

RUYSBROECK : THE FLEMISH MYSTIC

THE present age is one of such intense activity, and so great are the demands made upon both mind and body by the rush of living, that often the essential need for periods of inner quiet is forgotten.

All the circumstances of modern existence combine to shake the equilibrium of the Spirit. Disintegrating factors continually present themselves until with the loss of inner poise the power to see life as a whole atrophies, and the disjointed segment that affects the personality is all that is perceived. The loss of inward equilibrium becomes reflected in the outer life of the man as a social unit, and his work lacks the inspiration that is only found in the "centre of rest." Becoming aware of his loss, he may plunge more deeply into the activities of life, in a desperate effort to find the well of renewal ; but, if he be wise, he will cut himself a little adrift from external things, if not in action (for that proves not always possible), at least in thought. A new anchorage has need to be found, so that the spirit in quiet waters may see the reflection of the Divine Image, and search as a diver for a Pearl of price.

In days of old, retreat was made to some hermitage or cell, where the life of contemplation could be the more completely followed, but the exigencies of modern living prevent such entire severance from the working world for all but the very few.

How, then, may that inner equilibrium be restored, so that life be envisioned again as a perfect whole ?

Vision

Sometimes by the withdrawal of thought from present circumstance, and the contemplation of a pure and beautiful life lived in other days than these.

There are lives of perfect beauty, whose very reading brings peace of heart, and such an one is that of Jan Ruysbroeck, greatest of Flemish mystics, and master of the contemplative life.

Jan Ruysbroeck was born in 1293, at the little village of Ruysbroeck, which lay at no great distance from the city of Brussels. Full of an abundant vitality, which later was consecrated to the service of the Divine Will, but which in boyhood proved a wayward, undisciplined force, Ruysbroeck ran away from home at the age of eleven to his uncle, Jan Hinckaert, a canon of the cathedral of St. Gudule at Brussels.

It seems almost as though a wise and loving Guidance led him to take this step, for he entered a home charged with an atmosphere of saintliness and holy love. His young, ardent spirit followed eagerly the direction of one who sought to tread the Royal Way of the Holy Cross—for Jan Hinckaert was no lip-server of his Master. In company with Francis van Coudenberg, another canon of St. Gudule who shared his home, he lived an austere and simple life, dedicated to the true quest of holiness. To be brought up in such an atmosphere must have proved a vital factor in Ruysbroeck's spiritual growth, and it is little wonder that on reaching manhood his inclination should run in the direction of the priesthood.

In 1317, he became one of the cathedral chaplains, and served as such for twenty-six years. During this

Ruysbroeck : the Flemish Mystic

time he made very little impression upon his contemporaries. Pomerius, an Anglican canon who in 1420 wrote an outline of Ruysbroeck's life, described him as a simple, quiet, rather shabbily dressed man, who "went about the streets of Brussels with his mind lifted up into God."

But progress upon the Royal Way is not determined by outward recognition or any material showing, and it may be that the discipline of those twenty-six years built into Ruysbroeck's character the essential qualities which every aspirant must possess, before he can pass beyond the first of the three great stages of mystical experience. So perhaps during this period of apparent unimportance, the mysterious travail and labour of the soul were undergone, which later Ruysbroeck described in unforgettable words in *The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage*.

But in the great pilgrimage of the soul, with an ever increasing inflow of the Divine Life, there comes the need for a refuge of quiet, a stronghold wherein the soul may contemplate the deep things of God, so that "having entered in as a man of no understanding," he may "come forth as a strong spirit." Therefore on reaching the age of fifty, Ruysbroeck entered upon a further stage of his spiritual journey, quitting the busy life of the cathedral for the quiet of wood and country.

John III, the Duke of Brabant, gave to Hinckaert, Coudenberg—both now in the evening years of life—and Ruysbroeck, the old hermitage of Groenendael, or "the Green Valley," set in the forest of Soignes outside Brussels. Their priory became known as one

Vision

of special holiness, and a band of disciples gathered round them to profit by their discipline.

Thirty-eight years were spent by Ruysbroeck in this place of refuge, the little "Green Valley" in the quiet forest, and it was here that he entered upon that wonderful "God-seeing" stage of his mystical progress when the deep mysteries of the Superessential Life were unveiled.

There is a tradition that because the silence and the beauty of the forest ministered to a deep poetic strain within him, he would go alone into the woods when he felt the inspiration of God, and sitting under his favourite tree would write in obedience to the dictates of the Spirit. And once, when he had been absent for many hours, his brethren found him still beneath his tree, wrapt in an ecstasy of spirit, and encircled with an aura of dazzling light.

Ruysbroeck has left as his precious legacy to the world, not only the inspiration of a life, well-nigh perfect in its simplicity and selfless dedication to the service of God, but a number of priceless writings which will live through the centuries as spiritual charts, inscribed by one who himself accomplished the voyage of the soul.

Several of these have been translated into English, many more await translation. One of the most recent to be so treated is *The Kingdom of the Lovers of God*,*

* *The Kingdom of the Lovers of God*, by Jan Ruysbroeck, now translated for the first time from the Latin of Laurence Surius, the Carthusian, together with an Introduction by T. Arnold Hyde. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.)

Ruysbroeck : the Flemish Mystic

which proves a precious addition to our knowledge of Ruysbroeck's teaching. In it is given a description of that marvellous life-growth which takes place within the mystical heart. The " Kingdom " is the very life of God, manifesting in five different stages from the senses to the height of the Superessential Itself, and Ruysbroeck, in passages of ineffable beauty, shows how, by following the Active, Contemplative and Superessential Life, a man may enter and take possession of this holiest of Kingdoms.

In the *Book of the Twelve Béguines*,* Ruysbroeck teaches the perfect unfoldment of the Contemplative Life within, and nowhere has he written a passage of greater beauty than this :

" If thou desirest to unfold the Contemplative Life in thyself, thou must enter within, beyond thy sense-life, and, in that high point of thy being, . . . thou must keep thy thoughts bare and stripped of every sensible image, thine understanding opened and lovingly uplifted to the Eternal Truth, and thy spirit spread out in the sight of God as a Living Mirror, to receive His Everlasting Likeness."

Then follows the speaking of " the Truth of God within our spirit."

" From all Eternity have I seen thee, before all Creation, in Me, and one with Me, and as I see Myself. Therein have I known thee, loved thee, called thee, chosen thee. I have created Thee in My Image and in My likeness. I have adopted thy nature, and therein have I imprinted Mine Archetypal Image, that thou mayest be one with Me, without intermediary, in the glory of My Father."

* *The Book of the Twelve Béguines*, by Jan Van Ruysbroeck. Translated from the Flemish by John Francis. (John Watkins.)

Vision

In *The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage*,* Ruysbroeck discourses upon the three stages of approach unto the ultimate goal of Union with the Absolute. He divides the work into three books, each dealing with one of the great stages of the spiritual journey ; the first, that of the Active Life ; the second, the Interior or " God-desiring " Life ; the third and last, the Superessential or " God-seeing " Life.

The first book, concerning the Active Life, outlines the Way of Purgation, wherein stern lessons of self-discipline must be mastered, and " the chief roots and beginnings of virtues and all perfection," namely, charity, humility, and patient endurance—must be built into the character, before the soul can respond to the call of the Interior Life, described with such marvellous insight in the second book. This corresponds to the Path of Illumination, where the true spiritual dawning of the mystical consciousness is consummated.

The third book deals with the Superessential or God-seeing Life, which is the inheritance of those who have entered the Way of Union, and who abide " in that deep Quiet of the Godhead which cannot be moved." Then is the Spirit merged in the great Unity of God, and that profound communion takes place which Ruysbroeck calls " the most inward of all exercises " in " the abysmal deeps of our being."

He speaks of the three ways of entrance into the God-seeing Life :

" The first is that he must be perfectly ordered from

* *John of Ruysbroeck*. Translated from the Flemish by C. A. Wylschenk Dom. (J. M. Dent.)

Ruysbroeck : the Flemish Mystic

without in all the virtues, and within must be unencumbered, and as empty of every outward work as if he did not work at all. . . .

Secondly, he must inwardly cleave to God with adhering intention and love. . . .

Thirdly, he must have lost himself in a Waylessness and in a Darkness. . . . In the abyss of this darkness, in which the loving spirit has died to itself, there begins the manifestation of God and eternal life. For in this darkness there shines and is born an incomprehensible Light. . . . This brightness is so great that the loving contemplative sees and feels nothing but an incomprehensible Light ; and through that Simple Nudity which enfolds all things, he finds himself, and feels himself, to be that same Light by which he sees and nothing else."

Another wonderful treatise is *The Sparkling Stone*, which Ruysbroeck wrote to illuminate some of the difficult points of his teaching, and in which he uses so constantly the threefold classification of the *Servants*, the *Friends* and the *Sons* of God.

Those men who are living the Active Life he names the Faithful Servants of God, as distinguished from the Hirelings, who live only for self. The Secret Friends differ from the Faithful Servants, for although the latter have chosen "to keep the commandments of God," the Friends follow also the "quickenings counsels," and are living the Inward or "God-desiring Life." He then explains the difference between the Secret Friends and the Hidden Sons of God, who live the Superessential or "God-seeing Life."

The Friends possess their inwardness as an attribute, and cannot of themselves reach the "Imageless

Vision

Nudity," and although they feel united with God in their contemplation, yet they are always aware of an "otherness" between God and themselves.

"For the simple passing into the Bare and Wayless they do not know and love, and the simple staring with open heart into the Divine Brightness remains unknown to them. And though they feel themselves uplifted to God in a mighty fire of love, yet they keep something of their own self-hood, and are not consumed and burnt to nothingness in the unity of love."

The great difference, then, between the Secret Friends and the Hidden Sons of God, is that whereas the Friends know a living and loving ascent to God, the Sons experience "a simple and death-like passing" into that "Superessential Love, wherein neither end, nor beginning, nor way, nor manner, can ever be found."

Then follows that illumined and unequalled ninth chapter, wherein Ruysbroeck describes "*How we may become the Hidden Sons of God and attain the God-seeing Life.*"

It is by the death of the selfhood that the Sonship is ours, and to reach that death we must become in in our ascent towards God

"so simple that the naked love in the height can lay hold of us, where love enfolds love, above every exercise of virtue,"

and

"there we must abide, onefold, empty of ourselves and free from images, lifted up by love into the simple bareness of our Intelligence."

Thus we receive incomprehensible Light, and this

Ruysbroeck : the Flemish Mystic

Light is nothing else than "a fathomless staring and seeing."

"What we are, that we behold; and what we behold, that we are; for our thought, our life, and our being are uplifted in simplicity, and made one with the Truth which is God. And therefore in this simple staring we are one life and one spirit with God: and this I call a contemplative life. . . ."

To brood over such teaching uplifts the heart from the stress of common living, until the lovelier path trodden by Ruysbroeck shines like a luminous ray, waking a longing in the soul for a hermitage—even as his—a Green Valley. And a hunger grows for that time of quiet when we may pass from the outward Active Life of the Servants of God to the Interior Knowing of the Secret Friends, when the soul, being drenched with Love knows the "quickenings counsels" of God: seeing as from afar off a further stage that lifts the heart with longing, when the Soul shall reach the Superessential or God-seeing Life, and be numbered among the Hidden Sons of God.

It is then that we shall walk in the great Waylessness and Darkness that are of the very nature of Light, for therein shines perpetually "the simple ray of the Splendour of God," which draws us out of ourselves into abysmal Love.

DOROTHY GRENSIDE.



THE flesh is no longer to be thought of as opposed to the spirit. Soul and body are developing together, harmoniously and by means of each other.—GEORGE BARLOW.

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN BREVIARY

IV

IF I do take from thee all that thou lovest, yet remember—I remain.

If all that seemeth dear thou must relinquish, yet hast thou lost nothing that may impoverish thee : thou hast within thyself an inexhaustible treasure.

It beareth the imprint of Him Who dowered thee, it carrieth the mark that hath been set upon the children of Light.

It hath neither beginning nor hath it end, for neither was it born of Time nor hath Time dominion over it.

It hath not form, for Form varieth at the will of Life, yet formless, it hath substance of the nature of Mine own.

It lieth secretly hid where none may find it save he who hath the right thereto, and he cometh upon it only after long search.

It seemeth of earth, but of earth it is not, yet it giveth stability unto the earth.

It seemeth of water, yet of water it is not, yet it giveth of motion unto the water.

It seemeth of air, yet of air it is not, it seemeth of fire, yet of fire it is not—

But of LIGHT, by the Master of LIGHT, and in LIGHT is it builded, its countenance is shining and the eyes thereof are stars. And the name of him who seeketh lieth across the forehead in lettering of flame.

And he that findeth, knoweth well upon what he looketh, and he seeth not again with the same eyes.

THE PILGRIM.

MARRIAGE.

THERE are two matters on which the mass of men seem born to quarrel—Social Questions and Religion. Each of us has a plan for the regeneration of our neighbour. Excellent plans most of them—the chief difficulty about them being that they inevitably isolate the inventor from his victim by a gulf of contempt and tyranny deeper than the Atlantic.

In consequence whoever will talk of social questions and aim to recreate without bitterness, must sign himself one of a band who have bound themselves by these rules :—

(a) To admit error in themselves whenever found.

(b) To believe it possibly present whenever differences of opinion arise.

(c) To use simple ideas and avoid explaining the unknown by the unknown.

(d) To avoid the idea that religious, philosophical or theosophical ideas are of the least use in solving social problems.

(e) To remember that truth exists whether we see it or not, and

(f) to be ready at all times to recommence the search for truth whenever a flaw in what we believe makes itself apparent.

Armed with the humility that may spring from these simplicities—armed, too, with the sharp sword of scepticism—alive to the possibility that all social theories, even our own, have failed because they are not true to reality—let us again come back to the elements of social living—let us again ask elementary questions in the search of elementary principles.

A careful examination of the origins of life reveals some remarkable facts. It points to the fact that the division of the sexes is in nature a sign of life complexity. Further, nature studies exhibit to us the

Vision

fact that the monogamous habit, although characteristic of several species of birds and a few mammals, is a rare achievement even in the human race. We are all aware of "such marriages, of soul-affinities," of the love that, once severed, brings an eternal widowhood. For some reason these ideas have no real place in the business of ordinary living, for this very simple reason, that marriage, like the fifth Commandment, is designed for the betterment of offspring primarily, and for the parents only as an *arrière-pensée*.

Let us approach the matrimonial relation from the point of view of reincarnation; perhaps not the orthodox view of the subject, but the view which investigation seems now to disclose as in accordance with fact.

Human life, it would seem, is the plan of progress for man—whether for the soul, we do not know; but certainly for the person. When he leaves the body after a life, he spends a period of time in preparing to return to the body. It appears to be the case that not only is there in general little change of scene in a succession of lives; but the family is recruited as it descends from the past members thereof. Hence family likeness and tradition are not mere freaks of nature, but result from the return of the ancestor into the body of the child. No one who knows the Roman theory with regard to the family will have difficulty in assenting to these views. In this way the person returns for the most part without much delay into the scenes which he left; to the sins he would not abolish, and to social sores which it suited him to ignore. Thus the principle of Karma is worked out without artificial interference.

The tradition of the family—so strong both in the Roman and in the Jewish systems—has practically disappeared in civilised societies, and the loss of it has not been to the benefit of the race. To the Roman as

Marriage

to the Jew the desire of every woman was to bring into the home an adequate stock to hand down the family name, the family property and the worship of the one God.

The Roman desired the gift of children in order that the ancestors of the house (the Lares and Penates) should not want their tribute in corn and wine. But without doubt they knew quite well that the ancestor returns, when the children begin to cry under the ancestral roof.

Regard again the Roman theory of inheritance. The *tria jugera quae heredem sequerentur* became in time the whole undivided family estate. There was no power of bequest in the early Roman systems. The estate had to follow the line. When the idea of a will did come in, it was not valid until the Comitia—i.e. the assemblage of pure Roman families—judged it according to the tradition of the Roman people; that is, made sure that no family stock was disappointed. Where there were children, no will was possible—(we hold that tradition still to some extent); because the heir is the ancestor and the family inheritance which he built is his when he returns to share it.

This principle does not, of course, interfere with the other principle that the numbers of the group of which a family consists may be increased or diminished by the introduction of new elements or the extension of the old elements according to the progress of the family. It is not improbable that the higher grades of the animal kingdom continually send fresh units into the realm of humanity. Neither is it improbable that the lowest class of the human may be disposed of in an animal body for the relief of the group which it polluted.

Now it results that the matter of bringing souls to birth is not mere caprice. It is perhaps the most

Vision

natural duty which nature imposes upon man and woman. The only modern community which to-day treats this either as a social or as a religious duty is that of the Mormons. They say that there are always lying in limbo souls of men yearning for rebirth, for whom it is a charity and a right that bodies should be recreated. Some of the Mormons have spoken of the vision of these disembodied beings, whose sorrow and whose crying it is bitter to discern. They point to the prosperity of men and peoples who treat that duty as a privilege. And at the present time when such waste of life has occurred and when the promise, "behold I make all things new," stands like a bow in the cloud, the question will not be stayed, if those who were of us and who died for us, are to return soon to fulfil the work to which they put their hand and to which they gave their all, how are they to receive back their ambition and their rightful inheritance?

The Mormon, alas! has only a cheap remedy for the difficulty. He multiplies the wives whom a man may have. Thereby in a sense you provide a vehicle, but one which falls short of civilisation in three ways: (1) it destroys the idea of the family and the grouping which is its merit, (2) it breaks the true law of mating which natural history observes from the most primitive form of bi-sex, (3) it renders the home and home-life an impossibility. The last is the greatest of all sins. Man was made for woman and woman for man, but one man may not match twenty women, leaving nineteen men homeless and without their true society.

The slightest study of the structure of the State will detect the fact that the unit of it is always the family—and for that matter, the home. There are good people who think it possible to bring up children in institutions. Failure to think is present in any such suggestion. It entails the view that the whole process by which we come here is a purely physical

Marriage

one, in which neither mind nor soul plays any essential part.

Unfortunately the love of man for woman, and of woman for man, is not either a mere desire or a mere longing to bring souls back to this inhospitable world. Marriage is a spiritual fact ; perhaps the most spiritual thing that this world knows. It is materialism or common sense, (the words here are synonymous), applied to the relation, that causes the misery that men and women pay for their half-views of truth, their wretched, cheap wisdom in dealing with each other in marriage. That they should suffer because they would not see the Vision Splendid may be a small matter, were it not that the children suffer with them in body and in soul.

It has been remarked at times, mostly by visionaries, that there is a near relation between marriage and religion. Of course, from a material point of view nothing could be more diverse than marriage and faith. The resemblance, therefore, is built entirely on the spiritual side of the matrimonial bond.

To a young man who has found his salvation in some girl's love, the glory of his discovery is soiled by no earthly shortcomings. True, she may be no more divine than the usual daughter of Eve, but to him she has become the one fact for which the world was made. And to some extent he is right. For all creation has travailed towards the time when spirit shall discern spirit without veils or circumstance. Of course, the Vision is for him transient. That it should ever have been there, is the fact paramount. With man, so with woman. She sees in the man who comes to her in the stress of the love-match the Sir Galahad for whom all the ages have waited. To neither side is anything material of interest at that moment. When men and women meet, unsophisticated, in the pure light of love—rank, riches, beauty, and business,

Vision

all disappear from view. The world is theirs. It gives itself to them—their bountiful home, their everlasting reward. But as Browning says, speaking of the sophisticated :

“ O ! observe ! of course, next moment
The world's honours in derision
Trampled out the light for ever.
Never fear but there's provision
Of the devil's to quench knowledge :
Lest we walk the world in rapture,
Making those who catch God's secret
Just so much more prize their capture.”

The Vision perishes in its fulfilment, no doubt ; but with the loss of its glamour comes the second vision of which the other was a mere prelude. It is the end of being that spirit should commune in the end with spirit, but it is only by means of the wheel of rebirth that that ideal can become real. And so nature, having shown its worshippers the thing that shall be, brings them back to the realm of process. They then discern the purpose for which they were brought together, to be the fathers and the mothers of the race. From that a new love springs more permanent, though less involved in glamour than the other, a sharing of things human and divine, a common fortune, a common anxiety for those whom the process of nature sends to their care.

Nothing in nature is more perfect in its working than the steps by which man and woman are brought to create and share the home. For Nature in her wisdom cares less for the parents than for the children. This is right, in as much as the parents have the gift of insight and can find their own heaven, their own hell for themselves. Of course, it is different with the child. Unless the nest is there for the hour when he comes, his return becomes a disaster. What should

Marriage

await him is that triangle of love, which perfects itself in his presence. Again emerges a relation which nothing on earth should have power to sully.

It requires here to be said that the home, or the nest, will never create itself under a materialistic view of the relation of man to woman. The idea that either of the spouses may sow wild oats, or give to the many a youth which is due to one only, without loss in every way, is an idea that must be ground upon the nether millstone. Marriage delayed is temptation. The State does not yet realise its duty to those helpless souls who with fragile fortunes are brave enough to give hostages to fortune. It is all very well to institute committees for child welfare and boards for the education of the young; but the true committee is the parents themselves; and their want is nothing worse than money and work, and the means of happiness for themselves and for their children. The State that hands a parent a few pounds upon which to bring up his child, and thinks that it has fulfilled the whole moral law in that relation deserves all the plagues that that large generosity brings with it. It is not easy to say what means the State should take to make the home a place where there shall be no danger to the child—as it must be when the matrimonial ideas of the parents are low and their means scanty—but it may be taken for granted that the sowing place of the race is the home, and not the crèche or the school.

The waste of offspring to-day is so great that no society, unless one which is multiplying fast, can look on without concern. No doubt modern society quite properly aims to conserve what comes to hand; but that is not enough in times such as the present, nor in times of peace when a death-rate always improving owing to better health conditions is still running an anxious race with a steadily lowering birth-rate. Appreciate that the marriage-rate has not

Vision

fallen, and that society is (for its sins) becoming increasingly sensitive to the cry of the children. Still cradles are empty and homes unblest by their laughter.

And, therefore, let us ask the first question of all—not what we are to do with the little wayfarers from Paradise, when they appear—but how we are to persuade the race to make their coming its duty and its care?

One is inclined in the first place to examine the womanhood about us upon their faith in the spirituality of their mission to man. I think it can be said without mystery that man's key to heaven is his attitude to woman; that pure love and undefiled is the gate of the Kingdom for which our spirits faint. No doubt it seems a hard saying that the woman who sells her love for anything less than love in return—for motor-cars and fine clothes, and servants and society—betrays the spirit of God, and has nothing to say to her sister who sells it for cash. It is hard to say this, because men are few and women are many; and many a woman who stood by her faith in its dark hour, must know no more in this life, nor dream, even, of the little hands that grip so hard about the breasts. And it is poor consolation for such a one to say in the silence of tears: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

And so, unless the road is to be too hard for womanhood to tread alone, I turn to the manhood of the race; for what the spirit could not do alone, the material soul may achieve, although it see the Light merely as a shadow on the wall.

What is the duty of man, as man, to the future race? What can you say that shall fit the mood of the growing boy, of the stripling who has perhaps passed through the pain of a first love, and of the man able and ready to woo? Be reverent in all relations with women. It is not easy to muzzle the ox, as he

Marriage

treads out the corn. And perfect purity in all matters between the sexes is to-day a thing neither to be hoped for nor perhaps to be too much desired. But a man, whose method of loving may not pass even a jury of his sort, may nevertheless be able to plead in excuse : " I did it because I loved her so much. I sought as best I could to repair the wrong I did. In my heart I love her still." Such a one may not carry to a second courtship nor to the marriage-bed the whole truth of love ; but greater vision will at least in some way repair the loss of glamour.

Observe that want of reverence in man for his beloved reflects very quickly in her relation to him. Reverence is the whole armour of love.

You ask who is to teach the youth reverence ? Surely that duty rests on his mother if he has one, and, if not, on every woman who has any charge or influence over him. He must learn that attitude to herself first of all, if not through love, through fear. And she needs vigilance in seeing that he carries that attitude of soul into all his dealings with her sex. Neglect that business when youth is tender, and there remain risks manifold of misery for other women, when he comes to deal with the realities of life.

As reverence develops in man's nature, it brings with it to his dealings with woman the gift and vision of sympathy. It is useless to tell common sense that men and women are mentally the same. If it is true, it is useless information, tending to multiply falsehood, when marriage is in contemplation. A woman must always be handicapped by the physical fact that her business is to be the bearer and rearer of the children of the home. She cannot, if she fulfil these duties, have a bank account like her husband, have his wider interests, his social ties. She must multiply the narrowness of the home in her necessary associations with women like herself. Now the eye of sympathy

Vision

sees all these things ; and the heart of love meets it, not with generosity, but with justice. But then, if there is not laid the necessary foundation of reverence, the woman of his choice may become to her husband a mere living chattel—a mere mother of his heirs, at whom, in token of services rendered and happiness secured, he flings a necklace here—a cheque there—all charities, all tokens of the lower station.

Out of such things no good can really come. They tend to make the home a scene of separation, and to leave the cradle empty.

Could one create a league of men and women who passionately believe and proclaim the home to be nature's palace and God's home on earth ? For them the wife has to have her place in the home fixed. To her is due the whole care of the children of the house—the whole charge of the family purse. To her is due a share of the matrimonial income, whether earned or not, with the right to dispose of it as she pleases, no doubt with some regard to the question of fair dealing between herself and her husband, but still as a matter of right.

When the internal machinery of the home is rearranged, it may be possible to deal adequately with the social side of it. Society at present piously explains to the lieges that it is the duty of the State to encourage the married state at the expense of single living. What in practice occurs in that direction would make an angel weep, if the blessed angels have time and organs for that expression of the emotions. A Chancellor of the Exchequer, while making penurious rebates of taxation for the benefit of wives and children, still taxes joint incomes as one, and declares that he cannot obtain revenue without it. Meantime he leaves many vices (e.g. horse-racing) and most luxuries carefully untaxed.

Of course, the spiritual side of matrimony may

Marriage

ultimately fail for want of means. Love in a cottage has its limits. There is a limit to grinding and saving, to the anxiety of seeing the number of the household growing, while the purse remains steadily empty. No Government has ever offered its citizens relief from the burden of superfluous children—superfluous to their parents—but precious to the prudent Statesman.

Would it be Utopian to offer such relief to him who had begun the great adventure? Would it be an injustice to those who had been more “prudent,” or whose children were not to be found on the strait road of matrimony? It all depends upon the view one takes of the State. Is it a convenience, as Rousseau thought, or is it one of the great spiritual engines whose end, as a philosopher once put it, is the accomplishment of all nobility and all virtue and all perfection?

The State fades into the light of the common day, along with humanity itself, when circumscribed by the needs, the greeds, and the general ineptitude of the point of view of the common man. Plato was right when he selected a few wise men for the business of Ruling. In the welter of modern politics the idea of the State as a spiritual pact is slowly dying. And with it dies the truth of marriage. On that broad altar it lies bleeding to death—a sacrifice to Moloch. Whenever some material thing is coveted at the expense of the spiritual, the clock of civilisation begins to tick backwards, and the deluge is not far away.

Therefore, however it is to be achieved, the State that is to reach forward—if there can be such a State—must make the child its first preoccupation. There must be no narrow homes, honest parents anxious and starved, children obsessed by cares and needs to which they should be strangers, and diseases to which they were never born. To-day that means nothing but taxation and waste and foolishness. To-morrow,

Vision

what ? Would it bring any true solution if the matter were entrusted to small areas, the parish, for instance, and to self-respecting people, who were not mere busybodies, or the democratic choice of ignorant electors ?

So slowly grind the wheels of God. So slowly comes the Golden Age—lost as it always is in the pursuit of the things that lie about the muck-rake.

As a great poet has written of the Dream and the Truth :

“ Last night, last night in dreams we met :
And how to-day shall I forget ?
Or how remembering restrain
The incommunicable pain ?

But if perchance the Shadows break,
If dreams depart and men awake :
If face to face at length we see,
Be mine the voice that welcomes thee.”

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



CAVE-DWELLERS

THREE dwelt in a little cave . . .
The Baby was God made Man,
And all that He was, He gave.
Three dwelt in a little cave ;
And One of them, men to save,
Had worked out a perfect plan.
Three dwelt in a little cave . . .
The Baby was God made Man.

ARMEL O'CONNOR,

THE MEASUREMENT OF MAN'S EMOTIONS

AN interesting account has appeared in one of the daily papers of an electrical apparatus, which has been invented by Dr. Augustus Waller, director of the Physiological Laboratory, University of London. By the use of this apparatus it is possible to record and measure any emotion a patient may experience.

The arrangements for conducting the experiment appear to be simple in the extreme. According to the newspaper report, a patient is placed in an arm-chair, with a recording screen opposite to him, which consists of a strip of linen bearing a measurement register. A pair of electrodes, connected with a Wheatstone-bridge and galvanometer are then attached to his left arm, and the blinds are drawn so that the room is in darkness.

The writer of the report, upon whom the experiments were conducted, states that directly this was done a beam of light travelled along the measurement-register. The professor explained that this was due to a feeling of excitement on the part of the sitter as to what was about to occur. But gradually the beam settled upon a certain figure on the register, and Dr. Waller announced that he could now begin his experiments.

Several simple tricks were then played upon the sitter, with the object of affecting his emotions. For instance, Dr. Waller disappeared behind the sitter's chair, stating that now he would begin. Immediately the beam of light travelled rapidly across the strip of linen. Instinctive fear of an attack from behind was demonstrated.

For the second experiment Dr. Waller said that he would try the effect of a pin-prick, and made a sudden dart at the sitter's hand. He held no pin, but the

Vision

feint proved successful. The beam rushed across the register at the sitter's expectation of a prick.

A pin was then used in good earnest, and although the pain could have been no great matter, the emotions of the sitter were so affected that we learn that the beam travelled right off the register!

When it rested again in normal position Dr. Waller announced very cheerfully that he was now about to burn the sitter. Immediately the beam was set in violent motion again, and the subsequent use of lighted matches upon the sitter's hand caused it to move to and fro with great rapidity.

Dr. Waller maintained that his invention would materially aid a doctor to understand the temperament of his patient, and that by means of it many physiological and psychological problems might be solved in the future.

These experiments remind us that some years ago a M. D'Odiardi created a small sensation in certain scientific circles in Paris by the exhibition of an instrument which rather resembled a clock-face. Its purpose was to register the effect of a man's emotions and strength of will. Certain curious results were obtained. It was proved that any strong emotion, such as love or hate, had the power to move the pointer on the dial to a far greater extent than any other feeling, and that of the two, love was the stronger agent. Furthermore, a man of strong will, by concentrated effort, could cause the pointer to move a very considerable distance. A man lacking in will-power was scarcely able to affect the instrument at all.

In a curiously interesting book entitled *The Human Atmosphere*,* now unfortunately out of print, the author, W. Kilner, M.B., late electrician at St. Thomas' Hospital, London, gives details of a series of experi-

* *The Human Atmosphere*, by Walter J. Kilner, B.A., M.A., Cantab. (Rebman, Ltd.).

The Measurement of Man's Emotions

ments made by him, which have a certain correspondence with those of Dr. Waller and M. D'Odiardi.

Dr. Kilner explains that he was experimenting on the mechanical force of certain emanations from the body. As an aid he used solutions of dicyanin in alcohol of different strengths in glass screens. On looking at a patient through these, he could discern a greyish cloud surrounding the entire body. Dr. Kilner's investigations of this phenomenon corroborate the descriptions given by clairvoyants of what they call the *Aura*, which they claim is an oval mist of colour encircling the human body. But at the time of his researches, it is important to note, Dr. Kilner had not read any book on the subject of the *Aura*. Very interesting are certain of the experiments which he conducted for the purpose of determining the effect of the *will* upon this subtle force, or emanation, or *aura*, call it what you will, which was clearly visible with the aid of the screens. But it should be noted that Dr. Kilner considers this force which emanates from the body is invisible in itself, but becomes perceptible by means of its action on the Ether or Atmosphere. Magnetism, Radio-Activity and Electricity become visible in like manner.

Dr. Kilner describes in some detail the action of this force. He states definitely that to a certain extent it is under the influence of the will, which can cause a projection of the aura. He gives a very interesting experiment, in which a woman was shown by means of the screens how the aura or force emanating from the tip of one finger could be extended or diminished by the power of the will. She then performed the experiment herself, not only from the finger, but from various parts of her body, although it was proved that the "auric potential" was greater upon points than upon plane surfaces.

An even more interesting experiment was that in

Vision

which the patient successfully willed the aura to assume certain colours at given points. These were sometimes specified by the operator, and sometimes by the patient herself.

Space forbids further quotation from an interesting and valuable book ; but read in conjunction with the accounts of Dr. Waller's most recent invention it is realised that year by year the claims of occultism are being substantiated by the findings of science. For occultism has long asserted the existence of an aura, and the visibility to the sensitive eye of thoughts and emotions.

It is possible that the psycho-analyst will add Dr. Waller's instrument as a new weapon to his armoury, to aid him in the strange subliminal fields where he has elected to do battle.

THEODORE DEACON.



THE TREASURE OF THE DUMB

HE who knoweth Love looketh out upon the world, but
speaketh not,
For Silence is more dear to him than song.

He who knoweth Pain beareth his burthen silently,
For though the great heart breaketh, true Suffering hath
no tongue.

He who passeth through the gate of Love and the inner
court of Suffering,
He findeth Sophia, the Heavenly Mother of his search—
But the great Sentinels of Silence lay their Seal upon his lips,
And the Treasure of the Dumb is his.

O. E. S.



FOUR-DIMENSIONAL LITERATURE

POETS are few but lovers of poetry are many ; and so too, though we should be foolish to dub ourselves mystics, we may say justly that, each in his own measure, we share the mystical temperament. We look out upon the world with a sight which is somewhat different from that of the majority of our fellows. The mystic, I imagine, is conscious from the first that all his perceptions are at variance with those of other men. He sees a depth where they see only a surface and finds that the world pursues what seems to him manifestly of no importance. We also, who approximate to his type, find that we are foreigners in our age ; but we make the discovery more slowly. We do not come to this life, as he comes, with a peculiar vision. We are patchworks, and he is all of a piece. Experience reveals to us in time the mystical element within us, at first confused by our heredity or by competing aspects of our nature ; and thus it comes about that when we have established our principal values—when we are confident that there is something divine in man—we continue to accept the world's estimate of certain secondary interests.

Seeing, for instance, that our view of life is so different from theirs, how could we agree with most men in our appraisal of literature ? Nevertheless, we are slow to realise that for us the books which all men are applauding may have no more life than a row of royal mummies. Tradition lingers about us. We try to react to such books as other men react. We have not the virility of mind which would admit, let us say, that since we do not judge life as the Elizabethans judged it we cannot be satisfied by Elizabethan literature. I think it is important to be honest with ourselves in such a matter because our vision of life can never be efficacious or even clear until it has

Vision

achieved a form, and because, if we remain content with the literature that expresses another vision, we shall never evoke a literature that shall express our own.

How far, then, can I suppose that your conception of life accords with mine? I will suppose as little as possible—merely, in fact, that you believe in the persistence of consciousness beyond death. Why do men often oppose that belief with such vehemence? Because of its profound implications; because if death is an interruption rather than a conclusion, they must needs reorient the whole of their lives. If we assume that after death our use of life shall have no repercussion elsewhere we are wise to concentrate all our faculties upon immediate objectives; and that is what most people do. Not many would say, as Edward Thomas told me of himself, that they have actually a sense of ultimate extinction as others have a sense of immortality, but their hope of outsoaring death is too weak and intermittent to affect their acts.

If, on the other hand, you regard death as a change of worlds you begin to see the world of towns and trains, and marriages and political elections and business enterprises as a lurid segment of an imperceptible whole, and its events will agitate you less than if you regarded it as a closed circle which contained everything that you should ever know. You begin to think of men and women not as bodies that have intelligence but as beings to whom a physical life is one of many modes. You see them no longer as ephemerals who are dwarfed into insignificance by the vastness of time and space. Each becomes for you a consciousness which has left behind it an immense experience and is destined to unfold itself through unimaginable changes.

Such a view has been common in the East for ages. It is new to the West; for even Christianity has looked on life as a little season of activity between two immeasurable and unaltering states. Now, almost the

Four-Dimensional Literature

whole of our literature is the work of men who thought of life as a closed circle ; and the astonishing success of a recent book of poems will show us vividly how common this view of life still is. I refer to *Counter-attack*, by Siegfried Sassoon. These poems had been so much praised to me—I had heard so often that they formed an unparalleled indictment of the tragedy of war—that I opened them with the expectation of being profoundly moved. I closed them with a sense that Mr. Sassoon and his admirers can never have acknowledged the first conditions of our existence. The tragedies of war are beyond counting, but the poet seems hardly aware of them. Nearly every poem relies for its effect upon the supposition that death is an outrage. Death was a fact, apparently, which took him by surprise ; for, if this were not so, it could not have provoked him to so much hysterical complaint. What should we think of a book which told us with horror that fire burns or that water is wet ? *Counter-attack*, which assumes that life is enviable and that death is always a disaster, would seem to a Buddhist, and seems to me, precisely such a book.

Here, then, is an extreme instance of my point, but it is with a similar dissatisfaction, though not so strong, that I now read most of the best books which the Western world has produced. Do I really feel that Shakespeare is all-satisfying ? Certainly I do not. He does not represent life as I conceive it. He ignores what to me is its most important aspect. He saw the world in three dimensions, and within those limits he portrayed it so superbly that those who see it from his position may well be satisfied. Man to him was interesting, tragic, absurd but not august, the world amazing but not mysterious. He was not universal, in short, because he was not religious. Death he accepts, nearly always, as a final curtain :

Vision

but just as writers have come to feel of late that marriage is an arbitrary and over-simple end to comedy, their successors may feel that death as an end to tragedy is no more conclusive than the destruction of a bill that shall come in again.

I look for a writer who shall see a man's life as an incident in a much greater process, a sea-journey that is undertaken by someone whose business is on land : a writer who shall convey a sense that his protagonists, though they may not know it, have emerged from an immense past and are moving toward an immense future, and are, indeed, benighted but not homeless beings who in the process of becoming more and more complex have more and more obscured the divinity that strives to reawaken within them. Such a sense could be conveyed without loss of superficial verisimilitude. An artist does not preach a doctrine ; he presents a vision, communicates a mood.

We need not abate our wonder of Shakespeare's achievement because we maintain that spiritually the world has moved onward since his day. We do not see life as clearly as he saw it, for we lack his genius, but we do see around it a vaster horizon. Were not most of his contemporaries, too, like high-spirited boys newly delivered from the oppression of the Middle Ages and content to revel in their first contact with a merry swaggering passionate and unscrupulous world ? What is *The Duchess of Malfi* but a *grand-guignol* story conceived by a schoolboy and told by a powerful poet ? What sense of great issues do we get from Spenser's ornate romance ? He does not smile even, like Ariosto, as he builds his universe of toys. Who, again, rises from reading Balzac, Flaubert or Dickens with any feeling that our pathetic or ridiculous personalities are distorted images of glorious and timeless beings ? The aim of such writers was to represent life as it seems to those who are living. The great writers of

Four-Dimensional Literature

the future will attempt, I think, to add a sense of life as it would appear to one who could see it not in moments but in ages. Cultured readers are satisfied by such writers because both writer and reader assume that nothing can be divined of the soul's origin or destiny. We who think otherwise must look for the best elsewhere. And where shall we find it? In Plato, in the Greek tragedians, in Dante, in Shelley, in much of the literature of the East and in many of the primitive myths. I cannot hear even a company of students reciting even a translation of Æschylus or Sophocles without feeling that men are mightier than they now dare think themselves. I cannot read *The Banquet* without feeling that man is in nowise an unworthy companion of the sea, the mountains and the stars. Dante's imagination, it is true, was gritted with theology, but who that has ever attempted to describe a sublime experience will not recognise through the imagery of the *Paradiso* a rapture that pulses with a force and brilliance which are equalled only in the *Prometheus Unbound*?

Such books are for us the peaks of our literature, the altitudes at which we can reinspire ourselves with deep breaths of the "pure serene," but it were foolish to suppose that no other kind of literature is of value. All books which enlarge our understanding of men and women are of spiritual use—books, for example, such as the novels of Tolstoy, Turgeniev, Dostoievsky and, in varying degrees, a hundred others; nor, since we are not gods, can we safely neglect or despise the meadowlands of Spenser or the chattering streets of Goldoni and Molière.

I want, however, to suggest that what men now need, more than anything else, is the ability to honour themselves once more. How can we act greatly if we do not believe that we are great? We are suffering from a violent disillusionment, from the discovery

Vision

that the universe is not geocentric, and we have not yet realised that the discovery affects nothing but our physical status. When we learnt that creation does not exist for us alone we were humbled, and we so far abandoned the pretensions of our childhood that we now behave and think with no sense of *noblesse oblige*. And if I insist that the literature of an age when the spirit of man was under eclipse is not adequate to the need of us who have recovered a conviction of man's godhead, I do so because I think that we, insignificant in numbers and perhaps at present despised, may be the forerunners of a new epoch. From time to time there is a change in the temperament of a continent or a nation—the Renaissance illustrates the one and modern Japan the other—and we can be sure that the new vision, the new desire, at first and for long worked imperceptibly in a scattered few. For how many generations did Roman gentlemen ignore the presence of Christianity in their midst? A traditional view of the world—like a protective sheath—remains dominant for years and perhaps for centuries after the birth of a force that shall destroy it, and none but a fool would be so bold as to deny that our vision, our scale of values, may be destined to prevail when the society and the politics of our day have become the husks of history.

Most people at present—or most of those, rather, who give our age its character—assume that men are cheesemites and have no interests beyond this world. We believe in the nobility of our stock and in the illimitable destiny of the soul. We do not cowl our eyes from the evidence that goes against us. We realise that it is impossible to imagine any devilry, however loathesome, that has not been practised by men. Within ourselves and everywhere about us we see a pettiness of mind, a feebleness of will and a foolishness of purpose which almost shame us from

Four-Dimensional Literature

declaring that man is essentially divine. Nevertheless, we remember the magnificence of his achievement, not only in his subjugation of material forces, not only in his yoking of the wild earth, in his navigation of the sea, in his bridging of broad rivers, in his unflagging warfare against the ills of the body and the mind, but also in his dissemination of ideas by means of printed books, in the ordered beauty of mind which he has manifested in architecture and the crafts, in his knowledge of cells and solar systems and, above all, in his hardy pursuit of truth across the limits of the sensual world. I cannot doubt that the future belongs to those who shall explore the huge empire of the soul, not mostly to mental therapists—who often raise jerry-built theories upon evidence afforded solely by the sick—but to those who, transcending the separative intellect, shall spread sail courageously upon the seas of mystical experience and make us conscious that other states impinge upon the physical order in which at present we have our being. When we can look from the foreground of life to the far horizon by which we are encircled we shall feel that most of the older literature cabins up our nature, we shall cry out in our Klaustrophobia for books and plays that shall expand our consciousness to the full, and then assuredly, but not until then, a new and splendid literature shall express, and so consolidate, a new conception of life and the universe in which man shall realise his godhead and acknowledge its obligations.

CLIFFORD BAX.



I WANT that my diminutive purpose should be like one little stone in the magnificent temple of the Great Builder. His sublime purpose rearing into a marvellous unity all right purposes that dwell in all right minds.—SAMUEL EDGER.

THE SAINT OF ASSISI

THE Glorious Poor Little One
Wears but a rough grey gown, homespun,
His bride, the Lady Poverty,
A love that all men know him by,
His only servant, Brother Ass,
His blessed friends, poor folk who pass,
His family, the feathered clan,
Francis—the gracious, kindly man.

He has no wisdom of the sage,
But of a soul on pilgrimage,
He sees no beauty in success,
But finds in fields his happiness.
To him, the lark's far singing brings
The mystic side of simple things,
His joy in God and Heaven are here,
Francis—the high, and humble seer.

With gentle manner, heart and mind
He seeks to save and serve his kind,
And if he has no bread to share,
He gives them part in every prayer.
Wise, weary men about him come
To make with him a common home :
Beyond all touch of fear or taint,
Francis—the sweet, and holy saint.

FLORENCE BONE.



ODDS AND ENDS OF BEE LORE

THROUGH the shimmering heat of a July afternoon breaks a little breeze, heavy with the fragrant scent of lime-blossom, and bearing to our ears a low, continuous drone; one of the oldest sounds of the world,

“The murmur of innumerable bees.”

In his charming book, *La Vie des Abeilles*, M. Maeterlinck remarks that the list of books relating to bees is of the most extensive description, but the rhythmic humming that comes from the lime avenue brings back to our minds neither the philosophical reflections of the Belgian writer, nor the scientific observations of Lubbock and his fellow-savants. Rather we find ourselves idly wondering whether the old Greek shepherds were lulled by that same soft sound, as they drowsed away the burning summer hours amongst “the amber haunts of bees”; the thymy slopes of Mount Hymettus, a district from time immemorial famous for its honey. Or whether some of Xenophon’s soldiers ever heard that soothing hum without recalling a direful incident of the famous retreat from Persia. We read that, finding a number of hives in a Colchian village, many of the troops ate freely of the honeycomb, and were immediately seized with a strange malady. “They fell maddened or stupefied to the ground and did not recover their senses for two days.” For the honey had been gathered from the rose-laurel which grew abundantly in that country, and possessed highly intoxicating and poisonous qualities.

The likes and dislikes of bees are very curious and unfathomable. It is an old saying that they “love children,” a statement open to doubt! But that bees take unaccountable dislikes to certain persons is a well-established fact. The writer once asked a country friend why he had no bees. “Because I like to be master in my own garden,” was the reply, and it

Vision

transpired that when he had kept bees, they invariably attacked him the moment he entered his garden. In fact they effectually kept him out of it, although displaying no animosity against any member of his family or the gardener.

Long ago, says the Celtic tradition, the bees of Paradise were as white as snow. But in consequence of Adam's fall they were turned brown, and sent to earth as heavenly messengers to teach mankind industry and thrift. The Egyptians sometimes depicted the soul of man as a bee ; indeed the idea of a connection between this insect and the soul, seems to have been widely-spread in the ancient world. Porphyry in his writings mentions "those souls which the ancients called bees." Mahomet also, in his teachings, admits bees to Paradise. In the laws of Howel Dda, the great Welsh legislator, it was laid down that bees were to be held sacred on account of their wax being used for the Mass candles.

A pretty old superstition formerly prevalent in the North of England was, that the bees always assemble at midnight on Christmas Eve and hum a Christmas hymn, while the oxen kneel in their stalls. It used to be a very generally distributed idea that bees should always be told when a death occurs in the family ; if this is not done, they will die, or desert their hives. The proper way is for someone to take the house-key, rap with it three times on the hive-board, inform the bees of the event, and tie crape on the hives. A friend of the writer's says he well remembers seeing this done on the death of his brother, which took place at a country vicarage in Lincolnshire. In Yorkshire it was the custom to lay a small piece of the funeral meats before the hive-door.

Bees are supposed not to thrive in a quarrelsome family, and one should never *buy* a swarm, but obtain it by barter. A stolen swarm will never do any good !

Odds and Ends of Bee Lore

When a swarm leaves the hive it should be carefully watched, for should it alight on a dead tree it is a bad omen ; a death in the family will speedily occur. It is well-known that to follow a swarm into your neighbour's garden is not trespass, but a swarm once lost sight of becomes the property of anyone who likes to hive it. It is unlucky for bees to make a nest in the roof ; if they do, says the old superstition, the daughters of the house will never marry. Dreams about bees have much significance. To see them working means wealth and prosperity through one's own industry. But to dream of a swarm foretells strife, and of a bee's sting, a faithless lover.

The "Napoleonic Bee" with which the imperial mantle of France was thickly sown, was used instead of the Fleur-de-lys, because more than three hundred golden bees were discovered in the tomb of Childeric the father of Clovis, when it was opened in 1653. It has been thought that these "bees" originated the idea of the fleur-de-lys, from its resemblance to a bee flying ; but it is now more generally supposed that the ornaments in the tomb of the old King were really the "fleurons" of horse-trappings, and had nothing to do with the well-known emblem of France.

M. L. LEWES.



O LOVE ! They wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss
Where truest pleasure is

I do adore thee :

I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,

And fall before thee.—ANON (1605).

AT THE LAST

To rest, without desire
For movement, speech, or sight,
While the heart's glowing fire
Dims at the breath of night :

To let the tired life slip
Out of the body—slow
And faint, as seaweeds drip
Into green waves below.

Unquestioned and unwatched,
To be alone with one
Who knows the door unlatched,
The soul fain to be gone :

One who will neither hope
Nor fear, nor agonise ;
With faith too sure to grope
Among death's mysteries ;

With love too great to feel
Self-sorrow or dismay ;
With hands whose touch may heal,
But never seek to stay ;

With lips that will not plead,
And eyes that can but bless—
Clear-shining stars to lead
Souls thro' the wilderness.

Companioned thus, to die. . . .
To reach the edge of night,
To quit the dark, to fly,
A bird, towards the Light !

EVA MARTIN.

THE CONTEMPLATION OF BEAUTY

1. THE contemplation of Beauty is of all things the most lovely and the most joyous, the most intellectually searching, the most spiritually alluring and serene ; and although it should be unworthy to approach so exalted a theme with any other but the single eye to its purity and blessedness, yet it beseemeth us best not to be alone concerned with the Beauty that is visible, but primarily and above all, with that which is *invisible*, and of which all exteriors are but the signs and symbols of an interior potency and most excellent grace.

2. For indeed, we shall not have gone far in our contemplation of Beauty, if from the admiration of all fair forms and noble features, of classic line and graceful curve, of all sweet innocences and vivacities of colour, of impressive statures and varying dignities, if from all such that constitutes the outwardly Beautiful we are not soon arrested by that *inward* Beauty with which the visible that is truly Beautiful must ever be informed.

3. Such Beauty, therefore, as here joyously purported, is demanding of a twofold admiration, finding a delight not only in that which presents itself as Beautiful to the physical sight, but more supremely in that which, by its informing power and inherent grace, is the cause of that Beauty which we outwardly perceive. A Beauty, therefore, which is pre-eminent, presenting itself to our intelligence and imagination, and so the more beautiful by reason thereof ; such interior Beauty, too, enlarging diligently the more and more as our intelligence and imagination shall lovingly dwell upon it.

4. For the Beauty that mind and imagination apprehend waits not upon any season : its leaves can never wither, neither can its fairest flowers fade. Since Beauty, perceived as intelligence, cannot rest

Vision

until it arrive at the love-motive wherewith all Beauty is originally inspired, and from whence all Beauty is derivative. And howsoever much we shall rightly love that which is visibly beautiful, yet dare we think that the roses we may pluck from our garden are more lovely than *this* intelligence, which so divinely conceived and ordained it?

5. Beautiful, too, as all the visibly joyous things of life are, beautiful with the hallowing of bird-song and leafage, with blossom, fruit and flower: when, indeed, in true contemplation the mind glowingly expands to a twofold admiration of Beauty, it shall surely come to be seen that such evidences of the outwardly beautiful are but poured upon us in delectable profusion only, as it were, to veil a far greater loveliness from our eyes. It is as if a lover came to us with a gift, yet by the giving thereof, hid some fairer and intended gift from us, surpassing anything we might expect to receive. Such a reflection as this is surely beauteous of itself, more beauteous still as it leads us on in ever-widening vistas, ascending from peak to peak to the realisation of a Beauty a thousand times greater than any that we see.

6. In that garden of imagination, too, wherewith we apprise all great sympathies and advance in the intuitions of Truth, what loveliness, what beauties, indeed, may not be ours! If it be true that man makes his own heaven, does not a Paradise here await him? For like a magician's wand imagination is restless to do his bidding, and lo, in the twinkling of an eye, a Land of Enchantment arises within him! Surely imagination is the romance of Beauty!

7. And if being led in a lofty contemplation of Beauty, never denying, but always joyously affirming that which is outwardly fair, and ascending from the visible to that which is ever inwardly serene and beautiful, so arriving at this interior realm of intelli-

The Contemplation of Beauty

gence and imagination, we shall enter into the Beauty that is inexhaustible, being filled with a yearning insatiable. A yearning, perennially fresh, whose bliss never cloy, whose joy never stagnates, but *is* joy and bliss only in so far as it ever divinely urges forward, prompting to purer attainments, to conceptions more lovely than any hitherto conceived.

8. For the further we would advance in such realm, the purer must grow our conception of Beauty, since being gradually weaned from the grosser and visible evidences of Beauty, and since also true Beauty grows apace in proportion as purity develops, the more correspondingly beautiful and soul-satisfying will be our contemplation by reason thereof.

9. Indeed, our contemplation can advance us but little if we thrive not in the graces of Beauty, surmounting the visible media and images by which Beauty be first apprehended, and growing into a direct realisation, contacting, as it were, with *The* Beauty which can never fail us, which is always transcendently alluring, and to which we can ever remain faithful. Thus shall we approximate ever nearer and nearer to that which is perfect, to where Beauty itself, Beauty eternal, and immutable is enthroned.

10. Such contemplation, therefore, which is here significant of our intent, is not so much concerned for the allotments of Time as for a continual temper of mind, for the radiations of a constant atmosphere of thought. Nay, is it not a prayer that is ever in the soul, the worship not merely of a visibility in Time, but of an eternal and unceasing mystery over which the yearning spirit of man tenderly and blissfully broods? Aye, to contemplate Beauty is to come into mystical bond with highest Truth, into the bliss and enigma of a dark and Divine Secret, into the joy and light of most holy and exuberant Love.

JOHN HOWARD.

PERPETUAL MOTION IN THE IDEO-PLASTIC

MAN being as he is a mass of contradictions, at times aspiring high, at others falling low, it is interesting to consider what may be the cause at work which produces in modern art the apparent reversion to primitive expressions ; and where these expressions meet modern discovery in mechanical expression. The trend we must suppose is firstly a revolt against imitation, *per se*, which in the recent history of painting and sculpture has been carried far beyond its legitimate limit. It is the soul of the thing which is to be shown forth to the world, that world which perhaps, as the first exponents of this expression found, cannot perceive it. Nature, passing through this vehicle provided by the artist, must be transmuted ; this transmutation to some minds brings confusion. It is here, as in all things, the point of view which counts. Our sympathy with the artist must be one which more than half-way meets the idea on which his mind is fixed. Nature is never at rest, nothing is ever lost or destroyed, things simply alter their chemical components, and continue their life under different conditions and manifestations. To the artist, when he looks on nature, the movement which he perceives therein is an impelling voice, calling him to transmit such movement to canvas or paper, in terms of paint. Every stick or stone has a meaning for him differing to that which is conveyed to the uninitiated. Rhythm is latent in nature ; non-existent to the ordinary observer. Nothing in nature is right to the artist, but the "rightness" must be achieved through the medium proper to it ; "Spirit calling unto Spirit," but the many cannot hear.

In a wood or copse how can the trees carry down

Perpetual Motion

their message as from dim primeval times, to the true lover of trees ! The scientists affirm that here—viz. in the acceptance of this message—may be traced the connection with the fact of our ancestors' arboreal habits ; the mother of primitive times swinging her child amongst the branches, the winds rocking them, as now the modern mother rocks the cradle for her infant.

But what is the final destination of that spirit which is the real man, the real ego, which finds itself wrapped about with a body ? In this life there is no finality, as there is no standing still. Constant change is taking place in all things. So this being the law of life, material things lose their materiality ; spirit and matter are perhaps, indissoluble ; for the most recent advances in scientific discovery seem to point to this conclusion. It forms a curious excursion in self-knowledge to look in upon the spirit which joins in the functioning of the body. Our lives are marked by the discoveries, made on that plane, and support is given to our souls in the journey of life from the realisations derived therefrom. If not consciously, at all events in an unconscious stream, the artists in painting, music, literature and the plastic arts strive to convey through their respective mediums just those discoveries, or the effects of those discoveries, to a world, whose eyes, for the most part, are blind to them. But noting all the workings of desire, which, at present, manifests itself in the self-consciousness in the majority of mankind as a demand for more good, more knowledge, light and happiness in life, one is apt to wonder what may be the fruitage ; feeling, that though the possibilities of the spirit may be unlimited, the opportunities of life are not so, as to none is given to taste and enjoy every experience by which growth can be achieved.

There is, then, a continual flux in expression which

Vision

constitutes the greatest motive in all arts. In painting, where it is absent in line, it is found in colour, that mysterious quantity which has so deep an influence on the psychic side of man's nature.

The greater number of mechanical adaptations are derived from the study of the workings of the human body. An incursion into this field of discovery leads us also to the synchronising of expression in the field also of colour. Those varieties of colour, perceptual to the clairvoyant in the human aura, each colour corresponding to a certain state of mind, can, by the contemplation of them in thought, become what they represent, in fact. Sensations and feelings are of primitive derivation, and stand as the most ancient of all attributes of the human mentality. It has been said, "The feelings are infinitely older than the will, as it is older than the intellect." So those who look deep into all things, however seemingly dead, can see that the movement is there, a link in the chain, a cog in the wheel, of descent and of progress; and that all things point to a future of still more potent good to the bodily and spiritual part of mankind; everlasting flux being the law, and the material taking a lesser part than the spiritual in evolution. So modern mechanical development may give place to something higher, and less dependence be placed on so-called material laws.

Thus it is that the Idea, working out to the ideoplastic, calls up the forces in matter, and conditions those forces; it is the predominant quality, for nothing material exists apart from the Idea (this being approximate to Einstein's theory that Energy is the real cause of everything that has "Mass"), that is, of everything material. Without that dynamic force, generated in man and his surroundings, nothing can have existence. In the intricate parts of all mechanical contrivances that Idea is linked with the forces ex-

"An Artist's Vision"

pressed in art in all its phases and manifestations, whether treated from an objective or subjective standpoint. Indeed, it may be said that in some cases this wonderful energising force seems the unconscious outlet of the genius of the race. Where it will lead is a speculation which is full of fascination, for there is no limit to its expansion in future development, both on this sphere and on the ever-moving planes of the other spheres in which man has to function.

C. ST. C. GRAHAM.



"AN ARTIST'S VISION"

To some poor struggling artist-soul a-dreaming,
Of all the pains and penalties of birth
Since primal man first trod the restless earth
There comes a light, all glorious, grand and gleaming,
Telling of hope.

The vision doth depart.

But with a sacred zest, and many a shout
Of proud-lipped triumph, he hammers out
White-hot, in the rigid symbols of his art,
Its now departed glory. "'Tis nobly done"
He cries, while yet the vision doth remain
A moving memory in his fevered brain,
A sun still shedding reflected light upon
The world it has but left.

Then memories flee.

His work of borrowed beauty is bereft.
And oh, the feeble light that oft is left
To tell the glory of eternity.

JOHN BATEMAN.



THE DAY'S RULE :

A MYSTIC'S CALENDAR FOR MAY

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.

May

- I. When a man lives with God his voice shall be
sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle
of the corn.
R. W. EMERSON.

2. And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same again ;
And for thy sake, that all lyke dear, didst buy,
With love may one another entertayne !
So let us love, deare Love, lyke as we ought
—Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.
SPENSER.

3. Of old, men said, " Sin not ;
By every line and jot
Ye shall abide ; man's heart is false and vile."
Christ said, " By love alone
In man's heart is God known ;
Obey the word no falsehood can defile."
BLISS CARMAN.

4. The clodded earth goes up in sweet-breathed
flowers ;
In music dies poor human speech,
And into beauty blow those hearts of ours
When Love is born in each.
ALEXANDER SMITH.

The Day's Rule

5. There is an earthly sun, which is the cause of all heat, and all who are able to see may see the sun; and those who are blind and cannot see him may feel his heat. There is an eternal sun which is the source of all wisdom, and those whose spiritual senses have awakened to life will see that sun and be conscious of this existence; but those who have not attained spiritual consciousness may yet feel His power by an inner faculty which is called Intuition.

PARACELSUS.

6. There shines not sun, nor moon and stars, nor do these lightnings shine, much less this fire. When He shines forth, all things shine after Him; by Brahman's shining shines all here below.

UPANISHADS.

7. Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

8. To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, nor even to found a school, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity and trust.

THOREAU.

9. Mighty of heart, mighty of mind—"magnanimous"—to be this, is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly, is, indeed, to "advance in life"—in life itself—not in the trappings of it.



RUSKIN.

Vision

10. Freed from passion, fear and anger, thinking on
Me, taking refuge in Me, purified in the fire of
wisdom, many have entered into My being.

BHAGAVAD GĪTĀ.

11. To you who gaze a lamp am I
To you that know a mirror.
To you who knock, a Door am I,
To you who fare, the Way.

APOCRYPHAL ACTS OF S. JOHN. TRANS. G. HOLST.

12. Yonder the veil'd Musician sits, His feet
Upon the pedals of dark formless suns,
His fingers on the radiant spheric keys,
His face, that it is death to look upon
Misted with incense rising nebulous
Out of abysmal chaos and cohering
Into the golden flames of Life and Being.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

13. Had ye known how to suffer
Ye would know how to suffer no more.
Learn, and ye shall overcome.
Behold in Me a couch :
Rest on Me.

APOCRYPHAL ACTS OF S. JOHN.

14. In the Apocalypse there was one who saw a new
heaven and a new earth ; we see a new earth ;
but therein dwells love—the love of comrades
and co-workers.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

15. Christ was common to all in love, in teaching, in
tender consolation, in generous gifts, in merciful
forgiveness.

RUYSBROECK.

16. My soul is in my hand : I have no fear.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The Day's Rule

17. It is needful to discriminate action, to discriminate unlawful action and to discriminate inaction ; mysterious is the path of action.

BHAGAVAD GITA.

18. When the wise man opens his mouth, the beauties of his soul present themselves to the view, like the statues in a temple.

GOLDEN VERSES.

19. I dreamed of Orchil, the dim goddess who is under the brown earth, in a vast cavern, where she weaves at two looms. With one hand she weaves life upward through the grass ; with the other she weaves death downward through the mould ; and the sound of the weaving is Eternity, and the name of it in the green world is Time.

FIONA MACLEOD.

20. For the great Idea,
That, O my brethren, that is the mission of poets.

WALT WHITMAN.

21. In omnipresent power thou hast thy home, whence all the worlds are born.

UPANISHADS.

22. Charity and Righteousness : these two lay the foundation of the kingdom of the soul where God would dwell.

RUYSBROECK.

23. You are to be a living, ardent tool with which the Supreme Artist works : one of the instruments of His self-manifestation, the perpetual process by which His Reality is brought into concrete expression.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

Vision

24. "You never attained to Him." "If to attain
Be to abide, then that may be."
"Endless the way, followed with how much pain."
"The way was He."
ALICE MEYNELL.

25. I have dipped the vessel of my heart into this
silent hour ; it has filled with love. TAGORE.

26. Come ! 'tis for those who have not sold their dreams
To stand together and to lead the world.
SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT.

- All our less
27. Would grow to more, and this our Earth to Heaven,
Might we but pierce unto the blessedness
That lies so near us.
DORA GREENWELL.

28. I saw the Weaver of Dream, an immortal star-
eyed Silence ; and the Weaver of Death, a lovely
Dusk with a heart of hidden flame ; and each
wove with shuttles of Beauty and Wonder and
Mystery.
FIONA MACLEOD.

29. Fear God, and where you go men shall think they
walk in hallowed cathedrals.
FROM "IN PRAISE OF DUTY."

30. O, longing, seeking eyes,
He comes to you in many a varied guise,
If Him you cannot find
The shame be yours, O eyes that are so blind.
AMIR

31. A voice is in the wind I do not know ;
A meaning on the face of the high hills
Whose utterance I cannot comprehend.
A something is behind them : that is God.
G. MACDONALD.

EX LIBRIS

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF VISION

GREAT GANGA THE GURU ; OR, HOW A SEEKER SOUGHT THE REAL. By Kavita Kaumudi. Elizabeth Arnold. (Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., 6s.)

For an appreciation of this book, one might well quote from the book itself: "The scintillating mirror" (the uncurbed mind) "cannot catch its shapes. Nor can the heart that throbs" (one in whom desire lives) "approach its borders. . . . Only great Love can scale its walls. And none but the burnt can breathe its Centre."

Though these sayings refer to the Pyre on which the Seeker after the Real must be immolated, they apply also to those readers of the book who read with the Intellect only, and not with Intuition. The great river of India stands here as the Symbol of the Teacher, and speaks to the Disciple with the voice of the seven Teachers of old, expressing that fundamental quality of the Indian Soul—longing after the supersensible world, and realisation of the world of the senses as the great Illusion. For all who share this quality either in East or West the book is full of beauty—for though the Paths be many the Goal is one; and whether the Christian Mystery is reflected in signs and symbols, or worked into human ideas, the ultimate Union by Purification and Enlightenment and Sacrifice is the same for all.

Mrs. Arnold's book is a collection of thoughts in the form of aspirations on the part of the Seeker, and instructions on the part of the Teacher which lead through all the stages of the Quest, and emphasise, with that dignity and inexorableness with which only the ethics of the East can both brace and appal the soul, the utter negation of the human self.

Some of these thoughts are expressed in prose, some in metre, but the latter undoubtedly fall short of the former; they are in danger, so to speak, of losing their high position, and here and there have a touch of the commonplace. On the other hand the prose and free verse portions keep to the

Vision

upper levels. They are reminiscent of Rabindranath Tagore—not in any sense as imitation—but because, in language as well as thought, they reflect so truly the depths of the passionless and ascetic mysticism of India.

E. C. M.

THROUGH JEWELLED WINDOWS. By F. C. Raynor
pp. xvi. + 102. (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d.)

The sub-title to this little book—"Spiritualism in the Churches"—explains its *motif*. The author writes primarily for those who feel dissatisfied with the attitude towards new truths and progressive revelation too often displayed by the exponents of traditional religion. The new religious movements—however one-sided they may be—at least point to the need for a restatement of the orthodox faith of Christendom, and Mr. Raynor's purpose in this little work is to show that "there are vast realms of strange and beautiful experiences that the human race has as yet hardly entered upon." This is familiar ground to the mystic, but we fear the majority of Christians are apt to distrust experience and to rely almost entirely upon dogma to satisfy the needs of the interior life. We commend to their careful consideration the point of view set forth in this book. The author has a delightful style, and presents his case with great force. For the sake of his earnestness we can forgive an occasional lapse into a passage of highly coloured language. The name of the speaker at the Church Congress referred to on p. 11 should be "Storr," not "Store." H. L. H.

CHILDREN OF THE DAWN. By E. Katharine Bates. (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d.)

The book is of a psychic nature, and deals mainly with the ether, etheric conditions, and the etheric body of man, a term which, in the writer's opinion, is synonymous with St. Paul's "spiritual body." The ideas expressed are at times rather bewildering. For instance, we read that the "Children of the Dawn" or "Dream Children" are the fruits of the etheric union of men and women who are still living on the physical plane, and "spirit photographs" of such Dream Children are included in the book. V C. B.

Ex Libris

THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUALISM. By "Rita," pp. 152. (T. Werner Laurie, 3s. 6d. net.)

When a well-known novelist writes a book on a "serious" topic, one is led to wonder if the motive is a genuine desire to impart real knowledge, or merely to extend a personal influence. There is little in "Rita's" book to commend it to the study of the real occultist. It merely says, in a more readable form, what has been said hundreds of times before. "Rita" maintains—and we agree—that Spiritualism makes less demand on credulity than does orthodox Christianity, but it is hard to see how such a statement tells in favour of the former. It might equally be used as an argument against spiritualism. For credulity is not far removed from faith: indeed it is often a preliminary step towards it. We do not defend the attitude of orthodoxy towards the new revelation—it has often been bigoted, not to say pig-headed and unjust—but "Rita" has not grasped the real belief—as opposed to the official teaching of the Christian Church. If so, she could never have written such a sentence as "The Church has taken the physical side of man as his measure and representation, and anyone reading the Bible or Prayer Book or any theological work on that subject will see that the *inner*, seeking, restless ego is unconsidered." Such a statement is, to say the least of it, misleading.

One can feel a certain gratitude to the author for seeking to awaken her great public to the vital issues of life: but at the same time one cannot help wishing that her vast host of readers could have had some surer guide in such high matters.

H. L. H.

SONGS OF SAINTS AND SINNERS. By J. Desmond Gleeson. (Erskine Macdonald, Ltd., 5s.)

If Mr. Gleeson really thinks that "Wingrave Town" is "a place you have never seen and are not likely to" he will come near also (and he is not very far off it), to believing that he is one of an infinitesimal minority who can look at the night sky and know that there is something more to be seen there than the stars.

It is in truth the growing universality of this quality of

Vision

Vision that is the stumbling-block in the way of true appreciation at the present day, and not the lack of it; for the fact is overlooked that the spiritual eyesight of humanity may suffer from astigmatism quite as easily as the physical—and as the one may be corrected by the angle of a lens, so may the other be corrected, or rather complemented, by the angles of the sum of all the Visions.

The Author's apology for possible obscurity is, in the light of the above remarks, unnecessary. He speaks in plain and melodious music, and the elusive "Dream" behind the words being agreeably attired, is, when you can catch her, infinitely more attractive.

There is the poet who is deliberately "difficult" and who roughly lassos his muse with a hempen rope, and there is also the poet who likes to entice her within a silken net, and then, with a smile shows you that you can have the Universe as playmate for the asking. Mr. Gleeson belongs to the second category. His *Songs of Saints and Sinners* are not profound, but they have a quality of happy egoism that is able to be surprised at itself. And that is very refreshing.

E. C. M.

THE MOUNTAIN'S VISION, AND OTHER POEMS. By Leonard Galletley, pp. 56. (Stockwell, 3s.).

This is a charming little volume of poems. The writer has a real knowledge of the poet's craft in addition to a keen insight. He handles his themes well, and betrays a special liking for alliteration. He writes—as all real poets do—of Nature and of Life, and the reader feels that here is one with a real message, and the gift to express it. Let the following lines speak for themselves :

O wondrous Night !
Winds hide within their lair nor dare to breathe,
And woods are wrapped about in tranced hush.
No twitter of dreaming bird, nor scurry of feet,
In hedge or grass : ravin and rage are stilled
Under a holy truce of amity.
White is the world, and whist, and wonderful.

H L. H.



VISION COMPETITIONS

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH

1. The prize of HALF A GUINEA for the best mystical poem has been won by Florence Bone, Burtsett, Hawes, Yorkshire, for her very beautiful little poem entitled "The Saint of Assisi" which is printed in this number. We also have pleasure in printing Eva Martin's "At the Last," which is specially commended. "The Gates of Heaven" by Lucy Malleson, and "Song" by Esther Raworth are also above the average of the remaining contributions.

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

Edward Hall (London, W.), S. E. Dunkley (Exeter), Vera Pragnell (Hindhead), B. H. A. Jones (Margate), Una Malleson (Kensington, W.14), Ida M. Swaine (Bristol), J. A. Palmer (Crewe), St. John Evans (London N.1), Ursula Low (London S.W. 7), Margaret Ormiston (London, S.W. 5), Margaret Packer (Bristol), M. E. Morris, Elsie Hill (Bristol), M. W. Osmond (London, N.W.), "A Pioneer" (Chicago), L. Davson (Manchester), R. N. Heath (Edinburgh), A. Field (London, E.C.).

CRITICISMS

IDA M. SWAINE. Your little poem "Song of Fair Ladye" is lyrical and delicately conceived, but the last two lines are commonplace, and spoil what would otherwise be a charming little song. Your work is above the average, although so far you have only submitted lyrics for our consideration.

L. DAVSON. Many of your lines do not scan well and betray hasty composition. It would have been better to have concentrated on a poem half the length. Your ideas, however, are good, and show some originality.

E. HILL. The allegory, written by your little girl Peggy, which you have submitted for criticism, is a remarkable piece of work for a child of twelve to have conceived. It shows imagination and a power of expression which in later years should prove valuable assets if her inclination turns in the direction of writing. Encourage her to write not only

Vision

allegories, but to use her gift of imagination in describing ordinary, simple things. Teach her observation, so that she may find beauty in the here and now, as well as in her world of dreams.

ST. JOHN EVANS (Age 14). Your poem "Life's Unfolding" is of such merit that had it not been so long we should have published it. You have a distinct gift for verse, and the ideas that you have expressed are not unworthy of a writer of far more mature age. We should like to see further specimens of your work.

2. The prize of one year's subscription to *Vision* for the best set of quotations has been won by William Daw, 10 Park View, Wallsend-on-Tyne.

Other sets specially commended were sent by Joyce Eveleigh (Folkestone), Lucy Malleson (London, W. 14) and Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn).

MAY COMPETITIONS

1. A prize of HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best poem entitled "Thanksgiving." 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 writer, which are suitable for inclusion in a Mystic's Calendar.

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 Editors' decision must be regarded as final.

THE HANGED MAN OF THE TAROT CARDS

DR. INGRAM in the February issue of *Vision* says the meaning of the twelfth card that of the *Hanged Man* is hopelessly obscure. This crytic card, more correctly called the *Martyr*, was depicted by the ancient Egyptians by a man suspended by one foot from a gallows which is supported by two trees, each having six cut branches. His hands are tied together forming a triangle, above which one leg crossing the other forms a cross. From the hands gold pieces drop to the earth. It is the sign of a violent death coming unexpectedly by accident, or in expiation of a crime, or accepted voluntarily through heroic devotion to truth and justice. The twelve cut branches indicate the destruction of the twelve houses of the horoscope, signifying the extinction of life. The cross above the triangle indicates that material forces have gained supremacy over mind, and that energy is wasted. The coins dropping upon the earth indicate the ebbing life forces and also symbolise that the efforts of the Martyr who loses his life in the cause of truth and justice are never lost; for the ideas and principles advocated will remain in the earth's atmosphere as thought-forms and finally find a suitable means of expression through another person.

In Divination this card may be read as Sacrifice or Expiation.

In the spiritual world it expresses the revealed law; in the intellectual the precept of duty; and in the physical sacrifice.

Astrologically the *Hanged Man* corresponds to Pisces, the last sign of the Zodiac, which not only rules the house of self-undoing, but also indicates the completion of the Zodiacal cycle.

Vision

In the Bible the twelfth card is Judas who repented. In Masonry Arcanum twelve is represented by the ritual in the Christian Mark degree where the Grand Ministers execute the Judgment of the Lord and the candidate bewails his fate because his lips are unclean. Before conferring the mark, a live coal is taken from the altar and pressed to the candidate's lips to signify expiation.

In Magic this card symbolises the certain fate that ever follows those who use magical powers without discrimination. The cross above the triangle signifies that the magician has become the servant of the very elemental forces he sought to master.

In the soul's initiation the *Hanged Man* indicates the Neophyte's absolute devotion to the cause of truth and progress ; sacrificing life itself, if necessary, in the cause of Truth and Justice.

W. P. SWAINSON.



Between whom there is hearty truth there is love ; and in proportion to our truthfulness and confidence, in one another our lives are divine and miraculous, and answer to our ideal. There are passages of affection in our intercourse with mortal men and women, such as no prophecy had taught us to expect, which transcend our earthly life, and anticipate heaven for us.—THOREAU.



Which is love ?

To do God's will, or merely suffer it ?

I do not love that contemplative life :

No ! I must headlong into seas of toil,

Leap forth from self, and spend my soul on others.

KINGSLEY.

THE DREAM AND THE BUSINESS

THROUGH all the troubled business of this life
 There comes a dream
And I with trembling fingers strive to seize
 The spirit-gleam ;
A glory made of wordless melodies
And sunsets never seen by mortal eyes ;

A yearning through the darkling fleshly veil
 Towards light divine ;
To hold all Heaven's ghostly gold in these
 Curved hands of mine ;
To feel within the confines of this heart
Infinity that holds the suns apart.

From arc to circle watch soul-beauty grow
 Rounded, complete ;
Hear through ethereal silence spirit-tongues
 Bell-toned and sweet ;
By living waters, flower-fringed and deep
Forget world-sadness in heart-cleansing sleep.

To listen for a Voice upon the wind
 That stirs no rose
Nor strikes upon the earth-dulled ear of sense :
 Ah, well ! Who knows ?
A dream may show the path that saints have trod
Up to the white star-circled feet of God.

ESTHER RAWORTH.



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

Vision

BOOKS ON RUYSBROECK

Ruysbroeck. By Evelyn Underhill. (Bell and Sons.)

Ruysbroeck and the Mystics. By Maurice Maeterlinck.
Translated by Jane Stoddart.

The Book of the Twelve Béguines. Translated from the
Flemish by John Francis. (Watkins.)

John of Ruysbroeck. The Adornment of the Spiritual
Marriage: The Sparkling Stone: The Book of Supreme
Truth." Translated from the Flemish by C. A.
Wynschenk Dom. Edited with an Introduction and
Notes by Evelyn Underhill. (J. M. Dent.)

The Kingdom of the Lovers of God. Translated from the
Latin of Laurence Surius, with an Introduction by
T. Arnold Hyde. (Kegan Paul.)

"Endeavours to supply the need of the many whose eyes have been
fixed by the war upon the world invisible. . . . Breadth of vision and
loftiness of imagination."—*Times*.

"Seems to fill a definite need of the day."—*Sunday Telegram*.

"Well written, beautifully phrased. . . . an excellent literary
production."—*Nottingham Journal*.

Owing to the rise in the cost of printing and paper,
readers are asked to co-operate in getting new sub-
scribers, in order that the price of VISION may not be
raised.

A series of lectures constituting a VISION Causerie
by Mrs. Grenside is being arranged.

FOR DETAILS APPLY

Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., 16 Featherstone Buildings, W.C.1.