

behind them; abyss upon abyss opens on every hand. Darkness and menace, the fierce sounds of hostile things!

One glimmer of starlight, and behold the golden bridge! Narrow and straight, keen as the razor's edge and glittering as the sword's blade, a proper bridge if thou leanest not to right or left. Cross it—good! but all this is in the dream. Wake! Thou shalt know that all together, gulf, moon, bridge, dragon and the rest were but the phantasms of sleep. Howbeit, remember this, that to cross that bridge in sleep is the only way to waking.

I do not know if many men have the same experience as myself in the matter of voluntary dreaming, or rather of contest between the sought and the unsought in dream. For example, I am on a ridge of ice with Oscar Eckenstein. He slips to one side. I throw myself on the other. We begin to cut steps up to the ridge; my axe snaps, or is snatched from my hand. We begin to pull ourselves up to the ridge by the rope; the rope begins to fray. Luckily it is caught lower down in a cleft of rock. A lammergeier swoops; I invent a pistol and blow its brains out. And so on through a thousand adventures, making myself master of each event as it arises. But I am old to-day and weary of thrills; nowadays at the first hint of danger I take wings and sail majestically down to the glacier.

If I have thus digressed, it is to superpose this triangle on that of the task "Stop thinking." Simple it sounds; and simple it is—when you have mastery. In the meantime it is apt to lead you far indeed from simplicity. I have myself written some million words in order to stop thinking! I have covered miles of canvas with pounds of paint in order to stop thinking. In such wise that I am at least to be considered as no mean authority on all the wrong ways, and so perhaps, by a process of exclusion, on the right way!

Unfortunately, it is not as easy as this:—

There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,  
And every single one of them is right.

And right for A is often wrong for B.

But luckily, the simpler the goal is kept, the simpler are the means. Elsewhere in my writings will be found a fairly painstaking and accurate account of the process. The present essay is but to advocate a mighty engine adjuvant—the shoulder of Hercules to the cart-wheel of the beginner whose diffidence whispers that he is incapable of following those instructions in the difficult circumstances of ordinary life, or for the enthusiast who