

DREAMS AND DREAMERS

SOMETIMES, in curious mood, we try to retrace the life of a custom, or of a mode of thinking, or of a strangely firm-set idea in the beliefs of a people to its source, and in so doing it happens not infrequently that we are lost in a prehistoric mist.

Such a fate befalls us if we would discover in what era the fascination of inquiry into, and belief in, the dream-state had origin, for whatever deeps of time we plumb, the result is one—in any and every age we find that the problem of dreams has captured the imagination of the people, evoking often fierce controversy between the acceptance and disclamation of their reality.

But on the whole, the opinion of the ancients was tinged with little of the scorn that certain modern sceptics see fit to fling at any belief in the possibility of true dream experience. The number of cuneiform tablets from Babylonian sites which on interpretation have proved to be records of dreams, indicate the value placed upon such experiences by a highly civilised people. It was Cicero who claimed that the mystery of the divine forthcoming of the soul was chiefly made clear in dream. Zenophon believed that a dream was of divine origin; Hippokrates considered that of all medicine it was the best. If we turn to the Bible we find that belief in dreams, and the use of the dream-state as a means of giving divine assistance and instruction, run throughout

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its pages. We can remember instances—Daniel and Joseph come readily to the mind in this connection—which go to prove that the power of interpreting dreams often raised its possessor to a position of assured authority. Mahomet claimed that inspiration came to him in dream—a faith shared by many a mediæval mystic, to whom dreams of the Saviour's Presence were interpreted as precious witnesses of the reality of the interior life.

Looking across the ages, however, it is seen that with every wave of materialism that has periodically swept over the mental outlook of the races, belief in dreams has sunk into abeyance, for materialism bases its strength on the assumption that only that which is perceivable by the senses is real. But as the tide has ebbed, and a renewal of life has surged through the spiritual veins of the nations, so the possibility of the dream-state being a period of non-physical activity has risen unvaryingly to the surface again.

During the last hundred years, a materialistic outlook has coloured the conclusions of many thinkers who were the moulding forces of the opinions of the people; and even to-day the influence of Huxley, Darwin and their school still wars tenaciously with the renewal of the belief that the mysteries of life are not to be solved by sense-perception, but on the lines of Plato's great affirmation, "We know *through* the senses *with* the soul." *

Thus, as the tide of materialism receded, it left

* *Theat*, 185.

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behind a growing conviction that the complexities of man's nature were but little explained by aid of the five senses or a knowledge of the physical body; and psychologists perceived that a key to the understanding of the mysterious compound which we call the human being might lie in that deep substratum of the mentality which operated not through the physical mechanism at all, but on the farther side of what Fechner called the "psycho-physical threshold." Indeed, our deepest experiences may be those in which the physical side of our make-up does not participate at all; and it is not impossible that we are most truly ourselves when the centre of consciousness is no longer the body, but that mysterious stratum of our mentality which normally exhibits little sign of its presence, but which we have begun to suspect is a field of unceasing activity, and almost miraculous extension.

For the hidden self cannot lie fallow as does the physical body in sleep or death; it is perpetually at work with the tireless energy of the fire-born spirit. As du Prel so often insists in his *Philosophy of Mysticism*, "Just as the going down of the sun is only the condition, not the cause, of the shining of the stars," so the self is always present with his transcendent powers, although at work sometimes upon one side, sometimes upon the other, of the psycho-physical threshold.

Here, then, lies one of the causes of the psychologist's interest in dreams. Interpreted rightly they may be, in Freud's words, "the royal road to a

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knowledge of the part the unconscious plays in the mental life." But the occultist goes farther, and claims that many of them are records of psychic and spiritual adventures encountered by the transcendent self while the physical body, no longer a greedy claimant of all experience, lies asleep. Schubert ranged himself upon their side when he wrote: "The dream is the liberation of the spirit from the pressure of external nature, a detachment of the soul from the fetter of matter."

Psychologists, however, have as a rule little sympathy with the theories of occultists. Their field of interest is narrowed to a consideration of the interaction of supraliminal and subliminal, as shown by three common features of the dream-state. The first is the extraordinary speed of thought exhibited by the dreamer, and the power of experiencing subconsciously almost a lifetime of event in little more than a moment of time. De Quincey, under the influence of opium, had dreams that apparently covered a period of as long as twenty years, while Richers places on record the dream of a man who was awakened by the firing of a shot, and who, in the fraction of time that elapsed, dreamed a series of events which seemed to occupy many weeks, culminating with the sound of a shot, which had obviously given rise to the whole dream.

The second feature is the power of imagery possessed by the dreamer. Every dream is a collection of images, built up with wonderful artistry; and the action of a dream is conducted more by a reforming of images into fresh scenes and incidents

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than by any sequence of thought or word. He often on waking we have realised that not a word has been spoken throughout the whole duration of a dream !

The third, and perhaps chief, point of interest to many psychologists is the creation of a well-ordered dream by the association of ideas. A very common theory is that a dream is the result of unfulfilled wishes and desires, not only, however, those of the preceding day, but from the whole content of the life, due to the fact that as the subliminal life comes to the foreground, and the physical sinks into abeyance, the dreamer loses his power of selection and adjustment of impressions. Therefore the dream is often a medley of the desires of yesterday, of a year ago, and of a forgotten childhood, so that its disentanglement and interpretation are hedged with difficulty.

In his book on "Dreams," Bergson suggests that practically all dreams arise from sense-impressions. Certainly a very large number are caused by impacts affecting the sight, hearing, touch, smell, and, in rarer instances, taste. A single example of each must suffice.

If a lighted candle be passed in front of a sleeper's eyes, the chances are that on waking he will tell you that he has dreamed of a fire.

Bergson relates one of his own dreams to show the translation of sound into a definite dream. He dreamed he was addressing a rather turbulent meeting, and presently the audience started to shout, "Out ! Out ! Turn him out !" He woke

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to find that the dream was caused by a yelping dog beneath his window.

Steffens, to illustrate the effect of touch, quotes an instance of two brothers, one of whom dreamed that he was chased by a wild animal, who eventually bit him severely in the leg. He awoke, to find that his brother had given him a very slight pinch on the place of the imagined bite.

To illustrate the effect of smell upon the dreamer, I remember the instance of a woman who dreamed that her cakes were burning in the oven. She awoke, but the smell was still in her nostrils. Suddenly she realised that it was not that of cake. She rushed downstairs, to find that a forgotten candle had set her kitchen afire, and that the burning wood was the cause of her dream.

Therefore in all attempts to assess the value of a dream, and before rushing to the extreme of many would-be occultists who affirm wildly that the simplest sense-provoked dreams are true spiritual experiences or revelations from a divine source, a physical explanation should first be sought. If no connecting link can be found between the sense-organs and the dream, the incidents of the preceding day should be carefully reviewed, lest they should be the material out of which the dream is builded. Only if these sources prove barren should the possibility of the dream being a record of true experience be considered.

We have seen that the study of dreams appeals to the psychologist as a means of plumbing

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the subliminal depths of our mentality, and of solving the riddle of the relation between the subconscious and the external self. But to the occultist, and often to the mystic, the range of interest covers a far wider ground.

All that the psychologists claim is admitted, but after the full importance of sense-impressions and memory-images as dream-producers is allowed, there still remains a certain percentage of dreams which are unaccounted for.

It is these that the visionary seeks to interpret. His conclusions are only understood if it be remembered that to him man *is* in literal truth a spirit and *wears* a body. He is not transformed into an immaterial, non-physical being by the incident of death, his body being merely a temporary covering which, whether worn or discarded, cannot alter his essential nature. The visionary, therefore, claims that this transcendent self—this spiritual being—is the true man, unaffected by sleep or death, except in so far that with the unconsciousness of the body comes greater freedom of the powers of the spirit. Sleep, to all intents and purposes, is a little death, during which the self can work freely, unhampered by physical limitations. For then the intense focus of consciousness upon material things is shifted to supra-physical levels, and it may be that then we are most truly ourselves, and enjoy deep experiences which bring a living sustenance to the soul.

It is a debatable point whether, as some aver, we slip from the sleeping body and travel at will in

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the vast spiritual worlds that await our exploration, or whether, by a mode of mental telepathy, we tap great strata of thought, which have power by their vibration to construct images in the plastic vehicle of the mind, so that it seems to us that we have actually visited a place, or witnessed an incident, whereas in reality we have known only a mental contact.

The whole question is one that is too long to be dealt with adequately in one *Outlook*, and therefore much that remains to be said will be reserved until next month, when I hope to give instances of many true dreams of inspiration, and some of real beauty, in proof of the claim that they are the soul's record of a spiritual adventure.

The memory of some dreams remains fragrant through a life-time, and perhaps the secret of its enduring quality lies not in the pictured happening, but in the fact that it is a symbol, often expressed in terms of very far away, of a spiritual excitation ; and its interpretation may prove a gateway of entrance into the kingdom of the soul, where eyes that were blind to the things of the spirit now see, and ears that were deaf are unstopped.

DOROTHY GRENSIDE.



The slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

ENGLISH CHURCH MYSTICS *

" Dominus Illuminateo mea "

A GREAT stumbling-block to many in the way of appreciation of what appertains to the Mystic Quest is the word Mysticism itself ; and it will be well before considering Mr. Osmond's fascinating book, *The Mystical Poets of the English Church*, to review and refresh our understanding of the word. Apart from its derivation and connection with the Mysteries of Greece and Egypt, it stands first and last for the vital realisation of religion as a rebinding to, or reunion with, God—the Supreme—the Eternal ; not the assent of the intellect merely, but the striving for the attainment of the actual experience of this union within the soul ; not by faith, but by *knowledge* ; and this, and this only, is the beginning and end of Mysticism of whatever Church or creed. It is the flower that springs from the sense of the Infinite which is rooted in the human heart ; it is the spark that is kindled by " contact with things immeasurable."

Mr. Osmond has selected some forty or fifty of the mystical poets of the English Church, and presents them to us in chronological sequence, quoting from them very extensively and delightfully, and bringing to his appreciation of their works a wealth of knowledge, a genuine admiration for the human side of his characters, and a deep love of his subject. As it is impossible to deal fully with the abundance of the material at hand, it may be of interest to consider the various methods of approach to, and types of, the Mystic Quest as illustrated by one or another of the poets selected, with the hope that the reviving

* *The Mystical Poets of the English Church*. By P. H. OSMOND, (S.P.C.K., 12s. 6d.)

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interest in things mystical at the present day may receive some further stimulus, and that those who may not be able to "reach the ecstasy can at least appreciate the wider vision, and thank God [with Mr. Osmond] that there are such possibilities in our human nature."

There is often a reluctance on the part of the soul to reach out beyond Faith and make the effort of Experience. The natural world affords scope for all ordinary emotion and feeling; it is familiar and intimate; and is in a sense a narcotic that dulls our desire to perceive the spiritual world, and gives it at first an aspect of blankness and desolation; but the initial step upon the Mystic Way has been taken when we come to see that the physical world is an expression or sacrament of something transcendental that permeates and vitalises it.

It is through this consciousness that it becomes possible to approach God in Nature-mysticism; and there are still other approaches, or rather key-notes, which we may consider briefly—such as the sense of pilgrimage, as of being strangers in a strange land; Love, Light, and Fire; Immanence, Asceticism, and Felicity—or as Mr. Osmond would rather have it, Beatitude (though that surely is the culmination of all Felicities); and, though it may seem something of a paradox, these key-notes of the Quest are to be discovered, resounding within the soul, and revealed by Introspection—so much discouraged and neglected in these days of material activity: Introspection, however, which is not in any sense a morbid and inquisitive probing of self, but an eager and confident search for the Kingdom which is within; for the "Divine Master which teaches in the school of the breast." *

* "From without cometh no Divine revelation, but the spirit heareth within" (Hermetic Philosophy).

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This line of thought is pursued by John Norville (end of seventeenth century), a disciple of More—who was so greatly drawn to Contemplation that he advocated thinking rather than reading, and meditation and purification of heart—"that heavenly lure which invites not only the Holy Spirit, but also the Divine Logos to come and dwell in the soul with His ideal Communications." But the life of contemplation was not one that found much favour at any rate among the poets of the centuries that Mr. Osmond is considering. One of the most scholarly and warm-hearted of his appreciations concerns George Herbert—a disciple of Divine Love. His title to Mystic, we are told, is a disputed one; but if we concede, as we surely must, that "Mysticism is the Love of God," and if in him we can trace the "approach of the soul to God through the desire of love," then George Herbert must rank with the Mystics. The love of God tinctures every one of his utterances; and moreover, with intense humility, he is never unaware that man might "desire such inward fervour and sweet peace more for their own sake than for the Giver Himself, and thus fall into spiritual wantonness." * All the poems (many printed in full) which Mr. Osmond quotes make one both astonished and sorry that this poet is now so little read.

Love, too, is the key-note of a poet of much earlier date, Richard Rolle (d. 1349). After three years of purgation and illumination, says Mr. Osmond, "his heart was aflame; no adverse circumstances could sour his intercourse with God, and his life was a melody, not merely in a metaphorical sense, for his days were spent in singing love-songs to Christ." † This *literal* fervour seems perhaps strange to us in

* Tauler.

† Page 13.

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this twentieth century—we are apt to feel a kind of shame—and yet perhaps many more than we are aware of carry this Treasure in one form or another in their hearts ; and it is still true, as à Kempis says, that “ he that loveth knoweth what is the cry of this voice.”

Yet another aspect of Divine Love is that which portrays the Love of God for man, that has been so often sung as the Bridegroom seeking His Bride, or as the “love-chase.” God seeks the soul more ardently than ever the soul seeks God . . . is it not well that we should remember this? . . . And here I cannot refrain from quoting a fragment of an anonymous fifteenth-century poem :

“ I am true Love that false was never ;
Mine own—man’s soul—I loved her thus.
Because we would nowise dis sever,
I left My Kingdom glorious.
I purvey’d her a palace full precious ;
She fled, I follow’d, I lov’d her so,
That I suffered this pain piteous,
Quia amore langueo.” *

. . . and at once there leaps to the memory Francis Thompson’s magnificent “Hound of Heaven,” that makes the heart throb with its beauty ; and makes the inevitableness of that transcendental return to the Everlasting Arms resound like blows upon the doors of the soul.

Closely allied to the Mystic Lovers are those to whom the Quest is one of Light . . . and Fire. Henry Vaughan (middle of seventeenth century), who was spiritually greatly indebted to George Herbert, was attuned to the more serene vibration of Light, and loved its manifestations in Nature.

* Modernised by Rev. C. J. Abbey.

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The sunrise was a perpetual fount of inspiration to him ; and the idea of God as the Source of Light and Life is, as everyone can recognise for himself, the most constant and immemorial in all divine symbolism, both Christian and Pagan.*

And with Light, Peace is yoked. The turbulence of the Lover is stilled ; yet in both there is an element of Fear. For Love fears to wound the Beloved and to lose Him, and he who seeks the Light fears the final entrance into that ineffable Blaze which is the Divine Darkness described by Dionysius and his followers. To some it is the Divine *Nothingness*, where calm unspeakable reigns. " They enter the region of darkness who pursue the transitory ; but they enter the region of still greater darkness who pursue the Eternal." † And after that experience the eyes, looking back, behold only the " shadows and painting of this world."

One feels it is mutilation to quote fragments of Vaughan's beautiful poem on Eternity, which opens :

" I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright ;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
 Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd."

. . . and wherein Mr. Osmond traces allusion to the allegory in the seventh Book of Plato's *Republic*, where " the world of sight is represented as a cave or den, and where nothing is seen but shadows cast on a wall by fire." . . .

In Vaughan's prose manual of devotions are many

* " I have made a way in front of the boat of Ra (the sun), I have lifted myself up into his divine Disk ; I shine brightly through his splendours " (*Book of the Dead*).

† *Isha Upanishad*.

exquisite passages : " On those that walk with Thee an everlasting day shines. The sun of Thy firmament hath his course ; it riseth, setteth, comes up again, and again goes down. But Thou, Lord, knowest no vicissitudes. Thou art the Ancient of Days ; Thou art the Rock of Ages from everlasting to everlasting. . . . O Light of light, the brightness of Thy Father's glory, enlighten all inward obscurities in me." . . .

This analogy between physical and spiritual light is constantly developed in the writings of Plotinus, and indeed is to be traced through nearly all mystical expressions ; it lays upon man the duty of reflecting this light for the illumination of others ; and this brings us to the consideration of yet another type of Mysticism, which conceives of a great Divine Hierarchy interposed between man and God through whose members the primal light is reflected. God Himself is beyond the apprehension of man ; He is revealed in His powers ; and they are named and described in Heywood's *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*.^{*} The whole basis of the scheme, according to Mr. Osmond, is borrowed from Dionysius (sixth century), who in his turn had been anticipated by St. Basil. All the members of the Heavenly Hierarchy have their especial functions ; and, apart from the Mystics under consideration, it is interesting to compare their descriptions with those of the occult school † who speak of the Lords of Will, the Lords of Wisdom, of Motion, and Form, of Love, and the rest—as agencies of the Logos creating in matter by the reflection of themselves upon it, and carrying on their own evolution through the result of that reflection. In the Christian esoteric doctrine they are the Dominions, Thrones, Principalities, etc., who serve Him "who maketh His angels spirits, and His

^{*} Pages 55 *et seq.*

† Rudolf Steiner's *Occult Science*.

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ministers a flame of fire." It is a symbolic conception, and one which is familiar to many, perhaps unconsciously so, as a sense of the Immanence of God.

The idea of Immanence is a noteworthy feature in a prose work—a novel, called *The Fool of Quality*, by Byrom (a contemporary and disciple of Law's)—chiefly known by his metrical paraphrases of Law's prose—and there is a passage from it that I must quote here: "God is Himself the beauty and benefit of all His works . . . He is the secret and central Light that kindles up the sun, His dazzling representative . . . His spirit inspires and actuates the air and is in it a breath of life to His creatures. He blooms in the blossom and unfolds in the rose. He is fragrance in flowers, and flavour in fruits. He holds infinitude in the hollow of His hand, and opens His world of wonders in the minims of nature." *

Besides Immanence, we find, dwelling with Light, the Heavenly Fire . . . which may be regarded as all that pertains to occult philosophy and the revelation of God through the secret spiritual prototypes of the physical world. As an exponent of this type, Mr. Osmond gives us Thomas, the brother of Henry Vaughan . . . alchemist, poet, and Mystic; his most important work being a tract entitled *Lumen de Lumine*, which contains a symbolic account of a meeting with *Thalia*, the Spirit of Nature, who reveals to him her secrets. One who can read the external symbolism of Nature "enters," he says, "the fire-world and sees what is both invisible and incredible to the common man. . . . He shall know the secret love of Heaven and Earth and the sense of that deep Kabalism: "There is not a herb here below, but he hath a star in Heaven above, and the

* Compare Krishna's "Discourse of Sovereignty" in the *Bhagavad Gita*.

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star strikes him with his beam and says to him, 'Grow.' " . . .

Fire is the great purifier. It is by Fire that the lower is transmuted into the higher. It is the sacred symbol of Divine Energy—the "Throne of the Quintessential Light from whence He dilates Himself to generation." And it is this Divine Energy, the "Kundalini" of Indian philosophy, which it is the aim of all occult Mystics to awaken. . . .

It is with great reluctance that I refrain from further examples, for lack of space forbids me.

Mr. Osmond's delightful book takes us right up to the present day and gives us illuminating comments on Blake, Keble, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Macdonald, R. W. Dixon, and many more ; and his pages are full of beautiful quotations. "Books," says A. E. Waite, "are great creators of opportunity, but nothing beyond," and I hope that I have said enough to kindle in others some spark of enthusiasm for the glory that may be ours for the seeking. "He is not far from every one of us," says St. Paul, "for in Him we live and move and have our being." Individual spirituality is being crowded out by the restlessness and super-organisation of the age ; material welfare is considered as the only foundation and the only food whereon an immortal soul can be nourished. We are all looking for the New World, but seek it persistently and finally in external things, forgetting that they are only "the medium through which the spiritual world flashes its signals to our souls."

And lastly, in all this we cannot but be aware of a sublime thought. It is that we are not herein contemplating a transient mood expressed by a variety of individuals, but we are confronting with awe and a deep joy Something which coexisted with the first dawning of human consciousness, Something that is a supreme and abiding law of the Universe, namely

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the certainty of the ultimate reabsorption of the
Divine Spark that dwells in man into the One Light
. . . a glorious Reunion which is mirrored even
now in the transient ecstasies of the living human
soul.

"Why bows the lily's lustrous head?
Why burns the rose with deeper glow?
What lightens every flower bed?
He cometh, Whom my heart doth know." *

ELEANOR C. MERRY.



THE ADJURATION

ARISE, O mighty mind, on eagle's wings!
Fling wide, O soul, thy windows to the Sun!
Flow, stream of life, back to the Living One,
Back to the Fountain of the Heart of Things!
Dissolve in mist, O universe! Arise
Thou Star Immortal in the upper skies!
Roll back, created night! that I may see
The One who is, and was, and evermore will be.

MEREDITH STARR.



Heal the broken and the weak, laugh not a lame man to
scorn, defend the maimed, and let the blind man come into
the sight of My clearness. Keep the old and young within
thy walls. Abide still, O My people, and take thy rest,
for thy quietness shall come.

Second Book of Esdras.

* G. S. Hollings.

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Second Book of Esdras.

* G. S. Hollings.

THE HOUSE OF REST

I SOMETIMES think—In days of yore,
When CHRIST begged bread from door to door,
If He had known of one white bed
Where He might lay His weary Head,
A single roof where He might find
A loving heart and silence kind,
A simple meal, a tender prayer,
I think He would have tarried there
Through angry storms of flying rain,
Through lonely nights of bitter pain.
And so I think, perhaps, to-day
He passes on His lonely way
And seeks an humble roof where He
May find a little Sanctuary.
So through the dawn and twilight dim
The work I do is all for Him.
Thus when the night's black shades are fled
It is for Him I make my bed.
The pillow must be smooth and white
For CHRIST may slumber there to-night.
And when I wash and wipe the delf
I do not do it for myself,
But CHRIST to-night may deign to sup
From dainty dish and plate and cup.
So when I set the cloth each day
An extra knife and fork I lay,
Another cover and a plate,
For He might come a little late
And find me unprepared, and so
Unwanted, lonely, turn and go.

And all those simple things I make,
The fish I broil, the bread I bake,
The golden honey, new and sweet,

The House of Rest

Are all for Him, that He may eat
That simple, dainty food that He
Loved when He dwelt in Galilee.
The soft low chair beside the flame
Stands ready for Him if He came,
And when the village clock strikes six
I take my little Crucifix,
A twinkling lamp to light my way,
And hasten through the darkening day
To where the long white road bends down
Towards the busy laughing town,
And leave my little flame alight,
So, if He passes in the night,
Pacing amid the shadows dim,
He shall know one hearth waits for Him.
I know not what shall be His Guise,
But I shall know Him by His eyes,
Those Eyes so filled with Love Divine,
Thus shall I know this Lord of Mine.
Though He be king in golden crown,
Or beggar in a tattered gown,
Yet shall I know Him where He stands
With thorn-crowned Brow and nail-pierced Hands.
And one day He shall come, I know. . . .

The clock strikes six and I must go
Down to the lane and leave my light.
For (who knows ?) He may come—to-night !

LUCY MALLESON.



Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend ;
God never made His work for man to mend.

JOHN DRYDEN.

THANKSGIVING

SANG the bird upon the whitethorn,
"Thanks be to Thee
For the sunlight on the meadow
And the blossom on the tree."

Sang the bird upon the whitethorn,
"Thanks be to Thee
For a haven on the windy bough
And nestlings two and three."

Sang the bird upon the whitethorn,
"Thanks be to Thee
For the Love that never faileth us
Throughout Eternity."

Sang the bird upon the whitethorn,
Right sweet and clear sang he ;
And all the hills and valleys echoed
"Thanks be to Thee !"

ESTHER RAWORTH.

ANOTHER THANKSGIVING

O GOD ! I thank Thee that once more I tread
In Nature's Garden, unobserved of man,
Listening with rapture her returning choir,
Joyful in all her recreated plan.

I thank Thee that in place of city street
I tread on wind-flowers, hear the cuckoo call,
And press aside the greening undergrowth
To find a miracle of primrose covering all.

F. V. GODWIN.

THE PLACE OF COLOUR IN LIFE

I KNOW a landscape which is beautiful but nearly always grey and green. Its high fells are folded into splendid heights, the grandeur of its solitudes is irresistible. Its farmsteads, its churches, its ancient haybarns are all the same colour as the landscape, and appear to have grown out of the soil. Its people are dour and silent and dogged, content with stereotyped conditions, their recreation as well as their occupation money-making. They cannot help it.

They live far from the world of varied points of view and softening humanities. The lack of colour in their landscape has fostered an absence of colour from their souls.

Unspoken, inarticulate, they feel, if they do not recognise, that need; and here and there among the few who are everywhere the finger-posts for the rest of humanity, the need is recognised.

Once a year this landscape wakes into colour. The meadows rouse themselves almost with a sleepy stretch. The earth stirs into action. Buttercups, cranesbill, saxifrages, orchises, kingcups and big white daisies are almost by magic flaming over the hills and lying like an embroidered carpet about the shore of a tiny lake. The whole hill country is transfigured. The sunshine after the storms has a quite tangible effect upon faces and hearts. The children grow riotous, and haymaking is, as it once was everywhere, an annual festival. It does not then need a poet to cry—

“Hark to the jubilate of the bird
For them who found the dying way to life.”

But the hay is soon cut, and as the colour falls in

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swathes from the fields, drab monotony seems to settle upon the reapers, tired from their unusually muscular toil. There are no hedges to flame with autumn's grace, though as the year dies the fells put on a velvet pall of bronze and gold, shot with high transparent lights of blue. These die, and winter comes, for colour is only transient here. It is a passing thing in most of modern, ugly, utilitarian life; but need it be so?

Storm and colour have often been synonymous things. Storms bring rainbows, and a violet sunset is the most remarkable, though that is perhaps observed merely because its very sensationalism draws attention to itself. The gold mist which is like a shekinah, or the amethyst glow which rests in the cup of the hills on a summer evening, is full of the colour which means restfulness, but has none of the drab of monotony. It is too serene to be seen by the unobservant, but it stands for the kind of colour of which modern life is shorn.

During the war the London squares were very beautiful, and their colour grew out of the precaution against the terror that flew by night over Bloomsbury. When the plane trees were in leaf, and the lamps, shaded downwards, cast a strange sheen of blue about the darkening atmosphere, a mystic radiance could be felt in the region of boarding houses and broken-down comfort, which was plain to even very material passers-by. Tiny points of red light under the trees where taxis waited added to the charm, and seemed to have a meaning of their own. The Armistice was signed, light flooded London, and this strange, significant beauty was gone. It was a loss, for it meant a subtle undercurrent of poetry and delight where they are not usually found, and showed that they were possible. The beauty of London is a swift, elusive thing,

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charged with atmosphere, furnished with wings that go upon long flights. Thinkers haunt Bloomsbury. Can they do nothing to harness this weird, desirable charm to a hope that beauty may be made apparent to the blind, who merely have not been shown the way to find it or given the power to recognise it when it is there?

There is a verse of Drinkwater's at which many people smile as at a fairy extravagance. I hope it is just a commonplace prophecy.

" If all the carts were painted gay,
And all the streets swept clean,
And all the children came to play
By hollyhocks, with green
Grasses to grow between . . . "

That strikes the casual reader as a very fantastic view of life. A few weeks ago, I was cycling through Wensleydale, and I came suddenly to a sharp uphill corner, where I was obliged to dismount, in a tiny village. Just where I stood, I was opposite to a little garden in front of a house with an exquisite, panelled door. Hollyhocks grew beside it and in front of a strip of bright emerald grass that reached the lane, and would no doubt have been a playground, only the children were in school.

On my right, in a little wheelwright's yard, stood a new cart, painted the brightest scarlet. There, before me, was Drinkwater's verse, realised in actual fact, and a thrill of pure delight and joy in the mere fact of a coloured existence shot through me as I cycled away.

One has felt the same exultation in the middle of an island in Kingsway, with every sort of traffic surging round amid the noise of inferno. But behind the lumbering buses came perhaps a coster

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cart piled high with scarlet geraniums, or a man selling a great waving galaxy of flags. They were not only a dash of colour, they were an inspiration that gave rise to sudden and varied ideas in the spirit of the onlooker. These would be wrought out into all sorts of things, for in time most real thought becomes action, by some inevitable law which the thinker may never know, nor does it follow that he performs the action.

London is crammed with these sudden bits of colour, which are concrete expressions of inspiration and possibility. The daffodils in Staple Inn garden, the crimson leaves in Lincoln's Inn in October, the flame of a sunset at the end of Piccadilly's vista, the sheets of crocuses in the grass of the parks. It is impossible to pass them, and see them, and to remain as one was before. How many eyes are on the look-out for them? I venture to say that fifty people are touched by colour to-day where one was stirred by it to thought and action in the easy-going days so often praised as more conscientious ones, fifty years ago.

For some reason we enter a great hall. We find it cold and colourless, and we yawn through events and come away quite unimpressed by what we may have heard there. Occasion takes us to another one, and we see crimson-shaded lights, brown and gold panels, a mass of deep red flowers. Immediately a mood comes upon us which is responsive, sympathetic, and receptive in a highly significant, even important fashion. By means of the influence of colour our own prejudices are softened, our point of view open to a blessed change, when argument and hectoring might only have hardened our spirits and materialised our desires.

A tremendous idea may be presented to us in colour which we were unable to receive inspiration-

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ally by any other means. We knew it existed, but it had for us no personal application. It has to flame before our concrete eyes before we can feel in our souls that it may after all have some call, some responsibility, for us.

The very joy that comes spontaneously and inevitably, with an outburst of pure colour, shows what a menace to life is its absence. Anyone who has lived in the home counties during the earliest months of the year knows the delight in sheer existence, the uplifting of the very soul, that surges through a spirit when the almond blossom is in bloom. Its veil of delicate but bright pink against the deep blue of the early spring sky is remembered without any intervention of suburban red brick or gaudy ornament. When the almond blossom is in bloom, even a suburb loses its convention, because it gets a glint, however small and transient, of the simplicity as well as the reality of colour. For the moment it wears its heart not on its sleeve, but in its garden, not for daws to peck at, but for all men to love.

Yet this appreciation of colour and its tremendous influence for good is left by religion to one section of the Christian Church, and distrusted by most others. Why is drab among many people a more religious colour than Advent blue, Lenten violet, and the splendid gold of festivals?

I remember a Swiss valley, full of the sound of bells. Cow-bells sounded from the high pastures, and goat-bells from the lower slopes. Bell gentians spread patches of vivid blue that was almost music. The little soldanella thrust its way from the snow. The chimes from tall village campaniles rang out because it was the Feast of Corpus Christi.

For this reason every hamlet was decorated in a way strange but alluring to English eyes. Every

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householder had brought out his favourite picture, and hung it above a little shrine beside his door, making the whole village into a gallery. Could we imagine such a demonstration of colour and delight as a natural feature of early summer in Great Britain? Our climate will not allow us to paint frescoes of Saint Christopher or Saint Francis upon our colour-washed walls as they do in Tyrol, to inspire the passer-by, but we could carry out our favourite, carefully chosen pictures into the full sunlight to be shared by everyone who would stop to look. I wonder if we would, if somebody with more soul than sense organised such an idea?

The poet Tagore has a beautiful little episode of an Indian girl who loved a prince. He did not know of her existence, and was never likely to see her face. One day it was rumoured that he would pass on horseback beneath her lattice.

She sat all day watching for his coming, holding in her hand her most precious treasure—a magnificent huge ruby. When the sound of the prince's horse was heard, she leaned from her lattice and threw the jewel at his feet. He cantered on, and the ruby was crushed under the horse's hoofs. But in the mud there was a stain of glowing crimson that made the ground radiant.

FLORENCE BONE.



His goodness ever went beyond his word,
Embodying itself unconsciously
In understanding of the need that prayed,
And help to which he had not pledged himself;
For, like his race, the pledge with him was slow.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE DAY'S RULE :

A MYSTIC'S CALENDAR FOR JULY

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.

July

1. I watched the moth glide from the entrails of the caterpillar, and the gnat all stainless and perfect from its watery case; and within myself—deep down—I felt the wings of man distinctly unfolding.
EDWARD CARPENTER.
2. I am He who lifts up the mourners to safety and soundness, and those who know their own weakness I advance to My own Divine Nature.
THOMAS À KEMPIS.
3. It is most true that eyes are formed to serve The inward light, and that the heavenly part Ought to be king.
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.
4. The eye with which I see God is the same eye with which God sees me : my eye and God's eye are one eye, one vision, one recognition, one love.
MEISTER ECKHARDT.
5. To treat every human heart as a shrine of God is to fulfil all religion.
INAYAT KHAN.
6. All which I took from thee, I did but take
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
FRANCIS THOMPSON.
7. Whatever road I took, it joined the street which leads to Thee.
THE DABISTAN.
8. Look not without thee : thou hast that within
Makes whole thy sickness, impotent thy sin :
Survey thy forces, rally to thyself.
JAMES RHODES.

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9.	A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. EMERSON.
10.	That shadow, my likeness, that goes to and fro, seeking a livelihood, chattering, chaffering ; How often I find myself standing and looking at it where it flits ; How often I question and doubt whether that is really me. WALT WHITMAN.
11.	In the deepest sense, there is not a spiritual dream that is not true, no hope that shall for ever go famished, no tears that shall not be gathered into the brooding skies of compassion, and fall again in healing showers. FIONA MACLEOD.
12.	Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. S. MATTHEW.
13.	Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest, I am He whom thou seekest. Thou dravest Love from thee that dravest Me. FRANCIS THOMPSON.
14.	After all, what do we ask of life here, or indeed hereafter, but leave to serve, to live, to commune with our fellow-men and with ourselves, and from the lap of earth to look up into the Face of God. MICHAEL FAIRLESS.
15.	Thou perceivest the flowers put forth their precious odours, And none can tell how from so small a centre come such sweets, Forgetting that within that centre Eternity expands Its ever-during doors. WILLIAM BLAKE.

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16. Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection ;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary, desert sand of dead habit,
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening thought and action,
Into that Heaven of Freedom, my Father, let my Country awake.

TAGORE.

17. He who seeth Me everywhere, and seeth everything in Me, of him will I never lose hold, and he shall never lose hold of Me.

BHAGAVAD GITA.

18. The highest and the inmost are one.

JACOB BOEHME.

19. The Saviour answered and said unto Mary and all His disciples : I will also reveal unto you all the grandeurs of the height; from the interior of the interiors to the exterior of the exteriors, that ye may be perfect in every gnosis, and in every pleroma, and in every height of the heights, and every deep of the depths.

PISTIS SOPHIA.

20. It is the lifted face that feels the shining of the sun.

BROWNING.

21. The lessons of true experience are those of a great compassion ; much suffering teaches us to hurt nothing ; greater suffering shows us how to comfort all ; and when we can say CONSOLAMINI, we are indeed prophets in Israel.

A. E. WAITE.

22. We think most truly, love best, when isolated from the outer world in that mystic abyss we call soul.

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23.	There are moments when the soul takes wings ; what it has to remember, it remembers ; what it loves, it loves still more ; what it longs for, to that it flies. FIONA MACLEOD.
24.	For God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh, than how much he doeth. He doeth much that loveth much. THOMAS A KEMPIS.
25.	Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs. TAGORE.
26.	Before the great revelation of the soul, Time, Space, and nature shrink away. EMERSON.
27.	The fish lives in the bosom of the ocean : the eagle swings on the rafters of the sky. Thou mayest take the fish with a hook, and strike the eagle with an arrow, but thou canst not penetrate to the heart of the man who stands by thy side. CHINESE PROVERB.
28.	It is a great truth, which you should seriously consider, that there is nothing in heaven or upon the earth which does not also exist in Man, and God, who is in heaven, exists in Man, and the two are but one. PARACELSUS.
29.	The aim of man is beyond the Temporal—in the serene region of the everlasting Present. MEISTER ECKHARDT.
30.	If we will have knowing of our soul, and com- moning, and daliance therewith, it behooveth to seek into our Lord God, in whom it is inclosed. MOTHER JULIAN OF NORWICH.
31.	If a man would have fruition of God, three things are needful thereto ; these are, true peace, inward silence, and loving adherence. RUYSBROECK.

EX LIBRIS

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF VISION

THE CHALLENGE OF THE WAR. By Henry Frank, pp. xlvii and 372. (The Stratford Co., Boston, U.S.A., \$2.50.)

This book is an attempt to show how science can answer the riddle of the grave. The Great War has led to an unusual concentration of the human intellect upon the problems of immortality. The author of this captivating book has dared to face the problem from the point of view of Nature, and to discover how far Nature, by her laws and working, admits of the possibility of an after-life. The result of his researches is profoundly optimistic, for he comes to the conclusion that from a study of natural phenomena alone, there exist genuine grounds for an immortal hope "whereon man may build a faith that need not rest on slipping sands." The book is divided into three parts, of which the first deals with scientific negations of immortality; the second with the scientific limitations of reason; and the third with sundry intimations of a scientific proof of immortality. The book betrays not only deep erudition and an intimate knowledge of modern science, but also the power to present conclusions in a convincing way. The result of the author's researches is summed up as follows in the concluding words of the book: "There is no death. I am incarnate life. What dies dissolves to live again somewhere, somehow. Death is an apparition. Life is the only reality." The book contains seven appendixes, and an introduction by Dr. Hereward Carrington.

H. L. H.

THE DAWN OF HOPE. By the hand of Edith A. Leale. Forewords by the Rev. G. Vale Owen, Rev. F. J. Paine, and Rev. Arthur Chambers. (Kegan Paul, 5s.)

This book is composed of a series of letters, claimed by Mrs. Leale to have been received from her son, who was killed in the Great War. The method of communication was by a form of clairaudience termed by Mrs. Leale "inspira-

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tional," and described by her as "the calm, clear, inflowing of thought" rather than the actual hearing of a voice. The Rev. G. Vale Owen gives in his foreword a slight account of the present wave of spiritual revelation, and the means by which it has been accomplished; and the Rev. F. J. Paine testifies to his personal knowledge of Mrs. Leale as a lady of "a quiet, even disposition, and an earnest believer in the Christian faith."

The letters themselves are very similar to the messages received by Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. Vale Owen, and many others. The earlier letters describe the introduction of the young soldier, after death, to ever higher spheres, and his consecration and preparation for a mission of help and comfort both to those on the physical plane and in the lower spheres of the world beyond death.

The book is dedicated to "all those who have known sorrow during the years of the Great War," and is published with the desire of bringing hope and comfort to all such. No doubt with many it will succeed in its mission. J. S.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE AND OTHER SHORT STORIES. By Charles Stuart Welles, M.D. (L. N. Fowler & Co., 5s.)

The contents of this little book are rather miscellaneous, for there are collected between its covers political and religious addresses, a draft for a "Constitution of the United States of the World," and several spiritualistic stories. The writer, an American evidently, shows courage in tackling a detailed scheme for a World Congress.

Most of the stories are unfortunately marred by spiritualistic and occult jargon, such, for instance, as "they stood hand in hand observing the glory of colour, which to the psychic means so much. Wilbur recognised his own colour-scheme of red and brown, pertaining to his number nine vibration, while Annie gloried in the blue sentiment of the profuse clusters of wisteria."

All the stories are of "mediums" and "circles" and "spirit gentlemen and ladies," and "numbers" and "vibrations."

The author is evidently very much in earnest, and keenly interested in spiritualism. J. S.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MATERIAL

IN America, and to a lesser degree in this country, experiments in the treatment of neurasthenia by the imprisonment of the sufferer in Nature, or rather, by his forcible removal from the city and placing in a natural environment, wherein the force of Nature can work upon him, have resulted in an almost miraculous success. That success is doubtless gained by a use of obvious remedial measures, but it is the putting into practice of what has been so long preached in terms that are known to all, but comprehended only by a few, that is more gain than the curing of a few mind-sick persons.

Those who joy most in the hectic days and fevered nights of modern city civilisation, and who are least susceptible to impressions which have no man-made "kick" in them, have not failed to admit the sedative effect of a quiet day in the sunshine in rural surroundings, although they are so constituted that the ease of Nature would not provide the fillip to their stretched-out nerves which is continuously necessary to their factitious happiness. The boredom under which they drag out their days in the country, if those days are more than a very few, is due not to an inhuman inability to appreciate; nor is it due to any inability of natural surroundings to react upon them. It is the result of laziness alone. If they can be provided with the work disguised as play which is their usual occupation in town, they are just as happy in rustication as in the city; and if provision is made for their retention in the prison of rurality, their nerves become less distraught, providing them with the ability to rest and examine, unhappily so far removed from the general tenor of civilisation.

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It is not, however, the restfulness of Nature alone that draws the mind to health, for Nature is not always quiescent with the peace of a burning summer afternoon, and in her wilder moments she can be very dreadful. Yet, somehow in her fiercest manifestations she is not spiritually destructive and disorganic in the manner of the garish city of men. Nor is the beauty of rural things, inanimate as well as animate, the only source of man's pleasure and well-being when resting upon her broad and fertile breast. There is somewhat more even than the peace of Nature which passeth understanding, and her beauty destroyed daily, yet ever indestructible, which can be contemplated but not described; a somewhat which is a psychological reaction between those two parts of one eternal and all-comprising whole—the spirit of man and the spirit of the earth, and all that springs therefrom.

Neither branch of the permanent is always peaceful. The spirit of Nature is spasmodically turbulent and fierce, just as is the spirit of man; but the saturation of man by Nature is a saturation which can be continued to the completion of manhood. Just as the natural man, uncorrupted by urbanity and security of life, were it not for the factitious disease of civilisation, is fired and illumined by the deeper, more sincere, if less controlled, emotions, so is Nature "red in tooth and claw." But that barbarism of all time does not preclude the acquiescence of man in the peace of Nature, and the very slowness of the rise of the emotions in natural man makes them more terrible or more lovely when he is 'whelmed in their flux.

Again, beyond the emotive urgency of Nature reacting upon the spirit of man, which creates a unity between the twin development of the all-pervading, is the trinity of beauty, unfailingly

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present in Nature—a trinity of form, colour, and fitness. This also is the expression in the knowable of the unknowable but omnipresent, which man, when he deals so with the material for his convenience in use, where he aggregates his numbers, that he excises Nature from his environment, includes the excision of the best elements of himself.

And the spirit of matter is so persistent that, while man does not fail to realise his unwisdom, while he does not fail to know that he does wrongfully in so maiming the material of any one of the trinity of the elements of beauty, he is forced in his better moments to regret his loss.

“ If I could come again to that dear place
Where once I came, where beauty lived and moved,
Where by the sea I saw her face to face,
That soul alive by which the world has loved ;
If, as I stood at gaze among the leaves,
She would appear again as once before,
Where the red herdsman gathered up his sheaves
And brimming waters trembled up the shore ;
If, as I gazed, her beauty that was dumb
In that old time, before I learned to speak,
Would lean to me and revelation come,
Words to the lips, and colour to the cheek,
Joy with its searing iron would burn me wise ;
I should know all—all powers, all mysteries.”

Wherefore it is pitiful that we, knowing the result of our action, wilfully seek to do somewhat irremediably harmful, rather than choose that which would bring us into a unity with the spiritual æsthetic in the place of a spiritual anæsthetic. For man is a material entity, vitalised with the inexplicable spark of life which vanishes, and that spark of life inheres in all of Nature, the tissue of which is lighted by the slightest flame of the divine

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essence of being. Inevitably the reaction of the material upon the material is correlated by a reaction of the spirit which it contains; and just as man wrongfully and evilly treats the material, so will vengeance be taken by the material upon man; the slightest deviation from one of the three attributes of form, colour, and fitness in the material leading him into the paths of error, which are so complex that a moment's wrong-doing shall be an eternal undoing of the soul, and shall bind to the wheel for generations in a senseless rotation, the rise and fall of which shall have the appearance—mirage though it be—of evolution or devolution, convincing the erroneous of the reality of the vicious circle circumscribing the actions of man.

Vast and effective in degradation though the vengeance of matter is for its misuse, the reward of rightfully directed and sincere effort is even greater. The effort is not painless, for it is a struggle to stay the eternal revolution of the wheel, which now seems impossible, incredible. But the wheel is not in itself a material existence, and by his work upon the material—if that work be right work, giving joy in its performance, joy in its completion, and joy in its use—the immaterial turning of the cycle must be arrested, and the curve shall take the upward sweep of constant progress.

So is it in the most personal and individual human experience—the emotion of love. While the aggregate effort of mankind in dealing with the use of material is only a combination of individual effort, and its pains and penalties, or rewards, are effective upon the totality of human beings by the quality of individual work, the best of which is overborne by the vast output of the mediocre or consciously scamped and bad, the primal emotion of love is effective in the main upon the two persons concerned

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only, and, indeed, in many cases upon the lover alone. Yet the quality of loving which is bestowed by the unit, assimilable as it is in the universal character of the race of which the unit is a member, cannot fail to make itself felt upon the generality of mankind. Here again, the spirit can only make an impression in the realm of the knowable, and that is in terms of the material; but a love which is purely material, of sex alone, while it is a demand upon the senses made by beauty, does not fulfil the conditions which are the boundaries of the Way of Advancement. There must exist alongside the desire for possession, a regard for the desired, which is apart from, yet belongs to, that desire, which shall be capable of negating the fulfilment of the desire, if not its complete abnegation, and in which shall be contained the spirit of sacrifice. A love which can continue only by virtue of physical possession is no love; but that which is capable of extending through that time of the shining of the divine spark of life without possession, is beyond this, even though both shall be dictated by the quest of beauty and completion.

This pure, physical love is but another phase of human dealings with the material. In this case it is the most universally examined, because it is the most obviously to the interest of the individual, and it is on equal terms with a unit of organic matter inspired with a similar, if not equal, amount of the quality of the divine. Love is, moreover, dictated by the desire of beauty awakened by the irruption of sex, and it is through the senses that it is most acutely experienced. It touches so sharply upon the individual, that he cannot ignore it as he persists in ignoring the quality of lesser inspired material with which he deals for the preservation of his brief tenure of life. And while the experience

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of physical love may tend in either direction—towards destruction and binding to the wheel, or towards construction and the upward curve—it is only when each human being insists upon his rightful heritage of an acute perception of his contact with beauty in matter, as he now experiences in beauty of sex, that real progress on the upward curve will become steadfast.

In every human being is hidden—stultified by the modern way of life, immeasurably quiescent, but nevertheless present and to be quickened, waiting, indeed, for the moment of its birth—the power of perception of beauty; and it is towards the life of this perception, so that it may be the beginning of the rightful dealing with the material, that the wheel turns ever on its own axis. Myriads have striven towards a fitting use of matter, but those have been outnumbered uncountably by the users of matter, who have destroyed its spirit. Yet here and there the spirit of man has been healed by a true unison of his spirit and that other part of the universal which his material possesses, so that here and there a spark of beauty has been blown into flame for a moment, leaving a flash of light which illumines the human intelligence time and again for its punishment in sorrow.

“Wherever beauty has been quick in clay
Some effluence of it lives, a spirit dwells,
Beauty that death can never take away,
Mixed with the air that shakes the flower bells;
So that by waters where the apples fall,
Or in lone glens, or valleys full of flowers,
Or in the streets where bloody tidings call,
The haunting waits the mood that makes it ours.
Then at a turn, a word, an act, a thought,
Such difference comes; the spirit apprehends
That place's glory; for where beauty fought,
Under the veil the glory never ends;

The Spirit of the Material

But the still grass, the leaves, the trembling flower,
Keep, through dead time, the everlasting hour."

And when every place shall have a beauty that has been quick in clay, then shall man come to the knowledge—not momentarily, briefly, in light that fades as it springs up, but always and ever during his brief span of life—of that ultimate Good, which is God.

G. E. FUSSELL.



VISION COMPETITIONS

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY

I. The prize of HALF A GUINEA for the best poem entitled "Thanksgiving," has been won by Esther Raworth, 42 Leadhall Lane, Harrogate. We also select for printing G. V. Godwin's contribution, which is specially commended. The poems submitted this month did not reach nearly such a high standard as usual, but the following competitors, whose names are mentioned in order of merit, may be commended:

S. E. Dunkley (Exeter), Constance Anderson (E. Devon), Emily P. Gill, M. C. Merrett (London, N.W.), M. Smart (E. Lothian), Frances Patmore (St. John's Wood), Edward Hall (London, S.W.1), L. Malleson (London, W.14), G. M. Marriage (Notting Hill Gate), A. Malleson (London, W.14), Agnes Baker (Kilburn), B. H. A. Jones (Margate), Christina Baker, B. Mallinson (Harrogate), N. Cartwright (Manchester), L. Thornton (Bromley), N. Phillips (London, W.C.1), Arthur Graham (Newcastle).

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CRITICISMS

G. M. Marriage.—Your poem would have been better if you had chosen a more formal setting. To write a "Thanksgiving on Victory Christmas" in *vers libre* needs a greater command of technique than is at present yours. But there is distinct promise in your verse, the opening lines are charming; and we would advise you to study the technical side of verse-making, so that your form may equal the ideas you wish to express.

Emily P. Gill.—As you will see in the list of competitors whose work is commended, your poem took a fairly high place this month. There is a ring of sincerity in your lines which more than atones for a little lack of originality of conception. Your first three lines are excellent, but you would have made a far more beautiful little poem had you varied the rhyme in the last line, which reads a little awkwardly as it now stands. We shall hope to see more of your work.

2. The prize of one year's subscription to *Vision* has been won by N. Vanner Moore, 61 Caillard Road, Byfleet, Surrey.

Other sets specially commended were received from Agnes Baker (Kilburn), E. M. Stephenson (Wigan), U. Malleson, (London, W.14), L. Malleson (London, W.14), J. B. Trinick (Balham), Ethel Watson (Birmingham).

JULY COMPETITIONS

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

2. A copy of *Vision* will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best set of quotations (either prose or verse) of not more than four lines from a mystical writer, which are suitable for inclusion in a Mystic's Calendar.

ON THOUGHT

IN man power is simply a trend of thought ; power is not necessarily the outcome of education, and one often sees it developed unconsciously through steadfastness of purpose or desire.

* * *

This world is like a dome, where every thought sent out must come sounding back again in the ears of the sender ; so that a man's life may be said to be woven of the echoes of his own thoughts. But for the most part we are so dulled by the confusion in our minds, that we are surprised or dismayed by the sounds that return to us, not perceiving their origin.

* * *

What philosopher would dare to call any " good " or " bad " ? But everyone can call his own thought good or bad by his own standard. However ignorant or foolish a man may be, his inner nature always points out to him a path, which seems to him a path of purity and freedom.

* * *

Man's mind is by nature such that as soon as it creates a thought, it throws it over for another thought which takes its place.

* * *

An expert thief is as great as a thousand thieves ; in his mind are an army of thoughts equal to an army of thieves. In the same way a saint is upheld and fortified by an army of saints, each offering him wisdom, consolation, beauty of life.

* * *

Every thought is a birth, and should be cherished and protected. Once expressed, it vanishes from the mind and dies ; guarded within the mind, it grows in power, creating an atmosphere around the thinker.

Vision

Often we feel that we have done nothing if we have insulted another in thought. And how often we wish to help another, but the means are not at hand, or else time does not provide the chance; and so we feel that we have done nothing because our desire has remained unexpressed. But actually a thought, like sunlight behind the clouds, cannot really be hidden, but produces an effect, if not at once the full effect thought of.

* * *

Just as the searchlight illuminating the sky comes from an unseen lantern, in the same way all actions are reflections from the mind; and so actually upon thought depends the whole mechanism of our affairs. Sooner or later we prove to be as we think.

* * *

A man's mind is his kingdom, and is as big as the extent of his thoughts; and his thoughts work either for or against him, and moreover, attract thoughts from others, which also work for or against him.

* * *

In the absence of great ambition or desire, how shall I purify and strengthen my thought—which is, indeed, even I myself?

By wiping off every thought or impression which seems to fall below that inner standard (different in everyone according to his evolution), and by rejecting every thought which appears unworthy at once, there must follow a greater simplicity and clearness in the mind, so that one ideal will show up the most brightly. *That* ideal should be followed with a desperate sincerity.

* * *

We can compare the mind of the average man to an untrained horse that goes how and where it wills. To bring one's mind under control one must

On Thought

train it as one would train a horse that can afterwards be put to the use that its owner desires. If your mind can be made your servant and to do just as you will, then indeed the whole world will be at your service.

* * *

Every man at times catches sight of an ideal that is greater than himself. And if he cleaves to that ideal, his thought in proportion to its concentration becomes stronger and more intense, and his life becomes fuller. His thought as it pursues that ideal may gradually become his living friend and consolation. It may become as his ship upon the sea, and his engine to launch him up into the heavens; and then his whole being becomes alive, and his consciousness becomes developed till it realises that it is unlimited and without end, with vast fields ever opening before it.

* * *

Moreover, it is mind that paints the picture of the body—its vehicle in life. Changes of muscle and feature take place under the influence of the mind. Wrath, hatred, jealousy, and bitterness, may, even before they show themselves in action, work upon the body; and each man shows his follies in his face to those who have eyes to see and read.

In the same way do love and kindness and sympathy and all good thoughts show themselves in face and bearing, giving evidence of a man's goodness against the testimony of a thousand reproaches.

* * *

Through a life of concentration upon his ideal, be that ideal what it may, man sees that the secret of all creation, natural or artificial, is mind, which has created this ALL by thought.

INAYAT KHAN.

HAUNTED

O PASSIONATE Voice I loved so long ago
(So long ago, Dear Heart, so long ago !)
And lost when the first trembling daffodil
Shook in an ecstasy of pale delight,
Filling the windy woods with golden light—

You come to me again
When Beauty blows her clarion sweet and shrill
And bears o'er emerald field and dim blue hill
The silver lances of the April rain !

You come at daybreak, when the singing breeze
Wakens to lyric joy the budding trees ;
When thro' the drowsy splendour of the noon
The freshet croons a little lonely tune,
And in the gloaming, when the blackbird's throat
Throbs with the music of its last clear note,

O passionate Voice I loved so long ago !

So long ago, Dear Heart ! And yet . . . and yet . . .
(The darkness deepens ; like a wizard's net
The moonlight snares the shadows at my feet) . . .
Was it so long ago ? For here and now
Can I not feel your kiss upon my brow,
And thro' the haunted silence, low and sweet,

Above my own heart's beat
Hear once again your Voice of long ago ?

ESTHER RAWORTH.

FULFILMENT

My Lord has bidden me to sing of life

Fulfilled ;

He draweth nigh to listen, and the beat

Of His great heart is ringing in mine ears ;

I cannot sing—my voice is choked with tears

I can but lay my roses at His feet

And kneel, and know that, even so, is life

Fulfilled.

VERA G. PRAGNELL.