

**ALLEGORICAL VISIONS. OF THE
PATHWAYS OF LIFE; OF THE
HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS; OF THE
HEARTS OF MEN; OF THE SOUL
OF THE INFINITE; PP. 5-83**

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Of the soul of the infinite; pp. 5-83 by Katharine Harrow

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KATHARINE HARROW

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Of the Heights and Depths;
Of the Hearts of Men;
Of the Soul of the Infinite.**

KATHARINE HARROW

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By
KATHARINE HARROW



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Preface

It may be not uninteresting to the reader of these "Visions" to learn how they came to be written. To a greater degree than the average person, perhaps, I have always possessed a faculty of losing myself to a sense of present surroundings while dwelling passively in a world of imagination. I remember that habitually after dark, over a muddy country road which stretched between woodland and marshland, I used to walk for two miles, seldom conscious of a single step, voluntarily entering into abstraction to keep myself from being frightened by the isolation. Instead of a dark, muddy road, I travelled wherever I chose. And all too frequently for my class credits during school and college days, by the voice of an instructor who awaited with impatience the answer to a question which had fallen on my unheeding ears, I have been recalled from some vivid

scene on which my eyes had never rested, or out of some experience which I had never really known.

In spite of this characteristic I have always categorised myself as one of those persons whose mind is of the practical, reasoning type, somewhat inclined to be skeptical of that which cannot be demonstrated and explained. This being my picture of myself, the reader will comprehend that the unusual way in which these allegories came to be written was perhaps a greater surprise to myself, the author of them, than it is likely to be to any one else. At the present time I am possessed of no settled conviction explaining the phenomena.

About eleven o'clock one night I was lying on a couch, not yet ready for bed, passively resting. I think the room was dimly lighted. On the surface of the wall before me I was suddenly startled to see a written sentence. The writing appeared to be on a black surface, in a thin chalk line, without shading, the downward strokes slightly rounding. I should know the handwriting anywhere today. The sentence occupied two lines, and

read: "The oft repeated word shall be to thee a sign of———" I struggled to know what the blank should be as when one tries to recall something in a dream. Then I saw a white hand with long taper fingers writing in the word: "Truth." I was strangely thrilled. Almost immediately a series of pictures passed like a kaleidoscope before my mind. At the end of the first series, I was impelled to get up and write down a description of the moving panorama.

I did so in the first and plainest words that came into my mind. I lay down, and a second series of pictures occurred. I arose and wrote the description; and so for a third time. The process was beginning again when I said to the kaleidoscope operator, "Turn it off, turn it off! The hour is late and I must sleep." In the morning I read what I had written. I thought the pictures impressive and I liked the sound of the rhythmic prose, little, if any, of which I have ever found it advantageous to alter from the original writing. This applies especially to the first and shorter "Visions." At first it

did not occur to me that there might be a meaning in them. I expected none, and looked for none.* I read them over for the rhythm alone, and for the painted picture. But suddenly I saw a meaning in one, "My feet are on a Rock." Then I looked for meanings in the rest. I hope the search by the reader for interpretation may not be unavailing.

In receiving the "Visions," I not only saw the pictures, but experienced intensely each emotion described. In truth, not a few of them are more pictures of changing emotions, as is music, than they are presentations of my thought.

The "Visions" began coming at all times and places, often quite inopportunist. However, if I were too much occupied, they waited patiently for attention. I well remember that "I lie on a cold and frozen waste," began at a lecture, the first scene

* The first one, "My hands support the vehicle," was never anything but words to me, until an interpretation was suggested by F. S., when we both perceived that it was the natural introduction to the whole.