Jews into the Promised Land, and enjoined first-fruit offerings of the new harvest and new flocks of the new country. The idea to be commemorated at the recurring Feasts, therefore, was the idea of a new order under God. Israel on entering the Land of Promise had come into its own as a theocracy segregated for a very definite purpose in the history of humanity. It was to form the direct, ancestral, spiritual line of a new spiritual order that should one day build civilisation anew, and set the symphony of the races in another and

higher key. The happening on the first Whitsunday was the result of a first-fruit offering not of physical but of human values, when the "First-Fruits of many Brethren" outpoured His spirit on a little gathering which had been segregated from out of their nation for the very purpose for which that nation itself had been originally selected and called.

Truly the first Whitsunday was a feast of the First-fruits of a Land of Promise which the "spiritual Israel" of all ages have striven to attain. The geographical fact, so dear to the heart of a pious Jew, had a possible spiritual correspondence in the later teaching of the Kingdom of Heaven, which, like its physical prototype, had also to be "taken by force." That Kingdom, too, has its offered first-fruits, of which Pentecost was the first reaping. We emphasise this point since it is of significance, indicating as it does the tremendous law of the spiritual life that oblation ever precedes afflatus. Here the oblation was of human lives and hearts, the condition in which the New Covenant superseded and fulfilled the lower offerings enjoined by the old. "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God. He taketh away the first that He may establish the second."

This great self-offering of a little gathering on the first Whitsun is the key to the whole event. The Jews outside that little community would necessarily have been the first to deny that their Feast of Weeks had any other than a retrospective significance, or that it pointed mystically to the recognition of a new element in world-history which had its birth on that most memorable of a thousand Pentecosts. And yet the mystical interpreter of history can read the story in no other way. Christianity either meant the bringing to birth of a subsequent new order of life in humanity, or it meant nothing. It was all of one piece with the singularly prophetic and symbolic religion of which it was the extension and fulfilment, so that what Christ actually brought into



manifestation Moses foreshadowed and symbolised. The Christian Church (by which we mean all persons who have come under the living influence of Christian ideals) may have fallen eventually far below its high possibilities as a corporate instrument for the Master ; it may for the most part have been ignorant of its calling, and deaf to the Voice that called ; it has nevertheless rebuilt, and is still rebuilding, the world on an ethical foundation which is now identified with the essentials of all true civilisation. Future world-structures may rise higher than the principles of Christ as we at present understand these principles ; they can never sink below them without forfeiting their claim to be civilised.

The new life outpoured at Pentecost was as a seed planted in stubborn soil. Its first phenomenal fruition did not long survive the Apostolic Age. Not that the Life could ever perish—rather it had not then struck root ; it has scarcely penetrated even yet the deepest stratum of the sub-soil. The Pentecostal leaven, continuously renewed, is but now beginning to work in its full strength ; we may expect greater things ere long with the increase of Christian sensitiveness to the play of life in the inner worlds which is so marked a feature of present-day Christian consciousness.

The cyclic Wheel has turned again, and once more the first-fruits of a new order are looking for the promised "Parousia," the "coming of the Son of Man" in His aspect of Divine Pneuma, the life-giving Spirit. There is everywhere a stirring of dry bones ; the breath is in the air of a returning Spring of uprushing life, on the passing of a Winter of long, spiritual discontent. This time the Heavenly Baptism will fall on a wider circle than that which foregathered in a certain house two thousand Pentecosts ago ; its power, mighty now as then to illumine and transform, will fill not the small area of a room, but the four quarters of the earth, since the life we would evoke at the New Pentecost is universal, and

knows no limits of place, creed, or race. Furthermore the work initiated at the former Pentecost has prepared the world for an infinitely vaster outpouring at the present. The new Baptism we dare confidently to expect will touch all—and those only—who have fulfilled the primitive condition of being “of one accord in one place.” Neither the “accord” nor the “place” need be of the external order, for the condition we have in mind is an affair of inner nature. The binding unity between members of the new race is one of exalted principle, and abiding, controlling spiritual purpose. It is a fellowship of all who sincerely love the Highest as they see it. Dedication to ideals of a life that is truly corporate and super-personal, of a world that shall one day reflect in great measure the realities of its heavenly archetype, is the sign of that inner fellowship whose members, unknown for the most part to each other on the outer plane, yet constitute on the inner the Mystical Body of Christ—His essential mode of self-expression on earth. Separated widely in space, they are yet none the less “in one place,” the “Secret place of the Most High,” where the strife of opposites is stilled, where ideals abide, and the power to realise them. He who dwells in the “one place,” which is the very heart of God, will be naturally “of one accord” with all that lives, since all life rises at that Fountain, but in a special degree will he feel the oneness with those who too have reached that “place of peace.” There is no link so irrefragable as this. Contentions on the outer plane may strain, but they cannot break it; outer contacts may fail, or may never even occur, yet the inner unity of souls who are spiritually based remains unaffected. When this condition is fulfilled among a number of persons who, by their inner attitude, are qualified to be in the vanguard of human progress, then the New Pentecost is at hand. Its manifestations will be as of yore, power-giving, illuminating, and unifying. The mind that is touched



with tongues of Flame can utter truth in the language of all who need ; gone is the illusion that truth has but one mode of expression, one voice, one mouthpiece ; variety and manifestation will make for greater unity, since in the many modes the One is more readily perceived.

The first Whitsun was an Initiation. Great things were in prospect, a great impetus was therefore bestowed. It was given in the privacy of a devoted inner circle, for use in the world without. The gift of "tongues" came after the rush of power drove its recipients, as it were drunk "with new wine," to utter their message to representatives of "every nation under heaven." Pentecostal fires were not for private delectation. What the Spirit gives is given for all ; universality is ever its sign-manual. Herein is the test of true inspiration and afflatus ; does it flow out to others, does it readily touch their comprehension and their needs ? Is it not only power but *illumination* ? Does each one to whom it is presented hear, as it were, "in his own tongue the wonderful works of God" ? It was said of Archdeacon Wilberforce that he appealed to each member of his vast audience as though he were speaking to each alone. That was because the universal Spirit spoke through him the universal yet particular language of the human heart, and where the Spirit speaks there is always immediate understanding.

The New Pentecost, then, like the old, will bring into focus a wider purview of truth. There will be a great breaking down of barriers. Looking over the world to-day we can thankfully observe this taking place, we can note, too, that the many voices of the Spirit have modes of speech that appeal to all. The old immemorial, spiritual policy of secrecy and esotericism is not for the new day. There is, of course, a natural esotericism by which none will get more than they can receive, but the day of great reserves is over. "They shall all

know Me from the least unto the greatest " may still be of far distant fulfilment for the world at large, yet by successive waves of ever-wider outpouring that great Ultimate will one day be reached, and " the earth *shall* be full of the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea."

CHARLOTTE E. WOODS.



## LOVE SPEAKS

Is there no service thou canst ask from me ?  
No sacrifice to make ?

Is there nought good nor lovely in my life  
That thou wouldst care to take ?

'Tis true, I have nor wealth nor beauty's grace ;  
Lowly of mind am I, quiet of face.

Yet only, heart of mine, let me love thee !  
I ask no more ;

Let me but serve thee, tho' on bended knee,  
Watch at thy door,

Run on glad feet thy earliest wish to learn ;  
Giving, I gain ; spending for thee, I earn.

And when one day my groping fingers push  
Death's door ajar,

No writing raise unto my memory  
To mend or mar ;

Yet if thou wilt, then only, lightly grooved,  
Trace thou no words but these, " This heart hath loved ! "

ESTHER RAWORTH.



## THE MYSTICISM OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

LITERARY booms are not satisfactory because they tend to give an inflated valuation of an author's work which posterity generally modifies.

When Rabindranath Tagore came to London, shortly after the publication of his *Gitanjali* our mandarins gathered about him and loaded him with praise. We become infatuated over foreign authors. When we can lionise an Eastern poet, a dreamy-eyed Eastern poet arrayed in his native dress, we straightway adopt the prone position, light our candles of reverence and burn our incense of adulation. I am told by a friend of mine who met India's greatest poet that Tagore sat like a huge bird with folded wings apparently oblivious to his surroundings. He was not always immobile, for on at least one occasion some rather foolish ladies induced him to chant some of his own love poems in the Bengali tongue. When Rabindranath had finished and folded about him his wing-like arms, the ladies gushed forth their praise. They had not understood a word. But that did not matter. He was so utterly charming, so quaint, such "a dear"! Had Tagore not been familiar with *Sādhana*, able at all times to distinguish the real from the unreal, wisdom from folly, it is probable that all this praise would have been exceedingly trying. We may be quite sure, since Tagore had the misfortune to become a fashionable craze, that those who were so anxious to idolise him had singularly missed the real beauty and real significance of his work. The dreamy-eyed poet was knighted, and he received the Nobel prize. Such a shower of earthly rewards seems a little out of place. It even jars those who have seen in Tagore's poetry a splendid vision of things spiritual. We should no more have paid in hard cash for the priceless

*Gitanjali* than we should similarly reward the author of the "Sermon on the Mount" or the poet who wrote the "Song of Songs." Blundering into bad taste, we did our worst for Tagore. But this dreamer of sweet dreams sang of his Divine Master: "With a flower for a prize you came down at my cottage door." We presented him with £10,000, and would have given him a house in Park Lane.

A Bengali doctor of medicine has said of Rabindranath: "He is the first among our saints who has not yet refused to live, and that is why we give him our love." Unlike certain Indian fanatics he did not stand on one leg for many years or contemplate for a number of seasons the tip of his nose. He did not scorn cleanliness or allow the birds to nest in his hair. He lived, and the joy of life is writ large in all his wonderful songs.

Saints and mystics, especially mystics, are usually recluses by temperament. The average mystic who has seen the glow that shines behind the veil is no longer concerned with the things of this world. He radiates a joy which others, not similarly enlightened, do not understand. He hurries along life's road eager for Death's gentle call, eager for union with the Divine Love that has filled his soul with transcendent joy. And so he passes, a being that does not belong to the common herd. But Tagore is not a bit like the average mystic, partly because he is a saint as well as a mystic, and the two do not always go together. He lingers in the market-place at noon-day. He speaks to men and women and children. He has seen the Master on the dusty highway, in the forest, by the stream, in the sky jewelled with a blaze of stars. He has seen Him everywhere, and because the vision brought him beauty and peace and joy he needs must sing of these things so that others may share his happiness. Jealousy often mars earthly love, but we can share God with all, and the more we do so the greater becomes our joy in union with the Master.



Rabindranath is an ideal mystic, and at this time of social upheaval in our own country and elsewhere we have need of more like him. Mysticism has too long remained a closed book. The sceptic has seen about it the fog of charlatanism and foolish flap-doodle. Even the honest seeker after Truth has turned its pages only to discover much that is beyond his power of comprehension. And yet the root of all true mysticism is simple and not difficult, clear not murky. The trouble is that too many mystics have failed to express themselves with any degree of lucidity. When they saw the Light it staggered them. The pity of it all is that too often they went on staggering, and drunk with joy for want of true control and just balance, their voice shook in giving the message, and their pens were lost in a maze of meaningless words. Tagore saw the Light, but though he humbled himself he was not afraid. It did not bewilder him, and did not lead to a torrent of incoherent phrases. He saw the Master as his Divine Lover, and Tagore, more clearly than any other poet and with more rare beauty, has sung of that wonderful meeting.

Chomei, a twelfth-century Japanese recluse, feared that his love of Nature was greater than his love of the Noble Eightfold Path, feared that the song of birds, the setting of the moon, the lavender cloud of wistaria blossom would prevent him from attaining Nirvana. Tagore had no such fear, for the beauty of earth was his Master's raiment, the sunshine His smile, the rustle of leaves His gentle footfall. Rabindranath sings :

"And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well. The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away, in the very next moment to find in the left one its consolation."

Was Death ever described more tenderly? Doctor Johnson feared it, and with his characteristic dogmatism

said that all men have a horror of the closing moments of mortal life. And yet it is such a little way from mortality to immortality, from flesh to spirit. All the time we cling to the Belovéd's bosom. Quicker than the fall of a raindrop or the flicker of a star our eager lips pass from one breast to another—and that is all!

In reading the *Gitanjali* one is conscious over and over again of the poet's ecstasy. We feel "the heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy is abroad." But there is nothing wild about Rabindranath's ecstasy as there is about the whirling dervishes or Shinto priests when they claim to be divinely possessed. He expresses with crystal clearness what we have felt and dreamt and longed for. In rare moments we have known the same touch, seen the same smile, heard the same voice.

There was a degree of intimacy between Christ and St. John which we can claim for no other disciple of the Master. It was St. John who struck the deeply mystical note and in consequence has more in common with Tagore than anyone else who knew Jesus personally. It was St. John who saw the Inward Light and realised the very Presence of Christ in the hearts of those who hear His knock on the door and who joyfully let Him in. Rabindranath does not mention the name of Christ in the *Gitanjali*, for like many mystics he called the Divine Lover by a name that no human voice can utter. Tagore has risen beyond sect and dogma and creed, beyond the conflicting pandemonium of theological disputes and the so-called higher criticism. He had no sympathy for the Scribes and Pharisees, for the mummery and mere externals of religion. He writes :

"Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads !  
Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a  
temple with doors all shut ? Open thine eyes and see  
thy God is not before thee !

"He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground



and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil ! ”

At a time when ministers of every denomination are asking what is wrong with the churches, and are diligently inquiring what must be done to revive worship, it is good to ponder over Tagore's vital message. He writes :

“ They come with their laws and their codes to bind me fast ; but I evade them ever, for I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last into his hands.”

Love was the basis of Tagore's religious belief. He knew that the doors of the heart can only be opened to admit the Master when self is dead and there is only room for Love. With simple directness he tells his countrymen how they may prepare to meet the Master. He writes :

“ Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high ;

Where knowledge is free ;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls ;

When words come out from the depth of truth ;

When tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection ;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit ;

Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country wake.”

The *Gitanjali* with all its mysticism is essentially human. We do not discover in Tagore a self-satisfied

saint who is always on the mountain-top of divine happiness. If we did discover such an one we should turn away with sorrow. The *Gitanjali* is as free from smug self-righteousness as *The Hound of Heaven* or *The Everlasting Mercy*. Rabindranath tells us quite frankly that there are days when through his own shortcomings he cannot find the Master. Tagore at such times waits for the coming of the Belovéd as we wait in our own homes for the coming of an old companion. He writes :

“Art thou abroad on this stormy night on thy journey of love, my friend? The sky groans like one in despair. I have no sleep to-night. Ever and again I open my door and look out on the darkness, my friend!

“I can see nothing before me. I wonder where lies thy path!

“By what dim shore of the ink-black river, by what far edge of the frowning forest, through what mazy depth of gloom art thou threading thy course to come to me, my friend?”

In the West we know little or nothing of the meaning of meditation. We do not “study to be quiet.” We are endlessly busy about matters of no real importance. We pry into the holes of human weakness, and do not climb sufficiently frequently the mountains of vision where alone we can find spiritual refreshment. If we saw further we should do away with our War Office and build a Peace Office instead. We cannot hear the “still small voice” in the savage clash of a jazz band, neither can we expect to find the Master if we are not alone and fully prepared to meet Him. When our heart cries out for Him, when earthly desires are set aside, when we crave to be a part of the all-pervading Beauty, when in a flash we know what Love is, then, and only then, will the Master come. Tagore writes :



"Have you not heard his silent steps ?

He comes, comes, ever comes.

Every moment and every age, every day and every night he comes, comes, ever comes.

Many a song have I sung in many a mood of mind, but all their notes have always proclaimed, 'He comes comes, ever comes.'

In the fragrant days of sunny April through the forest path he comes, comes, ever comes.

In the rainy gloom of July nights on the thundering chariot of clouds he comes, comes, ever comes.

In sorrow after sorrow it is his steps that press upon my heart, and it is the golden touch of his feet that makes my joy to shine."

The Master has no truer or more beautiful poet than Rabindranath Tagore, for the Master has bestowed upon him the gift of poetry and the gift of vision. His poetry is ablaze with the light of the Divine Love. In one exquisite poem he looks forward to that last earthly journey when there will be no separation from the Master to that time when Rabindranath will sing of his celestial joy but "free from all bondage of words."

"Early in the day it was whispered that we should sail in a boat, only thou and I, and never a soul in the world would know of this our pilgrimage to no country and to no end.

"In that shoreless ocean, at thy silently listening smile my songs would swell in melodies, free as waves, free from all bondage of words.

"Is the time not come yet? Are there works still to do? Lo, the evening has come down upon the shore and in the fading light the sea-birds come flying to their nests.

"Who knows when the chains will be off, and the boat, like the last glimmer of sunset, vanish into the night?"

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

# NANNY AND HER DOG

## A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE

I NEVER believed in ghosts until the following incident occurred, as all the so-called ghosts I had encountered were easily explained upon investigation.

A party of three (including myself) had missed the last train and tram from Nottingham, so Shank's pony was the only means of conveyance to the aerodrome at which we were stationed some six miles away.

Having lost our way, it was not until the small hours that we reached our destination. We repeatedly saw the outline of the hangars silhouetted against the sky, but somehow or other we failed to make much headway, for the night was very dark, and we experienced great difficulty in surmounting the hedges surrounding fields and pastures.

Had I been alone it would have been difficult to persuade anyone to believe this weird adventure, for I am aware of the ease whereby one may become nervous of the stillness and blackness of the night, in the country particularly. Many are compelled to admit having got the "wind up" when quite alone in such circumstances, when queer sounds are often heard, and the outline of bushes, tree-trunks, cattle and sign-posts often resemble the human form.

On this journey from Nottingham many difficulties were encountered, and we found ourselves in Bulwell Park, not far from the Keeper's Lodge at present unoccupied.

All at once came a call for help, as if from someone in distress. It called out "Nanny" repeatedly. The voice sounded rather feminine, was pitched in a high note, and was most uncanny and weird. It seemed to come from about a quarter of a mile distant. One of the party (a



corporal who had travelled widely) suggested it might be a magpie or a jackdaw. I refused to believe him as it sounded so very human. Our curiosity being aroused, one of the party called out loudly and in rather forceful language, words that could be interpreted, "Who is it, and what is the matter?" No reply was made at this juncture, but a little dog came running towards us barking furiously. I endeavoured to make friends and stroke it, but could feel no substance. My friend Brind (who in the ordinary way was by no means superstitious) experienced the same difficulty.

We three stood in amazement for some minutes discussing the dog which we could all see but not touch. The corporal did not care to try the experiment. Suddenly we observed coming towards us a figure of small stature in black—a woman heavily veiled. It stopped a few yards from us, and with considerable difficulty (for I was very nervous) I managed to ask, "Who are you and what do you want?" It replied, "I see there are three of you." The dog meantime had disappeared. We were horrified and feared to move or speak. After a pause, Jock (the corporal) plucked up courage and moved towards the figure which, mark you, did not *walk* away, but vanished into oblivion!

When we had sufficiently recovered to discuss the matter, various suggestions were put forward, and yet nothing seemed to throw any light on the matter.

. . . . .

I gave an account of the adventure to a flight-sergeant on the Station and he undertook to ask a local resident whether any ghost story had ever been current in the district. He gleaned information to the effect that some years ago an elderly woman of the gipsy type and of small stature used to wander in the vicinity of the Park accompanied by a little dog, and that she was one day discovered dead in a field near by. Oddly enough she

was known by the name of "Nanny." Further he was told that she and her associates are said to have been seen in the form of apparitions.

I have since told the story to one or two other residents in Bulwell and Hucknall. They not only believe our version but go so far as to say the apparition has been seen on several occasions.

If it was "Nanny" we saw, who was calling her?

P. FREDK. VISICK, R.A.F.

## A COMMENT AND EXPLANATION OF THE FOREGOING STORY

UNLESS one is in the position of an expert investigator, with opportunity to examine witnesses and verify facts, it is merely rash to offer anything more than a tentative opinion upon even the best accredited ghost story. Opinions, however, have a value of their own where they are the result of personal experience or the experience of one's friends, and in any case, by what they deny or affirm, they betray our reaction to life, and are a testimony to what we believe possible of it. Every honest opinion is thus both less and more than a judgment—scientifically it is nothing, actually it is a revelation, opening doors and hinting at possibilities far beyond the scope of scientific proof.

With this comment and reservation, let us take up the narrative, which I for one am quite prepared to accept as an accurate statement of what occurred, and examine its possible interpretation. Was it, one asks, an encounter with real ghosts, that is to say, were the actual entities—Nanny and the dog—themselves present in the manifestation? Was it a materialisation which our wayfarers beheld, or had fatigue carried them into the



borderland where such things become visible? Had they, being on a spot where intense emotional disturbances had taken place (the cry for help suggests it), tapped that strange memory in nature where all happenings are stored? Or was it collective hallucination?

I suspect that had it been hallucination they would not have reacted as they did, each according to his individuality, which seems to have been well maintained throughout; for an actual encounter, the result seems very tame and unsatisfying, and the conversation irrelevant, and one suspects here the intrusion of that freakish element which plays tricks at séances, seizing any opportunity to manifest, playing any part that comes along, and never by any chance with anything sensible to communicate. The disturbed dog, and the cry for help, as well as the presence of the woman who has been identified as Nannie by later enquiry, seems to belong to the memory strata, and probably the fatigue of the party was the predisposing factor which rendered them sensitive.

It may be objected that all these factors could hardly come into play in the one occurrence, but personally I find this no difficulty, for more and more do I become conscious of the immense complexity of even the apparently simple, more and more do I regard human consciousness as a sea—now tranquil, now lashed to fury by strange winds that blow whence and whither no man knows, touching at one moment with its wave crests high mysteries, sinking at the next to plumb forgotten depths, and all this and the vast range between is hurled pell-mell on to that poor inadequate instrument the human brain, to be sorted out as best it may, or left, in spite of its bewilderment and confusion, as a challenge to those who would set arbitrary barriers to life, saying “hitherto shalt thou go and no further, and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed.”

M. WADHAM.

## THE JUSTIFICATION OF THE GOOD\*

THERE is nothing radically new in this book although it appears to be causing some flutter in the dovecots. This symptom, however, apparently results from ignorance of our classical books on idealistic ethics and in particular of Green's *Prolegomena to Ethics*. The writer is plainly of the opinion that the last things (i.e. those that are spiritual) are first, and that time and circumstance are unessential in the analysis of moral motive. He recognises that the mechanism through which the Good Will is ultimately to exhibit itself is a matter of growth, so that even the Christ had His time to arrive and would have been an anachronism had He come in the beginning of things.

The accusations levelled against the argument of the book include pessimism, fatalism and manicheism. These are said to be traditional in the philosophy of the East and all the culture of the West has not been able to purge them away. The same accusation might quite as fairly be made against the doctrine of St. Paul. Both writers argue that the Spirit is truth and man's destiny—to attain to which no material pain or sacrifice is too great. Love, for instance, is said to be painful or to be productive of pain. Of course it is not the emotion itself that is radically painful: but the limitations under which morality allows it exercise: if it allows it at all. All inhibition develops the same phenomena. And men and women as long as history recedes have found health and interest in life despite the increasing burden of negations which civilisation creates.

Solovyof puts forward several quite good suggestions

\* *The Justification of the Good*, by Vladimir Solovyof. (Constable and Co., 15s. net.)



of a minor character. He argues that pity is the radical emotion of the social relation—a moral impulse in a way that love is not. Also he makes the emotion of shame the sanction of conscience. These two emotions are plainly intended to take the place of Self-Love and Sympathy, well known in the sentimental systems of two centuries ago. At the same time he does not fall into the error of resting moral discrimination upon them. They are driving forces, not moral critics. His definition of duty is :

*In complete inner harmony with the higher will, and recognising the absolute worth or significance of all other persons, since they too are in the image and likeness of God, participate as fully as in thee lies, in the work of making thyself and every one more perfect, so that the Kingdom of God may be finally revealed in this world.*

As compared with the Golden Rule of the Categorical Imperative of Kant this "guide" to human activity may be justly considered as too composite in its tests. It is found that even the simplest rules of conduct may be converted by casuistry into means of self-deception. How much more a method in which so much is vague !

The writer brings religion into ethics in a way that no Western moralist has yet ventured to do. These passages illustrate his point of view (p. 164) :

"The reality of God is not a deduction from religious experience but the content of it—that which is experienced. If this immediate reality of the higher principle were taken away, there would be nothing left of religious experience. It would not exist. But it *does* exist and therefore that which is given and experienced in it exists also. *God is in us, therefore He is.*

"However complete the feeling of our inner unity with God may be, it never becomes a consciousness of mere identity, of simple merging into one . . . *God exists on His own account.* . . .

"Although in our inherited conditions we are opposed to

the Deity, we approximate to Him in that towards which we aspire. The end of our life—that for the sake of which we exist, is ‘the likeness of God’” (p. 166).

Of evil he writes that “the Deity permits it as a transitory condition of freedom, i.e. of a greater good.” He expresses the standard of right living in this way :

“We must manifest our inner kinship with the Deity, our power and determination to attain free perfection. The idea can be expressed as follows: *Have God in you.* . . . The second rule is *Regard everything in God’s way*” (p. 173).

Of course a moralist who writes in this way has little to say about Hedonistic or evolutionary theories; and although he makes a show of introducing sentiments into the warp and weft of the ethical life, he very soon puts them aside in favour of ideas, the importance of which for his theory it is impossible to exaggerate. His social ethics are built round this idea that man’s morality must develop in Society! Society being the completed or perfected individual. It is fundamental in his system that all progress is due to the growth of asceticism in conduct. But true asceticism is not the casting away of the material—the denial of its existence, but rather of its relative truth. The Saviour of mankind differs from Buddha and from the Greek thinker in that he subdues without destroying.

The true society, however, does not rest in the nation, but is a brotherhood to which nothing is alien. The nation in fact does not exist by its distinctions but by that which is universal in its point of view. Neither war nor peace is anything but relative: for there is nothing good in a peace that does not assist the moral regeneration of humanity. We are bound not only to protect our fatherland, but to bring it to greater perfection.

He touches on institutions such as marriage, education, the family and the Church from the same point of view. In this view priest, king and prophet are the



supreme callings, and are dependent one on the other. They alike demand the subordination of passion (by abstinence), in order that the material nature may be transformed into the freedom of the human spirit. The Western ethical thinker has long looked upon the greater problems of ethics as either already solved or insoluble.

Solovyof comes to that modern decadence like the forerunner of a new gospel. His method is like that of Kant : only his tests go very much deeper than Kant's. What is that which alone explains human craving for higher and better living ? Useless to point to its weakness, its inconsistencies, its hypocrisies. The proper test in ethics is the highest and not the lowest—the heart of the saint, not the depravity of the sinner.

WILLIAM INGRAM, D.Sc.

## EUCCHARIST

"THIS is My Body"—and He took the bread,  
Fruit of His earth, His Godhead's meeker part ;  
Filled were my questing hands and hungering heart  
While at His kingly table I was fed.

"This is My Blood"—the chaliced wine that wed  
In the grapes' bounding ichor dew and suns  
Of summer nights and days when the earth runs  
Joyously with His life engarmented.

O holy earth ! O eucharistic world !  
Body of God, wherein my body moves.  
O sacramental earth, whose seas and groves  
Are but the vestments round His beauty furled !  
O festal, sacrificial Earth adored !  
O wine and bread, and robe, and breath and Lord !

M. L. EYLES.

## MYSTICISM IN THE STUDIO

How does the dictionary define mysticism?

As "a profession of a higher and more intimate knowledge of divine and spiritual things, which can only express itself in terms that are more or less dark to the uninitiated."

A mystic, then, is the antithesis of a materialist. To him all material objects are but symbols of the spiritual: the concrete is simply the abstract disguised, reclothed. The vision of a mystic is not superficial but rather supernatural. He sees the invisible more clearly, more in focus, than the visible. He is a paradox. He recognises that not he himself but his office is great: he looks upon himself as an agent, a tool, a channel through which power flows. He does not look upon *himself* as a power. He is a delicately adjusted instrument keyed to respond to the slightest tremor of inspiration.

Symbols—spiritual—supernatural—abstract—invisible—inspiration: these are words we associate with the mystic.

These are words we associate also with the painter.

Refer again to the dictionary. A painter is described as "one skilled in representing things in colour." As an exact definition this is inadequate, if by "things" we mean visible articles. The painter can represent in colour not only concrete things—things we can see and handle—it is as much his function to express the abstract and invisible. A lyrical painter, such as Corot, does not merely represent trees; he expresses in concrete form abstract emotions which the mood of nature, through the agency of the trees, sets alight within him. The painter not only represents—he expresses. There are abstract things that have their origin in his head—ideas, thoughts



—which he can express. Such a painter was Watts, a man whose head directed his hand. Or there are abstract things which have their origin in his heart—emotions—which he can express. Such a man was Monticelli, a man whose heart directed his hand. Neither of these painters, Watts or Monticelli, nor the classes they typify, holds up a glass to Nature in the sense of photographically reflecting her. They are glass funnels through which the invisible and supernatural are poured into a matrix—there, on a canvas, to take visible and natural form, to be minted into a token. Each of these types clothes the abstract—makes a bare truth presentable—in a concrete garb. Each devises emblems. Each is an instrument more or less delicately adjusted to respond to the breathings of inspiration, of emotion, of sense. Each recognising that all painting, however “realistic,” is a convention—every brushmark a symbol—uses paint, colour, form and so on as symbols of expression. Then are not most, if not all, painters, though differing much in their methods of expression, speaking diverse tongues, though for the most part oblivious of the fact, yet are they not mystics?

The art of acting presupposes an audience: a book on a shelf is simply a dust collector if never consulted or read; a picture hung where none can see it might as well not exist.

The painter undeniably is parent of the painting; but the public is a near or distant relative—related. Why is it some like one picture, others another? Because their power of appreciation, their knowledge, their experience, their training, their environment, their temperament and a host of other causes, differ. The materialist, for instance, looking at Watts’ “Love and Life” will see only the athletic young man with wings holding the hands and looking into the eyes of a nude girl. The

mystic, looking at the same picture, will receive quite a different impression. Pictures reflect their painters; they also reflect their spectators. According to the capacity and condition of the vessel you bring with you so will you carry away much or little, pure or impure.

The picture is the meeting-place of painter and public. The former has something to say to the latter: the impression this will make depends not only on the forcibleness of the painter's expression—the command he has of his medium; but upon the temper in which it is listened to. An erudite lecture may simply annoy an ignorant audience, for the tiny vessel it brings with it may be quite inadequate to hold what is offered. The same lecture delivered before a learned society may be acclaimed enthusiastically.

A painter who is a mystic is bound to infuse into his painting mysticism—it will creep in unconsciously. But whether or no the public will appreciate or even recognise it, depends on the public.

*The mysticism of a picture depends almost as much on the public as upon the painter.*

This truth applies both ways. We have seen how it works when the painter is mystic and public materialist. Exchange their rôles. Imagine a painter taking a very materialistic view of things—such as did Boucher, or Rubens. He may paint the external appearances of things with such consummate skill and exactitude as to deceive the unwary spectator and lead him to suppose he looks at the natural objects themselves. We should not generally call such a painter a mystic; but a mystic public looking at his work may find mysticism in it. The objects it sees so accurately represented may themselves be symbols of things unseen.

Somewhat frequently we have had to use the words symbol and symbolism. That is because symbolism is the language of the mystic; it is the translation of the abstract into the concrete. We have seen, also, that



"every brushmark is a symbol." Therefore, consciously or unconsciously, every painter is a symbolist, speaks the language of symbolism, employs symbols.

Now that is why the painter is so important a recruit to mysticism.

Many mystics are dumb : the painter is an articulate mystic. The symbolism of colour, colour as an expression of mood, the psychological value of colour—all these, which still are little understood, can be powerful tools in the service of mysticism. When his days of apprenticeship cease, when he becomes unconscious of his materials, master of and not slave to them, forgets he has a brush in his hand, a palette on his thumb ; then the painter becomes a channel for a force which he may never trouble himself to define or which he may vaguely recognise as "creative force." His hand, holding the brush, is one end of this channel ; the other end of which is set in the invisible. This force, springing from the region whence inspiration and ideas come, passing to him through the duct of his brain or heart or both, pouring down the handle of his brush, materialises as it leaves the bristles and reveals itself in a symbol—a brushmark, which, side by side with a host of other like symbols, unintelligible when isolated, assumes significance when truly related, when fused into unity by the cunning of an artist. A picture results. How the public will interpret or translate it depends, as we have seen, on the state of mind and knowledge of the public.

We are familiar enough with the mystic painters who employ symbolism as a means of making ideas concrete, of expressing thoughts—men whose inspiration comes from within—the intellectual mystics such as the Pre-Raphaelites, Watts, Puvis de Chevannes, Segantini, Blake, to mention but a few. What we fail often to realise is that mysticism in painting is not confined to the "allegorical picture." There are painters, such as Rembrandt and Corot and Turner, whose inspiration

reaches them through another duct than the head—through the heart. These painters, quite as great mystics as the former and more generally recognised class, reverse the use of symbolism. They, emotional mystics, see the beauty of some material objects, trees, buildings, faces; but, when they sit down to paint them, they become to their sight mere symbols and they set themselves the task of giving a spiritual interpretation or diagnosis. They do not paint accurately the superficial surface appearance of things—they dive deep into them and bring to the surface their spiritual significance. Truth, not accuracy, is their watchword.

The allegorical picture is not as popular as it was. To-day the tendency amongst painters seems more and more to be towards interpretation and away from microscopic or photographic representation. This is a healthy tendency. But it does not mean we are on the threshold of an era when it would be possible for a painter to give the lie to the latter part of the lexicographer's definition of mysticism—to express mysticism in terms other than those more or less dark to the uninitiated. To understand allegorical pictures, the products of intellectual mystics, is an elementary task for the public compared with the effort required to understand the products of emotional mystics, the painters of spiritual significance. Watts is infinitely more easy for the man in the street to understand than Rembrandt. He is more obvious. There will never be a painter able to express mysticism in terms intelligent to the public because mysticism will never be the creed of the masses, yet the mysticism we find in the studio depends enormously on its counterpart—the mysticism we find outside the studio. E. HESKETH HUBBARD.

You cannot pay too high for the finding and keeping of your own soul.—OWEN WISTER.



## LE RÊVE

"We are here, all at once, on the confines of human thought. . . . We have to explore the most rugged and least habitable promontories of the divine 'Know Thyself,' . . . where the psychology of man mingles with the psychology of God."—MAETERLINCK.

THEY hurried past me down the aisles of dreaming,  
Cohorts white-faced and timorous, wide-eyed ;  
Their dull words pierced me thro', devoid of meaning,  
As I pressed on against their surging tide ;

And still I cried and cried,

"It is my love I seek, the noblest, sweetest——"

Shrilly they answered back, "You too are dead . . . !"

Of all those rushing feet my own were fleetest,

As down their winding tracks I fled and fled. . . .

Unknown, uncherishèd !

It was my boast my so great love would bind her,  
Would know, afar off, her voice and turn of head,  
Her footfall in mid heaven ; my hope must find her ;  
My ecstasy—her laugh among those dead,

Those dreadful wide-eyed dead !

And still I fled and fled. . . .

That the beloved lost face I might discover,

I . . . in immensity . . . bereft, alone !

When suddenly one great white star—a lover,

And a pale virgin star upon her throne

Called softly to each other

Across the endless spaces ! And unending

Lesser young stars sped up the bridal way,

Yet none paused near enough for my befriending,

In that great loneliness, kind words to say ;

Had I no prayers to pray?  
As, 'neath the Mercy-Seat, with naught for giving,  
Naught but the best and worst that I had known,  
This heart—that leapt once at a voice, all living!  
I offered; clay the Potter must disown?  
My bread of life—a stone?

And then it was strange breezes stirred, caressing,  
An outpoured tumult of abounding grace!  
I found, instead of earthly lips' cold blessing,  
The One-Beloved and I stood face to face. . . .  
Stars who, thro' age-long nights their sins confessing,  
Had reached the end of paths, redeemed and trod;  
One in the sight of God.

H. DOMVILLE.

## MYSTICAL SUBSTITUTION

WITHIN her old-world pleasant room,  
Thick-curtained with tranquillity,  
She trod his roaring path to doom,  
And sweated—for his agony.

His death-wounds racked her limbs and head,  
His thirst, his cramp, on her were thrust! . . .  
The fragrant linen of her bed  
Seemed, to her, foul with blood and dust.

And he, in his last swoon, meantime,  
Lay, like a child, close clasped by her;  
And heard her croon a cradle-rhyme,  
And breathed sweet airs of lavender.

G. M. HORT.



## DRAKE'S DRUM

THE belief that Drake's Drum beats on great occasions is one that is widespread in the Navy, and Mr. Arthur Machen, who it will be remembered wrote the original account of the much-discussed "Angels of Mons," has written an article in *The Outlook* based on statements made by officers present, in which he tells us that for hours on November 21st, while the German fleet was surrendering to the British, the sound of Drake's Drum was heard on one of the ships—the *Royal Oak*—by Admiral Grant, Captain Maclachlan, the Commander, and other officers and men.

The *Royal Oak*, it is significant to note, was manned principally by Devonshire men, and was that day flying a silk emblem made by the women of Devonshire.

As the German fleet loomed in the distance the sound of a small drum beaten "in rolls" was heard. It was ignored at first, but presently Admiral Grant commented on it to the Captain who also heard it, but said that he could not understand it as every man was at his post and the decks cleared for action lest the Germans showed fight. The Commander, also hearing it, sent messengers all over the ship and about all the decks. Every man, however, was at his station. Again messengers were sent, again with the same result. Yet the roll of the drum was unmistakable, and at length the Commander himself proceeded to investigate the whole ship, but to no avail. Not a man had left his place.

The British Fleet gradually closed round the German Fleet until the ships were anchored in a great square, rendering powerless the enemy, and during the many hours that passed the noise of the drum continued, always beating "in rolls."

It was not until two o'clock in the afternoon that the German fleet was finally encircled in surrender, and at

that moment of humiliation and ruin for the German Fleet and of triumph and victory for the English the roll of the drum stopped.

All who heard it, officers and men of all ratings, hold the firm conviction that it was Drake's Drum that beat that day "in rolls," and that the spirit of the great Drake himself was present to witness the triumph of the English Fleet.

N. D.

\*

\*

\*

It seems to have been necessary that a great calamity should fall upon the world, that industrialism, the idol of the market, should be destroyed for ever, and the ideal it presented should be for ever discredited. That industrial age is passing away in blood and in fire, and the age of the spirit will dawn, long foretold and yearned for, the age of the priceless value of humanity of the soul, of the personality that God has made in His likeness and that eternal life which He has promised to man.—DR. HORTON.

EVERYTHING seems to tell us that man is approaching the day whereon, seizing the most glorious opportunity that has ever presented itself since he acquired a consciousness, he will at last learn that he is able, when he pleases, to control his whole fate in this world.—MAETERLINCK.

O HEART of mine—be strong !

Make for thyself a song !

And thou, my soul,

Take full control . . . !

Stand up, and face this hour with tempests torn—

Sing, and new strength shall greet thee with the Morn !

EGBERT SANDFORD in *Brookdown*.



## A CATHEDRAL GHOST

(Note.—This experience, which has one or two unusual features, was sent to *Vision* by a correspondent. The names quoted are fictitious, but the facts have been duly authenticated.)

On Sunday, October 13th, 1918, Mrs. Morison was in her seat rather early for Divine Service at the Cathedral as it happened to be the Harvest Festival. As several people took their places she noticed Miss White in the aisle with two other people, both of whom were wearing V.A.D. uniforms.

Miss White came in front of the stall where she had sat for many years, and half turned, facing Mrs. Morison, who therefore saw her very clearly. Miss White appeared to say a word or two to the person behind her, and then all three passed together up the choir. Mrs. Morison remembered as she did so that Miss White had changed her seat recently for one in front of the Bishop's, as she was getting deaf.

That evening a Dr. Henderson visited Mrs. Morison and told her that Miss White had died during the afternoon under an operation. The fact was discussed, as it seemed rather remarkable that she should be present at the Cathedral the very morning of the operation.

To the amazement of Mrs. Morison on the Monday morning a notice appeared in the paper to say that Miss White had died at Southampton the previous day, which made it impossible for her to have been in the Cathedral of a distant city during the morning.

On the Tuesday Mrs. Morison was with several friends, when someone spoke of Miss White's death, whereupon a Mrs. Smith remarked how extraordinary it was that she should have been at the Cathedral the very morning of the operation. Mrs. Morison says that she felt her spine "grow cold" as she asked, "You saw her in the Cathedral on Sunday morning?"

"Certainly I did," was the answer, "for she came past where I was sitting."

Mrs. Morison has since heard that Miss White died on

the Sunday morning and not during the afternoon as at first reported.

A rather similar experience was quoted in the *Evening Standard* some weeks ago.

The writer stated that an eminent lawyer of his acquaintance was invited to dine with a bachelor friend in Mayfair, but finding that he had twenty minutes to spare he entered the Green Park and sat down for a few minutes. Suddenly he was astonished to see his host standing before him, who said, "You cannot dine with me to-night, for I am dead," and then proceeded to vanish into thin air.

When the lawyer reached the house where he was to dine, the door was opened by a "chalk-faced butler," who greeted him with the words, "Oh, sir, an awful thing has happened! Mr. — fell dead about ten minutes ago!"

An explanation that might be offered of these two experiences is that the spirit, suddenly released from the body by an operation in the first instance and unexpected death in the second, tends to carry out the last thought in the mind before the separation.

Possibly Miss White had remembered before being given the anæsthetic that it was Sunday morning, when for years it had been her custom to attend Cathedral service. In the second case the thought of the dead man might easily have been turned upon his guest whom he was expecting at any moment. The first case is the more interesting as the apparition of Miss White was seen and recognised by at least two people.

It is curious how frequently such apparitions are seen at the moment of death. They tend to emphasize the probability of some form of communion between the dead and the living, but whether it is merely telepathic or of a more definite nature remains a debatable point.

THEODORE DEACON.



## THE VIEWS OF A VISIONARY

### THE GREAT ADVENTURE

WHAT is the chief significance of New Thought, Higher Thought, Christian Science, Theosophy and other modern religious and philosophic movements of a similar nature? They differ in many ways, but is there not one factor common to them all? Are they not all indications leading up to a new outlook upon life? I believe that they are. I believe that we are at the dawning of a new era; that there is slowly coming into the mind of man—of Western man perhaps I should say—a consciousness which before so many years will have revolutionised the world. Not that there is anything really new about this consciousness. In all the great religions we can find it under various names. But there is no need for us to go to India, Egypt, China to search for it; it is plainly expressed for us in words so familiar that for most of us they are meaningless.

A short time ago I heard a young Congregational minister end a sermon with the statement that for nineteen hundred years we had been trying to save the world by what other people had told us about Jesus; now it was time to try to save it by what Jesus told us about ourselves. That I believe to be profoundly true. I will put the difference between the two points of view in this way. The Church has taught that Jesus was a King of Glory; Jesus taught—and revealed—that the man in the street is a King of Glory. He simply showed in His own life the attributes and powers of a fully developed man; and He was continually urging upon His disciples to do as He did, to seek that consciousness which He had found.

"I and the Father are One." That, in familiar language, is the realisation that is going to revolutionise

the world. I am not, as the Church has so often delighted to tell me, a miserable worm ; I am a slumbering God. I am a part of God, and the great business of my life is to become conscious of that fact, not as a mental concept merely, but as a living realisation. The lily could say with much more truth so far as outward expression is concerned, "I and the Father are One," than could the average man or woman ; for the lily is expressing God to the full extent of its capacity as a lily, while the man is usually very successfully misrepresenting Him.

To put the matter in another way, we need to have our eyes opened to the wonderful powers latent in each one of us ; to realise that the Great Adventure of life lies in the gradual discovery and bringing into expression of these powers. We have been accustomed to believe that the man in the street—that we ourselves—were living. It is hardly too much to say that for the most part we have not begun to live—that we have no conception of what life is. Life ought to be full, vivid and, above all, beautiful. Life, I mean, in its three phases—physical, mental, spiritual. Are our lives full, vivid and beautiful on each of these planes? They can be. Let us awaken to the wonder of ourselves, to the knowledge that we possess nothing less than creative power—creative power which can transform us bodily, mentally, spiritually. For we cannot live a really beautiful life, a life of perfect balance, unless not one or two parts of our nature merely but all three are expressions of God. We must not limit, as the churches have too often done, God to the spirit ; He is in the body if He is anywhere at all.

The teaching of Jesus has been looked upon, even by those who regard it seriously, as confined to spiritual and moral affairs ; while the man in the street, of course, consider it eminently unpractical. We must come to see both that it was absolutely practical and also that it was not confined to spiritual things. Jesus was not talking



pretty sentiment ; He was expounding fundamental laws of Nature which a man must follow if he is to live his life correctly. He was teaching a scientific life. And surely the events of the past few years must have brought home to us the fact that we have not been living a scientific life ; that there has been something hopelessly wrong about the way we called practical.

There is at the present moment much talk about reconstruction ; but no reconstruction can be of lasting avail while the mass of mankind are totally ignorant of their real nature. The vision which we need supremely to-day is surely that which will enable a man to see himself. And for those who do see, however dimly and imperfectly, there can be no greater or more potent work in life than the attempt to reveal through themselves what they see. Nature shows us the scientific way ; she indicates that talking and even doing are of little value compared with being. As has been truly said of her :

"Your harmony discovers the misery of strife,  
Your melody discloses the ecstasy of life ;  
Illimitable beauty the spell by which you raise  
Magnificent to-morrows from sombre yesterdays."

EDMUND LEE.

\*

\*

\*

*A National Memorial Service* for the Fallen in the War was held at the Royal Albert Hall, under the auspices of the Spiritualist National Union. A large number of the audience wore white rosettes signifying that the wearers were personally convinced of the truth of spirit communication, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle who addressed the meeting interpreted very happily the belief of those present when he said that "it was not a memorial service but rather a joyous re-union."

## THE DAY'S RULE :

### A MYSTIC'S CALENDAR FOR JUNE

READERS are invited to assist in the compilation of this monthly calendar of quotations which is intended to serve as a daily rule for the direction of thought and meditation. See *Vision Prize Competition* at the end of this number.

- |      |  |
|------|--|
| June | No other guerdon would the builder win<br>So Light and Life upon his altar brood.<br><span style="float: right;">E. UNDERHILL.</span>  |
| 1.   |  |
| 2.   | If a man love the labour of any trade, apart from<br>any question of success or fame, the gods have<br>called him.<br><span style="float: right;">R. L. STEVENSON.</span>  |
| 3.   | I envy—how I envy him whose soul<br>Turns its whole energies to some one end,<br>To elevate an aim, pursue success,<br>However mean.<br><span style="float: right;">R. BROWNING.</span>  |
| 4.   | To have faith is to create ; to have hope is to call<br>down blessing ; to have love is to work miracles.<br><span style="float: right;">MICHAEL FAIRLESS.</span>  |
| 5.   | The training of the spiritual eye is by forceful<br>inward thinking, strong enough and sustained<br>enough to reach and vibrate the inmost string<br>in the harp of your life.<br><span style="float: right;">ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.</span> |
| 6.   | They who worship Me with love are in Me, and<br>I also in them.<br><span style="float: right;">BHAGAVAD GITA.</span>   |
| 7.   | God being an Infinite Stillness, the soul, in order<br>to be united with Him, must participate in this<br>stillness.<br><span style="float: right;">MME. GUYON.</span>   |



- |     |  |
|-----|--|
| 8.  | Come, dear Heart !<br>The fields are white to harvest : come and see<br>As in a glass the timeless mystery<br>Of love, whereby we feed<br>On God, our bread indeed.<br>E. UNDERHILL.   |
| 9.  | I have entered in as a man of no understanding,<br>and I shall come forth in the form of a strong<br>Spirit.<br>BOOK OF THE DEAD.  |
| 10. | We bear within ourselves the equal of the deepest<br>and greatest mysteries.<br>M. MAETERLINCK.  |
| 11. | Beautiful is it to understand and know that a<br>Thought did never yet die : that as thou, the<br>originator thereof, hast gathered it and created<br>it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it.<br>to the whole Future.<br>T. CARLYLE. |
| 12. | Words alone are often of no effect, but example<br>speaks to the heart. Be yourself the most humble<br>and patient, the most contented and obedient,<br>the most docile and regular of all whom you<br>govern.<br>FENELON.                     |
| 13. | Oh I would be free<br>To work for others ; Love so earned of them<br>Should be my wages and my diadem.<br>JEAN INGELOW.  |
| 14. | To make some nook of God's creation a little<br>fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God ; to<br>make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller,<br>happier, more blessed, less accursed ! It is<br>work for a God.<br>T. CARLYLE.            |

- |     |  |                         |
|-----|--|-------------------------|
| 15. | So be my passing !<br>My task accomplished and the long day done,<br>My wages taken, and in my heart<br>Some late lark singing.  | W. E. HENLEY.           |
| 16. | O grant thou unto me a Path whereon<br>I may pass in peace.  | LITANY TO OSIRIS.       |
| 17. | Their hearts are at peace inasmuch as they behold<br>Thee, O Thou who art Eternity and Ever-<br>lastingness.   | BOOK OF THE DEAD.       |
| 18. | Death is merely a physical incident through<br>which Life passes.  | ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE. |
| 19. | Presently the little spark shall become a hearth-<br>fire of creation, and thou shalt endue another<br>garment—woven of the sun and stars.                               | EDWARD CARPENTER.       |
| 20. | The traveller has to knock at every alien door to<br>come to his own, and one has to wander through<br>all the outer worlds to reach the innermost<br>shrine at the end. | TAGORE.                 |
| 21. | I am Yesterday and To-day ; and I have the<br>power to be born a second time.  | BOOK OF THE DEAD.       |
| 22. | Man's part<br>Is plain—to send love forth—astray perhaps :<br>No matter ! He has done his part.  | R. BROWNING.            |
| 23. | The arms of God stand open for ever.   | BOEHME.                 |
| 24. | What is matter which the hand can chisel compared<br>to the spirit we strive to enshrine.  | PAUL CLAUDEL.           |



- |     |   |
|-----|---|
| 25. | Beware how thou seekest this for thyself and that for thyself. I do not say Seek not ; but Beware how thou seekest.<br>EDWARD CARPENTER.                |
| 26. | Oh ! friend, never strike sail to a fear ! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas.<br>EMERSON.   |
| 27. | An infinite of tenderness is the chief gift and inheritance of all the truly great men. RUSKIN.   |
| 28. | Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.<br>R. BROWNING.   |
| 29. | A people is but the attempt of many<br>To rise to the completer life of one.<br>R. BROWNING.  |
| 30. | Thy tender kiss hath memory we are kings<br>For all our wanderings—<br>Thy shining eyes already see the after<br>In hidden light and laughter.<br>A. E. |

MEDITATIVE reading is the choosing some important practical or speculative truth, always preferring the practical, and proceeding thus : whatever truth you have chosen, read only a small portion of it, endeavouring to taste and digest it, to extract the essence and substance thereof, and proceed no farther while any savour or relish remains in the passage ; when this subsides, take up your book again and proceed as before, seldom reading more than half a page at a time ; for it is not the quantity that is read, but the manner of reading, that yields us profit.—MME. GUYON.

## EX LIBRIS

### A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF VISION

THE FUTURE LIFE in the Light of Ancient Wisdom and Modern Science. By Louis Elbé. (Skeffington and Son, Ltd., 7s. net.)

THIS book, though limited to some three hundred pages, nevertheless covers an immense ground. Its aim is to throw light on the ever-present problem of the survival of the human soul, and the author discusses this problem under two aspects, which in his concluding chapter he attempts to weld into an indivisible whole.

The first part of the book is devoted to an investigation of various traditions and philosophies, beginning with the primitive beliefs and customs of pre-historic man, and leading the reader gradually to the consideration of the teachings of later civilisations, emphasising the fact that underlying all religions and among the most divergent races there is invariably to be found the belief that there exists in man some element independent of the physical body and therefore capable of surviving it.

The fundamental concepts of the Chinese, the Egyptian, the Hindoo, the Chaldean, the Hebrew and the Gaul are outlined very ably, though necessarily with brevity; there are excellent chapters on the civilisations of Greece and Rome; on the teachings and widespread influence of Christianity; and with a very short summary of some of the tenets of Spiritism and Theosophy the first part of the book is brought to an end.

The second half is of equal interest. Here the author deduces the probability of future existence revealed by the main principles of astronomy, physical sciences and mechanics. The function of ether, the necessity of assuming the presence of ether in the study of matter, and the probable connection of the Life Force with the



etheric vibrations are discussed in some detail. The law of the indestructibility of matter and energy is also dealt with, and the possibility of its indefinite expansion suggested.

There are other chapters of interest, including one which treats of the various theories advanced for the solution of mediumistic phenomena.

Altogether this is a book of unusual merit—one worthy in every way of its significant title. V. B.

THE BETROTHAL, OR THE BLUE BIRD CHOOSES. By Maurice Maeterlinck. (Methuen, 6s. net.)

There is a certain dreadful joy in reading a sequel to any well-loved book, for delight in renewing acquaintance with old friends is tempered with fear lest in their new adventures they should prove less interesting, less amusing or less satisfying than of yore. But in the case of this sequel to *The Blue Bird*, that most enchanting of fairy plays, M. Maeterlinck has proved how completely master of his art he is, by giving us the story of another quest of Tyltyl's, which, while reviving pleasant memories of the former play, gives rise to no disquieting comparisons.

Once more we find ourselves back in the company of Tyltyl, the fairy Berylune, and Light with Daddy and Mummy, Gaffer and Granny Tyl, and if we lose sight of our old friends the Dog, the Cat, Bread and Sugar and "other simple and unimportant things," we find ample amends in the many new friends to whom we are introduced while Tyltyl, now a lad of sixteen, goes on his all-important search for the great and only love of his life.

Starting from the Woodcutter's Cottage with the Fairy, several girl cousins and neighbours, any of whom may turn out to be the looked-for love, and the commanding figure of Destiny (who mysteriously dwindles as the search proceeds till he ends a mere baby in arms),

Tyltyl, clad in his Sunday best with the same green hat furbished with a magic sapphire in place of the diamond, goes to the Miser's Cave, the Fairy's Palace and thence with Light to the Abode of his Ancestors, where he meets once more his Grandfather and Granny and seeks the aid of the most noted of his Ancestry in his search, but without avail. Then by the Milky Way he arrives at the Abode of the Children and meets his grandchildren, great-grandchildren and his own children, and the Smallest of Them All finds—not chooses—his Mother.

But even so the search is not over, for Tyltyl cannot recognise her yet, so the Smallest of Them All and she share their secret a little longer.

And in the end the Blue Bird chooses; but what exactly the Blue Bird is each must interpret as best he may.

E. L. P.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION. By an Officer of the Grand Fleet. (C. W. Daniel, Ltd., 2s. net.)

The writer of this little book holds that at the present time not progress, but revolution, is necessary—a “rolling back” to truth and to God. In contrast to this material, three dimensional world, he depicts for us another—the world of the Fourth Dimension—“whose sole authority shall be the maxims of the Sermon on the Mount.” His aim in writing seems to be to embue others with his conviction that this Kingdom is already at hand, and “to oppose the solid mass of world-opinion that war, sickness, pain and death are necessary conditions of man's existence.”

THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR DEAD. By Lida A. Churchill. (L. N. Fowler & Co., 1s. 3d. net.)

This little pamphlet gives very simply a few of the main beliefs of spiritualism, and may be of use to those to whom the subject is unfamiliar.



THROUGH THE GRAVE AND GATE OF DEATH. By Rev. John Sinker. (Skeffington and Son, Ltd., 5s. net.)

As its title suggests, this little book deals with the Future Life, and is a collection of addresses written very simply and in popular language.

It is published with the hope that it may bring some of the comfort so sorely needed in these troubled times, and as it is written thoughtfully and sympathetically it may, for those who can accept the teaching of the Bible as interpreted by the Church quite literally, fulfil its mission.

## THE VISION BOOKSHELF

*The Sheepfold*, by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Duckworth. 6s. net.

*The Nature of Being*, by HENRY H. SLESSOR. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

*Theou Sophia*, by H. E. SAMPTON. Kegan Paul. 8s. 6d. net.

*Voices from the Void*, by H. T. SMITH. W. Rider. 3s. 6d. net.

*The Philosophy of Rabindranath Tagore*, by S. RADHAKRISHNAN. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

*Cambridge Readings in Literature*, by GEORGE SAMPSON. C. University Press. 5s. net.

*The Faith of a Subaltern*, by A. DE CANDOLE. C. University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

*Early Indian Thought*, by D. J. STEPHEN. C. University Press. 3s. 6d. net.

*What is the Kingdom of Heaven?* by A. CLUTTON-BROCK. Methuen. 5s. net.

*The Proof of the Truth of Spiritualism*, by G. HENSLOW. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d. net.

*Such Stuff as Dreams*, by E. C. LAWRENCE. John Murray. 7s. net.

*Across the Stream*, by E. F. BENSON. John Murray. 7s. net.

## VISION COMPETITIONS

1. A prize of HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best mystical poem. Subject: "The Way of the Pilgrim," or "The Voice of the Sea." 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 copy of *Vision* will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best set of quotations (either prose or verse) from a mystical writer suitable for inclusion in "The Day's Rule" (see page 104 of this number). The author and source of each quotation should be given and a sequence of subject and idea observed. Any one set should not include less than three or more than seven quotations. Three copies of *The Mystic Arsenal* will be awarded to the senders of the next three best sets of quotations.

3. Books to the value of 10s. 6d (selected from those advertised in this issue) will be awarded the reader who sends the publishers the greatest number of annual subscriptions during the month of June. 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.

Entries must be forwarded not later than the 30th of each month to the Editor 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. The May awards will be announced in the July number.