

RECONSTRUCTION AND THE CHURCH

The Outlook

THE attitude of the Church at the present day is rich in significance. It is not only those who are without the fold who are crying that all is not well within. Many whose loyalty and steadfastness of devotion to her tenets cannot be questioned are foremost in the search for the cause of the failure of the Church to touch the life of the people, and the reason that a mere fraction of the community avails itself of the opportunity for worship that is afforded.

Lack of earnestness may not be advanced as the explanation, for honesty compels the admission that it is often the more thoughtful people who eschew attendance and carve their own way unaided through fresh avenues of belief unhampered by the limitations of creed and dogma.

Everywhere it is increasingly recognised that reconstruction is necessary not only in the affairs of the world but within the very portals of the Church itself, and manifold are the suggestions that are offered as to how this may be best effected. The revision of the Prayer Book and alteration of the Church services have been under discussion for a considerable time, and an agitation has recently been ventilated in the Press in favour of the abolition of the distinctive garb of the clergy which it is suggested creates an artificial barrier between a priest and his flock. The vexed question of women

engrossed in minor matters of Church tradition" and ignore the "great and fundamental problems which are exercising the minds of many people at the present day."

This is the cause of their alienation from the thought and life of the people, and the reason that many to whom Christianity is a living and beautiful reality shrink from the weekly discourse on doctrine lest it obscure rather than reveal. There is no lack of real religious life in our country; it is the manner of its presentment that is at fault, and the fact that this is so has been brought very closely home by the experience garnered during the war by those of the clergy who entered the lists as the "padres" of our great armies of men. Their work at the front has been to many of them a revelation. They have found that when men are facing reality in the world of action they demand a corresponding reality in the worlds of mind and spirit. Therefore our army chaplains have returned with a keen realisation of the need for reconstruction so that a renewal of life may flow through the form of the Church teaching.

It may be—because constant custom is apt to dull the perceptive faculty—that the manner whereby this reconstruction may be best effected is more easily seen by those who are not too intimately associated with the present routine and work of the Church. In this connection it may be noted that *The Times* reviewer of Mr. Clutton-Brock's new book, *What is the Kingdom of Heaven?* stated that a clergyman of progressive sympathies has announced to his brethren that "the greatest preacher of the day is a woman, and after her the two

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who matter most are laymen," and that one of these two is Mr. Clutton-Brock.

We have need to emphasise the reason of the apathy of the people towards the accepted forms of religion, and the cause for the independent quest for Truth in new and perhaps strange directions which is being undertaken by many of the more thoughtful people.

If we look back to the days of the mighty civilisation of Ancient Egypt, the great Kings were Priests, Initiates of the Temple mysteries, spiritual leaders in every sense of the word, and religion was part of the very fabric of the community. Initiation into the great Egyptian mysteries was sought, as is well known, by candidates drawn from all quarters of the globe, for the guardians of the great Mystery tradition knew not only the ceremonial and external rites but the purpose and achievement of that ceremonial. They were the Pointers of the ever-ancient Way, "the royal road of the Cross" as Thomas à Kempis later calls it, and they recognised the dual nature of all spiritual teaching and that an inner secret tradition lay within the external presentation of their religion.

One reason of the empty churches may be that at the present day the two-fold nature of religion is forgotten, and too literal an interpretation is placed upon much of the Church teaching. The real spiritual wisdom is given in the Christian story again and again in beautiful symbols which should not be interpreted as concrete physical facts lest through such an offence against the intellect the soul be starved.

Mr. Clutton-Brock in *What is the Kingdom of Heaven?*

emphasises that the Kingdom of Heaven was the central theme of Christ's teaching, but that nowadays it is ignored and most people have no clear conception of the meaning of the phrase. Mr. Clutton-Brock himself fails to render a very clear answer to his own question, and although he takes a wider view than the ordinary churchman, he would seem to miss the full and deep meaning that the great phrase has for those who have sought to piece together the definite Christian Mystery teaching enshrined in the New Testament and the works of the Early Christian Fathers.

To the mystic the Kingdom of Heaven is no empty or vague expression, neither does it represent a geographical state.

It is the supreme Crown of the Eternal Quest of Man, it is the Philosopher's Stone and Elixir of Life of Alchemy, it is the completion of the thirty-three mystical steps of the Journey of the Soul, it is the Holy Grail that was no earthly chalice, it is the Divine Union with the Beloved of the mediæval Christian, it is the entry after long suffering and fierce purgation into the full spiritual consciousness and the sublime finding of the Hidden Treasure rather than the incidental method of man's approach thereunto.

A further cause of the alienation of the thought of the people from the doctrine of the Church is the failure of the clergy to attempt to answer some of the great problems that the war has emphasised in so grim and terrible a way.

They have, as a whole, adopted an agnostic attitude

when questioned as to the after-death state and the conditions of the future life. "We are not told . . . we do not know. . . ."

It is this agnosticism of the Church that has driven many to seek—and find—an answer elsewhere that will satisfy both mind and heart. If asked the profession of the Church as to the life after death some of the clergy state frankly enough that the Church has no special teaching on the subject. A few are courageous enough to imply that "we are not meant to know." We would remind those few that if such an attitude had been adopted towards the unsolved problems of science we should at the present day be living in a state of primitive civilisation.

Thousands of people who in the past put the thought of death from them as needing no immediate consideration, have had it thrust upon them with no way of escape, and in the encounter have found that vague theories shatter at the first touch of reality and that in the immediate hour of necessity a new edifice of belief has need to be built to satisfy "Rachel who will not be comforted."

"WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH?"

No question has called for answer more insistently during the last five years, and as a whole the Church has failed in that answer. Alienation is the result. It would have been expected that in the hour of trial the Church would have spoken authoritatively and truly, but its treasure is buried as a jewel in the dust of doctrine, and the lighted candle of Truth is hidden under a bushel.

There have, however, been certain splendid exceptions. Dean Inge, preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral in November, 1915, stated that the chief fact that we knew concerning the life after death was that it was "a condition of rest," but he made haste to add that rest did not mean necessarily either idleness or inaction, but rather a state of "*wholly unimpeded activity*."

The late Archdeacon Wilberforce, preaching at St. John's, Westminster, emphasised that "Paradise is the training school for character . . ." and that "the spheres of spiritual attainment are not localities but conditions."

It is significant that Dean Inge emphasised the same point in his definition of heaven and hell.

Archdeacon Wilberforce further claimed that—

"The future condition on the other side of death . . . will not be a system of external penalties or rewards administered by a despotic ruler, but the automatic expansion under new conditions of the prevailing bent of our present life."

There are few clergy who have voiced their opinions as directly and firmly as these two great leaders of the Church, and as a consequence such heterodox societies as the Spiritualist, the Theosophical, etc., have gained a vast number of adherents who would probably never have left their churches had it not been that when in their hour of loss they demanded bread they were given a stone of empty phrase.

Men and women bereft of their dearest seek a living assurance of a more definite nature than the statement that "all is well with them" conveys, and to many that assurance has come as a personal experience of contact

with those so unwisely labelled "dead." As a consequence they have reversed their old conceptions and remodelled their views of the after-death state and the possibilities of progress in the spiritual world so radically that it becomes difficult to face the old-accepted phrases and indefinite theories without a measure of impatience at their insufficiency.

If the Church would concern itself more vitally with the immediate problems and spiritual necessities of its congregation rather than with the interpretation of abstruse dogma there would be no need to talk of reconstruction, for the work would already have begun, and if the clergy would stand forth as in the days of old as the leaders of the great Mystical Quest upon which Humanity is set—the finding of the Hidden Treasure—there would be a spiritual revival and renewal of the life of the Church to which perhaps only that of the early Christian era would be comparable.

DOROTHY GRENSIDE.



The object of man upon earth is to be noble and chivalrous and courteous, to love knowledge, to make human life sweet, dignified, worthy, and to be always aware of the spiritual that surrounds and underlies the material life of man, the destiny that awaits man and to live for that.—DR. HORTON.

AN EXPLANATION OF TELEPATHY

TELEPATHY is a power or faculty by which a percipient receives intelligence from or of another subject, so that the intelligence is conveyed without the aid of the normal senses. It is a special form of Lucidity, which Professor Joire defines as a faculty by which one has knowledge of things not within the range of the senses. It embraces a variety of experience and emotion both of sentient and insentient existence, acquired without the aid of the special senses. Clairvoyance in all its forms falls within the generic term. It is well known that the work of the lucid can be assisted by hypnotism. As the explanation of all forms of lucidity is one, I propose to devote some paragraphs to it before dealing with telepathy.

The mechanism of mind is very obscure. In matters of social and intellectual progress we deal almost exclusively with consciousness—canvassing what it can do with or without training, what it so often fails to do, and the reason why. But the conscious mind is far from being the whole of mind. Science fails when it treats any faculty as purposeless; but many thinkers have doubted quite plausibly whether consciousness is anything but an excrescence on mind regarded as a unity. After all, its invasion of the realm of time is intermittent. A great part of its existence is blank, for when the special senses fail, its processes lose colour and force. It fades away in sleep; it perishes for a time under anæsthetics. It is so remote from the real that it can scarcely be expressed in terms of anything permanent. It is an *ignis fatuus* flitting across the dark waters of life.

Now, if consciousness were all we are, the breach between personality and life would be fatal. But of

course there is another mode of mind, which, enigma though it is, exhibits all the signs of permanent being and activity.

The basis of the human system is the nervous system, and it is just possible to treat the nervous system as explaining itself. In other words, given the protoplasmic cell, you have a self-contained agency composed of the simplest and commonest elements, apparently endowed with limitless powers of proliferation, protection and reproduction. But there has come to the biologist the uneasy suspicion that a mere compound of elements should not be able to do what the nervous system is for ever doing. For without doubt it possesses the power of arrangement and adaptation. Indeed, to put a point to the difficulty, it thinks without being conscious.

The difficulty recedes only without being resolved, if one assumes that the nervous system is the home of an unknown entity or force, which within great limitations, thinks, works and lives—is indeed life itself. At present there appears to be some reason for supposing that this Unknown Guest is matter of a very elusive character. It may also be force, and it may also be mind—because (in theory at all events) there is a point at which matter, force and mind become indistinguishable. If that theory is sound, it explains the source both of the body and of consciousness, but it does not explain the agent itself. That is reserved for the thinker, whose business is with final causes.

The superficial psychologist has long called this agent the subconscious. Not only he, but many others have trifled with the enigma. It is the whipping-boy on whom the psycho-analyst lays the blame of many untoward states of consciousness. It is the "healer" of Christian Science and of other esoteric schools. It answers—not without doubt as to the goodness of the fit—the astral and mental bodies of the theosophist. Wherever there

is thought-activity which cannot be laid directly at the door of consciousness, the subconscious receives the praise or blame of it.

Now there is no doubt that the nervous system exhibits two qualities closely associated with thought—sensibility and action. Is the third quality, intelligence, also present? The answer to this question needs great care—lest too much or too little be conveyed by the answer. We are so unfamiliar with the idea that there may be thought without the presence or even the possibility of consciousness: and it is extremely difficult to grasp the fact that such thought has qualities quite different from those of conscious thinking.

The life-force as a mechanical agent has no equal in things. In adapting the life systems through which it expresses itself, it works with a skill that is almost omniscient. But it applies exactly the same care and ingenuity in fashioning the life system of a monster as that of a saint. In other words it has little or no grasp of teleology, and the centre of its true purpose is not within it. It is a restless, breeding thing of infinite fecundity, through which climbs an alien something that dreams, aspires and for ever fails.

This life-force is lucid, or creates an instrument that has that power. The special senses appear late in its life history, because apparently they would be of no use at first. But it is obvious that the life system had to be aware of many matters in the presensory period. The embryo, as it builds, has infinite matters to consider. Kittens are born blind, but all the same they know the maternal teats without assistance. A chicken breaks the shell, and at once proceeds to pick up such food as suits its alimentary processes. Who told it that worms and grains of corn might be eaten, and that stones and earth, as a rule, were no food? Humanity comes to its kingdom long after the animals, but its principles of growth are not dissimilar.

This lucidity in the animal is probably not telepathic ; that is, is nature-wisdom, and not a communication from the elders of the species. For while the embryo of the mammal may have depended on maternal intelligence : the incubator refutes the hypothesis in the case of bird-life.

When humanity does become the master of conscious thinking it is evident that it loses to a large extent the power of lucidity. Indeed they appear to be incompatibles. When the faculty is exhibited by human beings, it becomes an uncanny phenomenon of little value either to its owner or to those who seek to profit by it. Of course the mystery of the matter is this, that lucidity is not a faculty of consciousness at all, but the property of the "subconscious" entity. And since the subconscious is what it is, because it is not naturally capable of self-expression in terms of consciousness, what passes in the subconscious loses much of its coherence and vigour in becoming transmuted or restored in the terms of conscious thought.

The question remains : is telepathy a normal faculty, and if so what is its place in ordinary life ? In answering this question, I put aside at once all the phenomena beloved of those who frequent the palmist, the fortune-tellers, *et hoc genus omne*. Assume that they have a certain gift, but also assume its general futility. It results that lucidity in that form is a mental abnormality—a power which is of the nature of a disorder. Many, most hysterical persons are lucid to some extent.

But there is a normal form of telepathy which is of the essence of mind. Man is a social animal—a fact which recent writing has perhaps exaggerated, when asserting that man is so impacted in society as to be an atomic component of the social organism. Now men differ extraordinarily in this. Contrast the Scotch with the English attitude to society. The Scotsman rejoices in his independence of spirit. In the words of Lincoln

he aims "to preserve the jewel of liberty in the casket of freedom." He canvasses with savage dislike every call of society upon him. The Englishman, on the other hand, rejoices in that same call, and he answers the social critic with the stern remark that far better folk than he are doing the same thing. It is of England's greatness and stability that she is a cheerful giver to even the most futile social formula.

Now it is obvious that points of view, especially when emotion fortifies them, are not matters of thought at all, but of something far deeper. Tides of feeling pass through an audience with incredible power. The history of humanity rightly understood is one of secret impulses that never spilt themselves in words, but ran to grim decisions and were lost.

In social matters the beginning is in the family life. That presupposes the great cementing power of sex. Everyone has seen that sexual love is an outpouring through passion of some vital power. That it is almost entirely a matter of the subconscious, and telepathic, seems equally clear. But in the matrimonial relation the attuning power of telepathy is constantly active. It produces in married people an unmistakable bodily similarity. The same influence occurs in the development of the children of the house. Medical books are full of anecdotes which illustrate the sub-mental influences of common living. The likenesses are not those of consciousness. People very different in their methods of thinking display a community of "feeling" that is difficult to explain except on the principle of telepathic attunement.

Another form of this telepathic attunement is the death apparition. To persons who are much attached, danger or dissolution affecting one of them is readily communicated. Analogous to this is the great emotional disturbance that comes to persons long attached and then severed. They appear to have been mentally a

AN EXPLANATION OF TELEPATHY

kind of Siamese twins. I emphasize again the fact that ordinary psychology has no knowledge of this condition, because it but seldom, and then erratically, appears in the form of thought.

The explanation of this interpenetrating mentality probably rests in the theory of a universal thought medium of which the Unknown Guest is a part—not in its pure form, but as a compound of which that medium is a universal factor. Hence, of course, the great variations of the telepathic faculty, and hence the fact that strong consciousness and personal self-assertion can do much to prevent its operation. We all know the man who repels, whom men respect and fear, but whose humanity is a thing apart.

My suggestion then is this. Let it be seen that thought in the subconscious region is more like an infiltration, or a leaven than a self-centred growth, and that the growing soul draws it like moisture from a native soil, and the secret is won. The strangeness of the matter is that thought in this form has more of the nature of chemical dissemination than of ideation—that it pervades without becoming conscious, and lives elusively in the very marrow of being.

W. INGRAM, M.A., LL.B., D.Sc.



The time has come for a great purging of the earth from false ideals that a better and purer day may be born. . . . In a sense we are undergoing a divine judgment, but in a far higher sense we are the subjects of a divine cleansing, and not wholly for this world. God is destroying that He may build anew. We have made the conditions of the destruction ourselves, but it is His mercy and love that are manifested therein.—The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL.

THE PLEASURES OF HUMILITY

It is hard for us to recapture the conception of sin. Even the word has acquired a musty flavour; and although it were unbecoming to congratulate ourselves upon our emancipation we should be justified in accepting with pleasure the applause of an embassy from Mars. We admit that if we act against the welfare of our fellows we do wrong, but when people were conscious of sin they believed that certain acts were displeasing to God. In these days we cannot suppose that it is possible to distress the Imagination which maintains the universe, and since we have thus abandoned the sense of sin we have no temptation to be proud of our vices. We smile, therefore, at the bravado of the poet who exhorted his contemporaries to exchange

"The lilies and languors of virtue
For the raptures and roses of vice,"

and at the horrified refusal of his audience. Nevertheless, though it is pleasant to throw stones at the houses of the Victorians and exquisitely pleasant to hear the crash of the glass, we ought to observe that we have merely employed a different glazier as the architect of our own.

For although we may not be proud of our vices we plume ourselves upon our deficiencies. We are indeed more vain of what we cannot do than of what we can; and a quaint instinct provokes us to a feeling of superiority if we remain unmoved in a company of enthusiasts. There are certain poets who proclaim with satisfaction their indifference to Milton; certain musicians who vaunt their inability to suffer Beethoven gladly. Some of us, again, regard with compassion the excited antics of the cricket-field or the golf-links, and some—alas!

reader, I admit the stone in my hand—some of us broaden our phylacteries when we contemplate the gambols of the ball-room. We are not content to declare that the grapes are sour; we proceed to the opinion that they are thistles. Ludicrous though it is, we may see this attitude wherever we look. The stock-broker is puffed up because he is impervious to poetry; the politician because he does not strive to a dim ideal; the scientist because he is not a mystic; the pseudo-mystic because he cares nothing for science; the school-boy because he is immune from love; and the strong silent man because he cannot express himself.

How strange it is that we should willingly withhold ourselves from any delight; how strange that we should look with contempt on any fine thing which we cannot enjoy! It is an oddity of our nature which is due in part to our incurable tendency to think in extremes. We disdain the joy of another because in excess it becomes ridiculous. The artist cold-shoulders the athlete because a man who cares only for games is an overgrown school-boy; the athlete despises the artist because if we occupy ourselves exclusively with the beautiful we become unfit for the hurly-burly of life. It is due, however, in a much higher degree to what is a universal weakness of human nature,—the fantastic desire to be important.

This, indeed, is the target of true comedy; and if we would live wisely we must first get out of bowshot, and that is no easy matter. For no one, not even the shyest, is without some love of the limelight. It is a passion that is common to the housemaid and the professor. In some—in the intellectuals—it struts as the desire to detach themselves at any cost from the multitude. Rather, for instance, than acknowledge the merit of Milton, and so be at one with the world, they will call him a pompous ass; and if the dictum is received in silence they will not realise that nothing but silence had been decent nor reflect upon their appearance if they

had chosen to boast that they took no pleasure in health or blue skies, but will construe the silence of their company as a shamefaced confession. Who, again, if ever as a child he indulged in the fierce delight of a sulk, has forgotten the increase of importance which he felt? or who has not felt it again when announcing dramatic news? The news may be bad—it may even strike at the teller—but it must have smitten him hard if he does not relish the prestige of being the first to tell it abroad. If, too, the whole town is talking of a railway disaster and the charwoman informs you that her sister was among the victims, do not regard the poor soul as altogether an object for pity. She has her compensation. For a few days at least she will shine among her associates as a person of much importance, and at the funeral she will at least have precedence over the crowd.

There is no third course; we must either be humble or absurd. "How," asked Thoreau, "should I be lonely? our planet is in the Milky Way." How, we may ask in turn, can anyone give himself airs? our planet is the Milky Way. Now, no man is willingly absurd, and when once we have seen the absurdity of trying to look larger than our fellows we are forced to sit down to a dish of humble pie. Then is the moment to be careful lest we eat of it to excess; for if we recognise our insignificance and do not retain a right measure of self-respect we shall not be able to hold our own in an inconsiderate world. A single thought will show us the size of the portion which is our due. We may be of little importance, but so too is everyone else.

In this thought there is much comfort,—enough indeed to console us for the disappointing fact that we bulk very small in the world. The most gifted of men make only a local and momentary pother. The awful general or the famous writer who are scrupulous to exact their pound of respect should not impress us too deeply. Time and space are as much our property as theirs, and

if they wear their distinctions without a smile we can overwhelm them with a heap of centuries or pelt them with a handful of stars. A king's sword may create a knight, but the accolade of the sun confers on all men an equal nobility. Moreover, though at first it is galling to the ambitious nature of the soul to realise how unimportant we are, we may with a little practice grow glad of our slowness and obscurity; for not until we have reduced our pretensions can we laugh at our vanities and even make light of our woes.

CLIFFORD BAX.



VANITAS VANITATUM

All passes!

There is naught save Thee remaineth in one stay
Serene, immutable, in Thy eternal Day
Thou hast been, art, and still wilt be.

All wearies!

The soul Thou hast made for Thee is not content
With earth that withers; she's for the firmament,
To break her prison, spread wings—be free.

All breaks!

In the hand as a bubble breaks, as a rose dies,
She is empty till Thou fill'st her with Paradise,
Yes, till she overbrims with Thee, with Thee.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

AN INTERPRETATION OF "A DREAM ?"

(This interpretation has won the prize offered in the May number
of *Vision*.)

A DREAM, says Freud, is the fulfilment of a wish. Here the dreamer is obviously a woman, living a life determined by circumstances rather than by her desires. During the day her life is "one d——d thing after another," while she is always seeking quiet, meditation, and the open window. The dream is probably a compensatory relief—what she cannot get during the day she finds at night, and her spirit is comforted, healed, enlightened, fed, just as a soldier in the trenches dreams that he is at home by his wife.

This peace is found through risk and journeying ; the beginning of the journey is the servants' bedroom—the dreamer has not been free from the common lot of housewives—but her daily anxieties are soon left behind. She is traversing a long and narrow way. There is a profound feeling of loneliness and of peril, but she is brave in spite of insecurity. She crosses with care the room, all dust and hazard, suggesting the risks that everyone who is honest and in earnest must take ; the dust—of years, of travel, of broken-down things—by the alchemy of thought separates completely the past and the future.

She attains, in this way, the peace she seeks. The room that is swept and garnished—her own soul—her security is there. The window is open, and the ships, symbolic of youth and freedom, tempt her. Had she the wings of a dove, she would fly away and be at rest, but she dare not go to the window and look out.

Her life is concerned with duties that lie to her hand—the needle is threaded, work which she cannot leave has

to be done. It is sufficient that the window is open, and that she knows the ships are without—recalling Richard Hovey :

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay ;
For the wander-thirst is on me,
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her,
For the islands of desire.

I must forth again to-morrow,
With the sunset I must be ;
Hull-down on the trail of rapture,
In the wonder of the sea.

The dreamer has found a sanctuary, but she is aware that here we have no continuing city, and that some day she will have her part in the larger life outside and beyond.

The unknown tenant is herself.

The interpretation will shatter her dream, but the consciousness of its meaning is better. She will know herself. She will rest better at night. The dream will pass into her business and her life, and she will have the blessedness of content.

J. BURNETT RAE.



REVELATION

I HAVE walked in the woods
And commun'd with the Spirit of Solitude ;
I have lain with tired heart
Press'd to the great throbbing heart of the earth ;
I have caught the rhythmic beat
Of the Cosmic Life of the Universe,
And felt the greater Self that is God
Absorb the lesser self that is I.

I have heard the song of the wind,
The laugh of the stream,
The ecstatic note of the lark,
The hum and the whirl of the bee,
The yearning whisper of trees ;
But deeper still, the silence of God,
Which is Harmony greater than all ;
Sound voicing soundlessness,
Sound which is heard not, but felt.

I have stood on the heath,
And watched the multitudinous life
Of the great little citizen ants,
The homely old Hodge of a beetle,
The self-centred spider, the gay Lotharian butterfly ;
Have startled the rabbit or hare,
Smiled at the nimble squirrel,
And felt myself a Titan among them,
Holding strange powers of life and death
In my hands, yet knowing myself
Something less than all these
To the infinite God of Life and Death and Creation.

I have climbed to the breast of the hill
When the silvery sweat of the clouds
Fell to the earth, while the sun
Created that timeless wonder of colour—
The rainbow. Shimmering arches
Of translucent light, amethyst, orange and green,—
Rendering that we deem solid—opaque and shadowy.
Spanning the earth and heaven, making them one,
Showing me vistas of Faerie,
Filling my soul with a knowledge
Of Forces and Beings, supernal, invisible . . .
. . . “Behold I will show you a mystery!”
The ultimate realisation of Self
Is oneness with God and His plan.
Nothing is greater or less than the Self.
All colours and sounds, scents and beauties
Are oneness of Life, and Death is oneness with all.
Death the beautiful rainbow arch
Spanning our souls and God’s.

MABEL BEATTY.

SPRING

A PURPLE patch of crocuses
All growing in the grass—
A hint of God’s own loveliness;
Yet human feet may pass
These heaven-sent gifts among.
Each little bloom a chalice
Containing tongue of gold,
To speak to those who listen
Of mysteries untold!

MARGARET T. HAWKINS.

VICTORY

NOTHING in me shall die ;
Through years that pass
I shall be joyous still
In living grass ;
Love is the soul of life,
Love cannot die ;
From birth-hour I have loved
Infinity.

Blood of my spirit drew
Its sustenance
From every drop of dew,
From each star-glance ;
Terror and mystery
About my feet
Changed to triumphal ways
The common street.

Dreams rainbow-hued and shot
With silver thread
Were more to me than meat,
Than daily bread ;
An azure sun-kissed flower
Was still the key
To ope the gleaming gates
Of Heaven to me.

Beauty my heart-strings touched
And melody
Hung like a fragrance there,
Falling to die ;
Yet nought in me shall die,
" There is no death ! "
Spirit in ecstasy
To spirit saith.

ESTHER RAWORTH.

"THE BOOK OF THE CAVE"

WHEN one plunges into the Gaurisankar Cave and is aware of voices trying to utter unutterable things, conscious of strange shapes, and wonderful lighting effects, which the producer of *The Miracle* would have envied, one is perplexed by a curious mixture of Maeterlinck and Hindu philosophy and Mr. H. G. Wells in his most modern manner.

Are we to take the author of *The Book of the Cave** seriously, or is he gently pulling our leg? We read on the title-page:—

THE BOOK OF THE CAVE GAURISANKARGUHĀ

BEING THE AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF A PILGRIMAGE TO THE GAURISANKAR CAVE NARRATED BY THE LATE PROFESSOR TRUEDREAM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SIGHBRIDGE TO HIS FRIENDS, THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD REASON OF FANCYDALE NOW IN VOLUNTARY EXILE, AND THE KEEPER OF THE SOHAM GARDEN, AND MADE KNOWN TO THE WORLD ACCORDING TO PROFESSOR TRUEDREAM'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

Swift might have written something of the kind in *Gulliver's Travels* or Lewis Carroll in one of his delightful letters to children. Nor does the Indian writer's Preface help us. We read: "Ever since my friend, Lord Reason of Fancydale, left the Soham Garden to spend the remainder of his life among the Ha-Ha's in the remote island of Hi-Hi I have done my best to tend the trees

* *The Book of the Cave*, by Śrī Ānanda Āchārya. Macmillan. 5s. net.

and plants and creepers alone." If we string "Ha-Ha" and "Hi-Hi" together we get something approaching a laugh, but in the pages that follow we get something much more than amusement. We get spectral figures and coloured lights, now and again a hint of true wisdom, a gleam of beauty, combined with what we should describe in the West as fairy-like fancy, and the glamour of Indian mysticism.

Pilgrim of the Sky, Ocean Wanderer and Sister of the Birch visit the Gaurisankarguhā where the Dweller in the Cave offers them friendly greeting. Having exchanged civilities the Cave-dweller endeavours to explain "who I am, what I am, and why I am." While millions of suns have risen and set, and countless worlds rushed into space and out of existence again the Dweller in the Cave has continued to live "unwinking in the light as in the dark." He sketches the creation of the earth on which we live, and says of Man: "His face is living Love unto my eyes, and whatsoe'er he acts or plays it is a thing of beauty to my mind."

The Ocean Wanderer, though occasionally facetious, is something of a pessimist and something of an iconoclast as well. He observes: "If a thirsting man pray all his life to the Lord of the Waters, will the sweet mountain stream come to quench his burning thirst? And if he pray not, but boldly resolve to reach the stream—storm and whirlwind will sweep from the unknown quarters of the heavens and cast him down on the way."

The Sister of the Birch does not share the Ocean Wanderer's bitterness. She cries: "I trust in the Lord's Love for Man. He knows what is best for us."

Then the Cave-dweller observes:

"Come, Friend, plunge into the profound deeps of the soul and thou shalt see more beauty than thou hast discovered in morning light or midnight stars or smiling lilies of the valley. Each plunge will reveal new beauty

until thou reach the Shrine of the Mother where Perfect Beauty reigns supreme."

There is much talk of the mystical Mother of the Heart, and a Voice proclaims the following strange and beautiful story. Before the Mirage-of-Time covered the souls of men and women with flesh there dwelt a happy race of spirits who were "clad in the raiment of Thought." We are told that they "lived like floating sparks of light, free, joyous, unvexed by the pull of the Cosmos. . . . Their offspring were Thought-born* and were called the children of the Right." These spirits dwelt in "gladsome homes on diamond-bright mountains, floating in the ocean of ether under the Pole-Star and the Seven Sages and the Seven Daughters." They knew nothing of disease or death, and having lived on these mountains for millions of years they ascended to dwell in the bright stars above them. These children of the Age of Truth could only look upward. Some, however, contrary to their high calling, looked down, and those who did so fell from the shining mountain and eventually reached the plains. Two of the Truth-born took pity upon those who had looked down and had been forced in consequence to change their abode. They also descended to the plains of the lower ether, and gaining a body they gained at the same time the faculty called Will. When they wanted to return from whence they had come they found they could not look upward. We read: "But they struggled as a man struggles in a dream to shake off the grip of a monster, and in the effort of that struggle their ether raiment fell from them." They regained in that moment their previous form, and were able to return "to their eternal home in the Pole-Star."

There seems to be no attempt at unity in this book, and for several pages we learn nothing about the three visitors to the Cave. We are told by an Invisible Speaker

* Compare Swedenborg's reference to Heaven-born children,

that "many Saviours have been sent to many lands bearing the sacred fire from my blazing hearth. Kings and their peoples have bowed their heads to the bearers of the holy fire, but few have turned their hearts unto the Word. Others will yet be sent, to exalt and purify Man's heart till Conduct be wedded to Piety and all men behold the pure light of the Source." Only when that time comes, we may add, shall we forget the madness of war and establish, not a League of Nations, but unity of spiritual thought which is better. "I herald the coming of a new dawn!" says the Invisible Speaker. "A mighty bearer of the Light shall bring a message to the flesh-born." How eagerly some of us long for that message! When the Master comes we shall be waiting for Him.

There is a wonderful poem, for we may call it such, on pages 55-63. I can only quote a few lines:—

"I am man and woman and the intermediate* one;
I am the ape and the tiger and the lamb;
I wander in the woods of dark continents as the savage
cannibal; I watch by the bedside of the sick in the house
of mercy.

* * * * * *

I am—what ye fear to think of me; I will be—what ye love
to dream of me.

* * * * * *

Henceforth I will seek new and inward space for my progress,

In the coming age I will seek to bore a tunnel in the spirit, to find an inner path to the Divinity of my Heart. But I will not destroy the bridges which I have built during the past ages, linking this earth with the distant divinity of suns and moons and stars."

The Sister of the Birch expresses a desire to see the Marble Palace, "poised in mid-air like a shining cloud."

* Does the Indian writer use this word as Edward Carpenter uses it in *The Intermediate Sex*?

A thread-like ladder hangs from the sky. "No sooner does she place her foot on the first rung than a little puff of air blows over her face, fragrant with the odour of a flower unknown to her. The aroma takes away the weight of her body, and with a feeling of wonderful ease and lightness she swiftly climbs the ladder—though it has a million rungs—and reaches the Palace." The people who dwelt there married among themselves. We learn that "the continuity of the relation which has love for its inspiration is never snapped asunder." Those who were happy in their earthly love are happy in the Marble Palace. We read, and it is a striking passage: "They walk not side by side but face to face, looking steadfastly into each other's eyes. They walk with grace as if dancing together and singing."

Of those who were unhappy in their love on earth we read: "They walk with their backs towards each other. Some again are trying to hide behind each other, and when their eyes happen to meet each covers the other's eyes—the man covers the woman's eyes with his hand and the woman covers his with her hand." The Sister of the Birch sees some "men and women walking on their hands—sometimes with their feet in the air, sometimes on all fours. They are breathing hard and never stop to rest." We learn from the Guide that "these lived as bachelors and spinsters and believed in self-help. They will have to go to the 'Colony of Happy Dependency.'" I wonder if the writer of these words knew that the English Chancellor of the Exchequer is contemplating a tax on bachelors and spinsters. There is no humour in Dante's vision, but there is humour in this Indian's Comedy, no less divine, let us remember, because occasionally we hear the sound of laughter.

We learn that those who dwell in the first Chamber of the Marble Palace retain sex-consciousness. In the second Chamber they are purely intellectual, and in the third Chamber complete harmony exists between the

male and female principles. We read: "When the heart, which is the reservoir of love, expands so greatly as to embrace the universe of life the faculty of lust dwindles to the dot upon an 'i.'"

Some who enter the Gaurisankar Cave will find wisdom and beauty. Others will hear the echo of their own "Ha-Ha" and "Hi-Hi." We can only find the Treasure of the Soul when we have reached the appointed place and the appointed time.

F. HADLAND DAVIS.



George Eliot provides us with a definition and a rule in lines that have particular significance to-day and a peculiar application to our programme:

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

George Eliot had little sympathy with anæmic "other-worldliness"—to use her own phrase for a feeble and nebulous form of mysticism—but she would join with us in repeating Prof. W. K. Clifford's wistful exhortation, "Let us take hands and help, for to-day we are alive together."

AN INHERITED MEMORY

WE were motoring up to Scotland a year or two ago in this most prosaic and matter-of-fact twentieth century, and I am sure that our thoughts were all centred in present-day affairs.

Certainly my husband and his friend were interested only in "the sweetness of running" of the car, in our speed, and the all-important question of how long the petrol would last.

I was enjoying the scenery and revelling in the sweet hill air, that indescribable, grassy tang that one gets on open, high-lying spaces, and from the hills.

Our next town was Kendal, which we were nearing. I had no idea what it would be like, probably like Kirby Lonsdale, where we had lunched the day before; but as we entered the town, I forgot all about its appearance, for I suddenly found the streets filled with a great coming and going of Highland gentlemen and their followers.

There was all the stir and bustle of some great preparation—flags flying, glint of bright sunshine on sword or pike or caught in the gleam of a jewelled clasp or brooch.

There was the wild, uplifting skirl of pipes, and in all the "highlands" of houses windows were open, and the people leant out, and hands and scarves were waving.

For up the street was coming in all the bravery of tartan, and white cockade, with the quick glancing eyes and gracious smile and toss of hand, the lad for whom his people gladly gave life itself.

I could do nothing but lean breathlessly forward, with my hand on my husband's arm, who was driving, and say over and over again: "Oh! Go slowly! Go slowly!! Go slowly!!!" for we were actually in the

midst of the great press of people, and I could not bear to pass on and leave them all behind.

But my husband said: "Go slowly? I can't go slower, unless I stop," and "What do you want to go slowly for? There's nothing to see or do here."

It was not until some weeks later that I remembered that the Prince came to Kendal on that ill-fated journey to Worcester to summon to his standard those who were true to his House.

B. M. M.

(A prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best interpretation of this experience. See page 168.)

THE SECRET GARDEN

HERE there is rest. Thy poor tired heart may cease
To feel its loneliness—the while it prays
That Memory shall bring it no regretting.

Here do the pansies grow, and there, heartsease;
Here bitter hours and long sad empty days
Shall be no more; nor anything soul fretting.

Only of quiet shall there be increase;
All dreams do end here: not one fond ghost strays,
From rising of the Moon unto her setting.

Deep now is its peace,
Quiet are its hidden ways,
—But in my garden there is no forgetting.

ERIC LYALL.

THE MYSTICISM OF MAETERLINCK'S "BETROTHAL"

THERE is a Wonderland filled with colour and fragrance where there are far horizons and dim blue distances—a Wonderland wherein all may enter who love phantasy and sweet imaginings, and of which M. Maeterlinck is the ruling genius. Now he who sets foot in this region may wander where he will, and wherever he turns he will find rich treasure and make strange discoveries. So it is not surprising that a thrill of expectation should take possession of him when, lingering in the highways and by-ways of this fairyland, he learns that M. Maeterlinck has opened out for him another pathway, along which he may trace the further adventures of his favourite Tytyl.

The Betrothal, the name of this new pathway, is a fairy story—a fairy story beautiful as the *Blue Bird*—and, as in the *Blue Bird*, there flows throughout its pages an under-current, half hidden, half revealed, wherein each must seek for himself the true meaning and interpretation.

It is possible to think of Tytyl as typifying the human Ego, the eternal, imperishable "I" in each one of us, which æons and æons ago set out on its great journey in search of conscious immortality. It is significant that Tytyl is no longer a child, as he was in the *Blue Bird*. He is now a boy of sixteen, beautiful in his adolescence, and he is *asleep* when wakened by the Fairy. Maeterlinck seems to hint here that the "I" as typified by Tytyl has already accomplished some part of its evolutionary journey, but has done so unconsciously. Now, awakened by the Fairy, or Mind, it prepares to undertake intelligently the remainder of its pilgrimage.

The six girl friends who accompany Tytyl on his travels may be likened to his fairest hopes and ideals.

He is tenderly attached to them, and believes that any one of them may turn out to be the "great and only love of his life"—she of whom he is in search.

Occult Knowledge is symbolised by the Magic Sapphire which the Fairy gives to Tytyl at the outset of his journey. This sapphire, when turned from right to left, invests all things with a strange transcendent beauty, and enables Tytyl to see deep down into the souls of his friends; but when used without understanding it is the source of untold misery and evil.

Again this is a significant fact, and it is worthy of notice that the sapphire is presented to Tytyl when he is first wakened from sleep, and it is largely by means of it that he reaches his journey's end.

The scene in the Miser's Cave is one of the most symbolical. It might be called the Cave of Renunciation, for the Miser represents Tytyl's Personal Self, and the Personal Self must yield up every flower gathered in the Gardens of Pleasure and Desire before the "I" can hope to find its freedom. Destiny holds Tytyl's hand as in a vice at the beginning of the journey, but after the visit to the Miser's Cave his power becomes gradually less; he dwindles in size, and finally becomes as small and helpless as a very young child.

It is Light—Light who "was born in the mountains"—who tells Tytyl the real nature of his journey, and reveals to him that he is not going outside himself, and that all his adventures are happening within him. She it is too who leads him to the home of his Ancestors—that subjective world of past thoughts, words and deeds which have made him what he is. Tytyl has many ancestors, but none of them can help him to recognise his "great and only love." They can only tell him that she is not to be found among the fair maidens who have so far borne him company.

It is in the Milky Way, in the Abode of the Children to be born of him, "near to the stars and yet within him—

self," that the great journey comes to an end, and she for whom Tytyl has been seeking is found. All through his wanderings she has been with him—a strange dim figure shrouded in long white veils, ever following him silently, or standing motionless beside him. He had seen her, wondered at her, but had never known her. And now in the Milky Way, the youngest of all the children, he who is to be the first-born recognises his mother. His kisses awaken her, and he leads her to Tytyl, and Tytyl is dazzled by her beauty. But the fullness of revelation is not yet his.

It is not until he is back once more in the woodcutter's cottage, bearing within him the memory of his experiences, that he sees in the neighbour's daughter Joy the veiled companion of his wanderings, and claims her as his betrothed. This too is significant. Significant, because if we take Tytyl's Betrothal to be the foreshadowing of the Mystical Marriage between Human Soul and Divine Spirit, we see that M. Maeterlinck bears out the view held by many modern mystics, that this union must be entered into while man is in possession of his full consciousness, and that only so can the Christ-Child be born in him.

VERA COMPTON-BURNETT.



There are grades of existence, stretching upward and upward to all eternity, and God Himself, through His agents and messengers, is continually striving and working and planning, so as to bring this creation of His through its preparatory labour and pain, and lead it on to an existence higher and better than anything we have ever known.—RAYMOND.

FROM A PRISON WINDOW

"Within the thought that cannot grasp Thee
In its unfathomable hold,
We worship Thee who may not clasp Thee,
O God unreckoned and untold !"

My prison has a window, and from this window I can look down into a dreary street . . . where the life of the little world passes monotonously to and fro.

Opposite is the blank wall of another house standing at a corner ; but the street that goes past this corner is at such an angle that I can see but a little way along it. To the right of my window I see part of an open square. The ground is dull grey, and the walls of the houses are dull grey ; but when the sun shines they are bright and dazzling to my eyes. On the right, where I know is the open square, the sun casts upon the ground the shadow of a tree. When the moon shines, the shadow of the tree is there still.

The tree itself I have never seen ; but its shadow ! . . . I know every branch and twig and leaf, I know when gentle breezes stir it, I know when fierce winds rock and torture it. I know the shadows of the birds that fly about it, I see the shadows of their love-making and their quarrels, and their busy flitting to and fro. I see the shadows of the falling leaves in autumn and of the growing buds in spring, and the shadows of the stillness of all the countless twigs when the frost grips them and they wait for their returning life.

And how beautiful it is.

One day there came a holy man to visit me in my prison. He was grave and quiet and gentle, and spoke of peace and sins forgiven, and gave me kind words of sympathy, so I drew him to my window and showed him the shadow

of the tree, trying to tell him how great was my love for it. But it grieved him that I could not see the tree itself, nor know its summer dress of shining green.

After many days the holy man visited me again, entering almost with eagerness. He carried in his hand a branch with leaves glistening with raindrops, and lighting my prison like a lamp of green.

"See what I have brought thee!" he cried. "I have robbed thy shadow. Is it not beautiful?"

Thus he spoke . . . and thus . . . eager to please and cheer me. Then he went his way.

Evening folded her wings over the silent streets, and across the glimmering square fell the shadow of the tree, stark and black and motionless. . . .

In the morning the first beam of the rising sun smote upon my prison wall and lit upon the branch. It was withered, and the green leaves were dull and grey.

Below my window the half-awakened birds piped to one another . . . and at noon once more the tree dropped pattern after pattern of its shadow on the ground . . . until the dear familiar picture was complete.

E. C. MERRY.



If there were no wrong to strive with, there would be no active right. . . . It is in the attaining and not in the attainment, in the effort and not in the rest, in the struggle and not in the victory, that the process of self-realisation, the deeper consciousness, the larger and higher life, which we desire and mean by immortality, truly exists.—SIR W. F. BARRETT, F.R.S.

THE NATURE OF BEING*

AN ESSAY ON ONTOLOGY

THIS is a somewhat remarkable book. At a time when harnessed metaphysics are out of fashion, the author has composed a book, the erudition and scholarship of which would be a credit to any first-rate thinker. Also he has had the courage to open again an old philosophical problem, restating a side of it which we all believed to be as dead as Aristotle. Personally, my verdict is that he has given at least a semblance of life to the very dry bones.

But alas! the book is not likely to be of any use to any but a very small school of thought. It is more like a work on Higher Mathematics than a human document. I do not think the author will consider this criticism at all to his discredit. I suspect he is one who would rather be wrong with Plato than right with Aristotle.

My difficulty in what follows is to transform his argument from the ether in which it is spun into something solid that will be open to the comprehension of everyday men and women.

It is well known that modern thought is founded upon the idea that Intelligence is the only beginning of metaphysics. All that is not knowable or cannot be reduced to knowledge is for the metaphysician a surd, which has in a sense to be written out. Not that the metaphysician considers this a satisfactory position. The trouble is that it cannot be otherwise. Indeed for this reason he has come to assume that the knower as absolute is the prime mover of all that is real, and that the real, however far it may bulge beyond intelligence, is in truth an excrescence from it. On the other hand it is equally

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

well known that the Greek School began from the Real, assuming a Totality of Being which embraced intelligence in its sweep, but which eternally resisted any attempt on the part of intelligence to reduce it in terms of itself. No doubt the net result to the thinker was the revelation of the vastness of human ignorance, of human incapacity in the face of reality; but that was better than an absurd point of view which ended in all the extravagances of Solipsism.

The author considers in the first place the medium by which thought attempts to express the Real, and the limitations in which that attempt is bound up. The difficulty, in which philosophy may quite easily lose itself, affects not only the coinage of terms by which principles are expressed formally and conveyed from mind to mind, but also the attitude of the individual thinker to the Real itself. The latter trouble is exhibited by the religious and the pragmatistical thinkers. Ideas and Principles are true for them only in so far as they consort with the outlook of the individual. The author instances the appeal to the emotions conveyed by the "inadequate conclusions of Bergson." And without doubt there is a point at which the philosopher drifts off the solid road of reasoning into the muddy by-ways of mysticism. As the author himself puts it: The business of the thinker is not so much to expound knowledge as to prevent error.

He then proceeds to look for data upon which a metaphysic of Being may be founded. These he quite properly finds in experience both empirical and rational. The senses, he states, bring us information which fortifies our belief in the Real, but the Real nevertheless remains unperceived. Yet Science penetrates constantly behind the veil describing and reasoning as to what is there. It describes the atom, the molecule, the organic radical. What Science explains cannot long be ignored by the metaphysician. And Mr. Slessor accordingly

proceeds to assume the existence of ether, which in process produces the observable phenomena of the Universe. A consideration of ether involves the assumption of Substance and Will as necessities of Thought. Will is the condition which in matter produces resistance, stability and persistence in form. Substance, on the other hand, is kinetic causal uniformity. It is the basis of the thing. Will, the essence of event, requires substance, the essence of the Thing, for its expression.

Next comes the conception of the Knower. The Ego is both a self and a non-self—a non-self in the knowledge of the experience it possesses of what is non-self. Self-hood is attributed to the atom, the molecule and to all higher unities. Ultimately self-hood attains the stages of consciousness and personality.

It would be unfair to the author to represent what is written here as more than a cursory sketch of his very full and adequate argument. The cause of matter and of self must both be found in the "spin and shear" of ether, by what processes the author must be left to explain. Without doubt, however, the object of the book is to introduce fresh ultimate ideas, and so to rationalise the current theories as to the nature of Matter and Energy.

It is a matter for consideration whether so much powerful and elegant thinking is not wasted on this generation of men. The judgments of mankind to-day are not being delivered upon ultimate things and causes, but upon simple human problems in which personal equation and self-interest play a larger part than reason. Did we understand all that occurred *in vacuo* before we came to our present circumstances, it would not help the solution of our petty wants, doubts and difficulties. Humanity has its own limited purposes, its own vineyard to tend; and perhaps it still remains true that real metaphysics begins and ends with the outlook of the Ego.

The writer in his account of the growth of the Self does not fall into the error of the pessimist in assuming that Will is the only ultimate. He observes that the anabolic process always contains more in result than went into the making. No doubt it is quite as easy to deduce from the result a blind moving will, as a non-immanent but intelligent mover. Pessimism and optimism are matters more of temperament than of reasoning; and it is not easy to go far in metaphysical argument without finding the bias of one or other. Part of the author's success is that he has contrived to keep out the emotional element so completely, that the argument which he presents will appear to most people entirely remote from anything that matters. On the other hand, truth is its own great reward; and such a book as that before me may at some future time be recognised as a wonderful bid for the complete expression of the secret of material being.

W. INGRAM, M.A., LL.B., D.Sc.

An amusing comment occurs in a recent number of the *Sunday Times* to the effect that while in this country efforts are being made to encourage "the visitation of spirits," the Chinese at this time of the year hold the curious ceremony of Yu-Nan-Whei which is designed to protect their homes from the unwelcome attentions of non-physical entities for the ensuing twelve months. In order to obtain this protection the Chinese hire seven priests at the price of 600 cash (about 11d.) each, who for this exorbitant sum keep up a continuous recitation of prayers and beating of gongs for the space of twelve hours. To make assurance doubly sure, those who can afford the additional outlay of another 2000 cash cause a number of small red paper boats with lights inside to be set adrift on the river, so that the spirits, tempted by the lure of a free river trip, may enter and be carried out to sea.

above me on the common, and before me the fishing boats, with red-brown sails, rode like birds on the purple streaks which stretched across the bluest of seas. My dress was not white, but old and faded, and he, the friend and companion of days long past, was gone.

Yet when I close my eyes I see again the slim athletic limbs, the straight, tall form beside me, and hear the voice saying "Come to me, for what are lonely years on earth to this? The harvest will soon ripen."

All day I have sat wondering and listening to the larks as they rise singing in the warm sunshine, and now the evening is come. Descending to the village, I take up an old newspaper. My eye rests on a name well known to me. *KILLED IN ACTION*. There cannot be two of that name. Surely it is he.

The sun is setting; silky bright clouds drift outwards over the water, and the fishing boats are coming home. The old sailors say: "The sky is red and clear, to-morrow will be fine."

S. E. DUNKLEY.

Mrs. W. H. CLIFFORD has just written a new novel, *Miss Fingal*, which will appeal not only to the ordinary novel-reading public but also to those who are interested in the psychology of the mediumistic temperament. The plot is cleverly worked out, and describes the manner in which Miss Fingal, a quiet colourless little woman, is obsessed by the spirit of another woman who is strong, vital and loving, this obsession altering the previous colourless disposition to such an extent that Miss Fingal conceives a passionate love for the dead woman's children and actually marries their father. The book is worth reading not only for the interest of its unusual theme, but also for the clever and intimate portrayal of the character of Miss Fingal.

HERMES OF THE WAYS

"I, Hermes, stand here at the cross-roads by the wind-beaten
orchard, near the hoary-grey coast ;
And I keep a resting-place for weary men. And the cool
stainless spring gushes out."

ANYTE OF TEGEA.

(Translated by R. Aldington.)

HERMES, beautiful Wind-God, here at the cross-roads
waiting,
Messenger golden-tongued, O speak of rest to mine ears !
Cool as dew is the stream that flows from thy wayside
fountain ;
Grant that I, drinking, lose the weight of the dusty years.

Hermes, Son of the Morning, dark were the paths I
followed,
Steep and rocky the hills—but back to thy feet I come,
Never again to stray o'er valley and plain and ocean
Seeking for hidden joys. Lo, here is the gate of home !

Take thy marvellous wand, and go swift-footed before me,
Lead my faltering steps away from the wind-blown sea,
Pass like a ray of light across the blossoming orchards :
I will follow with rapture. Fain would my soul be free !

All the ways of the world have led to thy stainless foun-
tain,
Here where the trees are bent, and grey is the windy
shore :
Thou who guidest the dead on the perilous road to Hades,
Guide me also, thy child, on one dim wandering more.

EVA MARTIN.

THE DAY'S RULE:

A MYSTIC'S CALENDAR FOR JULY

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.

- | | |
|------|---|
| July | We know then that the wistful eyes of Life are set towards a vision that is also a Home—a Home from which news can reach us now and again.
EVELYN UNDERHILL. |
| 1. | |
| 2. | I looked on the face of a little child and saw God.
MICHAEL FAIRLESS. |
| 3. | He saw now through the accidental, and everywhere discerned the eternal beauty, the echo of whose wandering feet is in every heart and brain, though few discern the white vision or hear the haunting voice.
FIONA MACLEOD. |
| 4. | If we live truly we shall see truly.
Life only avails, not the having lived.
EMERSON. |
| 5. | Plough thou the rock until it bear ;
Know, how else canst thou believe ;
Lose, so the lost thou canst receive ;
Die, no other way canst live.
FRANCIS THOMPSON. |
| 6. | There, in our inmost being we may win
The joyful vision of the heavenly wise—
To see the beauty in each other's eyes.
A.E. |

- | | | |
|-----|--|--------------------|
| 7. | Within the cavern of man's trackless spirit
Is throned an Image, so intensely fair,
That the adventurous thoughts that wander near it,
Worship. . . . | SHELLEY. |
| 8. | This violet, this tree covered with blossoms
Which stretches out its branches,
Are, O children, the hem of His garment
Which covers Him from our sight. | M. CLAUDIUS. |
| 9. | A little dust—a little rain—
Enough ; the passionate pip
Fashions a pear tree. It is plain
She hath God's partnership. | RICHARD OAKHAM. |
| 10. | O Nature, never done,
Ungaped-at Pentecostal miracle,
We hear thee, each man in his proper tongue. | FRANCIS THOMPSON. |
| 11. | The Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives ;
Nature is but a name for an effect
Whose cause is God. | COWPER. |
| 12. | Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her : 'tis her privilege
Through all the scenes of this one life to lead
From joy to joy. | WORDSWORTH. |
| 13. | Every blade of grass, each leaf, each separate floret
and petal, is an inscription of Hope. | RICHARD JEFFERIES. |

14. The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and
the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who
reigns ?
A. TENNYSON.
15. All the entire Universe reflects thy image,
And my soul in its turn reflects the Universe.
LAMARTINE.
16. The mystery of creation is like the darkness of
night—it is great. Delusions of knowledge are
like the fog of the morning.
TAGORE.
17. Life is sweet, Brother ! there's day and night,
Brother, both sweet things ; sun, moon and
stars, all sweet things ; there's likewise a wind
on the heath. Life is very sweet, Brother !
GEORGE BORROW.
18. That which ends in exhaustion is death, but the
perfect ending is the endless.
TAGORE.
19. He who sees the Supreme Lord abiding indiffer-
ently in all born beings and perishing not as they
perish, does indeed see.
BHAGAVAD GITA.
20. To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest
of arts.
H. D. THOREAU.
21. The time is nigh when heroism will come as readily
to the human soul as the smile does to the child's
face.
MONTÉGUT.
22. He who bends to himself a joy
Does the winged life destroy ;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise.
WM. BLAKE.

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| 23. | I have dream'd that the purpose and essence of the known life, the transient,
Is to form and decide identity for the unknown life, the permanent. | W. WHITMAN. |
| 24. | There is true Knowledge : Learn thou it is this :
To see one changeless Life in all Lives
And in the separate, One Inseparable. | BHAGAVAD GITA. |
| 25. | God is not external to any one, but is present in all things, though they are ignorant that he is so. | PLOTINUS. |
| 26. | The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent. | SPENSER. |
| 27. | Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in thee. | EMILY BRONTË. |
| 28. | Everything in temporal Nature is descended out of that which is eternal, and stands as a palpable, visible Outbirth of it. | WM. LAW. |
| 29. | There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind
Omnific. His most holy name is Love. | S. T. COLERIDGE. |
| 30. | Therefore God becomes as we are, that we may become as he is. | WM. BLAKE. |
| 31. | I am the Source, the Middle and the End of all things. | SHRI KRISHNA. |

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A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF VISION

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE. By
S. Radhakrishnan. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.)

It is no easy matter to give a systematic exposition of Rabindranath Tagore's philosophy, for even *Sadhana* is "a sigh of the soul rather than a reasoned account of metaphysics, an atmosphere rather than a system of philosophy," and Mr. Radhakrishnan has performed a difficult task with rare ability in the present volume, which is the fruit of much patient amalgamation allied to real insight and a whole-hearted love of Tagore's work.

Mr. Radhakrishnan lays stress on his belief that Rabindranath has not drawn upon Christianity as the source of his inspiration, but that his ideals are essentially Indian in conception and spirit, and he bases his belief on Rabindranath's own affirmation in *Sadhana* to that effect.

Perhaps one of the most interesting sections of Mr. Radhakrishnan's book is that devoted to an outline of Rabindranath's views on the political situation in India. Rabindranath, as is well known, is strongly in favour of self-government, and a passage from an article by him in the *Modern Review* is quoted, in which he says "self-government not only leads to efficiency and a sense of responsibility, but it makes for an uplift of the human Spirit," and he claims that because of the want of it every person in his country remains "a lesser man."

His views are of particular interest and significance owing to the trend of political affairs in India, and also in view of the fact that he is no vague theorist, but a practical mystic who strives to make "action a consecration and life a dedication to God."

T. D.

STUDIES IN EARLY INDIAN THOUGHT. By Dorothea Jane Stephen. (Cambridge University Press, 3s. 6d.)

Perhaps the philosophy most difficult of comprehension to the modern Western mind is that of ancient India. The focussing of the consciousness on the "Self," the utter disregard of the material world, the labyrinth of the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul, the constant dwelling on the abstract and unmanifest in language full of contradiction and paradox—this is all most alien to our present way of thinking.

The book in question is an example of this. The writer lives in India and is obviously soaked in Indian thought; and yet we feel that the philosophy she studies is still for her "a vast sea full of currents and cross-currents" through which she is unable to steer her way.

The essay starts with the Hymns of the Rigveda, deals then with the Upanishads, and finally with the Bhagavad Gita, and it is very fully illustrated by quotations from these sacred books. The least interesting of the chapters is that on the Bhagavad Gita, perhaps because we expect that in this, the culmination of Indian philosophy, the author will find illumination, and we are disappointed that all the earlier problems remain unsolved.

Here and there, however, the writer has a glimpse of true vision, as when she says, "if we want to harmonise two apparently opposite doctrines, we must find some wider view in which we see that they are not contrary but complementary," and again, "these things may be images, or metaphors, or again they may be sacraments—an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual reality." This is the attitude of mind essential to the understanding of Indian thought, and even a touch of this is worth much of ordinary commentary.

Altogether the book is of great interest and well worthy of study.

J. C. B.

THE FAITH OF A SUBALTERN. Essays on Religion and Life. By Alec de Candole. (Cambridge University Press, 2s. 6d. net.)

This collection of essays, written in the early part of 1918 by Alec de Candole, who was killed in action in September of the same year at the early age of twenty-one, shows considerable literary promise, though they necessarily give but a faint indication of what their author might have achieved had he lived to come into the full flower of his manhood.

There is nothing very remarkable, possibly, in these essays, but they are written with great charm and an almost naive directness of purpose, and the atmosphere of the book will remain with the reader when the matter of it is forgotten.

VIBRATIONS. By Muriel Elsie Graham. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Lovers of nature, and lovers of the passionate high adventures of the soul, will here find kindred thoughts poetically and sincerely offered. The earlier lyrics have a tendency to be in "silver shackles" of melancholy; but there is beauty of thought and language in many of them.

DEEPS AND SHALLOWS. By A. Graham. (Erskine Macdonald.)

This little volume shows considerable inequality of achievement, but "Riches," "Songs of Praise," and "Not Yet" are simple and direct utterances of Christian Mysticism, and seem to point the way for this writer's future endeavours. "October" is a charming nature-study, but some of the other poems, "Semper Idem," for instance, suggest an incompleteness of vision.

Perhaps the middle way that lies between the Deeps and the Shallows is the way whereon this poet sings best.

THEOU SOPHIA. By H. E. Sampson. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., 8s. 6d. net.)

Mysticism is here presented as an exact Science. The author has expended infinite labour, and also, we are bound to believe, infinite love, in this exhaustive "Analysis of the cosmogony." He believes in Evolution, the evolution of Darwin placed "upon a higher plane of intellectual comprehension," and yet he seeks to formulate the Divine Mysteries, stripping bare the ancient symbols, giving their purpose and their majesty the clothing of a catalogue.

The book is written throughout with fervent conviction, but with a certain dogmatic precision which may satisfy those seeking a purely intellectual presentment of the Divine Mysteries—if such be possible.

CAMBRIDGE READINGS IN LITERATURE. By George Sampson. (Cambridge University Press, 5s. net.)

The Cambridge University Press is to be congratulated on the Readings included in this volume, which have been chosen with a wise discrimination. The selections cover a wide range and will make a very sound foundation for a fuller knowledge of English literature. Although primarily intended for schools, the book is one that may well appeal also to the older student.

THE PROOFS OF THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUALISM. By G. Henslow. (Kegan Paul, 7s. 6d. net.)

This is an attempt to prove the truth of spiritualism by means of a careful record of the phenomena that have occurred. The instances given are of a convincing nature and vary very largely in type, but one could have wished that the author, of whose earnestness and sincerity one may not doubt, had made an attempt to construct some kind of philosophy from the results of his investigations.

VISION COMPETITIONS

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

2. A prize of HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best explanation in not more than 500 words of the experience published under the title of "An Inherited Memory" on page 143 of the present number.

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

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

RULES FOR COMPETITORS

Entries must be forwarded not later than the 30th of each month to the Editors of *Vision*, etc. The envelope should be marked "Prize." Only one side of the paper must be used, and the imprint from the cover (i.e. "Printed by Messrs. Brendon," etc.) must be enclosed with each entry. No entry can be returned, and the Editor reserves the right to make use of any of the entries submitted for competition. In all cases the Editor's decision must be regarded as final.