

# The Glastonbury Scripts

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# The Glastonbury Scripts

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I.

## The Return of Johannes.

SECOND EDITION.



BY F. BLIGH BOND.

F.R.I.B.A.

SCRIPT OF JOHN ALLEYNE.

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GLASTONBURY.

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JOHN O. HARTES.  
ST. GEORGE'S,  
GLASTONBURY.

## The Return of Johannes.

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THE STORY OF JOHANNES as told in the "Gate of Remembrance" is gleaned from many casual writings obtained between the years 1907 and 1912 through the hand of John Alleyne. These were interspersed in random fashion among a host of communications relating to the history and architecture of the Abbey. We never knew when they were coming, and in a few cases they remained undeciphered for a long while afterwards, so crabbed was the handwriting.

After 1912 there was a cessation of these communications. Then came the War, precluding for more than two years any resumption of the work. But in 1916 came the story of the building of the Loretto Chapel as told in the "Gate of Remembrance," the first edition of which was published in 1918. Johannes does not figure in this script; neither is his personality manifest in the long series of writings on the War and on the spiritual evolution of the Race which was produced through the same hand in 1918, 1919, and 1920, a part of which has been published under the title "The Hill of Vision." But in 1921, when the present writer was engaged in his last season's work of excavation, Mr. Alleyne joined him for a few days at Glastonbury and quite unexpectedly our old friend Johannes again makes his presence known. The script in which he speaks or is spoken for is dated 4th August, 1921. The first part runs as follows:

## INTRODUCTORY.

The ancient glories of the Abbey of Glaston have departed from earth, and the once noble fabric is scattered in the dust, its few poor remnants standing naked and forlorn; yet in their desolation speaking still to us of a perfection which the architect of to-day, with all his knowledge and all his mechanical aids, cannot emulate. But the Ideal which was in the minds of its builders lives on, immortal in remembrance, having its fount in the ever-living world of creative idea; and living, seeks to realize again in material form its vanished loveliness. To souls attuned to sympathy with the thought and purpose of those who long ago conceived its perfect form and by art translated this into material semblance the presence of that Ideal and its abiding power may yet be felt. And to the few whose love for this chosen spot and its long history is strong enough to overleap the barriers of Time, there come in hours of mental stillness, voices from those far times when the Abbey was in its glory: and these voices tell us that there is a great Company of souls that watches over Avalon and would fain see their scheme of beauty and human service blossom forth once more in an enduring form. And being now in a sphere of thought so sublimed from material things that it is difficult to impress the duller consciousness of earth, they have chosen as their spokesman one who, like themselves, loved the Abbey greatly, but the strength of whose attachment to the visible Ideal has held him bound within the sphere of earth's attraction, so that he still has power to speak to us through the medium of our own intuitive souls. This one is Johannes Bryant, a humble brother, simple and pure in heart; mirthful as a child and but little inclined for the formal exercises of religion. His story was told in "The Gate of Remembrance," and for many years he has been silent. Now he comes again.

*“WHAT would ye? I, Johannes, long quiescent, speke, yet speaking would say; We hadde the worke yfinished. But much also to tell ye that remayneth in the deeps of memory. But no little things we mean. Strength is needed for our task, and a right mightie combining of the forces of them who knew and loved our Abbaye.*

*“Not alle who dwelt therein loved it, for our rules were strict, and many there were who designed to hawk and hunt, and to gadde about the faire country on an palfrey or on footen. The waterways charmed them, and in our manors, and at High Hamme the Rule was much loosed, so that even as I, Johannes, forgot that I was a monke in contemplating of the waters and the woodes of Mere—the wych ye knowe—so they, casting aside the trammels which like swaddling-clothes did confine and check that which was natural in them, did drink good ale and oftentimes good wines of France, and soe forgot for a time their sorrows.*

*“But what wold ye, my sonnes? What remayneth yet to hand? Have we not shewn ye alle, and with sore travailings on our parte? For, as we have sayd, not only I, JOHANNES Monachus, but alle of the Company who loved and love our Abbey as it yet standeth to us, see all its glory—though ye see but woeful ruins.*

To the Company the Abbey still stands perfect as it was in its prime; and their united memory can reproduce its entire history. By clothing themselves in the garment of earth-recollection, they can recall its history as one continuous whole. So the brethren of every time can enter into one another's remembrance, seeing with another's eyes, hearing with his ears, and sharing his thought and feeling.

*“We who walked and yet walk in the fleshly tabernacle in which, by Thought, we clothe ourselves*

*withal, in the cloisters in which we were wont to contemplate—soe I say—all we of our various grades, combined and joynd in one faire fellowship—we, who in our time dwelt as brethren and the many who soe dwelt before, and the few who followed after, all walk and contemplate. And each one, in his remembrance, is the link which makes for us all the faire story of our Glaston as one continuous whole. So I, being linked in the spirit with EAWULF, who comes from out the Danes in olden time, see with his eyes, hear with his ears, and live in mine own spiritual life the life that he lived in his day. Soe once I, wroth with TURSTIN, was slain with arrows even at the High Altar. Soe do I as GULIELMUS did, strike lusty blows with the silver candlestick which lay close to his hand and therefore mine. So does Eawulf, and so does Abbot Kent (who loved the Mere and there took his pleasance) goe with me and in me and I in him, to see the sunset imaged in the waters and hear the tide ycoming in the sedges of Cock Lake ere it reached me over dear Mere.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*“ So being united and yet separate—united in sympathy, and yet separate, in that he is hym and I Johannes—soe, I say, do we have and live a hundred lives where once we lived but one.”*

*“ Thus are we. Is it not the Paradise of Saints, and not the Purgatory of Sinners in which we all dwell and praise and rejoice as one? ”*

Here the script breaks off into further reminiscences of the old Abbey. The memories are appropriate to the actual work which the excavators are at the moment engaged upon. The area of the north transept was for the first time being cleared at its northern extremity and the great bank of earth which concealed any possible remnants of its northern

wall was in process of removal. Already a beautiful fragment of floor-tiling had been brought to light, and this is now shewn to visitors. The script proceeds:

*“ What would ye more ? He that digged hath found many things; and many more shall be added. . . . What more ? In the north crossing of the Great Church was there a greate windowe, narrow and highe, of three lights, hym in the middle the highest; and this was ne changed, being north, though hym on the south (where was the Cloche and the Gallery stairs) was ytaken out and a grete windowe of many lights took his place, soe that the sunne, shining in, should flood ye transept and the pulpitum with light and with a glory of many colours.*

The “ Cloche ” referred to is, of course, the famous Clock constructed by Peter Lightfote, which had bells attached in a turret at the angle of the south transept. The Gallery staircase would have come down by the south wall of this transept from the dormitory, to allow the monks to descend for their night offices in the church.

*“ And in the north transept was a doore and an annexe without, in whych Camel hadde his courte. And within, against the wall and between the three windows was a greate screen of many colours, yfilled with ymages, which stretched across. And within was a vault ywrought in fine stone from Normandy; and the whole was a chauntry or shrine in which we kept certain relics. And it was wondrous beautiful. And from the floor of the transept went up three steppes to the floor of the Chauntry which lay across the body of the transept, soe we remember.”*

Now the date of the script is August 4th, and my diary of the excavations shews that the wall of

the north transept for which we were exploring in the bank of earth was not encountered until 5 p.m. on the 8th September, and on this day a large number of fragments of screenwork in fine stone were found. Some of these were painted. During the next two days a doorway in the north wall was cleared, and this was found to have been sealed with later masonry.

On the 18th September I laid bare the footing of a light internal wall, apparently that of a screen, running across the width of the transept. On the 19th more fragments of screenwork in coloured stone came to light, and finally on the 23rd September an additional length of the inner face of the north wall being revealed, there appeared, attached to it, a remnant of Caen stone panelled lining, with four moulded uprights, supported on a row of figured flooring-tiles, excellently preserved. This seemed to shew that the script was quite correct in what it said as to a chantry chapel here across the north end of the transept.

I grieve to say that about a month later certain visitors to the Abbey eluded the vigilance of the gardener and plundered the unbroken tiles, tearing down half of the freestone lining in order to free them. The effects of this shameful act of sacrilege have been covered up by the Trustees, who have erected a sealed oak box over the poor remains! The script goes on to speak of the still surviving Chapel to the east of the north transept, which is one of the choicest remaining features of the Abbey. This chapel was for a long time popularly supposed to be the Loretto Chapel. The mistake seems to have been due to a mention in Dugdale's Monasticon of a rather ambiguous nature. Better knowledge suggests that it was dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, and this is borne out in the next section of the script.

*“ And in the Chapel the whych remayneth to the east were divers colours paynted, and the wall whych lay between hym and the Church was ypaynted crome and black, with red roses. And across hym, high uppe, but not soe high that none might rede, was writ in letters of gold and redde somewhat; and we remember the same sayd;*

*LAUS TIBI, DOMINE; GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.*

*“ After hym ”—alas that I am no scholar!—there was;*

*ET DOMINI THOMÆ CANTUAR  
MARTYRI, ET OMNIUM MARTYRUM QUI  
IN PACE DORMIERUNT.*

*“ or soe I think it was—the whych I misremember soe—but this I know. After ‘DOMINE;’ came ‘THOMAS’—hymn of Canterbury whose chappel this was, ypaynted redde mostly, to signify the blood of the martyr.”*

It was within the knowledge of Mr. Alleyne and myself that some slight traces of an original thin plastering survived upon the southern wall-face of this chapel, this being the best protected from the weather. We had noticed also faint remnants of a brownish lining on a buff ground in imitation of masonry, and one or two reddish rosettes in the middle of the rectangular spaces. Also we had observed some adhering flakes of a deep red coloration on the lower part of the wall. But the idea of an inscription higher up had never been thought of, nor had anything been seen which might suggest this. But having the script I took a good pair of binoculars and studied the wall attentively. And after a time I saw what seemed to be a Lombardic capital letter, seemingly a “ T.,” on a level not far from the springing of the vaults. Looking along the same line I saw, on the same level, a second very faint trace of red indicative of another capital, and between these the

barest suggestion of a black letter. There was just enough visible to make the story of the inscription a probable one. But a few years more exposure will inevitably obliterate the last traces of what even now is invisible without very good sight and perhaps the aid of glasses.

The script now continues with one more little reminiscence, and Johannes would have us know that when the soul revisits the beloved scenes of earth nothing is changed save by defects of memory, and that these defects can be made good by the help of others of his Company who can remember more. He says:

*“What more doe we remember? There was a little hermitage over against the pathe whiche ledde from St. Johne! And in the grasse around, full many graves of the townspeople who aspired to sleep therein.*

*“We can tell you this much: To us who come to the place beloved on earth, nothing is changed save where we misremember, and then ofttimes they remember for me and so nothing is lost.*

They can enter into one anothers' lives and thoughts, so memory is no longer a sealed book, and the process of recollection must be simplified greatly in a sphere wherein the whole life stands as a living picture, its colouring undimmed by the lapse of ages. But they cannot, if they would, share this privilege with us: for we are enmeshed in the fogs of earth and memory is dim, even in matters of crucial experience. And if we find it so hard to recall our own memories, how much more difficult to stimulate our dull brains with the image of another's remembrance!

*“But we are not soe with you, who are still down on the soil of earth! For only through your*

*love for that which we also loved can we converse with you: and only when your love and your desires are very great can we with sacrifice and striving collect and together speak with you."*

*"And I, Johannes, the least of all my brethren—save only in my sometime fatness!—come to speake to you and this because I am ne spiritual but earthly in my love of things beautiful.*

*"And yet in that Beauty and in the love I hadde for it, God knows that there was a saving grace not given to some who exercised in choro, and often slept therein through much vaine repetitions."*

Johannes again impresses upon us that his true Self—the higher or more spiritual part—is not drawn down to earth by these communications or by the attraction of the old memories of his beloved House. His better part, as he has elsewhere said, "doeth other things." We are concerned only with that "garment of Memories" which his soul is permitted for a while to resume and which he finds happiness in reviving in communion with the sympathetic thought of others still on earth who have attuned themselves, as we have done, to receive his thought through the channels of our unconscious mind. To him it is as a dream, and we are for the nonce his dream-companions.

*"LAUS DEO! I Johannes, of many partes, yet mostly dwell in Him. For in the Spirit dwell I in highest Heaven, giving glory to the great Love which is Almighty God. And through Him are all things which I, Johannes, love, and which alsoe binde me still—all that is faire and true on this Earth."*

*"AMOR VINCIT." Love conquers:—love with its twin wings soaring under the blue vault of the sky where I, even I, Johannes can sing. . . . Never sang I in choro, but yet, like the lark that I*

loved to hear singing in the marshes, I can fold the wings of my spirit and, descending, arise and live again on earth and in the flowers and trees, and in the reflections of the fleecy clouds in the blue of the mere, which are all the Face and the Thought and the Smile of God."

"And when I am drawn down, I can dwell againe in mine own deare Abbey, which, in its stones, and in its design, and in its memories is a prayer that ascends for ever to the throne of the Most High God."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What say I? Others speak through me in a strange tongue! I speak,—and yet I know not what I say. But I think! And well I know what I think and remember. But methinks another sometimes speaketh for me, and in a tongue which is newest, but yet has somewhat that is strange and unfamiliar."

\* \* \* \* \*

To this point we have been conversing with Johannes himself, but it must be understood that the language in which the thought of Johannes is presented to us is not necessarily at all the same as that which he would have used while in the flesh. There has been much debate on this subject. The right view of the matter seems to be that the thought of Johannes clothes itself instinctively in the terms most familiar and appropriate which he can find in our brains and in the memory-record they contain: for he is limited to the machinery of our brains whilst in association with us. But now there supervenes another phase of the communication, such as we have often had occasion to observe. Johannes, in his turn, is to be used as the mouthpiece of others—perhaps more advanced in knowledge than himself—who will employ his dreaming soul as intermediary for that which they wish to say to us. So the script

continues in a different hand and in language of a more strictly modern cast, words being employed which, though well understood by us, would scarcely have been in the vocabulary of a sixteenth-century monk, and would therefore be strange to him. A company now speak with collective voice and with accord. It is the Watchers who are speaking. They find a link and a channel of spiritual influence in the Company of Avalon; that brotherhood of elect souls who control this area from old time.

*“MINGLED TONES ranged in harmony through the dominant key of human and Divine sympathy.”*

*“Sometimes, through the mutual blending of our spiritual sympathies, our individual voices—undertones of infinite complexity—will cease, stilled by a greater concord which, in the Communion of Saints—the infinite power of that mutual sympathy—will compel with one accord that unanimous yielding which has been expressed as Silence in Heaven.”*

*“In the vast combination of our forces we, whose great experience it is thus to combine, are able to mould with infinite care, it may be one fleeting note, reinforced until it can be sensed by the dull ears of incarnate Man. But we can impress you through that Company whose sphere of control is especially concerned with this area, which once contained them: thus setting in activity on earth that Node of spiritual forces which finds its expression in the souls of those that lived within its sphere of influence.”*

*“Even so ROME, temporal and material, yet holds in thralldom those vast multitudes who obeyed her laws. Lacking in individual initiative, this multitude, taken collectively as a spiritual force, makes for law and order in the material world.”*

*“The Schools of Philosophic Thought, dominating for long centuries the minds of men, are now passed away from Earth. Yet they still have sway over the spirits of their votaries. So all the Heavens, though one vast brotherhood in the Love of God, are yet subdivided and arranged in set companies and lesser fraternities, all striving together for the fulfilment of their ideals, and still influencing those on earth who are attuned to those ideals, inasmuch as these are all in sympathy with the great love of the Creator.”*

The Company of Avalon is one of these lesser brotherhoods of Heaven. It has always been controlled by a great Teacher, and has been the scene of many a mission divinely led—that of Joseph of Arimathea being the most significant for the Christian world. There is an old tradition that Jesus came here as a boy, and this the script would seem to affirm. Many of the other scripts imply that Britain is the land chosen of old to be the home of the great evangelizing mission in the later days—the spiritual Israel that grafts Christian teaching upon the monotheism of the Jewish Church. But it would be unwise to lay too great a stress upon the personal coming of Jesus to these shores. The mention of the youthful LOGOS may be a poetic way of speaking of the early purity of the faith as brought hither by the missionary band of Joseph.

*“Thus with the great mystic force of Avalon. Influenced from the first by a great Adept, a great Teacher of men, it was visited by the Incarnation of the Logos, the Christ Spirit, in the first bloom of His youth. The motions which the spiritual ætheric current thus generated have set in action have been gradually disseminated in, and have influenced, successive generations of men, becoming gradually centred in and concentrated upon an*

*Ideal which, as it grew to maturity, was then materialized in Stone."*

*"And here brought to a focus that Ideal was sustained in the intuition of the monastic Order which had the great privilege of guarding the Sacred Trust, that Holy Grail whose Mysteries and whose Higher History were perpetuated and sustained in every stone and measure of the vast range of building; until at last, having become proud, and being mostly ignorant, they forgot! And having betrayed their trust, they were cast away."*

Avalon has always been by tradition the home of the Grail legends in their British form. This is the first mention of the Grail, however, occurring spontaneously in the scripts. But the allusions later have been of increasing frequency and greater definiteness. Some have been printed in Nos. V., VI. and VIII. of this series, and it would appear from these scripts that the Grail or Chalice is but a symbol used to veil the real Mystery which is that of the SANGREAL or Blood of Christ, brought by Joseph hither in the form of a Jewel. In the old monastic tradition Joseph brings the Blood and Sweat of Christ in two little silver phials. This script, it will be noted, speaks of the Mystery as being perpetuated in Building Stone. A similar Mystery can be traced in the mediæval building traditions of Italy, where the Vesica of geometrical proportions symbolises the Sacred Wound in the Heart of Christ. The script now proceeds to speak of the brethren fallen from their pure ideals:

*"Yet in the sphere of the Universal Spirit they have become as little children, repenting, and being taught and trained by means of this one small bond of sympathy. And now, encompassed by the Ideal which is centred and perpetuated in the stones that are yet visible to you, and in the*

complete Building which is visible to them, they are united as a spiritual Force, the Company of the Elect of Avalon, which combines in this effort of response to you who of your own volition are attuned to their vibrations.”

“ And he who, in his knowledge, is himself the least of all the Company, whereas perchance the greatest in his love for all things beautiful—*JOHANNES*—he who alone of all that company realized the love and beauty of his Lord in every tree and flower, and yet dimly felt the Divine-Human symbolism of the stones which his brethren builded with so much loving care—he, Johannes, is chosen as the mouthpiece, because his great love holds him earthbound to all that is of God upon this earth, and because, over this bridge of Love, he can creep to you who also love what he loved;—to you who have created in this work an interaction of Johannes and other brethren, feeling as he felt: groping as he groped for the Beatific Vision: faulty as Johannes, but bound by that strong bond of mutual sympathy. And thus where Johannes fails to remember, he is assisted by those who builded for love of That which they did not comprehend; and thus we speak.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ And those once great who, through trial and tribulation have learned why and wherefore they builded, and that they were building better than they knew, can now instruct him and you. For in greatness of soul, purged of pomp and vain glory and ambition, all that they did in accordance with that Ideal yet lives, and all that they did from sordid motives dies. Thus, Kingdom within Kingdom, Heaven grows and yet is never filled: and the wheat is sifted from the chaff.”

Here the Script of the 4th August 1921 ends. A few sentences have been slightly paraphrased for the sake of clearness and here and there a few words inserted where required by the context. For the writing is very rapid, the whole being produced in about 90 minutes, and under such circumstances it is quite astonishing that the phrasing is as good and the expression of thought as clear, as we find it to be. The handwriting is very cramped, and difficult to decipher. This occasioned a few mistakes which have been corrected in the present edition.

#### APPENDIX. (A.)

##### ON THE SURVIVAL OF PERSONALITY.

Derived from a script of 14th September, 1919.

“**W**HAT IS MEANT by the ‘Survival of Personality?’ The Personality of a Builder of Glaston persists in the very stones which decorate his works; for he has wrought and carved them with intent and they bespeak his thought. So that thought survives even in material things. How much more vividly does the Personality then persist in the Mind, the Intellect, which created these forms and which was capable of reproducing them from time to time during the lifetime of the Thinker. And if Personality thus persist in the sphere of Mind, and by the power of Mind may be imparted through the sense of touch to the tool that carved and from that tool to the lifeless Stone which received the impression: how much more vividly again and how much more permanently also must we conceive Personality of a spiritual order to persist in the sphere of Spirit: since Spirit is the author of Mind even as Mind was the author of Idea embodied in Form. And

*Spirit alone is unchanging and eternal. If the power of the Effect persist in the symbol of Mind engraven on Matter, how much rather than must the Cause which induced the Effect be persistent in its nature. And if that Cause, which is the thought and intent of Man, be persistent and indestructible by comparison with those material symbols of its action which are its effects, how much more truly permanent and indestructible again must be that spiritual Idea of which man's intellect is the symbol and expression. For thoughts are the results of spiritual Intent, and spiritual Intent is the essence of Personality. All thoughts, all actions—which are the outcome of thoughts—proceed from a divine Original, a creative impulse which, expressing itself through the medium of Thought, is like a ray of light glancing from a jewel and coloured by that jewel through which it has passed. . . . This colouring is largely the expression of Personality or Character, and as such it must eternally persist. . . . The Jewel of the Higher Mind—the medium for the expression of immortal Idea—is itself immortal; and the colouring which proceeds from this medium is likewise eternal and immortal. In the case of the merely material man . . . the physical symbols of transmitted character—material expressions of a Will or Intent—may persist through many generations—even as long as the material persists upon which it may find power to impress itself. . . . The actual originator may leave the physical world. His individual personality may be removed from this sphere and no longer exist in it. But that Part of his personality which originated the impulse will nevertheless persist through all its connecting links so long as there is material here for its expression. Is it not then reasonable to assume and to accept the fact that even as, in the purely temporal and mutable conditions of physical life we witness the persistence of an original impression, so much the more will, and must, the true individual personality of the author of that impress persist and live eternally in the realm of spiritual life ?”*

APPENDIX. (B.)

ON THE READING OF THE STORY OF THE  
MONUMENTS OF ANTIQUITY.

Derived from a script of December 15th, 1919.

“**YOU CAN** at present only enter into association with our mind under conditions which are equivalent to an arrested consciousness of your natural environment; that is to say, we can only converse with you when you are in a state of Dream, Trance, or Meditation. And that which we are able to convey to you when in such states we, by an effort of will, impel in spirit into your material consciousness through that Fourth Channel of which we have spoken. Hence, at present, anything like complete correspondence is exceedingly difficult, and naturally so; yet as we have said, there is now a development of the human intellect in a spiritual direction which—and we would lay especial emphasis upon this statement—is now clearing the way for the coming of that higher and more spiritual mode of consciousness which will be the lever that is destined to lift the earth to the spiritual spheres. It is by the growth of this spiritual Intellect that not only you yourselves but also the material and commercially-minded will ere long find power to grasp the Real message underlying this world of action—a hidden message of the Past; a message concealed beneath its ancient shrines and temples in the lands of the eastern and western foci—Salem and Glaston; a message retained in the very material that is charged with the memory of those past works and their specialized significance. All Images, all ruined Shrines and Temples—in fact, all works of Man past and present—conceal within their stones a message blurred and difficult to decipher in proportion to the depth of spiritual blindness and obliquity of vision of their creators. They who were fleshly; they who were filled with arrogance and pride:

*they also who preserved mysteries for mystery's sake, leave in their monuments the record of their Thought, having their spiritual influences mingled in due proportion therewith. Thus may be sensed the wondrous earthly beauty of Athens, the awful gloom and mystery of Carnac, and the oppressive carnality of Stonehenge. All give their message—blurred, and almost eviscerated of spirit by the perversity and the bluntness of soul of their creators, but yet fully patent to them that study and read these monuments with the eye of the Spirit. All tends, from first to last, to the gradual apprehension of this fact;—that Matter exists solely by virtue of the permanence of its spiritual nucleus and that in all objects, through their material encasement the spiritual Thought is discernible.”*

#### APPENDIX (C).

#### ON THE GREAT COMPANY OF THE ELECT.

Derived from a script of Midsummer Day, 1921.

“ *I* N OUR SPHERE—a sphere which, far from being distant from you, is actually in most intimate association with you—the language of earth . . . is of no avail; nor is it necessary, for with us intuition answers intuition instantaneously in the manner of vibrational response or sympathetic motion, and every Company of Souls in sympathy becomes immediately conscious of the effort of any one single unit in the galaxy. You see thus how the race-spirit of any age or nation forms a vast nucleus or constellation composed of individual and independent personalities intimately associated in an enduring communion of Will and Purpose, and that this nucleus . . . can retain for each one of its innumerable units its true individual

aspect as independently and as definitely as it did on earth: and is yet enabled by its intimate and comprehensive sympathies to grasp and to hold each new idea or impulse arising from any individual and to reduplicate the force of such idea with all the power of its multiple personality. To some extent you may perceive this phenomenon on your own earth, for example, a whole nation, impelled by one common impulse suddenly born, may rise to sublime heights of idealism in the pursuit of that impulse. Such is a spontaneous burst of patriotism, a great ideal in face of a common danger, or a great religious revival. As the Race-Spirit thinks, so think men and nations. . . . In Mass-psychology—which is mob-psychology—you have a parallel phenomenon, but in this case it is the body and its coarser vibrations that are the means of connecting the force in each. Here the impulse generated in the coarser vibrations of Matter is conveyed through that same matter from body to body and the mob is led by physical, rather than by mental emotion in one common impulse, irrational in its nature—lashed and intensified until it is actually a passing madness: the whole body of men, as one, passing from the madness of desire to the madness of action. Thus is it with the grossly material among men, the animal, the gregarious. The primal instinct of the wolf-pack, the cry for equality, the rage to tear down all pre-eminence.

“ But in the sphere in which we dwell there is a power, a potency, greater than is ever realized—the Power of the Church Universal, which, gathering in, and garnering, its myriads through the Æon of two thousand years of earthly conflict, of life and death, here dwells in countless myriads—a spiritual force tremendous and of overwhelming potency in the sphere of earth-life spiritual—that is, of the moral consciousness. The Christ-impulses are incarnate within the Heaven which you as Christians have looked upon as your Mecca in the spirit.

“ In Judea, at the appointed time, the accumulated force of untold generations of Christians\* (\*those who were representatives of the Faith before the coming of Jesus Christ) transferred to your own sphere, guided and directed by the Holy Ghost, descended upon one Who was chosen for His intuitions and spiritual perceptions. And there, as a child, It took up Its habitation. Then, gathering power, the virtue passed to others, growing and spreading in the spiritual and intuitive perceptions of unlettered men until it became a great Force—a Group Force—and marked the spiritual Incarnation of their æon. This facet of the Prism of Truth, adapted by divine ordinance, became the LOGOS in the Flesh: and the souls of past Prophets, Philosophers, and Poets, supported by the souls also of the Prologian Elect—those whose perfection had been attained in a previous æon—rejoiced to see that day. Next, following the rule of earth-life, intuition became allied with intellect by the light of the spiritual Reason and the minds of men became absorbed in the conscious appreciation of the truth of the Incarnation. So the group grew and became the Church on earth, the embodiment of that spiritual force which, since Man first looked up to the heavens above him, has been existing here in embryo. This living, growing Force, whose footsteps are each an æon of Two thousand years, spread, and spreading, filled the folds of Heaven with an exceeding multitude. And the wise ones, the bishops of the flock, inspired by the divine knowledge vouchsafed to them in the realms of spirit by the Most High, were able to realize the power of collective emotion; and hence, as intellectual leaders of the Faith, they persuaded their flocks to gather together in fanes of growing and increasing splendour so that they, being emotionally at one, should also be intellectually directed as one, in order that the purely intuitional impulse might be directed along safe paths of intellectual development by the agency of the great galaxy of Living Intuition beyond the grave.

\* Vide St. Augustine.

“Realize then with what eagerness the living Church that is on high watched the growth responsive upon earth—how she strove, how she hoped, to gather in the harvest that should fill the fair plains of Heaven. . . . Imagine, if you can, the power in spirit of the vast congregation of the Church Triumphant, trained as it is in those principles of the faith that in their perfect orthodoxy are most closely in at-one-ment with the laws of nature and of creation; and realize, if you are able, the mighty stride towards the Coming of the Middle Kingdom which has been made in your æon Annorum Domini. For here in truth can be seen the greatest advance yet made towards that reunion and perfect understanding between the first and second spheres—the first and second stairs on the Ladder of Jacob that leads through many planes to the Kingdom of Heaven.”



2

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SECOND EDITION.

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THE ANCIENT BUILDINGS  
LOST IN THE GREAT FIRE  
A.D. 1184.

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BY

F. BLIGH BOND, F.R.I.B.A.

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## A NEW CHAPTER IN THE GLASTONBURY DISCOVERIES.

By F. Bligh Bond.

SHORTLY before the opening of the 1921 summer season for excavations at Glastonbury Abbey, there came to the writer, through an entirely new channel, further unsought-for knowledge concerning the earlier mediæval history of this great Benedictine foundation. This knowledge is even more copious than that which had been received before, but it deals with another and earlier section of the story of the Abbey, namely that period immediately preceding the great fire of 1184 A.D., and so it refers to buildings of which we have no trace left above ground, and of which our documentary records are mostly traditional and very vague.

Yet these new writings are already, in one or two most important respects, proved veridical, and they have the additional interest and value that they are not only unsought by the writer, but come from a person quite unfamiliar with the history of the place.

Readers will scarcely need to be reminded of the fact that in 1908 the Edgar Chapel, whose form and location had been a mystery to antiquaries for half a century, was discovered with the greatest ease by the correct interpretation of documents through the help of the "script" of John Alleyne, and that, following this in 1919-20, the further discovery of the foundations of the "Loretto" Chapel was effected in a similar manner. The facts have been a most indigestible meal for the sceptic, and although criticism of the most varied and intelligent kind has been levelled at the work and the claims made for spiritual direction, all has failed entirely to shake, in the least degree, the central facts. These stand as a rock of witness in the stormy sea of controversy. And as all the witness of the script has been brought down into the region of exact archæology by logical argument based upon the reassemblage of known data in the light of the new ideas embodied in the

writings, it has been possible for the present writer to carry out the (by no means simple) task of presenting, year by year, to the responsible authorities, *i.e.*, the Somerset Archæological Society and the Trustees of the Abbey—proposals for excavation sufficiently convincing to ensure their ready acceptance of his annual programme, and the incorporation of his reports in detailed form in the Proceedings of the learned Societies above-mentioned. Hence there are two parallel accounts extant of these discoveries, the one dovetailing into the other; the one the purely scientific, for which readers may be referred to the volumes of Proceedings of the Somerset Archæological Society from 1908 onwards; the other published in the "Gate of Remembrance," and to be found most fully in the fourth edition of that book, issued by Mr. Blackwell, of Oxford, in 1921.

And now we come to the third, and it may be the last, chapter of the story of these excavations, for the reality of the help derived from the writer's new and "unorthodox" method being now patent even to the most unwilling mind, the period of apathy and indifference on the part of the older school of archæological and clerical thinkers has passed away, and an active opposition is taking its place, an opposition quite easily to be understood, but which must, nevertheless, be countered steadily and unceasingly until it be finally reconciled. At the moment it has succeeded in causing confusion and in paralysing the work on the spot, and even the 1921 excavations have been, perforce, left incomplete and without any certified record on paper or in print. Rumours of an astonishing nature in disparagement of the work have been set in circulation, and only last year an elaborate thesis of sixty-six pages of would-be destructive attack was prepared and issued by a wealthy clergyman, with the object of stopping the work, and a formal complaint made by him to the Abbey Trustees. This pamphlet, being found libellous, has been withdrawn, but an expurgated edition will be issued.

That, in brief, is the outline of the situation just now, and the time would seem ripe for the public, whose heritage Glastonbury is, to assert their will and interest in the matter.

But the more recent story of the discoveries must now be told. Only a small fraction of the script received can be here dealt with. The fuller story, with transcripts of the original

writings, will be given to the public before long, under the title "The Script of Brother Symon." So to proceed with my narrative:—

In June, 1921, a friend in London told me that a lady of her acquaintance, living near Winchester, had received certain writings referring to some monastic house which, she had an idea, might be Glastonbury. She had not been to that place, and knew nothing of its history, except the matters of tradition commonly known. She had been in the habit, since 1919, of getting automatic messages, which came of their own accord, and sometimes interlarded themselves in her normal writing. D—S—was a cultured woman who, in earlier life, had taken honours in history. She was a consistent and practical churchwoman, and gave her life to parish work among the poor of her city. I gathered that she had laid the matter before the Anglican clergyman who was her spiritual director, and that this priest, being broad in outlook and real in his faith, had not discouraged her, being content to advise such precautions in following the development of the impulse as all reasonable people would be ready to endorse. In one of her earliest letters, this lady wrote to me to ask "if there is any record or plan of the Church of SS. Peter and Paul (the monastic church) before the fire in 1180, or 1186, as she has two curious scripts relating to the old churches?"

"To-night," she continues, "I have had another curious script alluding to the veil in the sanctuary arch having caught fire from a taper which led to the destruction of both churches; also stern commands to 'seke' for a stone engraven 'ad dextram,' to be found in a wall or passage or drain leading to a gate in the town. A rough plan is given. I do not know Glastonbury and cannot tell whether this is intelligible. . . . I am hoping very much to see Glastonbury soon, but I am afraid I have lost the chance of seeing the ruins whilst you are there. (A meeting was effected in August.) The spirit of the place seems possessing me! I have been reading no books on Glastonbury, as I wished to keep my mind perfectly clear and open."

In the script which she sent with this letter was a passage in Latin, referring to certain walls of wood and lead coverings, which were built by Paulinus, companion of St. Augustine, over the old church. This struck me as most remarkable, for,

as it happened, I had only that very week been discussing with the Dean of W—— the very problem, and he had remarked to me that he found warrant for the belief that the “vetusta ecclesia” was given a lead roof by this Bishop. The matter assumed importance at the moment, since, by the Dean’s wish, I had begun to excavate for the site of a pillar mentioned in the mediæval records, and which was said to have recorded by its position the line of the eastward termination of the ancient wooden church. So in this case the communication received from the automatist exactly tallied with the subject-matter of conversations being held in a locality eighty miles away.

I reported this coincidence to the lady automatist in a letter I wrote on the 24th July, and in her reply, dated the 26th, she says:—

“It is all so wonderful—the way these scripts have come just when you are excavating, and also that I should have been absolutely ignorant of the fact that you were exploring for the *ancient* churches. I was only afraid that the scripts were useless because they related to that early period.”

In the script which was enclosed with this letter, bearing the same date, is a passage dealing with the form of the earliest Christian church. This, as it seems new to archæologists, I will give.

“Mind you well:  your Ecclesia Vetusta was rounde,  
men say, atte first buildyng, of wode and osyers.  
Then builded  they ane house of  
wode over. This was that whyche ye beheld  
after, alle brent (burnt) to grunde, and  chirche  
of stane now left, but alle tobrocane (broken) and layde lowe.  
Mark well, ye who seke relics of Ecclesia Vetusta (ancient church)  
that ye celle of ye Holie Ones was  
ronde. Trulie I saw it not, but in  
Ecclesia Vetusta, still parts left. Then  
alle brent. Woe! woe! and alle that  
so holie and without pryce. No man  
knew whilk of ye taperers fired ye vayle. Well indeed,—Gratias  
tibi, Domine!,—that none were brent in ye Holie Place. But yett  
all that in Ecclesia Major.”

It is curious to note, in passing, the archaic forms of some of the words. “Tobrocane” for “broken” for example; “grunde” for “ground”; “whilk” for “which,” are habitual in this script, but were never met with in the script of John

Alleyne. Another peculiarity is that the communicator always talks to the automatist as though she had been present at the time of the events described. There are several who communicate in these scripts, and they are consistent in the parts they take in describing times and events. So far, they have been but two, "Ambrose" and "Romuald," both of whom claim to have been monks of Glastonbury at that time. But they address their lady scribe as "Brother," and seem to take it for granted that she will accept the fact they so constantly assert of her share in the experiences they detail. For example, on July 28th, "Romuald" says, in an impressive communication, written in large uncials:—

"THOU WOLDEST DOE WELL, BROTHER, TO KEPE INNE MYNDE  
THAT THOU DIDDEST BEHOLD THAT HOLY PLACE, YE EALDE  
CHIRCH. BRING HIT TOE THY MINDE, PLAINE AND POORE  
YET RICHE IN SANCTITIE."

But the really astonishing thing about this and other scripts following are the affirmations (*a*) that the first chapel was round in form, and (*b*) that when the wooden church of Paulinus and the older chapel within were burnt to the ground, there still remained, though in a broken state, walls of stone. The automatist, in her letter of even date, comments upon these features, and I quote from her letter:—

"The idea of the earliest church of all being a 'rondhavel' (as it would be called on a South African Mission station) is interesting, as I have heard that St. Columba's followers built themselves 'beehive' huts in Scotland on landing."

She comments upon the mention of the walls of the *Ecclesia Vetusta* in these early scripts, and asks me:—

"Does this mean that the wood and lead were inclosed in a stone chapel built by Abbot Herlewin between 1101 and 1120 A.D., during Ambrosius' life at Winchester? He describes the sanctuary wall and arch in *Ecclesia Major*, which Herlewin would never have left standing, had he rebuilt the great church in Norman style. It looks to me as if it were *Ecclesia Vetusta* which he recased in stone."

All the automatist's knowledge of Herlewin and his works is derived from the earlier scripts received by her in 1921, and from a book she referred to after receiving this script. In my

“Gate of Remembrance,” which she had read rather hastily at an earlier date, nothing is said about this Abbot's works. All mention of him is confined to a footnote on page 106 (fourth edition).

Being anxious to assure myself of the extent of my automatist's prior knowledge of such matters, I obtained from her a declaration, dated September 13th, 1921, to the following effect :—

“You ask me about any knowledge of existing documents or books about Glastonbury which I may have had previous to my visit to the place in August last. I saw no books or plans relating to Glastonbury at all, and have never had access to any MSS. or documents concerning it. My sister brought down two books from the London Library on July 30th. One was an old ‘Murray,’ of Somersetshire, the other Mr. Greswell's ‘History.’ I regretted that I had no time to read them before I came away. The only other thing I looked at was a tiny booklet—a sort of guide to Glastonbury—but this was long after I had the first scripts. I had read the ‘Gate of Remembrance’ in 1919. It was lent to me by a friend for a few days only. I read it in a hurry, and knowing next to nothing about Glastonbury, was interested in it only from the psychic point of view. I retained a recollection of some of your theories, Johannes' love of Nature and the picture of the foundations of the Edgar Chapel. ALL THE INFORMATION GIVEN IN THE SCRIPTS WAS PERFECTLY NEW TO MY CONSCIOUS MIND, AND I CANNOT TRACE ANY FOUNDATION FOR IT IN PAST STUDIES. When I visited the ruins on August 18th, they seemed unlike anything I imagined, except St. Mary's, of which I had seen a photograph.”

At the foot of this letter is appended a note, written by the sister of the automatist, and signed by her.

“I can testify to the absolute truth of this statement.”

We must now hark back a little in the narrative. It was on the 1st of August, after the automatist had had the opportunity of glancing at Greswell's History, that she wrote me a letter, enclosing scripts dated July 27th, 28th, and 29th. These referred to the churches standing at the time of the great fire,

and gave sketches and plans of the Ecclesia Major of Herlewin, though that Abbot's name does not appear in the script. The script of July 29th closes with a Latin passage :—

“Ecclesia major altiora, altissima est: longeque inferior vetusta ecclesia stabat. Domus ligni quae super vetusta ecclesia de Sancte Paulini ædificabitur altiora fuit. Ecclesia non est, sed domus ecclesiae. Nunc ecclesia nominatur.” \*

Here is a curious piece of information—that the “church” of Paulinus, built over St. Joseph's first little round chapel, was not solely a church, but a “Church House.” This accords with what we know of some Saxon churches: they were carried up two or three storeys in height, and the upper floors used for various purposes.

In her letter of August 1st, the automatist says to me :—

“I should very much like to have a talk about these scripts. I have a feeling that your work at Glastonbury originates them, and that I am ‘listening in,’ as the wireless people say. It is strange that one of the scripts spoke of Walkelyn's western towers at Winchester, just when excavations for the new War Memorial were beginning *there* at the west end.

“The scripts of July 28th and 29th were taken down before my sister arrived, bringing with her Mr. Greswell's book on Glastonbury. It was almost a *shock* to find that the details in the scripts, which were unknown to me, were mentioned in that book.”

On the 3rd August, at 6 p.m., she gets another and most interesting script, in which the name of Herlewin first appears, together with a plan showing his work. This includes certain stone walls built around the wooden “Church House” of Paulinus, a passage-way sunk in the ground, communicating thence to the Ecclesia Major and a mortuary chapel at the S.W. corner of his church, just where I conceived the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre built by Abbot Bere four hundred odd years later to have stood! Herlewin's

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\* “The greater church is loftier, very lofty; the old church was less in length. The house of wood, which was built over the old church of St. Paulinus, was taller. It is not a church, but a ‘church house.’ Now, however, it is called a ‘church.’”

cloister is mentioned. I quote from the script a portion only:—

“Brother, I, Romuald, saw not ye building of ye most ancient chirche but menne sayde that ye chappelle—capella—of Herlewin oure Abbat builded was over muri Sancti Paulini, and I myself haf seen thereyn pavimento et muri parvæ, not high from grunde, in a ronde, in Ecclesia Sanctæ Mariæ. But of buylding after ye grete fyre lyttel ken I. Alle was brente and tobrocan, and men maybe buylded somewhat more to sud,—it may be so. Gif an I other monachi ki scavaient plus finde can, so wyl I mak them ye to remember.”

The divergence from English into old French at the close has a most quaint effect. This is “Romuald’s” way of saying: “If I can find other monks who know more, I will make them remind you.” He thinks that the chapel erected after the fire may have been built a little to the south of the old lines. This is interesting in view of what is to follow. For on the 6th August, in a further script, this point is elucidated.

“Friend and Brother: I, Ambrosius, was atte Winton and Abbat Herlewin buylded atte Glaston somewhat in stone, repaying Sancte Marie ye Ealden Chirche and west of Ecclesia Major INI Regis. None of east end or apse of Regis INI his chirche did he buyld again, but claustrum of wood, and bell-towre, as ye didde see, capella mortuarium ad occidentem, and a waye. Romuald, ane novyce,—after, Thesaurus,—canne shew more. Herlewin Abbat mended roof and walles Ecclesiæ Vetustæ: stone, super muri Sancti Paulini. After ye fyre I, Romualdus, saw some of ye building, but ne muche:—new Sainte Marie more to south, so also Ecclesia Major,—but no great waye. Stone in foundation of INA Rex hard to usen and digge.”

On the 18th August the automatist and her sister came to Glaston, and she brought with her a script she had obtained a few days before. It speaks (*inter alia*) of Herlewin’s works, especially referring to a chapel of St. Mary Magdalene by the south transept. The communicator is one “Rainald,” who, in response to the enquiry as to who is writing, says:—

“Rainaldus Monachus: once armigerius Regum Gulielmi et Gulielmi Rufi. I Rainaldus saw not ye fyre, but ye cloyster wel yknewe, and olde chirche. Le Roy Arthure et la royne Geneviève gisaient près de l’eglyse auprès des deux ossuaires où reposaient les restes, les cadavres des roys des Anglois. Cherchez les. More I cannot. Hora novissima. Vigilate et orate.”

On August 21st, the automatist being then at Glastonbury, was obtained the first of the only two of her scripts which were

produced in my presence. She sat at a table alone, I being seated at a little distance. The writing was produced slowly and with frequent pauses. It was as follows:—

“I, Romualdus, hear from one who saw much of building after ye fyre,—greater Church builded far wider: apse of Ecclesia major covered:—sud wall builded through cloyster Abbati Herluin. None of Maudelyn chapel rebuilded, so as he knoweth. It lyeth below, south of apse of Kynge Ina. Herluin Abbat builded cloyster not wide but wider than some: XVIII its measure.”

More details follow, but are not essential to the story now. On the 23rd, another long script was obtained, with detailed plans of Herluin's church. The name of another monk, “Galfrid,” comes into this.

“Galfridus can tell more than Rainaldus. Galfridus in scriptorio made plans for Herluin Abbas. Herluin Abbas muche loved with Galfridus in frater et capitulum to speak of the building. He willed two towres to buyld, but never did:—only foundations. Yea, Sancte Marie over muri Sancti Paulini buylded was, after ye fyre:—ne of walls of Ina or Herluin Abbas left standing. Galfridus waiteth: he cometh once more to plan and build in his land. Herluin Abbas waiteth not with him: he hath his work,—a gode prieste he, and a wyse. Romualdus waiteth till the number is made up: wee eight in number await thee the ninth. He who seketh here ruled once as pryor, after Abbas:—his name know I not. Ne more.”

Later on, the same day, another script was obtained. This gave more particulars of the monks. “Galfrid” is the speaker.

““Muche”” he says ‘is there to tell of Dom Romualdus and of alle ye strict order whiche he among monkes kept. None dared stray in garth or cloyster: and mightily angered was hee against once sub-pryor, for that he let and gave permission to certain of the brethren to go on pilgrimage. Suche was a great sinne against oure holie rule. It was but for lay-brethren such an holiday to keepe. Our sub-pryor kept small rule after Herluin dyed. I, Galfridus came as novice before Turstin Abbas,—woe betide me!’”

The next script is dated 25th August, and is chiefly biographical. It may be published with the rest, but the silver streak of palingenesis runs through it as it does indeed throughout these scripts, and cannot be picked out. My automatist has never, so far as I am aware, been influenced by current doctrines of rebirth. She may be a monk in spirit, as all her ideals tend that way, and the larger part of her days are given to work amongst the poor. But to the monkish writers

of the script she is always their Brother Symon, and beloved as a member of their Company. So in this script we read :—

“Albeit thou never monke in Glaston wast, yet diddest thou here abyde sometime about ye time yatt Stephanas—Estienne in frankish,—frenche—tongue—Kinge was. Ambrosius brohte thee here as gieste, a pilgrimme from Winton; for oure Pryor,—nay, oure Abbat—was one Robert. He had pryor of Winton been when thou wast sub-pryor” . . . . “I mynde me thou wast olde and bent,—olde for thy years: and Ambrosius even older, and soone he slept in Oure Lorde. But Abbat,—oure Robertus Abbas,—was cutte off from his worke in his strength by a greate fever. Yet Romuald saith he cometh again for love of Glaston, yet not a prieste. Ne ye now prieste, brother! I see ye not but as spirit, for the thynges of earth are all changed: only all holie thinges menne mayde to Gloria Dei have here an image, and wee see Glaston as wee hit saw in his beauty and glory, as in a glasse. For hit to Oure Lorde gifan was and Hee tooke the gifte, and hit is Hys for ever.”

And now comes a remarkable verification of script. During July, as I have said, there had been discovered, as a result of documentary research by the Dean of W——, the foundation of a very ancient monument on the north of St. Mary’s Chapel, that had originally been placed there to mark, by a meridian line, the eastward termination of the oldest church, and thus also of the sacred ground. On the 26th August, my automatist obtained the following remarkable script, again from “Galfridus.”

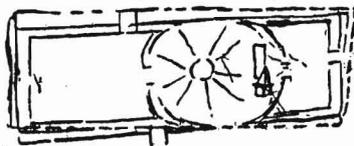
I quote only the more important parts of it. [Bracketed words mine.—ED.]

“Gualtier hath somewhat of Ecclesia Vetusta before Herluin: some wall of stone outer (outside) of muri Sancte Paulini; and within, a floor symbols, and a chasse (shrine) steep and pointed, by Awter (altar) on sud (south) for Sanct David hys reliques: as thus, saith Gualtier:—Gualtier ne scribere cann (Gualtier cannot draw) Grunde of Ecclesia Vetusta” (Here the plan is drawn as now reproduced) “Herluin Abbas made new wall of stone; I can hit marke - - - Then Henricus Abbas buylded on Ecclesia Major somewhat: began towre at sud-ouest. Then Robertus Abbas from Wintonceastre came.”

It will be seen that the diagram suggests, by a dotted line, the position of the alleged walls of stone, built by Herlewin.

Two points are to be noted : (1) that they are placed at a slight

*as this south Gualter - Gualter in  
scribere Canon. Grande Ecclesia vetusta*



*Herlewin Abbas made new wall of stone - I  
can hit mark ---*

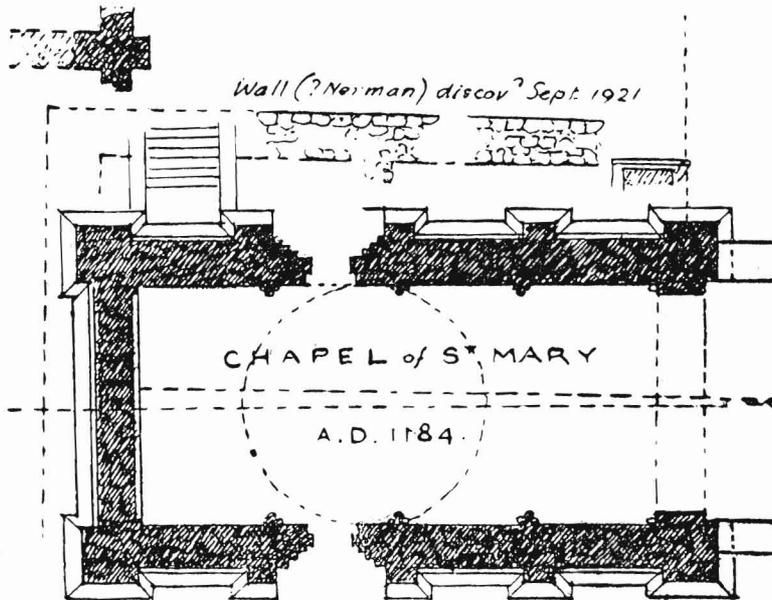
angle from the others, the axis of the chapel being two or three degrees S.W. and N.E. of these walls; and (2) that they embrace more space on the north side, bringing the chapel rather to the south of the enclosure. A point which struck me at once was that if Herlewin had so altered the inclination of his walls, he would have brought them in line with the axis of the Ecclesia Major, which is oriented three degrees S.E. of the Old Church, or St. Mary Chapel. This was a point which could not possibly have occurred to the automatist, nor perhaps would it have been appreciated by her without careful explanation.

But having absolutely no archaeological data in support of this story of the Norman walls, I put the script aside, following my usual practice in such matters, to await verification by documents later. The date of receipt was the 27th August.

Five days later, on the 1st September, I went down to the Abbey at 11.30 a.m., and there met my friend, Revd. T. S. Lea, D.D., Vicar of St. Austell, who told me that the workmen, in levelling the surface of the ground between the "pyramid" or pillar foundation aforesaid, and the north wall of the Chapel, had hit upon an unexpected piece of masonry. This had been found not far from the surface, at a point about four feet in advance of the chapel wall and just west of the N.E. turret. I thought, at first, it must be something that the Abbey Trustees had had put in there to underpin the foundation of the turret, and to protect the crypt window adjoining, but on calling their man, he assured me that he had never seen it, and the foundation they put in was right under the turret.

Hence I concluded that it was old, and on digging deeper around the mass, its antiquity became more obvious. I then remembered the script, and wondered whether it were not the footing of the very wall sketched in dotted lines in the diagram. Accordingly I ordered the workmen to go on digging to the westward, and this they proceeded to do, with the result that during the next few days there was unearthed the remains of a substantial wall-footing running for about thirty feet west, and nearly, but not quite, parallel to the chapel wall. It deviated a few degrees to the north-west as we advanced, precisely in the manner shown in the script.

Herlewin's wall had discovered itself: it had not waited for my documentary research!



The same day I took Dr. Lea to my cottage, and showed him the original script which he initialled with the date of his inspection, and at my request, he wrote the following attestation:—

“On the morning of this day, Sept. 1st, 1921, I was at Glastonbury, and had arranged to meet Mr. Bligh Bond at the Abbey about 10.30. Arriving about half-an-hour before him, I watched the digging operations on the north side of

St. Joseph's Chapel, when I noticed a ledge of worked stone just uncovered by the excavators, who agreed that it was something new. Presently, Mr. Bond came, and his first remark was 'That must be what the Trustees put in'—or words to that effect. He evidently connected it with some protective work done to make a window of the crypt safe.

"But it soon became apparent that what we had found was a solid block of masonry which could have had no connection with the existing St. Joseph's Chapel. And in the evening I called at Elton Cottage, where Mr. Bond showed me the script of August 26th, which indicated the foundations of a church outside, and parallel to, St. Joseph's Chapel.

"In fact the piece of wall discovered seemed very much in the position indicated in the script, and the conclusion grew on me that the statement of the script that it was built by a Norman Abbot to protect the 'vetusta ecclesia' may very well be the truth.

"In brief, my testimony is that I saw the script with its diagram on the day of the discovery of the masonry, and the discovery appears to tally with the diagram.

*"(Signed) T. S. LEA, Vicar of St. Austell."*

*"Dated September 1st, 1921."*

Alas! that this precious piece of evidence is now lying neglected, and in a partly mutilated condition. The writer, finding its stones disintegrated and many loose, laid over and along each edge of the wall a layer of stones following the line of those found, with the object of protecting them and holding them in place. But a few days later all were removed by an ignorant workman, several of the loose stones found "in situ" having also been removed, and all carried away to another part of the ground! The writer has since covered the whole surface of the stone with loose earth, which will at least prevent decomposition from frost. But the occurrence is typical of the system under which for all practical purposes the control of the site is left in the hands of persons who know nothing of archæology and cannot appreciate its values. Sooner or later there must ensue a change in this respect, and the public, whose property the Abbey is, will call for a less mechanical form of control. But it is to be feared that unless action be

taken speedily, much irrevocable damage will have been done. Already many valuable data have been lost through neglect. Parts are overgrown with weeds whose rank growth has burst the stones and obliterated the contours. In other cases wanton damage has been done. Small care is taken of the sculptured stones lying about the Abbey. They are constantly chipped and defaced. The Somerset Archæological Society have been moved to throw up the work of excavation, and now the Trustees appear uncertain how to proceed further.\* It has been the writer's privilege to demonstrate a new and successful method of research into the records of the past. Those who stand for the old methods were at first amused and indifferent. They are now alarmed at their success and possibilities, and opposition is hence displaying itself. The third stage will be acceptance, but before we arrive at that there is bound to be conflict. The reactionary party will use any means in their power to resist the truth, and they will think they are doing good service by their resistance.

The theory of a "greater Memory" put forward in "The Gate of Remembrance" still, in the writer's view, holds good as the true interpretation of the knowledge conveyed in these writings. Even sceptical scientific men, like Dr. Eugene Osty ("La Connaissance supranormale"), are bound to admit that the human mind is at times able to contact sources of knowledge transcending the normal, and in no way dependent upon it. The theory of the personal subconscious mind does not explain it. The only view that will explain it is that we are in our inmost souls linked on to the lives of all who have lived, thought and worked in the past, and by mental sympathy able, if we will, to participate in that eternal treasury of life and knowledge, thus recalling our Lord's sayings in St. John's Gospel, that the Spirit "shall bring all things to our remembrance." That Spirit is One yet Many: its gifts infinitely diversified, and yet the self-same Spirit working in all. Only the human vessel is faulty, and the utterance may be fragmentary and obscure.

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\*Since going to press it is announced that the Trustees have invited the London Society of Antiquaries to undertake further research in the future. Following this comes the news that the Advisory Council appointed by the Archbishop for the general control of the Abbey has at last been summoned to meet for the first time in the sixteen years of its existence!

The  
Glastonbury Scripts

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III.

CONCERNING SAINT HUGH  
OF AVALLON, PRIOR OF  
WITHAM AND BISHOP OF  
LINCOLN, AND HIS PART  
IN THE RE-EDIFICATION  
OF ST. MARY'S CHAPEL OF  
GLASTONBURY.

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BY  
F. BLIGH BOND, F.R.I.B.A.

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*Compiled from Historical Script received by Philip  
Lloyd and reprinted from "Psychic Science" No. VI.  
(July, 1923), wherein it is entitled "'Metagnosis,' a Link  
with Greater Intelligences."*

who has passed through death, but my own guardian angel and the group that surround him. This has always given me satisfaction, for as I wrote to Mr. C—— (a mutual friend) it has always been admitted, that angels have ever communicated with man. . . . My desire throughout all this experience has been for truth. I have checked everything that has come. I cannot believe what I am told ; but if it comes true, then everything will be sealed. But before anything is put out to the world, I know these facts must be proved ; for I will never be a channel for untruth. Also, physically, as Mr. Napier will tell you, I am not over-strong, and I could never endure to pass through a fight which would be quite meaningless and perhaps might destroy my very receiving power."

Just as an instance, but by no means a unique one, of the sort of experience with which Mr. Lloyd is happily familiar, I may give the following : He had been promised a series of tests in May, 1921, to reassure him as to the constant presence of the one who, with his group, claimed to be the communicator. On the 26th May, Mr. Napier being then on tour in Scotland, bought for his friend a small replica in silver of Columba's stone pillow and, of course, some time elapsed before Mr. Lloyd could know of this. But, on the day following, May 27, Mr. Lloyd was led to read a book on Iona, and therein he read in English a prophecy attributed to S. Columba, which ran as follows :—

*" In Iona of my heart, in Iona of my love,  
Instead of monks' voices shall be lowing of cows :  
But ere the world shall come to an end  
Iona shall be as it was."*

This he read at noon, and at three o'clock on the same day, he was with the friend whose hand has been chiefly used for the writing. As to the book in question, Mr. Lloyd tells me that it had been given him about six weeks before, as a gift to his friend, the " amanuensis " for the script, whom I will speak of as K—— L——, and who, at the time, knew nothing of the book, which had been sent over from England and was not easily procurable in America. Yet one passage after another was correctly given through K.L.'s hand in May, Mr. Lloyd having read it in April. Guidance of the hand through the light contact, either conscious or unconscious, is quite out of the question, and the speed at which the writing came would alone make such a supposition untenable. So far as these events are concerned, therefore, the presence of an instantaneous telepathy and a perfect " sub-conscious " record of what he had read, existing in the mind of Mr. Lloyd, may be the readiest hypothesis ; but it is one thing to have a perfect latent memory and quite another thing to have such memory evoked in a systematic way with the appearance of intention, and the question arises, " Who evoked it and impelled the hand of K—— L—— ? "

To return to the occasion of the meeting at 3 p.m. on the 27th May. Mr. Lloyd says that on the 25th, a Thursday, he had become

SAINT HUGH OF AVALLON.

aware intuitively that his friend, Mr. Napier, was on the island of Iona, and he says that he had finished reading the book on the 27th, at noon. At 3 p.m., seated with K—— L——, he asks, "Is all ready?" and immediately comes the answer through K—— L——'s hand:—

"Yea. First something that you know, in Gaelic:—

"An I mo cridhe, I mo ghraidh,  
An à ite guth mhanach bidh geum bà;  
Ach mu'n tig saoghal gu crich,  
Bithidh I mar bha."

Mr. Lloyd knows nothing of Gaelic; he says he doubts if he has ever even seen it in print; but he knew that Stanley Napier would be on Iona about this time, and it was to hold him in memory that he had re-read this book the day before, and completed his reading on the day of this sitting. He was not enlightened by the strange verse in an unknown tongue, but light was immediately given him when K—— L——'s hand wrote the English lines already quoted, which Mr. Lloyd had read so shortly before; and at the foot of the verses came the words:—

"Thought of your friend in this sacred place—your thought of him brings this, that you know, through us."

The accents were placed on the letters in the Gaelic, and correctly placed, as he was to find later; but he was at a loss how to verify the Gaelic, and in the evening he went to a great library near which his rooms were, and there, turning over all the books he could find on the subject, he was led to choose one that had not been taken out of the library. This was Treholme's "Story of Iona." Turning over the pages, he found at the end the same prophecy in Gaelic, and letter for letter, except for an "a" in the last line, it was as it had come to him in the afternoon. The impression made on Mr. Lloyd's mind by this discovery was heightened by coincidence. Whilst copying the Gaelic on the following day, a wireless message reached him from his friend across the seas—"Iona is Eternity." And on Mr. Napier's return shortly after, he gave Mr. Lloyd the little replica of S. Columba's pillow that he had bought whilst in Iona, and there, on the reverse side was the same prophecy in Gaelic that was to come to his friend so many thousand miles away on the day following his purchase of the token.

From the long and carefully detailed chronicle of events which Mr. Lloyd has entrusted to me, I may be privileged to give one or two typical instances for the interest of present readers; and I select the following:—

*Ascension Day, 1921.* The story of Ninian and "Candida Casa" was given, together with a quotation word for word, from a description of Iona, which he had read in April, and not since. K—— L—— had no idea whence it came.

*July 5, 1921.* The tracing of monastic life from Egypt, and its coming to Ireland.

*October, 1920.* A treatise on the Hametic strain; references to Diodorus Siculus, and to Cæsar—all verified later; a long list of Biblical references given at lightning speed; also an account of what happened to the Israelites in Babylon, and where many of them went. References to Eldad and Prester John; and a statement as to where the Israelite seed is to be found to-day.

*November, 1920.* Translation of a letter of Prester John; the story of Jeremiah up to his reported death, and the story of the Tribe of Dan; also the tale of Aidan of Ferns.

*December, 1920.* The tale of Collen of Wales and his vision on Glastonbury Tor; also a tale of a monastery in the mouth of the Shannon. On Christmas Eve, 1920, was given the story of Old Gerta's vision of Mary and Jesus.

The whole story of the coming of the early missionaries to Glastonbury followed early in 1921.

It is not possible here to give at any length extracts from the Joseph of Arimathea history; I must be content with a brief quotation from the earlier portion of the script:—

“The town from which he (Joseph) came is mentioned as Ramathem in 1 Maccabees xi. 34. It is known as Ramathaim-Zophim in 1 Samuel i. 1; also in the Targum Yarushlem, as Ramatha, the place where the pupils of the prophets did dwell. Also it was the seat of the colony Hasidæan. Now we wish the following read, please: Matthew xxvii. 57, Mark xv. 42, Luke xxiii. 50, John xix. 38, that the prophecy in Isaiah liii. 9, might be fulfilled. The gospel of Nicodemus written by the Manichees in the third century is not valuable; the Acta Pilati not to be relied upon. These are the bare facts. The most valuable is the later life of Joseph after the death of Christ. William of Malmesbury will have a record. Also there is this to say accounting for the long Governorship of Pilate, that Tiberius deemed that a man whose greed for wealth had been satisfied by a long stay in the province was of more value than a new, and therefore rapacious, governor. For this reason Pilate ruled for a long period.”

I must now pass over a great deal in order to come to the matter which I desire to give in greater detail. Let me say that all the references were given at lightning speed, and that all were verified and found pertinent; also that they were either unknown to the persons concerned in this matter or, as in the Biblical instances, unobserved and unstudied in this connection.

Mr. Lloyd found that if he intruded questions, the result following was likely to be coloured and blurred. This is exactly my own experience when I sat with J— A— for the Glastonbury

writings. Mr. Lloyd says, in a letter to my daughter, dated Feb. 20, 1923, that he was told this: "We can only bring what God wills—what comes up, as in a well"; but there is no indifference to suggestion or reasonable request—far from it. Often the writings form an apt commentary on matters of interest in his mind at the moment; and he says, in the same letter, "Yesterday in reading your father's letter, this was written:—

"Of the palace that Henri builded at Glaston, or of his voice concerning the Rule of Kings, naught that can be now clearly expanded. But during the troublous times of John\* and Matilda spoke he from Winchester. He did build him a palace of surpassing beauty at Glaston, together with other buildings, and did also restore many a privilege and lost manor. Yet was he a worldly man, never the monk so chaste as Ailnoth."

Mr. Lloyd sent the original script, a page of which is reproduced. My letter had informed him of my hope that he might be able to glean some knowledge of the Abbey history in the period preceding the Great Fire of 1184 A.D. The "Henri" referred to was the third of the Norman abbots in our chronicle, Henry of Blois, who was also Bishop of Winchester and a great noble. But of this, of course, Mr. Lloyd knew absolutely nothing. Again, the "Ailnoth" of whom the script speaks was the last of the Saxon abbots, a man of whom we would like to know more, as he has been much maligned by his Norman successors, who were obviously not impartial in their records of Saxon rule.

#### A REMARKABLE BIOGRAPHY.

The script of "Brother Symon," elsewhere published or to be published, had given me much information concerning the life and works of Herlewin, the second Norman abbot, and successor of Henri's Robert, but did not fully carry me over the period of the Great Fire. Henri de Blois and his work came in for a share of attention. But I was anxious to know more of the influences that had cradled the new building effort. In November, 1921, on looking over a number of old books offered for sale in Marylebone, I spotted a "Life of St. Hugh of Avalon,"† and bought it for a shilling, thinking that I might find some references in the book to his known connection with Somerset ecclesiology. In this I was disappointed, and the book remained on my shelves unopened for a long time.

About the end of the same year, Mr. Lloyd had been told that he would be given later the life of a prominent person connected with the Abbey, but the identity of this person was withheld from knowledge. Early in 1923 it was intimated to him that a choice lay before him. He might be given either one or other of two

\*STEPHEN in the script, misread by Mr. Lloyd, and his error noted and corrected later by the communicating powers. F.B.B.

†This "Avalon" is in Burgundy, not Britain. The word is always written Avallon in the script. F.B.B.

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SPECIMEN OF SCRIPT (see page 9).

alternative scripts, as he should prefer. One of these was the life of St. Hugh of Avalon, Bishop of Lincoln. Stimulated by the desire expressed in my letters for knowledge concerning Glastonbury, our English "Avalon," and thinking that Hugh must be a Glastonbury Saint, because of his title of "Avalon," Mr. Lloyd elected to receive the script, and early in March of the present year a synopsis of the life was given him, preparatory to the life itself. "At first," he says, writing me on the 3rd March, "I felt I was too fatigued to get it; but then came your letter, and I am going to take it for you. So, whatever it is, you are the moving power. First, mutual oaths have been taken that nothing will be looked up until after the completed tale, which will come in four parts, weekly (D.V.), and should be finished about Easter; and now, to the real issue of the letter. First, I should say that immediately after sending you the little note on Henri, a correction was made. 'John' should read 'Stephen.' It may be correct in the script.\*

"Last evening I went up to town very tired, after a day at the printer's. I did not expect to see K— L—, nor was I expected. Yet *instantly* about twenty pages were written, telling me how the tale would be handled. The first part will give the background: the line of the Conqueror; Henry and the Angevins; the new religion, the growing freedom. Then the Abbey at Glaston, Anselm and the Cistercians (or Carthusians, you will know which), through Stephen and Matilda.

"The second part will deal with the priory at Witham, and Hugh's friendship with a monk of Glaston, one Guthlac a Saxon, not the Guthlac of the earlier time, but one known to the monks as 'Peter'; then the childish vision of Hugh, of a chalice with the Child in its center; the dream of the monk of Glaston of the Chapel of St. Joseph, and how their visions coincided. How the monks disapproved of their Head from Cluny, and the influence of Hugh. An outline of the new buildings traced from Herlewin, Henri of Blois, etc., and of Hugh's designs for the chapel and the Great Church. Then the great fire, and the executions of Hugh's designs by Ralph FitzStephen. Also, in this part will come the finding of the Tomb of Arthur, and something about a ceremonial, not clear in the script.

"The third part promises the See of Lincoln, and the story of the builders; the stone brought from Caen to London. The burgesses and their claim for greater freedom. Part the fourth will give the Crusades, the story of Richard, the death of Hugh, and the death of Peter of Glaston."

"I am told," says Mr. Lloyd, "I can likely find nothing of Peter, but that the Vision of Hugh can be found in his biographer, Adam ——— (something I cannot make out, but you will know)†.

\*It is "Stephen" in the script, but the large, looped "S" makes it difficult to read (see illustration of script).

†Adam of Eynsham.

I am told that Arthur's tomb was found in Henry's time, not in the time of Richard. As to Hugh's symbol, I am told that this is usually a Swan, but that he is also pictured with the Chalice and Child, and that I can verify this—where I do not know—but I send it on to you; also that his Life is written, in Latin, but that I can find the vision in any Catholic life of the Saint.

"All this may seem mixed and will likely be so to you, although it will mean more to you than to me. I shall leave the verification until the end."

In another letter he says:—

"As in life, the act is not the entire fact, so I feel, in these tales, that they are a combination of external fact and spirit—'not what man does, but what he would do.'"

On March 6, he writes:—"Your letter came yesterday morning, and in the afternoon, between 3 and 4.30, came the first part of 'Hugh,' . . . it promises to be a lovely thing. You have both our oaths that nothing has been looked up on him or his period, and verification will not be made until the four parts are finished. They will come weekly. . . . Here is an interesting sequence. You will recall, that . . . I began to worry about the Child in the Chalice, for although I had heard of the Swan, I had never heard of the other. So, tired as I was, when I got to my room I asked of the Chalice, and here is what came:—

"Why, the symbol of Hugh can be found. Ye should try a Catholic Life of him. Also the legend can be verified in his biographer, but this is written in Latin. However, this is the legend: "A clark was given in a dream our advice to seek Hugh of Lincoln." "

[Readers will note the words "our advice."]

"I then asked," he says, "of the building. I was also worried about this. I knew nothing about Hugh's connection with building at Glaston until the plan (synopsis), given on March 1, was written. This was on Friday night, and on Monday comes your letter with this sentence, 'Hugh, as we know, had something to do with the rebuilding of St. Mary's Chapel after the great fire.'"

"I then asked of the building. The following was written:—

"Of the buildings: Turstin did try, but in Herlewin's day it was decided that there was not enough dignity in the designs of Turstin. Then, just before the fire, which occurred in eleven eighty-four, Hugh was already in Witham, had visited Glastonbury and started the Chapel. Then came the fire, and after, Ralph FitzStephen was sent by Henry, and the Chapel went on the design of Hugh.'

"The last is not clear to me.

"We say that after the fire Ralph FitzStephen builded after the design of Hugh certain portions of Glaston planned before the fire.'

" I then cannot remember my question, but the answer was as follows :—

" ' There was. And during the period of No Abbot they were under the influence of Hugh, lacking a head, and disapproving of the monk of Cluny sent by Henry.'

" *And here, in your letter of yesterday, is a question asking of this !*

" I then asked when the grave of Arthur was found, whether in the reign of Henry or that of Richard ?

" ' Henry ; after the visit to Ireland.'

" You will be able," says Mr. Lloyd, " to ascertain if the story of the Child in the Chalice is true. I asked a friend of mine, a priest, who first told me of your book, and he said he had never heard of it."

The story is true, and there are pictures extant of St. Hugh with the Chalice, in which the Holy Child appears. When visiting the Benedictine monastery of Downside, only last month, the fathers informed me that they had a copy of this in the Church.—[F.B.B.]

On the 9th March, Mr. Lloyd writes me as follows :—

" Yesterday morning I copied for you the first part of ' Hugh.' In the afternoon I was at the theatre, and while there it occurred to me to ask what the form of the next communication would be. When I reached home, I put the question (there had been no idea of my coming nor of the question), and instantly, as always, the following was given :—

" ' What will ye ? The narrative ? It beginneth with Glaston, the Abbats and the building. But introducing the early life of Hugh, which was not at Witham, we lead to him through what is a counter-current to the architecture, namely, to those who towered above strong, pitiless kings, mailed-sheathed baron and wealthy burgher ; the souls who looked to God alone, and dared to face the wrath of kings ; to Wulfstan, last of the Saxon Saints ; Anselm, the counsellor of kings ; and Hugh, Saint and Master-builder ; together with the Mystery of Holy Glaston.' "

On the 14th March :—

" To-day I send you the second part, given this past Monday afternoon, between 3 and 3.40. . . . I am truly delighted with the way this new story is coming ; it seems so packed and full, and the style charms me. I had not time to think of the second part on Tuesday, for after it came and was read through (the reading usually takes the greater part of an hour) I had to dine and rush to an appointment. But yesterday I thought it over and wondered a bit if there could be towers in the building before the fire. Since then I have looked at your book (' Architectural Handbook to Glastonbury Abbey'), and find that you say that Henri built a tower, and that there were towers on his church. Also I looked up the development of Gothic and found that the transitional style had well matured by 1150, and the fire was not till 1184. But there was this question in my mind, and also I did not understand

clearly of Wulfstan. So yesterday noon, without any previous indication that I was going to ask a question, I put these two queries, and *instantly* the following came without a pause for preparation. This is ever the way, and I can never get used to it.

“ ‘As to Glaston : a fabric very like to the later Gothic was there ; and as it seemed to the herdsman, after the Saxon architecture, so have we described it. As to Wulfstan : the rebel barons plotting against Rufus and wasting Church lands ; Wulfstan defeated these by faith which inspired the people. The stronghold of the Barons was Bristol. All plots (were) in the north and west—Northumbria, Scot and Welsh.’ ”

March 16, 1923. “ Already the two parts of ‘ Hugh,’ with notes, are on the high seas ; and to-morrow will go this . . . Yesterday afternoon I asked for a synopsis of the next section. Instantly the following was given :—

“ ‘ First of the processional of pilgrims at Mass, with the appearance of the Abbey Church and pilgrims, stressing the *colour* that filled the Church. Guthlac is introduced and what he saw on a still night of stars is related. The next scene is Witham, with Hugh ; and Guthlac reappears seeking guidance from one so holy. Hugh is keenly interested in the legends of the Abbey, and in Guthlac’s Vision of Joseph. As Hugh celebrates Mass, Guthlac sees in his hands a mystical flame. It also speaketh of Robert\*. The fourth : the narrative of the Joseph Chapel, the Fire, and the See of Lincoln.’ ”

The word “ colour ” was underscored in the script and is, therefore, italicized. Mr. Lloyd now asks a question :—

“ Can I verify the vision ?

“ ‘ Yea. The clark. In his biographer, Adam of Eynsham, in Latin.’ ”

“ This,” comments my friend, “ is of Guthlac’s vision. This Adam of Eynsham is the same name given before, and which I have sent you from Stanley’s office. I did not have the MS. with me at the time and could not then make it out, but the name is perfectly clear in this record of yesterday. I have already written you of the Child in the Chalice, of which I know nothing. . . . There is something wonderful behind all this. I wish you could see the power and rapidity with which these two parts of Hugh have come. By Easter it should be complete.”

On Wednesday, 28th March (Wednesday in Holy Week), he wrote again, sending me the last two parts of the “ Hugh ” story as transcribed in full, and he says :—

“ Although I am almost too tired to do more at present,

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\*See also script of Brother Symon, part published under the title of “ Memories of the Monks of Avalon,” Beddow, Anerley Station Road, S.E. 20. 1/- net, post 1/2.

something impels me to send you the last sections of Part IV, so that you may have them just as they have come, and with the post-marked dates to prove this unbelievable miracle. These four sections on Hugh have come on four successive Mondays without fail, and the third part was so long that I was much exhausted. Because of this I begged that the last part be broken up. The first of its section came on Monday afternoon, and runs to fifty-one pages of script ; the second section, with the building of the Chapel (to me, one of the loveliest bits yet given) came this afternoon ; the last part, the end, on Lincoln with an 'afterword' on the ruin, will come on Easter Even. There are a number of errors in the three parts I have sent you, for I copied them directly from the script before I had written in the script. (N.B.—He always writes each word very small in the centre of the big whirling letters, so that he retains the clue as he goes.)—[F.B.B.] Also, do not judge the fourth part, for there are a number of slight phrases which I am going to ask to recast. Merely look upon this part as in the rough. The paragraph on the Chapel I have only read twice, so do not judge my punctuation, for I shall make you now the first copy. First, to count it. . . . I have just done so, and it is twenty-eight pages long ! ”

The four parts fully justified my friend's good opinion, and when published, as I trust they may be soon, they are bound to command attention, not merely from the wonder of their appearance as the work of an intelligence obviously superior to and independent of the mentality of the human agents concerned, but from their intrinsic merits as literature of the highest order. The scope of the knowledge displayed is encyclopædic in its range, yet nowhere is the result laboured or pedantic. The descriptions are vivid and image-creating. The pages live ; and we gain a balanced and harmonized view of the greater social and political movements of the time and the relations of the chief actors in the drama of this historic period. But, as Mr. Lloyd remarks, the concrete acts of life are not all the facts of life, and it is largely the intention and the spirit which expresses itself in the act that counts in a spiritually true survey such as these scripts seem to offer ; and if we may suppose that sphere of thought and activity which lies above the threshold of mundane actions to be a sphere of causative impulses and their necessary interactions rather than one of ultimate results ; of the evolution of character and purpose and their full possibilities rather than the dwarfed and limited expression of those possibilities capable of fruition here ; then we may better form a judgment of the intrinsic truth of a record which may, to our minds, savour more of romance than actuality, since it will contain much that *should* have been, that *might* have been, had the will of the spirit of man not been hampered by external oppositions, or neutralized by internal contradictions and weaknesses in the persons of the leading actors in the drama, and in the imperfect social and political development of the world of those days.

To the higher consciousness it may be that where the historic record of any period reflects confusion and failure, the faithfulness of the record from the human point of view is not for that very reason a perfect criterion of Truth, but a record of *unfulfilment*; of that which *should* have been, *might* have been, that failed to materialize in act, yet *is* nevertheless as a spiritual verity, destined at its appointed time to manifest itself in a greater measure of fulfilment, when the recurrent cycles of history provide the means for its more perfect expression *in act*. In this sense, the romantic story of Glaston may be tentatively true of its past, and prophetically true of a future yet to be achieved. Names and minor circumstances will change, but the character and intent of the original spiritual impulse cannot change, and little by little it will find more perfect channels for its manifestation.

"Last night," says my friend, writing me on Thursday before Easter, "I sent you the first parts of Section IV. All has come in these four weeks, on Mondays, except this of yesterday, and the end that will come the day after to-morrow, for I could not take such a long section at one time. I am merely stunned, for I have only the most casual knowledge of architecture, my friend has none, and no interest in it. Yet here is the mass of material! Part I runs to 55 pp. of script; Part II to 61 pp.; Part III to 73 pp.; Part IV, section i., to 51 pp., and the Chapel to 28 pp. The dates are: March 5, 12, 19, 26, 28, and the last will be 31.

"Because of the length there have been one or two repetitions in Part III—merely synonymous words having been asked for. In Part IV there are one or two similar changes, noted in ink, and there are one or two words that I do not quite like. The paragraph of the Chapel has gone to you exactly as recorded, word for word,

"Here are one or two odd notes:—Yesterday, after the 'Chapel' was given, I asked the meaning of 'flaws' and was told:—

"The old masonry was not solid. The arches (the word 'tower' is written above this) of Winchester fell through them in the time of the Red King.'"

Compare this with the script of "Brother Symon."

. . . the year before the king was slain in the Boldrewood.  
Laus Deo! Much ille didde hee, and ill did hee brynge on ye  
Minster. Ye towre all tobrocen on him after!"

Readers will be desirous of knowing something of the nature and style of the communications of which I have been writing, and the limits of our space may perhaps allow of the inclusion of one of these. I have chosen that on the Chapel, and other buildings, given on the 28th March, 1923. It follows the story of the visit of Guthlac to Hugh at Witham, and how he became interested in the Abbey in the vale of Avalon. He had learned from the Glastonbury monks the legend of the coming of Joseph, and the story of the Holy Grail,

“the vanished Cup, brought to the forest-land from the deserts of Palestine.” The script proceeds:—

“Though miracles found scant favour with Hugh, yet as he left the halls of the Minster the holy power of the past stirred within him. . . . He thought of Ine, who seized the huge blocks of stone left by the forgotten conquerors, to raise the round triumphal arch, the barbaric arcades and squat unbuttressed tower to mark Christ’s triumph over the wilderness. Thus the chapter was to rejoice in one on whom they could rely in this day of disorder, for the Prior of Witham often rode to them through the cleft in the hills, and whenever he passed from cell to guest-house much waste was saved by his firm counsel. But it was among the masons that he loved to tarry most, winning even Guthlac to the simple beauty of a design for a Chapel that might hallow and enshrine the vision of the Founder. In the mighty Church of Herlewin, hewn with rude axes, a pile of massive piers, huge square buttresses supporting a lengthy nave and wooden roof unribbed by stone, Hugh saw the flaws that weakened the masonry of those thick walls builded for eternity. Beside it (i.e., Herlewin’s work) stood the stronger fabric of Henri, with new windows formed by the interlacing of round arcades; and the work of Robert who, completing the long line of the cloister, added deep-recessed doorways, raised the Bell-tower, and embellished window, door and capital with such a profusion of ‘chiselled’ ornament that the whole seemed to the Burgundian to be the fanciful creation of the Southland, strange as a broidered baldric on a brawny Norman warrior.

“Now while the workmen began to labour under his direction, either through the jealousy of Peter, or carelessness with the altar lights, flames fiercer than any kindled from a Danish battle-brand swept the monastery on a night of high winds. For miles across the fen blazed the fortress, a monstrous torch\* in the darkness, before it fell a blackened ruin. And none would have known where to turn save that Hugh heartened the Brethren, and by his power with the Angevin, obtained the services of Ralph FitzStephen to carry on the work again. Then the Chapel of Mary rose from a base of rock-like strength, lightened with lofty pillars.† Naught could exceed the grace, austere and delicate, of pointed arch, narrow rounded window, clustered shaft, and slender turret soaring as the soul doth soar from the earth-born foundation; nor the splendour of the ceiling, wrought of such living fire as bathes the thunder-shapen

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\*Originally written “Beacon-torch” but altered by direction later.

†The term “pillars” here is used in the sense of delicate shafts attached to the walls.

‡I had altered this to “shaken,” but Mr. Lloyd has corrected me; he says it alludes to mountains thrown up by the convulsions of the earth. F.B.B.

pinnacles. And in a later time when Hugh stood at the Altar, a Voice, vast as that which echoes down a mountain gorge, sounded through the shadowy aisles, and through the Chalice in his hand there burned an unearthly light. Therefore, many believed with Guthlac that the Grail, lost centuries ago by selfishness and sin, had appeared once more among the monks of Glastonbury."

The last part, given on Easter Even, concludes thus:—

"Ruined arch and broken tower mark in Avallon the close of that mighty age when conquerors and their fierce men-of-war bowed reverently to the simple goodness of the Saint through whom God spake. But Hugh's great Minster still rises from the hill of Lincoln, the first perfection of pointed art, the first expression of the soul of Angleland. And as long as the wondrous fabric endures on earth, so long will live the memory of the stalwart Bishop-Builder whose passing made a stir among the stars."

The sentence which runs "beside it stood the stronger fabric of Henri" was questioned as not being quite clear, for there were not two churches side by side. The explanation was at once given thus:—

"'Mingled' with it, and, of course, new buildings. Herlewin of course did not complete all he started."

Mr. Lloyd had questioned a reference to the Galilee in another part of the script. The answer came:—

"There was a porch, not a perfected thing as ye now see. This all can be proved: And the part of Robert, influenced by the Crusades. Axes were used in Herlewin's day: the chisel being a later tool not known until the days of Robert."

In reply to a question as to the "period" of the Chapel:—

"At this time, the Window was emerging from the round lights to the Rose. Henri was near the lancet with his new windows in the triforium."

"You will not believe me," says Mr. Lloyd, "but I do not know what 'triforium' means."

Except for a short note containing a few corrections to the script, written on April 2, I heard nothing further until the end of that month, when I received from Mr. Lloyd a letter dated the 20th, in which he relates a most astonishing experience. After the completion of the "Hugh" tale on Easter Even he had a week's rest, but about the middle of April he was told that there was a further long message to be given—either on the coming Wednesday (18th) or on the Thursday, as might best suit him. In spite of his feeling not quite fit, he thought it was best to try for this on the Wednesday evening at 7.30. Both he and K— L— were tired, and not in the most serene of moods. But as soon as the writing commenced he was surprised to see Latin rolling out at

the usual unceasing speed, and the flow kept up until he confesses he felt dizzy.

"Without pause," he says, "thirty-four pages of Latin script were given in half an hour; not separated, but flowing as it is in the English script. Not once was there a hesitation, and the entire thirty-four sheets are as smooth as any of the English recorded, and with the words and letters all run together. I know little of Latin—have not studied it since 1900, and was a very indifferent student of it; and my friend K.L. knows far less of it than I do. After these thirty-four pages were recorded, the following was written:—

"*'THE METRICAL LIFE OF HUGO. A DESCRIPTION OF THE CATHEDRAL. We THINK this is translated.'*"

Next morning, the 19th, Mr. Lloyd spent at two big public libraries in the vain hope of discovering traces of such a "metrical life," but in vain. Then he called up, on telephone, an Anglican educational headquarters, and found that they too had no copy. He did not know what to do, so, in the afternoon of the same day, he asked for advice and received this answer:—

"*'If ye read each line, we will translate verbally.'*"

"Then," he says, "followed the most extraordinary experience of the record. I, who know little or no Latin, had to take each word separately. Finally, a system was arrived at. On one set of papers I took the Latin words separately, and had them written out. Then I asked that the lines be indicated, and this was done by a dash. I then took the script, marking off the words, writing in the Latin (in between the big letters, as he always does), and making a dash at the end of a line. Then, after one or two lines were thus clarified, I got another set of papers and took the translation on this.

"Thus we toiled until 5 o'clock, and not once was there a pause in the control, nor a failure of precision! In the rewriting of the Latin words there were practically no errors, only a few in the terminations of the words; this staggers me when I think of the speed at which the matter came. Then, fortunately, Evan Paget came in and witnessed the recording and the weaving between the three sets of papers. He was as staggered, perhaps more so, than we were, for he understands Latin. At 5 p.m. we had little more than half finished the matter. Then, at 7.30, we took it up again, and by 9 p.m. had the complete writing in of the Latin words, of the papers in which the Latin words were given a second time; and lastly, the set of papers bearing the translation. I shall keep and file the three series. . . . W—— is now on the trail to find a 'metrical life of Hugh,' but has found nothing as yet in any of the libraries where I have looked."

And now comes in the merit of my casual purchase of a life of St. Hugh, in November, 1921. On receipt of the script I had

bethought me of this, and I lost no time in comparing the facts chronicled by the writer (Revd. George Perry, M.A., Canon of Lincoln. London: J. Murray, 1897) with those related in these extraordinary writings, and I was able to tabulate a number of amazing coincidences. It was evident that the Life as given in the script corresponded to facts of history, not only in its main outlines but also in much of its detail. Now comes the strange story of the receipt of the "metrical life," and here again I was able to assist my friend, for the whole of the Latin version was printed in Mr. Perry's book (in an Appendix), in all, one hundred and thirty-one lines in length, and containing the account of the building of the Cathedral at Lincoln.

I accordingly copied and sent Mr. Lloyd the whole with my letter of April 30; but I had not the English of it, and I did not know whether it had ever been translated.

Sunday, April 22. "I have told you the most staggering experience of all—this Wednesday past—the thirty-four pages of Latin and the next day, the verbal translation! I have hunted and hunted for a "Metrical Life" and can find none. There is no copy at either of the big libraries. It has really worried me. Here are the first and last lines of Latin. I have found a translation, and mine seems far more literal!

- 1st line. *Pontificus vero pontem facit ad paradisiūm.*  
 2nd ,, *Provida religio proviso religiosa.*  
 3rd ,, *Ædificare Zion in simplicitate laborans.*  
 4th ,, *Non in sanguinibus et mirâ construit arte.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Last lines *Inde columnellæ quæ sic cinxere columnas*  
*Ut videantur ibi quandam celebrare choream.*

"The Latin came in the usual unseparated line, except in the words 'Errans,' 'ignara,' etc. These are written separately, with a raising of the hands and a comma after each word. One or two semi-colons were put in (note these), and a circumflex over 'mirâ' and 'naturâ.' In the copy I sent you the punctuation is just as it came, no more and no less. The complete thirty-four pages were written in half an hour; but to have no question, I shall say, less than forty minutes, without pause. How the Latin was separated and the lines indicated is the story for my next letter. Except for this, the copy I enclose is the exact record for Wednesday night, April 18."

Philip Lloyd's solemn attestation is appended to this letter. In the transcript which my friend posted me by the following mail, I have noted a few more differences, but it is not possible for me to say whether these are proper to the original script or are his own inadvertent errors in reading or copying. Such are in line 13, which in my copy reads:—

"*Curvum, quæ rectos solet incurvare diaeta.*"

Whilst his transcript has :—

*“ Curvem quos rectos solet incurvare diaeta.”*

Line 16 in the two may be compared thus :—

(1) as printed. *“ Mater nempe Sion dejecta jacebat et aercta.”*

(2) script as copied. *“ Mater namque Zion dejecta jacebat et arcta.”*

Line 23 do. (1). *“ Surgentisque status formam crucis exprimit aptam.”*

(2). *“ Surgitisque status format crucis exprimit aptam.”*

Line 28 do. (1). *“ Evolat ad nubes paries ad sidera tectum.”*

(2). *“ Revolvat ad nubes paries ad sidera tectum.”*

Line 40 do. (1). *“ Altera fulcit opus lapidum pretiosa nigrorum.”*

(2). *“ Altera fulcit opem lapidem pretiosa nigrorem.”*

Lines 42, (1). *“ Non tot laxa poris sed crebro sidere fulgens.*

43 do. *Et rigido compacta situ ; nulloque domari.”*

(2). *“ Non tot laxa poris ; sed crebro sidere fulgens,*

*Et rigido compacta sinu nulloque domari.”*

Line 46 do. (1). *“ Pulsibus, et solidum ferri penetratur aceto.”*

(2). *“ Pulsibus et solidum forti penetratur aceto.”*

Line 48, (1). *“ Ambiguas utrum jaspis marmorve sit ; at si*

and 49 do. *Jaspis, hebes jaspis, si marmor, nobile marmor.”*

(2). *“ Ambiguas utrum jaspis si marmor nobile marmor.”*

(as first given by the communicator ; afterwards

spontaneously amended and expanded as) :—

(2). *“ Ambiguas utrum jaspis marmorve sit et si Jaspis hebe jaspis si marmor nobile marmor.”*

The expansion of the last made the whole number of lines fifty-one instead of fifty as originally given.

When searching for the Latin translation, Mr. Lloyd asked his communicators where this could be found, and whether they could put him on the track. The answer came :—

*“ We strive to do so. Ye will find another English translation differing from your own in a book on England : ‘ Social England in the Ancient Days ’ by one named, we think, Coulson.”*

*“ In the last word,”* he says, *“ I could not make out whether it was Coulson or Coulton. I was to find it to be Coulton.”*

A short time before writing this letter (May 4) he had received the article on Glastonbury, published in *“ Psychic Science ”* for January, 1923, now reprinted as *“ Memories of the Monks of Avalon,”* and had read the script telling of the round form of the first Christian Church. He was about to close this letter when it occurred to him to mention this idea of the Chapel of St. Joseph being circular.

*“ My friend,”* he says, *“ has not seen the pamphlet. Instantly, and without a moment’s pause, the following pages were written, and I post them to you.”*

I have the original script in pencil, with the words written in small by Mr. Lloyd, and I give it here :—

“ Joseph did build as ye have said, in a Circle : but Patric and David did renovate his building. At the British Museum be a picture taken from an ancient plate formerly attached to one of the pillars of the Ealde Churche. It presenteth the first Chapel of Christian worship in Britain. The Chapel of Joseph shapen like a parallelogram sixty feet in length with a window East and a window West, likewise two doors, all builded of wattles and thatched with rushes. In this fashion was it builded, and so it stood when Ine added his glory of the New Building. Know ye of the Abbats' Way ? ”

To the concluding question, enquiry did not bring a solution. We may get it later. In reply to the further question, “ Why did you not speak of the circle ? ” the answer was given :—

“ Why, because all the dwellings made of primitive wattle and daub were so shapen, round or like to hives, and we did take it for granted that so ye would picture it.”

On the 9th May, Mr. Lloyd sent me the English version he had received on the Afternoon of April 19, under conditions stated above. Evan Paget was present and attests the coming of the script between the hours of 3 and 5, and again between 7.30 and 9 p.m. “ Here,” he says, “ is the record. It merely leaves me speechless. The last Latin I had was in 1900 (Cicero).

“ The providing religion, the religious Providence  
Of the Pontifex makes a bridge to Heaven,  
Eager (labouring) to build Zion in simplicity  
Not in rigid forms (bloods). And with wonderful art he  
constructed.

The work of the Cathedral Church, which while being built  
(he)

Not only yielded work and aid to his people  
But the fruit of the labour itself, stones, frequently  
Sculptured, he carried in his hod and the mortar to bind them  
The weakness of the toiler is supported by two sticks  
That uphold the work of the hod  
The faith of an omen in him, he soon  
Rejects the work of the two sticks  
The diet that is wont to bend now makes straight.\*”

“ O splendid Leader of the herd ! Shepherd working  
without reward

How grandly arises the new structure of the Church  
For the Mother Zion fell, but is held confined within  
limits

---

\*This refers to a story of a cripple who was cured by carrying St. Hugh's hod, and it is also told in the “ Legenda of St. Hugh.” F.B.B.

Erring, ignorant, languishing, worn in body, sharp,  
     needy,  
 Vile, ashamed ; Hugo lifts the fallen, aids the aged,  
 Directs the erring, instructs the ignorant, heals the  
     sick,  
 Renovates the aged, sweetens the sour, nourishes the  
     needy,  
 Clothes and decorates the vile and torpid.  
 Overthrown is the old wall and a new wall erected  
 And an apt form he gives to the rising cross  
 Three integral parts he unites by arduous labour  
 There is a very solid dam for foundation  
 From the centre, and a wall rises in to the air to  
     support the roof.  
 So the foundation is buried in the belly of the earth  
 But the wall and roof are open, and by a superb  
     attempt  
 To the clouds opens the wall, to the stars the roof.  
 The priceless value of the material competes with  
     the study of art  
 For like the feathered birds, that which is  
     { named }      an      { arch }  
     { called\* }           { nave\* }  
 Expands widely its wings, and in the action of flying  
 The clouds are hindered, hanging themselves upon  
     the solid columns  
 And a sticky liquor glues the white stones together  
 In all of this the hand of the artist is noticed neat as  
     a fingernail.  
 And the wall constructed from a heap of those (stones)  
 As if disdainful, denies to continue  
 The neighbouring parts, it appears not like art  
 But like nature, not like things put together, but  
     one piece  
*Lat.*  
 \*(Materies) Another precious material\* supports the mass of  
     black stones  
 Not content with one colour  
 There is no opening in the pores, but a shining mass  
     of stars  
 And this in a rigid form not held by iron  
 But by art bound together.  
 Where the surface is washed by fine sand-dust  
 And the solidity is worn away by the force of the acid  
 If you look at the stone, the mind is deceived (sus-  
     pended)  
 Whether it be jasper or marble, and if  
 Jasper, dull jasper, if marble, noble marble

---

\*In both cases the alternative words are written in one above another.

Here are thin columns joined into big columns  
As if they were going to surround them in a chorus  
(dance).''

On reading this literal rendering of the poem, the meaning of some words were asked for.

Q.—“ What is the meaning of the first two lines ?

“ Should be by the Pontifex made. The Church is the bridge built by the Bishop to Heaven. Providing, is also prudent : it provides. The religious providence means :— ‘ Heaven, eager to build, sends Hugh to build up Zion in simple peace and innocence, not through wars, feuds, and the rigid forms of man.’ ”

Q.—“ Please explain ‘ the material competes with the study of art.’ ”

“ That the priceless material is excelled by the artistic work. Do you see ? Leave. It is near the roots.”

Scholars may smile at the extreme literalness of the translation, but it must not be forgotten that the translation was given almost *word by word*. The difficulty of importing sense and clearness into such a work, or establishing a sequence of meaning would be a task insuperable to most of us. “ It seems to me,” says my friend, “ that the translation was made at the very moment.”

Mr. Lloyd will, I feel sure, forgive his editor for suggesting also that a narrower inspection of the original script may yet reveal, in some cases, a mistaken reading. In view of the nature of the writing, I should consider this by no means unlikely.

On Monday, April 23, he found the book named in the script : “ Social Life in Britain from the Conquest to the Reformation,” by G. G. Coulton. Cambridge Press, 1918 ; and on p. 472, xiii., a passage on Lincoln Cathedral, differing much from that given here, and omitting some passages and lines. In Murray’s 1881 “ Handbook to the Eastern Cathedrals,” on p. 356 he found three lines of the Latin and a footnote reference to the Appendix, in which he found a long selection from the Metrical Life of St. Hugh in Latin,

On Friday, April 20, he got the English rendering by C. L. Marson, in his “ Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln,” and with this we must close the present article.

On April 27 he wrote a note which crossed my letter, saying :—

“ After searching all over the town, and finally going through every book on English Cathedrals in the Architectural Library, I at last found, on Monday, April 23, a book containing part of the Metrical Life, the Latin ‘ Life.’ There are about forty-five lines—no word left out, no root incorrect, and but a few errors in terminations ! Also the translation is extraordinary. In a few days I shall send you the complete record. I have been too fatigued to copy it myself. One supplement I should make, as I

sent you the first and last lines : the Latin was given on Wednesday, April 18, the separating of words and the translation on the next day. On Sunday night this was written :—

*“ We wish to tell you of an error in the next line before the last, and of a line left out :*

*“ ‘ Ambiguas utrum jaspis marmorve sit et si  
Jaspis hebe jaspis si marmor nobile marmor.’ ”*

All the fifty odd lines of Latin had come without pause in one half-hour ! Is it to be wondered at that there should be some clerical defects or deficiencies ?

PROSE TRANSLATION BY C. L. MARSON.

N.B. Mr. Marson's version is in prose, and does not mark the conclusion of the lines. It has been thought better to divide them here in order that a better comparison may be made by the reader.

*The prudent religion and the religious prudence  
Of the Pontiff makes a bridge to Paradise  
Toiling to build Sion in guilelessness  
Not in bloods. And with wondrous art he built  
The work of the Cathedral Church ; in building which he  
Gives not only his wealth and the labour of his people  
But the help of his own sweat, and often  
He carries in his pannier the carved stones and the sticky lime  
The weakness of a cripple, propped on two sticks  
Obtains the use of that pannier  
Believing an omen to be in it : and in turn  
Disdains the use of the two sticks  
The diet that is wont to bow straight makes straight the bowed.*

*O ! remarkable shepherd of the flock and assuredly no hireling  
As the novel construction of the Church explains  
For Mother Sion lay cast down, and straightened  
Wandering, ignorant, sick, old, bitter, poor,  
Homely and base : Hugh raises her when cast down, enlarges her,  
straightened,  
Guides her wandering, teaches her ignorant, heals her sick,  
Renews her old, sweetens her bitter, fills her when empty  
Adorns her homely, honours her when base.*

*The old mass falls to the foundation and the new arises  
And the state of it as it rises sets forth the fitting form of the cross  
The difficult toil unites three whole parts  
For the most solid mass of the foundation  
Rises from the centre, the wall carries the roof into the air*

*So the foundation is buried in the lap of earth  
But the wall and roof shew themselves, and with proud daring  
The wall flies to the clouds, the roof to the stars.*

*With the value of the material the design of the art well agrees  
For the stone roof talks as it were with winged birds  
Spreading its wide wings, and like to a flying thing  
Strikes the clouds, stayed upon the solid columns.  
And a sticky liquid glues together the white stones  
All which the workman's hand cuts out to a nicety  
And the wall built out of a hoard of these  
As it were disdaining this thing, counterfeits to unify  
The adjacent parts ; and it seems not to exist by art  
But rather by nature ; not a thing united, but one.  
Another costly material of black stones props the work  
Not like this content with one colour.  
Not open with so many pores, but shining much with glory  
And settled in firm position ; and it deigns to be tamed by no iron,  
Save when it is tamed by cunning ;  
When the surface is opened by frequent blows of the grit  
And its hard substance eaten in with strong acid.  
That stone, beheld, can balance minds in doubt  
Whether it be jasper or marble ; but if  
Jasper, dull jasper ; if marble, noble marble.  
Of it are the columns which so surround the pillars  
That they seem to represent a kind of dance.*

I have but little to add in conclusion. My friend, so far from being wishful to publish the experience, has needed some persuasion on my part to accord me the permission ; and he has done this, I am sure, because he is influenced by my conviction that the world needs the witness of such manifestations of spiritual power and guidance, and that a certain responsibility in this sense attends the bestowal upon the recipient. Experiences of this nature clearly link themselves with those which our French scientific colleagues are now bringing to light, and which Dr. Osty calls "supernormal cognition." It is well that we should seek to establish the perpetuation of normal human cognition on the other side of the Veil ; it is a far greater thing and a more hopeful and beautiful thing that we should discover a new sphere of extended knowledge and experience, in the unseen and yet in our midst, in whose powers and privileges we may even here be conscious partakers, aided and taught by those who have attained a loftier spiritual estate, and the range of whose sympathies and intelligence transcends our petty limitations, embracing in its angelic survey the kaleidoscope of human experience through the ages of its painful evolution towards ends of beauty and wonder apprehended here but dimly by faith, but there revealed to the awakened spiritual vision.

## COMMENT ON THE ABOVE.

THE experiments of Dr. Osty establish the reality of supernormal cognition of the lives of persons submitted to the percipients. He shows that an article touched by the person cognized, even in the long past, can awaken the supernormal faculty. He refers this cognition to a transcendental plane of thought (using "thought" in its psychological sense as covering all mental activity, conscious or not), and he infers a transfer on this transcendental plane quite other than what is usually understood by telepathy. The transcendental influence is interpreted to the conscious mind; but though other extensions of this faculty, which he calls "metagnomy," are not denied, he restricts his investigation to the faculty applied to a human objective; and for this he finds that some link, either a material link (an article of clothing, a letter, etc.), or even a mental link—some superficial knowledge of the person to be cognized at a distance in time or space—in the mind of the questioner is required. He has not found instances of cognition of general events; even the war was not foretold apart from the share of cognized persons in it. He does not admit external intelligences in these cases.

The present instances, therefore, differ sensibly from Dr. Osty's cases. The information given is historical, quasi-historical and literary. The metrical Life of Hugo, unknown both consciously and subconsciously to both experimenters and in a language unknown to the automatist; the translation of the Latin given in the same way and the historical details referring to many persons and to architectural buildings, take them out of the category treated by Dr. Osty, unless they can be referred to knowledge possessed by Mr. Bligh Bond himself and transferred through his letters to the percipient.

However improbable this may seem, it is not impossible, as some of the metagnomic experiments prove—the mere touch of a letter giving the most complex details of the writer's mind.

That the sriptors refer the communication to a "guardian angel" is not to the point here, as there is no means of testing the claim, even if it were not notorious that much automatic script which the writers themselves honestly believe to be external really comes from an unexplored stratum of their own minds.

If this be not the case in this instance, and taking the good faith of the writers for granted, and that the historical information stands the test of extensive agreement with reliable historical data, the inference of external intelligence is almost unavoidable; but if there be really such external communication, that removes the script from the kind of cognition analyzed by the distinguished French experimentalist.

It is "metagnosis"—supernormal knowledge; not "metagnomy"—supernormal faculty—that is here in question. The *result*, rather than the faculty, is the primary fact.

30th May, 1923.

S. DE BRATH.



# The Glastonbury Scripts

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## IV.

A LIFE OF AILNOTH  
LAST SAXON ABBOT  
OF GLASTONBURY—  
A.D. 1053-1082, WITH A  
WORD - PICTURE OF  
THE TIMES AND  
HISTORICAL NOTES

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Edited by  
F. BLIGH BOND, F.R.I.B.A.

Script by  
PHILIP LLOYD AND K. L.

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*Price 1/6 net, post free 1/9.*

To be obtained of the British College of Psychic Science,  
59, Holland Park, London, W. 11, and of the SECRETARY,  
Abbot's Leigh, Glastonbury (the Publishing House).

:: INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO THE ::  
 ::    :: LIFE OF AILNOTH    ::    ::  
 LAST SAXON ABBOT OF GLASTON.

*The writings now published are selected from among the large series produced in the presence of Philip Lloyd and automatically through the instrumentality of his friend, K.L., whose hand is used for their production. One of these has already appeared in "Psychic Science," it concerns St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln. This tale is in five parts, given at weekly intervals at mid-afternoons from June 6th to July 13th, 1922. The tale immediately followed a very long series of messages which began on September 25th, 1921, and which came at less than weekly intervals: the entire series tracing the spiritual life of the race through Mesopotamia, Egypt, Persia, India, Thibet, China, Greece, Israel, Rome, Jutland, Scandinavia, Iceland and Britain. The writing is very rapid, much more so than would be possible for the recording of any original work by the exercise of the normal mental powers of either individual; and when it is further remembered that neither of the two persons engaged has or had any knowledge whatever of Ailnoth, nor indeed of English monasticism, and that they are unaware also of the nature of the times depicted so clearly in the script, and indeed of the sound or meaning of the many Anglo-Saxon words with which it abounds, we may well ask ourselves how it can be held that the subconscious powers of the individual mind could be credited with the power of evolving a story of this nature, even granting, what we do not know as fact, that it is possible for the human imagination to dramatise spontaneously such a web of consistent history.*

*This tale was presented as a true story of Ailnoth's life and times. Philip Lloyd and K.L. have given their sworn statements in the presence of witnesses that they had no idea of the plan or content of the story until it was unfolded, and that nothing had been read or looked up of the period of the tale either before or during its recording. Verifications were made after it was completed. A slight reference to Ailnoth has been found in an earlier script (March, 1921) in Part XV of a "History of Glastonbury from the time of St. Joseph to the Dissolution." This runs as follows:*

*"Now were the words of Dunstan fulfilled, for the years from 979 to 1016 were full of such evils as had never yet befallen England; nor did William lessen these miseries. Yet he ever averred that his claim was a righteous one; and the Pope, excommunicating Harold, bestowed upon the Conqueror the banner of Saint Peter which he himself consecrated. But though he waged a holy war, the Norman*

was more merciless than the marauding Danes. Abbeys were raided and despoiled of their treasure, even to the chalice and the shrines of their Saints. Upon the slightest pretext abbots were removed and replaced by court-favourites. Thus at Glaston, Ailnoth, one of the most able men of the age, was banished into Normandy, while Thurstan, a creature of William, succeeded the last Saxon abbot."

*The bona fides of the two persons concerned are beyond all doubt. The records and the circumstances of the production of the script are abundantly attested by credible witnesses and when the whole story of the genesis of these writings comes to be told, as it will some day be told, the literary and religious world will be confronted by a miracle that cannot be gainsaid. That such miracle is needed in these times of deep perplexity is affirmed. It is necessary now to show that Mind is not limited to the little brain of man ; that the brain is not the source, but rather the channel, of Idea ; and that as of old, the hope of the race and of civilization itself depends upon that Inspiration which the soul of man receives from the source of all Mind, all Life, and all the gifts of the Spirit. We turn then to the great congregation of the Living and we call to them across the deep gulf of time, to come to our aid and save us from an intellectual materialism which can build nothing permanent or beautiful, and which threatens the destruction of all that past culture has achieved.*

#### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

AILNOTH or EGELNOTH was the last of the Saxon abbots of Glastonbury following Ailward (Egelward), according to Malmsbury, in A.D. 1053, and holding the Abbacy until 1082, when he was deposed in favour of Turstin, or Thurstan, a monk of Caen, and nominee of William I. This act was part of the general policy of the Conqueror, who had already, in 1070, ransacked the monasteries of England for their Saxon wealth, and had deposed Stigand, the last European archbishop who upheld national autonomy in Church matters and recognized the Pope only as Bishop of Rome. After his deposition from the primacy, the expulsion of English bishops and abbots generally ensued, and continued in spite of the Pope's intervention, which William disregarded.

As may be expected, Norman chroniclers have shown but little justice in their memoirs of Saxon churchmen, and there has been a sufficiently obvious reason for disparagement of those who were so ruthlessly supplanted. Hence we find Malmsbury not only accusing Ailnoth and his predecessor of faults of rule disastrous to the Church, but of alienating abbey lands, removal of ornaments, and as regards Ailward, of impiety in violating the tomb of Edgar and thus bringing vengeance upon the monastery. But under the later Saxon abbots the monasteries had grown much in political power and might well be an object of William's jealousy and

suspicion. Malmsbury, not content with vilifying Ailnoth, tries to exalt the memory of Turstin, and although bound to admit the lamentable act of violence which ended in his being deprived, says that we should rather admire his other acts and not dwell on one only in which he sinned rather by accident than by design! When we consider the prejudices, both racial and political, which are so obviously imported into the chief chronicle of the lives of these men, we are disposed the more readily to welcome so striking a defence of Ailnoth as will be found in the beautiful narrative of the script now published—a writing which, however strange its origin—must be held to carry within itself intrinsic marks of genuine knowledge and the desire to do tardy justice to the memory of one who filled for nine and twenty years a great position, for sixteen years of which he was under the rule of a tyrant who knew no will but his own either in Church or in State affairs.

The final notes of Ailnoth were given on the early afternoon of July 15th, 1922. After they had been read, Mr. Lloyd, with the aid of another friend, obtained from a library not far off a copy of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle." The references were verified. He then looked up Malmsbury's "Glastonbury," to which reference had been made in previous scripts, but which he had never yet consulted as the only library copy available was in mediæval Latin, and this he could not read. But now, being determined to explore the matter, he obtained the help of a professor and a translation was made for him. He was troubled at Malmsbury's statement that Ailnoth wasted the lands and that his rule was not a helpful one. So he sought K.L., and without speaking of what he had just learned, he asked the meaning of Malmsbury's statement. Instantly the following was written—without pause or hesitation even over the Latin sentence. This sentence, on further reference, proved to be the first line of Malmsbury's record. K.L.'s script runs as follows :—

"This is a monkish and malicious slander of Norman origin. There be many of them. William of Malmsbury is not ever reliable and is know to overcolour and unintentionally mislead in other details. The histories compiled later such as the Monasticon and Eyton's smaller history have not given sufficient credence to include this. We must say that many noble natures have not infrequently been blackened in all histories, and this was the case with Ailnoth. But not in his day. He was known as one of the ablest men of his time. Now know that in times of famine and murraine Ailnoth did turn Church moneys and riches into use for the suffering. No history of the Church of England acknowledges this slander. It is not mentioned in the 'Chronicle'; while other prelates of disrepute who purchased sees by simony,

are known. Trouble not over — Egelnoth amborum regimen fuit perniciosum ecclesiae dum alter exterium terras proscripsit alter interium ornamenta distraxit — we can get no more, but ye know. Do not fret ye. It is the beginning of the Malmsbury.”

This was the last communication received in the summer of 1922. Mr. Lloyd then took a two-month vacation of travel, and on his return in the autumn, new matter was given on the early history of Britain, and he thought no more of the Malmsbury reference. But it had not been forgotten by the communicator. On November 14th the following message was unexpectedly given.

“ If ye will examine the 4th volume of ‘ Freeman ’ ye will, on about the 60th page, see this statement : ‘ That William the Conqueror was known to be jealous of Ailnoth, and this would seem to colour the tales of him. This is his story of the Conquest, and we think the page and volume accurately given which should set your mind at ease.’ ”

On November 16th, in the “ History of the Norman Conquest,” by E. A. Freeman, Vol. IV, pp. 77-78, Mr. Lloyd found the following reference :—

*“ All was now ready for the royal voyage. . . . the only other churchman of whom we hear by name is Aethelnoth, Abbot of Glastonbury, whose obedience to William’s summons is the only sign which we have yet come across of any authority being exercised by the new king in the Western shires. That Aethelnoth, who was afterwards deposed from his Abbey, was already honoured by William’s jealousy is a fact which may be set against the charges which are brought against him.”*

Both Mr. Lloyd and K.L. certify that they have never read Freeman’s history, nor seen the passage.

## AILNOTH OF GLASTON.

### I.

“ The Wodin shouts of Saxon warlocks now rang through the dales that world-shaking legions had trampled. The swart raven barked from heights once the haunt of strong-winged eagles. Pirate ships pushed their prows up reedy waterways that the imperial fleet of a Cæsar had found impassible. And ever toward the West swept the hairy Pagan horde, their Aethelings already

shaping the woody borders of the Heptarchy. Roman palaces vanished in the mighty burning, British tribesmen fled to the Druid mountains of Wolfland, and darkness settled over Albion."

"But the mild dim beauty of the conquered island tamed the fierce hearts of the sea kings. They ceased from the hunting of men to war against a vast and silent army, whose shadowy ranks, slowly retreating before the lifted axes, still left wild outposts on the edge of the common ploughland, and jealously separated the warrior-husbandman from his kin in the neighbouring valley. Then, creeping like wood-fire through the forest walls, there spread from the king's royal tun to the ceorl's humble vill, the Story of the great Cyning of the Southland, the Beautiful Hero who had suffered a churl's death for the weal of his people. Tales of His Death Fight travelled from the Hermits beyond the leafy reaches of Andred's weald and Selwood, from the Man of Armagh across the Western water, from the white robed monks of Hi. And when Aidan knelt upon the desolate shore of Lindisfarne, the stormy Aesir were vanquished by the gentle strength of the young Chieftain, while Mary sate golden-girdled in Frigga's Hall of Mist above the clouds of the Outer Sea."

"One after one the savage kingdoms were softened. Holy Houses arose in the clearings, sanctuaries from the passion of striving thegns, places of peace where men might turn from the clamour of fighting-field and mead-hall to remember the Deeds done in far Jerusalem. The folkmoot forsook the aged oak and stone of mystery, to ponder its rude justice beneath Christ's own Thatch. The ghosts that walked at moon-dusk, the spirits of flame leaping from lonely barrows, the elves of mere and mountain, were cowed by the Cross. And in the time of blood, when the swords and ships of Herthaland laid waste the possessions of wolfish kings, the monasteries treasured the crude art and hard-won learning that expressed the soul of the growing nation, symbols of the fulness of life that had followed the White Abbat into the deeps of the greenwood."

"In the troubled days of Ailnoth's childhood, Aethelred fitfully ruled the country of Aelfred and Aethelstane. Vikings, no longer awed by the sails that once encircled the Angle Land of Eadgar,

had gained rich holdings in the North; and Gaulishmen, with keen smooth faces, followed the train of the Lady of Normandy. Now the shadow of a great Abbey that gathered the manors and little boroughs under its protecting wings, fell across the dreams of Ailnoth's youth. Although his mother no more awaited him in her bower when he returned from play in the common meadow, or from following the horn and hounds of his father to the distant deer-heath, he remembered her old songs that charmed him more than the cunning tricks of the chapman, tales of Northumbrian Abbeys before the alarm beacons flamed on every hill—the fallen House of Hild and Caedmon, the saintly wisdom of the Venerable Baeda. Moreover, he had seen the king of Cerdic's line, guarded by gleaming hus-ceorls, pass the Reeve Hall on his way to Glastonbury. And it came to pass, after the desire of his heart, that one morning he rode out with the High Reeve to behold the ancient glories of Avallon."

#### NOTES TO PART I.

The following notes were given in a script received on June 7, 1922:

"In the older days of the Saxons, the Aethelings were the sons of the royal family, princes of blood. As ye know, the Saxon Kingdoms were gradually welded into three—North Umbria, Mercia and Wessex—and the power passed to the House of Cerdic in woody Wessex. The rich meadows of Albion soon won the warriors of bleak, barren lands. Ye may read how they cleared the forest, and made their little tuns inside a rude palisade or enclosure. The word Cyning meaneth King. The forests of Andred's weald and Selwood so enwalled Wessex that she suffered no invasion for many years, and for this reason enabled Aelfred to watch the movements of the Danes from the fastness of Athelney. The folkmoot of the vil or town chose an oak or stone to hold its meetings. After the spread of Christianity, the slaves enjoyed more privileges, and justice was meted alike to ceorl and boor. The dreadful conditions of slavery first attracted the Bishops. The Witane Gemot was the royal council of the King's tun."

"Under Aethelstane, the kingdoms of Britain were united. Eadgar's fleet encircled Britain to keep the men of Herthaland in check. Aethelred lost its prestige by his fitfullness and massacre of the Danes residing in Albion. This was terribly avenged. With the triumph of Canut, the king fled for a time to Normandy, the home of his wife the Lady Emma. His alliance with this great house paved the way for the coming Conquest."

“ Ailnoth lived in the days of two invasions, that of the Danes and that of the Normans. His father, the Reeve of Bath ; his mother, a Northumbrian lady who died in his childhood. She had wished to enter one of the Abbeys, but was disposed of in marriage by her father. The son was charmed by the lives of the men of the North, particularly Baeda, who, when Northumbria was in a state of darkness and anarchy, kept vigil in his cell at Jarrow. So his dreams of patriotism and holiness were fostered by the ancient songs, developing his love of the learning and the literature of the land, also a strong feeling for the nation of Anglo-Saxons. William knew this. The Bishops had grown in power—they were more permanent than the king or nobles, not liable to assassination. Ailnoth had not seen Glaston. He had heard of its miracles and seen the retinue of Aethelred on its way there.”

## II.

## PRELIMINARY NOTE.

*The first part was given on Tuesday, June 6th, 1922 ; the second on June 13th. P.L., on reading this, was not quite satisfied that its quality was level with the first. It had been produced under very trying weather conditions. This impression of inferiority increased after the third and fourth parts had been given. He mentioned his view to his friend S. Napier, but neither asked nor expected that it would be recast. On Tuesday, July 4th, he was anticipating the coming of the fifth and last section. Instead, he was greatly surprised and, at first, he says, disappointed when, on reading the script, he found it was a new Part II—the old matter expanded and matured and many details added. This amended version now follows. The original is included for comparison at the end of the collection.*

“ On the morn before Michaelmas, the first gleam of day brightened the war harness of the hus-ceorls and the huge axes of the clumsy boors that followed Ceawdrin out of the courtyard gate. For the traveller must guard himself with ashen spears and stout bow-strings in that time of loosened passions, when a fleeing shepherd or the homeless dwellers of some ruined ham were found on every roadway, telling a sorry tale of the red shields now harrowing Aelfred's hills. Furthermore, the High Reeve bethought him of the woodmen and wardens who, seated close to the hearth-fire of their lord, whispered of the ghostly things they had seen—how at midnight, weird flames stole across the face of the marsh ; how strange creatures, unlike honest earth folk, ran with the wolves in the deep of the forest. Outlaws, fiercer than the bulls of a savage herd, also

haunted solitary places ; and Ailnoth, young to the wildwood, rode at his father's side, clad in a green tunic girdled with shining plaques."

" There was no stir in the sleepy tun as they galloped by, not even the sound of the cobbler's cheery tapping. The fire lay cold upon the village forge, the cloths of the fuller were folded. But God's churls had finished matins ; and from the thatched hut of a cottar, a slow ox-team lumbered toward the fallow field to sow the winter seed. At the edge of the tillage a lonely highway stretched before them, winding between the dark boles of the ancient oaks, now broad and firm as when it bore victorious legions to the villas of Aquae Solis, now dwindling to a rude path soon lost in swampy wildernesses. Although socman and hayward were about to begin their toil, the invisible burgesses of the fen had long been at work. Wood fowl started in bog and bracken, eyes aglint with watchfulness stared through the morning mist. And over all hung the echoes of a distant clamour—the rumble of heavy wains ; the bellowing of goaded beasts, urged by the carter's lash to the cattle fair."

" Suddenly, a shrill horn shook the quiet of a dewy copse. Fir walls heaved, and a hart nimbly cleared the ferny tangle ; while, swiftly as their own arrows, leaped the eager hunters. The leader, halting when he saw the Gerefa, saluted humbly and disappeared in the ringing coverts. Once more the dreamy murmur of the greenwood flowed around the wayfarers, and they plodded on warily, meeting naught save a sleek fox until the branchy beeches drooped in the windless noon. Then a yeoman pointed to a ridge of fire that moved down a near hillslope ; and the little company, sheltered by the stems of the forest, anxiously listened to the thunder of many hooves. As lightning smites from a ragged cloud, so a hundred lances darted through the thick leafage, and the silent glades rang with the battle songs of Saxons. The gray Ealdorman in their midst, war-wise and worn with sorrow, greeting the Burh-Gerefa kindly, uttered gloomy prophecies concerning the fate of the outlands ; and the twain parted, each rejoicing that the eve of summer brought release from the dread sails of Heathendom.

It was not until the marsh was aflame beneath the sinking sun that the men of Bath descended into an island valley, where the

rugged head of a great hill kept solemn watch over the rich fruited orchards and mild water-meads of Avallon. At the calm sweet voice of a bell that called out of the green shadows, promising rest to the tired traveler and mercy for the hunted felon, the mill-wheel ceased to labour, the sickle spared the ripened corn-rows. Mingling with the monks returning from weirbold and meadow, the dusty band passed reverently into Christ's peaceful Burh. There, mighty among the trees, rose the Holy Houses—one long and well timbered, with carven doorposts\* ; the other, towered against treachery, builded of square stones widely spaced, supported by low massy arches, its little windows holding the sunset in their coloured centers. Apart in the ancient place, after the washing of feet in the guest-room, the Church Thegn, the noble Brithwinus, master of the twelve hides, the parks and the pastures, the manors and the farmsteads, himself led the Reeve and his son to the Chapel of the Pilgrim King."

" Now on that eve of Michaelmas Day, Ailnoth, sleeping by his father in a narrow room, again beheld the glorious Gift of Ine. Nor did he marvel long, for the sacred vessels of jewelled gold, the shimmering altar webs, vanished like the smoke of shaken thuribles ; and instead of a busy monastery, the wattled hut of a swineherd stood alone in a desolate waste. Upon its rush-strown tressels knelt an aged man, whose frail hands held a wondrous flame cup-shapen that filled the withed cell with burning radiance, while high far-off voices chanted compline. Then fell a hush as when the Housel is hallowed. The vision faded. Only the crimson harvest moon shone through the cloister grating. And Ailnoth slept dreamlessly until the dawn."

## NOTES TO PART II.

*Given in a script dated June 14th, 1922.*

" In the last years of Aethelred, the Massacre of Saint Brice was avenged. Sweyne and Cnut drave the king into Normandy, and he only returned upon Sweyne's death. These ravages could have been checked, but the Saxon ealdormen betrayed themselves and their land. The Churches bought off the marauders, and there was no heroism or nobility save in the death of Alphege and the

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\*Ref. to Note on p. 12.

heroic stand of Edmund Ironside. Religion was dying out, law and order no longer observed, and the will of the nation was weakened. However, all this was changed by Cnut."

\*" There stood two Churches at the time of the Conquest—one of wood and the older Church of Ine. Dunstan had made repairs, rebuilding the wooden edifice. Although the Saxons were woodworkers, masons had come from France, first at Whitethorne; and later, when the Truth swept from Northumbria through the Pagan kingdoms, stone was frequently used, but in a clumsy manner, with wide spacing, vainly imitating the Roman ruins in Britain and the great Churches seen by the pilgrims to Rome. This in the sixth and seventh centuries. In this time, Biscop Benedict sent to Gaul that men be sent to instruct the English in the art of glass making. Glass chalices, vessels, and mirrors were then made, also the tiny windows of the Saxon Churches, oftentimes painted. The interiors were always brightly coloured, as were the Saxon garments. William of Malmsbury doth exaggerate the Chapel of Ine; yet it was of barbaric magnificence, the gold used on the images, the altar, and covers of the Gospels, also the censers, basin, Chalice of Gems and candlesticks. The very vestments were woven of golden threads. As time went on, other jewelled gifts and rich palls were added, and the beginning of the great library founded. So much destroyed by the Danes and by fire. The stones that Ine raised were recut and used in the Norman piles, as the Saxons before them had builded upon Roman foundations, such as the town of Bath. But the Sapphire Altar, the great Jewel of Glaston, was taken by Henry Eighth."

### III.

#### PRELIMINARY NOTE.

*This section was given in the afternoon of the 22nd June, 1923. It covers fifty-nine sheets of the usual large round writing, and was produced in a little over forty minutes. Both P.L. and K.L. attest their ignorance of the Saxon words employed.*

" It soon came to pass that the red deer roamed the tun-ways by day, the gaunt wolves by night, for the Burh-Gerefa and the burly men of Bath lifted their axes in the leal city, where the young hero rallied the sons of the Saxons. There near the Eastern coast, before the fire of ten thousand swords, the swan-necked galleys fled like a cloud of screaming sea-mews from the blue river mouth, the king of the painted ships threatening vengeance. Meanwhile, Ailnoth, safe behind the deep ditches of the Reeve Hall, dreamed of the distant battles. Deprived of his play in the common meadow, he turned first to the bower, where maidens wept as their

shuttles wove the colours of war into the woolen webs, and wrinkled women sang of the bloody deeds done before Christ's Bell sounded throughout the Seven Kingdoms; then to the kitchen and storehouses, foraging among white wheaten loaves, ambers of clear ale, and tubs of fragrant honey; or to the byre and cattle-sheds, trembling at the uproar of loosened beasts and the hoarse shouts of the churls at folding time."

"Despite the brave stand of Edmund, the savage vic-man sate at last upon the throne of Aelfred; and it fared with him as with the heathen Aethelings of an earlier day. The mild misted weathers, the gentle rolling downs, and the soft bloom of the island hills, charming away the visions of murder and revenge, awakened the great chieftain, the wise ruler of many nations, on whose might the lesser warriors leaned. In these years of tranquility, when the king's peace was kept on all the highways, Ailnoth grew into a strong and beautiful youth, eager for knowledge, sensitive to the beauty and mystery about him, hoping and dreaming for something beyond the busy life of the shrewd gray Reeve or the rough activities of the barbarous ealdormen. Not content unless his mare led the howling pack or his falcon outdistanced the hill wind, he alone of the hunters, pitying the quarry, would spare the forest fox and purple wood-dove. Although his commands sped like a whistling whip-last to the sullen boor, the cottar knew from whence the mitta of meal or the fattened ram had come; the poor wayfarer, whose kind hands had clothed him."

"At the greening of the year, when wild geese flew above the Valley of Springs, Ailnoth passed the whimpering lambs in their windy pastures and climbed toward the haunted mounds left by the vanished folk of the Southland. Below him, the moated manor and rude Saxon farmsteads rose on the ruins of a pillared temple, whose golden and imperial gods had long bent before the humble Wood-Worker of Nazareth. The lad was returned from a journey to London, the pride of leafy Wessex, already the gathering-place of ships from the Outlands, laden with the looted treasure of the world or the homelier stores of Gaulish cities. The father, wishing his heir to shape the manner of his life-days, had bidden him observe the splendour of the hus-ceorls, the friends of princes, or,

remembering his love for the statelier language of the past, to mark the gleaming train of the warrior-bishops distrusted by Baeda. Yet none of these had drawn him. Now back in the quiet Somersoettas he followed the smoke of an outlaw's hut\*, where since last Lammas he had listened while a hunted ceorl, who possessed not one hide of forest or tillage, told of the suffering of the once-free men that faced a perpetual thralldom. For the folcland was disappearing with the village moot; the demesne of the overlords swallowed all of Angleland; and the Witan, pondering the affairs of the thegns, paid little heed to the obscure fate of the thralls. As he sate by the peat fire, the witch girl, the worshipper of the strange forces in earth and air, again repeated the tale so like his childhood dream in towered Avallon,—how in the days when the men of Thule and Thanet had not begun to harry the British king, a Druid braved the dangerous fen to watch the new wizards cast their magical spells; and, hidden in a ferny hollow, he beheld through the wattled wall twelve spirits whiter than the breath of a sleeping lake, and in their midst a flame-red Cauldron like the risen sun."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The dawn of Michaelmas, that found the marsh hut deserted and the woodman and his maid in the Western mountains far from the wrath of Cnut, shone on the Burh-Gerefa riding wearily toward an empty manor. Its crimson shafts crept through the little windows of an Holy House and fell upon a youth who lay prostrate before an ancient altar. The decision was made. Forever a stranger to the court of kings, the music of festive minstrelsy, the trumpets of the field of fame, Ailnoth would dwell black-robed, wrapped in an eternal silence. The body that had known soft beds would turn to rest on a truss of straw, the feet that once leaped after the morning horns would walk softly down hushed corridors, and the imperious will that had swayed the simple hinds would serve the lowliest of the Brotherhood. Yet here, apart with the Doer of lonely Death Deeds, he felt sustained by an unspeakable, unbearable joy that drew him nearer the glowing Truth behind the mystery of the Cross of Life."

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\*This is the outlaw spoken of as a woodcutter in the following Part (IV).

## IV

## PRELIMINARY NOTE.

*This section was given on the 27th June, 1922, in punctual fulfilment of the time table, as is always the case with these scripts. It covered seventy-one sheets and was practically continuous.*

“ In a little cell that looked out upon the cloudy green of woodland and orchard-meadow, the gleam of sunset pools in the reedy waste, and the shadow of the mysterious torr whose lonely height was the hold of a flaming archangel, Ailnoth passed years of deepest happiness. At first he rebelled against the coarse fare eaten in silence, the bowed head and lowered eyes, the continual submission that so irked his vehement will, and the clear chiming that roused him in the cold of midnight from the sleep won by weary labour. Beset with swart fiends, he yearned to cast off heavy robe and hempen girdle for his furred cloak with golden clasps, and to ride toward the towers of a joyous burh ; or clad in a war-coat of woven mail, to lead the wind-rush of battle down some bloody hill. Then he would bethink him how the black folds of the frock were the six wings of the seraphim—the chosen thegns of God ; how his was a ghostly battle with strange foemen upon invisible fields ; that pure at last in word and deed, he might by selfless prayer lessen the cruelty, suffering, and ignorance of a heedless world. Thus waged the struggle, until one twilight as he walked through the holy forest-town, while the prayer bell tolled across the valley of peace, he suddenly knew himself the bondsman of Immortal Love. The beauty of that divine thralldom calmed his troubled soul, and he saw the great verities—white, still, and eternal—behind the dull harsh routine.

Although the Abbat, soon heeding the eagerness with which the Reeve's son sought their scant volumes, God's Book, the ancient Chronicles, and the few songs of the Saxons, made him Head of the Schools founded in the days of Dunstan, Ailnoth was not content to teach the novices and recopy missal and Gospels. Thrilled by the wild voices of the past, when Faith flamed among the North folk and the Cowherd trod Hild's cool sea pastures, he sang on the ferny ways from school to cloisters the songs now lost to men with many another rare and vanished thing. Yet the dark brown deer

and the tameless birds of the fenland heard and followed him. Despite long hours of unceasing toil and worship, he so revered the Abbey that he searched her tattered records neglected by the conquerors of Britain, and marvelled that the Man of the Desert builded Christ an Home in the wolf-haunted marshes ; or, in a weak moment, gained strength from the legends of the noble Warrior-Saints resting incorruptible at the foot of the high Altar. Always mindful of the poor, he frequently visited almonry and wretched hut, preaching in the uncouth tongue learned of the woodcutter, rejoicing when the miserable were healed at the spring of miracles or by a branch of the flower-filled thorn that like the wondrous Tree, the Heavenly Rood, blossomed in the winter wind of Death.

It befell while Ailnoth developed his great powers under the stern monastic rule that a shrilling of trumpets and stamping of horses awoke ruined Roman road and rough Saxon highway, startling the tusked boar in the bracken, the beaver in its swampy hollow. For the stately Northern hero, the lover of goodness, whether in regular or secular, surrounded with coloured banners and linden-shielded hus-ceorls, rode into the unarmed townstead of a mightier King, bearing a glorious pall wrought of pearls and ruddy apples, with other gifts of jewels and beaten gold, to his royal brother asleep in quiet Avallon. And the keen judge of men and moulder of nations observed the Master of Novices among the Brotherhood, and, marking the grandeur of his head, secretly commended him unto the Abbat.

\* \* \* \* \*

With the death of Cnut, the kingdom of his anxious care fell away like a dream, and his fierce sons again revealed the savagery of the North. Seizing this time of unrest to increase the glory of their houses, the ealdormen of Northumbria, Mercia and Wessex began to rival the power of the king. The bishops openly purchased their sees and countenanced acts of violence in high places. Eadsige willingly crowned the sea-wolf, regardless of the claim of Saxon princes. Aelfric of York honoured the grim despoiler of the

dead, the murderer of Ely, that he might wrest from Lyfing the rich bishopric of Worcester. But soon the dark sway of the North was at an end. The brutal Hertha Cnut fell in a drinking bout at Lambeth, and Eadward, Wodin-descended through the line of Ceawlin and Cerdic, was annointed at Winchester. The island folk, however, did not go free-hearted long, for the fair overlord of Briton, Welsh and Scot wavered between ambitious Godwine and the crafty Robert of Jumièges. And foreign priests and the influence of Rome threatened the soul of the nation, centered not in the hearths and homes but in the ancient Church of Angleland.

During the evil days Alwardus died, and Ailnoth, already longing for a place in the Synods, succeeded him. No voice was raised in protest. All knew the strong simple saintly nature of the Prior. The cressets flared along the walls of the Eald Chapel, the tapers glimmered before the venerable shrines, as he walked with bared feet at the head of a solemn processional and ascended the steps to the altar. In the presence of kneeling monks, the Seamless Coat was placed upon his shoulders, the lofty Mitre on his brow, the Pastoral Crozier in his gloved hands, and the Sandals beneath his naked feet. Then, when the Ring had bound him to his Holy Bride, the Abbat fell on his knees before the empty throne, imploring the grace of his sweet Lord, the Chieftain of the Shining Tribes of Heaven.

## V

## PRELIMINARY NOTE.

*The date of this, the final script, is July 13th, 1922, and it runs to eighty-seven sheets of manuscript. It should have been given on the 4th July, but the second version of Part II appeared unexpectedly in its place.*

The years found Ailnoth no longer heart-free as the young Master of Novices, who sang God's praise in the brushwood ; or at peace, as the strong grave Prior, dwelling in quiet fellowship with the Chapter. Instead, he was become a care-ridden man, the lonely guardian of a great House, meting out fearless justice through his wide demesne. Already there were murmurers in the household. Lazy monks, lovers of red meat and Gaulish wine, lax in the performance of sacred tasks, decried the sternness of his rule ;

while the ambitious scholars, reeve-like, were dissatisfied that the Abbat had not obtained rich fiefs and new privileges. These held his simple austere ways in small esteem, cavilling that he should find so deep a pleasure in the marshy solitudes with earth's creatures and preaching to the cottsettlers in the outlaw's homely tongue. But Ailnoth, content to guard the Abbey lands against the covetous bishops, did not increase its wealth by the addition of a single grange. Many an arable acre was lent to the hideless ceorls; and the hard baily who would wrest churchscot from the needy, was checked by a threatening hand. Inside the cloister, all waste and soft living were done away that the schools and almonry might profit. And the head of the ancient monastery, surrounded by precious gossamers and a treasure of silver and gold, slept in a cell no better than those of the dormitory. There, on the straw of his narrow bed, the weary servant of the brotherhood spent troubled nights planning for their weal.

Rumours had come to him how the memory of the White Cyning kindled the race of Hrolf in Northman's land, as it once stirred the men of Deira and Bernicia. Norman knights made pilgrimages to the City of the Rood and the Cave that sheltered the Kingly Child. Stoneworkers sought Him with pinnacle and spire, quickened by Love. Their craftsmanship surpassed the little Minster set in a leafy garth, and they builded nobler Shrines, aisled like the lofty pine-woods, domed as the mysterious glimmering sky. Saxon bishops, returning from the Synod across the sea, spread the fame of the holy schools and the strictness of the orders vowed to a perpetual remembrance of the Glorious Life Deeds. And Ailnoth, loyal to his gentle Lord as any in the outlands, strove to make his monks Christ's folk; and, though kept by cares from the Eastern countries, he prayed to behold some object hallowed by the Passion.

Before the high feast days of Easter and Yuletide, armoured bands were seen riding over heath and hill on the way to the king's Witan. Burghers gathered in the streets of green London to gape at the huge ealdormen, who ravened on the woody shires of Britain, and the greedy church-thegns, the holders of powerful sees. Thither also rode the Abbat of Avallon, the sturdy champion of God's poor, lifted above dark intrigue or jealous quarrel, eager to speak for those

born in bondage and the wite-theow on whom had fallen a more hideous fate. The Laws of Ine and Aethelred failed to put an end to their misery, for in Siward's savage land beyond the Humber wretched thralls were yoked to the ploughteam, and the luckless esne throughout the realm was sold or willed away with the cattle of the farmstead. Now the weak and kindly Eadward, moved by the saintly man, knew that his words were sooth. Yet the times were so cold, and the Gemot so torn by treachery, that the royal edict won scant support; and Ailnoth, saddened by the wolfish indifference of men, turned to labour among the people, persuading the thegns to part with strips of tillage and to make their slaves folk-free at the high altar. Thus his name was beloved in the island kingdom.

But soon there befell a greater misfortune than had ever smitten the Saxons. Since the Eaorl of Wessex sate on Cerdic's throne, a baneful star wandered flaming across the heavens. William had hewn his war wood in the forests of Normandy and waited the will of the wind. Orkney jarls and wild sea-riders rallied Tosty on the northern river. Farm beasts went unfolded and the song of the scythe was still, as shepherd and cowman swelled the ranks of the fighting fyrd. Nevertheless, those who drank Christ's health from polished horns after the confusion of the vikings were to tremble at the fires of Michaelmas Eve. Bold with battle-fury, Harold, attended by his faithful hus-ceorls, rode out from London to meet his death on the Red Hill of Mighty Deeds. Not long after, Ailnoth, who had seen an undefeated nation perish in that October sunset, earned the displeasure of the terrible Hunter, and sailed away from the ravaged shore of Angleland.

Tower and bastion loomed against the British sky, the heads of the Western tribes hung from the city battlements, when the exile, faring forth from Bec on the homeways, looked once more upon the sunlit waters of the fen. With tears the Brethren received his kiss of peace: there were no murmurers now. But it seemed to Ailnoth, as he took up his accustomed burden, that his soul was tarrying in a guest-room—the wisdom of books, the noisy affairs of men were far away. Longtime and often he thought on the dream of his childhood and prayed for a deeper vision into the Mystery of Love,

One night, recalling the words of the witch-maid, he passed from the cloister garden to the fragrant shadow of the wood. Although it was a dark midnight with no moon, the forest was agleam and full of a joyous stir. Fending toward the radiance on treacherous paths of swamp and sedge, the Abbat became aware that a most sweet music mingled with the song of earth's nightingales; and as the way brightened, he saw a Hostel whose doors were opened wide. Within, twelve sate at table. But he beheld only the Face of One Who arose to welcome him.

\* \* \* \* \*

The monks of Glastonbury did record that one evening on the edge of Michaelmas, the king and his warriors seized and spirited away their Abbat. Others that gave heed to the harpers who sang the ghostly legends of another day, knew that Ailnoth had met with the Chieftain of a fairer host upon the lonely marshes of Avallon.

THE END.

NOTES AND CHRONICLE ADDED IN SCRIPT OBTAINED ON  
JULY 15TH, 1922, AFTER THE RECEIPT OF PARTS IV AND V.

*The notes begin with five quotations from the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," and all are given in English, as follow:—*

" 'THE CHRONICLE.' The first mention of Ailnoth in the year ten hundred fifty-three and Egelnoth succeeded to the Abbey.

" 'OF THE STAR. Ten hundred sixty-six. ' Then over all England such a token was seen in the heavens as no man ever saw. Some called it "Cometa"—the star which men call the haired star.'

" 'OF THE BANISHMENT. " Then went during Lent over sea to Normandy and took with him Stigand the Archbishop, and Egelnoth Abbat of Glastonbury and Child Edgar and Edwin the Earl and Morkar the Earl and Waltheof the Earl with other good men of England.'

" 'LANFRANC. In the year ten hundred seventy. ' And in this year Lanfrance the Abbat of Caen came to England, and after a few days was made Archbishop of Canterbury.'

" 'The last mention of AILNOTH. ' In his eighth year a council was held in London in which Lanfrance deposed Ailnoth, Abbat of Glastonbury.' And for the first time his name is spelled AILNOTH."

## THE NOTES.

“ While the religion of England was stifling, and the three great Ealdormen, Siward, Leofric and Godwin grasped her shires from the once free ceorls, Normandy was undergoing a change. The Northmen, swayed by Christianity, underwent a revival of religion expressed through cathedrals, pilgrimages and songs. The death of Aelward and the succession of Harold did not mend matters. None of the House of Godwin cared for the Church; Waltham, the gift of Harold, being a secular College. And the new king, lacking the genius of his father—the father of the land—failed through selfish aims and want of foresight. Ailnoth knew that such a nature could not rebuild Engleland.”

“ The Christianity introduced by AIDAN did much for the slaves. INE passed laws and AELFRED had the Bishops free their slaves upon their deaths. AETHELRED forbade Christian slaves to be sold in Pagan lands. INE forbade the father sell his child without the child’s consent. This did much, but not enough. Northumbria, far from King and Witan, performed merciless acts upon the wretched men. The wite-theow was a ceorl penalized as a slave.

“ Folk-free meant ‘entirely free’—an act performed before the altar.

“ Church tythes were given with the young at Whitsuntide, and the first-fruits after Lammas; also ‘soulscoth’ at grave, and divers small tythes.”

## VERIFICATIONS FROM THE “ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE.”

1053. D. “ *Aegelward abbud on Glaestinga byrig gefor.*”  
 1066. “ *Mai. Da weard geond eall Engla land swlc tacen on Heofenum gesewen swilce nan man aer ne ge seah. Sume men cwedon hit cometa se steorra waere.*”  
 1066. D. “ *For ha on ham lengtene ofer sea to Normandige, nam mid him Stigand arceb., Aegelnad abb. on Glaestinga, Eadgar child, Eadwin eorl, Morkere eorl, Waltheof eorl, manege odre men of Engla land.*”  
 1070. “ *Her Landfranc se was abb an Kadun com to Aengla lande, se efter feawum dagum weard arcb. on Kantwareberig.*”  
 1077. (*Appendix B in Latin.*) “ *Octauo anno concilium Londonie celebrauit Ailnodum Glastingensis coenobii abbatem, deposuit.*”

Malmsbury says that Thurstan was appointed abbot in 1082. There is an apparent gap of five years. Was this another of those periods during which no abbot ruled? Or was Ailnoth still abbot until 1082? This we have yet to discover.

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APPENDIX TO AILNOTH OF GLASTON.

II.

(*First Version.*)

*June 13, 1922, mid-afternoon.*

On the morn before Michaelmas Day, a warm sun burnished the war harness of the ceorls and the huge axes of the clumsy boors that followed Ceawdrin through the King's burh. Perilous was the path of the traveller in that time of loosened passions. Robbers lurked in the hollows of lonely roadways, the red shields of the Northern tribes rose like a moon of tempests on the rim of the hill, and ghostlier foes than wolves or wild boars haunted the deep of the forest. Moreover, Ailnoth, young to the greenwood, rode at his father's side clad in a green tunic girdled with shining plaques.

The fire was cold on the village forge, no cheery tapping issued from the door of the cobbler, and a dawn-mist folded the dreaming glebelands. Only God's churls were at worship, and from the thatched huts on the fringe of the manor cottars led their ox-teams toward the third meadow to sow the winter seed. No wain was visible upon the highway, but wood-fowl stirred in the underbrush, and far down the wind came the sound of an uncouth clamour—the bellowing of goaded beasts, the rumble of heavy wheels on their way to the cattle-buying.

Suddenly a clear horn tore the veil of silence. The fir walls rocked, and a hart plunged from the ferny tangle. Swift as their own arrows rushed the hunters. The leader, halting as he saw the Gerefa, saluted hurriedly and disappeared in the echoing groves. Nor did they meet with aught save a solitary fox until noon stood above the branchy beeches and a ridge of flame moved on the hill-slope. As fire in a summer cloud, a thousand lances darted out of the leafage. The dales rang with the songs of Saxons. The earth trembled with the tread of fighting thegns, the heroes of former days.

The gray Ealdorman in their midst, worn by the waves of many battles, greeting the High Reeve spake dark words concerning the fate of the outlands and the grievous toll demanded by the riders of the sea ; and the twain parted, each rejoicing that the eve of summer should no longer see the dragon-galleys of Sweyne and Cnut harass the British coasts.

The men of Bath wound slowly down an island valley, rich in fruited orchards and mild water-meads. The rugged head of the torr of mysteries brooded against a gentle sky, and the voice of a bell stole through the green shadows. Quietly they rode into Christ's great tun, mingling with the monks that laboured in wood or by weir, in garden or ploughland. Mighty among the trees stood the Holy Houses—one, long and well-timbered with woody pillars ; the other, towered against treachery, builded with low massy arches and square stones widely spaced, its little windows holding the sunset in their coloured centers. And after the Altar-Thegn Brithwinus, Bishop of Bath, lord of the twelve hides, the parks and the manors had made the pilgrims welcome in the guest room, they entered the ancient Church of Ine.

Now on that eve of Michaelmas Day, as Ailnoth lay by his father in a narrow cell, he again beheld the golden chapel, the lofty images, the gleam of precious stones, the vestments woven of shimmering thread. But all vanished like the smoke of shaken thuribles, and in their stead stood the wattled hut of a swineherd. An aged man knelt on the rush-strown tressles, a burning chalice in his hands. The crimson radiance streamed through his frail fingers, while high thin far-off voices chanted a plain song. Then a hush fell as when the Housel is hallowed, the vision faded, and Ailnoth slept dreamlessly until the dawn.

# The Vision of The Holy Grail



Vol. V of the Glastonbury Scripts  
Metrical Version

BY  
F. BLIGH BOND.



*Inscribed to*  
**M.L.S.,**  
*by whose aid this publication is effected.*

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# The Vision of the Holy Grail.

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## PREFACE.

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The HOLY GRAIL is usually supposed to be the Cup from which our Lord gave His disciples to drink at the Last Supper; but there is another tradition, namely, that it was the Cup which was used to catch the sacred Blood which flowed from His side when on the Cross. The legend is handed down to us in the literature of Romance, and has no definite place in Christian tradition.

Some writers, says Jessie Weston, have maintained that the Grail Legend is fundamentally Christian; but she, in her book "From Ritual to Romance," p. 2, affirms that there is no Christian legend connecting Joseph of Arimathea with the Grail. This connection she believes to be the creation of Romance, and no genuine tradition. Certain it is that the Grail legend has been entirely ignored by the Church. This seems to point to a pre-Christian or non-Christian origin for the legend of the Grail, and to students of Grail literature the large admixture of pagan elements in the story is sufficiently obvious.

Not so, however, with regard to the SANGREAL legend, that of the Holy Blood. Here Miss Weston (op. cit. p. 151) says:

"We must emphasize the fact that the original Joseph-Glastonbury story is a 'Saint-Sang,' and not a Grail legend. A phial containing the Blood of Our Lord was said to have been buried in the tomb of Joseph . . . and the Abbey never laid claim to the possession of the Vessel of the Last Supper. Had it done so, it would certainly have become a noted centre of pilgrimage. The Abbey of Fécamp also had its 'Saint-Sang' legend, parallel to that of Glastonbury."

She thinks that this Abbey developed its genuine "Saint-Sang" legend into a Grail Romance, and that is quite likely. The prevalence of tradition concerning the bringing of the Blood of Christ by Joseph of Arimathea to Glastonbury is on all hands admitted. The exact form in which it was preserved in the monastery is this: that Joseph brought with him two phials or cruets, one containing the Blood, the other the Sweat, of Christ.

Anyone who will can see to-day these phials carved in stone on each side of the Rood on the north side of the church of Saint Benignus, or delineated in the XVIth century glass in the south side of the chancel of Saint John's Church in Glastonbury. Here they appear on a shield, the field of which is diapered with little "gouttes" symbolic of the Holy Blood and Sweat. Over the shield the Rosa Mystica hangs pendent, its five petals bespeaking the Five Wounds of Christ.

Some of the old romance writings concerning the Grail represent this as a Stone "Lapis Coeli," and not a Cup. But all these legends are greatly confused. They introduce other mystical emblems. But we constantly find certain symbolic accompaniments which students must note. One of these is the number XII, recognised as a cosmic symbol in the XII Signs of the Zodiac, or astrological Houses, and reflected in the number of the Tribes of Israel, the XII Apostles, the XII Companions of Joseph of Arimathea, and the XII places at the Round Table of Arthur the King. We find the same number again in the XII attendant virgins who, in the legend, are bearers of the Grail. Again, at Glastonbury, the same sacred number is perpetuated in the Company of the Hermits who dwelt there under Patrick, or whose names were commemorated in the Epistle of the Legation of Patrick, the Anglo-Norman text of which has recently been discovered at Glastonbury.

But when we come to examine the possible causes for the confusion that has taken place between the legend of the Holy Blood and that of the Cup, it becomes manifest that an etymological reason exists. In some old writings the Holy Cup is called "San Greal" or "Sanct Graal." It is easy to see that the words SANGREAL, meaning "Blood Royal," i.e., Blood of the Lord, when written, as they were, "SANGREAL" might be interpreted by monkish transcribers as "SANGREAL," that is, "Holy Grail." The tradition in the early Church was that Joseph of Arimathea used a cup (thought to be the Cup of the Last Supper) to catch the Blood that flowed from the Saviour's wounds. This links with the Glastonbury legend of his bringing the Blood to this place, and so far we are on acknowledged grounds of true Christian tradition.

It is not, however, till the eighth century that the idea of the Holy Grail as connected with the legend of St. Joseph begins to be current. This occurs in a statement to be found in Helinand's Chronicle, under date 720 A.D., as follows:—

"At this time a certain marvellous vision was revealed to a hermit in Britain concerning Saint Joseph the Decurion,

III.

And lo! from out the shaft of light, a Hand  
Was stretched to me. I trembled, and was  
feared

To touch the Hand; but closer yet it came  
And when at last the fingers of the Hand  
Touched my cold fingers, it was as a coal  
Of living fire. I rose from off my bed  
And forward guided by that fiery touch  
Obediently I followed on my feet  
Out of the door; down the long winding stair,  
Until the Chapel door at last I reached.

IV.

And now into the Chapel was I led  
Until at last I stood beneath the Cross.  
Suddenly feared was I: aloud I cried,  
But lo! the Voice made answer to my cry:—  
“Fear not, Mathias, all is well with thee;  
“But raise thine eyes, thy Saviour to behold.”

V.

And lo! before mine eyes I saw a Cup  
Of shining gold: large as a man it was,  
And in the Cup stood He Whose sacred blood  
Upon the Tree was spilt: His face most sweet,  
Fair as a child's, and sad beyond compare.  
He gazed into my eyes. I raised my head  
And looking at His Hand, I there beheld  
A Stone: a precious Gem of beauty rare;  
And unto me these words my Saviour said.

VI.

“List ye, Mathias, I thy Lord am come  
To bid ye journey far across the seas,  
Away from this fair isle, unto the land

Of Anglia, for there this precious Stone  
Shall ye discover, in that Holy Place  
Where, in the bosom of the Father's robe,  
She lieth hid, and hath been so preserved  
From ancient times: this Stone I bid ye seek,  
For lo! she is My very Blood and Sweat  
That from Me fell in My great Agony."

VII.

"When ye are come unto that Holy Place,  
Seek ye the Abbot, and to him commit  
My words: that in the fulness of the days  
A time is set, wherein a Golden Cup  
Shall carven be, and in her bowl be set  
The Sacred Stone, that so she may be seen  
With the intent that she shall minister  
And give forth healing to the sore and sick.  
Note ye the pattern of this golden cup  
Wherein I stand: carve ye that lesser one  
In her true likeness, and upon her face  
Make ye a picture of My Agony  
Upon the Tree; and on the further side  
Make ye the Rood, to shew My Gospels Four,  
And in her central hollow lay the Stone."

VIII.

"Years will pass by, and many seasons come  
Before she shall within this cup be set:  
But this the Sign that I shall give to ye  
When in the Cup this Jewel shall be fixed.  
A Mark will I make plain upon a man  
Of holy mind; one without guile or sin.  
Upon his feet, upon his hands and side  
Shall I mark holes, the which shall signify  
Those wounds the which upon the Tree did bleed:  
So shall ye know that now the time is come  
For setting of the Stone within the Cup."

## IX.

After that Vision bright no sleep had I,  
For at the cross's foot I straight did fall.  
And when the dawn into the chapel crept,  
I rose, and hied me back into my cell  
Once more. The holy Patrick heard my tale,  
And taking pen, he wrote my vision down  
On parchment fair, for eyes of men to see.  
And then he gave to me the kiss of Peace  
And bade me unto Glaston journey forth  
And there unto the Abbot tell my tale.

## X.

So o'er the seas and unto Britain's isle  
Came I at length, and journeyed on until  
The Church of Joseph stood before mine eye.  
There rested I and told my tale to all.  
But, mark ye well; no Brother in that House  
Had sign or symbol of those blessed holes  
That in Christ's Body left their bloody mark:  
Yet was it written that no Cup should be  
Until on one those Wounds of Christ were shewn.  
Thus was the written word the only sign  
Of that most lovely promise of the Grail  
To Glaston's house, until that far-off day  
When to a brother should those signs be given.

## Brother Petrus tells his Tale.

XI.

I, Petrus, was right ready with the pen.  
In our scriptorium I loved to sit  
And blazon in our holy missal-books.  
Right cheerful was I when at eventide  
I wrote the sacred words, and blazoned them  
With images arising in my mind.

XII.

Now unto me it came that, on a day  
When in the Chapel, bending on my knees  
I prayed, that, looking up, I saw a light  
As of the sun at even, which did fill  
The chapel, and within the light there stood  
He whose sweet face brings peace to all the world.

XIII.

“Petrus,” quoth He, “I give to thee the care  
“Of that most precious Stone the which doth rest  
“Within this House: this shall a token be  
“That I have chosen ye my messenger.  
“Forth to the world My gospel shall ye send;  
“And as the witness of My Will in this,  
“A holy Symbol shall to thee be given  
“So shall the hearts of savage men be tamed  
“By a great Miracle in Glaston wrought.

XIV.

“Fear ye not, Petrus, to your Father go:  
“For with him in the Spirit have I striven  
“So that in faith he shall accept thy tale,  
“And to thy hands he will commit the Stone  
“And cause a holy Chalice to be wrought  
“Wherein she may be set, that, shining there,

“ Her Virtue may be manifest to all  
“ That on her look. Take thou the Stone, My  
    Blood,  
“ And in the centre of a carven Rood  
“ Set her, and lay her in a secret place  
“ Behind the altar: keep her there with care  
“ And, on the solemn feast-days let the Cup  
“ Be raised aloft that all men may her see.”

XV.

I, Petrus, bent my head unto the ground  
Hiding my face in awe and wonderment;  
Then to the Abbot hied I in hot haste.  
To him I told my tale, who, marvelling  
At this my vision, did, with mind prepared,  
Study the parchment by Saint Patrick writ  
And fall to prayer. Full earnestly he gazed  
Upon me, then he lifted up his voice  
In praise to God for that the time was come  
When in a humble Brother of the house  
The promised tokens should be manifest.

XVI.

Naught knew I of the nature of the Sign  
That by the Spirit should in me be wrought;  
Yet I believed a miracle should be.  
And now my Father called unto him  
A learned Brother, skilful in the arts,  
To whom the antique draft he did submit  
That held the characters of that design  
That was in vision to Mathias shewn  
In the far distant days of Patrick's rule  
At Holy Rood in Eirenn's holy isle.

XVII.

Now I in metal had not learnt to carve.  
So, while the golden Cup was fashionèd,  
I sat beside, and waited for that time  
When to my hands the Treasure should be given.  
Thus, day by day, the Cup was perfected  
And, as her beauty grew, so grew my joy.  
But ye shall hear the tale of her design  
And of the Holy Symbols that she bore.

XVIII.

The Holy Cup was large: it could contain  
A measure equal to a bowl of wine.  
Burnished her face, and all of molten gold  
Was made, from moneys that had long been stored.  
Round was the bowl; yea, round as any pearl;  
Slender the stem and long; and at her foot  
A heavy plate was laid for steadying.

XIX.

Now on the forefront of the bowl was carved  
The Agony of our most Blessed Lord.  
The Cross on which He hung: right simply this  
Was carven, yet with most consummate art:  
For on the Saviour's face a smile was seen:  
No downcast look—His eyes up-turned to Heaven  
Shewing the Joy that conquered agony.

XX.

A Rood was carven on the further side—  
A Rood: no other ornament beside.  
Yet was this rood a work of beauty rare  
And great enough to fill up all the space  
From lip to stem: and, at the very heart  
A place was kept for that most precious Gem  
Of which ye wot: a heavy ring was wrought  
To hold the sacred Treasure in her place.

XXI.

Equal the four arms from the centre spread  
And each one at her end a jewel held  
Firm in the head, and these did signify  
The Four Evangelists; so mark ye well  
The colour of these stones. The first of these;  
He at the head, a Persian ruby was,  
Which, shewing forth the colour of the rose,  
John the Divine of Mystery portrayed.

XXII.

Next, at the foot, a purple amethyst  
Marcus the Scribe did truly symbolize---  
The Rod of Learning and Authority.  
With pink and yellow stones the arms were  
decked  
Symbols of sun at morn and setting-time  
And these for Luke and for Mathias stood.  
Last, in the centre, was the Holy Stone  
That was the Blood and Sweat of Christ congealed.

XXIII.

And all the space between the arms was filled  
With carven gold, wrought with entwined snakes  
Coil within coil, and plaited cunningly  
And with such curious art that none could find  
The head within their coil. Now, one thing more  
Must I narrate, for underneath the foot  
Were certain words writ in the Roman tongue;  
But what their meaning was I cannot tell.

XXIV.

Now while the Cup was being perfected,  
My silent heart did cry unto the Lord  
To give me strength that I might hold and keep  
The Treasure of our land of Anglia:

That in His service I might never fail  
But in fidelity my Trust fulfil.  
Sore was I: sad in mind and joyful both:  
I could not rest: I might not eat nor sleep  
Possessed with that most joyful agony.

XXV.

And when at last the Cup was fashionèd  
And in the centre of the Holy Rood  
Was laid the Stone, weary was I and faint.  
Upon my feet I scarce could stand upright.  
My brethren James and Joseph lifted me  
And bare me to the chapel in their arms.  
There in my hand my Father placed the Stone.

XXVI.

And, as it touched me, lo! to outward things  
Was I a moment lost; of sense bereft,  
Yet inly conscious; and within my heart  
As in a tomb, unto the Lord I cried;  
And lo! again was I a living man  
And thro' my body shot a piercing pain.

XXVII.

The Stone had pierced my hands, my feet, my  
side,  
And on my brow had left a bleeding mark.  
So cried the brethren all "God's Mercy! See!  
The Wounds of Christ upon a living man!"

XXVIII.

With bloody hands I laid into her place  
The Stone: the golden Cup was washed with blood  
When high I held her to the eyes of all.  
The brethren, with my Father, gathered there:

With long and solemn rite we laid the Cup  
Within the altar shrine, a holy place  
And secret. Meet it was the Cup should rest  
In such a house. I, Petrus, had in charge  
The holy Vessel.

XXIX.

Never from my hands,  
My feet, my side, did vanish those sweet wounds,  
Nor did they heal: full feeble I became,  
And weary oft; and never more did use  
The pen for blazoning. One task alone  
Was by the High Lord Abbot set for me;  
And this it was: To shield the Cup, and pray.

XXX.

Now, in those days, before the savage hordes  
Did border on us, were my days in peace  
And service spent: for I was young, and all  
My days of vigour and of youth were given  
Unto the service of the Lord Most High.  
But after this there came a dreadful time.

XXXI.

Ye know how savage men upon us fell  
And how they spoiled our house. Afear'd was I  
Not for my body, but the Holy Cup  
And those sweet wounds of mine; and so I hid  
In secret crypt below the Altar High  
Holding the Holy Vessel in my arms:  
And never did I in those days of fear  
Let man put hand thereon: so was it saved  
From all defilement. Many a weary day  
Had I lain hidden in that secret crypt  
While dreadful men did run about our House.  
Yet all our treasures had been safe bestowed.

XXXII.

Upon a certain day, as wearily  
I sat and closely held the precious Cup,  
A Voice crièd "Petrus, to the Chapel go;  
"There kneel, and hear thy Lord declare His Will  
"For He shall tell thee where the precious Blood  
"Shall be bestowed." I clambered from the pit,  
And hied me to the Chapel, where I knelt,  
Kissing the foot of the most Holy Cross,  
And prayed that I the knowledge might receive.

XXXIII.

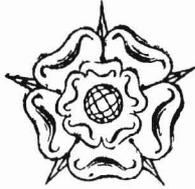
Before mine eyes a picture there arose  
As of a narrow chamber, secret, dark,  
Within the ground. Then spake the Voice to me  
From out the Cross: "The chamber that ye see  
"Must builded be full deep within the earth  
"To house My cup. Deep let her rest, and there  
"For many a year a-sleeping shall she lie.  
"Full many winter rains and snows shall fall  
"Upon her bed, and little flowers shall bloom  
"When summer comes, to deck her resting-place.  
"And hark ye, there shall come at last a day  
"When by the hand of one of perfect faith  
"And pure and simple mind, the Stone once more  
"Shall be revealed unto the eyes of men."



6

# The Rose Miraculous

The Story of the Sangreal



No. VI. OF THE GLASTONBURY SCRIPTS.

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INSCRIBED TO  
A. G.  
BY WHOSE AID THIS PUBLICATION IS EFFECTED.

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## PREFACE TO THE METRICAL VERSION.

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The story of the coming of Joseph of Arimathea to Britain bringing with him the Blood of Christ, and of his founding of the first Christian Church at Glaston is a most ancient and venerated tradition, securely established. In the monastery, the story told was that Joseph brought with him the Blood and Sweat of our Lord in two little silver vessels, and that these were buried with him in the consecrated ground. The mystery of the Sangreal and its spiritual truths underlie all the legends of the Holy Grail in its Christian form.

The story here presented is found for the first time as a consecutive and coherent narrative in the script received through the hand of H. T. S., a lady well known as a very perfect channel for these involuntary writings. The script was received in my presence and was obtained at a uniform rate of some 2,200 words per hour. The substance of the narrative was unknown to her and equally unfamiliar to myself, since neither of us had been students of this branch of Glastonbury lore or of the Romance writings of the early mediæval period.

No claim is made for the authenticity of the story here given. It is submitted as literature, and the judgment of a literary critic is asked for on its intrinsic character alone. It has been greatly condensed, and emphasis given to the essential features of the story, but in faithful adherence to the original. The final verdict to be passed upon such a story will depend upon the extent to which scholarly analysis can prove its accordance with what is most fundamental in the great cycle of "Grail" literature, and what is most probable historically in the traditions of the Mission of Joseph. I have put it into metrical form, as this was originally suggested by the rhythmic flow of the original prose, which in some passages actually falls into pentameters.

FREDERICK BLIGH BOND,

London, October, 1924.

# The Story of the Sangreal.

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## PART I.

*Relating how Josephus preserved the Blood of Christ  
and carried it with him in his bosom  
to Aix in Provence.*

### I.

When that Our Lord upon that Tree did hang,  
And from His side, the sacred Stream did pour;  
JOSEPHUS, he that gave His Body rest  
In 'his own tomb, did from that Body take  
Within a cup of wood, that stream of Blood:  
And, with it mingled, was the Sweat that ran  
Down from the Christ in His great Agony.

### II.

With this most precious Stream the Cup was filled.  
Josephus sealed it safely, and with care  
Within a Shrine of silver and of gold  
Placed he that Cup of wood that did contain  
The Holiest of all Relics of the Lord.  
This by a cunning worker carven was  
With pictures of the Miracles of Christ;  
The Loaves and Fishes, that the people fed;  
The Turning of the Water into Wine;  
The Raising from the Tomb of Lazarus;  
Symbols of Spirit's threefold dominance  
O'er Substance; giving Increase, Change, and Life.

### III.

JOSEPH the shrine within his chamber set;  
And, of an evening, would he enter in  
Unseen by any, and upon his knees  
Would offer prayer and thanks before the Shrine,  
Opening her gates to view the treasured Cup.  
But, on a day when he had come to pray,  
And with full reverence, had unlocked her gates  
And looked within, a Wonder met his eyes.

IV.

For, from her treasure-house inviolate  
The Cup had vanished, and a Stone lay there;  
A limpid stone, like to a beryl pale;  
And thro' her heart there ran a ruddy streak.  
Now Joseph, wondering how thieves had come  
Into his chamber, ready made to cry  
About the house, when unto him a Voice  
There came, which said:—

V.

“ JOSEPHUS, HAVE NO FEAR  
“ NOR BE YE TROUBLED: 'TIS THY LORD THAT SPEAKS  
“ THIS STONE THOU SEEST IS MY BLOOD AND SWEAT  
“ TURNED INTO STONE, THAT SO IT SHALL ABIDE  
“ UNTO ALL TIMES, A TOKEN UNTO MAN  
“ OF MY GREAT AGONY: AND SHALL IT BE  
“ A SIGN THAT WILL GIVE FAITH UNTO THE WORLD  
“ AT TIMES WHEN FAITH HAS ALMOST PERISHED.”

VI.

Thus was the soul of Joseph comforted,  
For, though the simple cup of cedarwood  
Had vanished, yet his Treasure still remained  
Imperishable to the ends of Time:  
And a great joy and thankfulness were his.  
Yet, greater was his joy and wonderment  
When, as he knelt and prayed before the Stone,  
There shone within her heart a rosy fire  
That quickened ever to a mighty glow.

VII.

And, all around, there breathed a Perfume rare  
Fragrant of spices, and of precious balm  
And sweetest savour of the Rose in June.  
Then spake again to him the Voice of Christ  
Saying:—“ JOSEPHUS, SERVANT OF THE LORD,  
“ TAKE THOU THIS STONE THAT IS MY VERY BLOOD  
“ AND SWEAT THAT FELL IN MY GREAT AGONY:  
“ HOLD THOU THIS STONE, AND BE FOR EVER STRONG  
“ IN FAITH, FOR THUS WILL MUCH BE WORKED BY THEE.

VIII.

“ WITH THIS GO FORTH AND CONQUER FOR THE FAITH,  
“ FOR LO! THIS JEWEL AS A SWORD SHALL BE  
“ WITHIN THY HAND—THE WHICH CAN NEVER STRIKE  
“ AS WEAPON OF OFFENCE TO HURT OR WOUND,  
“ BUT HEAL THE SICK AND THEM THAT SUFFER WRONG,  
“ AND RECONCILE ITS DOERS UNTO GOOD.”

IX.

“ AND FOR THIS COSTLY HOUSE THAT THOU HAST BUILT  
“ FOR THIS MY BLOOD, THIS SHALT THOU SELL AND TAKE  
“ THE GOLD THAT THOU RECEIVEST AND GO FORTH  
“ UNTO A PLACE I HAVE APPOINTED THEE  
“ FAR OFF, WHERETO THY FOOTSTEPS SHALL BE LED  
“ THERE SHALT THOU REAR ANEW, TO HOUSE THIS STONE,  
“ A SHRINE WHICH NEVER SHALL OF GOLD BE BUILT,  
“ NOR YET OF SILVER METAL, BUT OF FAITH.  
“ SO SHALL IT NOT BE SUBJECT TO DECAY,  
“ BUT, BEING BUILT OF FAITH, SHALL AYE ENDURE.”

X.

Many a prayer JOSEPHUS offered up,  
Asking that guidance might be given him  
As to that Land where he should build this Shrine;  
And always did the self-same answer come:—  
“ MY TEMPLE IN A COUNTRY SHALL BE REARED  
“ WHERE BLOOD-STREAMS FROM THE INNOCENT DO FLOW  
“ AS DOTHS THE JORDAN'S STREAM THRO' JUDAH'S LAND.”  
No more:—so must Josephus seek a land  
Where cruel heathen usage should prevail,  
Claiming a heavy toll in human blood.

XI.

Now Joseph, after that his shrine was sold,  
Did wrap that sacred Stone within a cloth  
And bear it in the bosom of his robe.  
And ever since that Miracle, his zeal  
Was much enkindled in his Master's cause;  
So that he preached the Gospel openly  
And with much fervour, in the market-place.

XII.

Now, at this time, the priesthood were alarmed  
To find this teaching had not died with Christ;  
For its adherents grew and multiplied.  
Thus gave they letters from the Synagogue  
To agents bid to persecute the Church;  
And Joseph, deemed by them a dangerous man,  
Was stripped of his possessions and was cast  
Into a prison cell; there to remain  
For well-nigh half a year, until his friends  
Counselled with men in high authority  
To set him free: to which they gave consent  
On one condition:—that he leave the land  
And never more return:

### XIII.

And, since his mind  
On a far journey was already bent,  
He was made free to travel where he would,  
And gather such possessions as were his  
Finding a guardian for his infant son  
With brethren who to Gaul were journeying.  
For now the Church had fall'n on evil days  
And those that held the Faith were scattered far  
To distant lands to find a resting-place  
Where they might preach the Gospel of the Christ  
To those by cruel heathen faiths oppressed.

### XIV.

So Joseph made him ready to depart;  
Bartered his goods and settled his affairs;  
Full joyful he, that now the time was come  
When he might bring the Word to heathen lands.  
Some jewels he secured within his robe.  
But that MOST PRECIOUS JEWEL of them all  
Was tied within a cloth, and held secure  
From misadventure or from robbery.  
Well that Josephus to another's hand  
His more material treasure did confide:  
For nigh unto the shore of Cyprus' isle  
His boat was wrecked, and he, half drowning, saved  
By the prompt hand of some poor fisherman.

### XV.

Now by another vessel journeyed he  
To the Cyrenian coast, and thence to Crete;  
And onwards, past the isle of Sicily  
Unto a towered harbour on the coast  
Nigh to Massilia's city; where he found  
Lazarus, he whom Jesus from the tomb  
Had raised; with Mary, she whom Jesus loved  
And who His feet anointed with the balm.

### XVI.

Here too was Sarah, sister of the one  
Whom ye call Peter. To the Faith she came  
After that Christ had died upon the Cross  
And here, Josephus found again his boy;  
With him a faithful Nubian serving-man  
Who to his household long had been attached,  
Nor would from young Josephes parted be;  
So dearly did he love his infant charge.

XVII.

And now Josephus made the town of Aix  
The head and centre of his mission work,  
And here became the Father of the band  
That, to a people partly civilized  
By Roman culture—in an earlier day  
When Rome was stronger—brought the light of Christ.

XVIII.

This was a generous and kindly folk  
Who, since the Roman order was withdrawn,  
Were slipping back into barbarian ways  
And relics of a bloody primal faith  
That yet had grown less stern with lapse of time.  
And thus their mind was lent to Christian love  
With greater ease, for that the seeds of Love  
And Brotherhood in them had taken root.  
Hence did the mission flourish in Provence  
And spread from thence throughout the land of Gaul.

XIX.

Now Joseph travelled much from place to place,  
And, as he journeyed thro' the countryside,  
Heard he the rumour of a holy man  
Who healed the people and did miracles:  
Neither a Roman nor a Druid he;  
Or so they said; and Joseph fain would know.

XX.

And thus, one day, upon a river bank  
Saw he this man, amid a multitude,  
Administering the baptismal Rite  
As John had done within the wilderness;  
And this was Philip of the Holy Twelve;  
One that had been a carpenter by trade,  
And a most true disciple of the Lord.  
Now at this meeting both were filled with joy.  
And with him Joseph many days did dwell.

XXI.

But of a second PHILIP we would speak;  
He whom the Churchmen call "Evangelist"  
This, a young man of Grecian parentage  
Son of a lawyer in Jerusalem  
Who unto Jesus' teachings had been drawn—  
Though not a close disciple of the Christ—

But who, thro' love of all things beautiful  
Became a bondsman of that Higher Love,  
Ev'n of the Spirit that doth lie within  
All that hath Beauty: so he followed Christ.

XXII.

Now, when the Church was scattered, Philip went  
Into Samaria, where he did baptize  
And minister with apostolic power.  
Later, to Egypt went he; then to Greece;  
And afterwards to northern Africa;  
Then unto Spain awhile. But he was led  
To cross the mountain barrier into Gaul  
For Philip was obedient to a Voice  
That led him onward to a certain field  
Unknown to him, but ever to the North.

XXIII.

And thus to Joseph's mission did he come  
With an Egyptian convert, later known  
By his baptismal name, NATHANAEL.  
Now one Tobias, meeting him, did tell  
Of Christian fugitives from Judah's land  
That in the town of Aix assembled were  
And housed in a poor quarter of the town  
"And for all these," said he, "a home is found  
"By one rich man, the Father of the band."

XXIV.

And thus did Philip with Josephus meet  
For he it was who for the brethren cared  
So Philip took his place among the band  
And with Josephus did he tarry long  
Working among the toilers of the vines  
Upon the hills around; and here the Word  
Found ready echo in the hearts of those  
Who but an outworn heathen faith possessed.

XXV.

And so the time passed by, till, on a day,  
After the company had met for prayer  
Philip to Joseph for good counsel went.  
Right willingly the people did receive  
The Gospel message; yet, to Philip's mind,  
Somewhat too readily the harvest sprang,  
As from a seed, that on a shallow soil

Is sown and—quickly grown—as quickly dies.  
So minded he his Master's parable:  
And how the Word might take a deeper root  
And fix itself more firmly in the soil  
Unceasingly he pondered day by day.

XXVI.

So to Josephus he the question brought  
As to what sign or symbol might be found;  
What token, patent to the eye or mind,  
To hold the people in their new belief  
By impress on the sense or memory.  
For Philip knew that Joseph with him brought  
From Judah, certain pieces of that Tree  
On which the Lord did hang: and so he thought  
That, if those precious fragments in their midst  
Were set, this simple people, seeing them—  
Not worshipping—might well by these be moved  
To deeper love and worship for the Christ.

XXVII.

So Joseph shewed him pieces of that Tree  
The which to handle, Philip could not bear,  
But, on his knees, in awe and wonder sank  
Before that symbol of the Agony.  
But, as he knelt, Josephus set his hand  
On Philip's head, and whispered in his ear:  
"PHILIP, Another Treasure have I here!  
"A Treasure greater far; concealéd well  
"Within my robe: and lo! I shew it thee."

XXVIII.

As Joseph spake, so Philip turned his head  
And gazed into his Father's eyes, which glowed  
As with a fire, while, from his bosom out  
Drew he a linen napkin, knotted close.  
Josephus gently pulled the knots apart,  
And there, upon the cloth, did lie a Stone  
Like a pale beryl, of a pearly white;  
Yet not a beryl: for, within her heart  
Imbedded deep, a line of red was seen.

XXIX.

And Philip unto Joseph raised his eyes  
Asking him, wondering, what this Stone might be?  
"My Son," said Joseph, "List ye while I tell

“ The great and mystic wonder of this Stone.  
“ ’Tis the pure Blood of Christ our Lord Who hung  
“ Upon the Cross in His great Agony !  
“ For I did take, within a wooden Cup  
“ The sacred stream which from His side did flow:  
“ Thus, in that vessel, most securely sealed,  
“ Held I the Holiest Relic in the world.”

XXX.

And here, the Grecian mind of Philip spake  
Probing the tale with intellectual doubt.  
“ This be a Stone, and not the Blood of Christ ! ’  
Then to him Joseph: “ List ye well, my Son:  
“ Ye have a heart that is not ready yet  
“ As garden ground, to bear the Rose of Faith;  
“ Yet here I shew a marvel unto ye ! ”

XXXI.

“ I, in a shrine, that Cup of wood did place  
“ Concealed from all: and, when the evening came,  
“ Entered I in my chamber and gave prayer  
“ And thanks before the shrine, op’ning her gates.  
“ But lo! upon a day when I had come  
“ To pray, and when her doors were openéd  
“ The Cup had vanished, and this Stone lay there.”

XXXII.

“ And I, Josephus, marvelling how thieves  
“ Had come unto my chamber, ready made  
“ To cry about the house my woeful loss.  
“ But unto me there came a Voice, which spake:—  
“ THIS IS THE VERY BLOOD OF CHRIST THY LORD  
“ TURNED INTO STONE: THAT SO, IT MAY ABIDE  
“ AS SYMBOL UNTO MAN UNTO ALL TIME  
“ OF MY GREAT AGONY FOR MAN ENDURED  
“ UPON THE CROSS: THIS SHALL A TOKEN BE  
“ THAT SHALL GIVE FAITH AGAIN UNTO THE ,WORLD  
“ AT TIMES WHEN FAITH HATH ALMOST PERISHED.”

XXXIII.

So spake Josephus: Philip bowed his face  
Before the Wonder, and his heart was moved  
For the first time with that true inward Faith  
Which, for her counsel, doth not Reason seek.  
And thus, in him, the Miracle was wrought  
Which, to the doubting heart of Lazarus,  
Had brought conviction at an earlier day.

XXXIV.

Only to Philip and to Lazarus  
Had this great Treasure been by Joseph shewn;  
And this, they held a blessing most supreme:  
For, from the Stone, an Incense did exhale,  
Like to the scented breath of garden blooms  
Sighing good-night unto the Lord of Day:  
Odour of precious balm and costly spice,  
Filling the chamber with its redolence.

XXXV.

And, as the roseate Glow, and Fragrance rare  
Grew on the outward sense, so, in the heart  
Of Philip, bloomed the Very Rose of Faith;  
And he, a child of the Philosophies,  
Given to words, and weighing this and that,  
Now knew the marvel of a perfect Faith  
That answered every question of the Mind  
With the more perfect Knowledge of the Heart.

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PART II.

*The Call to Britain.*

Now for awhile shall Philip tell the tale  
For unto him the message first was brought  
That called Josephus unto Anglia.

XXXVI.

WELL MAY YE ASK, why, when we rested here  
So richly blest within this golden land  
Where many people listened to the Word  
And the faith strengthened, should we lay aside  
All this rich harvest, and begin again  
To sow the seed on rough unfertile soil  
In a cold island, girt about with seas,  
Where naught but hardship could our portion be?

XXXVII.

List ye to me, and I will tell the tale;  
And, for the first time, shall the truth be known  
How that the Words of our most blessed Christ  
Within your land were planted, and took root.

XXXVIII.

Joseph my Father, Lazarus, and I  
With all our company, right earnest were  
In furtherance of our mission in Provence;  
Having no other thought. And I had dreams  
Of a great church that should be founded there:  
Should spread her wings across the whole wide world.  
So, Brother, can ye know how firm we stood  
In this, the settled centre of our work.  
Yet shall I tell ye how our purpose shook,  
And how we wavered, and resolved to dare  
That which seemed dangerous; and, to some, unwise.

XXXIX.

It came about that, on a certain day,  
When in the vineyards I had tarried late  
Upon my ministry, that one there came  
Who said: "My Father did desire my speech  
"With one that to our mission had arrived  
"But could not speak our language." Joseph thought  
This stranger bore a message unto us  
Of some great import: yet was no one there  
Could find the words to make his meaning plain.

XL.

I, after that this messenger had gone,  
Lingered awhile: and then I turned to go  
Adown the hill, and toward the city gate:  
And lo! an omen: for, within my heart  
A silent Voice cried to those hills: "FAREWELL."  
And all my purpose,—all my golden dream—  
Was withered in my heart: and, in its stead,  
There came one new and stern that, like a thorn,  
Pierced through my mind, and wounded me so sore  
That all my joy was smitten to the dust.

XLI.

"THORN?" say I: "Nay! A Sword of severance  
That from my loved companions sundered me  
And, by some tie mysterious and new,  
Drew me afar, to regions yet unknown."

XLII.

Now, coming home, found I my Father there  
And, in the room, a man of aspect strange.  
Rugged was he, and wild: his garments made

From skins of beasts, and girt with little care;  
Whilst, on his head, the hairs did stand upright  
As stalks of corn. Vainly he strove to speak  
With gestures; and, when words at length did come,  
Forth from his tongue there poured a stream of sound  
Uncouth, and void of meaning to the ear.

XLIII.

Unto me, Philip, thus Josephus spake:—  
“ Surely this is a messenger of God!  
“ Coming, like John, that, in the wilderness  
“ Did of the Spirit and the Water give  
“ Baptismal rite. Must we not care for him  
“ So that, by gentleness, we may in time  
“ Learn from his lips those things he needs must say?”

XLIV.

We gave the stranger rest and nourishment,  
And, in the evening, when we knelt to prayer,  
Came he with me and, falling on his knees  
Lowly he bent his forehead on the ground.  
And, as the days passed by, Nathanael  
Had him in charge, and gave to him the name  
JOHANNES, which he answered, as a dog  
Answ'reth his master's call: and so, in time,  
Nathanael gave him words wherewith to speak;  
And thus, at length, we knew his tragic tale.

XLV.

We learned that he had come across the seas,  
Fleeing in horror from the savage rites  
That stained the ancient faith of Britain's Isle.  
For lo! her faith was not the faith of Gaul;  
But one that claimed a sacrifice of blood  
From ev'ry family; so that, of its best,  
The native strength and beauty of the race  
Was drained away upon the Altar-Stone.

XLVI.

Youths in their prime, and children yet unborn  
Became an off'ring to the Lady Moon,  
The cruel consort of the Sun, their God.  
And ever, when the Orb of Night rode high  
At fulness, in a heaven free from cloud,  
A tortured victim, shrieking, would she claim;  
Demanding music with her thirsty meal.

XLVII.

And thus the pains the people had endured  
Had made their country barren of all joy,  
And terror held them; so they feared their gods  
And scarce endured to live, yet feared to die  
Since, in the teaching of their Druid priests,  
Yet greater miseries awaited them  
When on the other side of death they came.

XLVIII.

Mark ye: This was the Kingdom of the Priest.  
No King, in any kingdom of the world  
Held sway as did the priests of Britain's Isle.  
These had the power to rule the lives of men;  
Moulding the destinies of that dark isle.  
RULE was the Curse that with the Druids dwelt!  
The faith they held was in One Cruel God  
Who had the power to ruin, and to slay;  
To torture any who might shake the faith;  
Not in Himself, but in his Druid Priests!

XLIX.

Ye know how, in their Altars, and their Shrines,  
Lyeth the strength of pond'rous slabs of stone  
That none may bear or carry. Even these  
Do not convey a symbol of the strength  
That lay in Britain's priesthood of that time!

L.

I, Philip, pondering upon these things,  
Bore in my mind an ever-growing thought  
That here, in truth, a race of martyrs was  
Who, for their Faith, would freely sacrifice  
The choicest treasure of their earthly life,  
Giving themselves to God: the only God  
Who to their darkened vision stood revealed:  
To whom they sacrificed, without reward,  
Their sustenance, their children, and their homes,  
Obedient to the call of piety!

LI.

"IF THEN," thought I, "UNTO A CRUEL GOD  
"THIS NOBLE PEOPLE WILLING MARTYRS BE:  
"HOW SHOULD THEY NOT ADORE A GOD OF LOVE  
"AND KNOW THE VIRTUE OF THAT SACRIFICE  
"MADE BY HIS SON MOST DEAR, UPON THE CROSS?"

LII.

And thus I felt, within my heart, a call  
To go to Johan's most distressful isle  
And there, upon a Rock, to build a Church  
Which should endure unto the ends of Time.  
Thus did a picture in my mind take shape  
Of a great Church within that Island built  
Upon the Rock of Faith and Sacrifice.

LIII.

In secret held I this: and, when I saw  
That savage man grow daily full of grace  
I knew I had not erréd in my mind.  
As a tamed beast was he: a Lion brought  
Into the sheepfold: gentle he became  
And all the brethren loved him; for his love  
Was upon all bestowed: and in the Faith  
Grew he more perfect under Joseph's care.

LIV.

Upon a day, when we in converse sat,  
Unto my Father felt I moved to speak:  
So poured I forth the story of my dreams  
And of the Revelation made to me  
Concerning Britain and her destined Church.  
I told him that I had in mind the thought:—  
“ That if upon a Nation I could come  
“ Which close was to the state of Primal Man;  
“ There could we build a Temple to the Christ.  
“ That on a Rock enduring should be fixed.”

LV.

For look ye, Brother, how it was in Gaul.  
There, graven deep, the Faith of ancient times,  
As in my land of Greece, had gentler grown  
With passing years: and, though it cruel were  
In contrast with the Teachings of the Christ,  
Yet “ brutal ” could it not in truth be called,  
Nor yet a bestial philosophy.

LVI.

Now, in such lands, the teachings of the Christ  
Could not strike deepest roots; because the land  
Already, in a measure, had been tilled,  
And so prepared for easy harvesting,—  
As of a summer crop, the which doth strike  
Only in surface layers of the soil,  
And must again be planted, year by year.

LVII.

“ But if,” thought I, “ upon a barren rock  
 “ Be sown the seed of some great sturdy Tree:  
 “ And if that Rock for planting be prepared  
 “ Because the land is spoiled, and torn apart,  
 “ And shattered to its deeps by ruthless hands;  
 “ So shall the seed take root, and there remain  
 “ Firm in the soil, unheeding winter’s blasts,  
 “ And drawing strength and moisture, year by year,  
 “ Until a Tree shall grow, whose kingly height  
 “ Shall shadow all the land: and, ’neath his shade  
 “ All Life shall find protection; whilst his fruit  
 “ For all that lives shall nourishment provide.”

LVIII.

So spake I to Josephus, and his heart  
 Was quick enkindled with a zealous fire.  
 “ PHILIP,” quoth he, “ I know thou speakest Truth:  
 “ For, hark ye, what our dear Lord’s Voice did say  
 “ When that the Treasure first to me was given,  
 “ And I had prayed that guidance might be sent  
 “ To mark that Land where I should build my Shrine,  
 “ For always did the self-same answer come:—  
 “ MY TEMPLE IN A COUNTRY SHALL BE REARED  
 “ WHERE BLOOD-STREAMS FROM THE INNOCENT DO  
 FLOW  
 “ AS DOTH THE JORDAN STREAM THRO’ JUDAH’S  
 LAND.”

LIX.

Thus found I Joseph one with me in mind;  
 And oft we pondered on this enterprise  
 Debating this and that: When should we start?  
 And whom upon that journey should we take?  
 Discussing all the dangers of the road  
 And means of travel: How to find a ship  
 To carry us across the Northern Sea;  
 And who should lead the band. To this I said  
 That my good Father must the Pilot be,  
 And I should follow second in command.

LX.

Now to myself and to Nathanael  
 (With Joseph making three), we added first  
 Eight further brethren to companion us;  
 Perfect in body; sound of ear and eye;

And none too young, nor much advanced in years.  
My Father was the eldest of the band,  
For he, full six-and-forty years had seen  
When Christ did suffer death upon the Cross;  
And now, another fourteen years had sped.  
Thus to his sixtieth year had Joseph come;  
While I but two-and-thirty years had known.

LXI.

Each of our eight companions did we mark  
For some especial quality of Use,  
Of Training, or of Nature's aptitude:—

LXII.

One that could tell the stars, and find the road:  
One that could build us shelters: one that could  
By signs and gestures comprehension give  
Of our chief needs to foreigners in tongue:  
One that could fashion implements: and one  
Well skilled in the preparing of our meat:  
One whose broad shoulders any weight could bear:  
One that by reason and good fellowship  
Might smooth the rubs that ever will arise  
Among a band of men on toilsome road.

LXIII.

So was it planned, and finally resolved  
That in the mellow harvest of the year,  
Upon that day which ye do Friday call—  
The day that Christ upon the Tree did hang—  
We should leave Aix, and travel to the North  
By Rhonus' stream, till, striking to the west,  
The placid Liger thence should be our guide  
Until the western Ocean meet our view.

LXIV.

Thus, to the women and the brethren all,  
Comrades beloved, and fellow-labourers  
In Christ's own harvest-field, we bid "FAREWELL!"  
For ever! And our human hearts were stirred  
By an emotion sad, ineffable;  
Solemn and full of awe: for well we knew  
That never should we see their face again.

LXV.

And yet, with all its sadness, strangely sweet  
Was this our parting: for the Comforter

Had crept into our hearts and gladdened them  
With subtle whispers of the Infinite  
As Spirit speaks to spirit—seems to say:—  
“ There is no parting unto them that have  
“ Their habitation in Eternity:  
“ The Spirit is not subject unto Time,  
“ And naught can from this Knowledge sever those  
“ Whose Names are written in the Book of Life.”

LXVI.

And now, unto the company of eight,  
Two more were added, making Ten in all:  
These, with myself and with Nathanael  
Making the symbol of the Holy Twelve  
That clustered round the Christ: so gathered we  
Around our Father, who that Sacred Blood  
Bore in his bosom as the Sign of Christ.

LXVII.

And, of the twain that came into our band,  
One was the lad JOSEPHES—Joseph's son  
Whose earnest pleadings could not be denied.  
The other was his Nubian serving-man  
That had not come into the faith of Christ,  
Yet from his master would not parted be.

LXVIII.

So journeyed we by old Avenio—  
VINI, the people called her in our day—  
Thence thro' Valancia, to Leonie,  
Set in a district scoured by lawless bands  
That sore beset our band and wounded two  
Stealing the greater portion of our pack.  
So, westward, till we touched the northern bank  
Of the broad Liger, sometime LOIS called,  
And followed this until at last we came  
Unto the busy mart of OLEAN,  
Set among dreaming forests, glamorous  
And haunted by the spirits of the glade.

LXIX.

In OLEAN we rested many days  
And were refreshed in body and in mind,  
For o'er the place a wondrous Peace doth brood  
That lulls the spirit to a calm repose.  
Fain would we linger, but the call arose

And we must journey on: our preachings fell  
On willing ears, but not on willing minds,  
For her most kindly people wedded were  
To strange beliefs: and thus the seed we sowed  
Could bear no fruit, nor even blossom here!

LXX.

Next to the port of NANTI we arrived,  
And first upon her outskirts, did we see  
Circles of massive stones, by Druids built  
In days long past, when their religion held  
Its pristine vigour and simplicity.  
Roofless these Circles: set on barren hills  
As Temples for the worship of the Sun.

LXXI.

In NANTI did we meet TIMONEUS,  
A Greek, who partly held the Grecian faith,  
And partly was he unto Jesus drawn,  
Having in Athens heard the Word of Christ  
From brethren who had tarried in that land.  
This man with Joseph fell to argument,  
And, with his own, the teachings would compare  
Of Joseph, and would tear them into shreds,  
Weaving them once again in patterns new,  
Agreeing with his own philosophy.

LXXII.

And to some purpose: for Timoneus said:—  
“It seemeth unto me that this your Faith,  
Which doth accredit all that is supreme  
In Man and Man's achievement unto LOVE,  
Must have a meaning truer and more deep  
Than that of the religion of the Greek:  
For there is worshipped BEAUTY: and, in truth  
Is she but the Habiliment of LOVE.”

LXXIII.

So Joseph, marking him of earnest mind  
And wishing to assist him in the Faith,  
Did beg the brethren present to retire:  
And to Timoneus spake he of that Stone,  
Who, listening to my Father with a smile  
That not of mockery was, but gentle doubt  
And kindly questioning of that great faith  
That in Josephus dwelt, did harken well  
The while the tale was told.

LXXIV.

Then Joseph drew  
From out his robe the precious Gem, and laid  
The same upon a table near at hand:  
Sank on his knees, and bade us follow him  
And straight, a wondrous odour filled the room  
As of a shop of one that spices sold;  
And, with these mingled all the perfume sweet  
That breathes from roses on a day in June.

LXXV.

Still did Timoneus question in his mind,  
Asking Josephus " If the Stone had been  
" Placed in some chamber where such spices lay ? "  
But, as he spake the words, the Holy Gem  
Seemed suddenly to burst into a fire!  
Timoneus was the first to see the Light  
And thus a token unto him was given  
The which did set his faith on firmer ground.

LXXVI.

Mark ye! This precious Stone to none was shewn  
But them within whose mind a miracle  
Might kindle Faith, and kill the power of Doubt.  
There was no need for those that knew the Christ  
To see that Sacred Stone: the Voice from Heaven  
Had warned my Father he should shew the Blood  
To none but them whose faith might need a crutch.  
Thus to me, Philip, and Timoneus,  
Both being of doubting mind, was she put forth  
That, through those Signs, Faith in our hearts might  
grow  
And for our Mission make us truly fit.

LXXVII.

" Therefore," say I, " Despise not Miracle  
" Nor think it but a weakness of the mind  
" That men should wonder: for, in wondering  
" They reach the Kingdom. I would have ye know  
" That Faith is but the Wonder of the Mind  
" A Revelation of Reality.  
" The mind that hath not Wonder, hath not God;  
" For it hath lost the Pearl of greatest price  
" The Substance of those Things for which we hope,  
" The Evidence of Things Invisible  
" That lie behind these Images of Time."

PART III.

*Of the death of Job: and the passage of the seas  
to Britain.*

LXXVIII.

By the bleak coast-line of Armorica  
Where ever moans a grey and sobbing sea,  
Josephus and his band pursued their path.  
And now was come the autumn of the year,  
Whose damp and chill brought aching of the bones,  
And a strange malady that caught the breath  
And made their pilgrimage a misery.  
And one poor brother, Job, was lost to them:—  
One that had greatly holped them from the first,  
Both by his faith as simple as a child,  
And by his humble service, which was that  
Concerned with the preparing of their food.  
All night he struggled to retain his breath,  
And in the early morn, exhausted, died.

LXXIX.

Now Joseph laid his hand upon his head  
In sign of blessing, speaking words of Christ,  
And, calling all the band of brethren round,  
He, for the first time, shewed them the stone  
Holding it high, and said to them: "My Sons,  
"Far have we journeyed: much have we endured;  
"And far again we needs must journey yet.  
"Look ye to Christ, for with us bear we here  
"His Holy Blood, contained within this Stone.  
"Grieve not for him who now from us hath passed;  
"For here ye have a Symbol and a Sign  
"That Death is but the rending of a Veil;  
"The casting of an earthly Robe outworn.  
"So is your Brother with ye even now."

LXXX.

Thus Joseph spake, obedient to a Voice  
That, on the night before, communed with him  
While he was watching by the dying man.  
For he, when all the others had withdrawn  
Had laid that Stone upon the head of JOB  
And prayed to Christ for his recovery:  
And lo! the Voice that spake to him had said:—

“ JOSEPH, PUT BACK THE STONE, FOR IT CAN MAKE  
“ NO HELPING FOR THE MAN THAT LYETH HERE:  
“ FOR THIS MAN’S TIME IS COME; HIS PERFECT FAITH  
“ AND LOVE HAVE MADE HIM READY TO RETURN  
“ UNTO HIS LORD. THEREFORE I BID YE PLACE  
“ THE SACRED STONE AGAIN WITHIN YOUR ROBE.”

LXXXI.

AND, WHEN THE MORN IS COME, AND THIS PURE SOUL  
“ HATH RISEN FROM HIS TOMB OF MORTAL FLESH  
“ THEN SHEW THE STONE TO ALL THAT STAND AROUND:  
“ FOR THEY WILL BE MUCH FEARED IN THEIR HEARTS  
“ AT SEEING THIS THEIR BROTHER LYING DEAD  
“ UPON THE GROUND: SO GIVE YE STRENGTH TO THEM  
“ BY SHEWING OF THE STONE.” And further yet  
The Voice said unto JOSEPH: “ IF THEY FAIL,  
“ AND DO NOT CARRY SURETY IN THEIR HEARTS  
“ SHEW IT AGAIN: FOR, AT THIS SECOND TIME  
“ A LIGHT FROM OUT ITS DEEP SHALL SHINE, AND ALL  
“ THE FRAGRANCE OF THE ROSE SHALL POUR AROUND  
“ UPON THIS BARREN SHORE. THIS MUST YE DO  
“ WHEN THE HOUR COMETH FOR THE BURYING  
“ OF THAT STARK BODY LYING ON THE GROUND.”

LXXXII.

Of these instructions Philip only knew;  
For he with Joseph had had argument  
As was his ancient wont, being predisposed  
To questionings that ever would arise  
In spite of faith: so, turning to the band  
Who silent stood, chilled by the morning air,  
They sate to meat with sadness in their hearts,  
And, seated there, their Father spake to them

LXXXIII.

“ My Sons,” spake he, “ we shall commit the dust  
“ Of this our brother, not to the hard earth  
“ But to the shifting sands; that, in good time,  
“ His body to the waters may be borne.  
“ So dig ye deep a grave beside the marge,  
“ And, having wrapped him in a seemly cloth,  
“ Shall we, with words of comfort and of hope,  
“ Commit him to his sleep: and I on Christ  
“ Shall call—not help for him that is with Christ,  
“ But help for us that work to build His Church.  
“ This must ye know: Death no misfortune is:  
“ Only the passing to a fuller life:

“ While, here on earth, we toil because our days  
“ Are not accomplished, and we have not reached  
“ That state in which we may approach our Lord.  
“ We wait His pleasure, and redeem the time  
“ In constant service, looking for the joy  
“ Of His acceptance. So we take the death  
“ Of this our Brother as for him a joy.”

LXXXIV.

Thus saying, singled he four brethren out  
All sad of face: no brightness in their eyes,  
But rather, sullen in obedience  
To Joseph's will: so, having dug the hole,  
And wrapped their brother's body in a cloth,  
They laid him in the sand. And Joseph then  
Spake once again, before the hole was filled,  
Those words of comfort which had come from Christ.  
And finishing, from out his robe once more  
Drew he the Stone. “ This,” said he, “ is the Blood  
“ That flowed from Him, our Lord, upon the Tree;  
“ So let us take it as a symbol bright,  
“ That those who were His servants now are cleansed  
“ From all the sins for which His Blood hath paid.  
“ The Agony enclosed in this clear stone  
“ Hath paid the price for his who prone doth lie:  
“ And, of his freedom, lo! the Stone shall speak.”

LXXXV.

Ev'n as he spake, there rose from all a cry!  
For there, upon his hands, the Stone did glow,  
As with a ruddy fire: and, at this sign,  
Their hearts with wonder and with joy were filled.  
“ Fall ye upon your knees!” Josephus said;  
And, they obeying him, upon his word  
Came from the stone the perfume of the Rose;  
And all the air, on this most barren shore,  
Was as a garden in the month of June.  
There lay our Brother, shrouded in his tomb;  
And right above his head, in Joseph's hand,  
There glowed the Blood of Christ, with rosy light  
And fragrance rare, that, spreading all around,  
Did sanctify the place with holy power  
Giving them back their faith and hope again.  
So they proceeded joyful on their way,  
Never again despondency to know.

LXXXVI.

And so they made the passage perilous  
Of that wide strait that doth divide the lands.  
Four days they laboured on the tossing seas,  
Taking the oars within a merchant's boat  
Until at last they made the Cornish coast,  
Where the great rock of Ictis jutteth out  
Encircled by the waters: and from thence  
Westward, then north, along a barren shore  
In poverty and hunger made their way  
Until, at last, provision for their needs  
Was by a band of miners offered them  
In barter for the labour of their hands.  
So for a season, tinmen they became;  
And thus, the story that is handed down  
No legend is, but warranted by truth.

LXXXVII.

Like to the Urim of the Jewish priests  
The Stone had shewn them, with her rosy glow,  
The way to travel: yet their destined home  
Until they landed safe on Britain's shores,  
Had never been revealed. But, on that night,  
When they were sheltered in a little cove  
That saw the roll of the Atlantic sea,  
Philip a vision had. Before his eyes  
Saw he the picture of a little plain;  
Well-wateréd and full of gentle grass  
Full sweet to look on: wholesome for a home.  
Around him, in a circle, little hills,  
Like to the circles that the Druids build,  
Did stand: and in his dream, on one of these,  
Stood he, and gazed beneath him to the vale.  
There he descried a host of arméd men  
Falling on all who passed, and casting them  
Unto the ground. Then said he to himself:—  
“ That army must be scattered; for these folk  
“ Are slain; and for no trespass of their own,  
“ But for the pleasure of the men who slay.”

LXXXVIII.

So, in his dream, he travelled down the hill  
And to the valley came, with full intent  
To scatter all that host: and then a voice  
Said to him: “ Philip, see, thou art but one,  
“ And these be many hundreds: do not fear,

“ But go ye forth, O! servant of the Lord,  
“ And slay these hordes who pillage and who rape  
“ Those that be innocent.” So sprang he down  
To meet the host, and laid about him well  
With but a goodly staff. But this great host  
Was furnished with swords, the blades of which  
Glanced in the sun: yet here his goodly staff  
Soon made his mark: for every man he struck  
Fell down upon his face; so, in the end,  
Stood he alone amid a prostrate host.  
And Philip struck his staff into the ground.

LXXXIX.

But, as he did this, was a wonder wrought;  
For lo! the staff bore leaves, and quickly grew  
And bloomed into a tree, with kindly shade  
That sheltered all around: and, growing yet,  
Greater and greater he became, until  
He covered all the land of Anglia;  
And, underneath the shadow of his leaves,  
Did all her people gather and give praise.

XC.

'Twas morn when Philip, starting from his dream,  
Rose from his sandy couch within the cave,  
To see the dawn break o'er the cold grey sea.  
And, having still his vision clear in mind,  
Yet knowing naught of the diviner's power,  
Could he not tell the meaning of his dream;  
Nor did he wish to break his Father's sleep.  
And so he waited for an hour or more,  
While the sun's rays dissolved the mists of morn  
And Ocean's ripples ever clearer grew.

XCI.

Now, close behind, heard he his Father's voice,  
And turning, saw him seated on his couch,  
And all his face was lightened with a smile  
That wondrous seemed. “ Philip,” quoth he,  
“ come nigh  
“ Unto my couch.” So Philip turned to him,  
Being somewhat anxious for his Father's health  
Since ague, and an aching of the bones,  
Had seized upon him when the autumn came,  
And, on their passage, these had been increased.  
But Joseph now took Philip's hand in his,

And pressed it to his robe, and Philip felt  
An unaccustomed warmth, as of a fire,  
The which dismayed him, and he cried aloud:  
"Father, ye have the fever back again!"

XCII.

But Joseph smiled again, and Philip sensed  
That holy fragrance rise that, thrice before,  
Had filled the air with balm: and Joseph drew  
The sacred stone again from out his robe.  
And there she glowed, full crimson as the rose.  
And Philip, kneeling, cried aloud to Christ:  
"Is this a sign, dear Lord, that Thou hast sent  
To tell me that my Vision is the Truth?  
"And that that conquest of Thine enemies  
"By your stout staves—the weapons of Thy Word—  
"Shall come to pass indeed? And is that Vale  
"So strait, so narrow, girt with little hills,  
"The spot, in truth, where we shall build Thine House?"

XCIII.

He ceased, and ever redder glowed the Stone  
And then she seemed to shoot a roseate ray  
Of light into the clouds, intensely bright;  
But for a moment: then, with suddenness,  
The light was quenched, and all the glow had fled;  
As when a lamp, that burneth in a tomb  
In which a loved one lies, exhausts his oil  
And, in expiring, sudden leaps the flame  
From light to darkness: so this mystic Ray  
Leapt forth, and left a simple stone once more.

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PART IV.

*Of the Coming of the Company to Avalon.*

XCIV.

Fain would I tell ye of their pilgrimage  
And of the many strange and curious things  
That Joseph's band encountered on their way:  
Meetings with Merlin, or with Druid priest:  
Of sojournings in thinly scattered towns:  
Or of a certain strange experience  
By Druid altar, on a Cornish moor;

But this be not the place: and we must pass  
To when the summer, fading to its fall,  
Found them upon the Moors Adventurous  
Where the dry bulrush, quivering in the brake  
Stands sentinel o'er treacherous lanes of green  
That suck the footsteps into depths of slime:  
Moors of the Somerscettæ, fencing in  
With mere and fen, the mystic guarded Vale  
Towards which their footsteps ever nearer led,  
Guided by signals from that holy Stone.  
So we return, to find that company  
Threading their way across the trackless moors  
Low-lying in the heart of Somerset.

XCV.

It was the close of a September day  
The sunset fading into purple dusk  
That the last stream was crossed; the marshy land  
Traversed, and left behind: and all the band  
Weary and hungered, clomb the little hill  
That lay between them and their resting place.  
Yet one there was that never felt fatigue;  
This one was Joseph. He it was who clomb  
First to the summit, coming from the south,  
And cried in joy to all that followed him:—  
“Brothers! The End of all our wandings!”

XCVI.

Think ye of this, my reader, when ye go  
Next unto Glaston: think of all the train  
Climbing that little hill, and seeing there  
That fair green vale, and those well-watered meads  
Dusky in evening haze; and knowing this  
The place indeed appointed them by Christ;  
Their home; the end of all their pilgrimage!

XCVII.

Here, on the hilltop, falling on their knees,  
They rendered thanks to God. But Joseph stood  
Alone among them, gazing on the vale,  
Filled with a peace that had no utterance.  
And now, he sets his staff into the ground  
And, leaning heavily upon it, draws  
From out his robe once more that Jewel Rare.  
And all his band, knowing full well that now  
The final Sign should thus to them be given

That to their place appointed they have come,  
Do scarcely dare to look upon the Stone  
Lest she should fail to give her rosy Light.  
Then Joseph offers up a prayer to Christ  
That now, if this their home be, would He give  
The final Sign that this indeed were so.

XCVIII.

Now ye have heard this wonder many times:  
But ever, when the Stone was shewn before,  
The Light that entered her shone forth and fled.  
But, on this night, she glowed like any rose  
And all the light that entered her remained,  
Nor left her till the shadows of the night  
Had melted in the rising of the sun.

XCIX

When that the Light in Joseph's hand was seen,  
He held it high above the kneeling band  
Until he drooped his arms for weariness.  
Then all the band together placed their staves  
As in a ring, their heads together bent,  
And thus they made a table for the Stone,  
Seated around her, as a Circle formed  
Encompassing her light till break of day.

.C

And ever and anon, throughout the night,  
One of the band would offer up a prayer  
For all the air was sanctified around;  
Not as with spices only, or perfume  
Such as ye find in flowers; but something yet  
More precious still: that Incense, which of old  
Filled with her fragrance Judah's sacred Fane.  
But this more potent was, and yet more sweet  
And powerful to overcome the sense;  
Soothing all aches; relaxing weary limbs;  
So that the brethren, drowsy, laid them down,  
Rapt by the perfume in an holy trance.

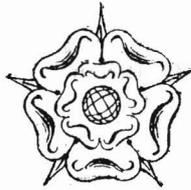
CI.

Such was that wondrous Vigil on the Hill:  
A night long after known to Glaston's House,  
And called therein "THE WATCHING OF THE ROSE."  
This Watch they kept, and those that followed them  
And they of later years, until such time

As other festivals, and Days of Saints,  
With changes in the Rùle, did supervene;  
And Arthur, with his Queen, being buried there,  
The Festival was lost, and men forgot.

CII.

Yet may it be that it shall once again  
Be honoured, in the fulness of the days:  
For they, the Watchers, never shall forget.  
They, in the Spirit, brooding o'er the place,  
Await the time her glories shall return.  
So shall their memories at last find voice  
And, speaking to the heart of Holy Church,  
Shall gain response. So ye who are attuned  
To true conviction that our Master's Will  
Through all the ages fails not, but must find  
Perfect fulfilment in the scheme of Time,  
Pray that the Circle may be joined again,  
Making Two Thousand Years as yesterday:  
Restoring us the freshness of the Faith.  
So may her spiritual Waters flow,  
Ev'n as refreshing rain on parchéd soil.



## Entire.

Lovers of Glaston: Britain's sons and daughters  
Think of that evening, when we first beheld her:  
Hold ye it sacred: even as we held it:  
Keep ye our Vigil: Watch ye by the Rose!

Or on the hilltop; or within your chamber;  
That night ye call the Twelfth Night of September;  
Link ye with Us, in Memory Eternal,  
That night we hold in Recollection True.

When comes that Day on which we kept our Vigil;  
Rise ye betimes, in early light of morning;  
Hold ye your fast unbroken till the noontide:  
Then, like as we did, take your simple meal.

Eat then and drink no more until the evening:  
This be in memory of our last day's journey;  
Then, with the evening, when the shadows gather  
Close after sunset, to your chamber go.

Pray ye to Christ, for welfare of His Chosen:  
Pray that the Father's Will may be accomplished:  
Pray that the Glory may return to Glaston:  
Heart of our Worship: our Jerusalem.

Take ye nor food, nor drink, into your chamber;  
But one red Rose, in memory of our Watching:  
Just a red rose, full perfect in her flow'ring,  
Mindful of us who to Britain brought the ROSE.

Sit ye and look, in stedfast contemplation;  
Bow ye and breathe the Incense of her fragrance:  
Trace in her thorns, the Nails wherewith they pierced  
Him  
Trace ye His Wounds in the blood-red petals Five.

Pray that the Rose again may be discovered;  
Brought from the secret place where She abideth:  
Healer of Nations: Faith's Regeneration:  
Herald of Kingship, and of Victory.

The  
Glastonbury Scripts

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VII.

THE FULL STORY OF SAINT  
HUGH OF AVALLON, PRIOR  
OF WITHAM AND BISHOP  
OF LINCOLN, AND OF HIS  
WORK AT GLASTONBURY.

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*Verbatim Script of Philip Lloyd and  
K.L., as authenticated by several  
witnesses, with Introduction by  
F. Bligh Bond.*

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*To be obtained of The Secretary:*  
**The Scriptorium Publishing Association,**  
44, Stratford Road, London, W. 8.,  
and Abbot's Leigh, Glastonbury.

## PREFACE.

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*The interesting historical script with which this pamphlet deals is one of a large number now committed to my charge, with a view to publication in England. The script is produced under conditions which absolutely guarantee its authenticity. Everywhere it is distinguished by a high literary quality and poetic diction, and exhibits a comprehensive knowledge of the great story of the past. It is filled with allusions to historical works, and in numerous cases these have been proved veridical. Often the works quoted have, as in the present instance of the "Metrical Life of Hugh," been difficult to discover. Many of the communications have been in tongues unknown either to Mr. Philip Lloyd or to his automatist.*

*This series of writings will form a supplement to those scripts received in earlier days through Mr. John Alleyne, which led to the discovery of the Edgar Chapel and that of Our Lady of Loretto at Glastonbury. A third series of writings—those of "Brother Symon" will be offered in this collection of "Glastonbury Scripts." One is already issued. It records the building of the earlier Chapel of St. Mary the Virgin, and carries its own striking corroboration in the discovery of the Norman foundations. A fourth series is promised, and will shortly, it is hoped, be ready for issue in this series. It will contain the story of the missionary journeys of Saint Philip the Evangelist and his sojourn with Joseph of Arimathea at Glastonbury. Some Arthurian scripts are also promised and may be forthcoming later.*

*For the fuller elucidation of the nature and source of these "Glastonbury Scripts" I would refer the reader to the "Gate of Remembrance," and to the companion volume "The Company of Avalon," which will be published by Mr. Blackwell about Easter, 1924.*

FREDK. BLIGH BOND.

44, STRATFORD ROAD, W. 8.

January, 1924.

## HUGH OF AVALLON.

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**An Authenticated Script by Philip Lloyd and K.L.**

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### INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

THE beautiful script now printed fills in the details of the life and work of St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, of which a sketch only was given in the study of these historical scripts published in *PSYCHIC SCIENCE*, No. VI (*July*, 1923), under the title "Metagnosis."

For detailed information as to the origin of the script and for a detailed explanation of the story it conveys, readers may be referred to that number and also to "The Company of Avalon," wherein a good deal is said about Hugh's connection with Glastonbury.

For the benefit of new readers I would briefly state that the writing was produced jointly by Philip Lloyd and K.L., the right hand of Philip Lloyd resting on the right hand of K.L. K.L. alone can produce nothing of this nature and never has up to the present time. In this fact the dual nature of the mediumship is clearly brought out, and in view of the quality of the matter produced—its literary and historical values—the experience would seem almost unique because in this case neither of the two agents has any knowledge whatever of the content of the script or of the general historical background of the tale; also there has never been any professionalism connected with these writings. The scripts now recorded were produced as follows: the first three parts and the first two paragraphs of the fourth part were written on four successive Mondays, beginning March 5th, 1923, between 3 and 4 p.m. Part I covers fifty-five pages of script and was written continuously with

great speed in less than forty-five minutes. The script is written in pencil on quarto sheets, and is similar to the specimen illustrated in the previous record. Part II, given Monday, March 12th, 1923, covers sixty-one pages of script, and was written continuously in less than forty-five minutes. Part III, given on Monday, March 19th, 1923, covers seventy-three pages of script, and was written continuously in about fifty minutes. The mechanical work of changing the sheets is considerable, and a good deal of energy is expended in the production of the large characters of the writing. This part was so very long that its effect upon both agents was physically exhausting. Mr. Lloyd therefore asked that the final part might be divided. The first two paragraphs of Part IV, given Holy Monday, March 26th, 1923, covers fifty-one pages of script and were written continuously in forty minutes. The third paragraph of this part, given two days later, covers twenty-eight pages of script, and was written in not more than twenty minutes. The last two paragraphs of this part, given on Easter Even, March 31st, 1923, cover twenty-five pages of script and were written in not more than twenty minutes.

FREDK. BLIGH BOND.

GLASTONBURY.

*Easter*, 1925.

**HUGH OF AVALLON.**

## I.

Often in the wild days when the stark Lord of the Normans swept through Northumbria in a cloud of flame, and his crested warriors drave the burly thanes from blazing hall and wasted shire, the island folk longed in vain for the simpler time of the Seven Kingdoms. For now high above the little ham, where rude wains rumbled homeward as the minster bell pealed across the sunset meadow, gloomed the mysterious hold of a Jotun. Square towers, crowned with jagged turrets, rose swart against the sky ; bowmen stood at ward upon the sullen battlements ; strange banners swayed from the huge gray walls ; and the ancient forests that lay beyond, whose Druid oaks once closed around the Roman Eagles, were become the hunting ground of a King who held the life of the dun deer more precious than the life of a vanquished foe. The quiet glades forever rang with the trumpet horns of the hunters and the deep-mouthed baying of the coupled stag-hounds, while swineherd and woodcutter fled to the pathless wastes. Moreover, since the autumn star shone through a crimson twilight on the broken shield-wall of the Saxons, all men groaned beneath the cruel taxes wrung from every hide of land to swell the Great Horde at Winchester.

Yet despite these ills, the lonely Chieftain of the rueful deeds grimly shepherded the conquered people. No heathen sail suddenly flamed up the tranquil reaches of an inland river, nor did any towered galley, crowded with wailing captives, bring terror to the watchers by the sea. Massive keeps guarded the Western marches and rocky headlands of the Cymri, holding the tameless Bulls of the Mountain at bay upon their desolate moors. And there was peace

on the highways of the island kingdom. Because of this, it fell that when the war-worn Conqueror rode no longer to the Witan with his armoured barons, the Sons of the Raven clave to the fierce Red King and once more lifted the battle-axes of Senlac against the strong bows of the Northern earls. Right eagerly did the sturdy yeomen storm the rugged bastions that menaced their wattled farmsteads in the name of Anglelonde's King. But with the ruthless Norman, foe alike to God and man, the pledges sworn in time of need held but a little while. Evil ways from the Southlands swayed the great Hall of Rufus. Instead of the stern heroes, destroyers of many a plumed host, before whose world-shaking onset nations trembled, long-haired courtiers, clad in the soft webs of Syria, walked by night in pointed shoon, mocking at holy things. Well was it that God's singing arrow loosed the soul of the savage Hunter, to make way for the Aetheling foretold by Merlin. Then the wise dooms of the ancient Bretwaldas were restored. The wild clearings, the woody tuns of the Saxon cynings waxed free and powerful through the craftsmen from over seas. Even though the Prince of Cerdic's line perished on the White Ship of death, even in the dark years of man-slaying that followed the reign of the Lion of Justice, years so full of horror that men cried out, "Christ and His Saints sleep!" the race of Hengist and the race of Hrolf, Odin descended, grew closer, to battle together for the common weal.

Meanwhile, they of Glaston, remembering the noble hests of Ailnoth, found evil rede under the foreign Turstine, who leagued with the Arch Fiend set French bowmen upon his rebellious monks, until the great Rood bristled with feathered arrows. Now this baleful Abbat did strive to build after the fashion of the Prior of Bec, so that the hairy churls might marvel at long dim aisle and high vaulted roof. But nothing prospered, for there was no heart in the building. Monks used to the simple rule of the olden saints, looked askance on the stately bishops mailed like the Archangel Michael; and the mighty Fortress that shadowed hill or fen, seemed builded more for the glory of a Chapter than better to house the Majesty of the Lord of Heaven. It remained for the good Herlewin to show them how Love could speak through the miracle of silent stone.

## II.

The company of pilgrims, winding over the steep hills, no longer beheld a rugged Minster of Saxon wood and Roman stone, builded in a time when Caedmon's harp rang high in Hild's wide Feasting Hall. Heavy columns, broad and short ; round massive arches that upheld the rude House of God with simple barbaric dignity, had vanished forever. So, like a shadow, perished the glories of Ine. In their stead the nobler work of the Norman Abbats lifted slender pinnacles to the far-off sky above the quiet vale. Here, as through his native forest-alley, the awed herdsman could walk among clustered boles of soaring spreading stone. Between the dim arches that met bough-wise above him, glimmered the veiled shrine of a saint venerable in Aelfred's reign, or the armour-laden tomb of a hero who faced the horsed here upon a bloody heath. And at the end of the long shadowy way, in the heart of the burning gold, hung the Rood that turns man's woe to weal. Though bale followed in the wake of the weak Stephen, Glaston was peaceful enow. That which Herlewin left unfinished, the Abbat of a royal race took in hand. For Henri, one eye on Heaven, one on earth, added to cloister and chapter-house, a moated palace where a Prince of the line of Blois might rest within walls covered with an arras of richly woven woof. Such was the Abbey after the harrowing of the Hunter, well worth a man's perilous riding across the dreary marshes to look upon the vast demesne, whose woods and wolds, manors and farmsteads, meres and meadows, fish pools and pastures, vineyards and orchards had been slowly gathered since the Twelve Hides of Arviragus, in the Name of One Who found no place to lay His Head.

Outside the monastery gates, while minstrels sang their hero-deeds, the strong ruthless Chiefs,—he of the Mighty Bow with his strange sons, and the fierce Angevin, demon-descended—shaped the boundaries of the hard-won kingdom. Warring for them and against them moved the mail-sheathed barons, proud and rebellious as the fallen host of Heaven. Now a grim border earl defied the island's Lord ; now a mitred bishop plotted to make his temporal Master the thrall of Rome. Stern times were these ; and in the bold barons lived again the eagle-plumed jarls of forgotten Thule, little

softened by an age in which the prospering gilds brought the world to the fair harbours of Anglelonde. Yet the God more beautiful than Balder still spake to men, not only through an ecstasy of carven stone, but in the lives of His unearthly warriors. Wulfstan of Worcester, the last Saxon saint, fighting for the oppressed, Truth his flaming spear, Faith his bright shield of beaten gold, destroyed the battle-front of a Northern army with these ghostly weapons. Anselm of Aosta, counsellor of kings, braving the wrath of Rufus and the wiles of Henry, conquered through Right alone. And, as in the lusty May Fire Odin once sped the Norsemen over unknown seas to plunder the rich outlands, now Urban called the champions of Christ to high adventure. Far in the heathen countries the most simple wight could win Paradise, as his barbarous forefather had won Valhalla, by a noble fall beside the Holy Sepulchre. Thus Love raised from the ranks of shaggy hus-carls, the dauntless fyrd unconquered at Senlac, leal until death to the Chieftain, a new knighthood aflame with the spirit of Chivalry.

In these years, when the Sacred Orders also awoke to fresh remembrance of the Dream that gave them birth, Hugh, son of the Sieur of Avallon, dwelt near the woody borders of Savoy. The mild cloisters of the plain could not long cage the tameless spirit of an eagle. Only in mountain solitudes, immense and lone, where a white-robed brotherhood—the harshest of them all—followed a life of savage purity at the foot of the great glistening peaks, could he encompass his desire for God. The gigantic bastions of the pass, bearing ancient forests on their huge flanks; the turrets bannered with wild light; the hollowed domes filled with clanging thunder, haunted the young monk, until the Vision of a mighty Cathedral rose ever before him, a Fabric that mortal workmen were powerless to devise. And as Anselm had beheld the Courts of Heaven beyond the snowy summits, Hugh often saw glowing shapes pass like mist around the rocky towers, or heard a Voice peal as a trumpet-call from the starry ramparts. Now whiles the Burgundian toiled in the wind-swept fastness of the erne, leagues away in the tranquil valley of the Somer-soettas, Guthlac, born of an aetheling, pondered the divine origin of Glaston, thinking in his heart that here in this green

isle, as in far Syria, stood a Shrine hallowed by the Death Deeds done on Jerusalem's swart Hill.

## III.

Although Canterbury voiced the hests of Rome, and Winchester oft crowned the island's kings, neither could exceed the mysterious antiquity of outlying Glaston. Therefore went out much boasting from the monks over the vast processional of pilgrims that sought the massive nave of the Abbey Church on holy days. Ye who look upon the dim ghosts of the olden monasteries would marvel to have seen such flaming colour where is now gray stone. Here were the folk of the countryside in faded stuffs of green and blue and red; the burgesses wrapped by richer mantles; the baron and his followers, home from Palestine, fierce in bright armour and fiery-plumed helm; the perfumed courtier, a seven-day wonder because of the silken baldric and curiously woven webs of the East. Smoking torch and flaming cresset drew a blaze from broidered cope and jewelled pall. And in the glow of waxen tapers, numberless as the stars, burned an Altar of gold and ivory. The alleluias of the black-cowled Brethren thundered down the cloistered aisles, soaring above the shrill treble of the pipes. Clouds of incense, shaken from silver thuribles, hid the old saints who stared out of the vivid tapestries, and the fair paintings wrought upon the walls. The Mass sung, the throng surged from the Galilee. A crowd of awe-struck cottars gathered around a churl healed by divine miracle at the shrine of Dunstan, to retell in harsh tongues the mysteries of the venerable place. The retinue of the crusader roared by with a squealing of stallions and the heavy tramp of marching men. The burghers joitered reverently beneath the flower-laden Thorn. Then, while the strange band slowly disappeared beyond the savage hills, a feast was spread by the cellarer, and wine-casks opened that the Chapter might make merry together.

This found little favour with the silent Guthlac, feared by the others because of what he had seen on the dark fen. Nor did the proud Fortress, surrounded with broad fiefs, please him who yearned for the time when holy men worshipped God in wattled cells, close

to His green cloisters. This was the strange thing that befell him one Lammas agone, as he lay in the wildwood on a night of bright stars. All that day, above the sharp clang of steel on quarried stone, he had heard the unseen harpers of Avallon, until vain seemed man's toil on arch and spandrel. Though weariness dimmed his senses, still haunted by the old tales, the monk became aware that he was alone in a deserted waste from which every trace of the Abbey had vanished. Yet on a hill hard by blossomed a great white thorn-tree, and under its wide boughs rested an outlandish company clothed in shaggy bull-hides. One who seemed the leader sate apart, unheeded by the sleepers. His robe was such as the Magi wear upon a page of finest vellum, and his face, beautiful with the dark beauty of the South, was turned toward the swampy reaches. Following that awed gaze, Guthlac trembled to behold a clear shining flood the solemn wilderness, while a Chieftain, on whose Head gleamed a crest of light, entered the wild valley. No nobler Prince ever moved in the golden haze of a king's Hall, nor Heroes more wondrous than the Host that followed—such Beings as the Druid dreams of when the old Gods trouble him. Swiftly these passed between ferny wood and willowy water, gathering and braiding the slim rushes, until a forest Chapel, a winsome bower for the Queen of Heaven, who made of this sad earth a fragrant close, hid them within its thick-leaved living walls. Then Guthlac saw no more, and the radiance faded from the dewy bracken. Some said this came about through the wizardry of Avalloc, a magic rising from the mists of hell; others believed that the mad monk, crazed by much study, had dreamed of Joseph of Arimathea. None knew whether the vision came of God or devil.

Now not far away, on the border of Saxon Selwood, dwelt a new Order of an austerity so severe that the Angevin thought surely it would atone for all the sins of Anglelonde. Thus, from the lonely peaks of Chartreuse, men had journeyed at his bidding to the gentle meadows of the Somer-soettas. At first naught prospered. The countryfolk, indignant over the loss of their farmsteads, raged so furiously at the Carthusians that the haughty Brothers made ready to depart. Then there came to them in their distress a man of lofty

stature, chiefest among the Brotherhood, Hugh of Burgundy, favoured of Henry. He, by reason of sense and humanity, saved what had been lost through pure holiness; and the contented peasants, justly dealt with, began to laud the Monk of the Mountains. Moreover, these praises spread to the monastery in the vale, where Guthlac heard them and longed to rest in the strengthening presence of this Saint. And it fell even as he desired. Partly from curiosity, partly through good will, the monk was made free to seek the strange community across the wolds. It was near the close of day when he passed the huts of wattle beyond the scanty pastures, and reached the Chapel on the edge of the forest. Wild doves cooed in the green twilight of the windless trees; a doe and her fawn stole from the underbrush to drink at a pool aflare with the sun. There was no sound of bell or chanting as Guthlac entered the little Minster. But before the altar, stately as the great Archangel limned on the Cathedral glass, stood a white-robed monk, from whose uplifted hands issued a mystical Flame.

## IV.

In those days when Hugh set out from the woods of Witham, on the road that led to the island valley encircled by marsh and mere, there was much unrest in Glaston. Not since the time of Turstine had such confusion overwhelmed the Chapter as now under the wild monk of Cluny; and the Brothers, remembering the nobility of Herlewin, the lavish generosity of Henri, and the mild fatherliness of Robert, paid little heed to this false monk sent by the betrayer of Becket, but looked to the Prior alone for guidance. Guthlac, who had sought sage counsel from the Eagle of the Mountain Eyrie, made clear how it was with them in the vale. Hugh heard that the venerable Abbey stood in the midst of vast possessions, a fair body without a head. Moreover, the memory of the ways whereby the last Abbats strove to enrich the ancient House from crypt to turret with wonders of carven stone, failed to prosper the building: for there was no leader with the vision to finish what had been so proudly begun. And Hugh, mindful of the castle on the broad plains of Burgundy where he once dwelt with his father, the Lord

of a distant Avallon, hearing the sorry tale had been moved to visit this Cloister in distress. As he rode on his mule through the great Abbey lands and saw the number of men at toil in the mill, at the smithy, in quarry, vineyard and meadow, he bethought him also of the stern grandeur of the wind-swept Monastery of the Snows.

The monks welcomed the Carthusian, already known as the friend and counsellor of the King, and soon told him the divine legend of the mysterious founding : how Joseph of Arimathea, who wandered across the world with the Relics of the Passion, at last found peace on the Druid isle of Arviragus ; and here, as Guthlac dreamed it, he had seen Christ in the greenwood, even as in that lonely Garden of the South, and worshipped in a Chapel sweet with ferny bracken, builded by more than mortal arts. The stranger learned how in after years, when the heathen host threatened the proud cities of the earth, here, beneath the Hill of the Archangel, Truth still burned a starry flame in that sad twilight, ever drawing the tameless hearts of the sea-rovers captive to the Rood. Hither, too, had come the Cowherd of dark Fochlad with the Scholars of Eiré, and David of high-gabled Camelot to find a tomb for the Chieftain of the Dragon Crest. And a greater thing had shed radiance upon them for a season, a glory surpassing the shrines of the saints and the princely gifts of the heptarchic kings : a mystery sung by the harpers, sought in the white deeds of heroes—the vanished Cup, brought to the Forestland from the deserts of Palestine. Though miracles found scant favour with Hugh, yet as he left the halls of the Minster, the holy power of the past stirred within him. Long time he stood apart to ponder the first little cluster of cells that braved the wrath of the old Gods in their gloomy solitudes, and the wooden walls of the war-like thanes that replaced them, stout as the black galleys, the terror of the coasts. He thought of Ine, who seized the huge blocks of stone left by the forgotten conquerors, to raise the round triumphal arch, the barbaric arcades and squat unbuttressed tower, to mark Christ's Triumph over the wilderness. Thus the Brethren were to rejoice in one on whom they could rely in this day of disorder, for the Prior of Witham often rode to them through the cleft in the hills ; and wherever he passed, from cellar to guest-house, much

waste was saved by his firm counsel. But it was among the masons that he loved to tarry most, winning even Guthlac to the simple beauty of a design for a Chapel that should hallow and enshrine the Vision of the Founder.

In the mighty Church of Herlewin, hewn with rude axes, a pile of massive piers, huge square buttresses, supporting a lengthy nave and wooden roof unribbed by stone, Hugh saw the flaws that weakened the masonry of those thick walls builded for eternity. Beside it stood the stronger fabric of Henri, with new windows formed by the interlacing of round arcades ; and the work of Robert, who completing the long line of the cloister, added deep-recessed door-ways, raised the bell-tower, and embellished window, door, and capital with such a profusion of chiseled ornament, that the whole seemed to the Burgundian the fanciful creation of the Southland, strange as a broidered baldric on a brawny Norman warrior. Now while the workmen began to labour under his direction, either through the jealousy of Peter or carelessness with the altar lights, flames fiercer than any kindled from a Danish battle-brand swept the Monastery on a night of high winds. For miles across the fen blazed the Fortress, a monstrous torch in the darkness before it fell a blackened ruin. And none would have known where to turn, save that Hugh heartened the Chapter, and by his power with the Angevin obtained the services of Ralph Fitz Stephen to carry on the work begun. Then the Chapel of Mary rose from a base of rock-like strength, lightened with lofty pillars. Naught could exceed the grace, austere and delicate, of pointed arch, narrow rounded window, clustered shaft, and slender turret, soaring as the soul doth from the earth-born foundation ; nor the splendour of the ceiling, wrought of such living fire as bathes the thunder-shapen pinnacles. And in a latter time, when Hugh stood at the altar, a Voice vast as that which echoes down a mountain gorge sounded through the shadowy aisles, and through the Chalice in his hand burned an unearthly light. Therefore, many believed with Guthlac that the Grail, lost centuries ago by selfishness and sin, appeared once more among the monks of Glastonbury.

With sorrow the countryfolk saw the departure of the Prior of Witham, at Henry's command to take his seat beside the haughty

bishops of the realm. In forest town and fenland Abbey they listened eagerly to the traveler's tale of the rugged acts of him to whom the kiss of a leper was sweeter than the embrace of a king. And the ruler of the powerful See of Lincoln yearned after these rustic people, ending his deepest peace in the humble cell on the border of the wood. Through the years that followed, he remained tameless and free of spirit, frank yet tactful in speech, instant in kindness, savage against oppression. And the Angevin found this plain monk in the hair shirt more proud than any mail-clad prince of mortal kind. Because of the noble deeds that shone as beacon lights in the troubled world, and because of the majestic beauty of the Cathedral at which he laboured, often spreading the mortar with his own hands, his fame went throughout the kingdom. Here, too, as at Glaston, were miracles. A clerk had seen an unearthly Shape hover about the lifted Cup, while a Voice like unto an archangel's rang from the vaulted roof. Concerning this Hugh was always silent. Yet those close to him, who remembered how he held the Sacraments above the relics of all the tortured Saints, knew that for him the Holy Grail was the Heart of Christ.

Ruined arch and broken tower mark in Avallon the close of that mighty age when conquerors and their fierce men-of-war bowed reverently to the simple goodness of the Saint through whom God spake. But Hugh's great Minster still rises from the hill of Lincoln, the first perfection of pointed art, the first expression of the soul of Angleland. And as long as the wondrous fabric endures on earth, so long will live the memory of the stalwart Bishop-Builder, whose passing made a stir among the stars.

SOME PARALLELS BETWEEN THE SCRIPT  
CONCERNING HUGH OF LINCOLN AND THE  
RECORDS OF HIS LIFE IN DOCUMENTS.

1. SCRIPT. Now, not far away, on the border of Saxon Selwood, dwelt a new Order of an austerity so severe that the Angevin thought surely it would atone for all the sins of Anglelonde. Thus, from the lonely peaks of Chartreuse men had journeyed at his bidding to the gentle meadows of the Somersoattas. At first, naught prospered.

The country folk, indignant over the loss of their farmsteads, raged so furiously at the Carthusians that the haughty Brothers made ready to depart.

Then there came to them in their distress a man of lofty stature, chiefest among the Brotherhood, Hugh of Burgundy, favoured of Henry.

He, by reason of sense and humanity, saved what had been lost through pure holiness, and the contented peasants, justly dealt with, began to laud the Monk of the Mountains.

(*Visit of Guthlac.*) It was near the close of day when he passed the huts of wattle beyond the scanty pastures, and reached the chapel on the edge of the forest.

(*Extract from another script of P.L. referring to Hugh of Lincoln.*)

He was most practical. Ye know he did bite into the bone of Mary Magdalene. Now know that the monks of Fecamp did present him with a sacred relic, a bone of this Saint, and Hugh, to the horror of those present, while examining the

1. HISTORY. Henry II carried out a vow of his to found three abbeys, the third of which he attempted to found at a wild spot at Witham, not far from Selwood Forest on the east side of Somerset, by granting the place to a few Carthusian monks and sending them there to establish their house as best they could. They failed, and Hugh was sent for.

The first prior, scared by the threatening aspect of the country people, who looked upon the monks as so many robbers come to spoil them of their goods, fled away in terror. The second, overwhelmed by difficulties, died at his post, and Henry's grand foundation was on the point of collapsing when a certain nobleman of Maurienne suggested to the King that Hugh of Avalon should be sent for.

The inhabitants of the place still held the houses and lands which had been granted to the monastery, no provision having been made for them elsewhere. It was Hugh's first care to procure their removal with full compensation for that which they were obliged to give up.

When Hugh came to Witham, all was in a wretched state. The monks were dwelling in huts of twigs, and that this was not due to their asceticism, but to their sad circumstances is suggested by a passage in the metrical life of Hugh (pp. 436-444).

(*From Perry's "Hugh of Avalon,"* p. 301, ref. note.) Hugh's biographer Adam gives us many stories of his hunting for relics and eagerness to possess them. As, for instance, when at Fescamp, a bone of St. Mary Magdalene. This relic was encased reverentially in silk coverings, and none of the monks had ever seen it

bone, did take and bite thereon. Ye can answer better than we why he did this, but it was from no disrespect.

bare, but Hugh, getting it into his hands, cut the covering. While the monks were in amazement at this proceeding they were still further horrified at seeing the bishop put the bone into his mouth and bite off a piece of it which he slipped into the hand of his attendant chaplain, bidding him carefully preserve it. . . . At Peterborough also he contrived to cut off and secure for himself a tendon of the arm of St. Oswald.

(*Note on "The Angevin."* Henry II inherited Anjou on the death of his father Geoffrey Plantagenet, son of Fulk of Anjou. His mother, the Empress Matilda, being heiress of Henry I.)

#### SCRIPT OF PHILIP LLOYD.

*March 26, 1923.*

In the mighty Church of Herlewin, hewn with rude axes, a pile of massive piers, huge square buttresses supporting a lengthy nave, and wooden roof unribbed by stone. Hugh saw the flaws that weakened the masonry of those thick walls builded for eternity. Beside it stood the stronger fabric of Henri, with new windows formed by the interlacing of round arcades; and the work of Robert, who, completing the long line of the cloister added deeply recessed doorways, raised the bell tower, and embellished window, door and capital with such a profusion of chiselled ornament that the whole seemed to be Burgundian, the fanciful creation of the Southland, strange as a brodered baldric on a shaggy Norman warrior.

#### SCRIPT OF SYMON.

*See Script of December 9/1921.  
August 30, 1921*

Abbas Henricus beganne bell towre for to buyld, but more of lodgings for Abbat and Scriptorium: and alle buylded hee—fine buylding and strong. But little of chirche didde hee. Then Abbat Robert, hee some didde, and finished bell towre.

*Ditto, October 5, 1921.*

Ecclesia Regis Ini—Turstin hadde it brocan ad occidentem only—and Navis. . . . Herluin Abbas buylded apse ronde, but left Sanctuarium Regis Ini, and walle so holie. Herluin Abbas buylded navis et choro—larger ailes to Ecclesia Regis Ini, et transeptorii, et Sanct Maudelyn, et Capella Mortuarium ad occidentem. (He) bell towre begun, and tourelles ad occidentem. After (came) Henricus Abbas. He too buylded much in monasterio, Robertus Abbas finished muche of Herluin Abbat.

*Ditto, January 7, 1923.*

Winfrith speaks:

"I visualize Ina's church as having narrow aisles, but I cannot see anything like a triforium. The Roman influence must have been strong even in Ina's day. . . . Then I see Herlewin's church, real Norman, or Saxon built under Norman influence."

*Data known:* Parts of very massive round piers have been discovered. They belong to the first Norman period. Many choice, finely-chiselled fragments of sculpture in blue stone, from pier caps or arcades to doorways, windows or recesses, suggesting Burgundian influence, have been found underground about the position of the apse of Herlewin's Church. These are probably later than Herlewin, and are most likely of Robert's date.

8

1/6

The  
Glastonbury Scripts.



VIII.

HOW JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA  
FOUNDED HIS CHURCH AT  
GLASTON AND OBTAINED HIS  
CHARTER FROM ARVIRAGVS:  
AND OF HIS DEALINGS WITH  
THE DRUIDS OF STONEHENGE.

METRICAL VERSION

By F. BLIGH BOND.

FIRST EDITION, APRIL, 1925

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## PREFACE

TO THE

# Story of Joseph of Arimathea.

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This story was received first in automatic script, in prose form, through the hand of Mrs. Hester Travers-Smith, in presence of the undersigned and another witness. The substance of the tale is quite unknown, and there is no record extant of the dealings of St. Joseph with the Druids. It follows the story of the coming of the missionary band by Philip, Watcher of England, who claims to have been one of them. This is now published in metrical form as No. VI of the "Glastonbury Scripts."

The present tale is issued also in metrical form, but with faithful adherence to the original narrative. There is nothing but tradition to rely upon in the evaluation of these writings by external standards. Their appeal must be entirely based upon their intrinsic character: the consistency of the story and the marks of true religious aim, coupled with the practical common sense displayed in the non-mystical parts of the narrative are the only criteria by which they can rightly be judged. The tale is thus put forth without any claim to authority on the score of its "psychical"

origin, and it would be well that all such writings should be viewed in a critical spirit, having regard to the many known or suspected sources of possible error and confusion attending the use of the automatic powers. The script is given at a uniform rate of about two thousand two hundred words per hour, and is claimed to be the work of "scribes" employed on the Other Side as translators of the thought of the communicators, which is often incapable of direct interpretation into our modern terms.

If any apology for the adoption of the metrical form be needed, it may be said that it has been used as a vehicle for the condensation of a story too long to publish conveniently, into a concise and agreeable form, more attractive to many readers; and to give clarity and emphasis to the whole. Moreover, the rhythmic quality of the original prose seems often to suggest this so strongly that the transition becomes natural and almost involuntary.

F. BLIGH BOND.

44, Stratford Road,  
London, W.8.

*March, 1925.*

# The Founding of the Faith in Britain.

TOLD BY JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA.

- I. I, JOSEPH, servant of the Lord Most High,  
Do give you greeting. I am come to tell  
That which we did in Glaston for the  
Christ,  
To spread in Britain His most Holy Faith.  
So shall I try to put before your eyes  
A living picture of that vanished past  
And ye shall hear direct from him who laid  
That sacred Body in the rock-hewn tomb  
Those wonders wrought by His most  
precious blood  
The which within my bosom lay secure  
Making me blest above all other men.
- II. After me others held that Holy Gem  
Within their robes, for thus it was  
preserved,  
Yet of those wonders that the Jewel  
wrought  
No eye but mine the ample vision held,  
For unto none but me the charge was given  
To conquer a whole country for the Christ  
And in my hand no weapon but a stone !

HYMN OF THE SANGREAL.

- III. *Hail to Thee, then, O Rose of Love Divine  
In which lies hid the richness of the Heavens :  
The power to fill the doubting heart with  
faith :  
The healing power that fills the blood with  
life :  
The power to heal all ills that come to man.  
May this Thy power, O most blessed Lord,  
With hope and faith Thy servants' hearts  
fulfil  
For evermore, and may the Living Rose  
Burst into bloom upon the earth once more !*
- IV. Now, my dear Son, he that is PHILIP called,  
Hath told you of the Watching of the Rose  
And of our Coming unto Glaston's Vale,  
And of the Druid Temple on the hill.  
My task is now to take the story on.
- V. Now, for the happy issue of our work.  
I, JOSEPH, felt no fear ; yet some there  
were  
Among my company who stood in awe  
Of those dark heathen priests, the which  
they held  
Ready to fall on any who might claim  
A way of life or creed they did not share.
- VI. Thus would these counsel me to wait awhile  
Without a builded shelter or a church  
Wherein to worship : But our Lord to me  
A Sign had given that we should build our  
House  
Without delay ; and I, a simple man  
By faith alone and not by reason led,  
(Like my son Philip) conquered all their  
doubts  
And so upon that evening of the year  
When our first vigil had again come round—

The Watching of the Rose upon the hill,  
Laid we the first foundation of our House.

VII. Upon that holy spot ye know so well  
Our shrine we built. There was much  
water then,  
And a fair stream that flowed throughout  
the vale.  
Around it were our houses—twelve in all,  
Just as we rested on the sandy shore  
When first our feet did tread on British soil.

VIII. Now at the time of building knew we not  
That we were following a Druid plan  
In laying out the Circle of the Twelve,  
And here I saw the Lord's protecting care,  
For, to the Druid priesthood it had seemed  
That as their temples we our houses built,  
And so they spared us, having in their  
minds  
That we were sprung from the same faith  
as they,  
And hence it was they did not ask of us  
To offer of our band for sacrifice.

IX. And thus we dwelt in peace, though poor  
indeed  
For naught had we to barter ; and we lived  
By labour of our hands that earned for us  
Our bread, no more. And as we went  
among  
The country folk, at first we strove to gain  
Their confidence by service and by help  
Unto the sick, not speaking words of  
Christ  
Nor of our mission to implant the Faith ;  
But bringing comfort unto those obliged  
To part with their beloved for sacrifice :  
Not seizing on their faith, and rending it.

Until the time were ripe to build anew  
On its foundations crumbled into dust.

- X. Our simple feasts much wonder did inspire  
In that they were without blood-sacrifice,  
And veiled from all within the Chapel walls  
All save our joyous Anniversary,  
The Watching of the Rose upon the hill.  
Of this our Feast the people in the vale  
Took little note, being much occupied  
With the harsh labours of their daily toil.
- XI. Anxiously would I ponder how we might  
Soften the hearts of those most cruel  
priests ;  
Cruel, I call them, not alone because  
The innocent they slew, but that they took  
Into their groves the best of all the flocks  
And thus the poor found it right hard to  
live  
And were not as a hardy race should be.
- XII. Thus it befell that for three nights I prayed  
Unto the Christ, that He would find a way  
To move their hearts, and give to us a sign :  
And as I knelt, to me the Sign was given  
Within that house the which ye call our  
Church.
- XIII. Now would I tell ye how our House was  
built.  
Round was her base, the walls with wattle  
raised  
Upon a rugged ring of boulder-stones.  
No seats were there : upon the ground we  
kneeled,  
The floor of clay hard beaten with the  
spade,  
And with fresh leaves and rushes daily  
strowed

And in her centre was a table fair,  
Nought on her save the vessels for the  
feast  
Held weekly on the day He sufferèd.

XIV. And on that day, the which ye Friday call  
After the Feast was held, the Stone was  
laid  
Upon the table and upon our knees  
Knelt we in adoration of the Rose.

XV. Ye know not of our Rule, the which was  
hard  
Mingled with common toil that needed was  
For each of us, that he might earn his meat ;  
And for the aftertime this Rule was set.  
Now ye will wonder when I say to you  
That in our time we did not counsel take  
Save as a company. No man was set  
Above his fellows as a president,  
But each and all did his opinion give,  
And thus the largest number made the  
Rule  
And each in turn was priest and bishop  
both.

XVI. This rule of ours ye may not understand  
Since those the which have followed in our  
steps  
Have been of nations different from our  
own  
With other customs not as ours might be.  
Be not contemptuous of our simple Rule,  
For such it was that made the Faith ye  
hold !

XVII. Many our Feasts, but different in date  
From those ye keep, since that our seasons  
were  
Unlike to yours. Thus of the Holy Feast  
Of Christ's Nativity, this Day with us

Was held in what ye call the summer time,  
We kept the Day as we were told it was  
Upon the Ninth day of the month July

- XVIII. As to the years after the Birth of Christ  
When we to Britain came, I gladly tell.  
Thirty and three ye say our Master's life,  
But we say " One-and-thirty were the years  
That passed ere on the Tree Our Lord was  
hanged."'  
Though as to this Philip my Son may be  
More clear in mind than I. But this I  
know ;  
That when our feet did rest on Britain's  
shore,  
Full fourteen years had sped and five  
months more  
Since Christ had suffered death upon the  
Cross.  
My age was then some six-and-forty years :  
Add unto this fourteen, and thus you see  
A man of sixty leader of the band.

JOSEPH DISCOURSES OF THE CIRCLE.

- XIX. Ye ask me if the Circle of the Twelve  
Around the One within the Centre fixed  
Were meant to be a symbol of the Sun  
And of the Heavenly Signs upon His path ?  
Of this, my son, it were not right to think  
That we were worshippers of Sun and Stars.  
But if ye say that these did represent  
Our Lord the Christ and His Apostles  
Twelve,  
Ye say the truth : also the Circle was  
With us the Symbol of Eternity  
That knows no end, and so we set our  
Church  
Within a Circle, meaning thus to shew  
That she for aye was destined to endure.

XX. Sacred the number Twelve we thought  
to be,  
Symbol of God's terrestrial governance  
And of the scattering of Jacob's seed  
Among the nations, and the sending forth  
Of the Apostles, two and two, to preach  
The Gospel unto Earth's remotest bounds.

HOW JOSEPH OBTAINED HIS CHARTER.

XXI. Now at the time when we to Britain came  
Six powerful lords the island soil possessed,  
Two each the North, the Midland and the  
South.

But they that meted out the land to men  
For building houses, raising flocks and  
herds,

These were that Druid priesthood called  
the Bards

Which at his feasts the lord did company.

XXII. Ever within the story of our House  
Were offerings made to this our temporal  
lord ;

These being of our cattle and the fruits  
Of our good husbandry : but I shall tell  
How we obtained our charter for the land  
And our exemption from the sacrifice.

XXIII. My dear son Philip was the first to go  
Unto the Druid's grove below the hill ;  
For Philip ever had a curious mind  
And of their rites would many a question  
ask,

In friendly converse entering their groves  
And being well received. He counselled us  
That if these Bards were made to under-  
stand

That we through diligence and skill might  
make

Abundant increase in the years to come—  
Promising faithful toll--then would they  
not  
Require of us at once the sacrifice  
That lawful was according to their rite.

XXIV. Twelve men in all comprised our Company,  
These in full age and fit for sacrifice :  
Thus could the priests demand of us that  
four  
At least should offered be within the year,  
Because within that countryside there were  
Dwellings but few, and these of families  
Not rich in children ready for the rite.

XXV. Thus Philip entered first into the grove  
Not asking any boon : but to enquire  
How and on what conditions we might  
build  
Our houses on this land : he said that we  
Intended here in Britain to abide  
To our life's end : to which the priests  
replied  
That we must pay our toll in herds and  
grains  
Both to the lord and to the Druid priests  
But no immediate sacrifice was asked,  
For if among the people of their faith  
Enough were found, then were the  
strangers spared  
Until such time as fewer might be fit  
For sacrifice among their countrymen.

XXVI. I, taking thought, resolved myself to go  
To their great Temple on the upland plains  
And there to see the Rulers of the land.  
This journey I resolved to make alone  
With but my precious Gem for company ;  
But all the brethren found I much opposed,

And chiefly Philip, who would with me  
come.  
So all the night we sat in argument  
Until at length it was by all agreed  
That we should seek an answer from the  
Stone.

XXVII. So drawing forth the gem from out my robe  
Once more I held it high above the band  
And in the darkness did its light shine forth  
This time for me—for I had been resolved  
That if from out the stone no light shone  
forth  
Then were my counsels foolish, and myself  
An old man, losing wits in gaining years :  
But if the Light were seen, then was it  
clear  
That here no CHANCE was, but a Sign from  
Heaven.

XXVIII. I slept in peace, and when the morning  
came  
While yet the grass was spangled with the  
dew  
Left I the vale and passed between the hills  
Taking my course towards the rising sun.  
Three days I journeyed thro' the country-  
side  
And those the which I met were kind to me,  
Giving me food and drink along the way  
The which I begged ; and even for the  
night  
Found I a shelter twice : for they that  
dwelt  
In Britain not a cruel people were  
Tho' full of fear ; and if they were ap-  
proached  
With gentleness, they nought but kindness  
shewed.

JOSEPH COMES TO  
STONEHENGE.

- XXIX. And when the third day of my journey  
came  
Saw I a Temple loftier by far  
Than any seen in Britain or in Gaul.  
The tall stones rose within a spreading  
grove  
That like a forest was, so great was he.  
I entered in, and found a wondrous place  
Like a great city of small houses built  
Of wattle, but with skill and elegance.
- XXX. Here found I many cattle, and rich stacks  
Of grains and fruits, and here were many  
men  
Busied among their houses. These were  
robed  
In the white garments that the Druids wore.  
I hung about the entrance of the grove,  
Nor feared to enter in, but lingered yet,  
Waiting until such words might come to me  
That I might have no fear of faltering.  
And then a Voice did speak to me and say :  
“ Josephus, know that in this Temple lies  
The root of all my Mission to this land,  
For if ye conquer here, then ye have won  
The whole of Britain. Therefore enter in  
With confidence, and speak unto these  
men  
Those words that shall be put upon your  
tongue.  
Ye need not frame the speech : it shall be  
given.”
- XXXI. So, hailing those that busied with the  
flocks,  
I asked that they should bring me unto  
them

That had the chiefest of authority ;  
And thus unto the Temple was I led.  
Here were the priests engaged upon a rite  
In reverent obedience to the Sun ;  
And when this ended was, I spake to them,  
And He that sent me gave me words to  
speak.

XXXII. I told these priests that I a poor man was  
That had been rich : that I, with twelve  
beside  
Had from a distant Eastern country come  
And hoped to end my days in Britain's isle  
With all my Company ; for being poor  
I said I could not to my land return.

XXXIII. And further, said I, we must houses build :  
But since no gold nor treasure we possessed,  
We proffered willing service in those arts  
Of useful and of curious workmanship  
The which we practised in our Eastern  
home  
With skilful hand, in great variety.

XXXIV. Into their house, the greatest in the grove,  
We came, and, sitting round, they ques-  
tioned me  
First of my country, of my learning next,  
And of those curious things that we could  
do.  
They asked me if in magic we were skilled,  
And of the faith we followed : whether this  
Was like unto the faith the Persians held—  
That in a sense, was kindred to their own.

XXXV. And I, replying, said that one of us  
Though not of Persian blood, did know  
that faith :  
But we had come to Britain with a creed

The which was new, and not as those that  
came  
Before, nor any other later found :  
That ours from Love and not from learning  
sprang.  
And then they questioned of the faith of  
Greece  
And Egypt, and of the Philosophies :  
And I, not being learned in these things,  
Told them again that, of our Company,  
One could discourse on matters such as  
these ;  
But we, being all unlearned in magic spells  
As children were in knowledge and belief,  
That holding only which to us seemed good.

XXXVI. And so I told those wonders that had come,  
In Judah's land, and that a Prophet new  
Had risen, Who had given faith and hope  
Not only to the dwellers in that land  
But to the whole wide world : That at this  
time  
Many that in His teaching did believe  
Had been sent forth to minister to them  
Whose ancient faith, that from their  
fathers came,  
Was vanishing and crumbling into dust.

XXXVII. Eagerly did these Druids question me  
About that Prophet, saying they had heard  
Much of this Man Who had been sacrificed  
Upon the Tree outside Jerusalem,  
But here, it seemed to them, was proof that  
He  
Had been but poor in teachings. " For,"  
said they,  
" If ye believe that any God above  
Can with petitions only be content  
Without ye also make Him sacrifice

In kind—as of your flocks and herds and  
grains  
And of your people—then is He indeed  
No God, and all your prayers ascend in  
vain  
Into the empty air and so are lost  
Finding no ears to which to enter in.”

XXXVIII. No wrath felt I, but sorrow for these men  
Which held a faith that without mercy  
was ;  
So spake again of all the Christ had done,  
And of those miracles He had performed :  
The Raising from the Dead of Lazarus ;  
The Turning of the Water into Wine ;  
And many more. They, falling back from  
me,  
Asked me if I could do these wondrous  
things ?  
“ For of a truth,” said they, “ if this be so,  
Then shall ye mark those powers that  
we employ  
To do that which is pleasing to our God.”

XXXIX. So I, in wonder at these words of theirs  
Told them that I no miracle could work,  
But that I had a treasure given me  
Which could work miracles most wonderful  
And could give signs to those that were in  
doubt.  
Then asked they of me with great eagerness  
The properties of That of which I spake  
And of what Sign it might possess the  
form ?

XL. I told them not that this my Treasure lay  
Concealed within my robe, but said to them  
That she was kept in secret, and that they  
Being of a different faith, I could not dare

To shew her unto them. But they withdrew  
Apart, and to each other whispering low,  
Then beckoned me towards another house  
Which, entering, I beheld things strange  
and new,  
For here were curious signs and vials filled  
With coloured liquors, and upon the walls  
Were painted pictures yet more curious.

- XLI. Over the lintel of the door was hung  
A bough of that strange fruit, the mistletoe,  
Which they in winter offer to their God.  
This curious place did but appear to me  
As any booth within the market place  
In which men offer wares the which are  
there  
Either for children's play or women's guile.
- XLII. They, pointing to these objects, asked of  
me  
Their meaning, but, being ignorant of their  
faith  
And also of that magic which they used  
In all their temples, could but gaze at them,  
Nor of a single one the meaning tell.  
Then they, again conferring, asked of me  
If any Sign for my religion stood ?  
And I, replying, said : " No sign indeed ;  
Only one Form, we hold in memory  
Of My Dear Lord that hanged upon the  
Tree."  
Then, taking in my hand my staff, I drew  
The figure of a Cross upon the ground.
- XLIII. Full carefully they looked at this, and then  
Shewed me another sigil of their own :  
This was a Cross of four co-equal arms  
And in the centre of each arm a sign.  
This Cross, I said, I knew not. Then again  
They asked if any spell or miracle

Might with our Cross be wrought, and in  
reply  
I told them I was sure that this our sign  
Might well protect the members of our  
faith,  
Yet in Remembrance only was it used  
Of our great Prophet Who was sacrificed.

XLIV. So fell they then to counsel, telling me  
To sit outside the house the while they  
spake.  
So, sitting on the ground, I pressed my  
hands  
Upon my Gem, and made my prayer to  
Christ  
To help me and to give my lips the words  
The which might bring persuasion to these  
men  
And turn them from their cruel, evil ways.

XLV. Long did they counsel, and, when I had  
prayed,  
I felt within my heart a power was given  
Of reason to withstand their arguments.  
Then calling me, they asked me of our  
needs  
In land for building, dwelling, and the like :  
And I, not knowing of their measurements,  
Did go without the grove, and mark for  
them  
A Circle for the houses of the Twelve  
And in his centre, there I marked the  
Shrine.

XLVI. Right curious they about the central  
House,  
“ For surely,” said they, “ Ye be wor-  
shippers  
Of God the Sun, and ye be kin to us  
And thus are ye full welcome for to build

Your dwellings in a circle, as be ours :  
But of that House that ye do mean to set  
Within his centre, we must surely know  
His purpose, for such houses are not  
built  
For temples of our own or Persian rite."

XLVII. So, trusting in my Lord's protecting arm  
To shield me from all malice, did I say  
That not those little houses round about  
But in the centre, should our Temple be.  
Then once again these priests did question  
me  
As to my Treasure, and with joy and pride  
I spake to them of that most sacred Stone  
And all her marvels. And they bade me go  
To fetch the Magic Stone and bring her  
forth  
That they might see her placed before  
their eyes.

THE MIRACLE OF THE ROSE.

XLVIII. "Now," said they, "If thy Jewel giveth  
forth  
The wonder in our midst, then shall ye  
have  
Your land for ever, and our mighty Lord  
Will ask no payment, only that the Stone  
Shall unto him be rendered—not to  
keep—  
But to bestow it in our sacred fane.  
And on your Feast Days ye shall hold  
the Stone ;  
But after, shall return her unto us."

XLIX. "Nay," said I, "Such a barter cannot be  
For this, the very Substance of our Lord,  
Hath in the world been left by Him to  
make

His faith enduring." Further waxed I  
strong  
And said this Stone should shine with such  
a Light  
That it should penetrate right through the  
land  
For all to see and marvel at its glow.  
So, taking now the Gem from out my robe  
And with a silent prayer unto my Lord  
To bring these men to mercy in their mind  
I held the jewel high above my head,  
And there she glowed, full crimson as a  
Rose!

L. Ever a brighter red the light did shine  
And all around was wafted through that  
grove  
Her precious incense. Never to the mind  
Had her sweet fragrance been so powerful.  
Full of amazement were these heathen  
priests  
And overcome of sense as those that take  
The Drug of Dreams within the market  
place.

LI. Not until once again the Stone I placed  
Within my bosom did they find their voice  
And then they bartered as the men who  
buy  
Some goodly vessel in the metal mart.  
And now I told these priests they would  
not here  
Find what they sought, for sure was I  
at heart  
That in their hand no miracle could come  
From out the Stone that was the very  
Blood  
Of that great Prophet hanged upon the  
Tree;

But only unto those that followed Him  
Might its great potency be manifest.

- LII. Then brought they unto me their magic  
books  
And bade me on their table lay the Stone  
That thus, above it, they might weave  
their spells.  
Now ye might think this blasphemy in me  
That I should suffer men of darkened mind  
And false religion like these heathen priests  
To touch this Sacred Thing. But sure was I  
That thus, and thus alone, these men might  
learn  
That what I spake to them indeed was true.
- LIII. I laid the Gem before them on the slab  
And all around it did they make their signs,  
Waving their arms and working divers  
spells  
And pouring potions o'er the table-top.  
But all in vain ! No sign to them was given,  
And there a Stone she lay—a stone—no  
more,
- LIV. Now at their failure greatly were they  
mazed.  
Almost as much as when she first had  
glowed  
Above my head : so did I make them sure  
The Stone could not be payment for our  
land  
Since neither could we part from her, nor  
yet  
Could she give service for their magic use.
- LV. And so, debating much, at last they said  
That if the land I needed, I must go  
With them to their great lord and bring the  
Stone

And hold it high, as I had done before  
That he might see the wonder with his eyes.  
“For,” said they, “should the wonder  
    come to pass  
Then he shall judge whether such men  
    as ye  
Shall stay in Britain. Hindrance shall  
    be none  
From us : decision shall remain with  
    him.”

LVI.     And I replied : “ Right gladly will I go  
    And shew the Stone, and if she glow  
    again,  
Then must ye pray your Lord to grant  
    us land  
Whereon to build a Shrine to house the  
    Stone  
For verily no evil can we do.  
For ye being many, and in magic skilled  
And we being Twelve alone are capable  
Of this one Miracle—then ye are strong  
And can fear nothing from our little  
    band.”

LVII.    But if ye deem us sorcerers of power  
And cast us forth thro’ fear, how do ye  
    know  
We may not cast upon you heavy spells  
Leaving perchance a curse upon your  
    land ?

LVIII.   So did I tarry till the evening came  
And on the morrow I was told that I  
Should with four Bards for company set  
    forth  
Unto the palace where the lord did dwell.  
Cheerful of heart was I, for well I knew  
That e’en as He had helped me in the grove

So would my dear Lord Christ be with me  
then.

LIX. In early morn, before we did depart  
I entered in the grove and saw the rite  
As they had bid me do. It was a time  
For worship to the Sun-God, and the Moon  
Being past the full, no blood was offered up  
But grains and fruits were on the altar laid  
Upon a bed of withered fern and boughs.  
And now the priests, all clad in robes of  
white  
Wove many curious signs, and then did  
pour  
Libations from the vessels I had seen  
Within their house. These were of liquor  
red  
As blood, and now they set the boughs on  
fire  
And poured the fluid on the rising flame.  
And ever brighter did the offering burn  
Until at length but ashes did remain.

LX. Then set we forth : myself, two priests in  
white  
And two from out the grove that servants  
seemed.  
More than a day's march distant was our  
goal  
Their pace was slow, and often rested they  
Talking of things that touched upon the  
faith.  
I, waxing bolder, told them much of that  
The which had happened in the Life of  
Christ  
And of that wondrous influence over men  
That from His Person flowed in silent  
power

So that without debate or argument  
His Spirit reached and touched the hearts  
of men.

LXI. Northward we went, and crossed a shallow  
ford ;  
Then to the east, approaching higher  
ground ;  
Last to the south. No city did we meet,  
But scattered houses in a fertile land  
Dotted with noble elms. O'er upland lawns  
Fresh airs and pleasant blew ; and here we  
saw  
Great flocks of sheep and herds of grazing  
kine  
But never beast of burden did we see.

LXII. The flocks along the vale were strangely  
marked  
Each of the beasts being branded with a  
sign  
Like to the sigils in the Druid house.  
These, I was told, bespoke the property  
Of the Great Lord, and that these signs  
were set  
By Druid priests as marks for offering  
Or else for feasts attended by the Bards.

LXIII. They said that in this district of the land  
Nigh to the Temple and the Great Lord's  
house,  
But little to the people was allowed--  
A certain meed of grain, and flesh of goats,  
But nothing of the herds might they  
devour,  
Nor of the greater flocks which pastured  
there.

JOSEPH DISCOURSES OF THE DRUIDS.

- LXIV. Now have I told ye of the road, and how  
These priests did speak to me of their  
beliefs  
And so at last I came to understand  
The cause of what ye call their cruelty—  
As my son Philip also calleth it.
- LXV. Know ye, my Son, that never man is born  
Into this world of men that can be called  
Entirely evil ; for the evil mind  
That him besets, this cometh from without.  
For if he do permit his thoughts to stray  
Into those realms that are inhabited  
By spirits evil, such must fill his soul  
And evil will he work towards humankind.
- LXVI. These Druids their religion did begin  
As those that worshippèd One God—the  
Sun.  
This was the worship of celestial fire  
And it was pure : no evil did it hold.
- LXVII. For, when a sacrificial offering  
Unto the Sun, the Source of Nature's Life  
Is made, then never in the tale of Man  
Nor in the rites that do attend this faith  
Hath flesh been laid upon the altar-stone  
What time the faith in purity remained.
- LXVIII. But, time again, the people erred and  
strayed  
Nor could they keep the Faith's simplicity ;  
And so their priests did counsel and resolve  
That there must be two Gods—the one of  
Good,  
The other Evil. Therefore taught they  
FEAR  
As well as ADORATION. So they took

Into their scheme as spouse of the fair God  
The Lady Moon, the darkling Orb of Night  
In all her phases and her shadowings.

- LXIX. And thus PROPITIATION did arise  
Of a Twin Deity that was opposed  
Unto the First ; and of this heresy  
The fruits in all religions ye may find.  
Now in the Druid cult, the Lady Moon  
Became the Sign of Woman and of Lust ;  
The drinker of the blood of man and beast,  
And on her altar both were sacrificed.  
Not only stalwart youth and little child,  
But even infants plundered from the womb.
- LXX. And because Good and Evil are entwined  
As Night and Day, or Light and Darkness  
be :  
So did this faith, once pure, most foul  
become  
By practices, which though in duty done  
With faithful motive and sincerity  
By priests of single heart, was yet abused  
By greedy men, ambitious of revenge  
Or swayed by passion or by lust of power.
- LXXI. And to this pass the Druid faith had come :  
A time when it must fall and fade away ;  
For in her priesthood now the lust for Rule  
Had overtopped the wish to serve their  
God.
- LXXII. Ye ask me how, with sacrifice performed  
With faithful motive, could the torture find  
A place within the rite ? Ye well may ask !  
Yet was the reason but a simple thing.  
Partly it was in hope of pleasing her—  
Their Lady unto whom the rite was made ;  
Yet more, that they believed the victim's  
cries

Were sweetest music with her bloody meal  
Thus in good faith the torture some did  
give.

LXXIII. Yet, as the rending of the life is joy  
Unto the savage beast : and e'en with you  
The huntsman in his sport inflicteth pain ;  
So with the sacrificial priest a joy  
Lay in the throes of miserable men  
Beneath the torture of the horrid knife  
And in the cries of those that suffered sore.  
Thus for a two-fold reason was it given :  
Joy in the torture and religious zeal.

HE TELLS OF THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

LXXIV. So to these men of the New Faith I told  
That was but Love and Mercy to mankind ;  
Especially to those the which do sin  
And from The Faith do stray. For with  
our Lord  
This ever was the greatest thing of all :  
That from the stronger should the weaker  
gain  
And of his strength partake. His company  
By many were accounted foul and vile ;  
And this is true, as in the Gospels writ.

LXXV. For oftentimes our dearest Lord would go  
Into those places black with foulest sin  
Where as a spotted leprosy it raged.  
And there would He to those of mind  
diseased  
Minister healing with that strength that  
flowed  
From out His body, yet did never fail.

LXXVI. Now to the priests I made His teaching  
plain,  
Omitting nothing which could render Him

Despisèd in their eyes ; and they could not  
Make of these teachings a philosophy.

“ For,” said they, “ surely this doth not  
agree

With any Faith the which hath gone  
before !

For see, the Greeks, who in their Faith  
believed

Much that was wise and true, yet did not  
take

Account of them that sinned or were  
diseased.”

LXXVII. “ And further,” said they, “ as the Christ  
did live,

So did He die, in company of thieves  
That hung on other crosses by His side.”

So, answering them with gentleness, I said :

“ Yea, it is true that our dear Lord did die  
Even as a thief or one that much had  
sinned.

But if ye say He as those others were,  
Then is there more that ye should surely  
hear

For those that die in sin rise not again  
From out their bodies, neither do ascend  
Into the Heavens : and so, if ye will list  
Ye shall observe that here a sign was  
given

That with an end of torment there should  
come

A glory to that Spirit which, in them  
As too, in us, is part of the Great God.”

LXXVIII. I told them of His Rising from the Tomb  
And how that I, the which had helped to  
lay

His Body there, could find within the cave  
Nought but the linen clothes, and these  
were laid

As I had folded them before that they  
Were wrapped around Him. And again  
spake I :  
“ I will another wonder show to you.”

LXXIX. And then I told them of the Blood that  
flowed  
Into my cup, and of the Jewel fair  
That rested in its place within the shrine.  
To which they listening patiently did say :  
“ All that ye tell is as a wonder wrought  
By magic power : but we the Nature  
know  
Of just such spells, that cause the life  
again  
To come into a corse ; and thus we know  
The nature of that Stone the which ye  
bear  
Within your robe. But of that magic  
strange  
That causeth such a stone to go on fire  
This do we wot not of—so careful be  
When into the high presence of our Lord  
Ye come, and do not fail to work the  
same  
With this your Stone, for should ye not  
succeed,  
Then shall we know that this was but a  
chance  
Come from the nature of those magic  
signs  
That stood around when ye were in our  
house :  
So were the Stone itself of no avail  
Nor could we pray our gracious Lord to  
help  
Or grant ye land your houses for to  
build.”

JOSEPH COMES TO THE GREAT LORD.

LXXX. As they so spake to me, there came in sight  
A rising ground, and here, before mine eyes  
The palace of the lord : a greater house  
Than any that in Britain I had seen.  
Now, when we were come nigh unto the  
house,  
The priests the which were in my company  
Did bid me take the shoes from off my feet  
As did they also : then in raiment clean  
That they had brought, they clothed them-  
selves anew  
But nought had I save that which I had  
worn  
Now travel-stained and tattered with the  
winds ;  
So my poor robe, my staff, and my long  
hair  
Must speak my station and must plead my  
cause.

LXXXI. So to the house together went we in.  
Ye ask me whether he was built of stone :  
Yea, stone was he ; not builded carefully  
As one might raise well skilled in building  
art,  
But put together with rough blocks of  
stone  
But loosely joined : his roof of wattle  
strong  
With stones laid over—these together held  
By some adherent earth unknown to me.

LXXXII. The house was large, and rough he seemed  
within  
To Eastern eyes ; and the first room I saw  
Was a great hall in which the meats were  
cooked  
And served as well. And here there was a  
fire

The smoke of which went upward through  
the roof.  
Of mud the floor with fine sand sprinkled  
o'er,  
His windows but rough spaces in the stone;  
These long and narrow, open to the winds.

LXXXIII. And of the furnishing of this great hall  
A central table : all around him seats  
But trunks of trees unhewn : but one there  
was  
Of careful pattern, where the lord did sit,  
And other seats did lie along the walls.  
Covered with coarse cloth woven in the  
land  
And on them cushions such as Easterns use.  
And further were there vessels on the board.  
Some seemed of silver ; some of metal base  
And at the end, near to the great lord's seat  
A cup of chastened silver, large and fine  
And rudely blazoned with quaint device.

LXXXIV. Marvel ye that so little did appear  
Of value in the house of one so great  
That ruled the greatest Temple in the land ?  
Bethink ye of the terror of the times  
And the great weakness of this folk  
oppressed.  
Too feeble they to fashion for the rich  
Things that give joy. But I must be  
content  
To call the memories of that I saw.

LXXXV. Many did stand within the hall, and some  
Were tending that great fire of logs whereon  
Boiled a great vessel filled with seething  
flesh  
Having an odour hateful to my sense

As being unclean. No fruits were on the  
board

No grains save bread of coarsely-kneaded  
meal

That fell asunder as it was consumed.

And all along the table eggs were laid

Not cooked, but drunken as a cup of wine.

And wine was also here : this brought from  
far

For in the land of Britain at that time

No wine was grown. This must have  
travelled far

Either from Gaul, or from the land of  
Spain.

For sunless Britain could not press the  
grape.

LXXXVI. Now, as we entered, they that stood  
around

Made deep obeisance to the Druid priests

Whose sudden advent unexpected was

E'en by the lord himself : and now it was

The time of preparation for the feast

At eventide, when song was offerèd

To the great lord. This feast was carried  
on

Until such time as it was meet to rest.

LXXXVII. Now entered one that did a charger bear  
Which near the fire he placed upon the  
floor

And into it he poured the steaming broth

Whose pungent odour made my stomach

faint

At the bare thought I might be called upon

Of such uncleanly viands to partake.

Now was a great stroke sounded on the  
pan

By him that emptied it : ten times he  
struck

Then from another chamber near the hall  
Came the great lord the which must now  
decide  
Whether in Glaston we should housen have  
For well I knew that there we must abide.

JOSEPH MEETS ARVIRAGUS.

LXXXVIII. Now must I tell you of this mighty lord ;  
He that did save us from the Druid priests.  
Into the hall he came, and all that sat  
Rose to their feet, and then the priests  
drew nigh  
Unto that chair the which for him was set  
These bowed them low before the mighty  
lord,  
And he, with friendly mien as though they  
were  
The guests that had been bidden to his  
house,  
Greeted them cheerfully and bade them sit.

LXXXIX. The lord was great of stature, strongly  
built,  
Having a pleasant aspect—not as they  
That to themselves a pride in greatness  
keep  
But more as one the which with equals sat.  
Red was his robe, short on the body set,  
Heavy his shoes, these bound to him with  
hides.

XC. Now was the great lord by the Druids told  
That I a merchant was, the which had  
come  
From Eastern lands, bringing one precious  
Stone  
Which I desired to set before the lord :  
And further, that I skilled in magic was  
And, if desired, could set this Stone on fire.

- XCI. Bowing in Eastern style, to this I said  
That I no merchant or magician was  
But one that sought this island for a home  
And fain would build him houses for his  
band ;  
And that in this no thought of barter lay,  
Since we possessed nought of merchandise  
But we did wish to work upon the soil  
Tilling the ground and giving of our flocks  
When such should be the customary toll.
- XCII. And in few words the simple tale I told  
Of all that since our landing had occurred  
And of the Stone and all her wonders  
wrought.  
Now closer to my bosom did I press  
The Stone, that she to me might strength  
bestow ;  
And further spake I of the herds and grains  
That we in prosperous aftertime might  
give.  
But of one thing alone I did not tell—  
That we the Twelve had hither come to  
preach  
Unto a people following false gods ;  
Nor that the Twelve would never cease to  
strive  
Until a Church was planted in the land  
That should endure unto the end of time.
- XCIII. So spake I unto him with humble mien.  
He listening to me with head inclined  
Upon his hand, could scarce regard his  
meat,  
So earnest his attention to my tale :  
And those that were around him seemed  
amazed  
At that I spake : and he, being seated  
close,

Did bid me sit and eat, for he did note  
That I a poor man was, much worn by toil  
And frail of body, in a tattered robe.

XCIV. This I did take to be a goodly sign,  
And seating me, his pleasure I did wait.  
Thus from that cauldron was I served with  
meat  
And wine: and all the while I ate and  
drank  
He questioned me as to my wanderings  
And all that in Judea came to pass.  
“For,” said he, “we be men that do  
believe  
In things of olden time, and ye can see  
How that our God the which in Heaven  
dwells  
Is God indeed, in that He bringeth forth  
Fruits from the soil, as woman bringeth  
forth  
Children the which the world do fertile  
make.  
Thus place we faith in Him Whose light  
we see,  
And in no other God. Yet will I make  
No let or hindrance unto you who be  
Of other faith, for building of your house  
Upon my lands. And in good time,”  
quoth he  
“Ye will forget your God, the which no  
doubt  
Was but a sinner meet for punishment.  
Thus will your seed become in faith alike  
To all the others that in Britain dwell.”

XCIV. Then spake the Druid, saying that my faith  
Was but of such as nothing better knew  
“Yet hath this man,” said he, “not told  
ye all

For he hath not discoursèd of those  
powers  
The which he claimeth, or if not from him  
Do come the powers, then lie they in  
the Stone  
The which within his bosom he doth bear.  
A Stone whose nature is to us unknown  
Though we be skilled in magic good to  
man."

XCVI. "If then this Stone hath in herself the  
power,  
Then should she in our custody remain,  
And if this man desires his house to build  
Then should his payment be this magic  
Stone,  
The which should be delivered to our  
hands  
And afterwards to our great Temple  
brought,  
For 'tis not right that any simple man  
That tilleth land should in such magic  
deal,  
But if the power within himself doth lie  
Then must this man be cast from out our  
midst  
With all his band and sent across the seas  
Away from Britain. Or if Lady Moon  
Be pleased to take him as an offering,  
Then can he and his company enjoy  
The sacrifice the which is made to her."

XCVII. Hence if the Stone glowed not at my com-  
mand,  
Unto their Temple they would carry her  
And on her work their magic, so to find  
If she possessed the power already shown.  
Thus was I sore in need and hardly knew  
Whether to pray the Rose should shine  
again,

So begged a space that I might counsel  
seek  
And the Voice told me I should lay the  
Stone  
Before these men, and worshipping, should  
pray  
That now a sign might to us all be given  
If one within his hand the Stone should  
take.

XCVIII. And so I turned me to the lord and said  
“ My Lord, the wonder ye yourself shall  
see ! ”  
So, kneeling, drew the Stone from out my  
robe  
And laid her on the table, worshipping.  
And now I spake unto the priests and said :  
“ No man may place his hand upon this  
Stone  
Save he that serves his God with all his  
strength.  
So, when ye touch her, speak no magic  
word  
And make no magic sign. And if so be  
The Stone give forth no sign, then shall  
ye know  
That, without magic, she obeyeth not,  
But if she shall give forth to you a sign,  
Then shall ye know the power doth come  
from her  
And her alone, without your magic arts.”

XCIX. “ Now shall I go without, and leave you  
here  
So ye may know I give no word or sign.”  
Then prayed I once again before I rose  
From off my knees and went without the  
house.

THE SIGN OF THE ROSY CROSS.

- C. Lo ! As I stood without, there rose a cry  
From all the which had clustered round the  
Stone  
And I, on hurrying in, did see the priest—  
He that had spoken, had the jewel laid  
Within his palm, and lo ! from out the  
Stone  
A fire had come and scorched his open palm.  
And as she lay upon the table there  
Glowed she with dreadful fire, inspiring fear  
In all that gazed on her. And he, the  
priest,  
That touched her cried in torment with  
his pain  
For on his flesh was burned a rose-red  
Cross.
- CI. “ See you, my friend,” spake I, “ No power  
from thee  
Nor yet from me hath manifested here  
But doth within the Stone herself  
reside ! ”  
So prayed I once again, and touched his  
hand  
Upon the palm, and lo ! his pain was  
healed  
But there remained the mark across his  
palm  
Indelible unto his dying day ;  
Marking him for a witness and a sign  
Of Christ’s triumphant power o’er Druid  
guile.
- CII. Then spake the great lord unto me and  
said  
“ Ye have a powerful magic like to none  
That I have seen ; so lay ye now your  
hand

Upon the Stone, that everyone may see  
Whether the same thing shall be done to  
you  
As to this priest of the great Sun, our  
God."

CIII. So laid I then my hand beneath the gem  
And lo ! at first her colour showed no fire,  
But slowly entered her a rosy glow  
Gentle and cool tho' brilliant withal  
So that my hand was neither hurt nor  
stained.  
And here arose great wonder in the hall  
And all with admiration watched the Stone.  
So did the great lord summon me to go  
Into his chamber for a conference.  
" For," said he, " I would fain learn more  
from you  
Of this Stone's history : where was she  
found  
And whether there be others of her kind  
Still to be gathered." But I, bowing low,  
Folded within my robe my precious Gem,  
And said, " My lord, if patiently ye list  
Then shall ye hear the story of this  
Stone."

CIV. " Now must ye know we be no foolish men  
Nor worshippers of any common thing  
Such as doth lie around us in the world.  
So shall I tell ye all, and ye shall know  
If we be persons fit your land to hold."

CV. So, taking me into an inner room,  
Did that great lord speak unto me and say :  
" Ye now must know that Britain's rulers  
be  
In number, Six ; and over these be set  
The Druid priesthood, they that teach  
the Faith.

Thus if ye build your houses in our land  
Ye serve your ruler, and the priests as  
well  
And must to them make toll and  
sacrifice  
If needful be. But I," quoth he, "in-  
cline  
To listen unto all ye have to tell,  
For ye a wonder show the which can  
work  
First ill, then good ; so hath a sign been  
given  
That ye no sorcerer be, but one that  
knows  
Much of a magic new, the which could  
serve  
A ruler's purpose. Therefore, tell your  
tale."

JOSEPH TELLS OF THE SANGREAL.

CVI. So, having succour from the Voice within,  
The story of the Stone I did relate,  
First speaking of that time when on the  
tree  
The Christ was hanged, and of those  
wondrous things  
That happened after He was crucified :  
Then of the Cup that dwelt within my  
shrine  
And of the changing of the Blood to Stone :  
Last of my wanderings. These things I  
told  
Truly, from their beginning to their end,  
And silent only as to that great Hope  
The which had brought us unto Britain's  
shores  
Namely, that we might oust a cruel faith  
And in its stead plant one more merciful.

CVII. I ceased, and then to me the great lord  
spake,  
Telling me that I now might go my ways  
And with me take my Stone: that he  
would now  
Hold counsel with the priests, and I should  
hear  
What in this matter they resolved to do.  
And speaking unto me with gentleness,  
He bade me tarry nigh unto the house,  
And that I there might rest me for the  
night  
Then on the morrow make my journey  
home.

CVIII. So, bowing, went I to the hall without  
And here discovered all assembled round  
The priest whose hand the fiery Cross did  
bear.  
Some said a magic had been worked by me;  
And others, that the jewel harmful was  
And full of danger. Some again did hold  
That I a poor man was, far fall'n in years  
And, in myself, could nothing harmful  
bring.  
And these did think the miracle a sign  
Unto a priesthood which did them oppress.

CIX. For, even now, in Britain, though the race  
Was weakened both in body and in mind  
By fear and by despondency, which brought  
Lack of the will their produce to increase  
Or to raise children for the sacrifice,  
There yet were some that dwelt within the  
land  
Who doubtful were lest this the faith they  
held  
Might not indeed be true, but rather set

And ordered for the strengthening of the  
rule  
Of that great priesthood which controllèd  
them.

CX. So passed I out, and sitting on the ground  
Beneath a tree I prayed and rendered  
praise  
To Christ, for all the succour He had given  
In this great peril. Fervent were my thanks  
That He had moved the heart of this great  
lord  
To mercy and to patience : for of these  
I had not been assured, but fearful was  
That through the haste that oft is shown by  
those  
Set in authority, this tale of mine  
Should never have been told. But here  
had I  
Found nought but patience shown, and far  
beyond  
That which was customary in these times.

CXI. Once more the Druid summoned me  
within  
To find the priests and the great lord alone.  
Many a question did they ask of me :  
Whether the Stone worked wonders in the  
deep,  
In causing tempest or creating calm ?  
Could she work evil on the enemies  
Of them that held her ? and I answered  
“ Nay ! ”  
Could she cause sickness in a man, or bring  
Cures to the sick ? To this I could but say  
That for such purpose ne'er was she  
employed.

CXII. “ But,” they protested, “ here before our  
eyes

Hath a priest's hand received a fiery  
cross  
The which did pain him sore : and after  
that  
My hand was laid on his, the pain had  
fled ! ”  
To this I said I knew not how it was  
This sign was wrought, nor could I even  
guess.

CXIII. Then said they to the lord, “ If this be so,  
The quality resideth in the Stone  
Not in the man. And thus, my lord, ”  
spake they,  
“ We must destroy the Stone, or bury her  
Deep in the earth ; or else she must be  
brought  
Into our Temple, there to guard her well  
Until such time as we her powers shall  
know. ”  
Then spake I, saying, “ I can not prevent  
Your robbing me of this most precious  
Gem  
Which is, indeed, my dearest Master's  
Blood,  
But if ye do this thing, ye cannot hold  
Myself accountable for any ills  
The which may you befall. For see, ”  
quoth I,  
“ On a long journey have I carried her  
Within my bosom, yet no harm hath  
come  
To me or to my band, who faithful be,  
Yet know I not what may befall to  
those  
The which may hold her for a magic use. ”  
And here again they bade me show the  
Stone.

CXIV. And, when I drew her forth from out my  
robe  
No light she showed, but from her did arise  
That wondrous perfume that had not its  
like  
In any fragrant odour known to man.

CXV. Now was the mighty lord in wonderment,  
Saying, " In truth, no evil here can be  
Because indeed this perfume precious is,  
Finer than any perfumes of the East."

CXVI. And as again I laid away the Stone  
Spake he to me and also to the priests :  
" This Stone is best within thy bosom  
kept  
Where she so long hath stayed ; but mark  
ye well  
If any ill be wrought by her, the priests  
That dwell within your vale shall surely  
know,  
And as for you and for your company  
No hindrance in the building of your  
house  
Shall come from me or from the Druid  
priests."

CXVII. " But an if harm or evil come from you  
Or from your magics with this Gem ye  
hold  
Then must I cast ye forth. And as ye  
gain  
Prosperity within your guarded vale  
Then shall ye give me toll of flocks and  
herds  
And of the grains ye grow upon her soil."

CXVIII. " And if your band be skilled in curious  
arts  
Helpful to me and to the Druid priests  
Then must ye give us service in such arts  
But, since ye do not worship at our  
shrines  
Nor offer of your band for sacrifice,  
No sacrifice shall be required of ye."

CXIX. " For I do find ye one of honest faith  
In that which ye believe ; and so shall ye  
And all your band have peace in all your  
ways  
If ye no evil do ; and thus in time  
Ye shall enrich us with your offerings.  
And to my rulings ye must now agree."

CXX. I gave him thanks, and bowing, asked of  
him  
That he would give to me a written deed  
On parchment fair before I journeyed back.  
Hereat the priests were angered sore, but he  
Not heeding them, did speak to me again  
Saying such writings should be given me  
And on the morrow was the parchment  
mine.

CXXI. And this, our ancient charter, was pre-  
served  
In our good House in aftertime, until  
There came that fire that did our House  
destroy  
Yet in the memory of those that built  
Anew our Church these writings did  
remain  
And were rewritten on another skin

Of which I cannot tell ye—but I think  
This second parchment hath not been  
destroyed.

FINIS.

# The Glastonbury Scripts



No. IX.

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR  
AND HOW HE SAW THE SANG-  
REAL: OF HIS INSTITUTION OF  
THE QUEST OF THE HOLY  
GRAIL: AND OF THE PROMISE  
OF THE FULFILMENT OF THAT  
QUEST IN THE LATTER DAYS.

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*Founded on Scripts partly Metrical  
received in 1924*

BY  
FREDERICK BLIGH BOND  
*(Script of H.M.D.)*

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GLASTONBURY  
1925

Price 1/- net. Or in special binding 1/6 net.

*Inscribed by the Author*  
*to*  
*ARTHUR GOADBY*  
*in token of friendship.*

**Preface**  
to the  
**Story of King Arthur.**

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THERE is no reasonable doubt that Arthur was a true historical personage, a paramount chief of the British, and worthy of the title of King for his success in welding the material and the spiritual forces of the islanders in pursuance of a national ideal. It has been said that the name Arthur denotes a leader and is therefore a title implying leadership and this may be the case. It would account for the spread of the legends of a great Arthur over widely-sundered areas. The south-west of Britain is a great focus of the Arthur legend and both Camelot and Avalon are on the eastern verge of the Somerset moorlands. Romance has lent to the human original many mythical attributes reflecting the ideals exemplified in the person of this great warrior for the right. So we find in tradition a blending of the human and the superhuman Arthur.

At the time of the great Arthur we must remember that although Christianity had long been established in the land, there survived in great strength the Bardic tradition which was a reformed Druidism, and this held all the old pagan myth and much magic lore. But it is notable that with Arthur the pagan mysteries take on a Christian dress. In his person the two traditions become one, welded almost inextricably. Arthur, we are taught, was the receptacle for the wisdom of the Mage or Merlin,—again a title rather than a name. Thus he would have been instructed in the pagan mystery of the Grail. But there is, so far as we know, no record in any Arthurian legend of this King coming in contact directly and personally with the Church, though this is most probable. It is definitely affirmed in the scripts here published, and Lord Lytton seems to have understood this to be so.

According to the myth King Arthur does not really die, but will return after a long sleep. The symbolic nature of the Bardic legends is well-known, and this although received by the people in a literal sense, is far more likely to be intended as prophetic of the return after long centuries of the spirit of those teachings which embody the Holy Thought spoken of in the

script as being given by God to Britain for her salvation. Here the reader will find that prediction reinforced and applied in a noteworthy manner to the life and thought of the present day. The script then will be seen to have for its true message a call to all in whose bosoms these ideals yet live or may be brought to life, to unite in the determination to recreate them and to bring them to fruition at last.

Certain it is that history repeats itself—though with all those differences which attend each later phase of human society. And these repetitions are cyclic or periodic as all philosophic students of Man have seen. We know but little of the times of Arthur: these are shrouded in darkness. But it may well be true that our own times have brought the wheel full circle, and that human society is now ripe for a restoration of those self-same ideals of faith, honour, and chivalry for which Arthur strove.

Thus the Quest for the Sangreal may veritably be renewed in our day in obedience to a higher law governing all human affairs, and this time it may be that the Ending of the Quest may loom in sight and that Holy Thought may at last take visible and tangible form in the recovery of the Lost Symbol.

# The Story of King Arthur

## and The Quest of The Holy Grail.

*Founded on scripts, partly metrical, received during 1924,  
and woven into consecutive form.*

### I.

All ye that love the tale of chivalry  
And treasure deep within your English hearts  
The sacred lore of this your guarded land,  
List ye to me whilst I the story tell  
Of good King Arthur and his Table Round:  
The veritable story of the King  
As it hath been enshrined in memory  
By them that lived within those spacious years  
Who now would come again to tell the tale ;  
To clear it from the mists of phantasy  
And bring it back into the light of day.

### II.

Many have thought that Arthur never was  
Verily King in Britain, but that he  
A kingdom held in fable and romance.  
Truly such speech is in the mouth of fools.  
The good King Arthur was a king indeed;  
Right royally he ruled in Anglia  
And in her borders, lo ! his fame was such  
As since his time no monarch hath achieved.

III.

Here was a man that was a saint in mind:  
 A saint—not in your meaning—but the sense  
 That Arthur was a ruler wise and just;  
 A warrior ever ready to contend  
 For a right cause: and ever did he lean  
 To mercy with all men. He was a King  
 Of Spirit, not of Matter: in his time  
 Much goodly truth and knowledge was diffused  
 Throughout his cherished land of Anglia.

IV.

Ye have heard stories of his chosen knights  
 And of the Sage who did advise his court  
 Or of his faithless consort Guinevere:  
 Unworthy she—and yet most beautiful  
 Beyond all beauty known of womanhood:  
 Yet in her bosom such a lust did sit  
 That with her lord she could not be content.

V.

One shall I send who knoweth of these times:—  
 One who was in the Council of the King  
 And ye shall hear him speak of them anon.  
 First would I tell ye that King Arthur knew  
 Of that most wonderful and precious stone  
 That was the Blood and Sweat of Christ congealed.  
 The Rose Divine of sweetness wonderful  
 That Joseph with him unto Glaston bore.

VI.

But, though he knew the Cup had vanished  
 That held the Blood, and had been ta'en away  
 Into high Heaven and was no more on earth,  
 Yet did he keep the symbol of the Cup  
 Before his knights, to serve them for a Quest  
 For that pure Food which of the Spirit was.  
 And so they wrought immortal deeds, and made  
 The fame of Britain before all the world.

GERDWN speaks:

VII.

I was of Arthur's Council, and a man  
Of peaceful mind, who watched those pregnant  
times  
In the good days when one great king did reign  
In Britain's isle: and GERDWN is my name.  
Yea, GERDWN am I: say, what would ye hear?  
Ye know of our great feasts and tournaments,  
And of the King's good rule in Camelot.  
Say then if rather ye would have me tell  
The Seeking of the Holy Blood of Christ.

VIII.

First would I tell you of the Table Round.  
King Arthur came to reign while yet a boy:  
Full learned he, and wise beyond his years;  
And in his early and perplexing days  
Did he with great device and innocent guile  
Set up his rule. For he as sov'reign knew  
That in our land of Britain meet it was  
That we should serve not only our good king  
But that far better King Who reigns in Heaven.

IX.

This was his thought: and he set forth to find  
A goodly emblem for a knightly Quest.  
So for the Twelve a token did he seek  
In all the Holy Places of the land  
And here in Glaston did our goodly king  
In secret counsel with the Abbot speak  
About his knightly Rule and Ordinance.

X.

Now Arthur, being accounted pure of heart  
Was worthy to behold that sacred Stone:  
And hearing from the mouth of Holy Church

That this her Treasure was the Very Blood  
Of our most dear and sacred Lord, the Christ;  
Arthur this symbol for his rulings took  
When once again he came to Camelot.

XI.

And there he bade his councillors devise  
An Order for his knights, and thus spake he:  
“In my good Kingdom, all shall equal be  
“In this my Order. I decree that none  
“Shall at this board be set apart as less  
“Or greater than his brethren of the Twelve  
“Yet shall the Table hold an empty seat  
“And this shall be for one that in his life  
“Such holy Things shall find that he may dare  
“To place himself within this added seat  
“The sitting-place held for God’s mighty man.  
“This shall be called the Perilous Seat, for he  
“Who in it sits shall perish of a truth  
“If in his life he do not justify  
“The pure intention of his Quest on earth.”

XII.

Thus spake the King: and so, a Table Round  
Was made. Twelve seats were there—these for his  
knights  
And one seat more for that most perfect knight  
Who for his great reward that Cup should find  
And bear it with him into Camelot  
A tribute to his sovereign lord the King.

XIII.

Full many a knight there came to Arthur’s court  
Asking to joust and try his bravery.  
But none could in this Order be received  
Save he whose wholesome life might make him fit  
To sit with Arthur at the Table Round.  
Many a knight whom the good king had let  
Within the Order could not keep his place  
Through the unruly buffets of his life.

XIV.

Some might begin as warrior—and lust  
Would carry him away: but our good king  
Was ever merciful to those that sinned.  
Yet, of the Order of the Table Round,  
None would he keep within its Rule but those  
Who cleanly were: and many a sorry day  
Did Arthur meet, when from his Order he  
Cast forth a warrior who had gone astray  
From those just rules the which he had ordained.

**The Mystery of the Sangreal and the End  
of the Quest.**

JOSEPH speaks:

XV.

Of all the knightly questing of the Graal  
The which ye hear of in King Arthur's day  
JOSEPHUS, who to Britain bore the Blood  
And Sweat of Christ, congealéd in a stone  
Would speak to you in brief. Now ye may think  
That all ye hear of this may be a tale  
Born of another, older tale, maybe.

XVI.

Yet shall ye know the meaning of the tale,  
And what its truth: for Arthur's times were such  
As be your own;—this as regards the Faith  
And men's opinions. For the wise ones saw  
That nothing but a miracle could save  
The ship of State, or heal the souls of men,  
Redeeming worthy aim in Thought and Act.

XVII.

And thus, in God's ideal governance  
A Holy Thought was unto Britain given;  
That, through the puissance of a great Ideal

Translated into Will and thence to Act  
Through High Endeavour,—this great Nation's  
soul  
Might cast her weakness from her, and arise  
Ennobled. Hence the Miracle proclaimed,  
Which by achievement might be realized.

XVIII.

Now in your day, for reasons ye shall hear,—  
And they be urgent—comes again the need  
Of such another miracle: yet this  
Not to the superstitious mind alone  
Nor to the simple and unlettered men  
Shall have appeal: but must it even be  
Such as shall satisfy the critic sense  
And questionings of Intellectual Doubt.

XIX.

Full soon must such a miracle arise.  
To save your country's faith, now languishing  
In fetters of a blind philosophy  
Beneath the tyranny of lords of Sense  
In prisons of material servitude.  
Nor can your priesthood set the people free.

XX.

For they be like the Pharisees of old  
Claiming to hold the spiritual Keys  
Unto the Kingdom: yet restraining those  
Not of their caste who fain would enter in:  
Prating of Faith and Spirit as the source  
Of righteous conduct,—these their powers deny  
To manifest anew in latter days  
As in the former Pentecostal times.  
Thus is Religion now a lifeless thing.

XXI.

In olden days, or ever Arthur was  
Come into kingship, firm had Britain stood

Upon the Rock of apostolic faith.  
But years had seen a change: stability  
Had weakened, and her soul had slowly been  
By a corroding influence undermined.

XXII.

The military magnates of the land,  
Ruthless, and covetous of wealth and power,  
Had men oppressed and held the priests in thrall.  
Thus, with the rule of Lordship Temporal,  
Might of the Body, and not Might of Soul  
Held o'er the land a sway tyrannical,  
And Force was minister to base Desire.

XXIII.

Then Arthur came; a Prince who mingled guile  
With good intent for men: of subtle mind  
And motive pure; with firm and clear resolve  
As doth befit a King: and well he chose  
His Counsellors to help him in his rule,  
So that their wisdom did his power increase.

XXIV.

For he, as Ruler, knowing well that Mind  
Greater than Body is;—that Spirit's power  
If rightly used, will fail not to outweigh  
Brute force and cunning,—did not seek to kill  
The corporal might of Man; nor to reduce  
His strength to weakness: but instead of these  
To bring that strength into obedience  
And joyous service to a great Ideal.

XXV.

Now, at the time of Arthur, as ye know,  
The Mystic Rose that was the Blood of Christ  
Was held in secrecy at Avalon,  
Where, since our coming, It had safely lain  
Committed ever, as a sacred Trust,  
To each successive Father of the House  
Who bore It closely hid within his robe.

## XXVI.

And on that day when, in his earlier years,  
 Arthur had sojourned in the Holy House,  
 He that the Father was in Arthur's time  
 Had told the King in secret conference  
 The wondrous story of that Precious Blood,  
 And of the potent miracles It wrought;  
 How they had conquered Britain for the Faith,  
 And with no weapon but a simple stone  
 The which had power to scatter to the winds  
 That Druid tyranny, once deemed so strong.

## XXVII.

To Arthur then the Abbot shewed the Stone;  
 And we may know that, to his raptured eye,  
 That Rosy Glow shone forth; while on his sense  
 The Perfume Fragrant of her Incense rose:  
 So that, in him, the selfsame Miracle  
 Again was wrought,—this time within a heart  
 That faithful was—yet knew perplexity  
 From difficulties of a kingly rule  
 Whilst yet he was a child in governance.  
 Beset by those that knew no moral law  
 And neither fear of God or man restrained.

## XXVIII.

Bethink ye then that unto Arthur's eye  
 There gleamed again, for him, that rosy Light  
 And all the air within that quiet cell  
 Was fragrant with the perfume of the Rose  
 And frankincense commingled: Think of this,  
 And ye more readily may understand  
 How that the heart and mind of Britain's king  
 Were by this Inspiration set on fire  
 With flame that many waters could not quench.

## XXIX.

But spreading as a spark in stubble dry  
 It quick enkindled men's imaginings

With ardour in a spiritual Quest;  
Even as tongues of fire do upward rise  
What time the chaff and stubble be consumed.

XXX.

So Arthur all his mighty men inspired  
To fight and quest for That they could not find;  
Aware that all that strength of body which  
Within the kingdom lay could thus be turned  
To prowess in a hallowed Enterprise  
For that which lay concealed, invisible,  
Yet to the pure in life might be revealed  
In vision. Thus increased the Miracle.

XXXI.

For yet again, the Virtue of the Rose  
Glowed forth in zeal and spiritual Might  
In Arthur's court,—a nation to inspire  
With one Idea of sweetness magical  
And of a potency ineffable  
That captured soldier, poet, priest, and king  
To echo down the galleries of time  
In all the gracious lore of Chivalry.

XXXII.

Thus, as a leaven, worked the Holy Thought  
Its order and sublimity expressed  
In the achievements of the Builder's craft,  
Where the great Minster soars into the skies;  
And, with its grace, infusing all the Arts;  
Endowing Letters; making Poësy  
Giving a soul to Music; and withal  
Informing Science and Philosophy  
By subtle teaching of alchemic power  
In Transmutation of the Elements;  
Cajoling men base notions to forsake  
For Substance of Realities Unseen.

## XXXIII.

Thus, in the symbol, lead to gold was turned,  
 As selfish Passion to protective Love;  
 And, in the sacred emblem of the Mass,  
 The Bread, the Flesh; the Wine, the Blood  
     became  
 By change of substance, shadowing the time  
 When all Creation shall be reconciled.  
 To that fair state by Adam forfeited.

## XXXIV.

Such was in part the secret Potency  
 Of that One Holy Thought to Britain given  
 By merit of the hidden Blood of Christ.  
 Thus, in King Arthur's soul, the Rose did bloom  
 And thus her blossoms grew and multiplied  
 Throughout the land. And as, in Philip's heart  
 She kindled faith, so nourished it in him;  
 While to his knights the holy fervour spread  
 Until the Genius of the island race  
 Was all illumined by the Blood of Christ.

## XXXV.

Yet, as an object for the knightly Quest,  
 Arthur, who knew the secret of the Stone  
 (That must not then to men imparted be)  
 Gave to his court the Symbol of the Cup.  
 So doth the Chalice, in the Mystery  
 Bespeak the Stone that is the Blood of Christ.

## XXXVI.

Now, in your day, behold the nation's mind  
 Lying in a condition near akin  
 To that of Britain in King Arthur's time.  
 For now again appears the dominance  
 Of a material power that doth infect  
 All forms of Thought, and ev'ry walk of life;  
 That blighteth ev'ry spiritual aim.

## XXXVII.

Not now to might of body is this due  
 Nor altogether to the might of wealth  
 (Although this hath engendered slavery  
 Among the workers of your modern time).  
 Nay, not of these it is that we would speak:  
 But of a tyranny of Intellect  
 Made gross by study of material things,  
 And blind to those that of the Spirit be.

## XXXVIII.

By this, the quickened Reason of your race  
 Hath been enslaved in fetters which she deems  
 No fetters, but the polish'd ornaments  
 Of Mind; and hugs them with admiring eye.  
 Yet all within her prison-house is dust  
 Wherein men's souls do languish, faint, and die:  
 Their food is dust: no Substance there is found  
 But Names; and Forms of speculative thought  
 Corroded deep with Unreality.

## XXXIX.

Hence, in your time, the Faith is almost dead,  
 E'en in the hearts of those who yet profess  
 Faithful to be: for Spirit is denied  
 Her power; while Intellect the sceptre bears  
 Claiming herself the true Original  
 Of all that lieth in the mind of man,  
 Both in his active and his latent thought;—  
 That which in conscious working he employs,  
 And that which, 'neath the threshold, waiteth  
           time  
 And season to emerge: and here they say:—  
 "There be no Inspiration from Without:  
 "No Greater Mind that entry seeks to ours:  
 "No Gnosis,—Knowledge of the Spirit given,  
 "Nor any Prophecy or Miracle!"

XL.

Hence, in your time, a spiritual Quest  
 Like to the one proclaimed in Arthur's day  
 (Having no basis proven, visible,  
 To link ideal with actuality),  
 Would not persuade the nation's Intellect  
 Nor satisfy the cravings of her Soul,—  
 That deeper part of her that seeketh Truth  
 Agreeable to Reason: so her heart  
 Would not be moved: for no imagined thing  
 Can feed the heart that craves REALITY.

XLI.

Therefore in Fact the token must be given  
 As Truth upon foundation visible  
 Such as the quickened Reason may acclaim  
 As proof to eye and mind: and may appraise  
 By methods and by standards rational.

XLII.

So, to a people ruled by Reason's might  
 Intolerant of shams and vanities;  
 Full fed with words; distrusting sentiment ;  
 Craving alone the nourishment of Truth;  
 The milk sincere of the Eternal Word;  
 One thing alone can verily suffice.  
 And that one thing a Symbol Visible.  
 Shewing the workings of a higher law  
 By operation of Intelligence  
 Greater than any that is personal.

XLIII.

Therefore say we: "Such Token must be given  
 "And shall be given: for the hour is late  
 "And at the crisis now are we arrived."  
 So must that precious Emblem be restored  
 Once more to sight: and from her secret place

Brought forth unto the world's adoring eye  
To heal and save. For this we labour here;—  
We that keep ward o'er Britain's destinies  
Awaiting the fulfilment of the times  
Within our sphere of liberated thought  
That knoweth not your bounds of Time and Space.

XLIV.

Remote to sense, yet infinitely near  
Do we the centres of your soul pervade  
And in the stillness are our voices heard  
But only in the silence of the mind  
What time your thoughts from earthly cares be  
turned  
To gaze upon the mirror of your souls  
In meditative peace.

XLV.

Thus labour we,  
Moving with subtle influence the minds  
Of all your statesmen and philosophers;  
Pilots and helmsmen of the ship of State:  
Regarding not the temporal events  
That loom so large to you that can but judge  
By outward seeming: but with clearer eye  
Concerned with those the more enduring things  
Of which your earthly treasures shadows be.

XLVI.

Yet precious shadows, if they symbolize  
In perfectness, their Spirit Archetypes:  
For then be they the Soul's embodiment  
And vehicles of Spirit, which can dwell  
Within these frames of clay, ensouling them;  
Assimilating them unto Itself  
And making them partakers in Its life  
By transmutation of their grosser part.

XLVII.

So would we teach that by the Spirit's power  
Those grosser forms of matter may take on  
Fluidity and strength as Forms of Mind  
Becoming Substance of Intelligence  
Obedient to the Holy Spirit's power,  
And, through that Power Divine immortalized.

XLVIII.

So with the Blood of our dear Saviour Christ  
No carnal substance This: but Matter raised  
Unto that higher and more perfect state  
In which, as in a chalice, It doth hold  
The fragrant vintage of the One true Vine  
Of which ye are the Branches manifold.  
And thus ye have the Symbol of the GRAIL.



THE  
Saint Dunstan's  
MANUALS  
(No. 1)

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MEDITATIONS  
on  
"THE SECRET of IMMORTALITY"

\*\*\*\*\*

by  
J. H. S.

NEW YORK  
1934

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## TO THE READER

This booklet is a small Anthology first made by a reader of the *Secret of Immortality* for the use of a missionary group. It has been re-edited as a devotional Handbook for St. Dunstan's and in its present form is approved by me for the use of students.

❖ W. H. FRANCIS, *Archbishop*

2

3

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT  
WITHIN US

\*\*\*\*\*

RELIGION is a spiritual necessity: it is the chief concern of life and all denial of this truth is useless.

It is the instinctive search for realities of a spiritual order.

In this search we rise above the limits of our separate existence and grow into a larger sense of our spiritual association and union with all that lives.

SYMPATHY of the mind and heart is the power that makes for spiritual growth. The truer the sympathy we feel, the more enduring it is bound to be. Hence the idea of IMMORTALITY is linked inseparably with all religious thought and feeling.

To the natural mind, not awakened spiritually the only realities are the things of sense. As we grow in the

spirit we become aware of a world of beautiful ideas and this is an inner kingdom which we can explore at our will. The more spiritually advanced a man or woman, the more increases this power of enjoying the realities of this kingdom of the mind and heart. And they *are* realities.

It is RELIGION which brings us to the knowledge of spiritual realities. It comes to us through the mind and heart but must become a Way of Life. The expression of our faith is called CREED. (from 'Credo'—'*I believe*').

CREED

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Many people mistake Creed for Religion, and think that because they hold a Creed they have Religion.

But a Creed is only a statement of what men and women—or Churches and religious bodies—may believe at any

given time: and as our ideas of truth develop, so our creeds change in their expression.

Creed alone is not Religion—far from it.

Creed is useful; both to individual men and women, and more especially to religious organizations. It clears our position and it gives a firm standpoint. But whether our religious creed be Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish, it is nothing but an expression, and without the religious life, it means nothing. Many sincerely religious people have gone through life without ever framing for themselves a Creed expressed in language. But in their hearts they hold a faith and a knowledge which, if it could be expressed, would be a Creed.

To overcome the binding and narrowing power of tradition, we must use

Sympathy; for in sympathy with the thoughts and feelings of others we develop growth in the Spirit. This means that by humbling ourselves we gain a deeper insight and a greater knowledge of the Truth.

#### SPIRITUAL PERSONALITY

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IT IS A TRUTH known to the believer who follows the path of Religion in life, that every soul on earth—every child born into human experience—has a certain Purpose to accomplish.

This Purpose is to develop Personality or Character.

Personality and Character differ in each one of those whose feet are on the true path. They will each be Himself or Herself, and not a feeble copy of some other one. In this way God has

designed that we each must develop as true Individuals. And the more we grow in the Spirit, the more distinct becomes our Personal Character.

This Personality—this Character—is our immortal possession and death cannot take it away from us. Personality remains with you even after death, and Yonder it will be for you your chief possession.—YOU YOURSELF.

How great the spiritual inheritance of one who has developed true Personality. To him a kingdom of the spirit is given and nothing can take this away. He is aware of his spiritual Destiny and this is endless.

The unspiritual man, however, puts all this aside. To him the only realities are those material things which he can see and touch. In his self-satisfaction he may believe that he is doing his spiritual part in his own way. He will

build churches, leave his money to institutions, donate church windows, etc.; providing his name is advertised good and large and that all may remember him for his good works. But he is without understanding of his true spiritual destiny—oh! what a pity.

Such men have eyes, and see not: ears have they and hear not. And who shall teach them the truth?

#### EARTH-WEARINESS

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But the Spirit in man is never content with the things of earth. Men will struggle for what they desire here—be it power, wealth, or success: yet sooner or later a time will come when they know and feel within their soul a disgust with all external things; and they vainly hope to find forgetfulness of the past—the pleasures and the sins of life.

They may even be willing to sacri-

rice all their possessions. Sooner or later, there creeps over the soul a deep dissatisfaction with life and all seems vanity. And if the soul be not enlightened by religion, often this leads to suicide.

#### SPIRITUAL CONTENTMENT

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Happy the man or woman who has reached Spiritual Contentment and understands its meaning:—but this is only for the believers who have been willing to humble themselves to be partakers—through sympathy—with the Greater Life that is GOD—thereby creating for themselves spiritual Joy.

And this Joy no man taketh away, for it is immortal. All religious thought strives towards Immortality and turns itself to the Yonder Life whilst seeking to realize the greatest spiritual progress in this world.

## THE ACTIVITY OF THE SPIRIT

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The activities of Earth tire both body and soul: but those of the Spirit never weary. Those who have realized a spiritual awareness know that the true life of the soul must reflect the eternal activities of the Spirit. For the Spirit is the kernel of the Soul. In the Kingdom of the Spirit is every form of joyful Activity. "They rest not, day nor night." Yet in that activity is peace, joy, and refreshment. To those who hold the Key to the Kingdom of God, there is no field which they are unable to explore and to enjoy at will.

Theirs is the true freedom. To them comes a realization and a consciousness of all the treasures of the Mind and Heart—the greater knowledge of the Soul-Life.

## THE ANGEL OF TERROR

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But even as our first parents were cast out of Eden, and driven forth by the fiery sword of the Angel, so the sword of terror falls on those today who whilst still bound by material things and without true spiritual knowledge, are brought face to face with the great questions of the Soul. The terrors of death appall them, and they often fly back to lose themselves in the oblivion of sensual life. Many a soul of man or woman holds memories too that they would wish to forget. But the Peace of Heaven—Paradise—is not yet for them, and the angel of Terror—their own consciousness of the greater realities, strikes them with the pain of Emptiness and Vanity, and so leads them to turn at last to the Things Eternal.

But the sword of the Angel does

not fall on the liberated soul. The true believer who has learned to obey God's Law can find entry into the Peace Eternal, and therein the soul rests content. The Home of the Soul is the Garden in which God walks amid the beauties of an uncorrupt Creation.

Slowly, yet surely, the Higher Mind in man and woman is building for the soul its abiding shelter—a New Body that will be ruled by the Spirit, giving each one the Peace that passes all understanding. And with the Vision of God, the soul will be eternally content.

God With Us: oh! how beautiful.

#### THE WILL OF GOD

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God's Will is simple. Our thoughts are complex. Volumes of the simplest language would fail to explain to our minds the simplicity of the Will of God.

Thought and language are material. Only the Intuition, which is the language of the Spirit, can understand God's Will. By Intuition we can know it. Let us therefore cultivate Intuition.

For Intuition is the Memory of the Spirit.

God in His infinite wisdom has made each of us a steward of His Holy Spirit, and thus we are Sons of God—all responsible to Him for the care of that Spirit in its fleshy tabernacle. Only for our Birth and Death is the Author of all Good responsible. The rest is left to us, led by the voice of the Spirit in us.

The Spirit inspires us to right action, by right thought. But the danger is lest we fail to ACT according to the voice of the Spirit. Temptations come and it is easiest always to follow them, because our Material Will leans that

way. The stimulus of Spirit cools and leaves us weaker. And we fall away to material desire.

#### THE DANGER OF SLOTH

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Our work here is one of Soul-building. This needs constant effort and watchfulness. Our greatest enemy is spiritual sloth. Blessed is he who endures to the end.

Let us think of the Spirit within us as a prisoner seeking freedom. Sloth is the chain that binds us—the power of material things to wrap us round and hold us down.

PRAYER—the Will to Prayer—is the power that will break these bonds and liberate our spirit. It is the effort for the conquest of the material nature. The force that opposes our effort is SLOTH.

But the effort will end in glorious achievement and we shall go forth free and strong in the Spirit. And with us we shall take our material nature purified and regenerated and full of the glory of perfected Personality.

PRAYER is the only path our spirit takes towards the Life Above: for without Prayer—the Will to Prayer—in man, there is no life—nothing but a living death. But effectual Prayer is the prayer of the Heart and Mind, and it leads to that Action which releases us from isolation and brings us into sympathetic union with All Life in the Spirit.

Through our sympathetic thought we can then be touched and enlightened by the power of those on the Yonder Side, through a spiritual understanding of the Divine Will and Intent.

Be ye perfect; even as your Father

in Heaven is perfect. That Perfection is not out of reach, if we, as obedient children, follow the Spirit wherever It leads us.

#### THE DIVINE TRUTH

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THE SLUMBERING SPARK of Spirit which can be awakened by Prayer is also moved to action by the Desire of Truth—for this is a form of Prayer.

When the mind of the material man or woman turns with disgust from the vanity and emptiness of life, it will turn to TRUTH as to a rock amid the shifting sands.

To this Rock the soul clings and finds salvation. In the search for Truth the material man of science may find an open door through which he may enter into the lost realm of spiritual realities.

Should the non-believer worship and follow Truth faithfully as he sees it,

he is being led by the Spirit—inspired by that spark of the Divine within him; He will sometimes come nearer to the Kingdom of Heaven in this way than many a professedly religious person who preaches only what agrees with his own inclination. Most men and women, alas, compromise with their own desires and go through life as hypocrites.

They are the victims of spiritual sloth.

Of such the Apostle speaks when he warns members of the Church of Christ against the receiving of the Communion unworthily. "For this cause," he says "many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep."

Take heed of the danger of a sleeping soul in which is imprisoned a sleeping or paralysed spirit unable to break its bonds.

## THE TRINITY IN MAN

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THERE IS in every child of man a Trinity of Being, the knowledge of which is spiritually revealed to the believer.

This truth should be understood. We must be enlightened as to this if we would have a clear understanding of all that lies ahead of us on our path of spiritual progress. The truth must be accepted—there is no other way.

The Spirit within you, which is God's gift to you, rests in the secret inner chamber of your being. All the powers of the body and mind are its ministers. With their aid it builds the glorious tabernacle of the Soul.

The Spirit is alone immortal: but through the Spirit, the Soul acquires immortality. That Soul is the Personality or Character which is destined to

share in the immortal life of the Spirit.

Strive then for the Essential Spirit, and hold it, that the Soul may be filled with its light, and the invisible Divine Personality may manifest itself in you.

Life is not of the flesh, but of the Spirit within the flesh. Therefore the cause of death is the departing of Soul and Spirit.

At death, all the imprisoned Memories of the Spirit enter into free activity.

This means that the WHOLE EXPERIENCE of the Life in the Body is revealed to the liberated soul. After death, the spiritual vibrations resume their activity; but now the spiritual consciousness holds and retains the Earth-experience. The material part of this falls away, but the essential part remains as the Treasure of the Soul.

## THE MAKING OF EXPERIENCE

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Do you not see now how all-important is the question of what we shall take with us when we pass through the gate of Death into the Yonder-Life? We can take with us no material treasure. But the true possessions of our Faith will remain with us and will be great riches in the Kingdom of God.

But with many, alas, the soul is so weighed down by the gross nature of the earth-experience that it may even be held earth-bound by reason of these memories.

That is why we should seek to enrich our spiritual experience here—using all our talents and not hiding any. For the same reason we should try to divest ourselves of material objects of desire, that we may thus lighten our load and

stand in readiness when the call comes.  
Against sudden death we pray.

We have the instinct of Self-Preservation given us for the perfecting of our Personality. But we also have the spirit of Sacrifice, which tells us to discard the things that are not essential to our growth in the spirit. This instinct in its noblest form will bid us lay down our life with joy for a cause, a country, or one dear to us.

#### THE HOUSE OF THE SOUL

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How few of us realize that which lies hid within ourselves or the infinite possibilities which, with the help of the Spirit, we may be destined to express.

None of us are quite the same as we were yesterday, or a year ago, or when we were much younger. Some have realized powers that they would have at one time thought to be impos-

sible. Others, alas, have lost some of the powers they had.

There are many chambers in the House of the Soul, and into some of these we perhaps never look during our life on earth. Into some, we even fear to glance.

But through all these darkened chambers there moves one great impulse—the Divine Love—and through the effort of our own spirit we shall be guided by that Love to the full knowledge of all that lies within our hearts and minds.

Much that we have passed through we fail to remember. But nothing is really forgotten to the Spirit, and as our Lord has told us, the Spirit will bring all things to our remembrance. Then we shall be living in union with that Divine Love for which all of us should strive.

And we shall meet that Kindred Spirit which is the better part of each one of us, man or woman. Those of the flesh are but occasionally aware of this Kindred Spirit, and this only in times of stress and crisis. Then alone can its voice be heard—not in tones of human language: for it is not to be compared with sound, being an inner vibration that whispers to our understanding the mysteries of spiritual truth and of the Life Eternal.

#### SPIRITUAL FELLOWSHIP

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As we develop true Personality, we make for ourselves Personal Religion. This does not mean that we cut ourselves off from association with other religious minds—far from it. On the contrary, our increase of sympathy with all forms of thought will lead us into wider association with others.

Individuals binding themselves by sympathy develop greater strength. The power of a group is greater than that of its individual members. And each one gains by the linking with the rest. So it is with the power of Prayer. The union of the prayers of many has far greater influence than the petition of the lone agent. It is not a question of creed. You may be without any definite creed. But there is this great value in a Church affiliation, as it will bring with it the force of sympathetic thought and feeling.

God in His infinite love and sympathy and comprehension is ever conscious of the appeal of His children: and where two or three are gathered together, there is the power of the living Spirit felt. And this power is multiplied in the greater groups and churches, where a true accord reigns.

## THE POWER OF FAITH

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Faith is not mere belief. It is the grasp of realities—the conviction of the soul's knowledge. Faith will thus move mountains. In the Epistle to the Hebrews it is spoken of as the Substance of the things hoped for;—the evidence of the things not seen.

Faith will give the understanding that we are continually influenced by the Powers of the Invisible Host who strive ever to impress the thoughts of the living and to move them to action in accordance with the Will of God. We are mostly unconscious of this influence and attribute the ideas it brings to our own minds.

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COMMUNION WITH  
THE DEPARTED

As we study the mysteries of Earth

we find that communion with the dead is more often with the newly dead. This is so because they are nearer to earth and so, nearer to our own ways of thought. But this kind of communion fails after a while: for the souls of those who have departed this life find new interests and new activities after passing on: and with these we cannot share whilst in the body.

But where Love is, there Remembrance lingers: and true Love makes a link that is never broken. The spirits of those that have gone on to the Yonder Life who love, love exceedingly, and they hold those whom they have left on earth in eternal remembrance, moving them often in dreams and in times of stillness to a sympathy of thought and feeling.

It is therefore we say that they live yet in the hearts of those in the flesh, and every thought of them that we

cherish is, by sympathetic response, known and felt by them.

#### THE CHURCH INVISIBLE

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The souls and spirits of good men and women with whom we can enter into communion of thought are part of the great Church Invisible.

They are in a sphere of far greater power and activity than we can even dream of. But they have duties and responsibilities also in their own sphere of which we, while here, can know nothing. They are "angels"—that is, messengers of God. They have their fraternities, and the mission of some of these is to seek out men and women and perfect those who may become channels for the work and influence of the Holy Spirit.

The soul in the Yonder Life is ever

interested in laboring for the fulfilment of the Divine Event—the Birth of the Christ-spirit: the Coming of the Kingdom of God on earth, for the glory of which they wait.

And the whole Creation, as the apostle has said, groaneth and travaileth, waiting for the Adoption—the Manifestation of the sons of God.

Everywhere, and for ever, the Divine Will and Purpose persisting, make inevitably for a final Perfection through an eternal Necessity of growth and progress. And the powers of Earth and Heaven unite to forward this Purpose.

Here on earth we develop Intelligence—the power of Intellect. It is so intended. But within all our experience here abides the soul, immortal and changeless in essence, but learning in

itself to develop knowledge to add to the treasury of Divine Truth.

So remember — remember — your original Duty to the Soul, that when it departs to its own home, it may take with it YOU—the ACQUIRED YOU —to the Marriage Feast of its Immortal Ideal and Memory.

#### DRIFT WOOD

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In daily observation, the thoughtful student of human nature finds in the large majority of men and women much of those group elements which they have inherited from their ancestors but little, if any, of true individual Personality.

Such persons have not yet discovered a conscious aim in life of a spiritual nature.

According to their sympathies, they

will attach themselves to some group whose mental and moral qualities are transmitted by parent to child through past generations. They are not yet ready to step forward.

But much may be done for their spiritual education and training.

These backward ones are a danger to the true progress of the race. Let us therefore awake and cultivate the Spirit and spiritual knowledge in our homes, our schools, and in daily life—for if we fail to do this, our destiny may again be delayed as it has been in the past, and we may be cast back into the darkness of barbarism. The training of our children in the spirit will bring forth the best fruit for the progress of our civilization.

## THE LIFE IMMORTAL

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The Secret of Immortality is found in the knowledge of the Law that governs the growth and building of the Soul: The Way of Salvation lies in the Law of Love and Righteousness, which is based on the realization that we are all members one of another, and are created for the fulfilment of the Divine Purpose, in which each one has his necessary part.

To live for material ends results in the dwindling and extinction of the flame of the Immortal Spirit. It means the progressive loss of the most valuable soul-elements and these are our true possessions.

The state of purification means the regaining, by slow and painful effort, of the lost elements—the possessions of the soul. It implies the state of Loss.

For in Hell the Vision is withdrawn—there being no longer eyes to see it. The structure of the soul cannot any longer be maintained. It disintegrates and must dissolve. The spirit can no longer strive with the weight of matter, and It returns to its Father while the lost habitation, ruined and tenantless, sinks into forgetfulness.

Therefore, O Lord, turn our eyes from vanities and fix them on Thy Perfections; that having understanding in the Spirit we may cling ever to Thee, the Source of all Life, and become partakers in Thy heavenly Kingdom and be satisfied with the Vision of Thine Eternal Beauty.

AMEN.