

## THE PRACTICAL MYSTIC

FOR most people the word mystic conjures up visions of a dreamer living in the clouds, who is full of beautiful ideas and theories which he never puts into practice or makes concrete in the world of action. The alliance of the word *practical* with that of *mystic* seems in consequence an unfamiliar, if not impossible, combination ; the dreamers and the doers are set far apart in popular imagination.

Certainly the mystic temperament is one that often takes unkindly to the work in which the Marthas of the world delight, and many a dreamer who fails to put his dreams to the test richly earns the contempt of the doer who chooses for his motto—*Labor omnia vincit*. But the doer who works by rote with his eyes too firmly fixed on earth misses often the winging of the Heavenly Dove, and his labour thereby lacks that mysterious reflection of the Divine Image seen in the work of those who look towards the Mount.

Not always, however, are the qualities of dreamer and doer separate. Sometimes they are found blossoming in one character, and then it is that one of the most potent forces of the Universe is found—the Practical Mystic.

The practical mystic is one whose feet are set firmly upon the ground, but whose eyes are on the stars ; he is, in truth, a spiritual giant. He sees a great ideal, the vision of a new heaven and a new earth, but he is not content to rest in the beauty of a dream, he proceeds to build its miniature here and now on



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earth. He is rightly deemed the greatest force in the world, for the power behind his work is the urge of the ideal, that rushing wind that stirs him on the mountain heights when the Spirit moves apart from the haunts of men.

Such a mystic cannot drift on the tides of circumstance, for he has but one purpose in life, which is to govern the physical so that in all it may reflect the spiritual, until the divine consummation is attained of "heaven brought to earth, and earth new-taken up to God."

He keeps open always the windows of his soul, so that the light and glory of God may stream in, and he thinks it not waste to rest from his labour as the sun rises in splendour or rainbows the quiet west, if so a measure of beauty be imaged within. For Beauty he knows to be a spiritual energy, and one of the deep treasures of the soul.

He knows that all experience in life is of value in so far as it wakes in him the great quality of perception,—through the lesser channels of sense-perception to the tremendous avenues of God-perception,—with the power to use such quality not only in moments of exaltation and highest dream, but in the commonest hours of earthly life.

The mystic responds as steel to a magnet, but his response is conditioned not by physical but by spiritual attraction. He is tuned as a sensitive instrument to a high rate of vibration, so that much that troubles the lower octave of the physical leaves him unaffected. He hears, on the other hand, those delicate vibrations that only the spiritual ears may catch, and has more-



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over understanding to discern and translate their meaning.

His driving force, again and again be it said, is vision, which wakes in him a desire for Union with the highest, this desire being expressed at times by him in terms so personal, so intense, so ardent, that it has likeness almost to a physical passion.

If we look for a moment across the centuries at the lives of the great mystics, St. John of the Cross, Teresa, Catherine of Siena, we shall see to what extraordinary lengths those who were great in spiritual stature have gone so that they might know God, not with an external knowledge, but with that interior wisdom which is born of the loss of self in the Ocean of God.

Who may call St. Catherine a visionary dreamer, or Tauler, mighty in his deeds among his fellow-men? Where have we to-day the vision of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries? The fervour of Ruysbroeck, the wisdom of Eckhardt, or the imperishable beauty of the teaching of Thomas à Kempis?

A wave of materialism has swept across the age of practical mysticism, and the goal of endeavour has become, not a heavenly kingdom, but material power. The wealth of men and nations is measured in terms of transitory coin and territory, and the selfless quest of an ideal is too often looked on as a misdirection of energy on the part of an impractical dreamer.

The wealth of the world may be grasped and held; it is difficult for the average man, whose desires are many and whose aims are set not far beyond accomplishment, to echo the mystic's passionate assertion



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that the Earth is but a shadow of the Real, and that the only quest in life is Union.

The practical mystic steers a middle course between the extremes of the visionary and the man of the world. He sees the Vision on the Mount, and then proceeds to model his daily life by its light. His is a standard than which there is none higher.

Francis Grierson, in an admirable study of Abraham Lincoln,\* calls Lincoln the greatest practical mystic the world has seen for nineteen hundred years ; Lord Rosebery applied very much the same description to Oliver Cromwell. In the lives of both of these great men we find Vision crystallised into action, and every force and power harnessed for the transmutation of subjective dream into objective deed.

In this crystallisation of vision lies the secret of the extraordinary influence of both Lincoln and Cromwell. In externals neither was favoured, but Vision might not be quenched by contact with earth ; on the contrary it was the mainspring of every act, whether trivial or of national importance.

Another practical mystic of a very different type, yet for all that bearing the marks and seals that prove her a member of the great fraternity, was the little maid who in the woods of Domrémy, under the great oaks, bespelled and haunted by fairy tradition, heard the mysterious, compelling Voices that urged her to become the saviour of her Country. She, who was later heralded as the Blessed Joan of Arc, placed implicit faith in divine guidance. Vision was her guide, the heavenly voices her direction, driving her

\* *Abraham Lincoln, the Practical Mystic.* (The Bodley Head. 5s.)



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into the world of action to accomplish the seeming miracle of the salvation of France. A sincere and excellent little outline of her life, be it noted in passing, was written last year by Miss Maude Royden.\*

As Vision is the mainspring of every action of the practical mystic, personal bias has little sway when a decisive moment arrives. For that very Vision separates alloy from gold, the unreal from the real, the transitory from the eternal. But unlike the visionary, a practical mystic makes no attempt to fly from the everyday world, for he sees, more truly than his brethren, that the spirit has need of physical experience, and that a wise Providence has set man where he may meet it.

The practical mystic knows that much that men value is in reality a disintegrating factor, and he sets his desire afar off upon the "flame-white secret," which is immortal, unchanging, indestructible, and eternal. Lesser desires, unfed, are starved and die. He sees life more from the plane of spirit than from the plane of earth, and with this change of orientation he offers the truest prayer:—

"From the Unreal lead me to the Real.  
From darkness lead me unto Light."

Seeing that all things pass, he learns to care little for their possession, obeying the divine injunction, "Lay not up for yourselves treasure where moth and rust doth corrupt." But he understands a truth which is often misinterpreted in the East—where Desirelessness or Dispassion is one of the great

\* *Blessed Joan of Arc*. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d.)



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essentials for entry upon the Noble Eightfold Path—i.e. that such Desirelessness does not mean the killing of desire, but its translation into spiritual will, so that in the cry of the Spirit for heavenly things the desire of the body for the earthly is forgotten.

To become thus free from personal desire is a tremendous factor in the practical mystic's life. He is not swayed by longings for his own advantage, and is able to weigh the pros and cons of action without considering their effect upon himself. His one unswerving rule in life is that action shall harmonise with vision, and as action is the child of thought, he seeks the well of *motive* rather than the cup of *deeds*. This increases, naturally, his diffidence in judging others. Emerson has said, "we find ourselves on a stair," for all men are at different stages of development, and that which is evil for one may be the right course for another. Each must follow the flame, whether it be the Spiritual Sun or a rushlight in a cellar.

The practical mystic has set his feet upon the Way. Whether he knows it as the *via mystica* of the West or the Eightfold Path of the East, discrimination between the Real and the Unreal, Dispassion and the transmutation of Desire are the initial stages through which the aspirant for immortality must pass.

But because Vision, the guiding star of the practical mystic, conflicts often with the ordinary canons of living, secret ordeals, fiery trials and bitter inward conflicts are undergone of which the world knows nothing. For the true life of the mystic is within; there is the seat of his battles, his failures, his triumphs,



### *A Flower-Girl's Song*

but his living sustenance is his unfailing Vision, when with the body "laid asleep," in Spirit he goes forth and meets his God—

"We are laid asleep  
In body and become a living soul :  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of memory, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things." \*

DOROTHY GRENSIDE.



### A FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG

VIOLETS ! Fresh violets !  
Who will buy fresh violets ?  
He who scents them ne'er forgets  
My violets.

Fragrant, on this day of Spring  
Purple loveliness I bring  
From the quiet woods. I sing  
Of violets.

Growing in their beds of green,  
Sheltered by a leafy screen.  
Only eyes that love, I ween,  
Find violets.

In fresh bunches now they lie  
Wet with dew, my wares I cry,  
Violets ! Who'll buy ? Who'll buy ?  
Fresh violets ?

Who'll buy ? Who'll buy ?  
My wares I cry,  
Fresh violets.

D. G.

\* *William Wordsworth.*



## RECONSTRUCTION IN THE LIGHT OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

THE spiritual reconstruction that the age demands may doubtless be regarded from many points of view, each one of which will send an illuminating ray upon the material to be reconstructed and the various modes in which it may be applied. The science of psychoanalysis—which deals with similar states in the life of the individual—seems particularly well-adapted to add to our understanding of both the actualities and the potentialities of the situation. Therefore without further introduction we will seek to realise some of the causes of the disintegration, so evident in the widespread discontent and unrest prevailing in the present day.

Psychoanalysis discerns analogous disturbances in the mentality of the individual as a conflict between the two functions of thought and feeling, one of which had to some extent escaped the development that comes from conscious and appropriate use. That is to say, either his thought or his feeling had remained stationary, instead of continually evolving in accordance with the ever-varying demands of life. This condition obviously involves a considerable degree of disharmony, since the mentality of the individual may then be compared to a timepiece, one hand of which is adjusted to the exigencies of the moment, whilst the other responds to a mechanism set to a much earlier date.

Here then are the elements of a conflict, which may be manifested either upon the physical, mental or spiritual plane. For its immediate consequence is the repression or misplacement of energy, due to the blocking of a normal channel of development. Such an interruption in the discharge of psychic force,



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caused by the total or relative unconsciousness of the function in question, is in turn invariably due to some painfulness attaching to the feeling or feeling-toned thought repressed. Psychoanalysis investigates not merely the cause of the repression but also its consequences, in order to assist the individual to a full understanding of his own mentality, alike in its strength and weakness. For this science recognises normality or psychic health as a ceaselessly evolving state, in which energy flows freely into the several channels of intellectual, sensational, emotional or feeling-toned faculties, without any loss of conscious control nor of contact with the inner agent of direction—the soul. Obviously, both the sum total of energy and the proportion available for active employment in the various functions constantly vary, being a matter of individual proclivity and temperament, as well as of external and inner expediency. For albeit every function exists potentially in each individual, the significance attaching to the various faculties and the form wherein they are clothed, together constitute something unique—his individuality.

Where, therefore, life reveals any exaggeration or deficiency in the expression of feeling or feeling-toned thought, psychoanalysis regards the incident as the evidence of a displacement of energy due to repression, the manifestation of a state of disease. Moreover such an occurrence (a matter of common experience) gives proof also that energy has unconsciously been withdrawn from the sphere of conscious control. Yet a faculty of which one ceases to be aware, does not thereby cease to exist, but continues to operate uncontrolled by conscious will and intention.

It may readily be conceived that the withdrawal of energy from the discipline of consciousness constitutes a grave danger for the individual, since the mutual correction of psychic functions is the means



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whereby each one develops. Also at any time repressed energy is liable to emerge from the obscure depths of unconsciousness, and reveal its existence by a display of force wholly at variance with conscious elements of mind and character. Indeed it is characteristic of such elements to manifest a singular capacity for creating channels of discharge utterly out of harmony with the more evolved portions of the individual's mentality.

Psychoanalysis regards any repression of feeling or feeling-toned thought as indicating the existence of mental attitudes, which the individual has not recognised, and therefore, too, not discarded. Pictorially described, the situation is that of a vast army, one wing of which having been overlooked at every muster is yet accoutred with the military equipment belonging to the Middle Ages, and consequently is unable to execute the commands of the twentieth-century general.

We have dwelt at such length upon the causes and consequences of mental disintegration in the individual, in order that we may be able to approach the problem of spiritual reconstruction with some understanding of the light afforded by psychoanalysis.

Turning now to consider the mentality of civilised humanity in the present age, we shall immediately be struck by the extraordinary discrepancy in the degree of development reached by intellectual faculties on the one hand, and on the other by those that derive their strength from feeling, sensation and emotion. The situation might be approximately summarised by stating that intellectual freedom frequently is accompanied by a bondage of both feeling and emotion, of which the subject—individual or social unit—is totally unaware. Whereas a well-developed function of feeling is only too liable to be ineffective as an instrument of personal and social progress, because



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unconsciously the intellect is yet in bondage to old doctrines from which the feelings have escaped. The fact that it is the function of intellect to conceive, and that of feeling to execute, has a very practical significance for the evolution of the race. For progress in every department of life ultimately depends upon the freedom and efficiency with which both these functions operate: were it otherwise we should not so frequently have occasion to perceive planless workers upon the one hand, and schemes with none to carry them out, upon the other!

Moreover, although in some measure due to the unconscious repression of an undeveloped faculty, this disparity in the development of the functions of feeling and thought seems also to be influenced by certain social demarcations and prejudices. For until modern times neither logical thought nor intellectual expression had been cultivated save by a favoured few, whereas on the other hand energetic reactions of feeling have long been deprecated as "ungentlemanly." And since faculties of all kinds only develop through use and inevitably degenerate through lack of conscious employment, any failure to give expression to a function must be regarded as a breach of the universal law of evolution. (To prevent misunderstanding, I must here remind my readers that progress comes from an increasing perception of the constantly evolving "best way" of expression.)

We now are in a position to discern both the causes of disintegration and the means of reconstruction.

The disorder in the mentality of the present day seems to be due to an one-sided development of psychic functions, whereas nature demands their perfect equilibrium. So long as either thought or feeling is repressed, it perforce remains undeveloped and therefore in a sense inferior to other functions, the conscious exercise of which ensures their due



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development. Harmony can only be restored when every faculty, being fully recognised as fundamentally of equal value and significance, has perfect control of the quota of energy accruing to it (a matter depending upon individual, social and national development and not merely upon personal bias).

By recognising the potential equality of all natural functions—physical, mental and spiritual—reconstruction will prepare the way for a more fully developed and harmonious view of life. It will, moreover, render expression not merely a personal duty, but an act of service to the race, since it is by conscious use that faculties develop. And inversely, repression will come to be recognised not only as a crime against humanity, but also as a breach of the supreme law of ceaseless evolution.

For herein lies that law of perfect liberty to which the race aspires and towards which all things are tending. That every faculty be accorded perfect freedom to develop in accordance with the inner urge, that is the expression of the essential idiosyncrasy of the particular individual, class, nation or race. Not to grant this freedom is to distrust the evolutionary principle of life, which moulds successive forms, and having used them, evolves yet others, discarding them again, as each one is outgrown.

The development of both the race and the individual may be likened to a river, the waters of which are perpetually creating new channels, leaving old ones, deepening and widening those that already exist.

Hitherto the world has lain in bondage to the twin spirits of competition and compulsion, the inevitable outcome of an one-sided attitude to life. A saner and more truly proportioned conception based upon the potential equality of every manifestation of psychic energy—will prepare the way for the integral development of human faculties. And this it seems to me is



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the true Democracy, for which mankind is yearning. For it belongs to human nature that a value must first be perceived objectively, as something outside and different from the beholder, before it can be realised as really a part of his own individuality, either actual or potential. That is why ideals and idealism of all kinds are of such immense value as instruments of individual and social progress.

Heretofore the world has lain under the ban either of intellect and its creations and manifestations, or of their practical exclusion through an equally one-sided development of feeling, sense, emotion and their concomitant imagination. Both attitudes are too narrow to allow human nature to develop its many-sided possibilities, and the present disorder and unrest are indications that blindly as yet men are seeking for what their life lacks.

And truly, neither intellectual nor senseful and material things can satisfy the thirst, the vague dissatisfaction and longing, that all too frequently seek satisfaction in the very things from which the spirit of man would rest. "Not by bread alone" nor yet by the fruits of the intellect, does the human spirit grow, wax strong and bring forth great and glorious works to the glory of God and for the welfare of humanity. But by close and constant communion with the source of inner strength and power, the spirit of man, despite the frailty which incessantly must be overcome, shall attain the equipoise of heart, and mind, and soul through which alone true liberty is found.

DORA E. HECHT.



Good is no good, but if it spend ;  
God giveth good for none other end.—SPENSER.



## THE WAY OF THE CROSS

SURELY the chaos and unrest which we are witnessing to-day, alike in the world at large and, broadly speaking, in each separate soul can, to a great extent, be attributed to a widespread lack of vision. Now the secret of vision is love; the higher the love the clearer the sight. Notably, it was youth that won the war, and perhaps one of the strongest links in its armour was that unsullied vision (backed by breadth of love) peculiar to itself.

Love, then, is vision's secret—and *vision's price is pain*. But where the love that is its secret ends and the pain that is its price begins none know. We may draw distinctions if we please, but such distinctions are inevitably false and, incidentally, it is lack of vision that prompts us to attempt them. Dogmatise and tabularise in your dealings with life and the souls of men, rule your margins across man's consciousness, say "Here this ends and that begins" . . . and you are lost: wisdom has passed you by. For the law of life is progress, e.g. a steady—albeit far from easy—process towards an ordered whole; the unit, struggling in the secret of itself to make itself a thing of harmony working its way through the world within world of finite existence towards ultimate absolute union with, and absorption in, the all-embracing Sum. Wanderlust is ever superficial; beneath it breathes a deep desire, for anchorage—for the merging of the finite into the Infinite.

Nowhere can one find record of a life of more superb consistency and balance than that of the little Holy Child Who looked with wondering eyes beneath the stars of Bethlehem upon the Mother kneeling at His side, the reverential shepherds, the gifts the wise men brought Him through the night . . . the Holy Child Who, grown to Manhood, preached in Galilee,



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sorrowed for the world He sought to save, opened His bleeding heart to it in an ecstasy of love, stretched out His arms in yearning—and felt the cold, rough wood against the sensitive hands, and then the nails . . . the nails. I think He knew, always, that it would come to this. I think that, in a sense, He loved His cross—the test of the strength of His sorrowing soul. I think that love transcendent looked into the eyes of pain and whispered, “Brother!” Surely His sad eyes saw the way of all men, there in the Way of the Cross, and surely the silent Woman standing by felt her eyes, too, love-kissed to sight: saw, beyond the crucified Christ, Someone waiting for His Sons and hers—Someone Who, alone, could really understand.

Intensity of loving, to which intensity of endurance is essential, is ever the key to clearness of sight. The tragedy is, of course, that love is all too often squandered long before it realises itself. Too many transient passions have come to pass as love—love paramount—and so the quest is abandoned and man therein seeks rest (and finds it not—and wonders why). But there is, in each of us, a buried demand for a far supreamer Something which alone can satisfy the soul. Deny it; deny the self at one with itself a search for self-surrender to a Self beyond itself and it will make your life into a little hell. But strive towards a pooling of your passions (in as far as that is practicable) and then to elevate the whole—and you will see. But never cheat yourself that sight is likely to prove cheap.

The course of the whole of man's being is a forward and upward course. It leads through the foul to the clean, through darkness to light, through chaos to calm. And the course of his affections should, so-to-speak, follow suit. The wise man sees that it does, and so gains gradual vision, reaches out farther and farther and stands steadily less in danger of suffering that sorry sight which tends to blot out all beyond the



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self and render progress slow. Lesser loves, to him, are milestones and as such he welcomes them, but never cheats himself that he has reached a journey's end. All loves are stages—steps on the Way—all loves are lovely, and hard indeed to forsake. But the law of love is sublimation, and therefore, in a sense, renunciation—though not wholly so, because that which the heart has drawn to it never is, and cannot be, cast out, but only redirected in the press of circumstance—and if the cost is colossal the effort is worth while. For each is lovelier than the last and by one's "loss" is measured out one's gain.

The course has never changed. It is the same to-day as it was nineteen hundred and twenty years ago. It leads to Calvary, and thereon crucifixion leads to Christ. Hell is never an end in itself; in a sense it is the gate of heaven; the one way in. The way of every child born into the world to-day is the Way of another Child born all those years ago in Bethlehem.

For the recompense of mere mortality is death, and the recompense of death—is Life.

VERA G. PRAGNELL.



## A PRAYER

God bless my little room to-night,  
God bless the gentle golden light,  
God bless the books upon the shelf,  
And every picture on the wall,  
The table, bed and chair and all,  
God bless my slumbers and myself.

IDA M. SWAINE.





## THE LIFE OF MATTER \*

THIS book has lain for some time awaiting review, and while of course thought should not pause at the will of the reviewer, the subject is so extraordinarily complex that the thinker may hesitate to adventure even a casual essay upon it.

That inorganic matter displays a something which may be "life," no one at present doubts. The assumption may be based on a mistake like so much "science" proved by time to be nonsense. "Life" in that sense entails merely cohesion of atoms against outer attack: their arrangement according to constant principles: the fact that there is activity in the molecules: the suspicion that material cohesion is due to an "influence" which may not be unintelligent, which, however crude and mechanical its work, has every appearance of resulting from intelligence of a sort. I use the word "influence" with some desire to avoid words that are harnessed, such as force, energy, ether and the like. It must frankly be admitted that although its works are apparent, that which moves them is a shadow, without definition, uncomprehended, incomprehensible.

The mystery alters *toto cælo*, when the explanation of living matter is undertaken. It seems idle at this time for the scientist to follow the claim of the metaphysician that inorganic matter is "alive" and "conscious" in the same way as organic matter, the differences being merely of degree and of evolution. The assertion may be true; but the scientist is unworthy of his business who allows his work to be hurried and marred by the easy guesses of the occultist. Science has the duty of adducing sufficient proof of its hypotheses. The occultist moves by perfectly different methods.

\* *The Life of Matter.* Ed. by Arthur Turnbull, M.A., B.Sc., M.B. (Glasgow.) (Williams and Norgate. 1919. 12s. 6d.)



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When living matter is envisaged, these peculiarities strike the student at the outset.

(a) The material basis of organism involves very few elements of matter. Protoplasm, the primordial home of life, is composed of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen and hydrogen. There are traces of other elements and, of course, living tissue as it evolves creates complex substances with the composition of which organic chemistry struggles with more or less success. But the assertion remains that the living system contains very few of the elements which occur in nature.

(b) The unit of living matter is, of course, not protoplasm but the cell. And later investigation has led to the hypothesis that the vitality of the cell rests in a substance called *chromatin*. Theory has carried the matter further in the assumption that *chromatin* contains or is the basis of heredity.

(c) The body is simply a system of cells. But as it develops in complexity cells proceed to specialise, i.e. to undertake special functions for the benefit of the system as a whole. St. Paul wrote of the organs of the body; but the law he explained is true of the minutest cell the body contains. Not only so, but there exist cells, of which the white corpuscles are an example, which exist to sacrifice themselves in order to protect the organism as a whole.

(d) A very extraordinary division appears to be necessary among the cells of the organism: those which compose the nervous system and those which make up the rest of the organism—glands, blood, muscles, etc. The nervous system has the gift of consciousness vested in it. The other cells undoubtedly exercise a power which may be classed as intelligence; but so far as we know—and we are bound surely to know what is continually passing in our own systems—they have no light of consciousness to guide, or to mislead them.



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There are, of course, other important *discrimina* by which the living and the inorganic may be separated. But enough is stated to allow the discussion to proceed. For, in fine, the situation culminates in this, that at the moment of death something deserts the organism; which, although individual cells or groups of cells may for a time go on with the business of living, has ceased as a unit to conserve the "urge" of life.

The writer of *Life of Matter* has devoted considerable attention to a question which is of great importance in the consideration of life-system mechanics, viz. does living tissue, in its mechanical alterations to meet unfavourable environmental conditions—does living tissue exhibit intelligence, or are the changes it makes a simple mechanical response to a mechanical interference? He reaches the conclusion—and his argument seems well founded—that tissue, in making these changes, exhibits intelligence—that is, calculates, and does not merely react.

The result is a principle which, however mysterious, must be firmly grasped and applied through varying conditions. Wherever there is living protoplasm, there is intelligence; but that intelligence varies in quality not entirely according to the conditions of environment, but also according to the complexity of the life-system and the purpose which that life-system in its state of development serves to fulfil. In another way it may be expressed as follows. If the life-system were conscious and clearly aware of a duty to itself to work for certain ends, it would act exactly as the life-system (being merely intelligent) generally acts. The latter sentence imperfectly conveys the mystery which underlies the activities of living tissue. It has to be added that in ordinary affairs one meets no conscious unit that would be equal to the work which living tissue normally accomplishes. The very cell is a miracle of delicate adjustment; and



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tissue is composed of millions of cells variously formed and adapted to each other in such a way that the resultant organism is seen to be the work of intelligence, but of intelligence before whose grasp of form, detail and adjustment the consciousness which we possess—and we know nothing higher—stands baffled and rebuked.

It has to be borne in mind, when organisms of any complexity are under observation, that intelligence is a property not truly of the whole, but really of the parts. In other words, the unit intelligence is the cell: and when cells combine, they combine their intelligence by a sacrifice of individual freedom and development, but not of individual intelligence, to the development of the complex. And the area of combination proceeds indefinitely with infinite ramifications and cross-adjustments: so that in the end, there is no cell in the body that may not be influenced in its particular form and work by some other cell however remote.

This intelligence, and not consciousness, is the light that lightens every living being. Consciousness is rather an achievement than a technical activity: rather a gain than a cleverness. Its best work is just happy guessing: and it is of its truth that the way it treads is not by vision,—not the straight road of purpose discerned,—but by that *bien aise* which calls itself at times faith, at times instinct.

A recent work of Professor Thomson of Aberdeen, *Secrets of the Animal Life*, in some of its chapters pursues, in strange places and conditions, this contrast between the Light of Thought and the dark road of intelligence. The term "instinct" (which sometimes has its counter-part in "intuition") covers a mystery not dissimilar in principle. We assume that man is higher in the scale of creation than the animal, and we do so because we think that the animal possesses fewer



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of the talents of consciousness, and in consequence handles them with less freedom and resource. We do not know why intelligence should be so minute, so perfect in the little, but we do know that it does not grasp the things that seem to us great, that the love of little children is not within its degree and that fellowship to it is an unknown lesson. No doubt, therefore, the inference is sound enough. When it is said that Man is made in the image of God, the common factor we use in the comparison (whether rightly or wrongly) is consciousness, which enables man to observe, without being able to alter materially, his place in a universe of things dimly discerned by him to regulate itself according to intelligent principles and flexible thought.

But the animal exhibits in innumerable ways, an intelligence—a wisdom to which both man and his sister woman (in a minor degree) are absolute strangers. Of course that intelligence has already exhibited itself in the more complex forms of reflex nerve-activity. Where reflex activity ends and instinct begins, is still an unsolved problem. The curiosity of instinct is this, that if the animals which act by instinct, were conscious of what they did and why they did it, their intellectual position in science and practice would be as far above the human as we know it to be below. In nature insects propagate the species according to the most circuitous methods, each step of which was calculated, and the mischances attending it met or discounted. And the being who calculated was not a Caliban, but a god.

Of course, the wise thinker pursuing this matter a little further sees in the calculator a force not unlike Sir Oliver Lodge's ether—a force of incalculable magnitude, which nevertheless has its own bounds, beyond which it never proceeds.

Instinct, however, is not the only example of this vagrant intelligence. Memory, both in the human



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and in the animal, portrays its peculiar action. Why consciousness stores the effete products of thought is not more amazing than where it does so. Consciousness thinks the storage area is "mind"—not consciousness—because in practice we have few ideas of memory before us when we think. An alienist thinks it is the brain, because the destruction of certain brain areas results in amnesia. The deduction is not conclusive. Both assumptions mean no more than that without mind and brain the phenomena of memory are absent. Yet memory seems to be a property of all living protoplasm, which could not otherwise protect and nourish itself. It would be a very primitive life indeed that did not recognise and fear the shadow of its hunter.

Of course ingenuity may not fail to trace the possibility that many unexplained phenomena resulting from intelligent activity, such as healing, telepathy, spirit communications, etc., may have their origin from similar causes.

It is not clear that the assumption of a universal consciousness, or a nature memory explains even itself. It would appear that consciousness does not assist the working of intelligence. Also the hypothesis of a memory associated with all the operations of nature explains a good deal too much, and gives no clue whatever to the restraints under which the activity which is inherent in the cell really operates.

At this point the task is done which this paper set out to accomplish. Life, it is obvious, is convertible with intelligence, is indeed intelligence, but intelligence devoid of the peculiar attribute of consciousness, namely, awareness. Wherever there is the properly constituted cell there emerges this intelligence; whenever life ceases, this intelligence falls back—becomes dormant—and waits. Living tissue is the narrow gate of its garden.



## *Into Thy Hands*

But this footnote would be written in vain were this deduction a mere negative—a flaunting in the face of consciousness of the fact that it stands poised on the void—the heaven above obscure, that which supports it unknown, unknowable. Before deductions can be drawn, it is still necessary to estimate why that intelligence is cribbed, cabined and confined as it is. If that question is answered truly it may in turn yield proof of the view held by some thinkers that the work of that intelligence completes the platform upon which consciousness builds its edifice still insecure.

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



## INTO THY HANDS

(*A Prayer*)

INTO Thy hands, O God, receive our dead  
Whom we in mingled joy and sorrow bore,  
Our little sons, who never, never more  
Will lay upon our breasts a sleepy head ;

Never again the daisy-meadows tread,  
Nor hear the exultant clarion of the wind  
Peal from stark heights to where, in valleys kind  
The April brook o'erflows its rushy bed ;

Ah, let them rest by living waters cool  
Deep as a dream, where the all-healing pool  
Mirrors the white wings of the mystic Dove !

And Thou wilt hear us, for on Mother's breast  
The little Son of Man once took His rest.  
And slumbered in the careful arms of love.

ESTHER RAWORTH.



## PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

### Clairvoyance in Kensington

THE wave of interest in psychic subjects is clearly indicated in the Press by the prominence given to any experience of a psychic or so-called uncanny nature. Almost daily in the newspapers some mysterious occurrence is chronicled, usually in a spirit of levity or with frank sarcasm. But the fact that it is referred to at all is a tacit recognition that it is of interest to thousands of readers.

Much that now finds its way into print, appearing strange and unaccountable to the man in the street, has little of interest to the investigator of psychic science, because the more ordinary phenomena are naturally repeated again and again with almost unvarying monotony. They are of value, of course, as a proof for the ordinary reader that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy, but they add nothing to the sum total of knowledge gained by psychical research.

Of this nature is a story which gained a good deal of publicity through the medium of an evening paper a few weeks ago. A girl who is a keen admirer of Robert Loraine was sitting in a drawing-room in Kensington one evening after dinner when quite suddenly it seemed to her that she was present at a rehearsal of "Arms and the Man." She had neither seen nor heard the play, therefore no memory of it could have been lingering in her subconscious mind, but she watched the whole of the first and part of the second act played with all the stops and repetitions which are customary at rehearsals. She described the stage, she repeated the dialogue. In the account given in the *Evening Standard* we read that she gave details of Raina's bedroom lit by two candlesticks,



## *Psychic Phenomena*

and described the window looking on to the Balkan peaks. She saw Mr. Loraine in his dressing-room looking at what was evidently a plan of the stage. The next night she went to the theatre, and saw the play exactly as she had seen it in the room at Kensington.

The accuracy of the account was vouched for personally by the "Londoner" who writes nightly in the *Evening Standard*. He offered no explanation, but referred to it as a "pleasantly baffling little study in the occult." To the tyro it may prove so, but in reality it is an instance of one of the simplest forms of clairvoyance, thousands of cases of which occur daily.

### *A Case of Trance at Hindhead*

AN interesting story comes from Hindhead, Surrey, of a gardener's daughter, aged eighteen, who has recovered from a state of intermittent trance which has lasted nearly three months. It seems to be a genuine case, as a local medical man, Dr. Grey, who attended the girl, diagnosed it as trance, and according to reports was unable to recall her to a normal condition. She consequently grew more and more frail, until it appeared as if only a thread held her to earth. For long periods she lay unconscious and apparently lifeless, and it was not until a certain Sister Miriam, a "spiritual healer" who had lately taken a large house in the district, attempted to recall her to her body by intense concentration and the reiteration of her name that the girl, Ethel, began to make a slow recovery.

The most interesting part of the story is that while in the trance-state the girl experienced wonderful visions. She remembers passing out of her body into the unseen world, where she was led through "great schools and temples of wisdom," in which thousands



## *Vision*

of people, also out of the body, were taught by means of "vibrations of thought." Words were not used for the purpose of instruction. Not only were the dead taught in this way, but many who, like herself, had left the physical body temporarily, either in trance or sleep.

Her experience is one that will not surprise those who are familiar with spiritualistic investigation.

They have long affirmed that man does not suddenly assume a new spiritual vehicle when his physical body dies, but that he wears it throughout the whole of his earth-life. In the ordinary way, however, he responds mainly to the stimulus of physical vibrations, but if such stimulus be cut off through death, trance, or sleep, then the response will be to those vibrations that affect the psychic or spiritual body. With most people, the memory of all that takes place in the subtler worlds is forgotten when the physical body is again the principal centre of consciousness, or to put it more simply, when the man wakes from sleep or trance.

This, however, does not prove that because the body is unconscious the spirit is equally so. It is more logical to assume that the spirit is more active in the unseen world when the barrier of the dense physical body is removed.

If the experiences undergone be forgotten, it may be because the spirit fails to impress a memory of them on the physical brain. In fact, such memory is not "brought through" when the invisible man re-inhabits his visible body, and his centre of consciousness is focussed once more on the physical plane.

In comparatively rare instances the veil of oblivion is lifted, as in the case recorded above, and it is exceedingly interesting to compare the statements of those who retain either a partial or full memory of their adventures in the invisible world.



## *Psychic Phenomena*

Though differing in detail, they are generally at one on broad lines. They emphasise the difficulty of distinguishing between those who are dead, having left their bodies for good, and those who are apart from them temporarily, owing to trance or sleep. Death gives no increase of spiritual power, but affords only a release from physical limitations. Therefore what may seem a curious fact appears common, often those whose bodies are entranced or sleeping are more awake to the conditions of the invisible world than others who have left their physical bodies permanently through death.

The determining factor seems to be the seat of interest during the earth-life. If a man has concentrated his whole attention on physical concerns, on leaving the body he is at a loss through the shifting of his focus of consciousness to an unfamiliar region, i.e. that of the non-physical world. He is consequently the poorer owing to his lack of response to the finer vibrations. On the other hand, a man who has accustomed himself while in the body to avoid too intense absorption in physical interests finds that his release from the body quickens his sensitiveness to the impacts from the invisible world.

In the Hindhead case of trance, the girl speaks of the great schools and temples of wisdom visited by her. She is not alone in this experience. Many who leave the body in trance or sleep aver that they are given instruction of a very definite nature, and that not only do they find schools and libraries, but also vast temples and buildings the like of which they have not seen while in the body. The assertion of one or two may not be accounted of much value, but the accumulated testimony of practically all psychics on these points is difficult to ignore.

Of course, to the psychic there is nothing particularly new in the statements of the Hindhead girl, but



## Vision

they are of interest because they add their quota to the weight of evidence which demonstrates the possibility of man's personal investigation of the invisible world beyond the veil, before the final severance between body and spirit. Such personal investigation is obviously of more value than any amount of second-hand information gleaned from spirits on the other side.

. . . . .

### The Aberdeen Knockings

ACCORDING to the *Evening Standard*, the police at Aberdeen have been attempting to elucidate the mystery of strange rappings and other peculiar phenomena which have occurred at a house in Gordon Place, the tenants of which are a Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart and their four children. So far, be it said in parenthesis, the police have offered no satisfactory explanation.

The circumstances are these. From ten o'clock one night until seven the next morning the whole family was disturbed by the shaking of the house, the rattling of window-sashes, and violent knocking on the walls and floors. But the most terrifying experience of all occurred when a bed occupied by a little invalid son of nine years was raised from the floor and dropped suddenly with a bang. In great alarm, members of the family fetched a neighbour called Grant to assist them to discover the cause. As he was standing with his arms on the rail of the bed, the bed unexpectedly rose again, carrying Grant with it right off his feet.

A thorough search of the house was made by the police, even the roof being examined, but nothing was found which would account for the strange disturbances. The police thereupon set a watch upon



## Psychic Phenomena

the house, but in spite of their vigilance, shortly after midnight the knocking began again.

Investigators of psychic phenomena will smile at the aid of the police being thus invoked. The Transactions of the Psychical Research Society would give a surer clue to the cause of the trouble. The levitation of a physical object and the rappings and knockings that occur without visible agency are only possible when a strong physical medium is present. Many people are mediums without being conscious of the fact, although strange manifestations constantly take place in their presence. They are, as it were, store-houses of vital force, which can be used by entities in the "spirit-world" for producing such physical phenomena as the Aberdeen knockings. The purpose of the disturbance is more difficult to explain. Raps and knocks are perhaps made in order to attract the attention of people present before a more elaborate system of communication is attempted. Sometimes noises are the work of mischievous entities whose sole purpose is to annoy, very much on the lines of a naughty child who kicks a table or bangs a tray to attract attention.

These unwelcome manifestations are very difficult to get rid of. Even the most saintly men have been afflicted by them. John Wesley's home was for years the scene of strange psychic disturbances. The Blessed John Vianney, Curé d'Ars, who died in 1859, was pestered for thirty-five years by entities who banged doors, abused him in audible voices, and even went to the length of dragging him out of bed. An account may be read in *The Blessed John Vianney* (p. 56), and is quoted in the Rev. Fielding-Ould's *Wonders of the Saints*.

THEODORE DEACON.





## ILLUSION ?

RESTLESS I tossed : my pulses hammering beat :  
Then through the silence of the sultry night  
Voiceless you called : nor stir, nor sound, nor sight  
Was there : and yet I knew my eager feet  
Were guided by you through the darkened maze  
Of stairs and landings, passages and rooms  
(Rooms once so fragrant with your favoured blooms)  
Into the quiet of cool garden-ways.

There, on the bowered path, I felt you near :  
I almost thought to hear your laughter sound :  
Your fragrance reached me on the midnight air :  
Peering—I saw you, pale-faced, nodding there  
In silent greeting. Then at one wild bound  
I clasped—the lilies you once planted, dear.



## COMMUNION

AH ! loved one, when I clasped the lustrous sheaf  
And crushed the trembling lilies to my breast,  
I knew I held you too—for my grey grief  
Stole subtly from me and my soul had rest.

As the calm fragrance of your favoured flower  
Suffused my outer sense, such inward peace  
As your companionship had ever power  
To spell for me was mine without surcease.

Oh ! some will say you came not back to me,  
That yet I walk the bowered-path alone :  
But when I muse beside the wishing-stone  
We placed within the bower's secrecy  
Ah ! then your unvoiced thoughts are clear to me :  
I *know* your presence though I may not see.

RUPERT HAYWRA.



## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF GENIUS, PERCEIVED BY GEORGE CLAUSEN

FAMILIARITY with the mode of expressing a truth makes it a platitude. Even so, a platitude is no less of value than truth always must be. But the quality of a truth which has degenerated into a formula and so become valueless is that it does not claim the attention since it has become too usual, a part of the commercial mental stock-in-trade that is smirched in its constant passage from hand to hand of the inevitable claptrap merchants. Just as the resetting of a gem will oft bring out new and unsuspected, because unfamiliar beauties, so will the rephrasing of a palpable platitude give it new meaning to the life of a people.

Now Clausen has little that is new or original to tell, and it would be not far short of incredible if he should have, because the treatment of pictorial art is one of the elder subjects which have engaged the mind of man. Until it goes beyond its present stage it is more or less impossible for those who wish to discuss the qualities of true pictorial art and the qualities to which the painter must devote himself to do more than reiterate the almost axiomatic principles upon which the art is based to-day, but each time these principles are restated with fire and conviction some new disciple will be caught in a little spark of the divine fire for his greater and more complete devotion.

This apparently trifling spark which is so microscopic and which may lead to so much, is struck out most usually in one of two ways. Either the student is fired by the writings of some master critic, or he is illumined by the work of a master maker. "Someone has remarked that the effect of fine paintings is 'to make you feel that you could do it too'; and this is something of the feeling one gets before work executed with facility, such as that of Velasquez, of Rubens, or



## Vision

of Veronese ; it looks as easy as possible." It is just by that appearance of ease that the student may be inspired to attempt a like performance, but it is not until he has made the attempt that he realises the quality of genius. Only in very exceptional cases will it be found possible to follow in the paths which these great men have taken, even though " the great genius that this " facility of execution " shows has come now to be taken for granted ; it does not astonish us. The work seems to have come about so easily, so naturally, and it has been so long with us, that we take it as a matter of course, as we do the sky or the sunshine."

Underlying this marvellous facility of execution, however, is something more wonderful still, and that is the experience of the mind of man, the unknowable in its greatest development, genius. In that mind of genius is a power of perception more mature than elsewhere. There is a perceiving in truth, a looking through the subject in hand unto its ultimate qualities which grants a gift of just arrangement, of precise and vivid colour and a frank acceptance of nature which cannot be reproduced by the lesser gifted. Therefrom " we feel Michelangelo's *mind* from looking at his works better than if he had written his ideas down ; and we see that certain elements are used for expression. Yet his imitators seemed to think that by using these elements, beginning as it were, at the other end, they would produce imaginative work ; forgetting that though they borrowed his qualities, they could not borrow his brains." But they inevitably found that " no one was great enough to follow the great Italians ; there was nothing left but to follow at a distance ; and these in turn had their followers, and the fresh reference to nature dropped out of men's minds."

What these schools neglected, as has so constantly been stated, was that they could not, by virtue of their different mental and physical environment see eye to



## *The Significance of Genius*

eye with a past-master. Study his methods as they might, they were unable to achieve his perfection and at the same time by refusing to seek inspiration in the material world around them, they were losing both for themselves and their successors whatever there was of value in the vision which their journey to fundamentals might have provided. Yet it is small matter for wonder, seeing how great and true the inspiration, say, of Raphael was, that men should "try to follow him; and least of all at their failure; for how can one continue a perfection already attained?"

The desire to hero-worship is firmly implanted in the breast of man. The pity is that he should so constantly seek to emulate the exact performances of his predecessor when he worships. Nothing could be less possible. Even were the disciple equipped with a replica precise in every respect of the mental and physical configuration of the master, his different status in time and environment would secure that the full expression of that replica would take another form than that of the master. Dogmatic though that assertion may be, it is impossible to find any adequate reason for its denial. The failure of a school which follows a master without reference to his source of inspiration is therefore a necessary consequence of its principles. Each and everyone must seek his own vision, and must do his utmost to express it in the manner best suited to his facilities. No two persons perceive the commonest object in like manner, so subtle and multiple are the variations in humanity. How then could any man hope to perceive in the manner of his avowed hero, who is admittedly greater than he?

For some a sunrise is but a sunrise—for others it is very different, blazoning forth on its magnificent streamers of colour its dread and wonderful connotations. But even here the variations in man lead to a



## *Vision*

different observation. Blake found it incredible to understand the paucity of imagination in his kind. "What, you will tell me that when the sun rises, you see a little round golden spot like a guinea—I tell you I see all the hosts of heaven, singing Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!" and probably if he had painted a sunrise, he would have felt it natural to symbolise it in that way. But if we turn to Turner, who was a fine painter and master of his material, as well as a man of great imagination, we find that he had the same great view of nature, as a living presence, although he did not personify it as Blake did. For he was able to see and to seize the elements in nature which give the suggestion of life, and by putting them before us he arouses in us the same feeling as nature does.

By no means is it a consequence that the study of the works of genius produced in the past should be neglected in favour of an absolute return to the contemplation of fundamentals, so that a completely new vision may be obtained by each seer. Necessary as it is to acquire skill in the method or art by which the message is to be conveyed, it is essential that mechanical accuracy in that method should be achieved, and it is by the study of the work of the past-masters alone that the nature of mechanical skill can be discovered. Moreover, such a study will show us also that it was by slow and painful steps that they attained their final perfection. Magnificent as the gifts of the good gods are they must be supplemented by the most untiring devotion of the student, and when his energies flag, they will be stimulated by the contemplation of the careful and uninspiring technicality of those who have attained the utmost distinction in their chosen *métier*. "Thus it is not only in the significance of the completed picture that the painter will find much to instruct and assist him, but also in the contemplation of the studies which were the foundation of the picture.



## *The Significance of Genius*

In some cases, as in the studies of Raphael, one can see the various actions which were tried for his figures, before the final and most expressive one was reached. For it is helpful to us to see that works which seem to be perfect, and to have come together naturally and without effort, were worried over and altered, just as we do with our own works. It makes us feel we are a little nearer to the great men when we know that they also had their difficulties."

But the difficulties of genius are always the technical difficulties which confront the humblest student of their art. Genius does not find a paucity of inspiration. Rather does the other balance of the scales sink with the fertility of their conceptions of subject. Many a student may attain to a copy-book perfection, and in doing so give a wealth of pleasure to numbers of his coevals who would otherwise have no opportunities in consequence of no knowledge of original work of outstanding merit.

The significance of genius is something much deeper, much wider than this. It produces work of a quality that man had not dared to hope for, and before which he stands in amaze, lost in the wonder of the capacity of the intellect with the quality of which every individual is endowed, be it in greater or lesser measure. And for the production of such intensely significant work, the artist must not only have received the special benediction of the good gods but also have devoted himself humbly and intensely to his work.

"The artist must have an idea in his mind which he wishes to convey; he must depend upon facts, but he must control them according to his intention. Rousseau has some remarks on composition which are of interest." Indeed they are of more than interest. He says, "I understand by composition that which is in us, entering as much as possible into the exterior reality of things. If it were not so, the



## *Vision*

mason with his rule could very quickly compose a picture representing the sea. It would be enough to draw a line at any height across his canvas. Now what composes the sea, if it is not the soul of the artist? There is composition, when the objects represented are not there for themselves, but for the sake of including under natural appearances the echoes which they have in our own souls."

G. E. FUSSELL.



## SANCTUARY FROM SELF

BEFORE the Cross the lamps are burning dim,  
And faint and far  
Through windows shadowed by the deepening blue  
A trembling star  
Hangs in the gloaming like a jewel pale  
Caught in the filmy folds of twilight's veil.

Now yearning Silence lays upon my heart  
A tender hand,  
And flees repining fretfulness before  
Her mute command ;  
Time stirs not in the soul ; care has no power  
To mar with restlessness the breathless hour ;

Earth drops away like dust upon the wind  
Eddying by,  
And through uncharted spaces of the soul  
A voiceless sigh  
From the High Altar, mystical, apart,  
Speaks to the spirit-sense, " Give Me thy heart."

ESTHER RAWORTH.



## SCIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE

It is always a pleasure to see material science—which is the only sort of science believed in by many people—gradually catching up to and confirming the teachings of occult science and of psychic knowledge. The recent experiments by Dr. Bose with regard to the life and death of Plants seem to be a step towards the confirmation of the old Hindu maxim that “All life is one life.” But, in the absence of a full report of his lecture in London on the subject, we may pass that over and turn to the domain of Physics where the tendency has been especially marked of late years.

The discovery of electrons, for instance, went far to confirm Mme. Blavatsky's assertions as to the close connection of electricity and matter, which were generally ridiculed between thirty and forty years ago. Similarly, the all-importance of vibrations, insisted on by occultists of all ages, is quite in keeping with recent scientific researches, beginning with the vibrations of heat and light on to X-rays and Hertzian waves. An interesting recent development is the discovery that wireless telegraphic messages can be transmitted almost twice as far by night as during the day. The same phenomenon has been noticed in America with regard to wireless telephoning. The theory is that the strong coarse vibrations of light interfere seriously with the vastly finer vibrations of the waves used in wireless communications, and there can be little doubt that this is the correct explanation. An interesting instance occurred during the eclipse of the sun last year. A report to the Press says, “Messages from Ascension Island to Meudon, near Paris, are clearly heard at night at a distance of over three thousand miles. But they cannot be heard during the day. During the eclipse of the sun on May 29th last, however, the moon's shadow covered



## *Vision*

part of the distance between Ascension Island and Meudon and messages were clearly heard while the eclipse lasted."

The vibrations necessary for conveying thought and those for conveying impressions from the higher spheres have not, as far as I am aware, been measured as yet. But there can be little doubt that, for activities so far removed from the material, they will be very much finer and more rapid even than those used for wireless work, and therefore still more easily interfered with by the waves of light. This opens a wide field for consideration and conjecture. It may help to explain why the great bulk of psychic experiences, such as visits from spirits anxious to communicate with friends still in the flesh, occur during night-time. It throws much light, too, on the phenomena of spiritualism. A generation ago it was the custom to scoff at these phenomena because of the dark séances. "It would be time enough for men of science to examine these marvels when they were produced in broad daylight," was the general attitude. Of course this was a very unscientific position to take up—reminiscent indeed of the old story of the photographer in a remote town in China. The inhabitants of the place were much interested in the "sun pictures" shown them, but were very keen to know exactly how the trick was done. The attempted explanation by the photographer seemed incredible, so he offered to let them see him take a sun-picture of a temple. They crowded round, but their worst suspicions were aroused when he declined to let them examine the plate before he placed it in the camera. Suspicions grew deeper when the foreigner put his head under a black cloth—obviously to conceal something or to make some magic. But the last straw was the disappearance of the photographer into a dark closet all alone to develop the plate. The whole business was



## *Science and Knowledge*

clearly deception and fraud. This used to be very much the way in which men of science regarded psychic phenomena. They wished to impose their own conditions instead of accepting the conditions under which the phenomena could be produced and trying to account for them as well as to explain the phenomena themselves. Nowadays we are growing more enlightened, and the knowledge of the effect of the vibrations of light will be found to help our understanding in various ways.

In the case of Prayer, for instance—which is a form of thought—it has always been known, empirically, how much easier it is to come into close touch with the Unseen during the darkness rather than in daylight. No one can read the *Lives of the Saints* without noticing this, and any one can experience it for himself by using the little chapel of St. Faiths, in Westminster Abbey, for the purpose for which it is reserved. Indeed, the general experience of all ages has been the same from the temples of Aesculapius to Milton's "dim religious light," and Donne's more direct testimony :

Churches are best for prayer that have least light :  
To see God only I go out of sight,

Donne would have cared nothing for an attempted scientific explanation of the fact. His own experience was enough for him. Still, for some of us, these modern discoveries, tending to show the unity of all knowledge, are full of promise.

EDWARD MELLAND.



We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep ; and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.



## THE BOOK OF THE MASTER

*My Favourite Book on Mysticism, and  
Why I Like It Best*

My favourite book on Mysticism is one entitled *The Book of The Master*, by Marsham Adams.

The author takes as his subject that monument of mystery and speculation—the Great Pyramid—and evolves a theory as impressive and lofty in conception as it is sane in argument.

Comparing the text of Egypt's most "venerated book" with the masonry of her most "venerable monument," Mr. Adams contends, that both *Pyramid* and *Book of the Dead* reproduce the same original, the one in stone—the other in words. On this correspondence is based the opinion that the doctrine of Light textually taught, is masonified as *The Path or Way* in "The Pyramid of Light."

This theory assumes the purpose for construction to be a spiritual one, and demonstrates that within this "Secret House" he who aspired to the highest kind of existence, was instructed in the Mystery Teachings. The nature and significance of these Teachings as masonically expressed in the Great Pyramid, is the whole theme of *The Book of The Master*.

When we consider that the Egyptians saw the visible Universe as an expression of the invisible and divine, and sought to express symbolically and externally in their buildings and landmarks, the cosmic relation of God to the universe of physical phenomena—we are prepared for the assumption that the instruction given in the Pyramid to the neophyte was one which expressed mystically and inwardly the whole relation, human and divine of God, the Great Creator, to Man, the creature.

This "Instruction in Wisdom," which included a knowledge of the powers latent in man, and the means



## *The Book of the Master*

whereby these might be developed for the furtherance of his mystic Quest, was undertaken with the sole object of finally becoming indissolubly united with the Source of all Being—"The Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The process by which this end was attained was the difficult one of Purgation and Transcendence. He, the Master Builder, so constructed the passages and hidden places that they symbolised in every feature of their masonry the steps of the candidate's spiritual progress, or the stages of his spiritual growth as he determined to tread the "strait and narrow way" and so eliminate, through discipline, the distance between himself and his Quest. He who "entered on Light" as the "Becoming One" or awakened soul, became firstly *Initiated*, then *illuminated* and transformed in the image of Osiris, until finally he attained *Union* as the "Perfect One" or resurrected God.

This book appeals to me more than most for the principal reason that in this indestructible Building, the earthly counter-part of "that House not made with hands," we have a sacred Landmark of the Past which testifies to the *Definite Design* underlying all institutional Religions in all ages, and which, by the great contemplatives, has been called *The Mystic Way*. Moreover, it shows that He, the Master Builder, was guided by a wisdom and knowledge which was intended should be made apparent in after ages when the time should be ripe for an understanding of its significance.

For another reason, of no less importance, the book appeals to me because, as Dr. Rudolph Steiner points out, "This creed declares no doctrine whereby the conversion of the Godhead into Flesh takes place," but rather does it teach that through the "God-Man Osiris," Evolution is consummated by the "interior taking of the Manhood unto God."



## *Vision*

The process of Purgation is a way of grave-like passages—of dark and hidden places—to one who has glimpsed “the Vision Beautiful” and become aware of his own unworthiness and manifold illusions; but, who indeed can tell—save he who has left “the Queen’s Chamber” a new-born soul, bathed in “the Well” of living waters, and emerged triumphant from “the Fiery Ordeal”—the Splendour and Glory of those Illumined Halls where the Just may set foot and gaze on Truth unveiled? . . . Only the Initiate who has cast down the last barrier between himself and his glorious soul—can tell of these wonders! . . . And it is The Master—who “has nowhere to lay His Head”—who came “to minister and not to be ministered unto”—who knows the entrance to the Kingdom of Heaven to resemble “a passage stripped of all noble proportions,” so narrow, so low, that only a “little Child” can pass on hands and knees to the Chamber of the King of Kings. . . . Perceiving, it is Osiris alone “who satisfies the balance of him who rules the heavens,” He knows “the King’s Chamber” to contain an “Open Tomb”—whence “The Son of God” overcomes Death and through the Resurrection has nothing further to do with perishable things, but “belongs to those who live eternally.” For Him Time exists no more—He has understood the design of the “Eternal House.”

Finally, I particularly like this book for a few personal reasons: the presentation of Mysticism is symbolical rather than psychological; symbolism is “the language of the Gods,” and as such, I consider it more profound, and certainly, in effect, nobler than Psychology. The study of symbolism being one of correlated greatness, it appeals to the “Trackless Spirit” in man and weans him from purely personal and individual considerations; psychology, too often leads to introspection and finally to the subtle dangers



## Preference

of egotism. Also, beyond all things beautiful—to me—is the symbolism under which the Egyptians worshipped their God—“*Light, the Great Creator,*”—an imagery which abounds in our own very lovely fourth gospel.

Perhaps the impression a book makes, quite apart from the significance of its contents, is not to be ignored; the God Immanent and the God Transcendent breathe through these pages. . . . But it is above all the words of “God, the Limitless,” which re-echo in the heart long after the book has been laid aside:—

*“Billions are my measurement, I who know the  
Depths is my Name.”*

HELEN HAVERS.



## PREFERENCE

SPICES and perfumes, rich and rare,  
Gathered in tropic islands fair;  
Cassia, frankincense and nard,  
Lauded and sung by many a bard;  
Sandalwood, musk and Arabian myrrh,  
Carried in ships from the Eastern edge  
Of the world; to your fragrance I prefer  
The scent of a hawthorn hedge.

Eagle, king of the feathered race,  
Meeting the sun-god face to face;  
Toucans and birds of paradise;  
Peacocks, adorned with a myriad eyes;  
Birds that out of silvery throats  
Pour out streams of glorious notes;  
I love you all, but more than the rest,  
A homely bird with a scarlet breast.

R. A. V. MORRIS.



## FURTHER NOTES ON THE TAROT CARDS (*continued*)

It is asked frequently who was the genius to whom we owe the arrangement of the Tarot Cards.

Although the name is lost, we have the means of assuming to some extent the style of the man who placed the cards in the order in which we now possess them. The guiding element is the Minchiate set of Tarots which was purged and restored in the Marseilles set. The Minchiate appears to represent the great original quarry from which all the later sets, including the pack of Mantegna, are derived. Of course the Minchiate itself has an older form, whether Italian, Provençal, Mauresque or Egyptian, who knows? The spring-heads of the Ancient Wisdom are secret and alone.

Having regard to the rejected cards of the Minchiate we realise that this thinker was not an astrologer, for he rejected the Signs of the Zodiac. He was not an Alchemist, because he rejected the four Elements. He took little stock of dogma or the moralities, for he put aside Faith, Hope and Charity. He was not of the Calvinist lineage, because he would have nothing to do with Hell. He was not a woman-hater, because we owe to him the great cards of the High Priestess and the Empress, who take the place of the unimpressive Grand Duke and Emperor of the West. His reverence for the ancient landmarks is shown by his retention of the Hanged Man, the Tower, and the Universe—the meaning of which was probably as obscure to him as they are to us to-day. Mantegna, who was merely an artist, found no use for these cards, but his mind, filled with the dominant ideas of the Scholastic age and the Renaissance, let itself loose in such cards as the Eighth Sphere, the Chief Agent, the Final Cause, the Nine Muses, Philosophy and Apollo. One remarks also the absence of Church influences in the selection



### *Notes on the Tarot*

of the twenty-two majors. There is, indeed, the Pope which the Minchiate Cards do not represent ; but it is doubtful whether the name does not cover a deeper mystery than the then Master of Christendom.

In my belief you see before you a thinker of the school of Averroes, who has endeavoured to reproduce in the rearrangement of the cards the idea of that universal transcendent intellect or psyché which all the phases of consciousness strive, but fail to realise. He was probably a white magician who believed in the power of ceremonial to refine and exalt the nature of man. In his view the fool is the transcendent intellect. The juggler is its appearance in flesh. Then follow the several contrasts which throw to the left hand or to the right ; to the eternal process which is still transcendent, or to the ephemeral in which the transcendent dies only to be born again ; to the way of the pure, which is peace and joy ; or to the death of the material form, by which all that is unclean is swept away. For the office of the spirit is not only to make all things new, but also to destroy whatever stands in the way of its absolute explication. Hence death—otherwise impossible to explain. In fine, in the words of the greatest of the Seers—and he might have written of the Tarot set, as the Averroist left them—“ A highway shall be there, and a Way : and it shall be called, The Way of Holiness. The unclean shall not pass over it : *but it shall be for those.* The wayfaring men, *though fools*, shall not err therein.”

W. INGRAM, D.Sc.



For out of the olde fieldes, as men saith  
Cometh all this new corn from year to year,  
And out of olde books, in good faith,  
Cometh all this new science that me lere.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.



## THE DAY'S RULE :

### A MYSTIC'S CALENDAR FOR MARCH

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.

Mar.

1. There is a wind which has no name.  
OLD GAELIC SAYING.
2. If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is—infinite. For man has closed himself up till he sees all things through the narrow chinks of his cavern.  
WILLIAM BLAKE.
3. Out of the panorama of sense, man builds his tabernacle, and calls it life ; but within the veil there lies hidden beneath a power that can unlock other worlds—strange, beautiful worlds.  
ROBERT HERRICK.
4. The romance of your spirit is the most marvellous of stories.  
Æ.
5. The waves of the sea have spoken to me ; the wild birds have taught me ; the music of many waters has been my master.  
KALEVALA.
6. Your soul is the mirror of the infinite God.  
GOETHE.
7. If the soul is to know God it must forget itself, for as long as it contemplates self it cannot contemplate God.  
ECKHART.



## *The Day's Rule*

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| 8.  | God is the goal as well as the source of all. The orderly trend of all things to their true places is therefore their guide to God.                                     | DANTE.              |
| 9.  | God's, the Kingdoms of the Heavens and of the Earth : and unto God the final return.  | THE KORAN.          |
| 10. | There is nothing which is not the image of God.   | PYMANDER OF HERMES. |
| 11. | I am that maketh thee to love ;<br>I am that maketh thee to long ;<br>I am the endless fulfilling of all the desires.   | JULIAN.             |
| 12. | His heart was as great as the world, but in it there was no room for the memory of a wrong.   | EMERSON.            |
| 13. | If we could but probe to the root of things, it might be well discovered that it is by the strength of some souls that are beautiful that others are sustained in life. | MAETERLINCK.        |
| 14. | As a man is so he sees.   | WILLIAM BLAKE.      |
| 15. | Talent developes itself in solitude,<br>Character in the stream of life.  | GOETHE.             |
| 16. | For to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive and the true success is to labour.   | STEVENSON.          |



## Vision

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| 17. | <p>There are four excellent things . . . knowledge which thou must gain with labour, the spirit of holy boldness, which cometh by faith in God ; a mighty will and a complete discretion.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">KINGSFORD AND MAITLAND.</p>  |
| 18. | <p>To make gold the Alchemist must have gold ; but He knows that to be gold which others take to be dross.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">PARACELSUS.</p>   |
| 19. | <p>Equanimity may be compared to white light, which, though composed of numerous colours is colourless ; while pleasurable and painful moods of mind may be compared to the modifications of light that result from increasing the proportions of some rays and decreasing the proportions of others.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">SPENCER.</p> |
| 20. | <p>I heard flowers that sounded, and I saw notes that shone.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">SAINT MARTIN.</p>   |
| 21. | <p>The only reality is One, . . . all that we have taken for Substance is only Shadow ; the physical is the unreal ; and <i>the outer-man is the ghost.</i></p> <p style="text-align: right;">LAFCADIO HEARN.</p>  |
| 22. | <p>Roaming in thought over the Universe, I saw the little that is good hastening towards immortality. And the vast that is called evil, I saw hastening to merge itself and become lost and dead.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">WALT WHITMAN.</p>  |
| 23. | <p>Let mystery have its place in you ; keep a place in your heart for the unexpected guest, an altar for the unknown God.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">AMIEL.</p>   |



## *The Day's Rule*

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| 24. | We acquire the strength we have overcome.<br><div style="text-align: right;">EMERSON.</div>  |
| 25. | Tasks in hours of insight willed<br>Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.<br><div style="text-align: right;">M. ARNOLD.</div>   |
| 26. | Sacrifice never should be the means of ennoblement, but only the sign of being ennobled.<br><div style="text-align: right;">MAETERLINCK.</div>   |
| 27. | There is a spring of pure water in all of us which will blend only with the pure water of others and of the Universe.<br><div style="text-align: right;">E. CARPENTER.</div>   |
| 28. | The water which thou seest wells not from a spring that is fed by moisture which cold condenses, like a river that gains and loses volume, but issues from a fount, constant and sure, which regains by God's will, so much as it pours forth freely on either side.<br><div style="text-align: right;">DANTE.</div> |
| 29. | Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.<br><div style="text-align: right;">ISAIAH.</div>   |
| 30. | O come across the grey wild seas,<br>Said my heart in pain ;<br>Give me peace, give me peace !<br>Said my heart in pain.<br><div style="text-align: right;">FIONA MACLEOD.</div>   |
| 31. | There is but one salvation for all mankind, and that is the life of God in the soul.<br><div style="text-align: right;">WILLIAM LAW.</div>   |



## EX LIBRIS

### A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF VISION

MAN-MAKING. By W. H. Benton. (John M. Watkins, 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Benton is one of an ever-increasing number who realise that the ultimate fringes of scientific knowledge must and do overlap and interpenetrate the region of the super-physical. In *Man-making* he seeks to present a panoramic view of Man's origin and destiny; and in seeking for that origin, investigates even the remotest planets of our system; but follows, in this connection, only the evidences of scientific research, and these find the earliest manifestations of physical Life in the worm-trails in Pre-Cambrian rock.

At the other end of the scale, Spiritualism is the lamp that lights Mr. Benton in his search for that intangible interweaving of Matter and Spirit that results in the final triumph of the "Soul of the soul." Like so many books that attempt to reveal the mystery of Man's eternal nature, *Man-making* offers us yet again a "stick with only one end." If the discarding of our physical sheath indeed releases the unnameable "I," as Mr. Benton fully believes, he must look for the origin of that "I" in the same region that embraces its final Home, and not in any physical environment.

The book, written with great earnestness, holds perhaps too vast a number of literal statements of facts for its size—it is encyclopædic in its scope, and condensed almost to the measure of a catalogue; but it is for all that extremely interesting reading.

E. C. M.

THE ARMY AND RELIGION. An inquiry upon the religious life of the nation. (Macmillan & Co., 6s.)

In these days, when we hear so much of "reconstruction"—of the refashioning after years of war of our social organisation—this book, with its testimony gathered from many and differing sources, comes very opportunely. And it is of particular value in that, unlike so many reports, certain



## *Ex Libris*

broad outlines of fact can be very clearly drawn from it, for the witnesses (though of course there are exceptions) corroborate each other to a remarkable degree.

On one point there is great certainty—that to the majority of the men religion is very remote, that, in fact, they think little or nothing about it, and even more certainty that the Christ, and all that is taught of Him, has no meaning for them. This, with a true appreciation of the soldier's character, an open acknowledgment of his dislike and disdain for the Churches, and a frank facing of the question of immorality are the chief points of the report. There seems no evidence that intellectual difficulties are responsible for this want of religion.

The report fully realises that a great change must take place within the Churches before they can achieve what is so much needed—the spreading of a real religion. If we do not feel, with the writer of the report, that the Churches are the only hope for this revitalising of religion, we, too, feel that, purged of conventions and the hamperings of form, they may do a great work in the building of the new age. That this book proves so largely their present inadequacy is, perhaps, not the least part of its value.

J. C. B.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS VAUGHAN. Eugenius Philalethes. Edited, Annotated and Introduced by Arthur Edward Waite. (Prepared for the Library Committee of the Theosophical Society in England and Wales. Theosophical Publishing House, 21s.)

The Library Committee of the Theosophical Society is to be congratulated on this most excellent edition of the works of Thomas Vaughan, and for their happy selection of Mr. A. E. Waite to fulfil the by no means easy task of collecting and editing the great alchemist's scattered writings, which heretofore have not been available in one collected edition.

Mr. Waite has performed his task with erudition and scholarly care. His Preface and Introduction are both admirable as a preparation for the study of the abstruse material that follows, and his manifold notes do much to



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elucidate the meaning of the text. For the study of Vaughan, in common with the work of all true alchemists, is not to be mastered in a light half-hour. Much of the meaning is buried with deep intention, and probably only those whose study has developed along similar lines will discover that which is hidden under obscure and difficult symbolism.

For all that, even the general reader will find passages of real beauty and significance which may lure him to sound the deeper waters of Vaughan's mystical philosophy.

The book is excellently produced, printed on good paper, and forms a necessary and valuable addition to any library of occult, mystical and alchemical works.

T. L. A. B.

**THE MINISTRY OF WOMEN.** A report by a committee appointed by his Grace, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 12s. 6d.)

IN the early part of 1917, a committee was appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to consider the subject of the ministry of women in the life of the Church, and this report is the result of its research.

It deals mainly with the three orders of women who have had definite connections with the Church—the widows, deaconesses and virgins—and traces their history from New Testament times to the modern revival of the deaconess.

The report states (and the very full appendices confirm the view) that neither the widows, nor virgins, can be regarded as at any time having been "ministers" of the Church; on the other hand there is ample evidence that the deaconesses have fulfilled definite ministerial functions, such as assisting at the baptism of women, carrying the Eucharist to the sick, keeping the door of the churches, etc., and that they have, although not invariably, been formally ordained, with the laying on of hands and investing with stole and maniple, in a way very similar to the deacons. While allowing this much the report continues:

"We find no evidence of the admission of women to the



## *Ex Libris*

priesthood. Save among heretical and obscure sects there have been no Christian priestesses."

The investigations of the committee have been purely historical, such matters as to why women have never been ordained to the priesthood being left untouched, and no attempt has been made to apply the results of the research to modern questions. For this reason the book, although valuable in itself, will probably only appeal to a limited public.

J. C. B.

TWO PIERROT PLAYS. *The Dream Stone and The Dream Gate*, by Eric Lyall. (Erskine Macdonald, 2s. 6d.)

This little book, although published in 1918, is reviewed in this number, because two or three correspondents have written asking for the names of any one-act plays which lovers of poetry would find pleasure in acting. *The Dream Stone* and *The Dream Gate* are delicate and beautiful fantasies, written with the requisite dramatic touch. *The Dream Stone* is the better of the two, the part of Pierrot, originally played by Esme Percy when it was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, being written with deep tenderness and beauty. The play is the work of a poet who has woven his heart into the telling, and very haunting is the little song with its refrain that echoes through the action :

"Into the land where the dreams all go,  
Come with us, come with us, Pierrot."

PRAYER AS A SCIENCE. By W. Wybergh. (Theosophical Publishing House, 6d.)

Mr. Wybergh has written an interesting little pamphlet which will doubtless prove helpful to Theosophists and the followers of New Thought, emphasising as it does the value of concentration as a preliminary to Contemplation. The several aspects of prayer are carefully outlined, but are viewed perhaps too much from the intellectual standpoint to satisfy completely those who are of a mystical temperament.



## VISION COMPETITIONS

### RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY

1. The prize of HALF A GUINEA for the best poem, entitled "A Prayer," is divided between Miss Ida Swaine, 5 The Glen, Durdham Park, Bristol, and Miss Esther Raworth, 42 Leadhall Lane, Harrogate.

The following competitors, whose names are mentioned in order of merit, submitted work reaching a certain standard: E. C. Merry (Eastbourne), Eric Lyall (Edinburgh), L. Myfanwy Pryce (Spilsby), L. Malleson (W. 14), Agnes Baker (Kilburn), M. W. Osmond (London, N.W.), "Bianca" (Margate), F. V. Godwin (Reigate), U. Malleson (W. 14), C. E. Sewell (Goodmayes), J. A. Palmer (Crewe), Monica Gardner (Lancaster Gate), E. P. Gill (St. Germans, Cornwall), E. Dunkley (Exeter), J. Eveleigh (Folkestone), F. Darlington, (Harrogate), M. Macintosh (Henley), E. Goodyear (Manchester), Beatrice Mallinson (Harrogate), Dorothy Gardiner (Blandford).

#### CRITICISMS

IDA M. SWAINE. The freshness and originality of your little poem have won for you the prize. Originality of theme counts for much in a competition of this kind, and your contribution, simple as it is, struck a distinctive note that set it apart from many more ambitious efforts which required a greater degree of technical excellence.

EMILY P. GILL. Your "Prayer" is marked by sincerity and depth of feeling, and the simple rhythm that you have used is a very fitting medium for its expression. The first line of the third verse runs rather awkwardly, and could be altered with advantage. The last two lines of the poem are, unfortunately, the worst, as they fail to scan. Had the poem concluded more evenly, your name would have been placed far higher in the list of those mentioned in order of merit.

BEATRICE MALLINSON. Your poem would have been very much improved had you avoided blank verse for its expression, as the particular metre you have adopted seems to call for rhyme. For all that, the idea behind the poem



## Vision Competitions

is good, and it will be worth your while to master some of the technical difficulties which at present prevent your giving it true expression. The first two lines of the first verse are excellent, but in the third line you make the mistake of placing the accent on the second syllable. It should fall, of course, on the first.

2. The prize of one year's subscription to *Vision* for the best set of quotations is awarded to Miss Gladys Stampe, 163 City Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Three consolation prizes of copies of *The Mystic Arsenal* have been awarded to Miss E. M. Stephenson, c/o Mrs. Ellis, 65 Mesnes Street, Wigan; Mrs. Simpson, 124 Maldon Road, Colchester; and Miss Wing, 19 Priory Mansions, Drayton Gardens, S.W. 10.

Other sets specially commended were received from Miss M. Anthony, Miss Havers, Mrs. Baker, Miss T. Dyke, and Mrs. Jackson.

3. The prize of books to the value of HALF A GUINEA, selected from those advertised in the January or this issue, offered for the best essay of not more than a thousand words on "My Favourite Book on Mysticism or Occultism," has been won by Miss Helen Havers, 2 Charterhouse Street, Holborn Circus, E.C. 1, for a most excellent description of *The Book of the Master*, by Marsham Adams. She has so fully entered into the spirit of the work that we have pleasure in printing her essay in this number.

Another contribution deserving special comment is one sent by Miss A. M. Rhind, who chose Geo. Macdonald's *Lilith* for her subject.

## MARCH COMPETITIONS

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

2. A copy of *Vision* will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best set of quotations (either prose or verse) of not more than four lines from a mystical



## Vision

writer suitable for inclusion in a Mystic's Calendar, and three copies of *Brookdown* will be awarded the senders of the three next best sets of quotations.

### RULES FOR COMPETITION

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 & 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.



A correspondent has sent us another instance of a haunted house, an account of which appeared in one of the daily papers. As in the cases of so many other phenomena of like nature the cause of the apparition is unexplained, but the details are a little unusual and seem worthy of record. Regent's Park is the locality of the present haunting. Three women had been having tea together, and when one rose to leave the other two accompanied her into the hall. The lights were not lit although the afternoon was waning. The guest who was leaving started to put on her coat when she felt unseen hands behind her carefully helping her into it. She turned to thank the maid, only to find that one was not present; both her friends were facing her, there was no one else in the hall. She was apparently not suffering from any delusion, as both the other women had seen the coat lifted into place without visible aid. Great was the mystification of all three, the owner of the coat becoming faint as the result, and being unable to leave for some time. Naturally efforts were made to solve the mystery, and apparently the house, which is over one hundred years old, has a half-forgotten legend connected with it which tells of a servant who died there and still continues to minister to the wants of the living.



## CLAIRVOYANT CHILDREN

ONE of the most significant features of the present psychic revival is the added sensitiveness of children, but whether the development of such sensitiveness be of advantage or no is a very moot point. It depends necessarily upon the outlook of those on whom the upbringing of the child devolves, and a rare wisdom is needed if the possession of psychic faculties is to prove anything except a hindrance to the child's normal progress towards manhood or womanhood.

The child who is psychic is hypersensitive of his visions, and, being abnormally affected by the thought and feeling of those with whom he comes in contact, an attitude of disbelief in his psychic experiences causes him inevitably to retreat within his shell. His elders may thereupon congratulate themselves that he has outgrown his strange fancies, but they are merely buried within his content of consciousness, and because they are denied a normal discharge they may become the seed of much nervous trouble in years to come.

A child is, of course, always affected by environment, and by the thought and tendencies of the people with whom he associates; it is generally admitted that his most significant characteristic is the power of imitation. If, however, we search a little more deeply we find that this imitation is in reality an almost automatic response to certain vibrations of thought and feeling, a child's mind and