HALLOWE'EN

The Outlook

CURIOUS and many are the customs of All Hallows E'en, and when to-day young folks gather together and half in fun, half in earnest, attempt to pick apples out of a tub of water, or throw peel over the left shoulder before a looking-glass in order to divine their future fate in marriage, they seldom stop to consider the origin of the old-world superstitions and modes of divination which provide them with material for a merry evening on October 31st,—All Hallows E'en.

Yet an inquiry into such origin is fraught with unusual interest, for it reveals the fact that it lies far anterior to the Christian era: Hallowe'en was once a great pagan Feast of the Dead, and it is significant how many of the customs that still survive have reference to the powers or needs of the dead at this season.

In pre-Christian times the two great Celtic Fire-Festivals of the year were held on May Day and November 1st, and the customs and beliefs associated with their celebration were very similar. This bisection of the year coincides neither with the solstices or equinoxes nor with the times of sowing or reaping, although it marks the beginning of the winter and summer seasons.

Dr. Frazer in the *Golden Bough** reminds us

* *Golden Bough*, 3rd Edition. *Balder the Beautiful*, vol. i., p. 223.

that the same bisection is noticeable not only in Celtic countries, but also in Central Europe, where Walpurgis Night (May Eve) and the Feast of All Souls at the beginning of November are two of the chief Festivals in the year.

Hallowe'en was probably the more important Festival of the two, as the Celts seem to have reckoned it as the beginning of their year. In the Isle of Man, where the old Celtic traditions have clung more tenaciously than perhaps in any other spot, save the most westerly isles of Scotland, November 1st has been called New Year's Day even down to recent times.*

A chief reason for assuming that All Hallows (November 1st) was the beginning of the Celtic year, is that it was the occasion for the annual ceremony of kindling the New Fire, which would obviously synchronise with the beginning of a new year. Upon the Eve of Samhain, as the feast was called by the Celts, on the Hill of Tlachta a great fire was kindled, all others being extinguished throughout the country. The Druids then made sacrifice to the gods, burning such sacrifice in the giant fire, after which the hearth in every Celtic home was relighted from its flames.

The hosts of the Tuatha da Danann, the great Sidhe folk of Celtic lore, were thought to appear at this Feast of Samhain on the ancient Hill of Tara,† for with the lighting of the fires not only was the new life kindled in the heart of the earth, but added powers were vested in the great hosts

* *Celtic Folklore.* Sir John Rhys, p. 316 *sq.*

† *Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries.* Wentz.

of the invisible, whose life to the Celt was so closely interwoven with his own.

Many of the Hallowe'en customs that are not yet forgotten, are a survival of the lighting of the majestic Fire upon the Hill of Tlachta. It needs little imagination to conceive the effect upon the impressionable mind of the Celt of the shooting flame called into being by the Druids, whose incantations and powers of magic were a source of awe and mystery to those who gave allegiance to the ancient faith. Lighting his own small hearth-fire from that which blazed on Tlachta would be to the Celt no ordinary act of routine but consecrate him in his turn as a lesser priest of Fire.

From this ceremony of lighting the one fire from which all others were kindled, arose the custom of the Hallowe'en bonfires, which flamed on every hill and open space at this season in days gone by. Even as late as the end of the 18th century, bonfires were general throughout Perthshire and many parts of Scotland on November Eve, and a Scotchman, one John Ramsay of Ochtertyre, has left an excellent description of such a Hallowe'en celebration :

> " The young people of every hamlet assembled upon some eminence near the houses. There they made a bonfire of ferns or other fuel, cut the same day, which from the feast was called *Samh-nag* or *Savnag*, a fire of rest and pleasure. Around it was placed a circle of stones, one for each person of the families to whom they belonged. And when it grew dark the bonfire was kindled, at which a loud shout was set up. Then each person, taking a torch of ferns or sticks in his hand,

ran round the fire exulting. . . . After the fire was burnt out they returned home, where a feast was prepared, and the remainder of the evening was spent in mirth and diversions of various kinds. Next morning they repaired betimes to the bonfire, where the situation of the stones was examined with much attention. If any of them were misplaced, or if the print of a foot could be discerned near any particular stone, it was imagined that the person for whom it was set would not live out the year."*

There is not space to refer at greater length to the Hallowe'en fires: those who are interested are referred to Dr. Frazer's researches in Vol. I of *Balder the Beautiful*, where some twenty pages are devoted to their consideration.

. . . . . .

Now, although these Hallowe'en fires are a definite survival of the ancient Fire Worship of the Celt, and mark the celebration of the birth of a new year, yet all the customs and beliefs associated with Hallowe'en are not traceable to such an origin.

It was not only where the Celt had set his foot, but also throughout Europe that at one time the belief was general that on the Eve of November the dead had special power to manifest their presence, to visit their old homes, and to come closely in contact with the life of the community. It was in the Celtic Countries, however, that the belief took deepest root.

We are told that in Wales "it was firmly

* *Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century.* "John Ramsay of Octertyre," by Alex. Allardyce, vol. ii., p. 247 *sq.*; quoted by Frazer in the *Golden Bough.*

believed in former times that on All Hallows Eve, the spirit of a departed person was to be seen at midnight on every cross-road and every stile,"* while in Brittany, *La Toussaint* or November Eve is held with Christmas Eve to be the night of all others when the dead are most easily seen.

It is strange how the thought of death has ever enveloped the Celtic peoples; to them the invisible lies close at hand, in a moment the fairy mounds may open and King Arthur's men rise at the call of silver trumpets, to-morrow the mists may lift and Tir Nan Og shine clearly in the West. Renan has called them—these Celtic peoples—" a race mysterious, having knowledge of the future and the secret of death," and pre-eminently the Breton Celt is one who sees no difference between the living and the dead, and who attributes strange happenings to the influence of the dead rather than to the interference of the faery folk, the latter being the usual explanation offered by his brother Celt in Ireland.

According to the lore of the Celts, there is a close likeness between the power of the dead and the power of fairies. Hosts of both are said to possess the earth on Hallowe'en, and the living must prepare a feast for them. In Brittany it consists of hot pancakes, curded milk and cider. The Breton dead come to the feast, and as they do so, those who have prepared it may see the stools round the table move without human interference, and sometimes even the plates jingle as the unseen guests take their places.

* *Folklore and Folk Stories of Wales.* M. Trevelyan, p. 254.

Villemarque in his *Bazaz Breiz** (page 507), places on record the fact that in many parts of Brittany libations of milk are poured over or near the tombs, a practice which has also been observed in both Scotland and Ireland.

The histories of Samhain and La Toussaint, the Irish and Breton Festivals of the Dead, would seem to prove that Christianity took unto itself certain of the Celtic cults of the Dead, and even adopted the date of the pagan Festival for the celebration of their own "All Souls' and All Saints' Day." In so doing they were following a not isolated practice, for the student of folklore recognises the cult of fountains in the sacred wells of Christendom, and many a Druidical shrine as the site of a Christian church, besides a correspondence between the dates assigned to Christian saints and those of earlier pagan Celtic divinities.

Seeing that Hallowe'en was essentially a Festival of the Dead, it is with no surprise that we find among the old beliefs the conviction that upon that night the dead had peculiar and easy access to the living, often interpreting the future for them or bringing warning to those for whom death was imminent. Divination was common therefore at Hallowe'en by the Celtic people, and many a strange device was employed for the purpose of foretelling the fate for the coming year.

Frequently the superstitions concern crossroads, which would seem to be eminently favourable spots for divination. He who is brave

* Quoted in *Fairy Faith of Celtic Countries*, by Wentz.

enough to stand at the cross-roads on Hallowe'en and listen to the wind, will know all that is to happen during the coming year,* and in the Highlands it was thought that the names of those who would die within the next twelve months would be made known to anyone who dared sit on a three-legged stool where three ways met at the hour of midnight. It was moreover possible to save the lives of those whose names were called, if previously a goodly supply of wearing apparel had been provided, and as each name was proclaimed one garment was thrown away, apparently with the idea of appeasing the mysterious ghost.†

Yet not only are the dead in so close a contact with the living on November Eve,—witches ride abroad through the night air, and woe betide the farmer who has not made fast his cattle in the byre, and chalked a cross to keep them from an evil spell.

Fairies, too, are abroad that night (there is not a Celt to-day who has not at any rate a sneaking belief in the Fairy world), and the Celtic peoples knew better than to venture forth on so dangerous an eve as that of Samhain. Had not the fairies power to steal the venturesome man or maid who gave them shelter, food or fire upon that night of the year? So he who was wise bolted his door until the fateful hours were sped. W. B. Yeats has woven a beautiful little play—*The Land of Heart's Desire*—out of so slender a thread as this old Hallowe'en belief.

* *Folklore and Folk Stories of Wales*, p. 254.
† *Old Scottish Customs.* E. Guthrie, p. 75.

The fairies hold high revel on that night of nights, but foolhardy is he who watches them and shares their dance. As like as not a year hence he will be dancing still, with no knowledge that the months have sped, because of the fairy spell the elfin tribe have laid on him.

The fairies have power to steal a man's wife if she should cross the threshold after nightfall, but if she remember to partake of no food in the fairy home she may return after a year and a day have gone, reminding us of Persephone who disobeying the injunction to eat no food while a captive of the dark Pluto, ate of a seed of the pomegranate and was therefore doomed to imprisonment in the underworld for six months in every year. It is curious to note in how many of the old Celtic tales the injunction not to eat of fairy food plays an important part.

A Protestant minister, native of Ross-shire, records a common belief that the fairy hosts engage in battle on Hallowe'en,* while a priest of the Roman Church in West Ireland says that in his boyhood, no blackberries or sloes were gathered after November Eve, as on that night the fairies passed over them and made them unfit to eat.†

The homes of the Fairy Folk, the Celt will tell you, lie under every green mound and hill. There dwell those mysterious Sidhe, radiant and opalescent of body, unseen by man save those of the "little scattered clan (so loved by Fiona Macleod) to whom the wild bees

* *Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*, p. 92.
† *Ibid.*, p. 38.

of the spirit come, whispering secret and forgotten things."

The entrance to the fairy homes is closely hid, but Dr. Frazer tells us that on November Eve

> "In Ireland all the fairy hills are thrown wide open and the fairies swarm forth. Any man who is bold enough may peep into the open green hills and see the treasures hidden in them."*

For the fairies are rich beyond the dreams of avarice, but beware the man who thieves the fairy gold. Bad luck will dog his footsteps until the ill-gotten treasure is returned.

. . . . . .

Coming to the quaint Hallowe'en customs of divination indulged in here and there at the present day, we may recognise in them a heritage from a remote past when the prediction of the future was of deep moment. To-day at a Hallowe'en party, with much laughter and merriment but withal a little inward superstitious trepidation, each fair maid will walk backwards towards the vegetable garden and pull up a cabbage by the roots, which according to its appearance will denote the nature of the future husband.

Both in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland similar forms of divination were practised at Hallowe'en a century or two ago. A maid would creep into a neighbour's kailyard and steal the first kail stock she found. An important part of the proceedings was that the plant should be

* *Golden Bough. Balder the Beautiful* vol i., p. 226.

stolen, otherwise the virtue was departed from it as a mode of divination. The stolen kail, according to its appearance, foretold the likeness of the future husband, its taste revealed his temper, and the size of the clod of earth still adhering to it the amount of his property. The kail stock was then hung over the door, and the Christian name of the man who first passed under it would be the Christian name of the future bridegroom.*

Another mode of divination in the Highlands was to throw a shoe over the house, it being thought that the direction in which the toe pointed indicated the direction to be taken ere long, but it was considered an evil omen if the shoe fell sole uppermost.

But perhaps the most popular of all customs, and one that even to-day is practised (albeit in secret) by many a superstitious maid, was to slice an apple, and holding it over the left shoulder to look in a glass while combing the hair. Presently the face of the future husband would be seen reflected, while his hand appeared stretched out to grasp the slice of apple. A curious modern instance with its subsequent fulfilment has come to the knowledge of the writer.

A volume could be filled with these quaint modes of Hallowe'en divination, which a century ago were common among the people of our Isles, until the spread of education brought a distaste for ought that savoured of superstition and they gradually fell into disuse. But although the fires

* *Ibid.*, p. 234.

are no longer lighted on the hills at Hallowe'en, and divination is only practised as a merry pastime, and none fear—or so it is said—to meet the witches and hobgoblins and fairy hosts so dreaded by our forbears, yet even as Samhain to the Irish Celt and La Toussaint to the Breton were the Feasts of the Dead, so Hallowe'en still heralds All Hallows, or All Souls' and All Saints' Day,—the great Festival of our Unforgotten Dead.

. . . . . .

The Church of England offers no prayers for those of her children who have laid aside the veil of flesh, although throughout the centuries of Christianity there is evidence enough to prove that prayers were offered and desired for the dead. St. Augustine,* St. Ephrem,† the Venerable Bede, St. Boniface are but scattered instances, and the *Vies des Saints*, by Godescard, provides food for thought in that direction. We are reminded by Evans Wentz in his *Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*, that "at Oxford, in 1437, All Souls' College was founded, chiefly as a place in which to offer prayers on behalf of the souls of all those who were killed in the French wars of the 15th century," and in spite of the Church's dictum to-day, do we suppose that at the shrines erected everywhere to the memory of our soldiers no prayers are offered for their present welfare by those who keep fresh flowers before the Cross?

Archdeacon Wilberforce was one of the few

* *Enchiridion*, chap. cx. 2.

† Testament of S. Ephrem. (Ed. Vatican ii., 230–236).

WANDER FEVER

FRIEND, do you hear them calling—the haunted roads of the world?
They have laid their spell upon us and their magic is in our blood:
They hold us their slaves forever, we may not forsake them long,
They are calling us back to wander—why do you linger? Come.
They lead to the open spaces where the great winds wrestle and shout,
To the long-deserted beaches where the air tastes salt in your mouth
And the fine sand drives against you, sings in your ears like rain
While the thunder and crash of the surges kindles your blood to flame.
They lead past the gilt pagodas where the chime of the temple bell
Quivers above the gardens while the almond blossoms fall.
They wind thro' the dim green twilight of the mighty forest's depth,
Past streams where the reedy piping floats down from the shepherd's heath.
Cities and deserts, snow and ice, sunshine and wind and stars,
The Southern Cross and the Northern Lights, colour and scent and flowers—
These are the gifts which the great roads bring to those who have felt their spell—
Friend, while the fever stirs in our blood, come let us answer the call.

HELEN WOODS.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TAROT

THE Tarot consists of seventy-eight cards which fall naturally into two divisions—the Major and Minor Arcana, the former consisting of twenty-two cards and the latter of fifty-six.

The reason that an article upon it is published in such a magazine as *Vision* is that although on its more outward side the Tarot pack was probably the original of the modern playing-cards, and has been used ever since the late 14th century as a means of divination and for the purposes of ordinary fortune-telling, yet it is recognised by those who have studied its significance that behind the external use and meaning is a higher purpose of deep interest and importance. In fact, as Mr. A. E. Waite has explained in his *Key to the Tarot*,

> "On a simple understanding it is of allegory: it is of symbolism on a higher plane; and, in fine, it is of secret doctrine very curiously veiled."

He further suggests that the Tarot is perhaps the earliest example of expressing the secret doctrine in pictures, but he claims that it is not a derivative of any one school or literature of occultism: "it is not of alchemy or kabalism, or astrology or ceremonial magic, but is the presentation of universal ideas by means of universal types."

There are many theories as to the origin of the Tarot. The earliest cards extant belong to the 14th century, and curious and valuable examples of these may be seen in the British Museum, but

THE TAROT CARDS

THIS paper is not intended to introduce the subject. Many writers including the scholarly Mr. Waite have said all that is to be said as to the history of these antique relics. History they really have none of any interest. Who created them or why? What his place or time? What plan do they pursue? What secret are they intended to convey? Which of the occult systems are they meant to expound? For all we know they are like a book of ballads each the work of a different hand and age, each the figment of a different theory, or perhaps from first to last they are mere principles or tokens meant to divine with and nothing more. As at present arranged they do embody an occult message, —one which has been canvassed by many an occultist with about as much success as the quest of the philosopher's stone.

The writer is not clear that the explanation which follows adds anything to the labour of those who have sought to expound the secret tradition of these cards. But if any clear idea runs through them, it would seem that it must be on the lines laid down in this article.

It should be remarked that the cards themselves betray no Christian influences, which is perhaps natural. On the other hand, they do betray a strong indication of the Zoroastrian doctrine of eternal opposites—the opposition being between matter and spirit.

Involved in matter is the power of the devil: involved in spirit is that secret thing—the Logos

or Truth that is the quest of all the generations of men.

The cards are seventy-eight in number, but that number apparently results from an attempt to base divination on a year of weeks. Of the seventy-eight, twenty-two are at once discerned to be major arcana, those numbering from 0 to 21. These cards, many of them at least, are overlaid with symbolism, so much so that the cultured symbolist will probably lose any thread of common purpose in the effort to give their proper meaning to the various symbols.

To these twenty-two cards the four aces should be added; inasmuch as they are required to link the major arcana to the four suits. The question of what is the true relation between the major cards and the cards of the suits is not easy to answer; but perhaps the simplest explanation is that the business of the four suits is to express process as a series of events, while the major arcana indicate the scheme of the spiritual life in vicissitude. With the addition of the four aces we now have before us one-third of the pack, and still preserve the mystic number, which appears to be thirteen.

The peculiarity of the marking of the card 0 at once demands attention. Tradition differs as to whether it is the first card or the last in order. Is there much doubt that, whatever is uncertain, this is the incarnating soul of man—coming or returning from worlds of light to enter the house of flesh? He descends, it is plain: he comes with the mind of an infant or a fool, careless of the mission that brings him.

Equally plain is the story of the card styled *Magician.* He is youth, but youth on its inquiry. That he is here to fulfil a destiny has been revealed to him; but even the elements of that destiny are still obscure. He has to live, and human life is a curiously limited business. On the other hand the spiritual way appears to have its own obsessions, its own limitations. And between them it is difficult to discover what man does in this place of tears.

The *Magician* is the link between the suits and the *arcana.* In his hand is the wand: before him lie the sword, the cup and the jewel or Pentacle. Over his head is the sign of life. He is man become querent. The wand which he holds is both the sign of adventure, and the token that it may succeed. It is both wonder and vision. The other three symbols are the secret things for which life is given and which it may reveal. Also they represent the actualities by which the hidden truth is sought. The wand betokens the conscious mind, while the jewel represents the activity of mind below mind. The cup is the soul of man, and the sword is the spirit. There seems little difficulty in ascribing the jewel to that from which material wealth and happiness proceed—human desires and aspirations—life in the worldly sense. The cup is hallowed by ancient tradition as the quest of the soul. And whether or not St. Paul was in the thought of the esoteric thinkers to whom these cards are due, without much doubt the emblem of the Spiritual way is the Sword.

Two cards may be put aside for a moment

—those named *Judgment* and the *World*. There are now eighteen remaining. As regards these it may be assumed with some confidence, that while no trust can be put in the naming of the various cards, their order is settled by tradition, and is in the main correct. That is, the cards are an esoteric history which may be read, if the cards are considered in their order of numbering.

It will be found that the cards are in pairs, each pair invoking a Manichean contrast more or less distinct. Take, for instance, the second and third, the *High Priestess* and the *Empress*. The latter denotes material prosperity—nature teeming with earthly increase. The other card is mystical—all the signs of the Secret Way are present. The great initial choice is presented by them between Nature and the quest of Truth—the left-hand and the right-hand way—Material life which glitters and fades, and the way everlasting which is without beginning or end.

This Manichean contrast appears in the second pair—the *Emperor* and the *Hierophant*—the power of the State, in opposition to that of the Keys. It appears again in the third pair: the *Lovers*, which is the card of matrimony, and the *Chariot* which denotes worldly fruition apart from matrimony. It is the card of those who make love an end, who find nothing in it except the fulfilment of desire—not desire in any mean sense, for all the arts and all æsthetics are fulfilled in that card. The *Lovers* is a great spiritual card, because it discerns in marriage truly formed

something more than a union of the heart or of the soul. It is the secret word which is truth and light and life. Through the gate of that union men and women are permitted (if they can) to look within the portals of Truth. For Truth is personal. These three pairs compose the jewel, which is the truth of the impulse of life. For observe they touch the three great principles of living: man himself as a seeker after both earthly and divine perfection still unrevealed, man viewing society as in a bond founded on power or on a common faith: marriage as truth, and love as a material harvest. And observe further that in the material mind as such, none of these desires is false—each has its peculiar reward, its own peculiar loss.

The second three pairs are principles of the soul. The soul of course is that awkward formless union of the material mind and the spirit, which serves as a bridge from the one kingdom to the other. The soul is blind to the truth of the heavenly way. The impulse towards that way is due to a mental realisation that the material is transitory and insufficient, and that it does not measure man's purpose here.

The first pair are *Strength* and the *Hermit.* Plainly this contrast is between the man who trusts to his own cleverness and self-sufficiency and the man who puts his faith in an unproved belief that the world is right, and that all things work together for him who chooses to rest in faith upon the greater purpose of which he is a servant. Of course both cards have passed beyond the first series, because even the man of

strength is a worshipper of an unknown god, the god of self.

The second pair carries the contrast into the social arena: and exposes the contrast between the man who trusts to good fortune and the man who gives what is due to his fellows; thinking that they also are heirs of the Divine purpose. This contrast is not the stereotyped opposition between evil and good living—far from it. Psychologically the contrast is more accurate. There is no such thing as evil-living from the individual stand-point: but there is a carelessness of mind which recognises nothing better than the chance of the hour and the art of making the best of all opportunities. The way of the soul, on the other hand, entails faith, and a point of view resulting from it which counsels patience, and the belief that always all is well.

But mere justice is not enough. The just man recognises his fellow-man as immersed in an unknown adventure like himself. But he has not yet seen that the adventure is the same for all, and that no man lives to himself or dies to himself alone. So the just man may give his fellow-adventurer his due but leave him still very poor —too poor to be of any use to him as a brother or even as a man. The soul's faith goes a step further, still blindly, but still faithful to the guiding hand. And so begins the last work of faith or its last failure.

The contrast between the *Hanged Man* and *Death* is the first which involves a distinct loss to him who is guilty of the great refusal. The *Hanged Man* is the emblem of complete self-

sacrifice to divine purpose as revealed to him who makes the sacrifice. To the right-minded man who believes in the eternally just, his brother's good is paramount over his own; more especially if his brother have not the faith that makes one and whole the household of grace. On the other hand, faith without works being dead, he who will not give his brother what self-sacrifice determines to be due, reaps certainly the reward of spiritual denial. But Death in that form is not damnation: for you see in the card, the rose in full bloom and beyond are the pillars of the eternal city to which, however, no way is indicated such as appears in the fourteenth card. Death means a temporary check on the soul's progress. Thus the quest of the Cup (which is the San Graal) involves in the individual the three great sacrifices of self, which in the end destroy the illusion of selfness altogether.

The second and the last of these contrasts also makes obvious the distinction between immorality and sin. Immorality is merely a breach of natural or social laws, committed through want of self-control or knowledge. For Plato was right when he said that no one can know the better and do the worse. Sin, on the other hand, is a conscious breach of the great law that you are bound to love your neighbour as much as yourself. And when the truth of that law is realised, the soul ceases to be blind; and man becomes one of the community of those who begin to travel the open road towards the eternal city, to seek Paradise with their eyes.

To many the last three contrasts will mean

little. That indeed may be the fault of the cards: because beyond the stage at which the soul meets spirit, there is a country uncharted, unexplained. There is a consciousness not given to man in the flesh. No one who has passed that bourne has returned to tell the tale.

In the view of the Taroist, the spirit meets man in personal form. There is the card labelled the *Devil*, whose opposite is *Temperance*. The devil is undoubtedly intended to be personal. The card of *Temperance*, on the other hand, suggests that man rises by contact with an influence which is teacher, guide and friend at once. The card tells of a change of life—see the pouring of water from cup to cup, and realise that cups are souls. It tells of a way—for observe on the left the path that leads to the eternal city. The guide has one foot on earth (the material place), the other in the water—which is spirit. Thus he is able to minister to man in both relations.

The next contrast makes these surmises certain. Intercourse with the devil results in that sudden and awful destruction of Vision which is embodied in the *Lightning-struck tower*. It is not immorality or even sin that destroys—but an agency more powerful and insidious, because it speaks in the personal sense, claiming allegiance, which grows into selfdom. The law of the kingdom in which the devil reigns is fear—fear of an order, in which justice and truth are subordinated to cupidity and lust. The *Star* on the other hand repeats the symbols of the card of "temperance"—the disciple now (as the guide did)

standing with one foot on either element. But the disciple does more. She pours the water of spirit on both elements. Above her is the source of this new power. There is the great star which is the spirit of truth and the seven lesser stars, his messengers. It is their personal influence which forms the chain of the descending spirit: from the Holy Ghost to his ministers, from his ministers to the saints, and from the saints to the just and the unjust, the material and the true.

It is legitimate to doubt the correctness of the placing of the card entitled the *Moon*. It is the card of illusion, of self-deception of spiritual death. It is the last human state of him who is sold and bound to the Kingdom of the Devil. The result of loss of vision is not loss of reason: but a new activity of mind which vibrates in the life of the elemental creation. The card depicts a sinister dew, whose influences draw the crawling slime of the under-world. As Revelation has it, "Without are dogs and sorcerers and whore-mongers and murderers and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." These are the fruit of the service of the devil. These profane all that might be true in the life of the spirit.

On the other hand, the last state of the spiritual life is that of a child, riding on the power of the Spirit, and bearing the red standard of martyrdom and victory. The *Sun* of glory shines on his way. He is garlanded with sunflowers. It is the card of Spiritual Truth.

We come now to the cards of *Judgment* and the *World*. Both cards deal with what follows

the death of the body. The *World* is almost certainly the reward of the spiritual way. The central figure bears a wand in each hand, the sign of success in the great adventure. Round him are the four symbols of man's nature—of the four elements. All is now revealed. The *World* is the heaven of the spirit.

But the card of *Judgment* is more difficult to interpret. Is it perhaps purgatory—the anteroom of heaven? Or does it mean that after death, there is a rest from which the dead, good and bad alike, are called to hear the doom assigned? Or is it a card of contrast—the regeneration of him who has taken the left-hand way and served the Evil One?

It is characteristic of these cards and of this card in particular that no final condemnation, or state of loss irremediable is set forth as the issue of any choice or train of conduct. Hence the card of *Judgment* (whatever else it signifies) is a card of spiritual awakening in another state. The dead hear the truth of which in life they refused the revelation. What they lost in one life is offered once more.

And now the mystery of the card numbering 0 is made plain. It is both the first and the last. For the Tarot cards indicate plainly the tradition of rebirth. Questionable whether those who have attained the heaven of spirit are among those destined to be reborn; for rebirth is a covenant kept with the sinner, in which the saint has no share. He rejoices in Mercy.

The Ancient Wisdom is popularly supposed to be a thing that has been given out from

generation to generation—unattainable except by oral tradition. Reason is thought to be incapable of mastering it. It is supposed (Theosophy so explains it) to be founded on the three cardinal principles of Rebirth, Retribution and the Masters of Wisdom who guide the process of human evolution. Rebirth and retribution are the consequences of spiritual failure and are not principles of wisdom at all. The truth which humanity has discovered for itself is that God in his relation to mankind is personal, and the fulness of that truth grows as the spirit in man reaches out to the Providence which cherishes and moulds it. St. Paul's remark "that they without us should not be made perfect" receives its easiest explanation from this point of view.

What stands in perpetual antagonism to the discovery of truth is its transparent simplicity and the extraordinary rigour of its demand upon the mind of man. For observe that it is in the gamut of the soul's life that the truth is perpetually found and lost. Truly the Way is narrow—and the Enemy is subtle. For he builds his defences in the nature of man himself; and man's attainments are the Enemy's great opportunities. Man becomes easily convinced that the liberality of the unseen watchers is his own right and the fruit of his own perfections. He talks glibly of principles and forces as explanations that supplant and deny the overshadowing Truth. Equally easily does he round off the truth of life in moral perfections and etiquettes, whereby not only the worse but also the better is thoroughly

ostracised. No one should pray more fervently than the perfect man for a new heart.

When one regards with some intimacy the nine contrasts of these cards, there comes a new light upon the way of the spirit. Its greatest gift is freedom: for it is law that destroys. The taverns in which a life may take its ease too long are spiritual ideas half realised, that surround themselves with culture and with wealth, their natural rewards, until man refuses to believe either in the rights of those below or in the call of that which is beyond. Indeed self-control, so much belauded of moral teachers, is the very death of the spirit. The sinner who cannot round off any part of his nature has a great deal more chance of achievement than the man of culture, of art or of conscience, whose power of concentration brings him the desires of the material nature.

The great secret of the cards rests, however, in the three-fold division which the Jewel, the Cup and the Sword set forth so clearly. This division asserts the reality of the great surd of religion, the rebirth of consciousness. The consciousness of the natural man has no true resemblance to that of (say) Christ—or of any form of Providence that chooses to assume our human mould. For that reason Christ would have had no influence on humanity, had he not achieved a consciousness to which man was able to rise and which he may share with Christ. This is what the Eastern philosophers have long styled the Buddhic Consciousness. It is perhaps the limit of human thought in the sense that man is what he masters by thought. Of the highest

consciousness of all we can obtain the most slender hold, in this life at all events. We can never master it! It is a thing received, not made, and any hold we do obtain is a gift of the overshadowing truth. You cannot take the Kingdom of Heaven by force. It comes to the beloved sleeping.

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

NOCTURN

IN banks of crimson cloud the Sun goes down;
Now ev'ry flower's asleep, and every tree;
And, twinkling into life, the lights of Harbour Town
Send messages to ships far out at sea.

No sound there is but waves so gently breaking
That it would seem the sea has gone to rest,
And cries of sea-birds, far-off echoes waking,
And breezes gently sighing from the West.

Night, that brings Peace to end the long, long day,
Bring Peace and restfulness to us, that we,
Like the quiet boats at anchor in the Bay
Safe in the haven of our Heart's desire, may be.

ERIC LYALL.

The literal significance and the concealed intention of old books are not usually of living consequence, though they may have an archæological interest; but the meaning with which new commentators can sometimes inform them may be even as the life of life moving in the old bones and raising up spiritual bodies. A. E. WAITE.

PRACTICAL SYMBOLISM

EXAMINE the advertisement pages of a popular magazine ten years old and then look over the pages devoted to the same subject matter in a contemporary magazine, and, because advertisements are a reliable gauge of the tastes, an accurate indicator of the needs, of the public, as the result of your examination you will read between the lines of "display" an interesting fact. In the older magazine you will see many portraits of exceptionally developed men and gracefully moulded women—"Physical Culture" their slogan. Ten years ago on the doors of bathrooms innumerable hung "developers": anatomical diagrams decorated the walls. In the newer magazines these portraits of the protagonists of physical culture give place to the announcements of their more thoughtful brethren. "Mental Culture" substitutes "Physical Culture." To-day you are invited to take courses of instruction in concentration, will-power, memory training; obliging gentlemen will teach you any of the arts by post. What does this mean? It means that though to-day we still appreciate the value of robust bodies we covet also robust minds: not content only with things physical, things material, with the development of but one facet of our personalities, we seek to brighten as many facets as possible—mental and spiritual as well as physical. We have grown keenly interested in development in its widest sense. Witness the thriving condition

of those institutions and individuals who exist through helping others to develop their faculties —especially mental faculties—the men who are at the back of all these concentration, will-power, memory training courses. Behind these men is a phalanx of other men preparing and exploiting tantalising courses in drawing, dancing, writing, music—courses in expression. These men realise that an individual cannot fully develop simply by taking in, by absorption ; he must digest what he receives and then give it out ; that faculties developed must not be left, that they crave something on which to expend themselves.

Now, all that I have tried to express in a paragraph is symbolised usually by the eight little signs or hierglyphics which combined read PROGRESS.

Progress cannot exist without motion, though motion does not necessarily denote progress. To progress we must take in and give out with the regularity of breathing. By keeping open and deepening channels of expression we assure motion. Content for ever to receive only a mind becomes clogged and finally stagnant. The law of give-and-take governs progress.

Just now I used the phrase "channels of expression." We are all trying to express ourselves—all day long. One tries in writing, another in song, a third in painting, a fourth in conversation. The lover finds himself perhaps struggling with the complexities of verse-making, or more commonly, words failing, seeking by look or gesture to make himself understood.

All these people, men, women and children,

varying in temperament, ignorant or erudite, rich or poor, young or old—all are trying to express themselves through the medium of symbols—words, sounds, colours, forms, gestures. I say "trying" because, through lack of natural ability or inefficiency of training, often they fail. The symbols they use either are employed amiss or by their public (often a single individual) misinterpreted. But there is another class, a special class, who not only *try* to express themselves by the use of symbols—words, sounds, colours, forms, gestures—but who, through natural ability and special training, use symbols aright so that their public, often numbering thousands, succeeds more often than it fails in rightly interpreting them. Men and women of this latter class we call artists.

At this point it is not difficult to see the practical value of symbolism. Without symbolism we should never be able to express the spiritual, never able to clothe, to give concrete form to, abstract and spiritual ideas. Language is only a symbol and we know the value of language. Ritual, manners and customs are only the special use of symbols and we know the value of ritual, manners and customs. Symbolism is the only means of communication we have with other people; refuse to employ it and none will employ you. We are compelled to use it.

If, then, symbolism is of such importance and if some men, whom we call artists, men who by nature seem to know more than others of the power and uses of symbols; men who great as are their natural gifts find it necessary to pass through a

vigorous training in the uses of symbols, why, since all every day of their lives have to employ symbols, are not all trained in this lore? Should we not have expected those with no natural gifts would have needed and received even sterner training than the gifted?

Whatever we might expect we do not find it so. We must ask the educationalists to explain why; but whilst we are framing an indictable query for them the question forms itself in our minds, Can practical symbolism be taught?

Why not?

Here is not the place to draw up a syllabus of a course in practical symbolism, but perhaps it would not be irrelevant to hint such a course would need embrace many subjects which at first might seem unnecessary. Psychology would take a conspicuous place on the time-table. The subject of environment (how symbolic of a man is his study, for instance) and the closely allied vast subject of suggestion and auto-suggestion would need be studied and practical exercises and experiments carried out.

It is not what we are going to do; not what we vaguely think but never express; but what we do, what we express, that counts. The daily problem we have to solve and keep on solving is the translation, by the right use of symbols, of our inner into our outer life, to find the key that shall unlock and reveal what lies within us. To find the key is not sufficient: *to use it* is imperative. This is our duty towards ourselves, a duty which embraces our duty towards our God and neighbours.

Willingly or unwillingly we have to use symbols every day of our lives so surely it is worth while to try and become efficient in the use of some of them? I am not pleading for all to train as artists—poets, painters, dancers, actors, musicians, writers. What I do plead is that the philanthropist should understand the power and value of the simplest symbol of philanthropy—a smile: *that he should use it.* That the individual hesitating between pessimism and optimism should try the experiment of surrounding himself with the symbols of optimism—clean windows, light walls, order, fresh air, sunshine, song and laughter. Then it would not be long, I think, before he enlisted for life in the ranks of optimism. That that most unhappy of mortals, one who has lost his self-respect, should try to restore it by intelligently using some of the symbols of self-respect—a well-shaved chin, hair and clothes well groomed, the set-up heel as opposed to the heel down-trodden, erect carriage.

Space will not permit the elaboration of examples; but these three, I think, are sufficient to prove that the practical possibilities of symbols used rightly in a suggestive or auto-suggestive manner in every life and every field of activity are incalculable.

E. Hesketh Hubbard.

Step out of sunlight into shade to make more room for others.

Voice of the Silence.

MEMORY

THERE came to me in watches of the night,
O Dearest One,
A memory of sunlight on the grass,
An April sun;
Of April blossoms under April skies,
And April pool-depths mirrored in your eyes.

I hid my face in watches of the night,
O Earliest-loved;
Yet still the vision stung my troubled soul,
Nor would be moved;
The threadbare years fell from me like a cloak;
Aloud, unknowing, to the dark I spoke:

"Though true it is a newer love has come,
O Dearest One,
Though dream-like, stupor-like, the opiate years
Have come and gone,
The curtain of the present thins and clears
And through a mist of slow regretful tears

You come to me in watches of the night,
Lost Love of Mine!
Again I see the sunlight on the grass,
A gleam divine,
With April's rainbow hanging in the skies,
And April's showers repeated in your eyes!"

ESTHER RAWORTH.

HAUNTED HOUSES

RATHER an amusing tale was published in one of the evening papers the other day concerning the reputed haunting of an old house in Chelsea—a house, by the way, which it is asserted is strangely associated with misfortune. The writer disclaimed any belief in ghosts, and therefore had no interesting explanation to offer of the occurrence, but vouched for it as a true story which "gives to think."

One of the guests at a dinner-party given at this house was a certain lady who, we are told, was not troubled with "second sight, mediumistic vapours, or any sort of neurotic energies."

Despite this assertion, we venture to suggest that however unaware of her faculty, the lady must have had some psychic gift for the following experience to have been hers. After dinner, on returning to the drawing-room, she hastily pulled a friend away from a chair that she was just about to occupy, saying as she did so, "*Don't sit on the old lady*."

As a matter of fact, the chair was empty, so far as a physical occupant was concerned at all events.

She said afterwards that there was nothing strange or uncanny in her vision. She merely saw a harmless old lady sitting in a chair, and did not realise that it was a "ghost" at all until it vanished into thin air. To the true lover of a ghost-story it is disappointing to read that there was no sequel, although the occurrence probably afforded an excellent topic of conversation for the rest of the evening.

. . . . . .

Another rather strange "haunting" is one that occurs at regular intervals in a little cottage not a hundred miles from London which belongs to a bachelor artist. This cottage is an old one, built on the foundations of

one that is older still, with latches on the doors instead of modern handles, and a wide fireplace with an open grate in the living room. It must be noticed that the artist—a true Bohemian—" does for himself," save for the occasional advent of a charwoman who departs before dusk.

Some time ago he invited a friend to spend a night or two with him, and after dinner when they were both comfortably installed in easy chairs smoking their pipes in front of the fire the obvious noise of the latch of the door being lifted was heard.

Knowing the house was empty, the visitor turned in some surprise, and saw the door open just widely enough to admit of entrance. Nothing further, however, occurred. He was about to comment on the occurrence when his host laid a warning hand upon his arm, and the two men sat in silence for a few moments until an empty basket-chair on the further side of the fireplace creaked for all the world as if someone had just sat down. The artist then told his guest that this was no unusual occurrence, as night after night the same little comedy was enacted. The door would open slowly, and after just sufficient time had elapsed for the ghostly visitor—if indeed it were one—to cross the room, the creaking of the chair would follow.

A pretty little sequel occurred two days after this episode, which may or may not have had connection with it.

Some friends arrived unexpectedly and were helping to get together a picnic lunch, when one of the visitors, in passing from the living-room to the kitchen, saw descending the little cottage stairs a young girl, golden of hair, fragile and lovely of countenance, who was wearing a long green dress of a fashion of long ago. Her cloak was of the same green colouring lined with rose, and her step was soundless as she passed through the kitchen into the sunlight of the garden beyond.

Perhaps—who knows?—it is she who lifts the latch and sits by the old-world fireplace that in times gone by was hers. . . .

. . . . . .

ANOTHER curious tale of a "haunted" house comes from a district in Surrey, the interest in this case lying in the fact that the house had never been inhabited, indeed when the following incident occurred it was still in the hands of the workmen.

A prospective buyer had practically decided upon its purchase, and went one Saturday afternoon to have a final look over it. The workmen had gone, and he was alone in the house standing in the hall, when to his surprise he heard a noise of shuffling feet on the first floor. A chill ran down his spine when he saw that the noise was caused by four men who were carrying a heavy coffin down the stairs.

Not being accustomed to ghostly experiences he waited for nothing further, but hurried home thoroughly shaken by the occurrence, and needless to say decided against the purchase of the house.

To make a good story, the man should either have died within the year, or the house should have brought misfortune to all who lived in it, but neither sequel is the true one, and the experience can only be placed among so many others—the rhyme and reason of which are not understood.

. . . . . .

THERE has been a case of continual haunting of an old house in Kensington for many years, but owners of the house have grown so accustomed to it that they treat it almost with indifference.

At a certain hour of the night, in one particular bedroom, is heard a distinct noise as of someone moving about, which resolves itself after a minute or two into the sound of footsteps crossing to the door. Then silence,

as if the "ghost" had left the room. After an interval of twenty minutes—neither more nor less, the interesting point being that the interval of time is always the same—from the floor above is heard the sound of a heavy bundle being bumped down the stairs, as if someone were descending with a sack of coals.

Not one person, but many have heard this strange sequence of noises, and as explanation an old tradition is recounted—based on the merest hearsay evidence and probably invented to cover the undoubted fact of the noises—that a murder was committed in that very house by a priest whose love was unrequited, and who removed the body in a sack at dead of night.

. . . . . .

What explanation is there of these and many another tale of haunted places? Can it in truth be that for perhaps centuries after death a spirit is chained to the place of his abode on earth and that he enacts again and again certain episodes of a past existence? We think not. A truer explanation probably is that the spirit has long since cast the fetters that at first bound him closely to earth, and that what is seen is merely the thought-form created by a continual reiteration of thought in one direction. Any strong concentration of thought tends to build a replica of the thing or scene thought of, for thought is force proceeding as vibration from the thinker, clothing itself in a film of subtle psychic matter.

Had a spirit when in the body a great love of home or of any particular room, continuous thought centred upon it might build a form of sufficient strength to last for many a long year, particularly if it were reinforced by the thought of those to whom it became visible. This might be the explanation of the appearance of the little lady in green on the cottage stairway, and equally of the vision of that elder lady in the Chelsea drawing-room.

. . . . . .

THEODORE DEACON.

CLAIRVOYANCE AT TINTAGEL

One evening in June I walked over the old Tournament ground behind Arthur's castle at Tintagel. The sun was setting in a glow of opalescent light, reflected in the heaving sea. The air was still and there was no sound of human life save the mewing and whistling of the sea-gulls as they played together in twos and threes, sweeping in circles, over and under, so near that I could hear the rustle of their wings. A few sheep, linked together in couples, cropped the short turf ceaselessly, clanking their coupling chains as they roved.

I wandered to the cliff and sat down to watch the waves as they broke on the rocks below. The ruins of the castle on the great rock in the sea glowed in the sunset, and the Keep on the Foreland rose grim and black on my left hand.

Dim memories of a long past time seemed to tremble in the air, and my mind sent out feelers, groping into the darkness, trying to summon up visions of those who had lived and loved and fought on the Foreland. There seemed to be no one in the world save myself, the sheep and the sea-gulls. . . .

I looked up. Quite near me, on the edge of the cliff, stood a woman; a woman neither tall nor short, but slender and straight as a young beech tree; she wore a dress of palest green and round her waist was a silver girdle set with gleaming opals. Her long black hair fell like a cloud to her knees, as soft and glossy as silk, and shot with golden threads where it caught the sunset glow. She clasped her hands behind her head, and her arms peeped from the falling folds of green as white as milk. She turned and her eyes looked into mine from under thick, straight black brows—wonderful eyes they were, clear and deep as the sea, and changing as I looked from grey to green and blue. A little curved nose she

cliffs were glowing in the golden light. The tiny stream trickled its way through the pebbles and collected in a clear pool under a great rock.

I was idly climbing about searching for shells and seaweed when I was startled by the sound of a stone falling from the top of the cliff. Looking up I saw a man creeping among the gorse bushes and peering over the edge; he quietly and quickly worked his way round and disappeared, and I knew he was climbing down the same narrow path by which I had come. I waited and watched, and presently he emerged, blinking in the sunlight. As he came nearer I saw he was a small, spare man with narrow eyes, a sharp nose, with his mouth and chin hidden in a straggling moustache and beard, and on his head he wore a narrow circlet of gold and on his long arms were gold bracelets. A long black cloak flapped from his shoulders, and he wrapped it round him as he came. He looked insignificant, yet indescribably cunning and evil as he stole along the pebbles and slipped into the cave, where he must have hidden himself in the deep shadows, for I lost sight of him.

Presently another man ran lightly along the top of the cliff and disappeared in the hollow. There was no suggestion of cunning this time, for I could hear him scraping and scrambling on the slippery rocks. He passed close to me and stood with his hands on his hips, looking out to sea, but now and then turning his head and searching the cliffs and rocks with quick bright glances. This was a thick-set fat little man, but square in the shoulders and compactly built. He had round ruddy brown cheeks, hazel eyes and a nose of no particular shape, but his whole being radiated good humour and kindliness. He pulled at a scrubby brown moustache, and I saw a gleam of even white teeth as he smiled to himself.

After waiting a while he walked up to the mouth of the cave and stood, looking into the shadows and I saw

him shake with laughter. "So, Sir King," he called, "do you hide from the sunshine like a fox gone to earth?"

The white face of the other man looked lowering and evil as he came out of the darkness and stood in the sunshine beside the little fat man. "'Tis a hot evening, Sir Dinadan," he said, "the cave is cool and pleasant."

There was a silence and I moved my eyes. The two men were no longer there. The sun's rays slanted into the empty cave and lit up its shadowy depths. Something made me look towards Tintagel, and there, rounding the point, I fancied I saw the dim figures of a man and woman drawing nearer; then I knew I had seen Sir Dinadan on the watch to save his friends from the treacherous spying of the wicked king.

For a few moments I had caught glimpses of the love and friendship and treachery of some of those who had passed into the shadows centuries ago.

KATHARINE SYDENHAM.

THE PEACE-POOL

THE Peace-Pool lies within; so deep
That doubting and discordant cries
No more are heard—in calm like sleep
The Peace-Pool lies!

The "Angel of His Presence" flies
With sheltering wings to those who weep,
And at His coming, dolour dies.

O restless spirits! He will keep
You hushed and still; be heavenly-wise.
Lo! in the vale and on the steep
The Peace-Pool lies!

EDYTH S. BEVES.

THE DAY'S RULE:

A MYSTIC'S CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER

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.

Nov. 1.	And God said, Let there be light; and there was light. GENESIS I. 3.
2.	For it is that Spark of Light which has placed all things in the rays of Its splendour, so that they have received Knowledge, Life, Hope, Peace, Faith, Love and Resurrection. THE GNÔSIS OF THE LIGHT.
3.	That was the true Light, which lighteth every man which cometh into the world. ST. JOHN I. 9.
4.	Yet yearning still to reach to those dim heights, Each dream remembered is a burning glass, Where through to darkness from the Light of Lights Its rays in splendour pass. Æ.
5.	There is an inmost centre in us all where Truth abides in fulness, . . . and to know, Rather consists in opening out a way whence the imprisoned splendour may escape. Than in effecting entry for a light supposed to be without. ROBERT BROWNING.
6.	He who has followed even in secrecy many lights of the spirit can see one by one the answering torches gleam. Æ.

7. The Gods adore thee, they greet thee, O the One Dark Truth. EGYPTIAN HYMN.

8. Now the Truth which envelopes all things is the Father, the End of all things.
THE GNÔSIS OF THE LIGHT.

9. No man knows the Secret Doctrine until it has become the secret of his soul, the reigning reality of his thought, the inspiration of his acts, the form and colour and glory of his life.
J. FORT NEWTON.

10. God often giveth in one short moment that which He for a long time hath denied: He giveth sometimes in the end, that which in the beginning of thy prayer He deferred to grant.
THOMAS À KEMPIS.

11. The doctrine of the eye is for the crowd; the doctrine of the heart for the elect. The first repeat in pride, "Behold I know"; the last, they who in humbleness have garnered, low confess, "Thus have I heard."
THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE.

12. Look for the flower to bloom in the silence that follows the storm. LIGHT ON THE PATH.

13. Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full formed and majestic into the daylight of Life, which they are thenceforth to rule. THOS. CARLYLE.

14. Shut the eyes that flame and hush the heart that burns:
In quiet we may hear the old primeval cry:
God gives wisdom to the spirit that upturns:
Let us adore now, you and I. Æ.

EX LIBRIS

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF VISION

CLAUDE'S SECOND BOOK. By Mrs. Kelway Bamber. (Methuen & Co., 6s.)

CLAUDE'S SECOND BOOK is one of the few of its kind dealing with our life hereafter which occupy a position of comparative security, and it will probably definitely assist the cause of Spiritualism in its broader aspects. Sceptics have constantly complained of the triviality of spirit communications—indeed it is their chief weapon of offence—but there is very little in this book against which they can bring such a charge. There is here little or no reference to what one might call the "physical" side of the spirit life, which spoilt *Raymond* for so many people. But there is a wide and ennobling view of the soul's destiny, given more or less in answer to the questionings (whethers consciou or not) of the recipient of the messages. It is interesting to note that the doctrine of reincarnation is accepted as a matter of course, and certain allusions to the various spheres of spirit activity are couched in the terms of Theosophy.

Even to those semi-sceptics who think that automatic writings and "controlled" speech are always the expression of the emergence of ideas from the subconscious, it may be suggested that it is not necessarily an emergence from the *individual* subconsciousness; may it not be a kind of fishing in the vast sea of Universal Mind, the Here-and-Now which is unconditioned by Time and Space? And if the results are tinged by the human personality of the recipient, it may be because they are expressed through his or her own physical means . . . as water that springs from rock may subsequently become tinged by its passage through peaty ground.

The "wisdom" of Mrs. Kelway Bamber was awakened by the constant pressure of the Reality (or Spirit) that

sought to find an entrance into her soul's house. It needs the shock of experience to make the soul aware of this pressure—experience which may be either joy or grief, the love of the beautiful and good or the abhorrence of the evil and ugly. And if to this consciousness of the Reality there is added a more or less developed power of mediumship, the impressions received by the Intuitive Personality (or the "Unconscious") by contact with, or "fishing" in, the Universal Mind, will be conveyed as Ideas to the Human Personality, and will be expressed by the physical means at his disposal. But always we come back to the point at which we set forth —what in the end is this Influence that presses so irresistibly upon us? Not even the sceptical, who may talk of imagination, telepathy, auto-suggestion, hypnotism and what not, can indicate any more than the most ardent believers in Spiritism, the whereabouts of the fountain-head of this eternal River of Life. We all, by the mere fact of our attention and theories, by the very ardour of our search, acknowledge the mystery of its Sublime Origin.

E. C. M.

LIFE EVERLASTING AND PSYCHIC EVOLUTION. By J. W. Frings. (Cassell, 6s.)

This book, rather contrary to expectation (for where the word "psychic" appears in a title one surely expects phenomenon), is not another addition to the books on Spiritualism, but an examination, as complete as its popular style and small size will allow, into the great scheme of evolution—more particularly the evolution of man.

The author's views, though he does not definitely state this, seem to be those taught by the modern theosophical movement—for he advances the theories of reincarnation, the sevenfold division of man, the powers latent in humanity, and other of the well-known

teachings of Theosophy, and draws upon the discoveries of modern science and psychology in evidence of their truth.

There is nothing strikingly original in the book, but the language is clear, the ideas well stated, and the Sanskrit words few. Those who are not conversant with the teachings it contains will probably find it of considerable interest.

J. C. B.

AFTER-DEATH COMMUNICATIONS. By L. M. Bazett. (Kegan, Paul, 2s. 6d.)

This is the first volume of a series that is being issued by Messrs. Kegan, Paul, under the collective title of *Evidences of Spiritualism*, and is a record of communications obtained by means of automatic writing between the years 1916 and 1918. It covers a good deal of familiar ground, and will probably make its chief appeal to those readers who are unfamiliar with spiritualistic theories and beliefs, but Mr. Arthur Hill's Introduction adds considerably to its interest, as he is personally acquainted with the medium and vouches for the systematic way in which the record was kept, each script being carefully dated, etc.

The publishers will be doing a useful work if they are able to sift from the enormous mass of "automatic" rubbish now being flung on the market a series of more or less evidential communications that will indicate the close relation existing between the so-called dead and the living.

T. D.

HAUNTED PLACES IN ENGLAND. By Elliot O'Donnell (Sands & Co.)

It is a little uncertain whether this book is meant to be taken seriously or not, and it seems a pity that the author has not written some form of a Preface so that the reader may adopt the correct mental attitude.

Only one of the stories (Chapter Ten) is given a framework of evidence; all the others might well be wholly fictitious in spite of the semblance of reality with which they are clothed. Yet it makes very good reading of the ordinary "ghost-story" type, and as such may be heartily recommended.

EPIPHANIES (A Book of Verse). By H. L. Hubbard. (W. Heffer & Sons, 2s.)

This little book of some twenty poems by a clergyman-poet will make special appeal to readers of *Vision*, for through it breathes the spirit of one who seeks the eternal rather than the transitory. There is not a poem that does not deal with the deeper issues of life, expressed in verse of very real sincerity. The first poem of all—"Epiphanies"—which gives the title to the book, is rightly given pride of place, for it strikes a note of simplicity and strength that is missing in much so-called "religious" verse, and contains thoughts of real beauty for the soul to brood upon.

> "Time was I sought for Him in carven shrine
> By mystic rite and solemn pageantry; . . .
> The years passed by; those glimpses rare of Him
> More frequent came until at length I learnt
> In love to mark His footprints everywhere.
> Deep in the hearts of children; in the world
> Of sorrow, sweat and pain He shews Himself.
> The peace that fills the aged is His work
> A symbol of His Presence; and the pain
> That racks the sufferer is His Crown of Thorns.
> The distant hills, the sky, the sea, the clouds,
> The fragrant wayside flowers and the trees
> Are His Epiphanies of wonder rare."

Tenderly he writes also of "The Path of Jesus," which we can commend as an ideal children's hymn. Mr. Hubbard indeed has much to give to those who are his hearers.

VISION COMPETITIONS

Results of Competitions for September

1. The prize of Half a Guinea for the best poem of not more than forty lines is awarded to Esther Raworth, 42 Leadhall Lane, Harrogate, for her poem entitled "Memory," which is published in this number.

The poems as a whole this month reached a far higher standard, "Forest Visions," by E. C. Merry, and "The Word of Life," by H. Meugens, being specially commended. The latter was exceptionally good, in view of the ambitious theme chosen.

The following competitors, whose names are mentioned in order of merit, submitted work reaching a certain standard:

A. Munro (Leicester), Mary Winter Were (Beckenham), Helen Havers (London, E.C. 1), A. M. Christie (St. John's Wood), H. W. Timperley (Manchester), E. P. Prentice (Sutton), Frances Darlington (Harrogate), Constance Anderson (E. Devon), E. Dunkley (Exeter), "Bianca" (Margate), Catherine Clay (Boxmoor), M. W. Osmond (Melrose), "El Hilal" (Borden), "D. H." (London, N. W. 6), L. Malleson (Kensington), Margaret Ormiston (Coleherne Court, S.W.), U. Malleson (Kensington), Charles Sewell (Goodmayes), M. E. A. (Romsey), "Sorel" (Birmingham), S. V. Green (Durham), F. Phillips (London, S.W. 1), R. Vivian Davies (Glamorgan).

Criticisms

E. Dunkley.—"The Messenger" is the better of the two poems that you have submitted, but a good many of the lines are carelessly phrased, such, for instance, as the seventh, and again the first line of the fourth verse. It appears from your work that you write

easily and do not therefore always stop to polish your verse. Your other poem is rather vague in idea, and the second verse runs rather awkwardly. Yet judged as a whole, some of your work shows promise for the future.

A. MUNRO.—" Tenderness " is a delicate little trifle, while " Swinging " shows that you have a good deal of lyrical expression. One or two of the others you have submitted would set well to music. " The Guns " is, however, very inferior to the rest. The theme is rather hackneyed nowadays, and your treatment of it inadequate.

2. The prize of one year's subscription to *Vision* for the best set of quotations is awarded to Miss D. Wilmer, Walberswick, Southwold.

Three consolation prizes of copies of the *Mystic Arsenal* have been awarded to H. Goodwill Dawson, 10 Raveley Street, Kentish Town, N.W. 5; Miss N. S. Smith, 421 Old Chester Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire; and Miss Marjorie Ballantyne, Nadia Cottage, 20 Wordsworth Road, Wallington, Surrey.

THE novelist who writes under the pen-name of " Dick Donovan," has sent a letter to an evening paper stating that both the plot and title of one of his most successful stories came to him in dream. He is in very good company over this experience, as Robert Louis Stevenson in *Across the Plains* states that many of his plots were obtained in the dream-state.

The late Henry Hamilton also, who for so many years collaborated with Cecil Raleigh over the Drury Lane Dramas, told the writer of these notes that practically the whole of his play, *Fortune's Fool*, acted so often by Lewis Waller, came to him in like manner.

NOVEMBER COMPETITIONS

1. A prize of HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best poem entitled "Voices." 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. A prize of books to the value of HALF A GUINEA, selected from those advertised in this issue, is offered for the best passage from the work of a soldier-poet expressing belief in the Immortality of the Soul.

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 Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

Note.—Owing to the strike it was not possible to make a final revision of last month's number before going to press, and therefore indulgence is asked for a few inaccuracies in the text.