

AUTOMATIC WRITING

The Outlook

IT is seldom that anything of value may be said to be obtained by automatic writing, although it is one of the most common forms of mediumship practised at the present day. A planchette is sometimes used, but the general method is for the sensitive to hold a pencil lightly between the second and third fingers, and while remaining in a state of passivity to allow the hand to trace what letters or pictures it will. A book is sometimes read or conversation engaged in, in order to ensure that the results are genuinely automatic and not the product of the medium's brain.

The most ardent believers in psychism are convinced that messages so received emanate from spirits who are no longer in physical incarnation: the sceptics aver that the theory of the subconscious mind affords adequate explanation. But as often happens, a position midway between the two probably approaches more nearly the truth. It may well be that in such states of relaxed consciousness it is possible to tap the subconscious levels not only of physical beings but also of those who are discarnate, and thus contact sometimes may be made with a spirit, but only with the

What matter of importance has been gained by automatic writing? Very little. A certain amount of information about the after-death state, a great deal of sermonising—often of a rather inferior character as to style although unimpeachable as to sentiment—but practically no veridical matter giving proof that the communicator is the person whom he professes to be. One of the curiosities of all automatic writing is that direct proofs are so seldom given; if names, addresses or dates are asked for there is usually instant hesitation, often the communication is abruptly broken, or the sitters are reminded that facts of that description are difficult to give.

Looking over the automatic literature of many years there are few books of outstanding value, although several, such, for instance, as *Letters of a Living Dead Man*, have achieved a popular success. Perhaps *Spirit Teachings*, by Stainton Moses, and *Through the Mists*, by R. J. Lees, are two of the best that come to the mind, while *The Gate of Remembrance*, proving the value of the information given automatically concerning the recent excavations at Glastonbury, has made a real impression on many sceptical minds.

For those new to the subject such books are helpful, but others more familiar with it look in vain for crumbs of new matter in the constant

stream of books of automatic origin which are now published, until they come to the conclusion that much of the experience of after-death is not interpretable, and that those who have passed over are able to do little more—except under exceptional circumstances—than stir certain levels of the subconscious, bringing to the surface memories—often of an impersonal nature, which are reflected sensitively by the medium, although often not contained within her content of consciousness at all. Thus facts unknown either to medium or communicator may be brought to the surface from the great undivided sea of the subconscious. Also it would appear that sometimes the subconscious levels of a spirit are stirred and contact made with him without his conscious aid or even knowledge. Trifling indeed, then is the result.

Automatic writing has danger for the inexperienced medium, for the habit of relapsing into the state of passivity which is necessary is more easily learnt than overcome, and the possibility of obsession by a mischievous or evil spirit is one that may not be lightly disavowed, and it is for this reason that mediumship is looked askance on by many occultists.

Its possibilities and at the same time limitations are clearly shown in an unusually interesting series of automatic writings published under the title

of *Letters from the Other Side* (John Watkins, 5s. net).

The communications are curiously similar in style to the writings of a well-known clergyman who was much before the public eye until he laid aside his garment of physical flesh a brief while ago. Mr. Thibault tells us in his introduction to the book that the name of the Communicating Spirit is withheld at his own request, but that those who knew him on earth as a spiritual guide and friend will recognise him without difficulty. Furthermore, he reminds us that to attach a name to messages from the other side when no other evidence is possible save that which is internal and inferential is only to raise a heated controversy. He also emphasises—and this is important—that the medium had no acquaintance with the Communicating Spirit when he was on earth.

The communications follow in the main those of many similar writings, but they have a certain charm of style and sincerity of feeling that drive the reader irresistibly to the conclusion that here is no product of a medium's brain, but rather a contact with a living personality, as sure "a focus of will, intelligence and feeling," as when with us in the flesh.

It is a difficult book from which to quote, for a very wide range of subjects is covered. The

earlier communications are the least interesting as indeed one would expect, for the difficulty of adjusting conditions between communicator and sensitive has first to be overcome, but as the book proceeds so do the messages deepen in interest, and the real personality of the communicator becomes manifest.

He tells us that one of the perplexing things that he has found is that some atheists who have only left the body a few years have already become the leaders and teachers even of such as he, and he warns his hearers that many who believe themselves in daily communion with the world beyond the veil have almost everything as yet to learn concerning it, and that much they believe to be imparted to them is nothing more than their own mental conception mirrored forth in their own objective consciousness. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

He goes on to state that those who pass over do not lose touch with their loved ones on earth, because they meet every night during sleep—a favourite Theosophical belief. But he is no convert to Theosophy in the main,—as a matter of fact Theosophists and their “basic truths” receive their fair meed of criticism at his hands.

To read the book is to realise the possibility that these messages may be from one whose congregation loved him as a father, and whose

church was packed Sunday after Sunday by crowds drawn not only by his eloquence but by the love he breathed for God and fellow-men.

It may be deemed credulous to assume that, whether by direct transmission or by contact through the subconscious, he has impressed a measure of his thought upon a sensitive. The true test would be to forego so limiting a method of communication, and, with body stilled, emotion and intellect quiescent, to rise to that true sphere of Union, the plane of Universal Mind, and there to know that perfect interchange of thought which is denied to those who seek it by the lesser ways.

DOROTHY GRENSIDE.



You can inherit the earth, as its own child, only when it is not yours to you but the mother of all men. It is the poet who inherits the earth without owning it, not the man who toils to become a landowner, and then puts up barbed wire and threatening notices.—CLUTTON BROCK.

HERE outside is a plot of waste ground where canst build thee a little cabin—all thine own ;
And since it is close by the common road and there is no fence about it,
Many a weary traveller parched with the heat of the day shall turn in unto thee for a cup of cold water,
And that shall suffice for Thy Life.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

MODERN SPIRITUALITY

WHEN someone sighs for the Middle Ages we assure him that, although they had much beauty, they were unsanitary and subject to plagues. Our present life, we say, is less beautiful but more wholesome. We do not perceive that spiritually we are mediæval still; that out of ourselves we have imagined no pattern of the perfect life; and that we aspire, if at all, to a beautiful but unwholesome ideal that was current in the time of castles and crusades.

This mediæval ideal—not spacious in itself and for us contracted again by Puritanism—is mostly negative. It exalts the man who abstains from this and that. If a man be loving and harmless he may attain it: for, although we have ceased to think that idiots are holy, we call a man spiritual almost entirely by reason of certain qualities which he lacks or does not show. We expect him to wear “the white flower of a blameless life.” We require him to be unworldly, not sensual, not vain. We hope that he is a vegetarian. If, like Jesus, he drinks wine we are surprised. If, like Spurgeon, he smokes a cigar “to the glory of God” we begin to suspect him. If he swears a round oath we are disconcerted. If he is astute in business we murmur of Jekyll and Hyde. If he marries we are disappointed. If he loves without marriage

we strike his name from our roll. For in nothing are we more antiquated than in our view of sex. We see it as occupying nine-tenths of morality. What do we all assume if anyone speaks of an "immoral" man? Not that he swindles the simple, not that he feeds the public mind with trash, but that he loves a woman who is not his wife.

There is much, of course, in the mediæval ideal which we must retain, which indeed must form part of every human ideal. Clearly, for example, no man can be spiritual if a selfish aim absorbs him or if he is unable to yoke the instincts of the senses. Nevertheless, there is at least as much that we ought resolutely to discard. It is an ideal which is grounded upon certain ideas. We have abandoned the ideas: the ideal we have but faintly modified.

In the Middle Ages men thought that into each body at birth God set an immortal soul; that life was an obstacle race in which at any point they might forfeit eternal bliss by stumbling into a trap; and that, since life could not ennoble a being which had come pure from the hands of God, the object of the soul was to keep itself innocent and aloof. In extreme this view of life produces the monk and the nun. We respect them still but we have diluted the reverence with which they were once regarded. We feel that Plotinus was morbid when he lamented the necessity of being a party to certain natural functions of his body; that there was something flawed in the fakir who nourished himself by attaching a bag of juice to a string, dropping it down his throat and shortly

afterwards hauling it up again ; and that there was nothing admirable in the Italian saint (I forget her name) who lay for several years on a board and would not permit that it should be touched. We still believe, however, that the senses are the antithesis of the soul, we still enshrine innocence, we still exalt the weak. It is as though we should assume that God is more clearly revealed in a wind-flower than in a meteor.

“A blameless life !” And is that enough ? Does that alone constitute spirituality ? Generation by generation, we adopt the old values because we are inert, but we know now that they do not satisfy us. Our ideas have changed. We must change our ideal. We must recognise at the outset that spirituality is not exclusively a matter of morals. It comes also from a development of the psychic imagination and a culture of the senses. By the psychic imagination I mean the dramatist’s ability to realise the mental and emotional states of other people. If the word had not lost its meaning I should call it sympathy but, as we use the word now, we may sympathise without understanding. Psychic imagination unites us with the experience of others : and, no matter how blameless we may be, if we lack this faculty we must be insulated and small. Now, since it cannot be acquired in the wilderness but only in the world, we must admit that the world may spiritualise us and that life is not an experience to be cold-shouldered.

If, again, we recognise that the material world is not ignoble but reveals the vast Imagination that conceived it we must realise that the senses

are the allies and not the enemies of the soul. We must cultivate our senses and cease to be proud of our indifference to the fair things of the earth. The shape, texture, perfume and colour of a wild rose proclaim that the world's Artificer is a Poet ; and if our senses bring to us no joy from such manifestations of His fancy we are by so much removed from understanding Him and therefore the less spiritual. Do not suppose that I am belabouring the air. Thousands of people who aspire to spirituality believe that their souls are magnified in the measure that their senses become apathetic. We need think only of those Christian sects which prefer that their houses of worship should contain nothing beautiful. This blasphemy, indeed, is the cause of the disrepute into which the arts have fallen : for since the Reformation the arts have continuously declined in honour and become more and more an excrescence upon life. "All great art is praise," and if we cannot rejoice in the splendour of art and of nature we are turning our backs upon God.

We owe this morbid distrust of beauty to our Puritan forebears. In them it was part of an honourable effort to distinguish realities from illusions ; and for a time, no doubt, it was needful to the health of man. That time is gone,—for what has happened as the result of considering beauty to be dangerous ? Men forswore the joy of the senses for the sake of obtaining an intenser life of the soul. What they renounced we have never recaptured : what they gained we have long since lost. We find ourselves in

cities from which beauty is exiled, and among men who value speed and comfort more highly than harmony of mind or circumstance.

Why are we still afraid of the senses? Is it not because we tend to judge everything by its extreme? We know that the cultivation of the senses may lead to an invertebrate hedonism: we have seen the rainbow of spirituality counterfeited by the iridescent scum of the 'nineties: but to inhibit the senses for this reason is as foolish as it were to refrain from all aspiration because a crazy man once lived on the top of a pillar. Since we do not believe that the world is a snare of the Evil One, we ought to rejoice in the much of it that is lovely and in the wonder of everything that it contains, and be glad of the senses that acquaint us with a vision so intricate and immense. We ought definitely to abolish the dead thought that we are more spiritual if we curtail our joy, and recognise that fine perceptions are a part of spirituality.

Again, it is experience that excavates the soul. I do not say that any man who has experienced much is spiritual. Everyone knows that this is not so. I say rather that few, and they the exceptionally obtuse, can experience much without quickening their spiritual selves. Why do most men look upon the clergy with indulgent contempt? Why would they sooner seek aid or counsel in a crisis from a man whom experience has hurt and enriched? Surely because they feel that the clergy see life darkly and that, as a rule, to have been subject to many emotions and to have learned much of women and men is to become charitable

and to understand somewhat a marvellous portion of God's design—the complex human nature which we all assume at birth. What is wisdom if it be not such comprehension of the forces that are about us and within us? And must not the spiritual man be wise?

Spirituality, nevertheless, does refer principally to conduct since conduct is "three-fourths of life." The men of the Middle Ages had squared up the map of good and bad. We are not so confident as they; and yet, in spite of our imprecision, we may discern a certain principle by which to know what actions are prompted by the spirit in a man. I think we may say that all idealism is in some measure spiritual. The ambitious man pursues an aim, the spiritual man an ideal. We pursue an aim for our own advantage, an ideal because we recognise it to be desirable in itself. An ideal may be false but the man who follows it is spiritual because he is not impelled by self-interest. I discern a spiritual force in some of the Spanish inquisitors; in the man who can only imagine an ideal and lacks the power to build it; in every philanthropist, and no less in him who grapples with the material ills of man because he denies the soul than in him whose motive is religious. I discern it, too, in at least the early form of Socialism and in all that is truly Art. Art, indeed, is fundamentally spiritual because an artist, whether he throws a pot or decorates a palace, is trying to present ideal forms.

It is the spirit which conceives or acclaims ideals, and it is therefore by his ideal that we can

measure the spiritual stature of a man. In the Middle Ages every man was said to "have" a soul. To-day we might transpose that doctrine and say instead that every man is born with a sense of perfection. At present, no doubt, men in the multitude do not apply it to the world, do not visualise an ideal society, but they do strive toward perfection in their machines. To construct the faultless aeroplane may seem not spiritual at all, but it is the characteristic counterpart in our time of the æsthetic idealism that urged the ancient Greeks; and if the designer is impelled by a disinterested desire for perfection his enthusiasm is, in its own degree, a spiritual experience, a minute image of that enthusiasm which caused Plato to write *The Republic*.

It is strange that anyone should accept without wonder and a fruitful curiosity the mere possibility of imagining ideals. Has that possibility even been adduced as an indication that man is more than a "conscious automaton"? The reader to whom Platonism is congenial will appreciate the direction of such thoughts, will advance perhaps to the view that the divine in man seized from the divine world those ideals that flicker or flame throughout the dark history of our race. That an ascetic ideal should have dominated the Western world is endlessly surprising. Perhaps it was a wrong turning; perhaps it is a part of some great plan which we cannot detect. Sometimes I have thought that at the beginning of each new civilisation the pattern which it ought to elaborate is revealed.

If this be so, we should regard the life of ancient Athens as the archetype of all Western civilisation; and if we accept this view we should be wise to reopen at our earliest opportunity the *Dialogues* of the largest and loftiest mind which has ever arisen in the West.

CLIFFORD BAX.

A PATH UNTRODDEN

THERE is a path untrodden that I know
Whose secret finding lies safe hid with me,
Where silver birch and pine have tenderly
 Gifted a broken shade.
Here and there only do the bluebells grow,
Shy heralds of the woods' blue carpeting
That on the floor of earth the great gods fling
 In every quiet glade.

Come you not near my pathway green,
For none may walk there lest the quietness
Should waken with a song and peace grow less.
 From even you, dear one,
Its hidden loveliness I screen,
The way unto my path a secret is,
Lest if you walked there it should waken bliss
 And quietude be done.

D. G.

ENGLISH - MEDIAEVAL MYSTICS

II

WALTER HILTON

THE Christian life has been described under many symbols. It is a constant warfare against the world, the flesh and the Devil, in which God is both the ally of the human soul and its reward. It is a continual abiding in God, comparable to the essential unity which exists between a Vine and its Branches. It is a chase, wherein the Hound of Heaven hunts the soul of man through all the vicissitudes of an ever-changing experience. It is a mystic marriage, whereby God and man become no more twain, but one flesh.

For all their apparent divergence there is in each of these symbols a common factor. All alike express the truth that life is growth into the more perfect realisation of God. The soul of man is for ever stretching out hands that, from the darkness, grope towards the light. The soul that ceases to grow in the knowledge and love of God is dead. Upward and onward it pursues its path until it penetrates to the Heart of God Himself. Its first steps are halting, but as it progresses it gains fresh courage. Over the body of its dead self does the soul of man rise to better things.

During the fourteenth century in England there appeared a little treatise describing the steps by which the Christian soul might reach

to the heights of Divine Knowledge and Divine Love. It was called *The Scale (or Ladder) of Perfection*, and was the work of a Canon of Thurgarton, one Walter Hilton. Unlike the writings of Mother Julian of Norwich this book is not a record of a vivid personal experience. It is rather a systematic treatise, dealing with the spiritual life. The author studiously avoids any personal reference to his own experience, preferring to set down the rules by which the soul is enabled to climb the Jacob's Ladder towards perfection.

The initial stages of this ascent are described in the first book, in which the author explains the different kinds of contemplation and warns the would-be climber against any undue longing for visions or ecstasies at this early stage. "All such manner of feeling may be good, wrought by a good angel, and they may be deceivable, wrought by a wicked angel when he transfigureth himself into an angel of light. He that hath never felt either, or else but one of them, may easily be deceived." Humility, a "firm faith in the articles of thy belief and in the sacraments of the Holy Church," together with a resolute intention to love God are required of all who would begin to climb the Ladder of Perfection.

When this preliminary stage is passed, the soul will advance to that knowledge of God which is apprehended by the senses apart from the understanding. Its outward mark is quietness and serenity, when "the Church's prayers and hymns and ministrations are turned, as it were, into spiritual mirth and sweet harmony." At

this point in his treatise, Hilton has much to say concerning prayer and meditation. "Prayer is not the cause for which our Lord giveth grace, nevertheless, it is a way or meaning by which grace freely given cometh into a soul." The desire to leave all vocal prayer for contemplation must be resisted, for such desire is often the work of the Devil who tempteth men to pride. No fixed rules can be laid down for meditation, "for they are in the free gift of our Lord, according to divers dispositions of chosen souls."

The third stage consists in understanding joined to perfect love. The power of sin must be broken and "thou shalt be reformed and shapen again to the image of Jesus." Nevertheless this reshaping is only a shadow so long as a man lives upon the earth. "Hereafter in verity and full reality" will it come to pass "in the bliss of Heaven."

The Second Book of *The Scale of Perfection* deals with the more advanced states of the spiritual life. The image of God in the soul of man needs a constant re-forming. Sin must be overcome by an earnest desire for higher things and an unceasing use of the sacraments of the Church. There are three kinds of men in the world. "Some are reformed to the likeness of God, and some are not; and some are reformed only in faith, and some both in faith and feeling." Without pain there can be no reformation. The warfare of love is never without damage. Some there are who rest satisfied if they can save their souls, and are willing to leave the highest raptures of love for the sake of mere safety.

Certain enemies lurk in the vicinity of all who desire reformation of both faith and feeling. Carnal lusts harass the body. Empty fears haunt the soul. The clouds and thick darkness descend oft-times on the aspiring soul. Out of the blackness of the Dark Night of the Soul comes a voice which counsels satisfaction with an ideal lower than the highest. Let the Christian then stop his ears and hold on his way. The heaviness of night will give place to the joy of morning. When the darkness is past the tired eyes of the soul will be refreshed with the vision of the uncreated light of the New Jerusalem, the Holy City of God.

Through the opening of the eyes of the soul to the Love of God will the ladder ultimately be scaled. Heaven will be won and the Presence of Jesus be attained. The goal reached, the whole of human experience will lie open like a book. The pages of Holy Scripture will hold no mysteries from the mind of man. Wisdom will apprehend the struggles of Holy Church. Man will behold the beauty of the Spiritual Order, and enter into the joy and bliss of the Holy Angels. "The inspiration of Jesus maketh souls as light as deer, that start from the ground over bushes and briars of all worldly vanities ; and He sheweth to them the thickets, that is, His mysteries, which cannot be perceived but by a sharp eye. These beholdings, solidly grounded in grace and humility, make a soul wise and burning in desire to the face of Jesus."

H. L. HUBBARD,



EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN BREVIARY

II

My Way lieth where all may tread, and those that set their feet thereon are blessed by Me.

But My Blessing cometh not as they desire, and oft-times it seemeth unto them as chastisement.

If thou desirest light and I give unto thee darkness, if thou desirest comfort and I withhold My consolation, seekest thou with as great a love the finding of My Way?

Know that My Blessing lieth in darkness as in light.

When thy burden lieth heavily, lo—I am with thee on thy way, for the suffering of My children is Mine own.

When thy feet are weary, it is I who lave them unto strength, and when thou art athirst Mine is the Cup that giveth water from the Living Well.

He that seeth not, knoweth not that I am near to him, but a Shepherd guardeth lovingly the newly-born.

THE PILGRIM.

THE WORLD-DREAM OF McCALLISTER

CERTAIN people, it would appear, are favoured with occasional dreams of so vivid a character that they leave on the mind an impression that lasts for hours, often, it may be, for the whole of the following day, while the dream itself is forgotten almost entirely upon waking. "Almost entirely": for, possibly, some remnant is retained or half-retained, caught by the tail, as it were, in the act of plunging out of sight to rejoin the major portion—a fragment of glowing scenery, a voice, perhaps a sentence, halts long enough to be seen or heard (at any rate, to be remembered) before it is withdrawn swiftly from the consciousness.

Such remnants, moreover, though faint as moonlight—they vanish with extreme and urgent hurry, as though they had unduly lingered and were not intended to be more fully known—yet share this in common: that they pertain to some experience that has seemed infinitely desirable, since a peculiar yearning is awakened for their continuance or for their completion. Vague though the details have been, the emotion left is powerful and strangely haunting; and this emotion invariably seems due to a sense of having been in some familiar and enchanting place, and that a rarely privileged companionship has been interrupted by the act of waking. Life would be sweeter, bigger, indubitably more worth living—this is somewhat the feeling left behind—could the experience be entirely recaptured. The dream, at any rate, has been broken off before its end.

The emotion is so strong, so exquisite, indeed, that the mind makes a quick and vigorous effort at recovery—

only to find that it is vain, and that such experiences are not recoverable at all. The dream is gone, and the more vigorous the effort, the more complete the disappearance. The remnant, moreover, soon vanishes as well; memory focuses it each time with less success; it grows blurred, confused, then artificial; a counterpart, half-invented, is erected in its place; and each attempt at recovery conceals the original more and more, while giving body to the substitute that mocks it. In the end the mind retains chiefly the emotion that filled it upon waking, and with that memory it must remain content.

This emotion, however, remains, according to circumstances, for a longer or a shorter time. It crops up unexpectedly at odd moments later; sometimes it haunts at intervals during the entire day, curiously persistent, eagerly, almost passionately desired, although each time a little weaker, a little fainter, than before. Rarely may it survive the twelve daylight hours of which the first announced its welcome birth and presence. The following night's sleep sets a term to its existence. Its loss is final. The sense that it *has* been alone remains. It has become the memory of an exquisite Memory.

And, since so little of the actual dream is caught, it would seem to be this accompanying emotion that lights the heart so strangely with the sense of elusive and enchanting glamour. For the emotion is, indeed, of an unusual kind: deep and tender, evasive yet profoundly real, a vague but persistent certainty that it refers to an experience more packed with life, more intense, more piercing, above all more Joyous, than anything known in waking hours. It stands to the dreamer as full sunlight compared to palest moonlight—the most vivid emotions of his daylight life seem thin and temporary besides its permanent, though lost, reality. Almost it has suggested another order of existence, a richer state of consciousness, and hence the yearning in his heart for full recovery. He wonders, and he—sighs. He has touched a state that, to

say the least of it, was satisfactory. Could he recall that state, the perplexities of his daily life would surely be explained; for, in some fashion beyond him to elucidate, that lost, happy dream pertained to a completer consciousness of which ordinary existence is but a broken, troubled shadow. He was then lit up and shining; he moves now in darkness. . . .

Dreams of this kind, though rare, are known to many; the physiologists have, doubtless, a careful explanation of their origin, as of the effects which they produce. Upon their occurrence is possibly based that kind and ancient fantasy that persuades a few the spirit travels while the body sleeps, that things are then shown to it which the brain might scarce discover for itself; of which things, moreover, the intense or awful sweetness—as the case may be—were more than physical memory could retain without disaster to commonplace days and duties afterwards. To remember a state so perfect, yet so impossible of achievement, would involve a disappointment with the routine of normal difficulties that must border upon despair. . . . To deal satisfactorily with such delicate splendours, one should be, presumably, either fanatic or poet, the latter's hint, perhaps, remaining the sweetest hint we have: "Some say that dreams of a remoter world visit the soul in sleep . . ."—and McCallister, at any rate, felt rather pleased that Shelley's line recurred to him during the day that followed his own particular experience.

For McCallister had such a dream one night, and in the morning behaved strictly according to precedent regarding it: That is, he registered the intensity and sweetness of the accompanying emotion, strove vigorously for full recovery, then went about his duties of the day with occasional moments when the emotion was hauntingly revived, and at the same time with a flickering consciousness—almost a memory—that he had been with someone in an enchanting place, and that this someone

had told or shown him things of an authentic and privileged kind. Life had been full and rich and deeply splendid; but, more than that—it had been explained, because he understood it whole, instead of seeing it in broken fragments. . . .

In his case the remnant caught by the tail was very slight indeed; many would have deemed it trivial, some ridiculous: perhaps it was both trivial *and* ridiculous. Only it shared the joyous and enchanting glamour of the whole, which yet remained obstinately hidden; and in this sense, while it teased him with unsatisfied yearning, it also blessed and comforted him with the feeling that Life was all right, could he but see it whole. For the fragment had in some fashion revealed an Entirety, to which his waking consciousness was stranger, yet to which desire and belief, half-buried, had, in moments of uplifting, bravest hope, distinctly pointed. Accordingly, he felt blessed and comforted; and, since these results assist a yet more valuable state of mind, he felt also—strengthened.

The remnant of the dream he retained was, indeed, but a fading sentence, consisting of seven commonplace words in daily use, uttered, moreover, by a voice of no particular calibre, yet of such happy and immense authority that he was instantly persuaded of its ultimate truth:

"So, you see, it IS all right . . . !"

Such was the detail memory retained, no more, no less. And, on waking, he yearned for its continuance, for its completion, struggling for a long time to recover the place, the person and the conditions which might reconstruct the entire dream and so explain it. For he had the delightful feeling—especially strong during the first ten minutes after waking—that, were it recoverable, he would be master of a point of view that *must* solve the perplexities of his life and make the puzzle of his somewhat muddled existence satisfactory. "If I could

only get it all back," as he put it to himself, "I should get things straight—face everything happily—because I understood the lot!"

The remembered sentence, however, contained the essence of the vanished dream—"So, you see—it IS all right!"—but the dream itself had disappeared. . . .

He went, therefore, as already mentioned, about his duties of the day; and, doing so, he experienced—also according to precedent—those brief, flickering moments when the Emotion revived in haunting flashes, and was gone again as soon as recognised—unfulfilled, unrealised—yet each time leaving behind it a hint of that comfort and that blessing pertaining to its origin. With each flash, as it were, and with each haunting repetition, he recovered for that fleeting instant a singular consciousness of the splendid Whole to which the fragment still belonged. . . . He was lit up and shining.

As the day advanced, these moments of return became less vivid, though never less convincing. The first authority remained; it was the memory that faded.

These moments were as follows :

It was upon the one day in the seven that his work in the Censor's Office left him the afternoon free, and he went to tea with Her in the Enchanted Square. He was neither invited nor expected; he just dropped in. Later the husband dropped in too, and all three talked together easily and naturally. The guest was obviously made welcome, there were no signs of restraint or awkwardness, far less of friction. Perhaps the husband guessed, perhaps he did not; possibly She knew—indeed, probably—though assuredly not from anything McCallister had ever said, or done, or betrayed. . . . Neither he nor she troubled themselves about an after-existence: to McCallister, therefore, the one chance of possessing her was lost for ever. Although brains, as well as worldly success, had both been denied him, he had the great gifts of strength and loyalty and truth. He was known

as a worthy, if perhaps an uninteresting man. Occasionally he went to call, like any other casual member of her circle—that and no more than that. His secret was a genuine secret, entirely his own and safely, honestly kept. He owned—and deserved—the friendship of the husband too. And the position, while never beyond his strength, was the more difficult in that he was aware *she* felt for her husband affection, but not love.

And so he sat there in the enchanted house, silent and rather dull as usual, but blessed by her presence and therefore very happy. The only signs by which he persuaded himself she kept him in her thoughts during the longish intervals between his visits were that she divined his exact requirements when he came. She never asked. It was always sweet to him, and wonderful—such little yet enormous things: One lump of sugar in his tea; cream, but no milk; the hard chair with the stiff, upright back; the glaring lights turned out, leaving a single globe at the far end of the room to help the fire-light; and—the fragments of Russian music that he loved. . . .

“I just want to try over this bit of Scriabin, if you don’t mind,” she would suggest, going across to the instrument without waiting for his answer. Or—“the piano’s just been tuned; I really must play a chord or two,”—and then, without further words, the piece that he so particularly loved . . . while he sat listening by the fire, watching, absorbed, strangely at peace and happy. There was no formality; he felt blissfully at home; the warmth of the fire, the shaded lights, the delicate sense of her perfume, her presence, her very thoughts, as he believed, brushing against his secret, and her music entering his inmost soul to phrase his dumb desire—all this filled him with strength and beauty that would help him in the long, long interval of loneliness to follow. . . .

And then the door would open, and the husband enter

with a clatter, bringing the atmosphere of the street and latest news or rumour thick about him. . . .

"Jack, old boy! It's only you! Good. I was afraid it was a caller!"

But the husband did not care for music; he preferred the room well lit; and he was always ready for a hearty tea. He saw first to these three requirements, therefore, then kissed his wife while she put away the scores, and all three sat talking over the fire, the husband gulping his tea with audible satisfaction and munching his buttered toast as though he had earned it every bit—talking loudly with McCallister, whom he liked, and obliquely with his wife with whom he was so supremely satisfied that she could be neglected somewhat. His ownership of her, at any rate, was very manifest, and McCallister found these moments rather trying, especially when the music was interrupted earlier than necessary, perhaps in the middle of a piece. . . .

They chatted happily for twenty minutes or so, and then, a natural pause presenting itself, McCallister rose to go. He said good-bye. For him it was a real good-bye—God-be-with-you, dear; for he could not know what might happen in the interval to follow, and, as with all real good-byes, the sense of separation was keen with possibilities that *would* leap into the mind and burden it. This moment of good-bye was always full of pain for him. But this time it was different. There was a smile in his eyes that many husbands must have noticed. For, suddenly, into that pause had flooded the emotion of the vanished dream! It was, perhaps, but the memory of an unrecoverable Memory, yet with it an intense delight, a joy, a peace, swept over him. He was lit up and shining. He was not lonely. It seemed he knew more—far more—than he could quite remember. The very words came back:

"So, you see, it IS all right. . . ."

The haunting emotion flashed and flickered like a

swallow's wing, then vanished, yet left behind an instant of superb realisation that took his heart and blessed it. A high, sweet privilege he knew of, yet had somehow forgotten among smaller, troubling emotions of imperfect kind, was there to gladden life for ever—*now*. The instant's joy enthralled him, then was gone again. It was as if some absolute, some spiritual, possession of Her had been granted to him. He had amazingly overlooked it. Or, rather, having stupidly misunderstood this blazing fact, he now recovered it, complete and glorious—for that flashing instant. Their love was pure and flawless; they belonged to one another in the actual present: they were one. The emotion, evanescent though it was, involved the bliss of certain joy.

"*So, you see, it IS all right,*" rose an inner voice behind the casual words he spoke aloud as he left the room. . . .

And this joy that was real yet inexplicable, accompanied him down the steps after the maid had closed the big front door discreetly. He went out with a radiant happiness, as of a remembered ownership and dear possession in his soul. It hovered and lingered about him for some little time, as he walked down the murky street towards the Tube Station half a mile away. And then it faded. Trying to recover the dream itself, he lost hold of the emotion. It became confused. Its authenticity grew less and less. It grew next unreal. Yet the certainty of his deep tie was strengthened unaccountably. She did belong to him in some odd sense that was not now, and yet was *now*. . . . The details of a Rumour in high quarters, uttered in the husband's decided voice, then replaced it with ringing insistence in his ears. The Memory grew very faint and died away. It was, in a few moments, quite unrecoverable. He remembered only that it had been there. . . .

The other occasion when the dream haunted him² had been earlier in the day; but, though first in sequence of

time, it was, for some reason, less vivid than the instance just related. Perhaps the incident it lighted up, being of minor importance in his life, caused a less striking reaction. Yet the same conviction was present, the same hint of a richer, completer state of consciousness which must make life beautiful and solve its tribe of little puzzles, were he but master of it always. He groped among disconnected fragments; in the dream he had known the clue that slipped these angled fragments into the mosaic of a perfect pattern.

On the way to the Office he saw—in the distance but coming towards him—the Man he Loathed. The loathing was mutual, the deep antipathy of ancient standing. They were, however, on speaking terms, for they lived in the same small circle of friends and duties; there had been no open quarrel; but the nod, the meeting of the eyes, above all the uttered word—these were avoided whenever possible. In the language of the street, they could not “stand” one another. But now, with a stretch of empty pavement between them, growing every moment less as they approached, avoidance or decent escape was out of the question, and McCallister instinctively braced himself for the inevitable exchange of reluctant and half-hostile greeting. The conventional hypocrisy galled him. Far rather would he have dealt the man an honest blow, with a word to the effect that he was a cad and heartily deserved it.

They stopped, as such men will, talking a moment with a bravish appearance of good-fellowship—less than a moment, indeed, for it was the merest half turn of the heel in passing, just enough to show the semi-smile of good manners, so that each might produce the impression—“*You* are the cad, not I; the fault is yours!” McCallister met the hated and the hating eyes, and looked deep into them. The same instant—the two hostile personalities facing one another upon that patch of deserted pavement at 8.45 a.m.—there flashed

marvellously into his mind the emotion of the vanished dream. Born of nothing, apparently, it came and went. For a fleeting second memory recovered this Memory of a completer knowledge, and life was strangely beautiful. He was lit up and happy :

" *So, you see, it IS all right!* " went down the morning wind like some fragrant of forgotten childhood flowers.

The gleam was there—then gone again like lightning. A hint of divinity came with the accompanying emotion ; *it* did not wholly go. For in that evanescent flash, McCallister knew suddenly a large and driving, yet somehow perfectly natural, impulse—that the mutual enmity was based upon an error, that in reality there was no enmity at all. This angled fragment fitted in somewhere, and fitted beautifully, could he but remember where. . . . Some such dazzling point of happiness, even of glory, pierced his being ; peace, love and absolute comprehension bathed him, body, mind and soul. The flickering emotion blessed and comforted, even while it flashed beyond his reach. He and his enemy were one.

Another moment and he would have spoken frankly, made it up, explained, forgiven and been forgiven. He felt positive of this, the power was in his grasp. He saw the enmity, the hatred, the latent loathing as nothing but a misunderstanding that must have suddenly dissolved in a smile of relief, born of happiness and springing out of love. The emotion of the forgotten dream was a salved fragment from some richer state of consciousness wherein the puzzles of daily life, seen from a bird's-eye point of view, explained themselves. The word that occurred to him was Unity.

But the emotion, fugitive as moonlight upon some wind-blown puddle, had disappeared again. The larger mood, the generous impulse, went with the gleam. He remembered that it had been, but he could no longer understand it. The brief greeting was over ; the men passed on their way in opposite directions. . . . Before

the next lamp-post was reached, McCallister loathed the man as he had never loathed him before. Only the big impulse puzzled him still a little, for, equally with the present hatred, it had been deep and genuine. He felt ashamed, first of the impulse, then of having disobeyed it.

"That's why some people are accused of falseness and insincerity," occurred to him. "They get a flash like that, and act upon it without reflecting first. Or else the other person doesn't get it at all, and so . . . !"

There remained, at any rate, in his heart, buried but alert, some haunting yearning for a lost, enchanting happiness which he had missed. He was aware of sadness, of regret. He could not understand it. . . . He reached the Office, saw his table piled up with letters in three foreign languages, realised that the writers, all of them, knew difficult, perplexing lives just now—and then, cutting open the first envelope with his special knife, forgot his dream, his enemy, and everything else in the world except his immediate and uncongenial duty.

The third and last incident—late in the evening—proved that the memory of the dream was lost almost entirely. The emotion was present, indeed, but of exceeding faintness. It had faded so much that it seemed remote, unreal, not worth recovering. He had no longer any particular desire to recover it; the yearning had wholly left him. As for the words—"So, *you see*, it *IS all right*"—he recalled them, but found them ill-placed and without meaning or conviction. Their authority was gone. They came, moreover, in an artificial form, a substitute from some forgotten book or other—or was it from some advertisement upon the hoardings? His mind, clogged with the details of his work, with suspicion of certain letters and interest in others, with pity, boredom, exasperation, respectively, for the various writers, had no room for thoughts of unordinary kind. At any rate, this time he noticed the foolish words, the dying

emotion, and no more : out of the corner of his tired eye, so to speak, he noticed them. But both were already centuries away.

The incident occurred in the darkened streets as he walked homewards carefully after ten o'clock, having spent the evening at his Club. He witnessed a distressing accident. The memories of the day lay somewhat jumbled in his mind, no one in particular dominating the rest. The meeting with his enemy twelve hours before had passed entirely, his work was deliberately set aside and forgotten, the Club had produced nothing to occupy his thoughts. With the latest evening paper in his pocket, still unread, he groped his way homewards, conscious perhaps, more than anything else, that the day had been of the red-letter kind because he had been to tea in the Enchanted Square. This memory wove itself softly, sweetly in and out among his tired thoughts, when, at a certain crossing, the distressing accident occurred beneath his very eyes. A child was knocked down and killed by a passing taxi-cab.

Upon the sudden shock of horror that he felt, followed an abrupt paralysis of all his faculties. Every instinct in him leaped to render help—to prevent was already out of the question, alas—and the impotent desire to save, succeeded instantly by pity, sympathy and pain, combined to arrest both his muscles and his breath. The affair was over with such hideous swiftness. Figures at once congregated about the dreadful spot, as though they had been lurking in the blackness, waiting for the thing to happen. Willing hands lifted the little body on to the pavement. The shadows swallowed everything.

McCallister, recovering the use of his muscles and his breath, moved on. A heavy sigh escaped him. But in moving away from the painful and unhappy scene, he moved away also—so it seemed—from a pause in life. Time, which had stopped a moment, flowed on with him again. Yet there had been this pause, this moment out

of Time. He had forgotten himself; he now remembered himself again. And into that instant of pause, into that timeless, but also selfless moment, had poured the ghostly emotion of the vanished dream.

The emotion on this occasion, though still haunting as before, was almost too faint to be recognised; and though the familiar sentence rose scurrying to the surface of his mind, it took now another form—a substitute. This substitute moreover, belonged to his waking not to his dreaming, life. "God's in his Heaven; all's right with the world,"—or some such words, taken if he remembered rightly, from the Calendar on his walls in the Office. He had not the smallest idea whose words they were. They seemed to him rather foolish at the moment, an empty statement of some optimistic maker of phrases at the best. At the same time, the fading emotion left a vague suggestion of comfort in him somewhere: only he felt unable to accept it now; indeed, he resented and resisted it. He thought only of the mangled little body, of its being brought to the house, of the parents, and so forth. The cheap and facile sentence from the Calendar excited his scorn, and his mind responded to it in kind with a touch of anger: "Why couldn't God in his Heaven have prevented it . . .?" He felt very near to that child—almost as if the accident had happened to himself. . . .

For an hour before going to bed, he read the evening paper. Friends, he saw, had been wounded, taken prisoner, killed, and one was "missing." He entered the blackness, as many times before, experiencing once again the pity, anguish, despair the War had made familiar to most people. The Collective Sense took hold of him. . . . For a moment, now and again, he had a curious feeling of oneness with those interrupted lives. . . . He was aware, too, of the strength to make any personal sacrifice in order to help, the stolid determination (as though he were himself a Field Marshal or War

Minister) to hold out until the diabolical immortality let loose upon the earth had been annihilated. . . . And, just as sleep took him, he felt another thing as well—an immense, incomprehensible hope that he somehow or other knew was justified. For, though unable to seize it for definition in his drowsy state, it came to him as being more than hope: a certainty, although a hidden one. But his mind was silent. He just felt it—felt sure of it—no more. “So, you see, it *is* all right,” was as good a way of phrasing it as any other. Then thought grew hazy, curtains rose and fell. He had dreamed something very wonderful the last time he lay in bed. . . . Would the same dream recur, perhaps? He had not dreamed it alone either; surely the whole world had dreamed it with him. The haunting emotion touched him very faintly. A mist of forgetfulness rose over him. He was unable to think, much less to argue with himself about it. He fell asleep.

Next morning his original dream, with the emotion that had accompanied it, were sponged completely from his consciousness. His egg for breakfast was not quite fresh, his fire was a column of thick, dirty smoke without flame or heat, his morning letters were unsatisfactory. He had a headache, he dreaded his day’s work; nobody could have persuaded him that anything in the world was “all right.” The war news, too, was depressing. In the newspaper he read an unflattering paragraph about his enemy, the Man he Loathed. He was delighted.

The very next second—almost the same second it was indeed, and for the first time in his life—he inconsequently felt sorry for him—rather. The loathing, he was aware, had unaccountably weakened somewhat. He noted the curious fact, for a moment, and then dismissed it. There seemed this change of attitude in him, very slight indeed, yet distinctly noticeable. This generalisation he dismissed as well.

Yet during the day it recurred ; it refused to be dismissed. The change in his attitude, though slight, was very deep perhaps ; it manifested from time to time at any rate. He summed it up in this way : that there seemed less room in him, less time too, for personal emotions. He knew, among his little daily troubles, a bigger, braver, happier feeling. It was a great relief. He could not understand it ; something in him had escaped, as it were. Hidden in the depths of his commonplace being was a new sympathy which is the seed of understanding, and so of forgiveness, and so, finally, of joy. This new attitude, as the day wore on, confirmed itself ; it certainly was real. Not that he actively or deliberately thought about it, but as though the process went forward in him automatically, of its own accord, springing from some hidden and forgotten source of inspiration, leading him to certain very definite conclusions : conclusions, however, that wholly evaded him when he tried to put them into words.

He found himself, that is, with a new feeling, a new point of view, rather than with a new philosophy ; with an approach to these, at any rate. The love he must, in one sense, renounce ; the enemy he must forgive ; the broken life of the little child ; the killed, the maimed, the tortured, the bereaved ; his own small personal difficulties and pains—towards all of these he felt as towards angled fragments of some mighty pattern which, could he but see it whole, must justify what seemed cruel and terrible merely. Occasionally, he felt them all as happening in himself. This seed of divine sympathy had singularly come to birth in him. The dream was forgotten, but this seed remained. He did not, perhaps, look happier, yet a possibility of joy had been experienced by him—the memory of a Memory. He was aware of a faint and childlike hope that something new was stealing down into the world. . . . It was all right.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

ELEMENTALS

THE elemental is quite well known to readers of fiction. It inhabits barrows or tombs, it haunts mummies. It exerts superhuman powers; is both malicious and ferocious. It is fugitive in its appearances; variable in its works. It is thought that its sinister attacks on humanity can be prevented by holy living and by prayer, particularly the use of such prayers as the Lord's Prayer and that of St. Chrysostom.

A recent instance of the appearance of such a horror has occurred in St. Andrews, in Scotland—well known as an ancient seat of Church government and of learning. A spectral dog haunted its houses and streets last autumn. It was black, huge and horrible. It was seen on various occasions in a passage known as The Pend. It slipped out of one wall, walked across and vanished through the other. At other times it would walk along a pavement, and refuse to give way to passers-by. It never appeared in broad daylight, only at dusk. It might be found in a room of a house lying on the floor. People stumbled against it as they entered inhabited places in the dark.

All this means perhaps little to the reader, but to those who met it the effect was immediate and dreadful. Although it did nothing, its presence seemed to freeze the life within the person who encountered it. It produced a nausea and a horror that lasted for days and months afterwards, the effects being akin to nervous shock.

No doubt this entity is an elemental and in its presence there is a potency of danger. People may be found dead and the cause of death attributed to heart or brain

failure. An elemental may be the cause. Of course a well-developed elemental can at times use force akin to muscular, and inflict injuries on a victim, that might be thought the work of a wild animal.

The reader may ask the question; but how does the elemental come to exist? It may be taken for granted that animals have the same life basis (or soul) as humanity—an agency which controls the life-force—and has the powers of personality, will, the desire of life and consciousness of a kind. The more savage animal-souls are flesh-eaters. Now these animal-souls resemble those of many lower human types in their strong desire of life and in their unsociability. The tiger-soul lives like Ishmael—by the law of might—and you may often pick out human beings of the same type. Do these animal-souls cease at death? It all depends. In the body they maintain their strength and ferocity by consumption of blood—blood being the element which contains the life-force in its most concentrated form.

It is well known that there are folk who draw the life-force out of others. They are vampires of a sort, and it is noticeable that those with whom they live are never robust. But it is not so clearly understood that, under conditions which we barely understand, certain vampire lives become vampire souls, and continue to attract to themselves life-force from the living. It need not be thought that this necessarily involves depriving living beings of their stored life-force, because life-force is often thrown out and away by the living, and if a discarnate soul is favourably situated, it may profit. Ghost apparitions, poltergeists, etc., can be explained on this view quite simply.

Now the elemental is just a savage soul which has been able to acquire a sufficient supply of life-force to enable it to create an impression on the senses of the living. Of course the matter may not stop there, for a greater and more concentrated supply may enable that

same agency to acquire will and explosive strength sufficient to harm the living.

The reader asks, how can a discarnate agency wield life-force—that being normally the exclusive property of nerve and muscle? A close student of recent psychism will have educated himself beyond that difficulty. He will realise that the researches of Dr. Crawford, Sir William Crookes (Katie King, etc.) and those of certain French savants (e.g. Joire, Boirac, etc.) prove that the life-force can be active though discarnate, and can exert even greater power in that form than in the body; principally because the inhibitory power of the nervous system is absent. Life-force when discarnate tends to concentrate itself and to create forms, e.g. arms and hands, which give it scope for activity. This, of course, is due to the agency under whose control it has come and of this I will say nothing positive, because science still doubts its reality.

But for those interested the field of research is almost endless. The *Ka* of the Egyptian, the etheric double of the Indian savant, the Vampire of Styria and other places, the ju-ju of the West African all range from the same phenomenon.

In conclusion let me remind the reader that the *Titanic* disaster was at the time attributed to an elemental. A female mummy was taken from Egypt and placed in the British Museum. It was said to have been under the care of an elemental which obstructed its removal in every way. Its passage to this country was accompanied by disaster to many who assisted. When it was in the British Museum people who visited it were injured in a mysterious way. Ultimately it became such a nuisance that it was sold to an American who sent it to the United States on the *Titanic*. That is the story!

W. INGRAM, D.Sc.

AN ASTRAL JOURNEY

I UNFOLDED my wings, and with a feeling of perfect poise and quiet floating, I started on my errand. There is a window high up in a very, very ordinary house: I have often looked at it. On my way to that window, I hovered over our familiar street, and saw the people walking; I could see their pinkish faces . . . and their thoughts . . . so near the ground! and I loved them all.

I went on to my window, and entered by it softly. There was a woman in the room, kneeling by her bed, and weeping. She was a very ordinary woman, with dark hair, dark eyes, and darker brows, plainly dressed in black; and she was weeping and thinking bitter thoughts, for she had lost someone she loved, and because she did not understand she rebelled.

I told her . . . with so much pity . . . that she had not lost him, and could never lose him. I gave her a seed of a Flower, and she saw, and knew his soul as an eternal and beautiful part of herself, and all Souls one with his and hers; so her grief melted away, and she smiled, and went about her work.

Across the road close by there is a Nursing Home that I know. It was the time of afternoon rest for the patients . . . poor bodies, trying to sleep and forget some of their pain: some wakeful and fretful, some brave and sad; and there were nurses, tired and listless, waiting for their next turn of service; or busy, and gossiping together; and bored servants getting things ready for the afternoon teas. I passed through the house like a breath; and I said to them all: "Beauty, Hope, Patience, Courage" . . . and some took of one thought, and some of another, just as they needed it, and each one was glad of his thought-gift.

I turned my face then towards the sea, and on the way thither I saw many people. I descended to the

street, and followed a man. He was a soldier, and very lame, and went on crutches with one foot in a sling. I saw his thoughts, and they showed me that he was weary and bored and sick of heart, and was going to his Club to play cards and forget. He did not care for the sunshine and the beauty that was all around him : he was bitter and sad.

So I went beside him and showed him the beauty.

I reminded him of all the pain and death and fear he had seen ; the wild confusion of anguish, the tortured flesh ; and showed him that pervading all was the Divine Eternal Ray, perfect in Law and Unity, fulfilling Itself, and him, and every created thing upon the earth.

Thus I dropped the seed of a Flower in his heart, and he wondered what it might mean. Then I floated upward again, and watched him.

He did not go to his Club to play cards, but sat by the sea in the sunshine, and I saw the brightness of his thoughts, and Love of All growing in his heart.

Next I was aware of a group of children by the sea. They were quarrelling, and dark with ugly jangling thoughts.

I went and stood amongst them and said : " Hush, be still ! look, and I will show you some lovely children."

Some radiant little ones came at my call and stood in their midst, and whispered to them, and kissed them, and went away. Then the earth-children's anger fell away from them, and some of the radiance of those Other Children still shone there, and they wondered at it. . . . A breath of sadness came over the sea, which grew to a great wind, that came out of the silence, and faded away to it again, and the perfect serenity of my flight was for a moment disturbed. . . .

Far out at sea I found a mine-sweeper, and saw the crew going about their work. In a little dark cabin, the portholes covered, and a lamp swinging over a rough table, four men were sitting by the remains of a meal.

They were tense and strained by watching, and seared by the harsh contempt of the lurking death they hunted. I scattered seeds of my flowers there, and showed them the Glory that each held in his hand ; and I told them of Safety and Peace, and homes and children that were waiting for them.

So they fell silent ; and each one felt the seed drop into his heart, and was thankful.

But there was one who sat apart ; a mere boy, with sombre eyes. His thoughts came out to me, and I saw that he was alone and had no friends ; but he knew that Peace for him was very near, and that it was a Peace the others could not know yet ; for he had paid his debt all but a very little, and soon he would have all the Flowers of Heaven at his feet.

So I left no seed with him ; and came away.

E. C. MERRY.

EVE

In Eden, when the opal dawn gleamed faint
Behind the branches of the mystic Tree,
Came Eve with dreaming wonder in her eyes.

Life sang from every bough ; the primal chant
Came on the dawn-wind from the throne of God ;
Eve, pausing, listened motionless and still.

The surging harmonies sank low and died ;
In amber tresses wrapt as in a veil,
Eve stooped to pluck a purple dew-filled flower.

A boding voiceless sigh sped through the air
As Eve, slow-turning, met the watchful gaze
And saw the jewelled body of the snake !

ESTHER RAWORTH.

VARIA

THE BISHOP OF LONDON, speaking at a service held in Hyde Park in memory of those who fell in the war, told the story of a mother who was well known to him, whose boy, aged 19, had been killed through a fall of 13,000 feet from an aeroplane. She was broken-hearted, but a vision came to her of a bright form, clad just as her son was when she had last seen him. She felt his arms round her, even his lips were laid on hers, and in a voice full of tenderness he said, "No, Mummy, I am not allowed to come back to you on earth again." Almost directly after he he vanished, leaving behind him a memory of exquisite comfort.

The Bishop of London proceeded to say that such visions were given but seldom, but they emphasised the great truth that a son, a husband, friend or comrade was the same person five minutes after death as he was before. He concluded, however, with a warning to his hearers of the danger of seeking communications with the dead.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following comments on the account published last month of "A Luminous Jewel."

The phenomenon of luminosity, i.e., the production of light without heat, is widespread throughout the animal and vegetable kingdom, and is frequently produced by the action of bacteria on decaying animal substances. Sir Ray Lankester in his *From an Easy Chair* calls attention to the fact that some diamonds are well-known to be luminous and to shine of themselves when removed to a dark chamber, a property not peculiar to diamonds only but to other kinds of crystals when heated or simply fractured.

The statement in the article that the light of the present jewel could not be the result of a physical cause as it does not shine directly it is placed in the dark and only reaches its greatest brilliance after a period of about

three minutes, is probably an inaccurate deduction, as luminous bodies after being viewed in strong daylight are not always immediately visible on the occurrence of darkness. This can be well seen in the luminous dial of an ordinary wrist-watch. If one is travelling by day, especially in sunshine, the feeble luminosity of the dial will fail to influence the retina when the train enters the darkness of a tunnel, even should that tunnel take seventeen minutes to traverse. The same watch can often be tried in the same way in the dull light of the evening, and it will be found to become luminous almost immediately the train enters the tunnel.

It would be interesting to know whether the diamond in question lost its power of luminosity when it was removed from the brooch owing to it being set in a different kind of setting which in some way impeded the rays of light emanating from it. Probably in an identical setting it would still remain luminous.

The fact that the light does not at first appear to come from the diamond itself but hovers in its neighbourhood is probably due to the more sensitive edge of the retina first perceiving the dim ray. The observer with his line of sight fixed on the position of the diamond unconsciously assumes the light to be coming from a point excentric to it.

LIEUT. A. W. OSBORN, who won the prize offered for the best interpretation of "An Inherited Memory" published in the July number, reminds us that occult literature provides ample evidence that localities retain an indelible record of their past history, and that not only does the past exist simultaneously with the present, but so also does the future, this "Eternal Now" being conceived as the Memory of the Logos. A trained clairvoyant is able to see reflections of this universal memory as pictures of the past or future, while occasional glimpses are seen by many who are not ordinarily clairvoyant.

THE DAY'S RULE :

A MYSTIC'S CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER

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.

- | | |
|-------|--|
| Sept. | A creed is a rod |
| 1. | And a crown is of night ;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and
live out thy life as the light. SWINBURNE. |
| 2. | Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live and act, and serve the future hour :
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's trans-
cendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know. WORDSWORTH. |
| 3. | Do thine allotted task !
Work is more excellent than idleness. SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. |
| 4. | Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in
a deadly sin. VOICE OF THE SILENCE. |
| 5. | Shall I seem to say, " Let us eat and drink, for to-
morrow we die—" Nay, rather let us take
hands and help since this day we are alive to-
gether. CLIFFORD. |

6. That it may please Thee to give us courage to do,
to dare, to suffer, and to persevere till our war-
fare be accomplished. REV. DR. COBB.

7. He who is doubtful can accomplish nothing certain ;
he who hesitates can bring nothing to perfection ;
he who pampers the body can attain to nothing
solid in the spirit. PARACELSUS.

8. He who will not allow his desires to carry him away,
will wing his flight like a bird whose wings are
strong. ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

9. . . . That man alone is wise
Who keeps the mastery of himself.
THE SONG CELESTIAL.

10. There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void :
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what *Thou* art may never be destroyed.
E. BRONTË.

11. Death am I, and Immortal Life I am,
Arjuna. THE SONG CELESTIAL.

12. I am all Love : there is naught else but I :
I am all Power : the rest is phantasy :
Evil, and anguish, sorrow, death,—
These are the fear-flung shadows of a lie.
JAMES RHODES.

13. I am the changing colours of the tree ;
The flower uncurled ;
I am the melancholy of the sea ;
I am the world.
O RA SIGERSON.

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| 14. | What is there hid in the heart of a rose,
Mother mine ?
Ah, who knows, who knows, who knows ?
A man that died on a lonely hill
May tell you, perhaps, but none other will,
Little child. | ALFRED NOYES. |
| 15. | O daisy mine, what will it be to look
From God's side even of such a simple thing. | ALICE MEYNELL. |
| 16. | These myriad eyes that look on me are mine. | A. E. |
| 17. | The One remains, the many change and pass ;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity. | SHELLEY. |
| 18. | He who is in the Fire, and He who is in the Heart,
and He who is in the Sun are all one and the
Same, and he who knows this becomes one with
the One. | MAITRÂYANA UPANISHAD. |
| 19. | When He appoints to meet thee, go thou forth. | THOMAS EDWARD BROWN. |
| 20. | Tread all life's way with awed expectant feet,
Men jostle Heaven in every common street. | ANON. |
| 21. | They that love beyond the world cannot be
separated by it. | WILLIAM PENN. |
| 22. | When to love is all thy wit,
Christ doth at thy table sit. | GEORGE MACDONALD. |

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| 23. | And all must love the human form
In heathen, Turk or Jew ;
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too. | WILLIAM BLAKE. |
| 24. | The desire of love, Joy :
The desire of life, Peace :
The desire of the soul, Heaven :
The desire of God ! . . . a flame-white secret for ever. | FIONA MACLEOD. |
| 25. | We can forget God in ourselves, or we can forget
ourselves in God. | CLUTTON BROCK. |
| 26. | Calm soul of all things ! make it mine
To feel amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make and cannot mar. | MATTHEW ARNOLD. |
| 27. | Suspect no evil of your brother for that takes away
purity of heart. | ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS. |
| 28. | Bear not false witness, slander not nor lie,
Truth is the speech of inward purity. | LIGHT OF ASIA. |
| 29. | Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. | MATT. 5. |
| 30. | Seek for him who is to give thee birth in the Hall
of Wisdom, the hall which lies beyond, wherein
all shadows are unknown, and where the light of
truth shines with unfading glory. | VOICE OF THE SILENCE. |

EX LIBRIS

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF VISION

EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHICAL SCIENCE. By W. J. Crawford, D.Sc. (John Watkins. 6s.)


ALTHOUGH this volume is complete in itself, as the author says in his introduction, it is partly a continuation of his former book, *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena*, which was published about two years ago, and which some of the best critics considered would be a classic on the subject of the phenomena of raps and the levitation of objects without bodily contact. The present volume, however, is an advance on the earlier one, in that it solves several problems which had not been conclusively dealt with.

The experiments have been carried out with the same Goligher Circle, consisting of Miss Kathleen Goligher (the medium), her three sisters, brother, father and brother-in-law, and under the same conditions. It will be remembered by those who read Dr. Crawford's first book that the apparatus consisted of a small platform, weighing machine reading to 8 cwt. and down to 2 oz., a half imperial size drawing board (covered with a piece of dark cloth), arranged on the platform of the machine so as to increase slightly its area. Upon this a small chair was placed whereon the medium sat. A table was placed on the floor within the circle formed by the sitters, and it was then found by repeated experiments that

on the table rising in the air—without anyone of course touching it—the weight of the table to within an ounce or so was added to the weight of the medium, and Dr. Crawford put forward the theory that rod-like structures of psychic force issued from the body of the medium and effected the levitation.

In this volume he undertakes further experiments to see whether the cantilever theory is true for all types of levitation phenomena or only for a particular case, and he shows that where the weight of the table is not very heavy the cantilever method is used, but for heavy bodies where levitation would cause the medium to capsize, the levitating structure rests on, or grips, the floor underneath the levitated body, or between it and the medium.

Another interesting experiment was the investigation of how much matter could be extracted from the medium. In the one numbered 23 Dr. Crawford requested the unseen operators to take as much matter as possible from the medium and to rest it on the floor. Three raps were given when this was supposed to have been done, and it was found that the medium's weight had been decreased by 50 lbs. Her weight descended in fluxes, seemingly as if the operators were pulling the matter out against the action of something resembling a spring, and that after about the 30 lb. mark was passed, the pulls on the medium's body were evidently severe and she became somewhat restless.

 The book is well worth the study of those who are interested in psychic phenomena, as the

experiments are carefully and clearly explained, also the conditions under which they were obtained. It is very obvious to anyone from the precautions taken and the description of the experiments that there was no loophole for fraud of any kind. Dr. Crawford states in his preface that he proposes in the near future to write a volume dealing with the more intimate details of the psychic structures at the Goligher Circle, and we shall await its publication with much interest.

H. R. G.

"SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS." By C. E. Lawrence.
(John Murray, 7s.)

This is a clever story, amusingly told, of a very ordinary and rather "finicky" young man, who believes that "nothing matters except matter." He gets a knock on the head that changes him, to the dismay of his wife, into a passionate seer of visions; and these visions of old London, full of such delightful possibilities, make one wish that the author had not treated them quite so sketchily.

The old drunken "Uncle Zeph" is an excellent study. His humour, his frankness, his love of the beautiful, endear him to the reader's heart, drunken old reprobate though he is.

Those who cherish their own dreams and visions will perhaps be sorry that Mr. Lawrence has not championed their cause with more conviction; for a surgical operation removes Fitzroy Stone's capacity for "seeing through," and robbed of his visions, he dies of a broken heart.

E. C. M.

VOICES FROM THE VOID. By Hester Travers Smith. (William Rider & Son, 3s. 6d.)

This book, with its introduction by Professor William Barrett, has been hailed justly as one of the best that has yet been published on the subject of automatic writing. Mrs. Travers Smith displays a clear, impartial judgment in criticising the results of her experiments, and readily admits the frequency with which telepathy and the subconscious mind are probable causes of the results obtained. In fact, she seems if anything a greater sceptic as to the validity of her own experiments than the majority of her readers may prove. Even after six years of continued sittings she prefers in the main to reserve judgment as to the origin of her results, although inclining to the belief that there is sufficient evidence to warrant the assumption that a proportion are the work of discarnate entities.

The results recorded are the more valuable in as much as the sitters were blindfolded and therefore ignorant of the nature of the messages, until they were transcribed for them by an amanuensis who was present. The speed of the messages was such that expert shorthand was required for their transmission.

The ordinary "planchette" was not used, but the letters of the alphabet were laid under a sheet of glass and the sitters' fingers rested on a "traveler" which indicated the particular letters to be recorded.

In his introduction Sir William Barrett tells us that Mrs. Travers Smith is the daughter of the distinguished man of letters, Professor Edward

Dowden, and that she has been a personal friend of his for many years. He has been present at many of her sittings and can testify to her conscientious care, her patience and her wisdom, and says that her trend of mind is neither that of credulity nor haste, but rather that of a healthy scepticism.

Dangerous as indeed is the field of inquiry into automatic writing, fraught always with the possibility of delusion and derangement of physical health, it were well if all experimenters would treat the subject as sanely, and judge their results as critically, as Mrs. Travers Smith.

T. D.

ACROSS THE STREAM. By E. F. Benson. (John Murray, 7s.)

Mr. Benson has taken a great deal of trouble to emphasise a point which is the favourite weapon of every anti-spiritualist. He has written in his usual facile and entertaining style, a rather unpleasant story to illustrate the familiar maxim that it is dangerous to play with edged tools. Unbidden, the spirit of a dead brother visits "Archie" when he is still quite a child, and again at various crises in his life. Archie, although at first impelled by a sense of danger, seeks more and more for the supposed consolation that Martin's spirit appears to offer, but apparently it is now no longer Martin who visits him, but an evil and loathsome spirit who is only exorcised in the last pages of the book by the faithful and pure love of a girl.

VISION COMPETITIONS

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY

1. The prize of HALF A GUINEA for the best poem of not more than twelve lines is awarded to Esther Raworth, 42 Leadhall Lane, Harrogate, for her poem entitled "Eve," which is published in this number.

"Child-Lore," by Lady Elphinstone Dalrymple, and "Longings," by J. A. Palmer, are specially commended. The following competitors, whose names are mentioned in order of merit, submitted work reaching a certain standard :

Rupert Haywra (Bingham), Susan Bassett (Ilfracombe), L. Malleson (London, W. 14), E. C. Merry (Eastbourne), U. Malleson (London, W. 14), M. Kidd (Birkenhead), Mabel Leigh (Kensington), Mabel Beatty (Hampstead), Helen Havers (London, E.C.), H. D. J. White (Earl's Court), K. M. Murphy (Co. Clare), C. Anderson (E. Devon), B. Dalby (Cambridge Place W.), E. P. Prentice (Sutton), M. Hawkins (King's Lynn), A. Leech (Exeter), S. E. Dunkley (Exeter), "Sorel" (Birmingham), "Bianca" (Margate), M. Mackintosh (Henley), Stella Hope (New Malden), M. Ormiston (Coleherne Court), Dennis Northfield (Darlington), A. E. Call (Manchester), L. E. Call (Manchester), E. Hill (Glasgow), M. Westwood (Sutton Coldfield).

It is only possible this month to publish two criticisms of work submitted, the choice falling on those first received. The rest have been sent by post to those competitors who enclosed the reading fee.

M. HAWKINS.—Your poem "The Plough" does not reach so high a standard as any of the work you sent for criticism last month. The idea is good, but the form in which you have expressed it lacks distinction and dignity. Polish your verses with greater care, and avoid the obvious


rhyme. The sixth, seventh, ninth and tenth lines especially need better craftsmanship.

"SOREL."—Your poem "Remorse" is very uneven in quality. It would have been better to have written it definitely in *vers libre*, as the attempt at rhyme does not harmonise. Your first two lines are good, but much of the rest might as easily have been written in prose. "Lily in the Lane," not submitted for competition, is the better of the two, although it would have been improved by being condensed.

2. The prize of HALF A GUINEA offered for the best explanation of "An Inherited Memory," published in the July number, has been won by Lieut. A. W. Osborn, R.F.A., 17 Barton Street, Moss Side, Manchester. Many of the interpretations submitted were disappointing, but those sent by the Rev. Henry C. Over, J. Eveleigh, A. Wyeth and M. O. Curle are worthy of mention. Owing to lack of space it is not possible to publish more than brief extracts from the explanations offered.

3. The prize of one year's subscription to *Vision* for the best set of quotations is awarded to Miss Helen Havers, 2 Charterhouse Street, Holborn Circus, E.C. 1.

Three consolation prizes of copies of the *Mystic Arsenal* have been awarded to Miss Dulce Brooke, 37 Phillimore Gardens, Kensington, Wilfrid Pearson, 54 Hertford Road, Bootle, Liverpool, and Miss W. D. Graham, Old Bury Hall, Igtham, Nr. Sevenoaks. Other sets specially commended were received from Mrs. Montague (N. Devon), E. M. Scott (Bedford), E. P. Hutt (Cambridge), L. Malleson (Kensington), J. F. Forbes (Ayrshire), M. Jarvis (Kilburn).



VISION COMPETITIONS

1. A prize of HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best poem of not more than 40 lines. 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.

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 W. Brendon and Son, etc.) must be enclosed with each entry. No entry can be returned, and the Editors reserve the right to make use of any of the entries submitted for competition. In all cases the Editors' decision must be regarded as final.



WITHIN yourselves deliverance must be sought ;
Each man his prison makes.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.