

CHURCHMAN AND SPIRITUALIST

The Outlook

IN a well-constructed and thoughtful series of lectures, delivered at Cambridge during the Michaelmas Term of 1918 and now published under the title of *Christ, St. Francis and To-day*,* Mr. G. G. Coulton, of St. Catherine's College, attacks the problem of the indifference of the laity to the doctrines of the Church.

The book is noticeable, not alone for its sound criticism and the moderation with which it is expressed, but also for the constructive nature of its contents. Mr. Coulton's method is never one of ruthless destruction; on the contrary, after having lain his finger with no uncertain touch on various causes of the present attitude of mental aloofness adopted towards Church doctrine, he proceeds to offer definite and reasonable suggestions as to the best means of effecting a closer union, not only between laity and clergy, but also between the various sections of the Christian Church.

He pleads earnestly that thought and life must be fused together by "a flame of passionate desire for truth," and those limitations denoted by the epithet *academic* overstepped so that the democratisation of thought may be more nearly approached; but before even the first step towards this ideal can be taken the wreckage of many traditions, whether secular or religious,

* *Christ, St. Francis and To-Day*, by G. G. Coulton, 10s. 6d. net, Cambridge University Press.

has first to be cut away. "Catholic and agnostic cannot stand for a moment on common ground unless each will first concede a great deal."

He sees clearly that the separation between destructive and constructive work may be complete enough in logic, but seldom proves so in performance. Michael Angelo—a great artist and consequently a true visionary—saw in every block of marble the figure of Divine Beauty awaiting its release, his chisel was the instrument that brought liberation to the "living soul," but his ideal was achieved neither by destruction nor construction working separately, but by the perfect marriage of the two.

Mr. Coulton finds in the Franciscan movement the nearest historical parallel to the apostolic age, and draws many interesting analogies between the two periods, principally with the object of showing that as there are, admittedly, serious gaps in the historical evidences of the earliest Christian origins any inferences drawn therefrom and stated as essential facts must necessarily be dangerous. He reminds us in this connection that many things that the clergy teach as essential pertain more truly to the historian's province, as they are questions not of theology, but of history. There is an increasing unwillingness to dogmatise on the part of historians. "There is probably no historian of eminence who would now defend that cruder theory of apostolic succession which was popular a generation ago, and is still frequently propounded by theologians." Yet the laity more often hear the view of the theologian than that of the historian, and as a consequence thousands are

alienated whose adherence to the Church would be of both intellectual and spiritual value.

Mr. Coulton emphasises very strongly his opinion that the belief in physical miracles which is enforced as part of the doctrine of the Church constitutes a grave barrier for the man of education. He reminds us that in earlier centuries than the present the importance of such miracles had need to be minimised. St. Gregory the Great, preaching before the people of Rome "in St. Peter's basilica, on the feast of our Lord's Ascension," exhorted his beloved brethren to "love not those signs which ye may share in common with the reprobate" (i.e. physical miracles); but to love those miracles which being spiritual are "all the greater, in as much as they lift up not the bodies but the souls of men." In a passage from the biography of St. Stephen of Obazine (about 1217) the same note is sounded: "When we write a saint's life, men specially require of us that we should record his miracles. . . . To awaken sinners to eternal life is a greater miracle than to awaken them from bodily death."

Mr. Coulton assumes that if belief in the physical miracles were not insisted upon as an essential doctrine of the Church, many whose reason is offended by such a demand would be drawn back within the fold of the Church. Such an assumption may be justified, but on the other hand there are many people now outside the Church who accept as literal facts the physical miracles recorded in the Bible and in the lives of the saints. They recognise that with every religious revival strange

and apparently unaccountable manifestations of psychic power take place. Religion touches often a chord of pure emotion, which tends to awaken psychic faculties normally lying dormant, although only continued pursuance of the religious life brings the permanent possession of spiritual powers. Even the everyday psychic increases his clairvoyance by meditation and prayer : how much greater may be the saint's increase in "gifts of the spirit" by the constant dedication of his life to the service of God !

Viewing the miracles dispassionately, most of them are seen to exhibit a relationship with many of the phenomena of the psychics of to-day, and instead of attempting to discredit their reality those who have the welfare of the Church at heart would perform a greater service were they to study the problem of this relationship so that a reasonable theory might be arrived at as to the cause of the innumerable "miraculous" happenings that have been recorded during the war.

Here indeed is a problem difficult of solution. It may be that the great emotional stress engendered by war-conditions has tended to shift the focus of consciousness from the purely material to the relatively immaterial which need not necessarily be of a spiritual nature at all. It should be recognised that the physical miracle of old and the psychic manifestation of to-day are no more "spiritual" than is the act of putting on one's shoe or the addition of a sum. The true "spiritual miracle" is the transmutation of evil into good, the miracle—as St. Gregory would have it—of "charity and piety."

However, the author of the present book is evidently

one of those to whom the physical miracle is a stumbling-block, and therefore he insists upon the wealth of detail that was added as the years passed to the simple stories of the saints. He draws a parallel between the days of early Christianity and of the Franciscan order after the passing of their great Founders, showing that with the passage of time the miraculous action became more and more emphasised until it overshadowed the miracle of perfect living.

He pleads for the subordination of these "corporate miracles"—to quote St. Gregory again—to the spiritual miracle of Christianity so that what is to some the chiefest obstacle to religious unity may be removed.

Mr. Coulton takes grave exception to "certain rigid tenets" taught concerning the *Church, ministry and succession*, which he claims are essentially those which it would seem Christ came to sweep away 1900 years ago. These "highly debatable doctrines" are for him nothing more than the traditions of men and cannot even be defined without violating the facts of history, and although they may be held by any or all as "pious opinions" they should never be taught as "fundamental certainties."

"Would it not have been in the interests of the church," he asks, "which by universal consent is on her trial in this furnace of war and social unrest—to confess quite plainly and unambiguously that the current Catholic conceptions of Church, ministry and succession are pious opinions, historically unprovable, and rejected by many historians? Most people, I think, would go further, and, say, by a considerable majority of historians."

He urges that unless the Church be greatly democratised in the future, democracy will repudiate the Church, for as in matters of State so in those of religion, the same spirit is abroad and we must not fear "to put out upon a greater sea of spiritual adventure."

He foresees that any "sincere concordat" between differing sects involves an occasional but necessary interchange of pulpits and frequent discussion between Churchmen and Nonconformists so that an unfamiliar view-point may be understood : he looks for a far higher use of women in the Church, and the time when the presence of a Presbyterian at Holy Communion will no longer be regarded as an "intolerable defilement." Exclusivism must go, if the Church would hold her children.

As to the apostolic succession, he reminds us that the world will accept it if it be accompanied by "visible manifestations of apostolic power," but that if these begin to fail the world must be granted leave to doubt its historical legitimacy.

He has no wish, he tells us, to obliterate the differences between Christians, and here he shows a true and wise tolerance ; his whole purpose is to plead that these differences shall be looked on as matters of very secondary importance compared to the great primal fact that all are Christians seeking to follow Christ. The manner of that following may differ, and perhaps Mr. Coulton strikes his deepest note of understanding when he suggests that :

"To worship God in spirit and in truth means the perpetual re-spiritualisation of time-honoured truths."

The book is interesting, revealing a sincere and earnest attempt to find some means of satisfying thousands of educated people whose reason prevents their acceptance of many of the so-called essential doctrines of the Church, but it only tackles a half of the problem that faces the reconstructionist, for not only the intellects of the people have need to be satisfied,—to quote the Report of the *Archbishop's Second Committee of Inquiry* (p. 14)—“It is their hearts which we have lost.”

Any scheme of reconstruction that wins the intellect but does not touch the heart will prove but a half-measure that must leave thousands of people unsatisfied, for it must be owned frankly enough that not only are the educated Churchmen leaving the fold. Those who are in touch with any of the modern movements, such as Spiritualism, New Thought, Theosophy, etc., know well enough that their ranks are swollen—not only by the “intellectuals”—but also by many who lack education and a trained faculty of reason, but who seek a spiritual renewal through the channel of the heart, which they have failed to experience in their own Church.

The Church can afford the loss of the uneducated as little as it can that of the “intellectuals”: her Saints have been carpenters, shoemakers, scullery-lads, footmen, shepherds, and not always to the wise with the wisdom of this world is the pathway leading to the Holy Mount revealed.

If the living truth be hid beneath an accretion of doctrine it is little wonder that men seek it under a less heavy guise, and perhaps one of the chief causes of the wave of spiritualistic belief that has swept over the

country is that it is readily understood by even those of the least education, its appeal being mainly to the heart.

Its doctrines are of the simplest: the survival of personality after death, the close interchange of thought between this world and the next, the reality of the "Communion of Saints," and spiritual evolution for all, as opposed to the doctrines of a Final Judgment and everlasting damnation. Furthermore, it is claimed that none need accept such doctrines as articles of faith, but that they are provable by all. Communication with the unseen is eagerly attempted: the ever-growing library of spiritualistic literature represents but a tithe of its successes and failures.

For failures are many. One of the dangers of spiritualism is the apparent ease with which it is possible to communicate with "spirits on the other side," and thus obtain first-hand knowledge of after-life conditions. The miraculous element lulls the critical faculty, and much that is ludicrous is accepted as inspired. It cannot be too often emphasised that the publication of pompous messages purporting to come from Shakespeare, Socrates, Alfred the Great, etc., but bearing none of the marks of their high origin, can only bring deserved ridicule. Spiritualism has need to fear more from its own followers than from those who are alien in thought.

Yet out of the chaff of much spiritualistic trash may be sifted many a pure grain of truth, feeding alike to brain and heart, and one could wish that both Churchman and over-credulous Spiritualist would throw to the winds some of their more extreme prejudices so that a

nearer understanding might result and much unnecessary bitterness be overcome.

The Church mistrusts Spiritualism which has made such huge inroads on her congregations, but thousands have gained by means of it a living belief that man is spirit and that there is no barrier between this world and the invisible which may not be bridged by love. Such a realisation can bring with it only a deepening of spiritual values, and set a man's feet a little more surely on the way that leads to the Hill of Divine Vision. The truths of Spiritualism are only relative truths to be discarded when others of deeper verity are perceivable by the soul, for always upon climbing a height a further ridge of mountain calls to the adventurous spirit, but in so far as they bring to him undreamt-of vistas, they are his very real and present aids in the great Eternal Quest that he has undertaken.

Tolerance is the first necessity, a tolerance emphasised by Mr. Coulton in *Christ, St. Francis and To-day*, so that each may respect the different method of another's search, recognising that the way of finding is of secondary importance, but that the one great primal fact of eternal significance is the universal search for the Hidden Treasure and the gradual transmutation of base metal to pure gold that must precede the ultimate finding.

DOROTHY GRENSIDE.



Enter into the life which is eternal, pass through the gate of indifference into the palace of mastery, through the door of love out into the great open of deliverance.

—EDWARD CARPENTER.

THE FALLING ASLEEP OF MARY.*

IN the old calendars we see that on the fifteenth of August, Christendom celebrated with special prayer and thanksgiving the "Falling Asleep of the Blessed Virgin Mary." In the early centuries the Readings for the day were, perhaps, taken from that old sacred writing called *The Passing or Falling Asleep of Mary*, so much loved by the great Italian painters. Spinello, in his beautiful "Death of the Virgin," drew his inspiration from this gospel, and the heaven-taught Fra Angelico, in his "Transito della Vergine," shows how near his thoughts were to this beautiful scripture.

The great story of the Divine Mother is recalled to us in nearly every month in the year. It is the story that pictures in wonderful allegory the preparation of the most pure and holy vessel or temple for enshrining and manifesting forth the Christ, in other words, the preparation of that human nature and human soul through which the spirit of the highest may be born.

By contemplation of the life of the Blessed Mother in all her many aspects, in her joy and her deep suffering, we learn those wonderful beauties that must be woven into the garment of the soul, purity, patience, obedience, endurance, wisdom and peace, before the Christ spirit may come forth, wax fair, and bless the world.

But there is yet another mystery deeper perhaps than all, hinted at in "the Passing or Perfecting of Mary," revealing "though in a glass darkly," the final redemption of the soul or nature aspect, through having brought forth the Son, the Christ, the highest aspect of the

* Coptic Apocryphal Gospel, Bohairic dialect. MS. in the Vatican, translated by Forbes Robinson. The extracts quoted are from the great Instruction of Evodius, who is here represented as the narrator and one of the Brethren present, afterwards bishop of Rome.

spirit of man, and the triumphant reunion with that Divine Son.

The beautiful words of the gospel shall speak for themselves without unnecessary comment. This part begins with the picture of the Apostles, brethren and holy women assembled in the quiet house of St. John on the Mount where the Blessed Mary lived. It was the month of Tobi or Tybi, the month ever associated by the Egyptian Christians with the great teaching on the Mount. It was in this month after His resurrection that the Lord showed His disciples the radiant light of the Robe of Glory and gave them the Mysteries of the Height as set forth in the Pistis Sophia ; it was again in this month, according to the Gospel of the Falling Asleep of Mary, that He came in "the Chariot of the Cherubim" surrounded by all the Powers of Light and accompanied by thousands and thousands of Angels to the House of quiet on the Mount.

"And our Saviour stood in the midst, the doors being shut, and stretched forth His hand towards us and said :

The House on the Mount 'Peace be unto you all'—and we arose and worshipped His hands and feet. And He blessed us with the blessing of Heaven . . .

The Great Offering and He said, . . . 'I must needs take a great offering from your midst to-day. . . . This is the day that I will receive my virgin Mother, who has been to me a dwelling-place on Earth and take her with me to the heavenly places and give her as a gift to my good Father.'

And He said in His divine and gentle voice : 'Arise and come with me, oh my beloved Mother in whom my soul was pleased to be . . . thou chosen nest wherein He that is the beautiful Dove dwelt, thou chosen garden bringing forth the goodly fruit . . . thou hidden treasure wherein the true Light was hidden which was manifested forth. Oh, Mary,

Hymn of the Saviour

my blessed Mother art thou, because thou didst bring me forth upon Earth. . . . If thou didst make me sit upon thy knees, oh, Mary my Mother, I will also place thee in the Chariots of the Cherubim. . . . If thou didst wrap me in swaddling clothes, oh, Mary my Mother, and if thou didst place me in a manger and an ox and an ass overshadowed me, I will also wrap thy body to-day in the garments of heaven which I have brought from the heavens with me, and will place thee under the tree of Life, and make the Cherubim watch it with a sword of fire. And I will cover thy blessed soul with the coverings that cover the altar of the heavenly Jerusalem. If thou didst take me down to Egypt for fear of Herod the lawless when he was pursuing me, I also will make my angels overshadow thee with their wings and ever keep singing thy praise.'

. . . And He said: 'Thou knowest there is an appointed time for each man to accomplish in the world, and when it is fulfilled, it is not possible for him to stay a single hour. The appointed time for my Mother is fulfilled to-day. . . .'

And He said: 'Mary my Mother, why weepest thou? Thou shalt leave behind thee weeping and depart into joy. Thou shalt leave behind thee sorrow, and dwell in splendour and gladness, thou shalt leave behind thee the things of the earth and inherit the things of the heavens.'

The Virgin Mary answered and said: 'My Lord and my Son, how shall I not weep? For I have heard thee many times speaking unto the sons of men, saying there are many shapes in Death, terrifying and troubling those after whom he comes, and I weep fearing in what manner I shall be able to behold his fearful shape.'

And our Lord said unto her: 'Oh, Mary, my beautiful Mother . . . dost thou fear his diverse shape when the

*The Appointed
Hour*

Mary Weeps

*Mary fears the
dreadful
diverse shapes
of Death*

Life of all the world is with thee,' and he . . . wiped away her tears and kissed her. And the Lord stood at the Altar and gave us all His blessing.

And He said to my father Peter : 'Haste thee to look upon the Altar and bring me those pure garments of heaven, that I may shroud my blessed Mother, for no garment of this world may rest upon my beloved Mother.' And Peter found the garments of fine linen pure and holy and very precious, giving forth a sweet odour; and when we saw the garments sending forth rays of light we wondered exceedingly.

And the Saviour took the garments and spread them with His own hands and said : 'Arise, and come unto me, oh, my silver Dove, whose wings are overlaid with gold.'

And she arose, the queen of all women, Mary, the Mother of the King of kings, to go to her beloved Son our Lord, . . . and she went into the midst of the garments and turned her face to the east and said a prayer in the language of Heaven . . . and our Saviour made us stand for prayer.

Christ was sitting by His Mother . . . and she was saying to Him : 'I beseech thee, oh, my beloved Son, let the tyrannies of Death and the powers of darkness flee from me, let the angels of Light draw nigh unto me, let the outer darkness become Light. . . . Let the accusers of Amenti shut their mouths before me, let the dragon of the Abyss close his mouth as he sees me coming to Thee. Command the officers of the Abyss to flee away from me and terrify not my soul. The stones of stumbling that are in my path, let them be destroyed before me. Let not the Avengers with diverse aspects see me with their eyes. The river of fire that tosseth its waves before Thee as the waves of the sea, wherein are proved two portions, the righteous and the sinners, when I pass over it, let it

*The Garments
of Heaven*

*The Prayer
of Mary*

not burn my soul. Let me be made worthy to worship Thee, with a face wherein is no shame, for Thine is the power and the glory unto the ages of all ages. Amen.'

And our Lord said to Mary with His gentle voice :
Mary need not fear, for the "diverse shapes" have nothing in her to call them forth 'Be of good cheer, oh, my Mother, all these things will I cause to flee before thee, *for they have nothing at all in Thee.* Behold the heavenly garments of heaven . . . prepared for thy body, thy blessed soul I will take to the Heavens with me. . . .'

And our Lord said to the Apostles : 'Let us go outside for a little, for this is the hour wherein my beloved Mother will go forth, and she cannot see Death face to face while I sit beside her, for I am the Life of the World.'

And our Lord sat on a stone without the gate, and He spoke to us of the mysteries of the Height.

And he appeared whose name is bitter, even Death.
The Liberator It came to pass when she saw him with her eyes, her soul leapt from her body, into the bosom of her beloved Son. . . .

And it came to pass He took the soul of His Mother, and wrapped it in the garments of Heaven, and gave it to Michael the holy Archangel who bare it on wings of Light.

And Salome came and fell before the Lord and said : 'She whom Thou lovest is dead (or *perfected*),' and our Lord said, 'My virgin Mother did not die, but lived, for the death of my Mother is not death, but it is Life for ever.'

After a beautiful and tender little hymn over the body of the Virgin, our Lord gives instruction for the burial of 'the holy body of my beloved Mother which was to me a holy Temple'—this done—

‘Our Saviour rode upon His chariot of the Cherubim,
all the Orders of Heaven following and sing-
The ascent to ing. Thus did He receive the soul of His
the Height Mother in His bosom, wrapped in fine linen
sending forth flashes of light—and went up
to Heaven.’

In the last part of the Gospel we read of the en-
tombment of the body, and of the lawless Jews, the
watch by the tomb, and finally of the coming again of
the Saviour to fetch the body of the blessed Mary,
and how He reunited it to the holy soul and bore it
in great glory to the Father in the Heavens. (The
assumption of the Virgin.) Two little bits of the
triumphant Hymn on entrance to the Height must be
quoted, for they give the key to this glorious mystery.
‘Arise from thy sleep, oh, thou *body*, which was to
me a Temple, wear the *soul* which was to me
Hymn of the a true tent, arise, oh thou that art *free*,
reunion of The wear the freedom of the World.
Body, The Soul Receive from me, oh, my Father, the
and The Spirit Bush that received the Fire of the Godhead
and was not burnt. . . .

To-day is a day of joy to me, oh, my Father, for
The Garment my Mother cometh to Thee *arrayed and*
of Heaven adorned with good deeds.”

Let us take this beautiful old Gospel into a quiet
garden by the many-tinted perfumed roses and lilies,
sweet symbols of ‘Our Lady,’ and let it open the
doorway of our understanding to one of the “deep
mysteries of the Height.”

Ave Maria Gratia Plena
Dominus Tecum Benedicta

K. M. BETTS.

PARSIFAL AND THE MYSTIC WAY

WAGNER, true to his mission of artist-visionary, drew upon many ancient sources of wisdom for his material, weaving and colouring his music-dramas according to his own fashion and temperament.

In *Parsifal* he has given us a mystery play containing his highest and holiest conception of life's purpose. He has gathered together some of the essential features familiar to us in both the historical and mythical aspects of a saviour of humanity, and by means of his art, he has painted us a picture of indescribable beauty. Behind the story we can trace unmistakable signposts pointing to the Way, and some of the Great Initiations are undoubtedly indicated.

The young hero first appears as a simple untutored lad, the "pure fool," devoid of fear and unspotted by the world. This suggests the idea of the Second Birth, when the initiate becomes as a little child before he can enter the kingdom of heaven. Already the call has come to break away from the parental shelter, to loosen family ties. This is the stage of Renunciation by means of which the disciple acquires strength to stand alone.

Gradually we watch him as he emerges from one experience after another. Illumined by divine love and compassion, having fought the good fight he remains strong and steadfast in the hour of temptation. He becomes "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." The last steps of the Way are accomplished and we realise his earthly pilgrimage is over. He stands before us a man made perfect—a Master of humanity.

Wagner has enlarged the legendary figure of Sir

Percival in search of the Holy Grail by adding various divine attributes to his hero, and introducing episodes from the lives of Jesus and Buddha. We thus get a blend of two great religious forces shorn of creed and dogma, thereby conveying untrammelled a spiritual message of universal appeal.

The Christian element is depicted in a scene of great beauty and power, when the Lord's Supper or Love Feast is celebrated by the Holy Brotherhood. The mystic presentation of spiritual forces can only be realised to the full by studying the music. For, in the realm of spirit, words become unnecessary, and through the medium of pure sound Wagner has the power to raise us to that higher world. Ethereal themes float into space : as if from heaven itself voices descend from the dome of the temple. The Grail is uncovered : Amfortas bows in silent prayer. Suddenly, "a dazzling ray of light falls from above upon the crystal cup which now glows ever deeper, a shining wine-purple colour, shedding a soft light on all around." This beautiful effect is carried out according to the minute instructions of the creator. In the light of experiences vouched for by saints and seers, both ancient and modern, it would seem that Wagner was aware of the occult significance of ritual and the vibrations it can create.

As the drama proceeds, the Christian element gives place to incidents associated with the Far East. Many years before the creation of *Parsifal*, Wagner was attracted by certain aspects of Eastern thought and wrote, "I have involuntarily become a Buddhist." On another occasion he says, "Only the profoundly conceived idea of reincarnation could give me any consolation, since that belief shows how all can reach redemption." In *Parsifal* he touches on this teaching, and comments on the expiation of sins brought over from a former life. One of Wagner's prose essays gives an account of the Eastern origin of the legend of the Holy Grail, thereby

corroborating the statements of Burnouf who traces the story through many eras and countries as far back as the Vedic Hymns. The inner connection between Parsifal and Buddha is once and for all revealed in the prophecy foretelling his coming and describing him as "enlightened by pity." This being so, one is prepared to find a good deal of stress laid on suffering, its cause and how to achieve its cessation. Incidents arise to illustrate those points.

In Act I, by the shooting of the swan (an echo of a similar episode found in Arnold's *Light of Asia*), the physical suffering of the bird is brought home to the young hero and he learns the law—*Kill not*. It has been pointed out that here, as in Lohengrin, the swan is a sacred bird associated with the coming of the deliverer. In Eastern scriptures the swan is described as the bird of wisdom.

And so the death of the swan marks the entry of the young disciple upon the First Stage of the Eightfold Path. He soon finds that sorrow cannot be evaded: it must be transcended. The lesson of physical suffering is followed by that of mental suffering when he hears suddenly of the death of his mother. As yet all untutored in this hard school, like an animal in pain he springs at the throat of the bearer of the news but soon falls back fainting under the weight of the blow. The messenger revives him with water fetched from the brook, thus gaining the approval of a holy knight who remarks, "So doth the Grail teach mercy: he overcomes who meets evil with good." And so another of the divine laws is revealed.

The lesson of sympathy is further enforced in the hall of the Grail, when the hero is confronted with the wounded Amfortas. So great is the revelation that Parsifal clutches at his heart and himself feels the pain of the suffering king. From that moment, though at first unwittingly, his quest begins till he achieves its

fulfilment as the healer and saviour of humanity. In the same way it was the sight of a sick man that opened the eyes of Buddha to his divine mission.

Act II is based on Buddha's vigil under the Bôdhi tree, and here the Second Stage of the Way is reached—freedom from desire and mastery of the self through the initiation of Temptation.

The scene is laid in a gorgeous garden, described by Wagner as "this floral majesty unknown to physical experience," and is obviously a picture of astral or emotional experiences. The characters have their counterparts in the story of Buddha's temptation as told in *The Light of Asia*. Klingsor, the black magician, is no other than Mara, who personifies the pleasures of the senses. The Flowermaidens are "Trishna, Rana and their crew," Kundry, transformed into a woman of dazzling loveliness, takes the same place as the wraith of Yasodhara, and in the withstanding of her appeal lies the supreme test of fiery ordeal. Klingsor makes a vain attempt to annihilate Parsifal by hurling the sacred spear which remains harmlessly floating in the air. In like manner did Mara discharge the discus, and it is related how "the Great Being reflected on the Ten Perfections, and the discus changed to a canopy of flowers and remained suspended over his head."

The great Temptation is successfully overcome, the illusion of Maya is dispersed, and Parsifal is left so much the nearer to his goal.

In Act III we see the Third Stage of the Way accomplished. Purged and purified, the initiate enters into perfect peace—the Liberation of the Buddhist, the Salvation of the Christian. But before this final achievement, many paths of error and conflict have been trodden. Parsifal enters clad in black armour, wearied and bowed down by his quest. Here is indeed the stage of loneliness, when no help seems nigh and the disciple is in danger of giving way to hopeless despair. It is the

"darkest hour before the dawn" and he is unaware that victory is at hand.

In this scene the Christian element again predominates. It is Good Friday and an exquisite peace and fragrance lies over the smiling meadows. All life seems awakened once more to a fresh and more beautiful existence. Parsifal is baptised and anointed by a holy hermit. Of great significance are the words of benediction pronounced over him, for it is evident that Wagner regards his hero as formerly a man capable of human failings and only now become divine. This is a supreme moment, for it is the consummation of life's purpose, and we catch a glimpse of that promise of full stature to which the humblest by patient hope and endeavour, may attain. The sacred beauty of the scene, the mystic message of the music leaves an impression which can never be effaced.

The Baptism is followed by the regeneration of Kundry. Weeping and repentant she kneels at Parsifal's feet which she anoints with precious ointment and dries with her hair. Bending towards her, with a look of infinite compassion, Parsifal, in place of her former kiss of betrayal, bestows the kiss of forgiveness on her brow, and thus wipes away the past.

Proceeding to the Hall of the Grail, Parsifal is acclaimed as the "Redeemer redeemed," and he heals Amfortas with the words: "Only one weapon serves: the spear that smote must heal thee of thy wound."

The drama closes with the restoration to its sacred office of the Holy Grail, glowing anew with divine fire, while a dove descends and hovers over the head of Parsifal, now bathed in the light of Transfiguration.

M. N. O. BAILY.



The Lord of Heaven and earth, out of darkness, out of silence, by ways that thou understandest not, shall redeem thy soul.—EDWARD CARPENTER.

PATIENCE

"Take heed and be quiet ; fear not, neither let thine heart be faint . . . because Syria hath counselled evil against thee. Ephraim also, and the son of Remaliah."—Isa. vii. 4-5.

LET patience have her perfect work,
Whose strength in quietness shall be—
Though eyes are bandaged lest they see
Their God amid the desolate murk.
Though the abyss should ope its brink
Yet headlong I shall never sink—
If patience hath her perfect work.

Syria and Israel with their kings,
Two tails of smoking firebrands, flared ;
But strong in hope my spirit dared
Accomplishment of hopeless things.
For with my broken strength renewed
I do not fear your bitter feud,
Syria and Israel and your kings !

For if the God of patience gave
Such years of patience unto one
Who stoned the prophets of His Son,
And slew the Son as a shameful Slave—
How patient must I be with Him,
In all His dealings strangely dim,
For all the patience that He gave !

THEODORE MAYNARD.

A LUMINOUS JEWEL

MANY are the strange properties that have been attributed to jewels. Belief in the ill-luck associated with the wearing of opals—unless the owner happen to be born in October—is widespread, although the sceptic gives as the origin of such belief the fact that as an opal has a tendency to shrink it often falls from its setting, and therefore the workmen whose business it was to reset it used to term it an “unlucky” stone. The description is remembered, the sceptic tells us, although the cause is now forgotten.

But the superstitious will have none of such explanations, and have tales ready to hand of Miss So-and-so who had the temerity to wear opals on her wedding-day and was dead within the year, and of Mrs. Such-and-such who had so long a string of misfortunes while in the possession of an opal ring that she was only too glad to exchange it for one set with less malevolent gems.

Some people will speak fearfully of the evil that a string of jade beads can bring: jade, they will tell you, was used in days of old for magical practices and only a few may wear it nowadays with impunity, doctors and healers and such-like who understand the use of magnetism may risk the danger, but other lesser folks had best beware, lest evil come.

Pearls are bringers of tears: take no pearls from the one you love, for sorrow follows in their train! The wiseacres shake their heads sadly and prophecy a gloomy future if pearls are the choice of Edwin when he plights his troth with Angelina.

Moonstones in a lesser degree have much the same significance as jade, but the ruby is *par excellence* the

gem of love,—does it not signify Heart's Blood, devotion unto Death?

The ill-luck that certain jewels bring is proverbial. The story of the extraordinary series of disasters attached to the Hope Diamond has passed over two hemispheres and may not easily be dismissed as pure coincidence.

In the main it will be found that the properties attributed to jewels are those of luck, ill-luck, healing and hypnotic power; but a more unusual power is that attached to a diamond now in the possession of a well-known Society woman, which becomes luminous and glows like a lamp if held in the dark.

Having heard of the strange property of this diamond, the writer was anxious to prove at first hand the truth of the claims made concerning it, and the owner—whom we will call Mrs. A.—readily acceded to the request.

The diamond, a beautiful specimen about the size of a small pea, is set with a large number of smaller diamonds in a brooch, and betrays no unusual properties when seen in the light. Mrs. A., the writer, and one other investigator, retired to a cellar so that no ray of light should create a false illusion, and for the space of about two minutes complete darkness reigned, the brooch meanwhile being held in Mrs. A.'s hand.

After that time, however, a small circle of light began to hover in the region of the jewel, although as yet not apparently proceeding from it, and after a further few moments the light became concentrated in the jewel itself and glowed as firmly and strongly as a minute arc lamp. At this point we admitted to the cellar a further investigator who had waited outside until the light should become visible, and at the moment of entrance she saw the light clearly.

This point seems of importance as it goes to prove that it was not an optical delusion caused by the strain of gazing into complete darkness for the space of two minutes. Also it must be remembered that only the

HEALING

ONE of the most occult of the processes of mind is its power to restore diseased portions of the mortal frame to health without any obvious causation. It is a gift, rather than an art. Science does not understand it : and is unable to utilise it. Like so many secret phenomena, it flies from the prying eyes and hands of research : but lurks in the by-ways of untutored experience. The power to heal has always been associated with the priestly office. It abides in the tradition of the R.C. Church, neither avowed nor denied. The healing priesthood boasts not of its own power, but dispenses a miracle. Of course Lourdes is now a commonplace : and at Lourdes the Virgin dispenses healing daily and hourly to believers, if not to unbelievers also. So remote are such matters from ordinary living and so great the dislike of common thought for what no one can explain, that the matter might have remained an ecclesiastical enigma, had it not been for the revelations of Mrs. Eddy and the rise of the First Church of Christ Scientist. According to it, healing is merely the fruit of correct thinking. Its practice is not the primary business of the Christian Scientist, who is there, indeed, to give to the world the truth that Spirit alone exists, that matter is a delusion and material thinking a sin. The healers of this Church produce much the same results as happen at Lourdes, though their practice is different. But healers and healing are not confined to Christian Science and the Church Catholic. The Higher Thought School, founded on a theory of vibrations, also has healers ; and osteopathy without any theory at all appears to be based on healing by suggestion. Theosophists and hypnotists also profess to understand the secret of self-healing.

Indeed it has been the common hunting ground of the mental thaumaturgist ever since the days when a pool of healing flourished at Bethesda.

Certain things are then evident. "Miraculous cures" are effected under a great variety of conditions. The cures are ascribed by various schools to a multitude of agencies—spiritual, natural and psychical. How is an explanation common to all these to be found?

Let me give an authentic instance of a cure which occurred in the case of a simple old lady—one, who knew nothing of the many theories of healing: but who describes the grace that fell to her lot as a gift from Christ.

She lived in Glasgow, and was a member of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. She was the mother of several gifted sons. In her old age a growth on a delicate part of her body began to trouble her. Her son, a somewhat eminent physician, called a consultation of specialists who hesitatingly advised an operation: the alternatives being possible death under the knife, if there were an operation: and a short and uncomfortable life, if there were none. She elected to be operated upon, and went home in no very happy frame of mind. That night she resigned herself wholly to Christ, asking that her distress might be taken from her, but giving herself entirely to His will.

In the morning she rose with a feeling that the growth had eased. On sending for her son it was discovered that it had disappeared. This was quite contrary to nature, and no natural explanation was available. Not only did the old lady obtain relief from the particular disease, but her general health since its disappearance has been very much better than it had been for years.

The writer is acquainted with a doctor who practises in Brooklyn, and has on many occasions attended cases where Christian Science healing was in progress. In her opinion these healers frequently achieved results that

were quite unaccountable. She has seen a scarlet fever disappear in twenty-four hours, a broken shoulder blade well healed in two or three days, a cancerous growth disappear and similar cures. The healer worked by suggestion, inculcating at the same time, silence, peace of mind and simple thought of pleasant things.

Let us now take stock of some general principles that may enable us, not to understand, but to arrive at some idea of the causation of healing. The study is as much one of morphology as of psychology. No doubt the conscious mind influences the situation, but the important factors were probably all present before consciousness took a hand in the matter.

A recent writer has enumerated the theory that matter in the animal is active, that its work is purposeful but that it falls under irritation and strain. Of course the growth of the animal, as well as the principle which rounds off its growth are not comprehensible except in the details of the mechanism by which growth takes place.

Normal growth is not dependent upon consciousness, but at the same time it is not certain that in practice it may not be influenced by it. Growth depends on two factors, the activity of vital matter and the control of that agency which shapes the individual organism. Apparently that agency acts almost mechanically so long as it meets no obstacle to its free activity. But when any obstacle does occur, it exhibits an unexpected power of reasoning and adaptation. All this of course is well known in biological science, although the theory by which I now explain it may be assumed to be novel.

The organism having grown to its norm establishes a kind of static self-adaptation to the general environment in which it moves. But this adaptation would be impossible were it not for a correcting agency within the organism which tends to restore it against any invasion of the integrity of the system. A bone breaks and straightway that agency within the organism sets to

work to repair it. The nerve of a tooth is exposed. A little casing is built around it by a similar agency. If destructive organisms invade the system these are met under a control which is wonderfully accurate by organisms friendly to the system which absorb, so far as they can, the attacking organisms.

It is moderately plain that the agencies which perform these different functions are one in essence. The extraordinary cleverness of its work, is not more remarkable than the extraordinary limitations of it. The latter peculiarity stands out with fascinating clearness when we contemplate the efforts of the system to reintegrate its broken and lost elements.

And then a point becomes evident which may or may not solve the problem. The higher in the scale of being the system, the less has it the power in nature to restore these elements. Plants, fishes and insects all possess a certain power of replacing lost parts. Without doubt also, the lower animals are self-healers of a kind. Were it not so, a wounded animal would as a rule be lost, because it has neither the wit nor the patience that a time of waiting on health requires. No doubt the result of such healing is very imperfect.

These considerations point strongly to the fact that consciousness, as it rises in scale, modifies the groundwork of life. Nothing is more striking than the period of time during which the human infant depends on the protection and assistance of others. The benefit may be thought doubtful, when one regards the greater approximation to type which the animal life in its shorter curriculum of growing does achieve. The same remark may well be transferred to the comparison of healing by instinct with healing by science. Nature appears perpetually to circumvent the ingenuity of the physician, and to refuse to his skill what she gladly lavishes on those who have none. Vain to rise up early, and late take rest : to eat the bread of sorrows, when all

these things are given to the beloved sleeping. It may be that the science of medicine will one day complete its knowledge of the work of life. Such indeed would appear to be the result of the transition from self-healing to healing by art. On the other hand it may be that consciousness is not fitted to be more than a temporary guide, while the true healer tarries and will not come.

Turn now from the physician to the "healer." The work of the latter is guileless of any intimate knowledge of the processes by which health and disease arrive. He may know practically nothing of the commonplaces of physiology, biology and medical treatment. He generally rests his ability to cure on theories doubtfully correct. But he achieves these results :—(1) he obtains the faith of his patient ; and (2) he gives him for the time being peace of mind and inward rest. Both healer and patient in that state of things have their minds fixed on a state of the body which is diseased, and on a conception of the body when that disease is absent. The body itself, but for the desiring mind would, we assume, fail to obtain a cure. Medicine, we have seen, may or may not accomplish it by skill and medical means. But the consciousness of the healer and of his patient together, without other skill or means does at times achieve the elimination of disease in a way that is incomprehensible to the ordinary mind.

Let us put aside the idea that this process is miraculous and attend for a moment to the idea of sufficient cause. The same agency that creates the growth of the body, also repairs it. And except for the rapidity with which repairs under consideration are effected and perhaps for the fact that repairs are done which the physician has declared to be contrary to nature, there is nothing in faith-healing which differentiates it from that effected by natural means. But then the physician considers the laws of nature to be mechanism only, and frankly denies his concern with ulterior causes. The thinker, however,

cannot stand there, if his explanation is to be of service. He must postulate an agency within whose reach is every power that can mould and remould the human system. This is not an assumption based on faith. It is an elementary induction from experience resting on the simple principle of sufficient cause.

The difficulty of this explanation is that it assumes a power of action which in experience is more often absent than present. It also postulates a method of moving that power, which in view of the travail of science to effect less satisfactory results, seems inane. Why should a simple unreasoning attitude of the conscious mind avail, where drugs and lancets are precarious and uncertain? The explanation brings the thinker straight to the purpose for which the body of man exists. That purpose is apparently quite careless of the individual, so long as the individual either misunderstands or wilfully neglects his destiny. But everything changes when man turns to the source of his being and seeks salvation from it. Two agencies then appear to come together somewhere on the horizon of consciousness,—man, blind and groping after something which is superhuman, and a power more tenuous than thought that nevertheless moulds mortal being with the ease of the potter.

Thus what was faith may become scientific truth, if one applies logic sufficiently clearly to experience. And one or two hints in conclusion. The limitations which the creative agency exhibits may be due to its own reticence or again may result from something in man's finitude which is scarcely understood. But as certainly as science discerns the presence of this agency, as certainly must it lift its eyes to a power still more universal which is the source of the life-giving and healing agency.

What I have written may also open the thoughtful mind to a new view of the place and purpose of consciousness in the human career. Nothing is there without a reason and a purpose. Nevertheless when one regards

the plastic but active material which is moulded into perfect human shapes by that busy and mechanically omniscient agency, one pauses to doubt whether consciousness is not an excrescence after all. If it is, it has wrought sufficient mischief to justify the crusade of Schopenhauer and Hartmann. If, on the other hand, it is evolutionary, one sees in it a bridge between two elements which the creator could not otherwise join. One sees in it a climbing thing, but blind to the purpose of its own effort. Only the ultimate knows that. For what man among the many has wisdom enough to say why he is here and whither increasing consciousness will carry him? As the Turkish Cadi wrote in scorn:—Will much knowledge give thee a double belly, or will thou seek paradise with thine eyes?

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

IN these days of wireless telegraphy, wireless telephone, and other marvels of modern science, it makes strange reading in *The Daily Telegraph* to find that Sir Ray Lankester, in his *Science from an Easy Chair*, is not yet prepared to admit that human beings can communicate with one another by the "mysterious process which they call telepathy."

He speaks slightly of "such fancies as thought-transference, and the accompanying superstitions as to apparitions, ghosts, and so-called 'spiritualism,'" and deplores the credulity of such persons as Mr. William Archer who are imposed upon by pretensions to "occult" powers. It is little wonder that Mr. Archer announces that "the man who, in these days, can doubt the transference of ideas from mind to mind, without any intervention of the recognised sense organs, shows an heroic resolve to admit no evidence of a later date than 1870."

A SERVANT OF THE TEMPLE

HE was a Singer, but his songs are done,
The Temple that he serves requires no praise ;
The dreams that fired his songs paled one by one,
And then—a quiet Doorway met his gaze :

He was a Seeker of the joys of Life,
The Temple that he serves holds Peace alone :
The ends he sought with ardour and with strife,
He laid aside, to make that Peace his own.

He was a Lover of a thousand things—
The Temple that he serves is white and bare ;
But sometimes . . . from its Dome the sound of wings
Bespeaks an unseen Presence in the air :

He was a Singer—but he sings no more ;
The Temple that he serves is veiled from sight,
And ev'ry hour men hurry past the Door,
Nor guess the Secret of its hidden Light.

EALÀSAIDH.



Those who desire the kingdom to be shown to them
and long to taste its fruits—these must needs have been
established by God in the very core of the kingdom of
their own soul, in the supreme height of their mind.—
RUYSBROECK.

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN BREVIARY

I

Love feareth not, but approacheth unto her beloved with a glad and ready heart ; Love waiteth not, but runneth unto him with feet unweary.

Love awakeneth and may not sleep though the night be long ; Love ariseth singing ere the day be born.

Love prayeth, and her prayer hath wings ; Love guardeth, stirring not.

Love hath eyes, Love hath ears, watching and hearing ;
Love hath a touch that healeth where it lieth. But
Love hath no tongue, for Love communeth in the
deeper silences.

Love longeth only to bring Joy unto her beloved,
and keepeth willingly the pain unto herself.

Love turneth not aside, for Love hath speed, and
though a sword rend, Love giveth Peace.

Love cometh unto thee that thou mayest serve.
Learn ye both the Joys and Sufferings of Love.

THE PILGRIM.

ENGLISH MEDIAEVAL MYSTICS

I

THE LADY JULIAN OF NORWICH

To the Lady Julian, an anchoress of Norwich, God gave a revelation of Divine Love. Not to any wise after the flesh, nor mighty nor noble was this showing made, but to "a simple creature that could no letter." Towards the close of her life she wrote her visions that all who wished might read the record of God's goodness to her.

He shewed Himself on this wise. The Lady Julian had sought three gifts from God. The first—that she might bear the Passion of Christ in remembrance and, if such were His will, that she might have a "bodily sight of Christ on the Cross." The second—that God would be pleased to grant her, at the age of thirty, a bodily sickness that should bring her nigh unto death. The third—that in herself there might be found the three wounds of contrition, compassion and longing towards God. God in His mercy granted all her prayers.

From her three wounds sprang her mystic vision. By the working of God's grace in her heart, she was led to this revelation of Himself. To her the revelation of divine love found its focus in the Passion of Christ. The vision of the Holy Grail is only granted to souls which are able to bring to the contemplation a self purified from all defilement, and aflame with desire for God. Purification and desire are the keys which unlock the mystic door. Purification and desire cannot come to perfection apart from suffering.

In the revelation of His love which God granted to the Lady Julian He showed her much of suffering. As

she beheld the red blood trickle down from the Garland of Thorns on the brow of Him who was both God and Man "in the same showing suddenly the Trinity fulfilled my heart most of joy." Through the "dearworthy blood of Jesus" she saw souls delivered from the bands of Hell, and the whole earth ready to be washed of sin. She learnt that the pain of Christ is the pain of His creatures, for all suffer with Him.

The heaviness which endureth for a night brings joy in the morning. The revelations of the love of God brought joy as well as pain to the heart of the Lady Julian. "It is a joy, a bliss, an endless satisfying to me that ever suffered I Passion for thee; and if I might suffer more, I would suffer more,"—thus spake Christ to His servant. The joy, the bliss, the endless satisfying were to the Lady Julian as three Heavens wherein the Father was pleased, the Son worshipped, and the Holy Ghost satisfied. "It is God's will," she writes, "that we have true enjoying with Him in our salvation, and therein He willeth that we be mightily comforted and strengthened; and thus willeth He that merrily with His grace our soul be occupied."

Suffering and joy—purgation and illumination—lead the soul at last to love, wherein consists that union with God which is the goal of the mystic quest. "In the end of all," says the Lady Julian, "is Charity." There are three "manners of understanding" of this Charity. "the first is Charity unmade: the second is Charity made: the third is Charity given. Charity unmade is God: Charity made is our soul in God: Charity given is virtue. And that is a precious gift of working in which we love God, for Himself: and ourselves in God: and that which God loveth, for God." Thus is the goal achieved by the soul that dwelleth in love, for love is of God, and God Himself is Love.

All finite knowledge and human love must be cast aside by the soul that would adventure itself upon the

mystic path. "It needeth us to know the littleness of the creatures, and to noughten all living that is made." When the goal has been reached all that has been laid aside will be given back, transfigured and irradiated with divine light. The pilgrim must travel unladen, casting all his burden of care upon his Guide. The more the human heart is stripped, the nearer it can draw to the Source of Life and Joy. The crown of happiness is to be found when there is "right nought" between the heart of man and God.

The Lady Julian touched almost the whole range of mystic experience. By detachment and purgation she placed her feet in the path, in the joy of illumination she trod the way that led her at length to union with God. Her sunlit nature seems to have escaped the horrors of the Divine Dark, when the light of God's Presence is withdrawn from the human soul. The gloom that overshadowed the mystic experience of St. John of the Cross has no place in the records of the Lady Julian. Pain was hers, but it was for ever tinged with the golden rays of Divine Love. Suffering took her by the hand and led her to the dearworthy Presence of her Beloved.

She never lost the wondering outlook of a little child. Her serene nature delighted in the simple things of life, and her keen imagination availed to bring before her, in her anchorage, the sights and grounds that she had known and loved in earlier days. Mothers with their children, kings, and the knights of chivalry find a place in her writings. The sights of nature, the hills and dales, the seashore, the trees and flowers, are woven into the texture of her vision. She looked with the eyes of the soul on the things of sense, and beheld in them the symbols of the eternal. They were to her as way-side sacraments set along the pathway of the pilgrim soul.

"Ere God made us He loved us; which love was

never slacked, nor ever shall be. And in this love He hath done all His works ; and in this love He hath made all things profitable to us ; and in this love our life is everlasting. In our making we had beginning ; but the love wherein He made us was in Him from without beginning : in which love we have our beginning. And all this shall we see in God, without end." In these words does the Lady Julian sum up her experience of Divine Love. It is the way of all true mysticism. All things are raised to the Heavenly Places, and human life and experience are, through the fire of Divine Charity, "oned" with the Eternal.

H. L. HUBBARD.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

THE Sea is ever silent till she meets the shore,
And then her burdened heart breaks in a million sighs ;
She yearns towards the barren cliffs, and does adore
Their rigid faces, splendid under starry skies ;

Or gently murm'ring lays her lovely bosom bare
To meet the soft caressing lips of Southern sands ;
By winds of passion rent she flings her tangled hair
To bind some Titan's limbs of rock with foamy strands.

And ever in her grieved and furrowed heart she bears
The secret Epic of the Ages unexpressed,—
Of homing thoughts, of love and death and parting tears,
Of lives she breeds or guards or breaks or soothes to rest.

The list'ning Earth leans down in patience to her lips,
And hears confessions half confessed, but still in vain,
As every wave climbs up to speak then sighing slips
Bereft of speech, drawn to the silent deeps again.

E. C. MERRY.

LANGUAGE

IN a recent number of the *Spectator* there appeared an article on the inefficiency of language as a medium in the communication of thought. "Language is the devil. It is always in danger of expressing too much, or too little, or something different from what you mean." Certain it is, that every one, at some time or other, has found himself possessed of thoughts too deep for words. Search how one might for words, the result was that no form of words was equal to the occasion.

"Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped."

BROWNING.

How many of us could translate into words those deep and intense emotions often inspired by music. And there are times when a few lines, or even a line, of poetry envisages to the mind the sense of a light that never shone on earth or sea ; not a fitful fancy, but visions of undreamt-of possibilities of far away realities that lure to a contemplation of them indescribably profound, that long to find expression but are foiled for lack of an adequate means. No wonder Coleridge left unfinished his wonderful poem "Kubla Khan." The prophet realised this universal inadequacy of language when he exclaimed, "Eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard." That was as far as he could get in the description of a vision which reached the terminus without recourse to the physical avenues of bodily sense. Is it then a wild and impractical question if one asks whether in that mysterious process of evolution which is constantly unrolling before our eyes new and unthought-of hypotheses,

we are not on the verge of a new method of inter-communication of thought. Does not experience teach us that when necessity becomes intense and imperative, nature is ready to satisfy the imperious need? That is really the fundamental principle of the evolutionary process, by which man appears to have developed from the protoplasmic cell to the intellectual organism he is to-day. Then naturally follows another question. What will the new medium of thought-expression be, which already foreshadows itself by frequent and persistent premonitions of the mind?

How slowly the fact of the ethereal medium of the transmission of light dawned on our consciousness! Is it only a medium for light transmission? Is it not also the medium for the transmission of wireless messages? May it not be the medium for telepathy too? And if the secret of the impulse by which thought excites telepathic response could be discovered, what a revolution there would be in thought expression! For the receivers already exist. If one could, at will, become *en rapport* with any one—but language fails us again. It is a vision which only thought in unison with thought can display, with all its implications, to another mind. Perhaps the mention of the bare idea will agitate the deeps of consciousness, the *penetralia mentis*. The awareness of intuition is perhaps the first stage in the yet not understood process. Dare one prophecy the nearness of the advent of a method which will relegate language to the scrap-heap of worn-out human instrumentalities? The writer believes we dare. Then in faith and hope let us search out the secret which is waiting to be discovered. What a consummation to be desired! Thought flashing from mind to mind direct, vivid, unobscured by insincerities.

“And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.”

IN MEMORIAM.

Swedenborg saw the process in actual operation, so he tells us, in the realm of departed spirits ; and Swedenborg was a great seer, a man before his time. Some of his visions may, in the opinion of some of us, have become somehow contorted, but if ever there was a man who loved truth for its own sake, it was Swedenborg. But we do not need to rest the issue on Swedenborg. It is in the air as surely as that wireless telegraphy and telepathy are incontestable facts.

This means the death of dissimulation and deceit ; for when men know that their inner thoughts stand out revealed for all to read and understand, they will make haste to be honest and sincere.

“Thought is deeper than all Speech ;
Feeling deeper than all thought.”—CRANCH.

J. ROBINSON.

“POET'S SACRAMENT”

“The ravens failed to bring him bread and flesh, so he ate of the roots of
The Burning Bush.”

BRING me no food of flesh,
No draught of heady wine,
My soul lies tangled in a mesh
Of sacrificial vine.

What meat could feed this frame,
Have I not eaten, and lived,
Those burning roots that weave His Name,
Sap, from His Blood derived ?

The part unto the whole
Shall rise through clay and clod,
The increase of an offered soul,
And I, burnt through with God.

LEO FRENCH.

IN THE MIRROR

WIND is in the wood to-night,
And my flick'ring candle-light
Shows me through the mirror's gloom
Starry vistas in my room.

Gazing in the ancient glass
I can see the visions pass,
There's a length of willow lane
And myself a child again.

First a man and then a maid
Drift across the dewy shade,
And I see the crimson rose
That in terraced garden grows.

There the moss-grey statue stands
Piping to enchanted lands ;
Moonlight and the perfum'd eve
Shall the heart of man deceive.

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Wind is in the wood to-night
And my flick'ring candle-light
Shows me through the open door
Shades of those who come no more.

MABEL LEIGH.

CORRESPONDENCE

IN the May number of *Vision* a curious experience was published under the title of "A Dream?" an excellent interpretation of which was submitted by Dr. Burnett Rae and published in the following issue. A correspondent has since written stating a strange coincidence: she too has had an exactly similar dream, so that it came almost as a shock to her when she read another's record of it in print. It would be interesting to hear whether any other of our readers have known this duality of dream-experience.

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Another correspondent sends an interesting explanation of the phenomenon of "Drake's Drum," published in the June number. It will be remembered that the roll of a small drum was heard by many of the sailors during the surrender of the German Fleet to the British, and our correspondent states his belief that there is what he calls "a band of workers on the astral plane," known as the Christmas or Easter Hunters, according to the quarter of the season in which they are formed, who patrol regions where evil is in strength. He tells us that their summons is "a small drum played in rolls," and realising the type of emotions which must have been felt by the German Navy during those hours of humiliation, he suggests that the Hunters were present for the protection of the British Fleet that day.

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To know that we know what we know, and that we do not know what we do not know, that is true knowledge.—CONFUCIUS.

THE DAY'S RULE:

A MYSTIC'S CALENDAR FOR AUGUST

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.

- | | |
|------|---|
| Aug. | Nature invented Death in order to have much |
| 1. | life.
GOETHE. |
| 2. | All death in nature is birth. There is no killing principle in Nature, for Nature throughout is life, it is not death which kills, but the higher life, which, concealed behind the other, begins to develop itself. Death and birth are but the struggle of life with itself to attain a higher form.
FICHTE. |
| 3. | Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn, that there is no end to Nature, but every end is a beginning.
EMERSON. |
| 4. | For the human body there are emotional, spiritual and other elements of which it may be said that their death on one plane means their transformation and new birth on other planes.
CARPENTER. |
| 5. | 'Tis but as when one layeth his worn-out robes away, |

And, taking new ones sayeth, "These will I wear to-day,"

So putteth by the spirit lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit a residence afresh.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

6. Every idea which becomes an ideal creates within you living powers.
RUDOLPH STEINER.
7. The vision which is seen in the heart must be realised in humanity at large. We are workers to that end, priests of the Ideal.
STEPHEN GRAHAM.
8. The passion for the ideal is the passion for perfection, which is the passion for God.
BENJAMIN KIDD.
9. If the rose adorns herself she adorns the garden. The more perfect one becomes the more does one serve the world.
RUDOLPH STEINER.
10. Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
KEATS.
11. Seek'st thou for God, thou seekest for the Beautiful.
"THRICE GREATEST HERMES" (*trans.* G. R. MEAD.)
12. Never did the eye see the sun unless it had become sun-like, and never can soul see Beauty unless itself be beautiful.
PLOTINUS.
13. In some moment of more complete imagination the Thought-born may go forth and look on the Ancient Beauty. So it was in the mysteries long ago and may be to-day.
A. E.

14. I saw God in a Point . . . by which sight I saw that
He is in all things. MOTHER JULIANA OF NORWICH.
15. The I-am-I consciousness in its highest aspect will
bring us at last to that state of cosmic conscious-
ness in which we shall feel ourselves one with all
humanity, and identify ourselves with all.
D. N. DUNLOP.
16. Never will I enter into final peace alone, but always
and everywhere will I suffer and strive until all
enter with me. CHINESE SCRIPTURE.)
17. Ecstasy is but a flash. Such flashes are resting-
places on our long journey. PLOTINUS.
18. If you have courage although the night be dark,
although the present battle be bloody and cruel,
and end in a strange and evil fashion, neverthe-
less victory shall be yours. H. G. WELLS.
19. Strong-armed, sure-footed, iron-willed,
We sift and weave, we break and build.
J. DRINKWATER.
20. As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness. LOWELL.
21. What is Love? Ask him who lives, what is life?
Ask him who adores, what is God? SHELLEY.
22. Too much love there can never be. BROWNING.

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|-----|---|
| 23. | Bear love to men as though they were thy brother-pupils, disciples of one Teacher, the sons of one sweet mother.
"THE BOOK OF GOLDEN PRECEPTS" (<i>trans.</i> H. P. B.) |
| 24. | Love cannot be idle. RUYSBROECK. |
| 25. | Everything we see in Nature is manifested Truth. J. BOEHME. |
| 26. | Earth changes, but thy soul and God stands sure ;
Time's which runs back or stops. Potter and clay
endure. BROWNING. |
| 27. | Earth is Spirit in her clods,
Footway to the God of Gods. MEREDITH. |
| 28. | All are parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul. POPE. |
| 29. | I feel that all the stars shine in me. TAGORE. |
| 30. | Each of us inevitable
Each of us limitless, each of us with his or her
right upon the earth
Each of us allowed the eternal purports of the
earth
Each of us here as divinely as any is here. WHITMAN. |
| 31. | And here there begins a hungering and a thirst
which shall nevermore be stilled. RUYSBROECK. |

EX LIBRIS

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF VISION

DEMOCRATIC IDEALS AND REALITY. By H. J. Mackinder, M.P. (Constable and Co., 7s. 6d.)

IN these chaotic days, when even in our own land we hear daily and hourly of unrest and discontent, and when, looking towards Eastern and Central Europe, we see the flood of Revolution and Bolshevism rising higher and higher and threatening the civilised world—in these days a book such as this, which, even a few years ago, would have appealed only to the specialised few, is now of vital interest to all.

Democratic Ideals and Reality is a remarkable book, characterised by width of outlook, tolerance, a sincere and sane idealism, and true scholarship; and the wide public it will reach, whether agreeing with Mr. Mackinder in his views or not, will gain much from its influence.

Seeking for the causes of existing trouble, the author traces the course of civilisation from the days of Ancient Egypt down to the present, studies the part which has been played by man-power and sea-power, by alliances and leagues, and finally outlines the only policy which, in his opinion, will make for lasting peace.

To gain any idea of his opinions on the question of nationalities and frontiers, and also to understand his economic policy, the many maps with which the book is filled must be studied; but everywhere his ideal is a League of Nations whose every State-unit must be a "truly independent nation, balanced in all its development." And this ideal he carries down to the life of the town. In balanced municipal life alone, where each locality is united to support its own interests, he sees the

remedy of the present class warfare which threatens to result in what has been called "a horizontal cleavage of international Society."

It is impossible to give any idea of this book in a few words, for its some three hundred pages are filled to overflowing; but those who will give it the study it needs will be well repaid.

J. C. B.

SO SAITH THE SPIRIT. By a King's Counsel. (Kegan, Paul, 10s. 6d. net.)

This is a further volume of communications from the same source as those published under the title of *I Heard a Voice*, which attracted a good deal of attention a few months ago, perhaps partly because a well-known K.C. was reported to be responsible for its issue, his two little daughters having been the mediums through whom the messages were given.

The present volume follows very much the same lines as *I Heard a Voice*, and is prefaced with a chapter by the King's Counsel in which he welds many of the assertions made during the sittings by various spirits into an outline of spiritualistic belief which follows the generally accepted teachings of spiritualism very closely. He discredits Mr. Bligh Bond's theory that "automatic" writing is due to the *Cosmic Memory* (Mr. Bligh Bond, it will be remembered, was the author of that much discussed book—*The Gate of Remembrance*), but although some of the messages he publishes may certainly proceed from "the other side," yet we have to remember how much the subconscious may affect messages obtained by any such subjective method as inspirational or automatic writing. When we read that "his daughters take a quite exceptional interest in history and in the biographies of well-known characters of past days," we are not surprised to learn that visits from historical characters are very frequent. We do not

suggest, however, that the whole of the book is the product of the subconscious, but would merely emphasise the necessity for caution before accepting as literal truth the opinions of the many "high spirits" recorded.

Of the sincerity of the author there can be no doubt, and whatever the origin of the messages they form an interesting series to have been written by the hands of two little girls.

T. D.

THE SHEEPFOLD. By Laurence Housman. (Duckworth and Co., 6s. net.)

This is a story of true love: a love for Heaven and a love for Earth, perfect in its calm patience and unfailing humour. It tells of aspiration, of sin and suffering with an intense and, at times, a brutal realism; but the author's sympathy and delicacy of understanding make the constant and unbroken passage of the Shepherdess and her flock through some three hundred odd pages, seem like the unfolding of a flower.

"Jane" is an extraordinary character; so extraordinary and so vital that one is tempted to think that she has really lived. She was the "Mother" of the self-supporting community she founded and led; and though she succeeded in separating it from the World, the World at last encroached upon its barrenness as grass will in the end creep over a stony place. She followed no sect—her creed was to *love*, and to "see the humour of it." She went down into hell too, a hell where "you can't have flames without light; praise for that!"

There may be a good deal in the story to shock the sensitive reader, but the note of human tenderness that runs through it all finds its best expression in Jane's acceptance of her son's death: "'Think of the dead in your joy'—when you do that, you'll find they are alive."

E. C. M.

WHAT IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN? By A. Clutton-Brock. (Methuen, 5s.)

Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, whose *Thoughts on the War* passed through nine editions, has issued in the volume under review a book meriting serious consideration, for it may prove a very real factor in moulding the thought of many Church people who feel the need for a more living expression of Christ's teaching than is general at the present day.

The very orthodox may find the book a little disquieting, for it is an accusation, wisely and moderately expressed, made by one within their own gates (for Mr. Clutton-Brock is a Churchman) that Christ's doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven, which would seem to be the very core and centre of His teaching is systematically ignored, being neither understood nor stated clearly by clergy or congregation.

Mr. Clutton-Brock gives his own interpretation of its meaning, and reveals in so doing a wider and more mystical point of view than is conveyed by the ordinary explanation of the Church.

A. P.

SYMPHONIE SYMBOLIQUE. By Edmund John (illustrated by Stella Langdale). (Erskine Macdonald.)

The writer of the Introduction points out that this poem is "an Allegory whose swiftly changing scenes symbolise the life of a soul." There is perhaps a closer bond of similarity between Mr. John's *Symphonie Symbolique* and the Tschaikowski *Symphonie Pathétique* than the author himself admitted; but the difference is that Mr. John had travelled a stage further on his quest with every "Movement" than Tschaikowski did, and in the end he had far outstripped him. The poet indeed reached the inner threshold of the Mysteries, knew that he would enter, and knew also that the finger of silence

was laid upon his lips, and that the final movement was not to be written.

Tschaikowski all but reached that threshold, but the drawn curtain was for him a signal of discouragement and mockery, and so, unlike the poet, he wrote his last "Movement," which he expressed in music of the most heartrending and bitter sadness.

For the mystical reader this poem is full of poignant and aching beauty. The richness of its imagery and its passion—these will be interpreted by every reader for himself; by some as of the Earth alone, by others as of the Mystery of Heaven and Earth clasped about the Eternal Spirit of Man.

"For my soul is dry with thirst, and a fire
Sears my lips, and my palms are hot with desire
Of the unknown—*Have you not felt it wanderer?*
It shall seize you again ere the years expire."

E. C. M.

DREAMS : WHAT THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY MEAN.

By J. W. Wickwar. (Jarrolds, 2s. 6d. net.)

The question of dreams is one of never-failing interest, and books written under this title command a ready sale. The present little book is an unostentatious contribution to the literature on the subject, which will commend itself to those in search of a light exposition of a difficult theme.

Messrs. Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co. are publishing an interesting new series of books on psychic and spiritualistic research under the collective title of *Evidences of Spiritualism*, the first volume of which will be from the pen of L. M. Bazett, with an introduction by J. Arthur Hill, the writer of many well-known books on Psychical Research.

THE VISION BOOKSHELF

- Reconstruction*, by W. R. SORLEY. Cambridge University Press.
2s. 6d.
- Christ, St. Francis and To-day*, by G. G. COULTON. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.
- The Works of T. Vaughan*, by A. E. WAITE. Theosophical Pub. House. 21s.
- Experiments in Psychical Science*, by W. J. CRAWFORD. Watkins. 6s.
- Democratic Ideals and Reality*, by H. J. Mackinder. Constable. 7s. 6d.
- The Life of Bro. Lawrence*, by REV. S. HEBERT. Skeffington. 3s.
- Symphonie Symbolique*, by EDMUND JOHN. E. Macdonald, Ltd. 5s.
- The Road to the Stars*, by AN OFFICER OF THE GRAND FLEET. C. W. Daniell. 2s. 6d.
- Summer Songs among the Birds*, by E. E. J. Watkins. 2s. 6d.
- So Saith the Spirit*, by A KING'S COUNSEL. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.
- The Kingdom of the Lovers of God*, by JAN RUYSBROECK. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.
- Woman, the Inspirer*, by SCHURE. The Power Book Co.
- Border Ghost Stories*, by HOWARD PEASE. E. Macdonald, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

A small monthly, entitled the *Re-Valuer*, published at 1s., and issued by the Applied Art Studio, Wimbledon, is deserving of notice, principally for an excellent lithograph of *A Sower*, and for rather a good cover design in bold black-and-white. "Freida" writes with a keen appreciation of Mother Earth, and a few thoughts on "Political Progress" are worth reading, but the brevity of the articles, not one of which is more than a page in length, does not give their authors much opportunity for expression.

VISION COMPETITIONS

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE

1. The prize of HALF A GUINEA for the best mystical poem entitled either "The Way of the Pilgrim," or "The Voice of the Sea," is awarded to Mrs. E. C. Merry, 2 Chiswick Place, Eastbourne, for her "Voice of the Sea" which is published in this number.

As a whole, the poems failed to reach so high a standard this month, but G. Laurence Groom's "Way of the Pilgrim" deserves special commendation.

The names of the following competitors are also mentioned in order of merit:—

L. Malleson (W. Kensington), M. W. Osmond (St. John's Wood), A. M. Percy Smith (London, N.W.), V. Malleson (W. Kensington), T. W. Ellison (Stockwell), E. Dunkley (Exeter), F. C. Hickley (Nottingham), M. Hawkins (King's Lynn), "D." (Wimbledon), "Sorel" (Birmingham), R. Vivian Davies (Glamorgan), M. Leigh (Kensington), Constance Anderson (S. Devon), Ralph Gray (B.T.I.F., France), R. Kilvington (Swansea).

Three criticisms of work submitted are published. The rest have been sent by post to those competitors who enclosed the reading fee.

"D."—The idea behind your verse is good, but the metre that you have chosen is not very appropriate to the subject. It strikes the ear as too set and formal for the uneven rhythm of "The Voice of the Sea." Exercise discretion in your choice of words, and avoid such an obvious grammatical fault as "The flow and ebbing tide." You have a facile pen, therefore be careful lest it commit you to an easy but undistinguished style.

THECLA ELLISON.—Your verse is lyrical in quality and you should in time do good work in this direction, but "The Voice of the Sea" is too strongly reminiscent of

"Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows."

both in idea and conception. Read the great masters of lyrical poetry certainly; but let your verse be an expression of your own experience, rather than a pale reflection of another's. The second verse is the best of the three, but the third contains some awkward lines, such, for instance, as "Choked with some city's mud."

M. HAWKINS.—You have chosen a very difficult metre in which to write "The Way of the Pilgrim," and the uneven rhythm of the second verse contrasts rather unfortunately with the more formal setting of the first. The other poems that you sent—not for competition but for criticism, are of a far higher standard. "The Unmourned Dead" is the least interesting, although the last six lines atone for many earlier imperfect phrases. Your work as yet is curiously uneven. The first four lines of "Forethought" give no promise of the charm and delicacy that from the fifth line onward are a real delight. The long-sustained rhythm of "Evensong" expresses very happily the quiet beauty of the sundown hour.

2. The prize of one year's subscription to *Vision* for the best set of quotations is awarded to Miss Anderson, Harpford, Ottery St. Mary, E. Devon.

Three consolation prizes of copies of *The Mystic Arsenal* have been awarded to Mrs. Roger Smith, 9 Daleham Gardens, South Hampstead; Miss S. E. Pearson, Hartford House, Hartford, Cheshire; and Mr. Walter Fenwick, 58 Estcourt Street, Hull.

Other sets specially commended were received from E. P. Prentice (Sutton), L. W. Kempson (Chelsea), M. H. Dean (Sunderland), R. P. Smith (York), Dorothy Gardiner (Dorset), Lucy Malleson (Kensington), Mrs. Dowson (Hartfield), Helen Havers (London, E.C.).

VISION COMPETITIONS

1. A prize of HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best lyrical poem. A statement to the effect that the poem is original and has not appeared before in print must be enclosed. Criticisms of the 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) 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 sets of quotations. As a general rule, not less than three or more than seven quotations should be included in each set.

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 August. 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.