

# THE QUEST

**A Quarterly Review.**

Edited by G. R. S. Mead.

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**JOHN M. WATKINS,**

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# THE QUEST



## A FIRST LESSON IN BUDDHIST PHILOSOPHY.

L. DE LA VALLÉE POUSSIN,

Professeur de Sanscrit à l'Université de Gand.

My first duty is to ascertain the position of philosophy in Buddhism ; my second duty is to give a short and, if possible, an exact description of Buddhist philosophy.

### I.

Buddhism is essentially the *dharma*, creed or religious doctrine. *Abhidharma*, etymologically 're-fined, superior, subtle *dharma*,' is the study and the solution of the metaphysical problems which are implied in the *dharma*. 'Philosophy' is a fairly accurate translation of *abhidharma*.

Any creed or religious doctrine implies much philosophy, implies definite views on the nature of things and of man ; but a creed is not necessarily, is not as a rule, explicit philosophy.

Religions are chiefly concerned with practical purposes, with human welfare here and hereafter ; they appeal to the philosophers and to the little ones ;

they deal with common and primordial notions—duty, sin, soul, future life, God; they use common words, easy symbols and analogies. Philosophies are concerned with the nature of things; as the nature of things is both intricate and obscure, they work out elaborate concepts; they use technical phrases. While religion is chiefly intuition and faith, philosophy is chiefly reasoning and claims to be a science.

Any dogma or article of faith implies much philosophy. Let us take the most simple and elementary tenet, the common tenet of all creeds. Buddha was asked concerning the nature of action (*karman*); he answered: "My doctrine is: 'Do good deeds; avoid evil deeds.'" In the very notion of good and evil deeds a number of metaphysical problems are involved: the problem of action and freedom; the problem of obligation; the mystery of a supreme ruler; the mystery, more abstruse, of a categorical imperative; the problem of sanction and so on. But the golden principle of Buddha: "Do good deeds, avoid evil deeds," is not explicit philosophy. Everybody feels that it is right and everybody understands it, for an Indian *śloka* says: "To know that 'this is a sin, that is a meritorious action' no man, even an outcaste, wants a book."

(*idaṃ pāpam idaṃ puṇyam ity etasmin padadvaye  
ācaṇḍālaṃ manuṣyānāṃ alpam śāstraprayojanam.*)

Philosophers will write books on good and evil. The golden rule receives support and precision from these books when they are right; but it is not impaired by them when they are wrong. The golden rule is independent of theories and may be reconciled with all theories, as long as theories do not destroy



the notion of good by reducing it to the concept of utility or social habit.

To illustrate another aspect of the problem of the relations of creeds to philosophy, let us consider the religious doctrine which is expressed in the first words of the Lord's Prayer: "*Pater noster quies in coelis.*" These words imply much philosophy, the whole theodicy and the whole theology of the faith. But the believer who recites this prayer is not necessarily a philosopher. From the religious point of view elaborate discussions on the nature of God and his metaphysical relations to the world and to the soul are practically of no importance. The notion of God is clear enough for religious purposes when we consider him as a heavenly Father who loves his children. The believer has not to busy himself with the concepts of absolute causality, substance or accident. On the other hand, the article of faith, *Pater noster*, disposes of any theory which would suppress or attenuate the idea of a personal God.

The believer says: "Soul is immortal." Philosophers try to understand the nature of the soul. They work out an Aristotelian or a Cartesian definition of soul; that is, they dress an article of faith in a philosophical garb, they write a dogma in a philosophical style. And they are useful. But the article of faith is independent of the phrases by which it is expressed. Again, it involves metaphysical problems and indicates the general direction in which the solution of these problems may be sought—it excludes every definition of soul which would exclude immortality—but it is not explicit philosophy.

With us philosophy is the servant, *ancilla*, of the creed; a useful but humble servant.

In Buddhism the relation of philosophy to the creed or religious doctrine is more intricate. On this point, as on many others, Buddhists do not agree. There are texts which flatly deny the usefulness and even the legitimacy of philosophy. The creed stands by itself, and any rationalistic inquiry in order to explain it is deprecated or forbidden. On the other hand, Buddhists often insist on the necessity of personal investigation, and there are Buddhist schools which subordinate the creed to philosophy and free inquiry.

It may be useful to recall the chief features of the Buddhist creed or *dharma*,—a theory and a discipline of deliverance from transmigrating.

Man has been transmigrating from all time; he has passed through an infinite number of existences or 'births.' Some are called happy or good (*sugati*), birth as a man or as a god; some are called unhappy or bad (*durgati*), birth in hells, birth as a brute, birth as a ghost (*preta*). Happy and unhappy births are caused by the merit and the demerit of actions; action is caused by desire: "Man's nature depends on desire. As his desire, so is the course of action which he pursues; whatever be the course of action he pursues he passes," after death, "to a corresponding state of being. . . . He who does good becomes a good being, a happy being; he who does bad becomes a bad being, an unhappy being."

But the so-called happy births are not really happy. Men are often miserable; the gods themselves, although they are free from actual pains, are not to live for ever in the heavens: when the merit of their former good actions is exhausted, they fall and are reborn in the



lower states. In short, existence or transmigration is suffering; birth and death are suffering.

Man therefore, if he wants to be really happy, if he wants to secure an everlasting abode free from pain, must cross the ocean of transmigration, must reach the other shore, the island of Nirvāṇa. There he will be free at last from birth and death.

In order to reach Nirvāṇa, that is in order to escape from the sufferings of birth and death, man must destroy desire. Rebirth is caused by action, action is caused by desire; therefore a holy man who has achieved perfect detachment from pleasurable objects, who has obtained perfect indifference, who dies free from desire, does not become a bad being, does not become a good being: he is not reborn, he has reached the end of transmigration and misery.

Such is the *dharma*—from the first the creed of all Buddhists and, even to-day, the creed of Buddhism at large.

If we consider, one by one, the statements which constitute this creed, we see that they provide ample matter for inquiry.

1. First, we need to be sure that we transmigrate, and that transmigration is directed by the merit and the demerit of action.

2. Further, what is the nature of this 'I' which transmigrates? Is it the body, or a subtle body, or a soul? There are good reasons to believe that the intellectual life, the consciousness, depends on the organs which are destroyed at death. There are also good reasons to believe that the human soul is a part or an emanation of the universal soul—and these reasons appealed to many Indian philosophers. To

understand the problem of transmigration, is it not necessary to know the nature of the Ego?

3. Such a knowledge is also necessary, if we are to understand the nature of Nirvāṇa; and we need to understand the nature of Nirvāṇa. The Buddhist creed maintains that existence is suffering. How is existence as a god to be looked on as suffering? It is, at least, happy as long as it lasts. If we are to despise the pleasures of paradise and to strive for Nirvāṇa, we want to know what Nirvāṇa is, and the creed furnishes us with a purely negative definition: end of transmigration, freedom from pain.

To these queries philosophy is expected to give an answer, and there is little doubt that such an answer was given in the earliest times of Buddhism. But the scriptures contain a number of texts held to be the *ipsissima verba* of the Master, which clearly state that these queries are to remain unanswered.

A well-established fact is that Buddha does not assume the duties of a teacher in philosophy. Buddha is a physician, an omniscient physician, the physician of the illness called desire. He teaches the truths that are useful to his patients; he refuses to teach the truths which are not necessary and which may prove troublesome.

Here is a simile:

“Śākyamuni was staying at Kauśambī in the grove of Aśoka trees. He took a few Aśoka leaves in his hand and said to his disciples: ‘What do you think, O monks, whether these few leaves, which I have gathered in my hand, are more, or the other leaves yonder in the grove?’—‘The few leaves that the Lord holds in his hand are not many, but many more are those leaves in the grove.’—‘So also, O monks, is that



much more which I have learned and not told you than that which I have told you. . . . I have told you what is useful for you to know; I have not told you what is of no use.' ”

1. Now it is useful, it is even necessary, to know that we transmigrate and that we are to experience in a future life the fruit of our deeds. The whole of the moral life depends upon this knowledge. But to understand the process of the retribution of actions, or, as Buddhists say, to understand how action ripens, is useless. Action ripens, good deeds are rewarded, evil deeds are punished,—that is enough. Of course we, poor mortals, do not remember our former births; we cannot trace, through hells and paradises, the transmigrations of our fellow creatures. But Buddha is omniscient and we humbly believe in his word, when he states that the ripening of action is beyond our understanding. As says a disciple: “I know by personal experience that giving brings happy results in this life; that giving is rewarded in the life to come, I do not know by personal experience, but Buddha says so.”

2. Further, to inquire into the nature of the Ego is both difficult and useless. “Is the living principle the body? Is the living principle different from the body?” Buddha refuses to answer this question; more accurately he says that both opinions—“the living principle is the body; the living principle is not the body”—are equally wrong. The meaning is that we have not to busy ourselves with such problems. There is a man wounded by a poisoned arrow. The physician is ready to heal him. If the patient were to say: “I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt by whom I have been wounded, until I

have been told his name and his caste, and everything concerning the bow, the poison and so on," the patient would die before he knew all these details, which are useless. In the same way, let us be satisfied with the evident fact that "I suffer, I want to be healed," without trying to ascertain the nature of the 'I.'

3. Nirvāṇa is another *cruz*.—If we are to reach deliverance from transmigration and suffering, if we are not to be deceived by the hope of heavenly pleasures which are transitory, we need to know that there is an escape from transmigration. Accordingly Buddha tells us that there is such an escape, Nirvāṇa, and he teaches us the way thereto, namely detachment or indifference. But what is Nirvāṇa? This question must remain unanswered. Buddha refuses to say whether Nirvāṇa is existence, or non-existence, or existence coupled with non-existence, or a state which is neither existence nor non-existence; he refuses to answer every possible alternative. It is enough to know that Nirvāṇa is the *summum bonum*. Be it happiness or rest, or freedom from pain, or annihilation, Nirvāṇa is better than any conceivable state of existence, for existence is suffering. Thus says Buddha, and a Buddhist must believe in his word; no one is a Buddhist who does not, out of faith, take refuge in the Buddha, in his Creed, in his Brotherhood.

4. But we are taught that the way to Nirvāṇa is the destruction of desire, and that desire is to be destroyed by 'correct endeavour' combined with 'correct view' and 'correct meditation.' If we are to possess correct view and to practise correct meditation, it seems that we need to know some metaphysical truths. Later Buddhism will urge this point; but according to early evidences—see for instance the



*Suttanipāta*—correct view and correct meditation are independent of metaphysical tenets; nay more, there is no correct meditation where metaphysical ‘opinions’ are held. ‘Opinions’ are to be rejected, to be ignored, be they true or false, for they are a matter of dispute and contention; a man who cherishes any opinion, is indeed very far from the indifference (*upekṣā*) which is the way to Nirvāṇa.

The correct meditation is the meditation which makes for indifference. The correct view is not a philosophical opinion, but merely the view of universal decay and misery. Whatever be the nature of things, of the soul, of Nirvāṇa, it is evident that life ends in death; that birth, old age, illness and death are suffering; that pleasure is mixed with pain and finally turns to pain; that love is the saddest and the least reasonable illusion. We need not know the nature of things; but we need to know the nature of the body. Let us go to the cemetery, let us live in the cemetery and consider the corpse and the bones. Desire will not survive such an experience. What common people look on as stable, youth, bodily strength and beauty, is perishable; what they call pure is impure; what they are accustomed to style pleasure is suffering in disguise. They speak of the self as if it were the master of its own house, something permanent and autonomous, while it is even more unstable than the body, while it is the slave of the senses and the passions.

To realize that life ends in death is enough. There was once a woman, Kṛśā Gautamī, Gotamī the thin, by name. Upset by the death of her only child, she asked everybody to heal him. Buddha said to her: “Fetch some sesame seeds and I will heal the child;

but these seeds must be fetched from a house where nobody ever died." The poor Gautamī soon learnt that "the dead are many and the living few": she understood the universal law of decay and suffering; she obtained 'indifference' and Nirvāṇa.

No philosophical knowledge is necessary to salvation, but only a pessimistic view of life amounting to *vairāgya* or *nirveda*, detachment from desire, disgust of existence.

To sum up, there is a Buddhism which may be described as Moralism, Pragmatism, Agnosticism; more accurately, such is one of the aspects of early Buddhism—a creed which depends upon the word of an omniscient and truthful teacher and which strictly adheres to the command of this teacher: "What I have left unsettled, let that remain unsettled."

On the other hand, philosophy or *abhidharma* is very old in Buddhism.

It seems certain that Buddha did actually forbid any inquiry into the nature of the soul and Nirvāṇa; it seems certain that many believers tried, according to his command, to avoid any opinion concerning the problems he had declared to be unsettled; but neither did Buddha always preserve this agnostic attitude, nor was it possible for his disciples to keep from philosophising.

First, a religion of *bhakti* or devotion may, to a large extent, dispense with philosophy. But Buddhism is not exclusively or chiefly a religion of devotion. Buddha is not a Saviour like Śiva or Viṣṇu; he does not, like Śiva, save by granting boons, or, like Viṣṇu, by achieving miracles, or, like Śiva and Viṣṇu, by pouring out his grace. The boon, the miracle, the



grace of Buddha is the gift of the true doctrine. Buddha does not convey his disciples to Nirvāṇa; he opens the door to Nirvāṇa; he shows the Path; disciples have to follow the Path in their own strength, in their own wisdom, and to achieve themselves their own salvation.

Second, the general view in old India was that salvation is not the result of good deeds or of right belief, but the fruit of the tree of knowledge. The Upaniṣads, the Vedānta, the Sāṃkhya, consider the knowledge of the ultimate reality, the personal realization of the nature of things, as the chief factor of salvation, as salvation itself. It seems certain that Buddhism was, to some extent, a reaction against this general attitude of Hindu devotees; but the Hindu temperament proved the stronger. According to all evidences, the disciples of Buddha—I mean the monks, not the laymen—were very unlike the little children that Christ suffers to come unto him: they are rather to be compared with the disciples of Protagoras or Socrates, men accustomed to dialectical and sophistic speculations,

*élevés dans les cris de l'École.*

We need not be surprised to find in the scriptures, side by side with agnostic or pragmatic statements, a number of texts of a totally different import. On the one hand, Buddha emphasizes the importance, the necessity of personal inquiry: "Now, O monks, are you going to say: We respect the Master and out of respect for the Master, we believe this and that?—We will not say so.—Is not what you will say to be true, that exactly which you have by yourselves seen, known, apprehended?—Exactly so." On the other hand, Buddha expresses unmistakable views on the nature of man and Nirvāṇa. *Abhidharma* is taught in our oldest

documents. *Dharma* and *abhidharma* are woof and warp, and we have even some reasons to believe that a part at least of the Buddhist metaphysics is older than Buddhism and has been borrowed by Buddhism from older schools. The *Ābhidhārmikas*, i.e. the monks who made a special study of *abhidharma*, maintain that *abhidharma*, philosophy, is the essential element of the Path. They quote a saying of Buddha: "It is impossible for a man to reach Nirvāṇa, if he has not understood and fully ascertained everything" (*nāham ekadharmam apy anabhijñāya aparijñāya duḥkhasyāntam vadāmi*) ; that is, omniscience is a necessary condition of salvation. And they have solid arguments to establish the truth of this statement.

They go farther. The metaphysical tenets of the scripture are, more than once, contradictory. The obvious explanation of these contradictions is that the Master has modified his teaching according to the dispositions of his hearers. The Master, as a wise physician, has sometimes taught half truths which were, for certain hearers, more useful than complete truths would have been. In the same way, he has sometimes refused to answer certain questions. The philosopher must, in every case, decide whether Buddha has spoken according to absolute truth, or whether, out of compassion for the weakness of his disciples, he has disguised the truth. Personal inquiry therefore is the supreme authority ; the word of Buddha is to be explained, is to be completed, is to be corrected according, not to tradition, not to the consensus of the Brotherhood, but according to absolute truth. It is highly interesting to see that an early saying, which expressed the unquestioned faith of early Buddhists, has been recast in order to express this new



attitude of the Buddhist mind. Early Buddhists used to say that "every word of Buddha is well said (*subhāṣita*).” The Buddhist philosophers declare that "everything that is well said is a word of Buddha"—Philosophy is not, as with Christian divines, the *ancilla* of the creed, but the mistress.

## II.

We have now to study the fundamental notions of Buddhist metaphysics.

What is the nature of things?

1. First, the whole (*avayavin*) has no independent existence separate from the parts (*avayava*) which constitute it. The whole has no absolute existence; the whole is only the parts of the whole. There is not a waggon; the waggon is only the collection of the parts of the waggon, the wheels, the pole and so on. A cloth has no real existence apart from the threads. Again the threads and the different parts of the waggon will be subjected to the same process of analysis, and we shall come to the conclusion that, as far as physical bodies are concerned, the ultimate and the only reality is the atom (*anu*), which has no parts and is, as such, possessed of absolute existence. Each atom is a *dharma*; physical bodies are groups of material *dharmanas* (*rūpiṇo dharmāḥ*).

In the same way, there is not a living principle called soul. The mind or the consciousness has no real existence as a unity.—Any individual element of a state of consciousness, a vision of blue, the notion of blue, the pleasure caused by this vision, the wish to possess the blue object, is a mental *dharma*, a non-material *dharma*. The collection of the mental

*dharma*s constitutes a mental state; the succession of these states constitutes the soul.

If we consider a man at a given moment, we shall define him as a complex of physical small entities, some gross, some subtle, which constitute the body and the organs. With the body and the organs are connected a number of psychical entities: perceptions, feelings, abstract notions, wishes or volitions. The common name of the physical and psychical entities is *dharma*. The word 'monad' is not an inaccurate translation.

2. The *dharma*s, whether material or mental, are 'momentary' (*kṣaṇika*). I do not say 'transitory' or perishable (*anitya*), but momentary. They do not last, they perish immediately they are born.

As concerns mental states, it is evident enough that they do not last. Thought is like an ape which, at every moment, jumps restlessly from one branch to another. But men honestly believe that a jar or a stone pillar last for a time. Direct evidence (*pratyakṣa*) seems to establish that such things are transitory, not momentary.—In order to establish the momentariness, Buddhist philosophers have to resort to reasoning or inference (*anumāna*). They begin by analysing the concept of existence.

What is existence?

Existence is 'activity,' 'causal efficiency,' *arthakriyākāritva* (Dharmottara's *Kṣaṇabhaṅgasiddhi*, Mdo ḥgrel, cxii. fol. 281); only that exists which produces an effect, *arthakriyākārin*.

The so-called things which do not produce an effect, space for instance or the things of the past or the future, have no more existence than the son of a barren woman, a flower from the sky, the horn of a hare.



Now a permanent thing, a non-momentary thing, would develop its activity, would produce its effects, either in succession or at once. Both hypotheses are absurd.

First, a permanent thing cannot produce its effects, A, B, C, . . . in succession. For, being permanent, it is possessed of the same efficiency when it produces A and when it produces B. For what reason does it not produce B when it produces A?—If you reply that the production or the non-production of B, C, . . . depends on the presence or the absence of a certain auxiliary or co-efficient, we rejoin that, if that is so, the effect B is not the effect of the permanent thing, but the effect of the auxiliary.—If you further reply that the auxiliary has become a part of the permanent thing, you admit that this thing is no longer what it was before, you abandon the theory of permanence. The thing has ceased to exist and has been succeeded by a new thing, namely the first thing plus the auxiliary.

Second, a permanent thing cannot produce all its effects at once. There is contradiction in the very terms of such a statement. For if the thing produces all its effects at the first moment, it will remain inactive at the second moment, that is, it will cease to exist, since activity and existence are synonyms. If you reply that the thing, being possessed of a permanent nature, produces at the second moment and later the very effect it has produced at the first moment, you talk nonsense; for a certain effect, once produced, cannot be produced again: milk cannot continue turning into buttermilk. Further, the effect that you suppose to be produced at the second moment is also produced at the first moment.

Therefore activity or efficiency, that is 'existence,' is not compatible with permanence: therefore no permanent thing exists; that only exists which is momentary (*yat sat tat kṣaṇikam*).

To put it otherwise:

"The very birth of a thing is the cause of its destruction; for if a thing does not perish just when it is born, it will never perish."

If you say: "We admit that things are not eternal; things are transitory and perishable; they perish when there is a cause of destruction; for instance, a hammer destroys a jar . . .," we rejoin: "You speak as an unschooled boy. When the jar, at its last moment, is in process of destruction, its nature is to be in process of destruction (*vināśasvabhāva*). Is the jar, at the moment of its birth, possessed of this nature? If so, you admit that the jar perishes immediately it is born. If you deny, how will the jar acquire at any time this nature? A thing does not abandon its own nature and assume a new nature.—Again, if you say: "The nature of the jar is such that, after existing for a certain time, it will perish," you talk nonsense, for, as the jar is not modified for this certain time, it will, when this time is elapsed, continue existing for the same time: thousands of hammers will not destroy it.

Buddhists, of course, do not deny that the intervention of the hammer is an important event in the destiny of the jar. Let us consider more closely their theory.

*Dharmas* perish immediately after being born. Their existence consists in their activity. Their activity consists in creating some new *dharmas*. The new *dharmas* are either like or unlike the former ones ;



in both cases, their character is conditioned by the law of cause and effect (*pratītyasamutpāda*). The *dharma*s which constitute buttermilk appear only in succession to the *dharma*s which constitute milk; to put it otherwise, milk and buttermilk, the *dharma*s of milk and buttermilk, form a 'causal series' (*saṃtāna*): the atoms of buttermilk continue the atoms of milk.

A jar is also a series, but a series of a different kind. The *dharma*s which constitute the jar at a given moment are succeeded by new *dharma*s identical with the former *dharma*s: hence the wrong impression of permanence. The series 'jar' is born from a complex of causes or *dharma*s: atoms of clay and of water, the will and the exertion of the potter, the wheel and the rope of the mill, and so on; this series is further modified by the action of fire which changes the clay into red clay. Later, the series looks as if it were a permanent thing, although it is a *perpetuum mobile*, a continuous succession of momentary states of a jar, as a flame is a succession of flames. Finally, the series 'jar' is stopped or cut off by the hammer. We say that the jar is destroyed by the hammer, but when we do so we speak inaccurately. In fact, as long as it exists, the jar is perishing and being born afresh at every moment; in presence of the hammer, it ceases being born afresh. What people call destruction is really the absence of a further production.

To sum up, momentariness is the very condition of existence. The *dharma*s exist, ergo they are momentary. What is not momentary does not exist.

L. DE LA VALLÉE POUSSIN.

## BENEDETTO CROCE IN LIFE AND ART.

DOUGLAS AINSLIE, B.A., M.R.A.S.

OUR enemies have told us that they make propaganda in every sort of way, that they are our adversaries in everything, in the theatre and the arts as much as in the battlefield, and that being superior all round they are bound to win. It is certain, however, that Germany is philosophically weak and has been so for long. The allies have the two greatest philosophers living—Bergson and the subject of this paper.

The divine curve of the Bay of Naples had always been a loadstone to me, and it was the beauty I knew I should find there that led me some years ago to spend a winter holiday on the shores of the antique Parthenope—that ancient name for Naples which, like the aroma of a four-petalled blue rose, conjures up the vision of the sirens, of the voyage and return of Ulysses, of Virgil the poet-necromancer, of Capri's hidden palace-cave beneath the sea, of flower-crowned Persephone in the meadow and the volcanic gates of Hell.

Nor on arriving there was I disappointed of anything I sought. Beauty was my aim; and beauty in the highest form and in all the arts was to be seen eternal in the pictures, bronzes and marbles of the Museum and the many monuments, in the operas of the San Carlo and the impromptu arias of every street corner. All Naples is a *memento vivere*. Not only was beauty there revealed to me, but also the secret of its



nature and origin; and thus I have been enabled to present to my fellow-countrymen years before they would otherwise have known it Benedetto Croce's great book on the nature of art—the *Theory of Æsthetic*.

The Pagan side of Naples has ever a great charm for anyone, however drunken with the pure wine of reason, if he feel the arts; and the quaint superstitions still to be found at every turning always retain their power to interest. Naples is ultra-superstitious. Take the 'evil eye,' for instance. I remember Croce telling me of a young French diplomatist who once arrived there from Rome full of stories told him about the *jettatura*, and with the names of one or two members of Neapolitan society reputed to possess the unpleasant gift. He was invited to dinner at the Palace of the Pignatellis, and upon entering the drawing-room was at once introduced to the large company assembled, as is always done abroad. Among the names that fell upon his ear was that of a certain Count Sfiorelli. Seated near his host at dinner and seeking for a subject of conversation he enquired in a low voice if the gentleman in question were the Count Sfiorelli who had the 'evil eye.' "Hush, hush!" whispered his host, "for heaven's sake don't say that here. I hope he has not heard." But he *had* heard—as people *always* do when they are not wanted to. As the party was breaking up the Count approached the Frenchman and said: "I believe you made a remark about me in connection with the *jettatura*, to which I take exception." This the diplomatist could not deny, and the next morning received the visit of the Count's seconds. They fought with swords, and in the second round the Frenchman's shoulder was pierced. As he lay writhing upon the

ground, the Count approached with outstretched hand of reconciliation, which the wounded man took and gasped out: "I quite withdraw as altogether untrue anything that I may have said in connection with your gifts. But apart from that you must admit that I have been rather unlucky in coming to Naples, dining out the first night of my arrival, meeting you and receiving your sword through my body."

I wish I were free to tell of the duel fought by Benedetto Croce himself and from which he emerged triumphantly. But having promised his modesty not to give the details I am tongue-tied for the present. All I can say is that it arose from a literary polemic in which there could be no doubt that the philosopher was quite right, both from the literary and moral point of view. I have referred to the modesty of Croce. This and his sincerity, his honesty, are perhaps, after his surpassing intellectual qualities, what strike one the most in him. His family (all save a brother) were killed in the '86 earthquake at Ischia, when he was in his teens, and his life has consequently been in his own hands from that comparatively early age. He is a native of the Abruzzi, and I have been at Pescaseroli, the village where his family had a house. Pescaseroli has another unique distinction—at least in the eyes of the naturalist: it boasts of the last wild bears in Italy.

The family of Croce carries an honourable name among the upper middle classes of the Neapolitan Province; and he has had one very distinguished ancestor—the philosopher Spaventa.

I have avoided the use of the word philosophy in the title of what does not pretend to be more than a *causerie* about one of the leading spirits of our time. But the curious thing is that from whatever side one



approaches Benedetto Croce, the course of the argument leads one back to philosophy. And why is this? The answer cannot be doubtful. It is because the life of Croce, his most real and intense life, has not been and cannot be the going hither and thither, the doing this or that thing which many others could do and can do as well as or better than he. Philosophy is the highest reality for the philosopher and for all those who are capable of philosophy in any degree, and many more are so than suppose themselves to be. It is above all a question of degree and of practice. If then philosophy be the highest form of life, what is the relation to it of art? It is the relation of the primary form of the theoretic activity to the secondary form. The mind of man being constantly in motion, the highest form of its expression would in a sense be philosophy; but the other form of expression—æsthetic or the art-activity—although it come below philosophy, is essential to it as its foundation, as the material of which it is as it were constructed. The theoretic life of the educated man should be spent in philosophy and in art; he should be able constantly to cross the marble bridge of the ideal that separates the two, and having dwelt for a season with the one, return strengthened and refreshed to the other. Of course there are also the practical activities—economics and ethics or morality: we have all to be men first and poets, artists and philosophers afterwards—but of this more anon.

So far in this country we have heard almost exclusively of Croce's philosophical system and, in the minds of the majority of those who know his name at all, it is in connection with the Philosophy of the Spirit that he is admired. But Croce has done a vast amount of work besides that wonderful construction

which I believe to be the best expression of the Idealist position of our time and the sum of all the best *from that point of view* that has gone before. He is, as Chesterfield would say, an *omnis homo*, a *complete man*. Not by any means in the sense of having a superficial knowledge of many things, as it were spread-eagled over the whole sphere of human activity, for he has known how to *build dykes* for the mighty current of his thought. And though for his bibliographers it may seem to spread out like the Amazon, so that the shores on either side are invisible, yet the shores are always there to keep it within effective bounds. The *debitæ exclusiones*, the things that he has had properly to discard, are many among the admirable things, for there are bounds to even the fieriest energy and capacity for work. I have often heard him running to his library ere I rose in the morning. Thus although he has given us the complete theory of the æsthetic fact and has applied this to the criticism of literature, he has not had time to apply it to music or to the plastic arts, though he has told me that on several occasions he has received letters from professional critics of these arts to whom his theory has been of use. Although too, for example, Croce has never written professional dramatic criticism, I have the personal assurance of my friend the leading dramatic critic of our leading daily paper, that Croce's theory of æsthetic has entirely changed his point of view in matters of the theatre—given new wings as it were to his thought, a thought many of us have long admired in the witty and ingenious remarks which decorate our memories for the day with what was *not* in the play of the night before!

As to my first meeting with the philosopher—I



had heard for some months of Croce before I first made his acquaintance at Naples. It may be asked why I was so long in doing so, but the fact was that I could find none among the few people I knew at Naples who were acquainted with him save the late Duca Ebboli Doria. I begged him to perform this service; but he was at last forced to admit he was *afraid* of Croce! who always took him to task for his laziness.—He was lazy as only a cultured Italian can gracefully be.—I meanwhile read the *Critica*, Croce's review, both the current and back numbers, and was soon filled with admiration for the appreciations of the essays on Carducci and d'Annunzio: the former he praises in high terms though pointing out his defects with no partial pen; he has indeed been often abused for his reservations in respect to Carducci. Of the latter poet d'Annunzio also he has a high opinion; but d'Annunzio will not forgive him for drawing a line of 'circumvallation round his genius, which Croce describes as without rival in the amorous passages and imprinted with the true lyric rapture, but *wanting* in such notes of the lower register as, for instance, filial piety, which he shows the poet unsuccessfully attempting to handle.

Well, riding straight at a fence is certainly one way of getting over an obstacle; I determined I would write to the philosopher-critic and see what happened. To my delight there came an interesting letter and an invitation to visit him in the Via Atri, where he then lived. The Via Atri is in the heart of the old town and still to all appearance deep-buried in the 18th century.

After a rather mysterious waiting in the hall, I found that the philosopher had not returned from inspecting one of the large schools he directs at

the special request of the King.—There are funds which need an administrator of repute.—But at last he appeared and received me with his invariable hospitality.

Croce is rather below the middle height, not quite half-way through the fifties, and recently married to a former pupil who has given him one child. He walks with short rather rapid steps, the head turned slightly upward. His foothold is not too secure owing to the broken leg which he got at Ischia. On one occasion when with a party we were wandering among the Abruzzi I beheld the Philosopher of the Spirit in imminent danger of falling over a precipice which he had somehow reached. Two of us, however, came to the rescue.

Like all Neapolitans, Croce gesticulates a good deal with his hands—especially when telling an anecdote or making a witty remark, or poking fun—sometimes rather difficult to follow—at one of the many erudite friends who sit round his table conversing preparatory to the post-prandial stroll. The philosopher's eyes are notable and convincing; the clear depths of his thought shine out in their light hazel. They are the eyes of an eagle that prefers being a dove; wonderful eyes that can work twelve hours a day unaided.

I remember that on that first occasion our conversation ran chiefly on his review, the *Critica*, and the originality of its method. We talked a good deal of his great predecessor De Sanctis, whose *History of Italian Literature* is one of the most valuable and profound works upon poetry and the great poets. I had always been a student of Sainte-Beuve, so celebrated in France, whose *Lundis* have still I believe their many readers in Great Britain. Croce pointed out the greater depth of the Italian critic. And indeed it is



evident that the two start from different points of view.

Sainte-Beuve is always the acute psychologist winding himself in and out amid the intricacies of style and anecdote and from that constructing his pattern of many delicate hues.

De Sanctis starts from the lofty peak of philosophy and sees first where his poet stands in that respect—what are his ‘cosmic’ relations with his predecessors and followers; and only when that has been done does he descend to the lower slopes and begin the psychological analysis. Certainly there can be no criticism of the highest order without a developed philosophy on the part of the critic. Sainte-Beuve was a philosopher—in a small way, as everyone is bound to be—that is, he had certain conceptions as to the nature of reality, of God and so on, but these he had not developed into a coherent system, preferring to rely always on his personal taste and preference. His taste is sure and exquisite, and no one can go wrong in reading Sainte-Beuve; but if they have enough Italian they should then turn to De Sanctis and see the difference. De Sanctis ought certainly to be translated into English; nothing stands in the way of it, as the copyright has long ago expired. The fact of his not having been given to us shows how slowly thought penetrates hither from beyond the Alps.

The result of this and a few succeeding conversations with Croce led me to the reading of the *Theory of Æsthetic*, which was at that time the only one of the present four volumes of the system that had been published.

During the months that passed I used frequently to make my way up the seething street known as the

Toledo—a memory of the Spanish occupation—and turning sharp to the right passed under the gateway that leads to the eighteenth century and old Naples. Here everything takes on an aspect as different as possible from the rather rococo hotel-fronts of the Marina with their inevitable coral-selling jewellers on either side. The population presses and crowds round in extraordinary vehemence and agitation,—though they are merely going about their ordinary affairs. The amount of gesticulation and the high voices rising ever in tone with which they do business and argue, often seem to make the fate of a stray lobster as resonant as the fate of Ulysses the King. This reminds me of the explanation that Croce gives of the extreme rapidity with which two Neapolitans converse. When they meet and the first gets away with the first sentence, his friend sees long before he has got half through with it what is the goal of the argument, and proceeds to cut off its tail with his reply. This the other in his turn amputates; and so the conversation grows faster and faster, finally coming to a stop altogether, reduced to gesticulation alone, which has already accompanied it from the beginning, but now reigns supreme over both interlocutors. So quick-witted and quick-gestured are they. The language of signs takes a little time to acquire; but once acquired it does much to facilitate life and conversation in Italy, especially in the south. With the dialect of Naples I never attempted to cope; for, as is well known, it presents considerable difficulties to the student, though it also has beauties that are far from being neglected by the *literati* of Greater Greece. And here I think it is important to remember that Naples represents not only meridional Italy but also the home of the



Greeks that frequented the shores of the Mediterranean in the great days of Rome—those *Græculi esurientes* of Horace and before, bringing their extraordinary æsthetic gifts with them; and these gifts have I believe been incorporated in the great creative thinkers of the line of Giordano Bruno, Gianbattista Vico and Croce himself, not to mention other names that perhaps just fail of obtaining the first rank.

As regards Vico, we owe to Croce the first complete publication of his works and by far the most important treatise upon that difficult, obscure and profound philosopher. This by the way can be obtained in English translated by an experienced hand. Vico is one of the most tragic characters in the history of thought. He came at least a hundred years before his time, and no one during his life had more than the dimmest idea of his greatness. His poverty was such that he was obliged to eke out support for his wife and large family by writing laudatory Latin *encomia* upon nonentities and by teaching the rudiments of Latin to dull children of the aristocracy. He was further blessed with a wife who seems to have been incapable of looking after her own progeny, for poor Vico actually composed a great part of the *Scienza Nuova* amid the din they made in his small sitting-room. Such an effort of concentration has always seemed to me to be almost superhuman; but he paid the penalty of humanity, ageing before his time under the stress of his creative thought. He was the first to understand that Homer came at the end of an old civilization, and his farewell to the speculative life when he felt his powers failing is equalled to my mind only by Shakespeare's words of Prospero in *The Tempest*.

Among the innumerable discoveries with which Croce has enriched Italy, has been the dialect poetry of Di Giacomo, now one of the leading poets and dramatists of Italy; it was first discussed in the *Critica* and its rare excellence pointed out. Di Giacomo is librarian of one of the most important libraries in Naples, and is a most cultivated and refined person as well as an exquisite poet and writer of wonderful little one-act plays where throbs the bright red blood of Naples' heart—love and death. He writes lucid correct Italian prose and talks Italian as well as anyone south of Rome; but the curious thing about his poetical inspiration is that whenever it comes to him it always does so in the popular vernacular of Naples. I possess the book of his poems that he gave me, but understand as little of it as he does of one of mine given in return.

These memories of the happy days I spent with the poet of Naples at Rome, whither we once journeyed together, and with the philosopher-critic at Naples and in the wild Abruzzi, return with the savour and the fragrance of things bygone. The abyss of the war yawns between.

The love of reality and of clearness is what stands out in all Croce's work, accompanied as I have said by a surpassing modesty both in speech and utterance. These remain most firmly imprinted upon one's mind when looking back to those days of first acquaintance and first enthusiastic studies of the works that have meant so much for some of us and will mean so much for coming generations. For Croce has yet another quality of style that is most seductive: his humanity and his humour appear even in his severest treatises and cast their light all along the path. There are no



dark corners in the philosophy of Croce; indeed everything is brightly illuminated with the light of his thought. As he says, there is no excuse for obscurity of thought, no excuse for artificial mystery-making, since life itself is the great mystery and provides as much of that quality as anyone can possibly require!

He proclaims himself an Idealist; yes, but not in the manner of the Germans who are blinded with the excess of light. His philosophy is not an eschatology, as Dr. Carr aptly says; it is rather a methodology.

With regard to questions of ontology and eschatology the position of Croce is to take the activities of logical, æsthetic, ethical and economic thought, including with these the will, as basis, and not to enquire beyond. It is significant that he replies to such enquiries as those relating to the nature of the possibilities that await us after death, that the very fact that the response we receive to such enquiries is broken and contradictory, shews they are not offered to us for solution.

Thus he never requires of reason, as do some, that it shall solve *all* the problems that life presents. Accordingly he tilts against and, in my opinion, victoriously overturns scientific abstractions—pseudo concepts as he calls them—and empirical classifications which are never the precise individual given to us by the poet, nor can they ever attain to the rank of the eternal idea or of the category of the philosopher. At every stage of his system we meet with this struggle for *being*, for the thing which has acquired right of citizenship by the fact that it exists. Thus in the *Æsthetic* we see him beheading the different literary classes, and tragedy finds itself compelled to enter the same boat as lyric and as comedy, all of them being given equal right of

citizenship and proved to have a common origin in lyric inspiration. In the same way in the Ethic and Economic he dethrones the pretentious catalogue of the virtues, the ostentatious claims of rights and the tedious repetition of arbitrary rules and laws as though they had eternal value. In the Logic we find him shovelling away those pyramids of pseudo-concepts piled up like stones by the wayside; he fuses them in the organic development of the concepts subordinated, co-ordinated and separated the one from the other. Croce has always been an enemy and an outspoken enemy of the professorial and the academic, in the measure that these become crystallized and cease to allow the blood of the life of thought to circulate freely in their own veins or in the veins of those around them. He has ever insisted upon the prejudices inherent to teaching as one of the chief obstacles met with by the philosophic sciences and especially the science of Logic. And here I can endorse his remarks with the most heartfelt sympathy; for if anyone had told me when I was toiling over Baralipon at Oxford, that twenty years later I should be reading and translating and commenting upon a Logic with as much enthusiasm as I then used to read and comment upon Shelley and Keats, I should have told him he was talking nonsense. Yet so it was to be, and I believe I have thrilled over Croce's Logic as much as over at any rate the majority of the poems I have read. And why? Because Croce's Logic is a living thing, and formal Logics are dead things,—ossified Aristotle, with all respect to that great philosopher of whom the Middle Ages made a philosophic minotaur.

But I see that I have been touching on parts of the system and perhaps some will expect me to outline



it as a whole. All I can do, however, is to point to some of the planes. For if it took Croce about one thousand five hundred pages to explain what he meant by his Philosophy of the Spirit, the present writer does not boast of being able to reduce it to tabloid form. A system is a living thing; it has its day like other living things, though that day may be measured by hundreds, nay even by thousands of years. But it will eventually be supplanted by another system which will succeed to it as it were and incorporate all it had of good and improve upon it.

The system of Croce faces boldly the most difficult of problems—such as the ethical problem with which Bergson has not yet ventured to deal, and the æsthetic problem that Herbert Spencer ignored and consequently cut off a large limb from that life which he professed to be able to explain in its entirety.

For what is the empirical method which takes first one fact, then another fact and then yet another and, when it thinks that it has assembled what appears to it to be a sufficiency of these, begins to generalize about them and offers this as an explanation of the universe? It is obvious that in order to make a beginning at all it must have an initial concept of some sort. This is found generally to be a very vague and approximate notion—a presupposition arbitrarily adopted and as easily dropped for another when it ceases to seem serviceable. This is the method of the natural sciences and is that adopted by Mach, the writer on art so much and so erroneously esteemed by certain critics. It negates altogether the domain of the intuition, which for us is the sign of the first appearance of the spirit. Here the spirit operates the first transformation of nature. By expressing it

appropriates. For expression is everything in art; there is nothing beyond. Beatrice is all in what Dante tells us of her, and there is no Laura outside Petrarch. The battle has been and always will be against those who wish to introduce the abstract intellect into art. Against these Croce has ever fought. But what then is the abstract intellect? It corresponds to something in the world,—otherwise it would not be there. There is no real opposition between reason and art, because the one is the child of the other. Art in fact can stand without philosophy, but philosophy depends upon art for its very existence. There can be expression without the concept, but the concept cannot exist without expression. The position of history in this scheme is similar to but not identical with that of art; in his last phase Croce has reached the identification of history with philosophy. History is here conceived as present reality. Here there may be opportunity for a word of warning as to the conception that Croce puts forward being in any sense aristocratic or of use only for the philosophical. Croce is an ardent defender of the real. It is quantitative with him; we are all poets and all philosophers up to a point—but there of course is the rub. There are few who could claim in their wildest flights of self-appreciation to have had visions comparable to those of Dante, and few indeed there are even capable of following a long and intricate argument of Croce himself or of Kant to a victorious conclusion. But everyone has the concept and utters a historical statement implying the concept when he says there is a God in heaven. The *Æsthetic* was the first of Croce's works to appear and upon it were expended the first criticisms of professors and others whose dovescots



had thereby been fluttered. For the theory of Croce knocks down hoary old superstitions like rows of ninepins and with the utmost politeness sweeps away positions that have been held for centuries. Take, for instance, the division of literature into poetry and prose that we used to be taught as a first step in wisdom. Literature was neatly divided up into poetry, narration, description, landscape-painting in words and so on. Then the empirical concepts of the comic, the tragic, the heroic, the humorous and so on were explained to be fundamental concepts, and the works of authors were searched to see if they had remained true to this or that rule of the grammarians—if they had attained to this or that ideal of the genus tragic or the genus comic. But since they were arbitrary, these definitions varied, and hence arose countless misunderstandings and disputes. But what is a work of art or a poem? It is unique and, if it is *really* a poem, it is perfect—that is to say, there must have been no intromission into its substance of anything extraneous to art, no practical or other motive. What we must seek for is not whether the poet conforms to this or that type, but whether he is capable of *expression* in a rich or in a unique manner. The problem of Linguistic comes here to the front, and upon reflection we feel bound to identify this with expression also. For of what does Linguistic treat save of the science of language? Language is ever in a state of flux and, in order to understand its true nature, we must begin by getting rid of the vocabulary imposed upon us by grammarians. It was for this reason that Croce included in the title of his first work the words 'General Linguistic,' for he wished to identify the verbal expression with all other forms of art-expression

—painting, sculpture, music—which are all of them speech, though some are in speech that is no longer remembered by man; such are certain prehistoric frescoes and that small number of languages which yet hold out against deciphering even by the experts in those matters. The historical data needed to understand those intuitions are lost. It is important to realize with regard to the theory of art that all expression is internal and perfect in the poet's mind before it is put down on canvas or upon paper. The latter are merely practical acts that follow upon the æsthetic vision. There may be mute inglorious Miltons.

The translation of the *Logica* is now published and should be of use to students who wish to go to the heart of the mystery. For of course a Logic being thought thinking itself—that is objectifying pictures of itself—must be a revelation of the innermost workings of the philosopher's mind, and that of Croce fairly teems with new things springing like fresh buds from the old and tattered bark of the mighty tree. Croce is scrupulous to a fault, and never advances one of his propositions, which seem so adventurous when taken apart from their context, without having carefully assembled all the texts for and against it and weighed the evidence with the utmost fairness. The theory of the Pure Concept which identifies itself, with Croce has a long history and it is only when the alternative theories of the empiricists, atomicists, pragmatists and others have been asked for an equally satisfactory sheet-anchor and fail to produce it, that Croce turns to this conception. Of course he acknowledges here as elsewhere his predecessors and is careful to point out what he owes to them and where he differs. The



Hegelian theory of opposites as the explanation of the world-process is a good instance.

The philosophic concept is not merely general, it is also universal; this is the special characteristic of philosophy. This character of concreteness is the essential mark of philosophy, differentiating it from the other sciences; for these command their initial hypothesis, they do not justify it. And if we are to use these sciences, we have to obey their arbitrary rules and draw such and such lines, in the belief that by so doing we shall keep within the terms of the demonstration. Philosophy on the other hand has for its object what really is, and it must fully justify what it assumes before employing it. This arbitrary nature of the other sciences is often criticized by Croce, especially the science of mathematics, and he even concludes one of his chapters with the recommendation to the mathematicians: Calculate but do not think! No doubt the philosophy of Croce makes use of that of Hegel, and he is the first to recognize his indebtedness to the dialectic of that philosopher. But whereas Hegel starts with the synthesis or unity of opposites (on this point I quote my friend Dr. Carr's able treatise) and we are shown each synthesis becoming in its turn the thesis of a new triad, finally reaching the goal of the Absolute Idea, Croce begins with the concrete concept of art, positing no negation. This is the first degree of reality. Philosophy is the second degree, but is not the opposite of art, being distinct from art, though without art there can be no philosophy. These are the two theoretic activities, art being as it were the soil from which springs the flower of philosophy—art, that is to say, in the form of language with which it is identical. The practical

activity is also divided into two grades or degrees—the first being the merely economic, the second moral or ethical. And here too there is no antithesis between the two activities, but the one springs from the other—the ethical from the economic. Thus we have knowing and doing in the relation of a double series of two degrees. They are not in opposition to one another, but distinct from one another, as Croce, improving very much upon Hegel, has been the first to point out. Goodness is the antithesis of wickedness, but it is not the antithesis of beauty, from which it is distinct. It is this discovery of the distinction of concepts which yet hold their opposites within themselves in synthesis, that has enabled Croce to deal with the problem of error and offer the solution that will always be connected with his name: that error is a necessity to the progress of truth, that it is the practical, the wilful element there, which though driven out and conquered with each fresh discovery yet always forms again as the new problem arises from the new position won by speculative thought. I think error might be called the *yeast* of creative thought. Examples of distinct concepts are right and morality, imagination and intellect, which are distinct yet not opposed to one another, whereas there can be no difficulty in recognizing the opposites in such antitheses as good and evil, beauty and ugliness, joy and sorrow, life and death, and so on. The mistake made by Hegel was the attempt to develop the dialectic from the distinct concepts. The importance of this discovery of Croce's has taken a whole volume to illustrate fully, and I recommend those interested in this difficult but important side of the Philosophy of the Spirit, if they do not read Italian, to consult the work of Croce I had



the honour of translating some years ago under the title *What is Living and what is Dead of the Philosophy of Hegel*.

To return for a moment to the problem of ethics; we are given to understand by Croce that in everyone there is a side which is merely economic or, as it might be termed unphilosophically, selfish, and some people would say that the great Napoleon or Cesar Borgia were examples of this type without any of the higher qualities. Personally I hold that Napoleon had many fine ethical qualities—for instance, his love for his family of ungrateful brothers and sisters, upon whom he showered benefits for which they hardly thanked him. But I am quite ready to give them Cesar Borgia and throw in Alexander Borgia as a Whole Hogger, true economic Bolsheviks! To be free we must coincide with the spirit in its universal expression in the aspiration of humanity—whether in the humble accomplishment of his duty by the shepherd on the hillside or by the philosopher with his mind fixed upon the sublimest problems. Communication with the whole implied in the accomplishment of individual duty is the only measure that our conscience accepts. The philosopher must fight for his country if he is of an age to do so, as did Socrates and Plato. Thus the philosophy of Croce differentiates itself from the other great philosophical systems of the times immediately preceding our own—from Fichte with his Ego swollen to the proportions of the universe, from Schelling with his nature-worship, from Bergson of our own time with his negation of conceptual thought as the means of knowledge and the substitution for it of the blind impulse of the intuition (which may perhaps have had more to say to the anarchical developments in Russia

than is yet suspected, for it was through his disciple Sorel's book on Violence that the conception of acting without forming a preconceived notion of what it is desired to bring about was derived), and from Hegel with his Idea—to form the Philosophy of the Spirit or, as my friend Giuseppe Prezzolini has happily phrased it, the Philosophy of Genius; for the spirit of man is perpetually at work in the Crocean philosophy, building the future from the wreck of the present in process of evolution.

Croce is ever building; he piles up notes to the skies before thinking of beginning any of his elaborate studies, and yet is most modest in accepting the criticism of anyone who can bring anything in of value that he may have inadvertently passed by—and this is rare indeed. The gift of light Neapolitan laughter is one of Croce's safeguards against the smallest approach of pedantry, of which he has the greatest horror. His heart is open to all who deserve a place in it; but he is wide awake and he can kill with a jest. His memory is prodigious and serves him well in controversy.

Croce is the historian of Naples *par excellence*, and his *Napoli Nobilissima* is already one of the *rariora rarissima* of collectors. My own copy wants the first two fascicules. This publication deals with all the ancient monuments that still exist and with others that are now no more than a memory preserved in the pages of *Napoli Nobilissima*, to which contributed most of the archeologists of Naples twenty years ago.

Croce excels in discovering and bringing to light remarkable talents—those that emerge from the throng; and Di Giacomo and Scarpetta are by no means the only poets who owe their reputation to



Croce. Among the philosopher-critics he has drawn attention to Spaventa and Imbriani and, as I have said, De Sanctis. If he has not treated so exhaustively of Verri and Rosmini, that is perhaps because he is not a Milanese; but no one can be blamed for giving the preference to his own native land. Croce, however, is no narrow-minded stayer-at-home; on the contrary he has always been for the seeking out of the best wherever it is to be found, and has, for instance, opposed the sending of students of philosophy to Germany when they can receive equally good and possibly better instruction at home. Philosophy, he says, is at the most a voyage in time, not in space.

But I have never felt philosophy so alive as at Naples during the warm spring evenings when we used to issue forth from Croce's house in the Via Trinita Maggiore, a band of perhaps five poets and philosophers in active discussion. The number would always swell as we made our way down the Toledo towards the Marine Promenade. How nobody was ever run over by the tiny little *carrozelle* that dart about everywhere in the streets I have never been able to understand. I have seen Croce and his great friend Gentile, in company with the brilliant disciple of the latter, Di Ruggiero—the author of a history of philosophy of which the first part is just out—in the midst of the vociferating crowd arguing at the top of their voices as cogently but not as calmly—nothing is calm at Naples—as if they were sitting in the study.

One of Croce's directing ideas has been that of *absorbing the adversary*, of using what in him there may be of good and ignoring the rest. He is, however, very severe with those who are lacking in scholarship—with our Herbert Spencer, for instance, who boasted

that he never read anything. He looks upon the works of the latter as one would upon the discoverer of sailing after the invention of the steamboat. This year-long scrupulous study of sources is the explanation of the prodigious output that extends from 1900 to 1908, from the *Æsthetic* to the *Philosophy of the Practical*.

Out of all this comes again in view that quality of sincerity which Croce applies to the inner man: asking how it is *possible* to lie to others if he have not lied first to himself—of the man who can be at once a Rationalist and a Catholic. Thus he is an Anti-modernist, declaring that the Modernists are futile in their efforts to reform Catholicism, since modern thought has already possessed itself of the spiritual property of Catholicism by way of Protestantism.

In conclusion I may say that from his recent letters I learn that Croce is making a study of the British and French poets of the nineteenth century and this should be of great interest and value to all of us.

DOUGLAS AINSLIE.



## THE OLD AND NEW IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.

THE wise man has said : " There is nothing new under the sun." Equally true, there is nothing old. In natural processes, in human experience, we find new becoming old and old new by a continuous and frequently almost imperceptible transition.

This is especially true in the realm of philosophic thought : it often seems to move in a cycle ; only it does not return to exactly the same point from which it started or, more truly, if it appears to do so, it carries with it a far larger content.

The works of one of our latest and most popular philosophers, Henri Bergson, supply abundant illustration of this. The main burden of his teaching is that Reality is perpetual becoming, a synonym for never-ceasing change. Two thousand five hundred years ago Heracleitus also taught that all things are in a state of flux, that the fundamental fact in nature is constant change. Again Bergson lays great stress on the opposition of matter to life, on the fact that life everywhere finds obstacles in its way which impede or prevent the attainment of its fullest possibilities. Greek thought here also forestalls him. Aristotle's conception of the relation of nature to matter is almost exactly similar. For instance, he says that monstrosity is not nature's work ; it is *the victory of matter over*

*nature*,<sup>1</sup> an idea paralleled many times by Bergson in his descriptions of the way in which life is brought up against apparently insurmountable barriers, in no case save two overpassed. These two are the triumph of intelligence in man and the triumph of instinct in the most highly developed insects (Hymenoptera), ants and bees. Bergson makes no attempt to go behind life. Aristotle regards the *soul* as fulfilling this function; and each main mode in which vitality manifests itself (*nutritive, sensory, appetitive, locomotor, intellectual*), that is each main group of functions, is ascribed to a different faculty of the soul. Soul-theories were very much out of fashion during the greater part of the XIXth century; but those who have read McDougall's interesting and instructive work, *Body and Mind*, 'in defence of Animism,' will recognize that there is some reaction now in their favour. Such considerations, however, belong rather to the domain of psychology than to that of religious philosophy; and though the two are so closely connected that the one can hardly be studied, at any rate at the present day, without the other, they are nevertheless not identical and should not be so regarded.

So wide a subject as that of the Old and New in Religious Thought can hardly in the space of a brief article be more than illustrated in one or two of its aspects. I propose then to take one great religious belief, that of a Spiritual Universe environing and interacting with the Natural, and one great principle of the religious life, Renunciation, and to endeavour to show how in these the new thought can never afford to part with the old, nor the old to barricade itself against the

<sup>1</sup> *D.G.* iv. 4-11.



new; that both are necessary, if either is to be vital and vitalising.

We grope after the spiritual, says Emerson, by describing it as invisible; the true meaning of spiritual is 'real.' It is the Real of which mankind is in search and has always been in search; and it would enable us to look upon the tentative theories of our forefathers, even of our savage forefathers, with considerably greater sympathy and understanding than is usually the case, if we could more clearly recognize this fact.

For what, after all, prompted primitive man to people his world with nature-deities, to rely for aid on tribal gods, even to place friendly or adverse spiritual agencies in blocks of wood and stone, save the dim consciousness that the obvious was not the fundamental, that underlying the ordinary and familiar phenomena of nature, the common objects of daily experience, there was something more inclusive, powerful and wise than any or all of them, something stronger and more effective, consequently more *real*. Perhaps in considering and re-constructing primitive religious beliefs and customs sufficient weight has hardly been given to this perennial motive, the quest of the Real, the same that in modern days prompts so much scientific research, so much criticism of methods and authorities in every region of knowledge. It is true that very strange paths have been followed, very curious conclusions drawn in the pursuit of this quest, hardly stranger or more curious in ancient than in modern times; but we cannot deny that it is ever the one which awakens the most intense interest, the most fervent devotion.

The earliest spiritual universe conceived by man is inevitably modelled on the pattern of the natural,

or rather on that which the natural appears to be to rude and uncultured intelligences,—inconsequent, capricious, under no steadfast law. It is a great step forward when the conception of Order begins to make itself felt, when the vast processes of nature are discerned to follow their unhastening, unresting way without interference from or coercion by the arbitrary wills of irresponsible deities and demons. But it is evident that as this conception gains strength and coherence it may make the notion of a spiritual universe remote and shadowy, less instead of more real than the natural, because the natural appears to have no need of it, to be effective without it. This conviction possessed the greater part of the scientific world, and all those intellectual circles most nearly in touch with it, during practically the whole of the XIXth century, and it is held by many in the present day. But its power is waning because to those who hold it, the natural order is a prison; and the human mind revolts against imprisonment.

There are two main conceptions which, separately or together, mould the thoughts of man in regard to the spiritual universe and its relation to the natural—Immanence and Transcendence. Even in the idols and fetishes worshipped by savage man we may trace the rude beginnings of both conceptions. Some spiritual agency, good or evil, was supposed to inhabit or to be connected with the unsightly objects of his reverence, and, as Professor Jevons has pointed out in his *Introduction to the Study of Religion*, there have been many instances in which he has risen to some conception of an All-Father, an over-arching Power (often typified by the material heavens) transcending yet regardful of himself and nature.



But purely primitive notions have less interest for us than those to which the deeper insight and greater intellectual power of later ages gave rise. In the West the Greeks once more lead the way. "The germs of all ideas, even of most Christian ones," Jowett tells us, "are to be found in Plato"; and though his philosophy is regarded as so fundamentally different from that of Aristotle that Coleridge says everybody is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian, yet there are many high doctrines which they held in common. Both believed in a supreme Good and in a Good of the universe, in a living and eternal God on whom the natural world depends, in Divine Intelligence, and in the immortality of our intelligent souls. But Aristotle maintained against Plato that reality is in as well as above the natural order, thus showing himself a truer precursor of Christian conceptions than his great master and predecessor.

We shall presently examine what those Christian conceptions are; but before doing so, it is necessary to dwell for a few moments on a view of the natural universe which has met with little if any acceptance in the West. It belongs to Indian thought, where it has held strong and in some respects very practical sway. This is the view that the natural universe is 'illusion,' having no hold whatever on reality, of which it is not even so much as the shadow or appearance.<sup>1</sup>

"The world of matter," it has been said, "is to the Hindu not merely an unreal world in the sense that the true reality is underlying it; it is essentially

<sup>1</sup> There are, however, at any rate isolated sayings which can certainly be interpreted to bear a somewhat different significance; for instance, the following from the Upanishads: "They that see the Real in the midst of this unreal, they that behold life in the midst of this death, they that know the One in all the changing manifoldness of this universe; unto them belongs eternal peace, and unto none else, unto none else."

a deceptive world as well.”<sup>1</sup> But this conviction of the deceptiveness, the intrinsic falseness of the visible and tangible order, carries with it a remarkable power of grasping that which is invisible. The author already quoted observes that “though the Hindu can be as indifferent to the Divine as the Western, he can never be as insensible. He has never contributed a single argument in proof of the existence of God, because he has never felt the need of one. The illusoriness of the external universe is a fundamental axiom of his thought, but of the existence of the Divine he has never been able to manufacture a doubt. To him God is the great Reality, and in truth the only reality. The universe is not a revelation of God, but the veil which conceals Him. In this respect his pantheism is very different from that of the West.”<sup>2</sup>

It is indeed, if we may take as a fitting expression of the Western variety Wordsworth’s familiar and beautiful lines in ‘Tintern Abbey’:

“ I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky and in the mind of man :  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.”

This magnificent imagery indicates with equal clearness and dignity that the omnipresent spirit is that which gives life and reality to the whole natural

<sup>1</sup> Bernard Lucas, *The Empire of Christ*, p. 89.

<sup>2</sup> *Op. cit.*, pp. 49, 50.



order, a conception not really compatible with the Hindu conviction of its illusoriness. At the same time we are bound to recognize that there is a side on which, from what is usually considered the religious point of view, Hindu teaching has the advantage. It enables its disciples to shake themselves more easily free from bondage to the material aspect of experience. "India," says the author already twice quoted, "is the first-born of all the nations in her emancipation from the material." We should do well to bear this truth in mind. Contempt of the material lies at the root of much of the dislike and suspicion felt by the East, at any rate as represented by India, towards the West, and we shall not remove those sentiments, unless we can place ourselves more generally and more sympathetically at the Eastern standpoint.

The conception of Transcendence, though no less fruitful, has been perhaps less general than that of Immanence. Its chief exponent in ancient times was the Hebrew nation. God was first the creator, the supreme ruler, the law-giver, the judge, but not among Old Testament writers the indwelling, sustaining spirit. The nearest approach to such a conception occurs perhaps in the first chapter of Genesis, where the Divine Spirit is represented as brooding upon the face of the Waters and bringing Order out of Chaos. But in the remainder of the account of creation, and throughout the other Old Testament books, we find that the Supreme Being, though held to be the Source of life, the omnipotent Arbiter of human destiny, the Maker of the whole natural order, which at any moment He may controvert or annihilate, is yet regarded as wholly separate and apart from the universe which He has brought into being.

Mahommedanism and Christianity, both of which sprang from Judaism, have retained in a high degree this conception of the transcendent God. Mahommedanism has however completely excluded the idea of Immanence. Christianity retains both in so evenly balanced a combination that, though it has been possible for Christians at various stages of thought and culture to hold the one or the other chiefly in prominence, it has not been possible wholly to lose sight of either; the cause of this inclusive ideal being without doubt largely due to the strong influence exerted by Greek, and more particularly by Alexandrian, philosophy upon early Christian thought and belief.

Christianity is indeed the most assimilative religion known to history, and consequently the most vital. It has pre-eminently the power of containing within its treasury things new and old, and that not in mere juxtaposition, but in transformative and invigorating union. Consequently the Christian conception of the spiritual universe is one capable of indefinite expansion, compounded as it is of the most exalted belief in the divine Transcendence, the God "whom no man hath seen nor can see," and the most intimate and fundamental confidence in the divine Immanence, the God "in whom we live and move and have our being," of whom nature and human nature are the living temple, of whom one of our early English mystics has said in words almost Eastern in their spiritual intensity: "He it is that desireth in thee and He it is that is desired. He is all and doth all if thou couldest see Him."<sup>1</sup>

Our religion is so much greater than we are, it demands such wide as well as such high views of the

<sup>1</sup> Hilton, *Scale of Perfection*.



order of nature and of human experience that it is hardly a matter of surprise to find we are constantly making the mistake of trying to cut it down to our own cramped measure, rather than attempting to expand that measure to fit the immense demands made upon it. And indeed this fact has been specially exemplified in the history of the last fifty or sixty years. The remarkable, in some respects intellectually overwhelming, results of the unprecedented advance of natural science were thought to be incompatible with the existence of a spiritual universe such as Christian thought had conceived and Christian dogma defined it. Theologians, instead of setting themselves to discover wherein inadequate knowledge of nature had led them astray in defining its relation to the spiritual order (which the signs of the times pointed out as their evident task), devoted all their energies to defending with equal zeal and ignorance positions which a greater open-mindedness, further consideration and a less timid faith might have shown them were neither tenable nor desirable. Their attitude has changed now; but the mischievous misunderstanding for which it is largely responsible, has not yet run its full course. The scientific mind stands in doubt of the religious mind to an extent which need never have been the case, had it not been for the foolish fears and still more foolish prejudices which led to the attempted rejection of incontrovertible facts. It is to be hoped that the same mistake will not be committed now that the ground of contention is largely shifted from the scientific to the historical and critical field of enquiry. But this is a matter with which we are not here concerned. The vast extension of natural knowledge is, now that its necessarily non-

fundamental character is becoming recognized, an immense aid to our conception of that spiritual universe to which it points, and of which it is for our finite intelligences the expression. The order of nature is not final; that is a truth which scientific progress makes continually clearer. But neither is it illusory. Of that our experience, inner as well as outer, constantly assures us. It is the pledge in all its beauty, its wonder, its paradoxes, its incompleteness, of a fulfilment beyond itself, but from which it shall not be excluded. In its appeal through the senses and the intellect to that in man which is greater than either, the natural order is the ante-chamber of the Eternal, the Transcendent, the ultimately Real. In this age, which has come into possession of so much which the past craved and could not attain, there should be no doubtfulness of the spiritual order and no contempt of the natural, for in the deepest aspect of their being the two are one. In, 'as well as beyond and beneath and above, human experience are the enduring verities, the indissoluble life of that spiritual universe which is as truly, though not as evidently, our environment now as it can be when we find ourselves on the further side of 'the entrance door.'

It is time that we should turn now to the second illustration of our subject—Renunciation; and it is fairly clear why this choice should have been made. Conscious participation in the life of the spiritual universe has, in all the deeper religious thought of mankind, been felt to involve renunciation of what is inimical to it. The term does not fall favourably on modern ears, for self-realization is the watchword of the present age. But our considerations will lead us to see that the one is not exclusive of the other, that



in a very true sense, "sacrifice is the axle of the world's wheel and the fecundating power of all things."<sup>1</sup>

Among the great world-religions there are two which stand out pre-eminently as inculcating renunciation. They are Buddhism and Christianity. To these should be added a third, often known under the name of the Higher Hinduism, by which is meant that return to the earlier and loftier doctrines of the sacred Hindu writings, overlaid in later teaching by many accretions, weakened by unworthy interpretations and debased by corrupt and idolatrous practices. One of its best exponents to modern Western understanding is the late Swami Vivekananda, and the references to it presently to be made are chiefly based on his published works.

Buddhism places renunciation before its adherents as the one and only path to freedom. It is Desire—not merely that desire known in Christian parlance as the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes, but *all* desire—which keeps men in bondage, binding them to the torturing wheel of finite existence, as a victim is bound to the rack. In order to be emancipated, to be enlightened, to rise above fate, Buddhists must cease to desire, and the road to this end was trodden by their great Master and Exemplar the Buddha himself. He began by abandoning wealth, social position, wife, child and home, and going forth a houseless wanderer in pursuit of the supreme Goal. After years of asceticism and mortification he abandoned them and, forsaken even by his most faithful disciples, entered upon the last agonizing conflict under the branches of the sacred tree. Temptations which he had supposed long vanquished, assailed him; almost he decided to

<sup>1</sup> From the *Rig Veda*.

return to those earthly solaces and advantages which he had so long forgone. But in the end the intense fervour of his religious temperament triumphed, and he issued victorious from the fateful struggle. "Those indeed are conquerors," he is reported to have said, "who, as I have now, have conquered the intoxications"—the mental intoxications, that is, arising from ignorance, sensuality or craving after future life. This deprecation of desire for a future life gave rise for a long time among Europeans to the idea that annihilation was the Goal to which Buddhism aspired. Wider knowledge and deeper understanding of the Buddha's teaching have shown this to be a mistake. The attainment of Nirvāṇa is not equivalent to annihilation, but to a state of unspeakable and indescribable bliss, approaching rather to that ineffable union with the Infinite towards which the highest religious mysticism aspires than to nothingness. At the same time it is one utterly aloof from Nature and the Natural. These are negated, not fulfilled.<sup>1</sup>

In turning to Hindu conceptions of renunciation we find something rather different from, but implying, freedom—*viz.* union with the Highest—set forth as the ultimate Goal. The different systems of *yoga*—*i.e.* a rule or way of life by means of which that union may be attained—are all based upon some form of renunciation, in certain instances inclusive of an extreme degree of asceticism. The gist of them is thus described by Vivekananda.

<sup>1</sup> An interesting illustration of Buddhistic teaching is given in a recently translated Indian novel, *The Pilgrim Kiminuta*, in which the pilgrimage of an elect soul through earthly vicissitudes, through the Paradise of Blissful Ones and through the heaven of the Star-Gods, is minutely described. The culmination of the pilgrimage is reached when Kiminuta's Star goes out, because he refuses to receive light from Brahma and thus be subjected to an endless cycle of waxing and waning glory.



“The greatest purifier . . . a purifier without which none enters the regions of the higher devotion (*pārā bhakti*) is renunciation. It is a frightening thing to many: yet without it there cannot be any spiritual growth. In all our *yogas* this renunciation is necessary. This is the stepping stone and the real centre and the real heart of all spiritual culture—renunciation. When the human soul draws back from the things of the world and tries to go into deeper things; when man, the spirit which is here being somewhat concretized and materialized, understands that he is thereby going to be destroyed, and turns his face away from matter; then begins renunciation, then begins real spiritual growth. The Karma Yogin’s renunciation is in the shape of giving up all the fruits of his actions . . . he does not care for any reward here or hereafter. The Rāja Yogin knows that the whole of Nature is intended for the soul to acquire experience, and that the result of all the experiences of the soul is for it to become aware of its eternal separateness from Nature . . . that this conjunction of it with matter is, and can be, only for a time. . . . The Jñāna Yogin has the harshest of all renunciations to go through; he has to realize from the very first that the whole of this solid-looking Nature is an illusion . . . to understand that all manifestation of power in Nature belongs to the soul and not to Nature. . . . He lets Nature and all her things go. He lets them vanish and tries to stand alone.”

After dwelling upon these forms of *yoga*, all of them necessitating ascetic practice, Vivekananda turns to another, his description of which reminds the reader continually of ‘the more excellent way’ as acknowledged though, alas! too seldom practised by Christians.

"Of all the renunciations," he says, "the most natural is that of the Bhakti Yogin. . . . In human society the nearer the man is to the animal, the stronger is his pleasure in his senses; and the higher and more cultured the man is, the greater is his pleasure in intellectual pursuits. So when a man gets even higher than the plane of the intellect, higher than that of mere thought, when he gets to the plane of spirituality and of divine inspiration, he finds there a state of bliss compared to which all the pleasures of the senses, or even of the intellect, are as nothing. . . . [They] are made dim and thrown aside, cast into the shade by the love of God Himself. That love of God grows and assumes a shape which is called *parā bhakti*, or supreme devotion. Forms vanish, rituals fly away, books are superseded, images, temples, churches, religions and sects, countries, nationalities, all these little limitations and bondages fall off by their own nature from him who knows this love of God. Nothing remains to bind him or to fetter his freedom."

This is the language of exalted mysticism. It is paralleled more than once by St. Paul: "For in Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all." And again: "All things are yours, whether life or death, principalities or powers, things present or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's." "Nothing shall separate you from the love of God."

The Hindu documents upon which the Higher Hinduism is based are thousands of years old, older far than the Christian era. It is unlikely that their earliest interpretation was identical with that which modern teachers adopt, or that it was possible for



disciples to understand them as they are understood now after the leaven of Buddhism has been working for so long in India and the appeal of Christianity is beginning to make itself felt. For it appears evident that the reform and revival of Hinduism is to some, even to a great, extent due to this latter cause. But those students of the times who have been led to this conclusion, agree in saying that Christianity, as it is understood in the West, will never adequately satisfy the East; that the latter has vast religious aspirations, an intense and exalted spirituality, which, save in rare and isolated instances, find no place in Western experience; and it would consequently seem as though the full scope and power of Christianity could not be known, until the practical and somewhat work-a-day Western conception of it has been enriched by the ideal which the East only is capable of upholding and realizing. Then, perhaps, will the true function of renunciation, its relation to and assistance in self-realization, become clear, and the latter be purged from all self-seeking and the former from all false claim to merit. To live is a privilege, not a merit. And renunciation is a way, *the* way, to life; and because to life, to participation in and consciousness of that spiritual order whose distinguishing characteristic is fulness and intensity of life.

The claim of Christianity is to be a constructive, not a destructive, faith. "I am come," said Christ, "not to destroy but to fulfil." His hearers doubtless confined the significance of those words to the rites of Judaism and to the Law which they symbolized and embodied. It was not long before certain aspects at any rate of Greek philosophy and religious belief found that they also met in Christianity a fitting interpreta-

tion. We, in the present day, may take a wider and higher view still. The comparative study of religion, a young science as yet, shows how much there is of truth in, and even of agreement between, the purest and noblest teaching of saints and prophets in all ages and of all nations and that which Christians regard as pre-eminently divine. That aspiration after perfect freedom, the emancipation of the soul of man from the slavery of desire and fear, so powerfully exhibited in Buddhist teaching and practice, that craving for conscious union with the infinite Reality, that conviction that in some way it can be achieved, which characterize Hindu philosophy, find both expression and response in the Christian faith. How should it be otherwise, since it teaches that where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty, and that the law of liberty is Love; and again that it is the right of every human being who perceives and claims his high privilege of sonship to the Divine, to enter into conscious union through the eternal Son with the eternal Father?

Hunger and thirst after God are recognized to the full in Christianity; so is the path to the satisfying of that hunger and the quenching of that thirst which Hindu and Buddhist alike declare to be inevitable—renunciation. But renunciation is not the negation of nature as we find in Hinduism, or of desire as we find in Buddhism. The latter could never consistently assert: *Blessed* are they who hunger and thirst, even though it were after righteousness; nor the former that the creation itself—the visible, tangible order of nature which, under many of its aspects, we see to groan and travail with us now—shall “itself also be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God.” That is a



Christian hope, as the blessing is a Christian blessing, and the renunciation must be in keeping with both; not hard and forbidding therefore, except to those who count ease and self-indulgence as the best good; not contradictory to, but in fulfilment of, nature which itself is struggling towards a larger liberty, a higher perfection, but a renunciation actuated by, and subservient to, supreme Love, unconscious of sacrifice, conscious of surrender only as joy. "I dare not turn my face from joy; I must seek it as I seek God Himself; but sacrifice is the very means and manner of our approach to joy, our transmuting virtue, when we yield up the self-seeking that profanes this world [this world of nature and of human experience which lives and moves and has its being in God], and obstructs the sacramental channels of delight which no man can lay open for himself alone, or lose without loss of all."

That is an utterance into the deep significance of which our own age should be specially prepared to enter. There is set before us Westerns the choice between a great renunciation and a terrible refusal. We are called to renounce materialism not with the cold aloofness suitable to the repudiation of a mistaken philosophic theory, but with the vital warmth and energy necessary to revolutionize a false way of life, false because it limits and degrades human powers and capacities. We shall never rise to the demand made upon us, we shall be bound to the disheartening cycle of decaying and reviving and again decaying civilizations, until we have grasped deeply, widely and practically the truth that sacrifice is not an evil, but *the means and manner of our approach to joy*, an element in our self-realization. Then the 'sacramental

channels of delight ' will indeed be opened, and they will be not some far-off recondite symbols, but the sacred ways of daily life and daily experience, the intercourse of nations, the exchange of thought and sympathy between all sorts and conditions of men, the sanctuary of the family, the free development of the individual, which can take place only in fellowship and the opportunities, responsibilities and obligations which fellowship brings.

EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.



## POLAND AND HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

MONICA M. GARDNER.

WE who hold as our proudest inheritance a long tradition of untrammelled liberty, can have little realization of Poland's mortal struggle, during this last century and a half, to preserve her language, her faith, her nationality, against the unending war made upon them by her conquerors; nor can we sufficiently appreciate the part her great poets and writers have played in the protection of her national life. That national life has not consisted in what we should consider such life to be—the freedom of word and action, the normal development of political rights, the enjoyment of the lawful heritage of a mother-tongue and of the possessions of patriotism and history. The national life of Poland has been forced to maintain itself in the abnormal channels of the persecuted and proscribed. Yet to this day that dismembered and oppressed nation remains as intensely Polish and as true to her own conscience as though she had never been rent asunder. Polish children, forbidden to learn or speak their own language in the schools, have been taught by their hardworked parents in their few hours of leisure. The history of their nation has either been utterly ignored by the foreign masters imposed upon them or been handed on to them falsified and calumniated. But in spite of this they have heard it from the lips of devoted elders in secrecy under penalty of imprisonment or fines. They have not been

permitted to read the masterpieces of their own literature; yet these works have been smuggled as contraband into the country and studied by the Polish youth in all the concealment of a penal offence. From his earliest days the Pole has been brought face to face with the hard lesson of his life—the love of his country in face of every obstacle and peril, and fidelity to the great national ideals that shall save Poland.

In such conditions, where the whole endeavour of the Polish nation has been to retain her existence, and the whole endeavour of her oppressors to destroy it, it stands to reason that in every department of life the Pole has behind him the great motive of upholding his nationality. When, moreover, the fields of public national enterprise have been almost entirely closed to the Pole, and fraught with immense difficulty in those rare instances when in any way open to him, patriotic work must perforce take those forms where it can express itself most freely and speak to every unit of the nation. Hence we have the Polish artists painting either the great past or the sufferings of the present, or else presenting national ideals under a mystic and exquisite symbolism. The same task has fallen, and by the nature of things far more extensively, to the writers of Poland. Drama, fiction, poetry, have been as weapons in the Polish cause. Their authors have been the bearers of light to the nation; they have been the national champions and teachers, the prophets of Poland's resurrection, the strong voices to which a country, beset by hostile forces, yet battling successfully against ruin and despair, has looked for guidance.

So it was that, when in November 1916 the news of the death of Henryk Sienkiewicz travelled through war-swept Europe, while to the English-reading public



it conveyed only the fact that a brilliant writer of historical romance, one of the greatest novelists in the world's literature, the author of a famous book that is known in every language, was dead, to the Pole it came as a national disaster.

The position Sienkiewicz occupied in his country was a striking one. He began his career as a writer at one of the saddest and most perilous moments of Polish history. The Rising of 1863 had ended in failure. Sienkiewicz lived through its long sequel of misery. There was no single gleam of light on the Polish political horizon. None was left to speak of national hope in the sublime words that Adam Mickiewicz, Zygmunt Krasinski and the other great Messianistic poets had uttered for their nation during the tragic years of the thirties. A new generation was rising who saw in materialism the best chance for Poland. A wave of the pessimism that is wholly alien to the Polish soul seemed setting in. Then it was that Henryk Sienkiewicz came forward with a great national message, clothed in the form of a magnificent fiction, carrying a certain appeal to every man and woman in the Polish nation, and especially to those upon whom her future depended and upon whom the dangers of the situation pressed most heavily—her youth.

Those for whom Sienkiewicz wrote had never known freedom. They might not so much as see the national emblem of the eagle that had so often led their ancestors to victory. But the Poles' ineradicable inheritance is that of a passionate love of liberty and a still more passionate love of Poland. Sienkiewicz knew his audience and the means best adapted to free them from the inertia of discouragement and to stimulate them to hold fast to the ideals in which lay the

salvation of their country. In his great trilogy of historical fiction—*With Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, *Pan Wolodyjowski*—he pointed not only to the glorious history of Poland, bulwark once of Europe against Turk and Tartar, but also to the elements that delivered her from destruction in the past and that could equally give her fresh strength in the struggle against the terrible conditions of the present. He therefore chose for the subject of this triple work, the finest of his historical romances, the period of the seventeenth century, when Poland was torn by the Cossack wars and the Turkish, Tartar, Russian, Swedish and Prussian invasion, and when at moments it seemed as if her end must come. Sienkiewicz's trilogy ranks high in the great historical romances of the world; its psychological purpose places it among the most jealously prized possessions of Poland's national treasury. Its volumes were written "in the course of several years, and with no little labour—for the strengthening of hearts." With these words the author brings the work to its close.

The Polish reader, living in dark tragedy and in the drab monotony of daily persecution, is transported back to a splendid past throbbing with hope, with life, with colour—to scenes and personages that are to him dear and familiar names. In the old days of the Polish Republic, exposed as she was on all sides to incessant attack, every citizen was a soldier ready to mount his horse at the sound of the trumpet. Her Eastern frontiers, the wild steppes of the Ukraine, were perpetually harried by border warfare. The setting of Sienkiewicz's historical novels is war; war's hideous aspects are depicted with an unflinching realism, ennobled by the stern joy of dying at a



country's call. As a painter of battle Sienkiewicz stands supreme. We hear the thunder of the Polish charge, see the rush of white plumes that smites the enemy's horse with terror; we hear the roar of the fort blown to dust by its Polish defenders, who perish in its ruins rather than suffer it to fall into Turkish hands. The clash of arms, the roll of drums, persist through his pages against the characteristic Polish background of steppe and forest, of chivalry and ghostly legend. But gorgeous as is the art of Sienkiewicz, it is never merely spectacular; it is, beyond all, the medium of a profound patriotism. He takes for his theme the favourite heroes and the most celebrated episodes of Polish history, because they are those that appeal most strongly to the national heart and conscience and that point their own moral. Thus he relates how, when the king, John Casimir, was a fugitive and all the country falling under the power of Sweden, the monk Kordecki, by sheer force of spiritual strength, defends with a few followers the sacred town of Czenstochowa, and saves the whole Polish state. The point is obvious to all Poles. The last lines of the trilogy vibrate with the plaudits of the Polish crowds to John Sobieski, conqueror of the Turks at Chocim:

“ ‘Vivat Joannes Victor!’ ”

“ And ten years later, when the majesty of King John III. hurled to the dust the Turkish power at Vienna, that cry was repeated from sea to sea, from mountain to mountain, wheresoever through the world bells called the faithful to prayer.”

Here we have Sienkiewicz's reminder that Christendom owes Poland a debt of gratitude for deliverance from the Moslem hordes which once threatened to

engulf Europe; further, that a nation which has played so great a part in the past is not dead, but shall rise to as great a future.

Sienkiewicz's characters are legion; but all are alive, each with their own strongly-marked personality—from little Basia, the child who fences with the Polish officers and becomes the devoted wife of the hero Michal, to Jeremi Wisniowiecki, the type of pure patriotism, from Zagloba with his attachment to the bottle, his good humour and his wit, to Chmielnicki the Cossack leader spreading fire and carnage through the Ukraine.

It must be noted that Sienkiewicz had no mind to present either history or the individual in a transfigured light. Moral whitewashing has no part in his scheme. The reader sees for himself the failings that endangered the existence of the commonwealth as clearly as the virtues that saved it. In his stories of modern life he is still more outspoken. He speaks as a Pole to Poles in plain language with the certainty of their comprehension. He is, however, far too great an artist to moralize or insist; he simply indicates. With his minute care as to detail on one side, and on the other his broad historical and psychological conceptions, Sienkiewicz always remains not only human but tender, full of sympathetic insight into the hearts of women no less than of men. When he describes in a few pages that terrible feature in the ever-recurring Tartar invasions of the Polish frontier lands—the carrying away of Polish girls into Moslem captivity, never again to behold the faces of anyone they loved, to live and die in the harem—it is with a pathos that makes the incident seem of to-day. Again, in such an episode as Basia's flight



through the steppes from the Tartar traitor whose advances she has repulsed by a blow that knocks him senseless from his horse,—with what delicacy of comprehension does Sienkiewicz portray the girl! Small in stature, but with the courage of a soldier when it comes to a fight; with the simplicity of her nature sobbing like a lost child for terror and despair alone in the forest, clinging to life but willing to part with it at the Divine bidding, she lies down, as she believes, to die. Such passages are frequent in the novelist's historical fiction, and naturally even more so in his short stories.

Sienkiewicz is not only typically Polish as an interpreter of the national character, history and ideals; his whole art is Polish. In his descriptive passages is ever that strain of wild beauty and the touch of a ghostly melancholy which are so peculiarly Polish, and especially noticeable where, in his case as with that superb poet of marsh, forest and sky Adam Mickiewicz, the writer is of Lithuanian origin. Sienkiewicz delights in painting the steppes with their endless plains, over which all the winds of heaven make melancholy music, as though a dirge for the countless unknown dead who have fallen there; the steppes with their tales of the ghosts of the slain, whose wailing for pious prayers mingles at night with the cry of the wolves; with their blood-red sunsets, "redder than with us," as says the Polish knight, in the short story *Tartar Captivity*, "because pagans have shed much Christian blood, which blood ascends to the skies and there flames, calling for vengeance"; with their birds flying with plaintive voices over those desolate stretches.

When again Sienkiewicz devotes his pen to the

sufferings of the Polish exiles, which he had seen with his own eyes in the United States, he depicts the sounds of the sea, from its lightest murmur to the fierce fury of the Atlantic on which the poor Polish peasants in the emigrant ship gaze in dumb stupefaction, with that mastery of reproduction to which the Polish language, so rich in onomatopœia and the most delicate gradations of word-music, lends itself as a many-stringed instrument. Hopeless as it is to attempt to render the beauty of such passages in a language that does not possess the imitative qualities of the Polish, the temptation to the translator is too great entirely to withstand.

“Night fell, dark and still. Suddenly amidst that hush, from the most distant ends of the horizon, strange murmurs sounded. It was as the deep breathing of some mighty beast drawing near. At moments it seemed as though some one were calling from the darkness; then whole choirs of voices answered, far off, yet infinitely sorrowful, as if weeping they complained” (*For Bread*).

In this country the name of Sienkiewicz stands for that of a writer of splendid historical romance, represented to the majority of English readers by one great book—*Quo Vadis?* But his short stories contain work as fine as any that he has ever produced, artistically as finished, as intensely national, and, where they concern the Polish peasant, of an extraordinary tenderness and pathos. Simple as is the structure of *The Lighthouse Keeper*, the literary skill with which it is related and the strength of patriotic feeling that is behind it, place this short sketch among the most exquisite of Sienkiewicz's creations.



Its theme concerns an old Polish soldier who left his country when little more than a boy and drifted, like a leaf torn from the tree, hither and thither in all the weary wanderings of the Polish exile. He obtains the post he desired as lighthouse keeper somewhere off Panama. He can rest at last, alone in the beloved company of winds and waves.

“Long, jagged waves rolled out from the dark, and roaring reached the foot of the lighthouse island; then showed their foaming manes, glittering, rose-coloured, in the light of the lantern. The mysterious language of the ocean was approaching from the distance, ever stronger, ever louder—at times like the roar of cannon, then as the rushing of mighty forests, again as the far-off confused humming of human voices. At moments all was still. Then there beat on the ear of the old man a few great sighs, then sobbing, and again threatening explosions. The waves leaped with fury on the lighthouse rock, licking even the masonry with their foam. Far off muttered a storm. Skawinski went into his room. The storm began to howl. Outside there, men on ships were battling with night, with darkness, with the waves; but within his room all was peace and quiet.”

But this haven of rest is not for him. Some unknown hand sends him Mickiewicz's *Thaddeus*, the poem of Lithuanian country life, which with its magnificent descriptions of the wild forests and storm-swept skies of Lithuania and its passionate patriotism, is peculiarly dear to the Polish heart. Skawinski reads. He is no longer in a lighthouse off Panama. He is back in the lost home of his boyhood which he left forty years ago, hearing again the language which has scarcely fallen upon his ear since then. The thought

of his beloved country drives all else from his mind. The lamp is not lit. He is disgraced, and dismissed to take up once more his struggle with the world.

Sienkiewicz's treatment of the Polish peasants, upon whom the national workers have founded many of their best hopes for the nation's future, is always markedly sympathetic. Their silence and endurance, their simplicity and unfailing piety, are drawn by him as vividly, and are as entirely national, as the chivalry of his Polish knights. Take, for example, the two Polish emigrants in *For Bread*—the fair-haired Marysia and her father. Lured by a German cheat to seek their fortune in the United States they, who had never conceived of an expanse of water that could not be traversed by their familiar ferry-boats, find themselves the only Poles on a German emigrant ship tossing on the Atlantic. The father doubts if it were not "a sin for a Catholic to tempt the Lord God" by facing an ocean where land, if indeed such land there was, lay as far as five days off. A storm beats against the ship. The German emigrants, terror-stricken, huddle together in the steerage. The two Poles crouch trembling in their corner, repeating litanies.

"In the dark cabin the voice of the old man and the girl's responses, broken by her sobs, sounded with strange solemnity. Some of the emigrants uncovered their heads. Gradually the weeping of the girl ceased; the voices became calmer, clearer, while outside the storm howled an accompaniment."

These two simple souls, who cross themselves devoutly at their first sight of an American negro, are flung friendless into the whirlpool of New York. They stand on the quay all through their first night in the strange land, waiting for the promised commissioner



who never comes, "suffering and waiting, as only the peasant can." Their fate is not far to seek, and is told with all the power and tragedy of truth.

Together with every Pole Sienkiewicz sees in Prussianism the deadliest enemy of Poland. In the historical novel that is subsequent to the trilogy—*The Knights of the Cross*—he deals with the long conflict between his country and the military monks, the founders of modern Prussia, against whom in one shape or another the Polish nation has been combating all through her history. Antagonism of race, an utter dissimilarity of ideals and principles, were alone enough to place an insurmountable barrier between Prussia and Poland. Add to this Prussia's unrelenting persecution of the nation whose dismemberment she instigated, a persecution that does not hesitate to use such means as the flogging of Polish children in the infant-schools for the crime of praying in their own language, and the expulsion of Polish landowners from Polish soil,—and the nature of the question at issue between Pole and Prussian will be apparent. Sienkiewicz placed his great genius at the service of his country in her struggle for life against her Prussian oppressors, not only in the medium of historical romance, but also in such short stories as *The Diary of a Posen Tutor* and *Bartek the Conqueror*.

Under Prussian rule the Polish boy in the schools of his own country may hear no word of Polish. The school is German, the masters German, placed there to employ every effort to Germanize the Polish pupil, to ridicule and slander his nation. Little Michas, whose story is told in *The Diary of a Posen Tutor*, is one of these boys.

"The light of the lamp, though shaded," writes

his Polish private tutor, "woke me, and often at two or three in the morning I saw Michas still working. His little frail figure, clad only in his nightdress, was bent over his book, and in the silence of the night his drowsy and weary voice repeated mechanically Latin or Greek conjugations."

Thus the unfortunate, delicate child, whose every lesson must be learnt and repeated in German, a difficult foreign language he imperfectly comprehends, is harassed and overdriven by the merciless Prussian pedagogue. In class, too, he must listen with no rejoinder to the vilification of his country at the lips of the master. "He must feign that he is listening to, and taking to heart, hostile words; he must feign from morning to evening, and live in that torturing constraint days, weeks, months. What a situation for—a child!"

Disgraced by reason of his Polish accent, incapable of mastering German quickly enough to keep up with the school-work, Michas is expelled because he will not applaud the master's coarse jests at the expense of his country. The sensitive and overstrained childish brain has no power of resistance, and the child succumbs and dies. His small school-fellows gather round the coffin, marvelling to see the little black sheep of the class lying there in such awful and tranquil dignity.

"They whispered to each other that now he minds nothing any more; that even if the 'Herr Inspektor' came in he would not start up, he would not be afraid, but would still smile on as peacefully."

This same martyrdom of Poland under Prussia is also the motive of *Bartek the Conqueror*. Here Sienkiewicz returns to his beloved peasants; and perhaps he has never given us a character-study more



delightful for its mingling of humour and pathos than 'stupid' Bartek as his neighbours call him. Bartek, who is kept in order by his admirable wife Magda, whose wits are as keen as his are slow, is called up to serve in the Franco-Prussian war. At that time there was an abatement in the rigour of Prussia's treatment of Poland; which in fact only reached its present culmination on Bismarck's initiative. Utterly ignorant as to whom he is going to fight and why he is going to fight, Bartek, though of no heroic mould, is carried away in the ardour of battle and captures a French standard. Then comes the awakening, told as only a Polish writer, and that writer Sienkiewicz, could tell it. Bartek is put on guard over two prisoners in French uniform for their last night on earth. One is a mere boy. In the morning they are both to be shot. His musket trembles in Bartek's hand, his heart begins to beat like a hammer; for he hears them talking to each other. They are talking in no strange tongue, but in his own Polish. A flood of confused and dreadful thoughts surge over the mind of 'stupid' Bartek.

"A strange yearning rushed upon him, as though it came from his home. The unknown guest in a soldier's uniform—pity—cried to his soul: 'Bartek, save your own! They are your own.' His heart was torn away to his home, to Magda, torn as never before. Ever more clearly he heard the voice: 'Bartek, save your own!' Oh, if only the war would vanish beneath the earth! Through the smashed window the forest was black; it murmured like the pines of home, and in that murmur something called again: 'Bartek, save your own!'"

And as the instinct of the Polish peasant struggles against his newly learnt military discipline,

"the forest murmured ever louder, and the wind whistled ever more mournfully.

"Suddenly the older prisoner said: 'That wind is like the autumn in our own country.'

" 'Let me be!' murmured the younger in a stifled voice. But a minute afterwards he repeated several times: 'In our own country, our own country, our own country! Oh, God! God!'"

Thus the night passes in such struggle and grief on Bartek's part as he had never known before. The fine scene is too long to quote in its entirety; but it pierces with the poignancy of reality to the heart of every Pole who reads. The prisoners speak again. The younger prays aloud in Polish.

"Sobs suddenly interrupted the words of the young prisoner. Still his broken voice might be heard, 'Thy . . . will . . . be . . . done!'

" 'Oh, Jesus!' wails something in Bartek's breast. No, he will hold out no longer. One moment more and he will cry: 'Sir, here am I, a peasant!' Then through the window—to the forest. Let happen then what may.

"Suddenly measured steps were heard approaching. It was the patrol. The guard was changed."

In time Bartek returns home wounded. And now the peculiar bitterness of the situation is made clear. The Pole has been compelled to shed his blood for Prussia. The next chapter in his life brings on the scene the Prussian schoolmaster flogging and ill-treating his little son, hurling at the child the epithet of 'Polish swine.' Then begins the story so familiar to Poles: the fine and imprisonment of the breadwinner for defending his own child, the unequally matched struggle of the Polish peasant



in defence of his nationality against the ruthless Prussian government.

The stories of Michas and Bartek are no imagined fiction; they are the history of everyday life in Poland. It is such as they—Polish youths whose childhood has been embittered like that of Michas, Polish peasants whose lives are rendered intolerable by Prussia's rule—who have been to-day hurried by that very Prussia into the German armies to perish for the cause that of all others is to the Pole most hateful, and which, as he well knows, holds out nothing for his country but her ruin.

Sienkiewicz has always been regarded by his country as one of her national leaders. He spoke for her, and not in fiction only, before the face of all Europe. In the form of open letters he sent appeal after appeal to governments and rulers as well as to powerful individuals against the intolerable injustice of which his nation is the victim. In the terrible convulsion we are still witnessing, when Poland was being laid waste by the war raging on her soil; when, as a result of the partitions, her sons, children of the same mother, were being forced to fight in three armies and therefore to endure the horror of firing upon their own compatriots, their own friends, their own brothers; when the nation was being swept by fresh seas of unutterable affliction—her eyes were turned to Henryk Sienkiewicz. In the first months of the war he called upon all Christendom in the name of humanity and Christ to succour the children of Poland, dying by thousands from starvation and its attendant diseases. To his last hour he worked for his nation. His end came upon him as he was preparing to plead the cause of Poland with those to whom it will fall to decide the

destinies of the nations. Driven by the war from his Polish home, he died in Switzerland, his last regret being that he would never behold the resurrection of his country. In life the heart of every fellow Pole went out to him with passionate homage, in death with the grief of a personal bereavement. He had given strength to his country in her dark hours. He enlightened Europe upon the life and ideals of his nation, who has guarded them at the cost of her heart's blood, who, in the words of one of his famous utterances, has deserved well of that world which he summoned to her aid.

MONICA M. GARDNER.



## A GLANCE AT THE QUESTION OF SURVIVAL.

THE EDITOR.

THIS is one of the great, elemental questions of human life; for many just now it is doubtless the most poignant of them all. Presumably as old as mankind itself, it assuredly emerges in the earliest definite records of the race and persists throughout the whole period of history, brief as are the few thousand years of historic record compared with the length of life of humanity which archæological discovery compels us to assume. The great majority of mankind in faith of many modes and many modes of faith has answered yea to it in some form or another. But always a minority, even among primitives, is found without this belief; while among cultural folk it is frequently a highly intellectual minority who deliberately refuse to assent. Old as the question is, it must in its very nature be ever young and fresh in interest; for death is always present with us to wring the heart and try the faith of believer and disbeliever alike. We cannot really escape the question, no matter how we may try to suppress it and turn from it, as happens chiefly in peaceful prosperous periods when general attention is absorbed in material interests, religious faith grows weak and intellectual scepticism abounds. Suppression may drive it back for a time, but only to intensify its insistence later on,—as at this moment when, after

long years of peace and security, most hideously violent death stalks through the land with far-flung scythe remorselessly reaping its bloody harvest of earth's most vigorous manhood on a scale that dwarfs to nothingness all prior human slaughter. The ancient question is thus to-day renewed for even the dullest imagination in vivid and most painful insistence. There is intense longing in many a soul to-day to find relief from torturing doubt on this great matter—to still the cruel controversy between heart and head, the affections and the intellect. A myriad confused thoughts and contradictory opinions are seething in men's minds in face of the patent collapse of so much in which we lately boasted. Materialism and ultra-scepticism have been tried in the balance and found most seriously wanting in just the very things that concern our deepest affections. We may then surely expect a keen and widespread review of this matter in the future, a strenuous effort to clarify the question, in keeping with the grim necessity in which we find ourselves to revise and reconstruct so much that lies at the very bases of our civilisation.

To many it may seem self-evident that no high religion can exist which is not based on faith in survival. Yet here it will be objected that as a fact belief, and fervent belief, in the providential governance of the world has existed without such faith. The case of the Sadducees who denied a future life, and therewith all notion of reward and punishment after death, is familiar to all. And the Sadducees were not setting forth something new; on the contrary they were conservatives doggedly adhering to the ancient Hebrew view at a period when the majority of their race had adopted a more spiritual outlook.



Confucianism again may be cited as a religious philosophy asserting the moral governance of things; yet has it viewed the great question of survival with indifference or complete agnosticism. But, however sceptical the intellectualists were and are on the subject, the fact stands out that, from the beginning of this way and throughout its long history, the cult of the ancestors has persisted as part and parcel of Confucian life and custom. Surely the rites of ancestor-veneration as therein practised would be wholly inane without an instinctive faith in survival? Again we shall be told that Buddhism—one of the world's highest faiths—denies the survival of the soul, for it denies that there is any such reality as the soul to survive. But this theoretical denial hinges on most subtle questions touching on the nature of ultimate reality and absolute perdurance; it should not obscure the simple practical fact of the very certain positive belief of the Buddhists that there is rebecoming for the ordinary man as a responsible moral being in happy or unhappy future states as the result of deeds done here. Death succeeds birth, but birth equally succeeds death; such is the law of the perpetual going of the stream of becoming. There has never been any belief among Buddhists in the extinction or annihilation of the causal sequence of becoming for him on the decease of the average man; on the contrary, freedom from the necessity of transmigratory becoming is the final goal to be achieved only after the experience of many such births and deaths.

Bearing all this in mind, and acknowledging the clear case of the early Hebrews and also other instances of more primitive tribes who have a religion of sorts but no belief that their deceased survive in any fashion,

we are still persuaded that the fundamental pre-supposition of a high religion, *i.e.* of a moral spiritual religion, must be that a man persists after bodily death.

For if he is totally extinguished at death, it is difficult to see how religion when practised in such a belief can be other than a matter of purely material interests and performances. The Sadducees, for instance, were compelled to believe that material prosperity and adversity were the unerring signs of righteousness and unrighteousness among men; for as God is just and there is no other life but this, it needs must be that the prosperous is beloved of God and the unfortunate is being chastised for his sins.

All high religion has now long passed beyond this stage of crude confusion of physical with moral good and evil by insisting on the fact of man's continued existence as a prerequisite of any defence of divine justice. Now-a-days, accordingly, we find in general that if a man really believes in extinction, he consistently disbelieves in spiritual beings or powers or divine providence, and refrains from all typically religious practices. Many who thus disbelieve, however, are enthusiasts for what they would have us speak of as the religion of science or the religion of humanity or the religion of ethics; but this is surely emptying the term religion of its age-long distinctive reference as that in man which looks to a reality other than, more than, the simply human. No few who thus believe, again, show forth moral excellences which shame the shortcomings of many professed religionists and observers of pious practices. But if all pass to extinction and there is nothing but the memories of extinct benefactors to revere, and the highest ideas and ideals have to be



limited to the possibilities of a humanity fore-doomed to end in nothingness, it is difficult to see how such a purely human cult in spite of its culture can legitimately claim to be classed as religion. For, not to speak of the lower religious strata in which morality is so often set at defiance, men of deep religious experience have invariably declared that though morality and high religion are most intimately connected they are not to be confounded with one another. For them the distinctive nature of their religious experience is that it is of a unique order. It is the sense of the presence of an ever-living reality transcending all other forms of experience, and of communion with that reality as the most desirable of all things, accompanied with the assurance of inmost kinship with it. It is the utterly desirable, not only as what is desired for itself, but also in the sense of what *ought* to be desired; it is thus also recognized as possessing the highest moral authority over the experient, but at the same time as being an inner authority and not that simply of social or external human ethics. Of course it is open to the radical sceptic to deny the interpretation put upon this experience and to declare the experience itself to be hallucinatory or illusionary, as possessed of no objective validity. But for my part I accept the very ample testimony afforded by the history of deep religious experience the world over as validating the objective reality of its nature, and so am persuaded that man is an essentially moral spiritual being and that spiritual self-consciousness, *i.e.* consciousness of the wholeness and goodness of such life, has been realized by privileged men on earth, and therewith an unshakable assurance has permeated their entire being that life is the victor

of death in a quite absolute sense. The experience of communion with divine reality thus asserts the immediate spiritual knowledge of immortality. The more mediate question of survival, however, is not of so lofty an order. The survival of bodily death is the continuance of personal life in a physically disembodied state as opposed to extinction. There may be also further analogous changes of state and so progressive survival. Survival thus by no means connotes immortality in the sense of eternal life, of freedom from death in any possible mode.

But to return for a moment to those who strive so nobly and unselfishly for the melioration of human life on earth and yet believe in extinction,—it has always seemed to me that their very acts belie their negative belief. Their instinctive faith in good doing, as distinguished from their intellectual belief in extinction, is, I venture to think, a potent sign of a spiritual nature, of their deeply felt solidarity with human life as a whole, of their realized responsibility for its improvement as a continuing reality with which their own greater selves are essentially bound up. Whence this feeling of solidarity and responsibility if they themselves shortly and the whole race later on are to end in extinction? It may be said that they intuitively find their highest happiness in this good-doing, this benevolence. You see the germ of it already, it may be said, in the instinctive morality of animals. Setting aside the question of the legitimacy of using the term 'morality' in such a reference, we may still press home the question: Whence this instinct? If it be said it is inherent in nature, it is part and parcel of the life-impulse,—how can this possibly be so, we may ask in reply, if this same life-impulse, which produces



the priceless fruits of human genius and sanctity, is fated to end in sheer vain emptiness, in a void in which all value of every kind is naughted? Reason boggles at such unmeaning effort and senseless contradiction—at least my small measure of this desirable commodity does. Not that I fear extinction, however, but because I see no reason to continue to struggle on in such a hopeless world as this would be for me if I were really convinced that all must come to so lunatic an end.

And yet how finely noble is the conduct of no few of those who thus believe, irradiated as it is with truly spiritual acts; for they are frequent doers of deeds without the slightest suggestion or expectation of reward here or hereafter. Herein they have achieved what an exalted phase of religious morality sets before its followers as an ideal—the high excellence of purification from all taint of good deeds done for the purpose of producing merit. For such self-seeking is held to be a clog on the true freedom of the spirit; it binds, with subtler bonds, it is true, but still binds, even as ill deeds bind. This is the teaching of those who would win to truly death-transcending reality. What a paradox then to find among the extinctionists such indubitable examples of self-donation without bargain, the luxury of genuine spiritual activity, a most precious and enviable virtue! With such deep contradictions are we confronted when we seek to plumb the motives of high conduct in this puzzling world. Of course we are here glancing at only the noblest examples of this persuasion; there is another side of the show,—the many whose selfish proclivities are intensified by such ultra-sceptical considerations.

Some may here object to the application of the

term 'spiritual' to acts the doers of which exhibit such complete intellectual denial of that perdurance which believers regard as one of the most fundamental characteristics of spiritual reality. But we surely need not begrudge this tribute to the unselfish doers of good, especially if we are seeking to give 'spiritual' a meaning, not simply synonymous with mental or psychical as opposed to material, but one that embraces --and for most of us unconsciously embraces--the reality of all phases of our being, so that the term can be rightly used to characterize the modes of action we whole-heartedly admire and venerate as of prime value, acts which reveal the presence in man of a reality that utterly transcends his egoistic limitations. But how difficult are such questions when we try to handle them with our intellect alone? How exceedingly disquieting is it to find that the very man who has done deeds we not only admire but revere as most noble and most unselfish, and which we feel constrained to ascribe to the energizing of the deathless spirit in him which is free from all self-reference and egoistic calculation--that this man passionately repudiates our judgment and declares: I entirely dissent from your diagnosis of my conduct; not only my reason rejects it, but I have not the slightest feeling in myself of this immortality or even survival of which you talk. Personally I am utterly convinced I shall go out at death. To such a man you cannot presume to say: Do the will and you shall know of the doctrine. He has already done such selfless deeds. This is surely what chiefly counts; and so in spite of his denial we feel ourselves constrained whole-heartedly to admit that in so far forth he is the peer of those who, in fullest faith in a continuing life in which the consum-



mation of their being will be realized, believe that such realization cannot be attained as long as there is any huckstering in the doing of good deeds; these must be free and spontaneous to be of genuine spiritual quality, for the spirit lives by giving, not by bargaining.

This is an ancient intuition of the spirit, not a modern speculation; but to-day, more than ever before in history, many if not most who set the fashion of thought, are disdainful of even the highest intuitions of the past. There is a passion to know definitely, to have positive objective proof, no longer to believe what the great majority of mankind has believed,—indeed to find in such belief a manifest presumption of error as pertaining to a pre-scientific stage of culture. These opinions of men of scientific knowledge exercise an immense sway over the minds of the public in our days of busy research, not only in their legitimate spheres of influence but also in those where they are lay-folk with the rest. That the majority of such minds are strongly opposed to belief in spiritual reality, seems highly probable judging by the following enquiry. The investigations recently completed by Prof. James H. Leuba, the distinguished psychologist, are, it is true, confined to the United States, but they probably give us valuable indications of what is more or less the general state of affairs. These results are based on replies given by some thousands of the intellectual stalwarts of that typically modern country to leading questions on the two most crucial points of spiritual belief. The chart shows statistical graphs as to belief in God and belief in immortality, and also the proportions of 'greater' and 'lesser' men who hold or reject these beliefs. The more distinguished the men are in scientific attainments the less is the average of belief.

If among the 'lesser' category there is a greater proportion of younger men, it would be very significant; but this is not stated. There is, strangely enough, in general a slightly higher average for belief in immortality than for belief in God; but it is the former only that concerns us here. According to the detailed questions, belief in immortality may be taken to cover roughly belief in survival of any kind. According to the graphs (I have not the precise figures before me) the record of the 'greater' men presents us with a result that may seem somewhat puzzling to some minds. It is the physical scientists that head the list with 40 per cent. of believers; they are followed by the historians with some 35 per cent. Passing to the vital sciences of sociology, biology and psychology, where we might have expected a higher average, we find on the contrary that only some 27 per cent. of the 'greater' sociologists and some 25 per cent. of the leading biologists are believers; while of the psychologists, who might have been expected by many to show a higher average than even the physicists, we find the number has suddenly slumped to only some 9 per cent. We cannot of course legitimately generalize from the imperfect *data* of one country, though that country be in many respects highly typical of Western culture, but when all allowances are made it is very evident that in scientific circles scepticism with regard to the most fundamental doctrines of the religion of the Western world largely predominates, and the influence of this scepticism, first permeating every grade of the teaching hierarchy, thereafter spreads far and wide through the whole community.

Now, as all readers of THE QUEST are well aware, during the last two generations there has emerged in



ever increasing volume a welter of the most heterogeneous psychical phenomena, that indirectly or directly raise the question of the possibility of demonstrating the fact of survival of bodily death by evidence that will satisfy the requirements of scientific investigation. If in the nature of things the bare existence of the soul cannot be proved directly by any physical tests whatever, we are not surprised to find that, owing to the great prejudice of learned scepticism against the very notion of soul, the criticism of the nature of this evidence adduced to authenticate the survival of the soul as a discarnate entity is more severe than that of any other subject-matter which seeks to enter the domain of positive research. Evidence which would have passed unquestioned in pre-scientific days as indubitable proof of survival, evidence which even to-day is accepted as amply sufficient for the justification of their prior belief or the removal of their scepticism by very large numbers who have had personal experience of the phenomena, is submitted to the severest possible criticism of radical scepticism. Even the strongest evidence is first weakened and then dismissed by a profound, if mechanical, analysis of the phenomena of mind, and by a number of new hypotheses which are claimed to explain everything without in any way bringing in the presumption of survival. It must be admitted that the task of the most open-minded investigator into the many puzzling psychical by-ways that are being opened up is by no means easy. In the first place deliberate fraud has to be reckoned with, for these borderland and marginal regions are the happy hunting-grounds of charlatans and tricksters, as every tyro knows. But here again what seems deliberate may be in the case of a genuinely

entranced medium quite unconscious or sub-conscious. Thereafter arises the far more difficult question of honest self-deception as to accurate observation and record of the happenings. Beyond all this comes the problem of interpretation. And here, no matter how strongly the surface facts may point to a judgment favourable to survival and the confirmation of the spirit-hypothesis, it is truly astonishing what difficulties can be put in the way of establishing a clear case by a skilful combination of the endless possibilities of the power of suggestion and auto-suggestion, the inexhaustible activities of the sub-conscious mind, the extension of the telepathic notion to contact with a collective mind of a well-nigh all-inclusive order, the disconcerting phenomena of multiple or dissociated personality, and so forth. It is evident that, with all this to fall back upon, a test of evidence for survival such as will satisfy the most exacting sceptic is out of the question.

On the other hand, it is very remarkable that under these circumstances a no inconsiderable number of distinguished men of science throughout the Western world, who have for many years devoted themselves to psychical research, who are thoroughly acquainted with all the hypotheses and have done much to authenticate them in their legitimate spheres, and who know only too well what they risk to lose of reputation owing to the strong prejudices of their sceptical scientific colleagues, have been constrained after years of doubt and hesitation to declare that in a number of cases the fact of survival alone can in any way explain the evidence ; *i.e.* that the other hypotheses, severally or combined, at times demand more credulity for their acceptance as adequate interpretation than



does the simple straightforward presumption of survival. It is also to be here noted that it is those who have carried on the most protracted observations who have been slowly brought to this position; they cannot be accused of rushing to a conclusion. They find the evidence cumulative. This is the present condition of affairs in the very centre of the fierce struggle for the scientific recognition of man's continuing life beyond the death of the body. It is the minimum question with which we are here concerned—solely the establishing of proof of *post-mortem* identity, simply whether there are any authentic instances of any kind of this nature. It seems a bare enough minimum. But it is plain that, if and when established as a legitimate working hypothesis for scientific thinkers, far-reaching extensions should follow for the enrichment of the future science of the mind. The separability of mind from physical body, no matter how it is conditioned in such separation, would be a fact of tremendous importance for empirical psychology; it would be a revolutionary change and the turning of a new page in the record of positive knowledge in the West.

It is of course possible to keep the question of survival in its minimum form quite apart from all religious implications; but if religion and science are to co-operate in the future, it may be that the beginning of a better understanding could start from agreement on this minimum fact. But at present religious prejudice is unfortunately as strong as scientific prejudice on the whole matter. Indeed the very fact that in general the official leaders of religious thought regard psychical phenomena purporting to authenticate communications between the departed and the living

with as great aversion as the official leaders of scientific thought, though on very different grounds, as infringing their respective monopolies, is not without significance. There is, I would suggest, a subconscious apprehension on both sides in this strenuous effort at common repression, and the future may show that we have here to do with an exemplification of the Cinderella myth. Psychical psychology, despised and down-trodden by her proud sisters, may be destined to enjoy a brilliant future.

For with how much else of facts valuable for a knowledge of the nature of the soul does this question link up? The distinctive phenomena that specially raise the question of survival, extensive as they are, are a subordinate class of a vast complex of psychical experiences as old as man, occurring with the young and old, the learned and ignorant, the moral and immoral, without distinction of persons. Those who love to contemplate the sublime heights to which genius may be borne on the wings of mystical experience and the depths of reality spiritual self-consciousness can reveal, may be tempted to look down upon the lower levels and despise the day of lesser things. But this is a temptation that should be sternly guarded against; for those who have attained tell us that in spiritual reality the law cares for the least equally with the greatest. Its values are not our values; its aristocracy is not of our prideful order, and its democracy is not a levelling down but a raising up of the lowly to a higher status in reality. Though then it is true that the psychical is not the spiritual any more than the material or even the intellectual is the spiritual, nevertheless the spiritual utilizes all these for its purposes as means and modes of expression.



Much then that is loosely called spiritual may be far removed from spiritual reality; and on the contrary many things in which we fail to detect its inworking, may be the means whereby a spiritual quality is transmitted for the regeneration of a life. If the life is purified and sweetened and the character strengthened and ennobled, then we have indubitable proof of the inworking of the spirit of goodness, whether it be accompanied by conscious psychical experience or not.

But indeed the psychical is an unavoidable element in human nature, whether we are distinctly conscious of it or not. Recent research is proving in many ways and along very different lines of approach that subconscious psychical influence is a very potent factor in the lives of all men. But if there is an under-world of man's psychical nature, there is also an over-world; both are with him all the time, both influences play upon him subconsciously and condition his affections. Here love of the better is the surest safeguard and the higher is ever there to help. Whatever then the toil and difficulty may be, whatever the dangers and risks that attend every effort of mankind to probe into the secrets of nature, and above all into those of the sphinx of human personality, they must be boldly and should be hopefully confronted. Our present profound ignorance of ourselves, of man's deeper and wider nature, points to the crying necessity of opening up new paths in the development of scientific knowledge; positive research is to-day hemmed in by the invisible on all sides. Are we to believe that here must be the 'so far shalt thou go and no farther,' that the veil can never be raised? Are we to be content to think that all we can do is to make intellectual hypotheses and

judge them valid solely as they are found to work in the everyday material business of life? Can there be no extension of sense that shall overpass the normal limit of physical apprehension and so press back the boundaries of the everyday invisible? The psychical experience of mankind throughout the ages in multitudinous ways here comes in for reconsideration. Official science at present dismisses the whole of it as void of any objective validity of any kind, as purely subjective, indeed as hallucinatory, illusive and delusive. And yet it is precisely from life's contact with the invisible side of things that our greatest impulses well up.

Once, however, it is established that mind can survive the dissolution of the physical body, it is evident that we have here the cutting edge of a powerful intellectual tool with which to fashion a new order of working hypotheses with regard to the nature of our hidden human psyche. We can therefore well understand why it is that scientific labourers in the wide field of psychical research concentrate their chief attention on an endeavour to establish this crucial point. But the ordinary man is not a scientist or philosopher or theologian. Modern spiritism, of which the distinctive characteristic is interest in such mediumistic phenomena as are believed to establish communication between the living and the departed, began among the people and continues for the most part among the people, simple folk and ordinary average men and women. Public attention is so taken up with the paid professional side of mediumship, that one is tempted to forget that spiritism is for the most part a private matter, a family affair or confined to a few friends, where there can be no question.



of the exploitation of credulity for money-making purposes.

Now as to the question of this over-credulity, which is indiscriminately charged against all believers by the equally over-sceptical. Reasonable investigation demands a reasonable frame of mind. In our ordinary daily dealings with one another we do not start by cutting off all possibility of intercourse with a barrage of suspicion and scepticism of every word and gesture ; nor again do we treat our relatives and friends and acquaintances, or indeed any human being or even animal, as a purely mechanical aggregation of atoms or constellation of electrons, or simply as a stream of ideas, affects and memories. Social life would entirely cease if we thus abstracted all living reality from people and logically carried out our intellectual theories of analysis. No ; whatever the most recent theoretical speculations of this order may be in scientific circles, we others, the rest, go on in the age-long human way. We treat one another as human beings ; our life recognizes and has intercourse with the life of our fellow-beings. It is not then surprising that ordinary people, when they meet with what has all the marks of being a distinct, coherent, intelligent, memory-possessing personality like themselves, manifesting, for instance, through an entranced medium, should behave towards it as they do in ordinary intercourse and converse with one another. If such psychical manifestations are always just simply dramatizations of the subconscious of the medium, then the most remarkable gifts of impersonation, often perfect in the minutest details, have to be ascribed to people who in their normal state would be utterly unable to perform such *tours de force* of histrionic

ability, no matter what training they had received or what inducements were offered them. And all this occurs frequently, where there is no money payment and no personal end to be gained. This applies of course only to favourable instances, which have to be first most carefully scrutinized. For it is also indubitable that what may be called the abnormally sensitive plasm of mediumship can reflect a world of images and dramatic semblances that may seem to be endowed with full personal characteristics, but are really expressions of, so to speak, concrete thoughts. Indeed the language of this hidden psychical world seems to be mainly imaginal and pictographic, and that too to a very vivid degree, so that dramatization and impersonation seem to be a natural mode of expression. All this has to be reckoned with and discriminated, for here misconception and self-deception are only too easy. But are we therefore justified in assuming that in this connection the subconscious invariably takes a delight in pure deception and that too, under the circumstances, of a most cruel and malicious kind? There surely must be some morality also in this submerged psychical activity which can produce on occasion such very intelligent results. That this indeed is the case seems to me to be borne out by the fact that sometimes the 'spirits' themselves, chiefly those called 'controls,' debate these matters quite freely, show every anxiety to eliminate deception, discuss the nature of these thought-forms, and indeed in every way behave as if they were human beings like ourselves keenly interested in the phenomena and trying their best to understand the difficulties with which they are dealing. If then this is all a fraud of the subconscious, we are face to face with a conspiracy



against human nature which is utterly unparalleled in the history of the world. Why on earth should the subconscious labour so subtly and on so extensive a scale to trick the conscious into belief in the reality of survival? For we must remember that we have not to do with some very rare cases; we are dealing with a wellnigh world-wide distribution of phenomena of this class. There is a large number of spontaneous cases where there has been no prior knowledge of 'spiritism' of any kind, and yet the content of the communications has invariably the same purport, namely messages from the deceased endeavouring to persuade the living that they are not extinguished. Why should this occur in such abundance? Is it all a collective lie, a psychical contagious disease of the subconscious? *Credat Judæus Apella!* Things human are mixed enough in all conscience as it is; but to have a subconscious dumped into the mixture (and that at least we can no longer avoid scientifically) whose main characteristic is invariably to play the part of the first-born of the father of lies is a view that is too pessimistic for sanity. We have indubitably to deal with a mixture still, and frequently a most subtle and puzzling mixture, for everything goes to show that the psychical is really more fluid than the physical. If there are under-world strata of this mixed and fluid nature in the subconscious order, there are also over-world strata. Man is man in all conditions and the mode of his life puts him in constant contact with the below and the above, with what has been and with what may be.

But the theme is endless, and a brief glance at it, a hurried snapshot, is all that we have ventured to take. And the view opened up must be in the nature of the case essentially personal. As to the high

question of immortality, this for myself rests mainly upon philosophical considerations, based on the result of the comparative study of the records of high religious experience and of lofty mystical states. Conviction that in this direction lies the most potent realisation of his spiritual nature man can attain is justified for me by the fact that the most vital and vivid experience I have enjoyed confirms the reasonableness of this outlook, and strengthens my faith in realities at present too high and deep for my understanding. As to the psychical phenomena purporting to authenticate the lesser question of survival, I have seen enough of these to assure me that they cannot be impatiently dismissed *à priori* simply as fraud, either of the conscious or unconscious order. And so in this region of research also I am persuaded, from many years of study of the very extensive literature, that there is good hope that the question of survival will as the years pass be increasingly elucidated and tests devised that will satisfy the requirements of all reasonable enquiry. I may add that, though I have had many opportunities, I have never sought to obtain any personal communications through a medium, and therefore my investigation of the phenomena has not been tinged with any hopes or desires of an intimately emotional nature.

G. R. S. MEAD.



## FOR DIFFERENCE.

"I THINKE surely he is likely to be cunning if he meete with a good Herehaught.

'For as Diogenes calleth a riche man without learning a sheepe with a golden fleese: so are they but countenanced by their gay cotes': such he ment that have not the cunning to adde or subtract.

### THE ACCEDENCE OF ARMORIE.

#### I. ENGLISH FREEDOM.

*This ladye beareth party per pale gules and or, for hereditee and custome: in a canton argent a cross gules, for England. A gay cote forsooth; and onely of pretence, for seeke you how far you may but little shall you find of hereditee and custome, or of Englishrye, in all her descent. I shall be a good Herehaught if I adde for difference a brode arrowe.*

Military service was the immediate, direct cause of English liberty as we know it—of a quality, that is to say, at once legal, territorial, birthright and common. The incidence occurs on 'the day of St. Alphege,' 1293, by a charter in which common freedom is ostensibly first in order of Kentish gavelkind customs therein affirmed.<sup>1</sup> Now no prior association of general liberty with gavelkind is discoverable; in Kentish patriotism at that moment there is (as is said) nothing doing, and the publication on the martyrdom of the local Saxon saint is therefore suspect of *camouflage*. Moreover

<sup>1</sup> *Statutes of the Realm*, vol. 1, p. 228.

abolition of thralldom was a violation of every conception of the civilised community from Plato's *Republic* onwards ; and not until 1381, when Wat Tyler claims for all England, on the lines of the Kentish charter, 'the law of Winchester' and 'all free and of one condition,' is there any audible *vox populi* for freedom. In 1293 the Crown business in hand is the Scottish succession. Edward's nominee has ascended the Scottish throne, and to support the *régime* troops of a sort unprovided for by obsolescent feudal formations are needed—armies of occupation under no privilege to return home after forty days' service, and these to contain a proportion of common soldiery larger in relation to the knights who had formerly constituted the chief fighting force ; men more highly trained, to fill new units made up wholly of bowmen, artillerymen, etc., necessitated by changes in the art of war. (Semblably, in this our present war do we detach from their old regiments the few men of the machine gun section, and band, in greater numbers, a Machine Gun Corps.) That Edward's Sheriff—on the one hand raiser of forces for the Crown and on the other (as you shall read elsewhere<sup>1</sup>) feudal successor to the Kentish protagonist of pre-Norman custom who in Domesday is called 'Alnod Cild,' by Florence 'Agelnoth,' and by Bracton 'Adhelolphus'—should be named in the charter as sole warden of Kentish liberties clenches the argument. In 1295, when a levy for 25,000 archers and *balistarii* is issued, Kent is asked for 4,000, double the number demanded of any other county. In 1302 a woman successfully pleads in court that as the daughter of a man born in Kent she is free. So it was

<sup>1</sup> 'With the Dead at Minster,' article in *The Antiquary* of March, 1910.



that common freedom became objective in practical politics ; so out of the eater came forth meat and out of the strong came forth sweetness.

What is here to be insisted on is that, in turn, each method of disposal of the captive caste infers an incremental benefit to a superior. In the practice of immolation the increment is tribal, in virtue of oblation to the god of the tribe ; in the ritual cannibal feast it is again tribal, in virtue of a spiritist translation to the individuals of the tribe ; in slavery and serfdom to an over-lord ; and in the institution of common freedom an expedient augmentation of the military forces of the Crown. The drastic presentation of general liberty as a persistence of custom was astute but was, by any historical test, meretricious.

## II. ART.

*She beareth (I shall say, for surely those her pursuants who so vehementlie proclaim her singular vertue and the dignitie and lustre of her estate doe in naught discover the true deuices of her lineage and being) argent, a plaine field. Charge we now for difference a rother sable. For as the steersman by the sweep of his oar doth so react upon the common way of the shippe, be it of the presse of the wind from without or of the strength of the rowers within, so doth the drag of Art worke to a deflexion of the common way of mankinde.*

Art is ever recalcitrant, protesting—a fastidious revulsion from common order. The schoolboy, laggard to school, lopping thistle-heads with the joy of paladin slaying paynim, is an artist in the making, a free spirit repugnant, the protagonist of a psychical persistence of inherited habit opposed, at the moment, to the

discipline which would suppress it. Such an incentive is to be perceived in every incarnation of the artistic temperament, from Lot's wife to Hamlet. Even our games and sports, simple or developed, have the same protesting characteristic at the cores of them—and they are forms of Art also. (You shall find, in the most of our national games, reversion to the use of missile and mark.) It is the townsman who craves landscape in any general sense, the drudge who most fervently desires to dance. In dancing, as in poetry, drama and song, recrudescence of old, far-off, unhappy things becomes delightful, subject to rhythm and harmony. (As Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Apologie*, hath discovered. Who shall deny that the highland reel rehearseth the challenge and charge of antique warfare?)

But (forasmuch as I would not have you impeach me of piffling electionism in a paragraph) let us consider Art as reaction in the less personal phenomena of Gothic Architecture and Music.

Without at once conceding, as to the rise of the Gothic, that it evidences that psychical persistence of the habitual above indicated, it is scarcely to be denied that, in any case, it was a sharp protest against the Classic architectural orders in use in Latin Christendom. And the growth was so sporadic and spontaneous within certain areas—always lands in which barbarians of the north had descended upon Latin civilization—that it is equally impossible to deny the racial character of the protest. Wholly impersonal in its incipience, proceeding unconsciously in structural details—in arcading, lighting, groining, buttressing, by the Po, the Rhone, the Seine or the Rhine—but always toward its final expression, the heavenward point, the product,



within these areas, of no particular school or locality, its progress should more properly be a subject for psychical research than the clandestine antics of any sort of spook. Its constant motive might thus be recognized as that of the vigorous, restless, unrestrained northern spirit at work, spurning and violating the stilled, completed rules of trabeate rectitude and rounded sensuousness, and all their intolerable repose. Finally, it uphove and burst architrave and round arch, carried the columns upward, forced up the pitch of the roof, set up lantern tower and spire and pinnacle, and so created a living thing, mainly by use of the oblique thrust. (I do use the term 'thrust,' which is but conventional; it were better to write 'support' or 'balance' in sooth. For in principle arc is laid against arc, buttress against buttress; they do not so much thrust as balance—as we balance playing cards laterally when we build a child's house of cards. The essential thrust of the Gothic was upward, not oblique.) Incontestably there obtains a phantasy of arboreal realism in the result—an implication of tree and grove forms in the general contour, in the multiplied shaftings, in intersecting groinings and in arches in perspective, in finials and many minor decorative features—and that phantasy, æsthetically active in the posterity of roamers in the great northern forests, of itself exemplified a psychical persistence of the habitual. But (and here I would have you to know that a spirit chooseth where it listeth, 'taking all shapes from Mah to Mahi.' Hath not John Keats told you how "the trees that whisper round a temple become soon dear as that temple's self"?) it is very probable that in the technical use of the oblique thrust itself, as a cardinal structural principle, there is a tangible persistence of the northern

habitual. To this day, if but for the simply utilitarian purpose of carrying off more promptly rain and snow, the roofs of the north remain sharper in the pitch higher and carried by large obliquely set rafters, whilst those of dwellings in southern, sunnier lands are relatively flatter and lower—a distinction, greater perhaps in the past than now, due to a northern use of a common, central hearth-fire, demanding a clear space above for flame and the dispersal of smoke. We may well suppose the archetype of the great style survives in the simple tent of the nomadic forest Lapps, a wigwam of poles, the general covering of which is voided near the apex, where the bare poles appear as a sort of louver giving exit to the smoke.

From such a primitive form would proceed—with the very extensive modification inevitable as the Northman became a settler instead of a nomad, such as longitudinal developments in ground-plan and the use of walls in elevation—the timber-built hall and the pagan temple of the sagas. It is a reasonable conjecture that could we but visualise the pagan temple in its latest form, we should recognize in it the intermediate between wigwam and Gothic cathedral or abbey-church. There remains to us a possibility that we yet do, in fact, possess something sufficiently illustrative of its form and structure in the ancient, grotesque timber-built church (Stavekirke) of Norway, of which several examples survive. It has not (I believe) been suggested that any one of these date from pagan times, but they are at once so aged and in form so distinct from any conventional Christian structure that it may well be they are direct survivals of the pagan style. Externally there is to be seen much in elevation and detail which would seem to accord with



**Gothic**—suggestions of aisles, clerestory, gargoyles and louvered spire—as well as a considerable exhibition of oblique lines. On entering one gains the impression that what is elemental in purpose relates to the rectangular space directly under the louver, the heart of the ground-plan, which may be deemed well to correspond with that beneath the central tower of a cathedral or abbey-church. Here, if anywhere, was the hearth for the sacrificial fire, with height above it to ensure safety from ignition. (Which I shall now leave to them of the more meticulous sort to consider. I do not tarry to enquire whether in very deed huge flesh-pots were once hung in the naves of Borgund and Fantoft, or whether under the small pinnacle louvers which occur at the apse-end of these churches there long ago was slung a lamp with sacred, perpetual flame. Yet I do never see lanterned tower nor lighted spire but I am minded of sacrificial hearth, and deem the style which is called Gothic to be the protest of hearth-fire men.)

The general protest of Music as we know it, that is to say Music of the diatonic scale, is a reassertion of certain physical periodicities unconsciously recognized by the psyche or æsthetic sense as against the restricting conventions of mere vocal chant or recitative modes. These periodicities provide the principles of both modern melody and harmony. Such harmony (I say) is in immortal souls but whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it, we (and, I do think, our more immediate ancestry within the anthropological period) having become somewhat deaf (I say atrophied) to those subsidiary partial tones which (as Helmholtz hath told you) attach to every single pure sound. Thus

every single sound is of itself a keynote, relative to which its first partial tone has the tonic value of an octave above it; its second partial tone has, in relation to the first, the value of the dominant, the third completes a second octave, the fourth rises yet higher by a major third, and so on. Fifteen partial tones are identified, thus:

C, (keynote), c, g, c<sup>1</sup>, e<sup>1</sup>, g<sup>1</sup>, b<sup>b1</sup>, c<sup>2</sup>, d<sup>2</sup>, e<sup>2</sup>, f<sup>2</sup>, g, a<sup>2</sup>, b<sup>b2</sup>, c<sup>3</sup>.

In these not alone the common chord but the diatonic scale can be seen to occur, almost exactly, in sequence of tones. Exactitude, however, is not of primary importance, for the psyche (taking, I say, 'all shapes from Mah to Mahi') is not bound wholly and solely to precise reproduction of the sequence of partial tones. Some persistence of cantical and instrumental pre-diatonic habit will have obtained and chromatic and enharmonic needs have been provided for. That the scale should provide the intervals of octave, dominant, fourths, thirds, tones and semitones was the essential demand. In practice the value of the keynote or 'tonic' doubtless became greatly augmented and the importance of cadence established. Cadence itself, and the evolution of the sub-dominant—which in ascent to an upper keynote is placed at an interval of three-and-a-half tones from its tonic, just as in descent the dominant is likewise three-and-a-half tones from its tonic—may accord with some further metabolism of the psyche.

### III. MAN.

*He bevrath ermine on a chief or beneath a doue  
rising a paire of ballances supported by a scepter in  
pale, all verie proper. Difference we these braueries,  
surmounting them of a figge leaf vert.*



The peculiar distinction of the human species is the retention by the male of the female; an obvious, exoteric parallel to which occurs in the insect world—*e.g.* in the honey bee—in instances in which the male is a mere retainer of a female superior. But although both phenomena are attended by a singular increase in intelligence and social organization, an essential difference obtains and the parallel, therefore, must be regarded as more apparent than exact. If we may adopt as first principles of human sexual economy those three ‘causes for which matrimony was ordained,’ which are the sum of the declaration of the Church of England on the matter (I do know of none other and confess I am not pedantical in these things), namely i. procreative, ii. hedonic, iii. social, it will at once be recognized that the second in order is an attribute solely human—an extra-parental, unsocial divergence which, in the long, cumulative period of racial formation now deemed probable, may well have provided that ‘spiritual influx’ called for by the late A. R. Wallace in order fully to account for the human cerebral development.

Even asexual reproduction may have borne a hedonic value—of a sort. In gemmation the plant may have had satisfaction in ridding itself of that thing not itself, the bud, which had claimed its own life and freedom. (An excretional satisfaction; no more, I think, than a man hath from the letting of a boil.) From, to start with, asexual germ-evacuation to ultimate human connubial relation is a long and varied story, ever moving toward the Emersonian ideal of ‘intimater intimacy,’ intimacy ever growing by what it feeds upon, but a story which will have to be told. Its introductory chapter might deal with the single,

asexual plant in whom a dualism of self and not-self would urge to the gratification of excretion. A later chapter would deal with the more apprehensive act of procreation by casual external means, as in the case of flowers. A still later, in which connubial relation would be forecast, would concern the case of the fish, in which occur instances of incitation of the female by the male. With bird and beast the tale would introduce phases of sexual relationship almost to be characterized as anthropoid. It would then proceed to that point of time, possibly a million years ago or more, when man determined to have and to hold his paramour in season and out of season with intent carnally to know, and they twain became one flesh—wherein a supplemental objective in masculine existence was clearly set up. Hitherto an objective of unity to be achieved in offspring has sufficed; this is now overtaken by desire for unity in person—to be attained by violation of the sexual law of the wild. Something practically redemptional (I do truly think) was involved, some restoration to the male of what had been lost to him in congenital cleavage into sex. If that be so “Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss” may, perchance, denote a resolution of some primordial differentiation—as that of centripetal and centrifugal tendencies in the fetal star. (Whereby we may understand that Marlowe his Faustus had of the devil a square deal, as is said in our familiar American or poker English. For how else might he know that she had her beauty as of a thousand stars and should make him immortal?)

Howsoever, whilst the quality of unity shall await the vision of the seer, the results of unity are material to the meticulous right now. To go on with, there is



an inviting, prime physiological consideration. A sociological consideration is that of woman as the first chattel—with a consequent establishment of a law of property, from which would follow, as the night the day, both patriarchy and its offset matriarchy, productive of a permanent opposition of sex. (The which, I am persuaded, yet persisteth. Am I not credibly informed by a right worthy, wise and, I say, eke up-to-date lady of Bath that “wommen desyren to have sovereyntee over hir housband as hir love and for to been in maistrie him above”?)

*Nowe all ye Readers generall, nouitiate in this prety crafte of Differencing, of your pleasure scan me, I praye you, these my charges and approue me a good Herehaught therein. For, I warrant you, until you have so dealt with me I will no more deliuer. But of you singular, of the honorable, and worshipfull, dutie requireth the entertainment of this same faithfull Herehaught. For ye that nowe live, or hereafter shall, traueilling in the chase of the glory descried here, if hereby your mindes be stirred to vertue, to seeke what erst you lackt: then are ye also indebted. But furthermore, of necessitie enforced, ye of elder fame, embrace the man, and loue the worke, for here your vertues are displayed and blazed to the world, that but in corners lurked before.*

HEREHAUGHT.

# THE MOON-NIGHT BELL: A JAPANESE NOH PLAY.

YONÉ NOGUCHI.

## *Characters.*

A WOMAN WHO HAS LOST HER BOY.

A DREAM DIVINER.

A CHIEF PRIEST.

DISCIPLES.

A BOY.

CHORUS.

THE chorus sometimes speaks in place of the characters, sometimes interprets the meaning of their movements.

## WOMAN.

Oh, Goddess of Love, most merciful, most compassionate, do not fail to keep thy pledge! I count on thee, rely on thee. Thou dost promise thy divine favour even for the single utterance of thy name. As thou knowest, with all my faith I have been praying night and day to thee—to thee, Goddess of Mercy, most generous, most benevolent. Why should not my prayer be answered? Oh, pity me, Goddess of Love! What has become of my most dear lost son?

## CHORUS.

Even an old dry tree will bloom in spring. There is no reason a boy, a tender young tree, should not see his mother, the sunlight, again.



## WOMAN.

How glad am I! Dozing in the temple, I dreamed a dream divine. It is now about the time when the man of the house where I am staying should come to fetch me. I want to speak to him about my dream.

## DREAM DIVINER.

I live by the gate of the holy Kiyomizu Temple. The divination of dreams is my humble profession. The lady who is stopping with me has gone up to the temple to pray. She has not yet returned. So I now go to meet her there and bring her down to the house. . . . Ah! there she is already coming down. . . . Hallo! I am come to meet you. You might rest here a little, and tell me your dream, if you dreamed one. As you know, I am a dream diviner.

## WOMAN.

Dozing in the holy place, I dreamed that I should go to the Miidera Temple, if I would meet with my lost boy.

## DREAM DIVINER.

What an auspicious dream! There is nothing to divine in it. It is most clear; clearly the holy command of the Goddess of Love. You must hurry to the Miidera Temple without losing a moment.

## WOMAN.

I will obey the divine command.

*(Intermission.)*

SCENE—The Miidera Temple of Omi Province.

## CHIEF PRIEST.

I am the chief priest of the Miidera Temple of Omi Province. The boy with me here wished me to receive him as one of my disciples; I consented, though reluctantly. To-night we have the full moon of the fifteenth night of August. I will then to-night come out with the boy and other disciples into the open court of the lecture-hall and admire the beautiful moon.

## CHORUS.

How anxious are we to dismiss the day and greet the moon! The clouds, we are afraid, may stray across the bosom of the sky. We turn our restless faces upward and impatiently await the peaceful evening's coming,—await the speedy coming of the evening.

## WOMAN.

As we pass down through Shiga no Yama mountain, the great expanse of Lake Biwa lies open before us. On it, behold, the eagle-winged stern mien of sacred Hiyei Mount casts its shadow. Oh! Holy one of mountains, I bow to thee in prayer. How glad am I to worship thee! . . .

Am I sane or am I mad? I would be pleased, I think, to be insane, for even bird or beast is bound with threads of affection. The dearest son of my heart being stolen—

## CHORUS.

—the dearest son of my heart being stolen—what mother would not become crazed? Oh, friends, call me—



WOMAN.

—mad if you please! Oh, friends, laugh at me—

CHORUS.

—if laugh you must, when I leave behind me the city,—the city bright with the moon of moons, the flower of flowers.

WOMAN.

What is flower or moon to me, with no son, alone by myself? If I had with me my boy, even a lone village, moonless, flowerless, would be for me the central city of the land. Oh! where is my lost boy? Where is the son that has been stolen from me?

CHORUS.

Oh, thou Karasaki pine-tree, lone like my poor mother-heart, pity me, speak to me, if thou knowest where is my boy! Alas! there is no answer save the autumn wind blowing on and on. I would have cursed the wind in my young life in the spring of all its flowers. But in life's autumn who cares how hard it blow? Blow, wind, and make me sadder still! Blow, wind, blow me to the Miidera Temple! . . .

Now I am come to the holy Temple.

CHIEF PRIEST.

How enchanting is the beauty of the moon! How lovely are the shadows of the trees!

DISCIPLES.

The season is clearly seen to be mid-autumn; we know this when we count the shadows of the moon reflected on the golden ripples of the lake.

## CHORUS.

High rises the moon above the hills. The wind sings down the song of a shower. The night view of the Awazu forest beyond the lake is soft and faint. Though no ferryboat is to be seen floating toward Yamada or Yabase, how glad would one be, bewitched by the beauty of the moon, to wander out upon the singing waves—how glad to wander out upon the lake.

*(The Bell rings from the Temple Tower.)*

## WOMAN.

What a beautiful sound has the bell! How lovely the bell sounds to my ears which know only the rustic bells of my eastern home! This ancient bell of Miidera, I hear, was brought by Hidesato from the eternal Palace of the Dragon King beneath the seas. Oh, let me strike it,—let me strike it! By touching such a holy bell my lonely life, I hope, will be blessed. What a divine night is this with frost-like wintry shadow on the ground! The bell will ring all by itself, of its own will, on such a lovely moon-night,—ring out and echo far down the valley.

## DISCIPLES.

Keep away! Oh, stay your hand from the bell! Come down from the tower! A woman mad like you must not touch the bell!

## WOMAN.

It was on such a night of beauty as this is, an ancient sage, a sage of China, bewitched by the moon, climbed the tower. Oh! forgive me! Forgive me!



## DISCIPLES.

It is not a bell which may be struck by a mad woman.

## WOMAN.

Pray do not blame her, if she ring the bell on such a lovely moon-night! A famous poet of ancient China, it is said, when suddenly inspired with the last two stanzas of his song upon the moon, crazed from his too great joy, climbed the high tower and struck the sacred bell. Accused of his wild conduct, he replied that he was only poet-mad. Even one so wise has a mind that will go wrong under the bewitchment of the beauty of the moon. Since I am but a poor mad woman, you will, I pray, you will, I pray, oh friends—

## CHORUS.

—pardon my deed, pardon my thoughtless act.  
But listen to the bell, and learn the wisdom it reveals!  
When the night bell rings—

## WOMAN.

—it resounds, saying: 'All earthly things are transient.'

## CHORUS.

In the sound of the midnight bell—

## WOMAN.

—we hear the wisdom which teaches that things born are things that also die.

## CHORUS.

The sound of the morning bell—

## WOMAN.

—is the lesson of the extinction of life

CHORUS.

And the evening bell—

WOMAN.

—will praise the joy of entering into Peace. Oh, what a sound ringing out as that of eternal bliss! The hundred and eight passions of the world are now dispersed; the interrupting clouds are now so clear. Let us admire the shadow of the tranquil moon far from all dust,—nay, the shadow of our lives awakened from the dream of lusts and pain.

BOY.

Holy teacher, there is something I would say to you.

CHIEF PRIEST.

What may it be?

BOY.

Ask the mad lady, pray, where is her native home.

CHIEF PRIEST.

Be it so. (*Turning to the Woman.*) What country have you come from?

WOMAN.

I am from Kiyomi ga Seki of Suruga Province.

BOY.

What! Did she say that she is from Kiyomi ga Seki?



WOMAN.

How glad am I! That gentle voice I hear sounds strangely like my boy's, my beloved Senmitsu. How glad am I! Oh my son!

CHIEF PRIEST.

Is 't possible? You must not speak wildly. You should know that you are mad.

WOMAN.

I am mad only since I lost my dearest son. Pity me, holy priest! Let me hear that voice again! The voice that I heard is surely that of my son.

DISCIPLES.

Away! Mad woman, go away!

Boy.

Pray, strike her not! I am the very son of this lady. From the cruel hand of a kidnapper who tore me from my mother's side, I escaped, and hid myself, as you see for yourselves, under your merciful protection. Alas! I did not know that my mother had gone mad from losing me. Oh, my poor mother!

WOMAN.

Oh, my son, Senmitsu beloved, come to my arms!

CHIEF PRIEST.

How joyful that the tie of mother and son is not yet cut asunder!

WOMAN.

I came here by the divine revelation of the

Goddess of Love, most merciful, and most compassionate—

CHORUS.

—charmed by the beauty of the moon, I rang the bell—

WOMAN.

—how joyful it was not the bell to tell the parting time! It was the meeting bell. What a joyous sound is the bell's! What a joyous bell of meeting!

THE END.

YONÉ NOGUCHI.



## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GENIUS.

IN the days when genius was the sole discoverer of new facts, prior to the co-operative movement so much in vogue to-day, the value of original thought and investigation carried with it a unique mark of distinction. To-day it is perhaps otherwise, in so far as many add to our knowledge and produce 'original work' without, strange to say, being in the least original. Indeed the word originality has somehow changed its meaning. Many things which are original, if not altogether new, are not deemed original; whilst all things new even when derived by more or less mechanical methods—such as the production of a new organic compound in a German laboratory—are deemed original, although originality, as a creative faculty of thought, is perhaps the last quality to which the discoverer thereof might with justice lay claim.

At the time of Newton, when scientific investigations were as scarce as diamonds in the Sahara, a few zealous students of nature were astute enough to perceive that, if the methods he used could be employed more generally, great achievements were in store for mankind. And in truth the spirit of co-operation, which resulted in the formation of the Royal Society, brought forth a new life and a scientific outlook upon the world that culminated in the splendour of the works of Laplace and Kelvin on the one hand and of Darwin and J. J. Thomson on the other, coupled with the large and lofty teaching of Huxley.

To-day this spirit and these methods have increased

many times the number, if not the quality, of the workers. Where there was one there is now a score of 'men of genius' recognised as such, though the genius is not necessarily of the same order or magnitude in all cases; while the numbers who believe themselves to be such may be legion. But this perhaps is more applicable to literature than to science.

It is not unbecoming then that a study of originality should occupy the attention of psychologists; and there are few in this country better qualified for the task than Mr. T. Sharper Knowlson who, in his work on the subject,<sup>1</sup> puts forward his ideas with admirable lucidity and force, the result of wide knowledge and experience and many years of mature reflection and educational work.

We should however endeavour to avoid any misapprehension of the author's purpose. The book is not, as one might be tempted to suppose at first glance, a guide to originality or the cultivation of genius, but a plain straightforward analysis of its nature and the causes through which it may arise. In this respect he has succeeded in presenting much material of an interesting and useful nature to the student of psychology; moreover his manner of presenting it is excellent, for there is not a dull page in a large volume which might otherwise have proved at once heavy, boring and obscure.

Mr. Knowlson is nothing if not fearless, a characteristic which adds further to the value of his work. His criticisms are not the superficial sallies of an ignorant and carping faddist, but the studied and piercing strokes of the practised gladiator in the arena of

<sup>1</sup> *Originality*, by T. Sharper Knowlson (Thomas Sharnol). T. Werner Laurie, 15s. net.



controversy. His object, we repeat, is not so much to evolve genius as to study its nature and the manner in which it has been evolved; and in this field he has succeeded in giving an intelligible theory of its origin, its modes of operation and the many amenities with which in its curious idiosyncrasies it may be associated. It marks a distinct advance on prior attempts, and is at once practical and theoretical, analytical and synthetic. But what is aimed at, apart from the discussions, is above all stimulus to the enquiring mind. In this there can be no doubt that Mr. Knowlson has been successful, though to describe it as a practical guide to efficiency, as has been done by one critic, is a misunderstanding of the author's purpose.

The newness, and consequently the originality, to use one of Mr. Knowlson's numerous well-framed phrases, "is due to the difference between our knowledge as it previously existed and the metamorphosis to which it has been subjected."

Genius is primarily a matter of *range of consciousness*, in amplitude of comprehension, in depth of feeling and in loftiness of ideal contemplation, as well as in the stretch of forethought or insight into reality, and possesses that speed and accuracy of perception and directive force towards the ideas to be realised which enable it to accomplish what the more constrained or circumscribed consciousness is unable to handle,—this higher consciousness "includes, at every moment, all that we mean by feeling, thought and will." Genius is then the imaginative reason or intellectual vision, the *theōria* of the Platonic Schools, the process of *intuition* in a highly developed form to which Bergson in *Creative Evolution* has drawn the attention of a wide and intelligent public. It is "that intellectual insight

or vision which is immediate," as Mr. Lindsay puts it, and which was the essence of Plato's idea of 'knowing' and to some extent the essence of Newman's 'illative sense.'

The study of this 'sense,' not 'faculty,' has hardly received the attention it demands from psychologists. Sir Leslie Stephen, it is true, would have it that "the illative sense undoubtedly corresponds to a real faculty or combination of faculties." But Mr. Knowlson objects to the use of the term 'faculty.' Sir Leslie Stephen's definition, which is perhaps the best so far given, is that "the illative sense is that by which the mind draws remote inferences without a conscious syllogistic process" (*An Agnostic's Apology*). This differs little from Newman's own definition, in the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, namely: "that culmination of probabilities, independent of each other, arising out of the nature and circumstances of the particular case which is under review; probabilities too fine to avail separately, too subtle and circuitous to be convertible into syllogisms." The illative sense however is no fiction of Newman's imagination, for in the ordinary method of reasoning we do not draw inferences by any *conscious* syllogistic process.

The illative sense thus does not appear to be a purely intellectual 'faculty,' and in this Mr. Knowlson is no doubt right; for it is to some extent influenced by feeling or will. To a pragmatist this need not detract from its value as an estimate of truth; to the man of science its value depends upon its accuracy in 'hitting the bull's eye,' if its effects can be ascertained empirically or its conclusions verified by strict logical analysis. "Our decisions respecting truth," says Mr. Knowlson, "come from a blend of instinct, feeling, thought and experience (or memory) operating by



means of the illative sense." In the earlier chapters the theory of the illative sense in the higher manifestations of genius is ably worked out in its relation to the conscious and sub-conscious self, and the later chapters contain many interesting applications of the principles laid down. The subject is of course one upon which a variety of opinions exists, and a critic cannot afford to be dogmatic without ceasing to be a critic. To have the sense of appreciation is the first essential qualification, and we have no desire to be devoid of a quality so characteristic of the author of this work.

Mr. Knowlson's patience is however sorely tried, and the reader will be able to judge for himself whether rightly or wrongly, at the mechanical methods employed by Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Oscar Wilde in their efforts towards the higher phases of true genius. The tendency which he detects in their style and methods has convinced him that the supposed originality of these writers arises from a mere 'trick' in inverting and distorting sentences, and that there is nothing really clever in their sayings after all. Needless to remark, this view is now held by many. When Wilde says "I can believe anything provided it is incredible" or that "divorces are made in heaven," we can sympathize with Mr. Knowlson's indignation at such execrable nonsense. But whether literary style is not itself the result of a certain sense of rhythm in the individual, which can easily be imitated, as in the *Book of Artemas*—whoever the gifted author of that book may be—is not beside the point. Given this sense, a fair imagination and an overwhelming amount of energy, the number of literary geniuses might be increased a hundredfold. The difficulty, or should we say the blessing, is that these qualities are not often combined.

The illative sense on the other hand is only one of the intuitive processes at work. In the highest types of genius the moral, æsthetic and intellectual functions are in action simultaneously. In Wilde, and on his own admission, the moral sense was obviously wanting. In Shaw perhaps it is the deeper intellectualism; in Chesterton it is no doubt the finer æstheticism. Still these are cruel criticisms of men who may be admitted to be geniuses in their own way without being supermen.

We must leave it to Mr. Knowlson to thrash this matter out with Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton, much as they will no doubt differ from him. But Mr. Knowlson is a serious person and we take it that their flippancy is what excludes them in his estimation from the higher species of original men, since sincerity is in itself the very soul of genius, and that is what they least inspire. Acrobats may not be the best of fighting men, nor in any sense philosophers, psychologists or even thinking men, but they are artists all the same and Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shaw are wits as well as artists. This I think cannot be disputed. But their *range of consciousness*, meaning thereby their amplitude and reach of comprehension and intuition, the penetrating power of their illative sense, may be circumscribed and hindered by limitations which the deep thinker and earnest student of human nature cannot but find irritating. In this Mr. Knowlson definitely takes his stand on solid ground, firmer and safer than the quagmires of humorous artificiality. His ideas are well worthy of the serious consideration of all earnest students of psychology.

JOHN BUTLER BURKE.



## THE DEVIL'S CATHEDRAL.

AND I found myself in a vast cathedral not built by human hands. A grey light, the colour of the dead, partly lit this unholy place. The broad and endless nave contained tier upon tier, ay gallery above gallery, of countless, grey-robed beings kneeling upon each tier and filling each gallery.

And above and around these silent worshippers were more and more worshippers, pressed close together.

But I saw no roof, only motionless forms packed one against the other, male and female, young and old. And because of the foul air which I breathed I knew that at some abysmal height this cathedral was enclosed from human things.

And the smell within the cathedral was like unto the stench of musty wood rotting in slime; and with this odour mixed the nauseous scent of goats.

And I was a spirit among spirits. Down beneath me towered a colossal altar black and awful. And before the shrine, within the chancel, knelt seven stags, having human faces and black crowns upon their heads.

And the seven stags prayed before the host; and at each genuflexion the congregation bent their heads in silence.

And I knew that they would continue so to do forever and forever.

Then I, who was invisible, touched a grey being upon the shoulder; and when the silent one turned, I saw the countenance of a woman most beautiful, but unutterably sad. For I, an unseen spirit, beheld a lost soul, whose sins shall never be forgiven; and who must worship the devil, in his cathedral, forever and ever.

Amen.

So I knew that this was hell. Then became I filled with nameless fear; and I felt the coldness of the eternal silence.

And my heart was full of compassion for the damned. But my prayers were choked by the stench of the goat.

Then terror took hold of my spirit; and I turned and fled through the unending corridors. And multitudes of the unclean pursued me.

And, at the last, I came to a massive door chained and barred, and seven times locked; and beside the door stood a hideous naked thing, ten feet in stature, and with a head one yard in length, broad at the brow and narrow at the chin. Its minute, pointed ears were set high upon its bald head, and



its small eyes rolled and leered ; and it also stank of the goat.

Now the priests of hell were upon me. And I tried to pray ; but no prayer came. Then did bottomless horror seize hold of me.

And I knew the meaning of hell.

Then power was given unto me to make upon my body the sign of the cross. And behold ! of a sudden, at my left hand, shone a blinding glory, in man's shape and of about my own height. And the light was too holy to look upon.

Then did the keeper of the door slink back, and the door opened of itself.

And I was free.

And the shining one was no more with me. But through the grille in the door peered the priests of the cathedral. Then, trembling, I fell upon my knees and worshipped God.

*Note*—This is the true account of a dream which I myself have recently experienced. To me it is more real than reality. I know I was there, and I can never forget the horror and the silence of that place.

WOODHOUSE LANE, M.A.

## THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

NAY, 't is not he—  
This liliated thing that gives the lie  
To all his memory.  
He never could have looked so ill ;  
He never could have lain so still.  
A wistful smile, a tiny sigh,  
Were all the children of his pain ;  
All else was slain,  
Ere it could stain  
The valour of his frownless will.  
However ill,  
He never could have lain so still.

Ah ! God, what if this cold pretence  
Should waken,  
And the warm life flow  
Into this nerveless, slow  
Repose, unshaken  
In its blank unutterance ;  
And all that is not he  
Should from its stiff unfeeling  
Soften into sense !  
Can memory  
Of all he was—his splendouring habitude—  
Span this pale gloom,  
This wax ingratitude,  
And rest on magic dealing  
Satisfied ?—It is not he.



This laden room  
Of battling fragrances,  
This oriental bath of painted air,  
Had stifled him.—Is death so rare  
That dazzled men should cull the fair  
Rose of the world and lay it there  
In pale corruption's womb?  
Is this thy grief,  
O loveless thief,  
To weep in dew of flowers  
And crush the perfume of the world  
Into a space of hours?  
Weep thine own eyes and hide not curled  
The petals of thy woe!  
Or is thine anguish sad and tasteless  
In a mourning that is wasteless?  
'T is not he.—  
He never would have killed a flower,  
Even to deck a bridal bower.

But 'rose's breath  
To sweeten death'!  
Ah! no, he never would have sweetened so  
The bitterest flavour of the tomb.

Nay, though the flowered silences  
Gave lying voice to me,  
And clamoured thundrous at my ear,  
I would not hear:  
'T were but a cunning sorcery!  
There's nought in life  
Of storm or strife  
Could ever make him look so ill.

Ah! God, my word becomes a plea:  
It is not he?—

Unless—but even though he die,  
He could not be  
Like this mute thing, this liliated lie.  
Nay, 't is not he.—  
These drooping flowers,  
These breathless hours,  
That fade and never pass,  
May soothe this dead; but as for him!—  
O God of motion, is't thy will  
That death should lie so still?  
O merciful, is there no other way?  
No clear soft vanishing like a dying day,  
Passing in gold?  
Here's not a star-gleam of the spirit fled  
To lighten the dark dead.

It is not he—  
This piteous cold  
And withered old;  
'T is nothing but a waxen lie!

GORDON LEA.



## THE LARK.

DAILY doth the lark arise ;  
Up from earth he cleaves the skies.  
Now his song, high heavenward borne,  
Ushers in the April dawn.  
Warbling melody so fine,  
What a favoured place is thine,  
Up above the glade to sing,  
Modest bird with sombre wing !  
Yet with office high to teach ;  
Faith the subject he doth preach.  
All his notes to heaven arise,  
Welling high as high he flies.  
Little bird, a message bear ;  
With authority declare,  
That the moon send on thy wing  
Greetings thou alone canst bring,  
Shining moon with gracious face  
Slowly fading from her place.  
Up through starry camps thy flight  
Takes thee such a dazzling height,  
Wondrous feat safely to fly !  
For no gain thou climb'st so high  
Twixt the dark and dawn to sing ;  
Heaven protect and bless thy wing !  
Every good created thing  
The Creator's praise should sing ;  
And the lark proclaims His praise  
In its modest joyful ways.  
Listening thousands hear him tell :

“Happy he who liveth well.”  
Cheerful bird with merry note,  
Splendid voice in sober coat,  
Chanting now in heaven’s court;  
For in faith how skilled and taught!  
With such knowledge high and wide  
Friar’s hood thy head might hide.  
Chief director of the sky,  
Near the blessed land on high,  
Man thou certainly wilt charm  
When thou sing’st at noon-tide calm,  
Worshipping the Trinity  
With the gift heaven gave to thee.  
To the world thou dost declare,  
Not on bough, but through the air,  
Thou art surely held in space  
By some miracle of grace.

DAFYDD AB GWILYM.

*(Translated from the 12th century Welsh Original by  
A. H. G. WILDE.)*



## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

### A SUGGESTIVE ENQUIRY INTO THE HERMETIC MYSTERY.

With a Dissertation on the more Celebrated Alchemical Philosophers, being an Attempt towards the Recovery of the Ancient Experiment of Nature. A New Edition with an Introduction by Walter Leslie Wilmshurst. Also an Appendix containing the Memorabilia of Mary Anne Atwood. London (Watkins); pp. 597; 16s. net.

It is somewhat remarkable that while astrology has taken on a new lease of life in these days of regalanisation of—let us call them—ancient arts, its sister-craft alchemy has had little attention paid to it. The reason however is not far to seek. The method of astrology, whatever value we may assign to it, is quite open and the code of interpretation remains more or less unchanged as to its main features. Alchemy, on the contrary, has from the very beginning rejoiced in the most complicated and provoking devices of concealment. '*Camouflage*' is bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. One gets the general idea that an alchemist would sooner commit suicide than set down a plain statement of fact. Why all this elaborate disguise, why all this parade of dealing with hidden mysteries and secrets beyond price? It is clear that the physical transmutation of the baser metals into gold cannot sufficiently account for the extravagant terms in which the better sort of the alchemists, who were in other respects men of worth, speak of their art. It is certain that modern chemistry largely arose out of the busy searching of ancient alchemy on its physical side; but how far the gross lure of gold-making alone sustained even the physical search in the earlier period would be difficult to determine. Whether transmutation was ever actually effected is still an open question apparently for critical students of the history of alchemy; theoretically, however, it is by no means so impossible a dream for the modern chemist as it was declared to be in the 'cock-sure' days of youthful science. But even if it was ever actually effected, and in spite of the tremendous power that gold wields over the desires of men, it can hardly be believed

that this physical secret was the chief mystery of the craft that was so jealously guarded. It must here be remembered that it was not only the gold-making craze but also the search for the elixir of life that fascinated multitudes in the later middle ages. It has thus for long been more than suspected by modern students of its history that alchemy in its higher ranges aimed at a science of the soul of things; it sought after the secret of life and tried to unveil the mysteries of the creative mind in nature. In brief it had a spiritual side, and also occupied itself with biological and psychological problems experimentally in its own fashion. If this be so, and there is much to confirm the view, then it is clear that though there has been no renaissance of alchemy in its traditional symbolic modes and provoking disguises, as there has been a revival of astrology on traditional lines, there has been actually a very extensive modern interest in what are presumably some at least of the processes and powers of life and soul and mind that occupied the attention of these busy searchers into the secrets of nature and of man.

In 1850 there appeared a remarkable anonymous work on alchemy, entitled *A Suggestive Enquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*. It was remarkable, not only because it was, as it claimed to be, suggestive, and in general helpfully so, but also because it was the work of a young woman of some thirty years of age. Mary Ann South was the daughter of Thomas South, a gentleman of leisure and means, a scholar and recluse, who possessed a very valuable library of alchemical works and allied literature. Of these precious tomes he had long been an assiduous student. He educated his daughter and trained her so that she might first be his secretary and afterwards share in his labours. Mr. South was somewhat of a poet and in later years was engaged on writing a lengthy epic of alchemy. Mary was also fired with the ambition of composing a work in prose on the same theme. This she seems to have accomplished without any direct aid from her father, though there seems to be little doubt that he dominantly stood at the back of her inspiration. When, however, the book was published, Mr. South, who was now very strongly under the influence of evangelical ideas, began to have scruples, but whether on orthodox religious grounds pure and simple or on the ground that his daughter had broken away too far from the age-long conventions of alchemical tradition and said too much, is not quite clear. In any case his scruples increased and became apparently finally a panic; for he withdrew the book from the publisher and



endeavoured to buy up every copy in circulation on which he could lay his hands, paying as much as £10 for a copy. These were piled up on the lawn of his house at Gosport and burnt to ashes, together with the unpublished MS. of his epic. It is a romantic story; and there is no doubt about the bonfire, and that his daughter, who was fain to assent to the holocaust, was well-nigh heart-broken at the fiery fate of her precious offspring. The general legend about the book, and especially the rumour that the revelation of the long-hidden secret was to be found in it hardly at all disguised, made the few remaining copies eagerly sought after and change hands at fancy prices. There were, however, more of these copies left in circulation than Mrs. Atwood, as Miss South subsequently became on her marriage, seems to have believed, and the popular story of their withdrawal because of the fear of letting the great secret escape through lack of discretion, is somewhat discounted by apparently an equally authentic report which speaks of Mr. South's dissatisfaction with the volume on account of its immaturity. This, however, leaves us in doubt as to whether he incinerated his own MS. on a similar ground.

As to the book itself, in the first place no history or criticism of sources is attempted; the authoress is guided entirely by subjective canons of selection. Now-a-days, since the publication of the Byzantine Greek sources, the sifting of the Arabic and the criticism of the mediæval and later, we are able to view many things in truer perspective and assign their values with surer discrimination. Nevertheless Mrs. Atwood had an intuitive *flair* that serves her well in unearthing a number of indications hidden in the chaos of alchemical '*camouflage*' that point to the general conclusion we have outlined above. In confirmation of the main intention of a more spiritual and philosophical side of alchemy she makes use of some of the better known documents of the religious and mystical philosophy of classical antiquity and the higher mystery-lore with its grand doctrine of regeneration or new birth. In this she seems almost entirely dependent on the works of Thomas Taylor, all of which were doubtless to be found in her father's library. For the Kabbalah she was dependent entirely on Knorr von Rosenroth's five crabbed volumes and on Franck. She was also a student of Böhme. Mrs. Atwood would have it that all this varied mystical lore reflected the true alchemy. The classical part of her work is naturally sun-clear compared with the alchemical portion proper. Here the student of the many forms of the gnosis of antiquity can find his way with



comparative sureness and understanding, and from a knowledge of the many sources and subjects which have been so carefully scrutinized since the middle of last century, can observe at leisure the intuitive, selective or eclectic method Mrs. Atwood followed in dealing with these complex literary phenomena. She chose here and there the flowers that pleased her most, and from these selections made sweeping generalisations which we can no longer venture confidently to put forward without a number of safeguards and qualifications. Take, for instance, the Trismegistic literature proper, the genuine Hermetica. Mrs. Atwood is acquainted with Everard's faulty translation of the so-called *Pœmandres*, i.e. the oldest nucleus of tractates. Here we move for the most part in a clear atmosphere of high religious, philosophical and mystical endeavour; there is no disguise, no complex symbolism. What a gulf separates these genuine Hermetic documents from the later medleys of strange incomprehensibilities that claimed the name of Hermes for their patron, but differed so strongly from the straightforwardness of the Trismegistic gnosis. Take, for instance, one of the earliest links, the writings of Zosimus (4th century A.D.). Zosimus is an alchemist and shows the beginnings of the involved disguises of his art in his writings. But what is the burden of his message? It is ever to seek for salvation and true knowledge in the spiritual teaching of Pœmandres, and so become doused in the Divine Mind, baptized in the reality of the Spirit. The grandest passages he quotes are from the Trismegistic books. Here we naturally ask ourselves: Why, if this is the true and high teaching of the art, is there any necessity for all the involved disguise and complicated symbolism so dear to the typical alchemist? The root of the whole matter has been set forth plainly and simply by the Pœmandrists for all lovers of spiritual truth to read, mark and inwardly digest; why retriangle it all up again in mystery? The only reason we are able to suggest is that there was another way of approach through the labyrinth of inner nature, one of danger and difficulty, involving experimenting with the powers of life and psychical existence. The safe and sound and sane spiritual method worked from within, from above downwards; the other method led through the hazardous paths of theurgy and allied practices. In India we know there are two main modes of practical *yoga*. In the higher, or more spiritual discipline, the control of the mind reacts on the psychical nature and on the vital currents, and brings about certain transmutations in the organism and developments of its functions. In the lower,



physical and semi-physical methods are adopted, such as the control of the breath and rhythmic chanting, and thereon certain changes in the vital *auræ* and psychical modifications and developments supervene. Now it is somewhat remarkable that it is difficult to trace in the West any knowledge of this so highly developed breathing-method. We do, however, find in the so-called *Mithra-liturgy* certain breathing directions, and Zosimus distinctly avers that the secret of his art is among other things the Mithraic mystery. It is then permissible to hold that even if the special method of control of the breath was little known, the alchemical tradition occupied itself with theurgical, psychical and magical practices of various kinds, and hid its operations under elaborate disguises, and that these, more than any physical gold-making, were its main interest. This psychical or psycho-physical side would on the one hand march with physical transmutation, mediated by the living organism, and on the other at its highest development contact spiritual verities. Such a supposition would at any rate to some extent provide a plastic ground which could take on all the curious, strange and puzzling appearances which the works of alchemy present. It occupied itself chiefly with the endless protean transformations of what was called the 'one thing,' the ever-changing ground of appearance, the magical agent *par excellence*, the somewhat which was most difficult to tame and control. Hold it steady with spiritual will and one-pointed attention and it would reveal the truth of things and the naked methods of their operations.

There was also another potent psychological art which was beginning to attract serious attention and in which the Souths were deeply interested. Mesmerism and animal magnetism were passing through an intermediate stage of development prior to their being overborne and superficially transformed by the methods and theories of hypnotism and suggestion. Du Potet, Puysegur and Cabaiguet had experimented industriously with the phenomena of the mesmeric trance, such as 'lucidity,' as well as on the therapeutic side, which was developed greatly by others in this country, as the pages of *The Zoist* testify. Miss South, who wrote an essay on the subject, was persuaded that all this was not a new discovery, but that it had been well known to the ancients, though kept profoundly secret. She therefore believed that the new experiments could be made to yield one of the keys to unlock some of the alchemical puzzles. And indeed, if one does not misunderstand her pointed allusions to 'two' being required to



work together in the art, and references to certain 'manipulations,' it would seem that she not only held that certain psychical capacities could be developed or reinforced by 'mesmeric passes,' but that she had had personal experience of this in her own experiments. All this, it must be confessed, is set forth in veiled and reserved diction; but it is plainly in the opinion of the authoress by no means the least suggestive element in her enquiry.

All things considered, it must be admitted that the reprint before us is justified. The work is remarkable, and not the least so for the way in which Miss South so sensitively responds to and adopts the thought and diction of her chief authorities. Throughout her aim is high and noble, but her sense of the lofty end towards which the spiritual side of her art is directed often carries her further than some of the various subject-matters of which she treats and the sources she uses legitimately warrant when more critically scrutinized.

#### THE ELEMENTS OF THEOLOGY BY PROCLUS.

'Divine Arithmetic': A Subject long since Forgotten. A Translation by A. C. Ionides. London (Published by the Translator, 84, Porchester Terrace, W.); pp. 180; 15s. 6d. net.

THE Στοιχείωσις Θεολογική ('Elementary Treatise on Theology'—lit. 'Theological Elementary Treatise') by Proklos, the most distinguished of the Successors who sat in the *cathedra* or chair of the tradition of the famous Academy, is considered by many to be his masterpiece. Nevertheless this important work has received but little attention and none during the last hundred years. There is a Latin version, but none into a modern tongue except that of Thomas Taylor (appended to his *Six Books of Proclus . . . on the Theology of Plato*, London, 1816, pp. 300-441). But, like all of Taylor's work, valuable as it was at the time, it now requires considerable revision to bring it up to modern standards.

Mr. Ionides has for upwards of twenty years been enamoured of these 210 religio-philosophical propositions of Proclus, and, as he says (p. 125), in order to translate them, extended his "primitive knowledge of modern Greek to Greek of an earlier period." In the present volume Mr. Ionides presents us with the results of his labour of love, but without Introduction and with only a very occasional and brief foot-note. He has split up the text into sentences which he has numbered to represent schematically the



logical steps of the argument, with the free use of italics to stress it, supplied marginal headings for each of the sections or propositions, and further divided the subject-matter of each section by rows of asterisks. At the end (pp. 127-130) he has added a brief glossary. We are therefore practically concerned simply with a version. In the first place, therefore, we ask ourselves whether this version is superior to Thomas Taylor's? It is with great regret, and with every sympathy for Mr. Ionides' painstaking and enthusiastic effort, that we find ourselves compelled to withhold a favourable judgment. Taylor's translation is mostly preferable, and it is strange that Mr. Ionides does not refer to it. Both, however, fail to bring out the original clarity of thought. In exemplification, instead of picking out passages, the simplest thing will be to reproduce the first two sections of the new version, and then a literal translation from the best text procurable, faulty as it is. This is to be found in Part III. of Creuzer's edition of the works of Proclus (Francofurti ad Mœnum, 1822). Creuzer appends to his text of the *Institutio Theologica* a Latin version, an emended and completed edition of the first Latin translation by Æmilius Portus. We are fortunate in possessing a copy of Creuzer's work which is not to be found in the British Museum. Though modern critical texts of some of the other works of Proclus have been recently published, the text of the *Elements of Theology* has been neglected since the edition of Creuzer. Mr. Ionides translates from the *editio princeps* of the Franciscan Æmilius Portus published at Hamburg in 1618 in folio. This very poor text was used by Taylor. It is now rare and carefully guarded at the British Museum. Mr. Ionides is therefore to be congratulated on picking up a copy of it at a little bookstall in High Holborn, in 1895, for the ridiculous sum of 6s., but not on his use of it as a text.

*Mr. Ionides' Version.*

I.

1. *Every plurality in some manner participates of unity itself.*
2. For if it participated not at all, neither would the whole—nor each of the many that constitute that plurality be one. And there would be some plurality outside it; and so forth to infinity. And each infinity would again constitute an infinite plurality.

3. No thing would, by any means, participate of one, neither as regards its whole self, nor in respect to each within it. The infinite would be throughout all, everywhere.

\* \* \*

4. But each of the many, whichever way it be taken, must be either one or not one, either many or nothing.
5. But if each be nothing the sum thereof is nothing; and if many, each consists of an infinity of infinities.

\* \* \*

6. This, however, is impossible. No thing in being is constituted one of an infinity of infinities.
7. No thing is greater than the infinite, for that which is constituted one of all is greater than each; nor is it possible to constitute anything out of nothing.
8. Therefore all, in some manner, participate Oneness.

## II.

1. *All that participates Oneness, is both one and not One.*
2. If it be not Oneness itself, it must participate thereof; if it be anything other than Oneness, it has experienced Oneness in proportion to its participation thereof, and *persists so as to become One.*
3. If it be nothing but Oneness itself, it alone is One, and does not participate Oneness, but must be Oneness itself.
4. But if it be anything but that, which is not One, it participates Oneness, it is both one and not One, NOT Oneness itself, but one, as participating Oneness.

\* \* \*

5. This latter therefore is not one, nor that which is One.
6. But participating Oneness is one, and is not One *per se*; inasmuch as it is something besides Oneness.
7. That whereby it is multiplied is not One, but that whereto it is subject is one.
8. Therefore all that participates Oneness, is both one and not One.



*The Reviewer's Attempt.*

1. Every plurality shares somehow in unity. For if it nohow shared [in it], neither will the whole [of it] be one, nor [will] each of the many of which the plurality [consists be one], but each of the latter will be a plurality, and this to infinity, and each of these infinities will again be an infinite plurality. For if [plurality] shares nohow in any unity, neither in respect to itself as a whole, nor in respect to each of the [many] in it, it will be in every way and in respect to all [of it] infinite.

For each of the many, whichever you take, will be either one or not one, either many or nothing. But if on the one hand each is nothing, their resultant is also nothing; if on the other it is many, each is of infinitely repeated infinities.

But this is impossible. For neither from infinitely repeated infinities is any existent—seeing that there is not a more than the infinite, and the resultant of all [of the many] is more than each—nor can anything be composed out of nothingness. Therefore every plurality shares somehow in unity.

2. Everything that shares in unity is both one and not one. For if by hypothesis it is not unity itself (for it shares in unity [precisely] by being something other than unity), it is affected by unity in the relation of sharing, and endures [or keeps on] becoming one. If, however, it is nothing but unity, it is one and only one, and will not share in unity, but will be unity itself. But if there be something besides unity which is not one, [namely] that which shares in unity, it is both not one and one, being not identical with one in as much as it [only] shares in unity.

The latter then is not one nor identical with one. Yet being one by the fact of its sharing in unity, and therefore not subsisting as one in itself, it is one and not one as existing as something other than unity. It is not one by its plurality; it is one by its being affected [by unity]. Everything therefore that shares in unity is both one and not one.

## THE ORGANISATION OF THOUGHT.

Educational and Scientific. By A. N. Whitehead, Sc.D., F.R.S.  
London (Williams & Norgate); pp. 228; 6s. net.

THE first five chapters from the pen of this distinguished mathematician and thinker are concerned with education; the last three with certain points in the philosophy of science. There is, however, a common line of reflection running through the whole and the two sections into which the book falls mutually influence one another. If we were not able to see any other bond of connection we might be tempted to conjecture that it had some reference to the question: What kind of an educational discipline is it which would enable those who had undergone it to move easily and confidently in the regions of thought to which the second section belongs? For this latter section deals with some developments of philosophy which have been inaugurated by mathematicians. Before this new movement mathematics had been, philosophically speaking, in a somewhat sorry plight. Although it was generally recognised that in mathematics we somehow come by true knowledge, yet, as Russell says, no two persons were agreed what it was that was true and nobody knew what it was that was known. And as no satisfactory resolution of these doubts and difficulties was forthcoming from the side of philosophy it was up to mathematics to undertake itself the enquiry touching its own meaning and significance. We have in this second section an exposition and survey of some of the results which have been achieved by mathematicians in their analysis of such fundamental conceptions as number, quantity, space, and likewise such fundamental questions as the nature of logical thought. Prof. Whitehead himself has played so prominent a part in these developments that those who possess the necessary mathematical equipment will read the last three chapters with profound interest. Those, on the other hand, who do not possess it will, we fear, largely fail to understand them.

But while the second section will fall within the range of a comparatively narrow circle of readers—seeing that a willing spirit will not alone suffice for its comprehension—the first section will make quite a general appeal. For those of us who have not the good or ill fortune to be teachers ourselves, have at least suffered or, perhaps, profited at the hands of teachers. Moreover



we are all deeply concerned about education now-a-days. We have all come to recognise that it is high time that much of the old creaking, cumbrous machinery of contemporary education should be ruthlessly scrapped. It is not producing the goods which we need and it is directly responsible for many of the ills for which we must absolutely find relief. Anybody who has had an opportunity of converse with thoughtful teachers will well know the fiery discontent with which it fills them. And he will appreciate the scathing comments which Prof. Whitehead occasionally makes upon our educational misdemeanours.

Prof. Whitehead, as is natural, deals primarily with education from the standpoint of the mathematician. He discusses the proper methods of teaching mathematics and its place and function in an educational curriculum. His treatment of these questions is simple, lucid and masterly; and provides a notable illustration of that clean grip of a subject which is not the least of the advantages of mathematical discipline. Moreover it is not only relieved by flashes of humour, but also illumined by reflections which show an intimate acquaintance with the whole current of the intellectual development of mankind. What wisdom there is, for instance, in such a pair of sentences as the following: "Every intellectual revolution which has ever stirred humanity into greatness has been a passionate protest against inert ideas. Then, alas, with pathetic ignorance of human psychology, it has proceeded by some educational scheme to bind humanity afresh with inert ideas of its own fashioning." Was it not Carlyle who told us that as soon as a social movement has become fully organised it is time to root it up and start afresh?

But though, as we have said, Prof. Whitehead deals primarily with education from the standpoint of the mathematician he does not ignore its larger aspects, he is not blind to the purposes which it must fulfil in modern society. He is as explicit on this point as are the Allies, for example, with regard to their objects in the present war. Indeed there is a curious resemblance between the aims of the Allies as stated by such a master of clear diction as Mr. Asquith and the ideals of education as enunciated by the author. Mr. Asquith, if we remember rightly, declared that those aims were to assure to every nation, great or small, the opportunity to live its own life, to obey its own innate genius, to work out its own salvation. And these are the things which Prof. Whitehead wants for the individual. Education must not thwart, impede, subdue him. It must help him in every possible manner to the



realisation of all the powers that he possesses. "Our forefathers in the dark ages saved themselves by embodying high ideals in great organisations," he says. "It is our task, without servile imitation, boldly to exercise our creative activities, remembering amid discouragements that the coldest hour immediately precedes the dawn."

J. T. W.

#### LIBERAL JUDAISM AND HELLENISM.

And Other Essays. By Claude G. Montefiore. London (Macmillan); pp. 328; 6s. net.

THESE six thoughtful, instructive and courageous essays are practically a course of lectures that were to have been delivered in the U.S.A., but had to be abandoned owing to the War. Mr. Montefiore is one of the most distinguished leaders of Liberal Judaism, that is of the progressive movement in Jewry which is seeking, by means of an enlightened criticism and reform, to rescue Judaism from the confines of a narrow particularism, preserve its vital and universal values and adapt it to present-day needs and requirements. It stands for modernism in Jewry, for development and progress in sympathetic co-operation with what is best in modern thought and aspiration in science, philosophy and religion. The six essays deal most faithfully and straightforwardly with a host of thorny subjects in a fine spirit of honesty and sympathetic appreciation of contrary points of view. They are ranged under headings shewing the general standpoint of the new movement in relation first to the Old Testament, the New Testament and Rabbinical Literature, and then to Hellenism, as the mother of the science and philosophy of the West, to Democracy and to the Future. We regret exceedingly that lack of space prevents our noticing this arresting volume at length, for its appeal goes far beyond the Jewish community and should win the sympathetic consideration of all lovers of high religion and noble attempts at human betterment. Liberal Judaism has great hopes of the future; Mr. Montefiore is fully persuaded that much in the best thought and endeavour of progressive Christianity is rapidly approaching the position that Liberal Judaism has taken up, that it is moving ever more and more towards the simple theism of a developing prophetic religion based on the firm foundation of spiritually determined morals and an enlightened reasonableness. The danger to be avoided is the tendency to falling into the coldness of a rationalistic unitarianism. Propheti-



cal Judaism at its best guards against this danger and provides a sane and sound emotional basis. There is no doubt as to the warmth of conviction and heartfelt enthusiasm of Mr. Montefiore himself; it radiates from every page. Nevertheless we could have wished that he had added another essay and told us what is the relation between Liberal Judaism and the mystical element in religion. We are personally convinced that without this element being fully allowed for and reasonably blended with the other elements, no religion can have a genuinely universal appeal to mankind. This seems to be the weak point in an exposition that is otherwise a remarkable, instructive and valuable deliverance.

#### MESSAGES FROM MESLOM.

Through Lawrence. Parts I. and II. London (Elliot Stock); pp. 78 and 102; 1s. net, each.

THERE is nothing to show how these 'messages' were obtained, no word of introduction, nothing to help the reader who is not familiar with spiritistic matters. Automatic writing is presumably the means, and takes the form of communications from a son, working out his purification in the hereafter and beginning to explore the novel conditions of his *post-mortem* environment, to a dearly loved and spiritually minded mother on earth. The son describes his adventures and hands on what information he is picking up about his new conditions, and declares that psychical contact with his mother's pure atmosphere is of the greatest assistance to him in his endeavour to atone for his shortcomings in the past. The general idea is that: "There is a vast crowd of mortals who have moments of exalted virtue and sincere desire to do right, who through weakness fall victims to the varied temptations of life. These suffer periods of purification which are bitter and full of remorse and horror, for they realise that it is entirely through their own weakness that they have failed to follow the good they frequently glimpsed, and in this pure and radiant light they see their own lives. They are permitted periods of repose and joy which refresh and comfort them because they know the truth, and they themselves will return to the expiation work which they consciously undertake, as they see that this is their only expiation." Meslom is the father-confessor of the penitent; he is a grade or so higher up on the purgatorial ladder. We cannot say, however, we are as much impressed with his utterances as Lawrence seems to be.

## ONE THING I KNOW.

Or the Power of the Unseen. By E. M. S. With Preface by J. Arthur Hill. London (Watkins); pp. 146; 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is a straightforward, unvarnished account of a remarkable case of psychical healing, based on entries in a diary. For fifteen years Miss E. M. S. was apparently hopelessly bed-ridden; she could not sit up even for two minutes without experiencing utter collapse for months. Many physicians had attended her; every sort of cure had been attempted, including hypnotic suggestion. From this helpless state Miss S. was in eighteen months restored to complete health and strength by the ministrations of two nurses, both of whom were psychics, under the direction of a masterful psychical personality who claimed to have been a medical man when on earth. The case is of importance for students, owing to the ample testimony as to the *bona fides* of all concerned. Miss S. is a lady of high character and cultivated mind, a good observer and a reasonable critic. To all of this Lady Lush, Dr. Eugene Stock and Canon Storr bear witness from intimate knowledge. But it is her family physician, who had the case under observation all the time, who is constrained to become the most important witness. He is compelled to admit the facts fully, and that too though he is utterly sceptical as to the existence of any doctor in the unseen. The malady which neither he nor his medical *confrères* could do anything to alleviate for fifteen years, and which was diagnosed as organic, he now declares to be functional, and ascribes the cure to the devoted care of the two nurses and their massage, and above all to their suggestive influence on the patient and the patient's own belief that the psychical dissociation of one of the nurse's personalities was an independent unseen entity. This academic theory, it must be confessed, reads very thin coming after the vivid details of the recital. Anyway, as Miss S. says, one thing is certain, she is cured; and that ungainsayable fact appears to herself and those who knew her best during her long years of suffering well nigh miraculous. Psychiatrists consider it their bounden duty to integrate dissociated personalities as speedily as possible; but here we have a 'dissociated personality' proving itself a more competent physician than a score of the 'integrated' members of the orthodox profession!



## THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

A Sequence of Spirit-Messages describing Death and the After-World. Selected from Published and Unpublished Automatic Writings, 1874-1918. Edited by Harold Bailey. With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. London (Cassell); pp. 270; 6s. net.

FEW outside the ranks of professed students can be expected to have the leisure or opportunity to peruse in detail the mass of automatic writings which the literature of modern spiritism is so rapidly accumulating. The present 'anthology' selected from some score volumes and an interesting unpublished source by Mr. Harold Bailey is therefore a very useful undertaking. Its purport is to show that the angry and arrogant criticism which summarily dismisses the whole of this class of writing as 'nauseating drivel,' is the pronouncement of sheer ignorance. This is amply apparent on many a page of the excerpts from the books Mr. Bailey has selected; and another score could easily have been added of as considerable, if not of more considerable, volumes. The excerpts are gathered together under general headings and thus conveniently show a certain congruence and family likeness, if not consistency, in the pronouncements gathered from such various sources. The perusal of the volume can hardly fail to convince any open-minded reader that there is here ample evidence that a great psychological problem lies before him which no *ex cathedra* pronouncements, either from the side of dogmatic religion or on the part of dogmatic science, are competent to solve. Protracted, patient and impartial investigation alone can throw any light on the matter. Hasty judgments are useless. In mist and obscurity it well may be for the myopic, feebly it may be for the hard of hearing, nevertheless there in some fashion stands the exiled soul of man knocking for entrance once more into the consciousness of the every-day life of an incredulous world. We may add that the printing, paper, binding and general get-up of the volume are specially creditable to the publishers in these beggarly war-days.

## THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS HERE AND BEYOND.

By a Hospital Nurse. With a Foreword by the Rev. Arthur Chambers. London (Bell); pp. 174; 2s. net.

THIS is a straightforward and simple account of the many psychical experiences of a hospital nurse who from the early age

of twelve found herself possessed of remarkable powers of super-normal lucidity. She thus became conscious of help rendered to the sick, the dying and the deceased in many ways by kindly dwellers in superphysical realms of existence, who for her were as real as or even more real than the physically embodied. These entities, whom she calls angels, all purported to be incarnate humans. The contents of her narrative are of a generally similar nature to those of what is now a very extensive literature, embodying a vast amount of psychical testimony as to what invariably claims to be the more immediate condition of the hereafter. Continual dropping wears away a stone; and, provided one keeps on reading the reports, the dropping is continuous enough and one-pointed enough eventually to break down the resistance of even the most obstinate prejudice which seeks to ascribe it all solely to the play of self-initiated and self-determined phantasy. Once that hard-headed and stony-hearted resistance is broken down, a more sympathetic interpretation of these indubitable psychical facts is called for.

#### THE WAY OF THE SERVANT.

London (Watkins); pp. 88; 2s. net.

"WITHIN Silence, there is Sound, and within that Sound a Voice that speaks." This little manual sets forth counsels of perfection that are mystically excellent, in the form of fourteen 'Directions' for right behaviour in thought, word and deed for a striver on the path of self-conquest. They are sometimes reminiscent of certain features of the well-known expositions of the mystic way which treat of 'light on the path' and 'the voice of the silence,' but in general they strike their own distinctive note. A certain lilt of phrasing reminds us also of a similar feature in the interesting automatic script published in our July number for 1912, under the title 'Three Minds and — ?'

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ERRATUM: In the last number the Bengali Original of 'The Song of the Divine Flame' should have been credited to Mr. Tapanmohan Chatterji himself and not to Sir Rabindranath Tagore. The copy came from Shantiniketam with the simple legend 'Translated from the Bengali Original,' as has been the case with several similar pieces by Sir Rabindranath.—ED.



# THE QUEST

A Quarterly Review.

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# THE QUEST



## SOME CURRENT RUMOURS OF THE HITHER HEREAFTER.

THE EDITOR.

In the last number the attention of the reader was drawn to some of the externals of the question of man's survival of bodily death. It was pointed out that a mass of typical evidence has been accumulated which, after careful analysis by competent investigators, seems to lead to only one really sufficient conclusion. After full reasonable scope has been given to various very necessary secondary or adjunctive hypotheses, such as the subconscious, suggestion, telepathy, dissociated personality, etc., which are all useful in their several ways for elucidating the conditions of communications obtained through mediumship or psychical automatism, it is found that not infrequently certain factors of evidence remain over which are quite inexplicable on any other supposition than that of a surviving personality. It goes without saying that such a state of affairs should legitimately arrest the attention of every serious thinker, whether

he approve or disapprove of this conclusion. For, as an unavoidable fact, these investigations are being made and the conclusion is being arrived at by many reputable and responsible people. But the subject must necessarily for long continue to be involved in intense prejudice. The atmosphere which surrounds it, even when an appearance of strict impartiality is assumed, is tense with the conflict of repressed psychical complexes, strained with the pressure of deep feelings and passions, hopes and fears, which unconsciously influence the opinions and judgments for and against of all who directly or indirectly come in contact with the phenomena. And if this is the case with regard to evidence for the bare fact of survival, the prejudices of the affections unconsciously play a still more decisive part in our judgment when we come to the consideration of what purport to be descriptions of the state of affairs after death. With this more interior side of the question psychical research, whose interests are purely scientific, has so far not busied itself in any systematic fashion, presumably on the ground that it falls outside all possible 'evidential' control.

It is on this very difficult aspect of the subject that the present paper proposes very adventurously to make a few remarks. It will concern itself simply with some of the main notions of what may be called the current rumours of the hither hereafter, that is with those put into circulation in certain circles in our own days, and not with the endless assertions and beliefs of the past in all ages and climes at every stage of culture. And by the hither hereafter is meant the phenomenal phase or phases reported as largely resembling imaginally our present state of existence, though the



ground or stuff of such appearance is naturally said to be of a more subtle order than it is here. Problems concerning the nature of deeper spiritual inwardness and questions of ultimate reality do not thus come forward for immediate consideration.

How vast the historical side of the subject is, may be most conveniently seen from the many articles which bear directly or indirectly on it in the nine volumes so far published of Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*. At present this valuable work stands without a rival in this respect; some of the main topics being treated by as many as a dozen distinguished specialists. What strikes one especially, in reading through this vast mass of historical information, is the little understanding of the psychical material displayed by the theologians, historians of religion, anthropologists, folk-lorists, psychologists and sociologists, unless they have recourse to the modern data and theories of psychical research for clues; and this rarely happens. On the contrary, most of the anthropologists and folk-lorists, for instance, claim that the study of the history of the past provides us with sufficient criteria and throws all the light that is necessary on modern cases. But indispensable as is the study of the records of the past, this view is, I venture to think, one-sided at best and at worst a reversal of the better method. It is rather the man that has had personal experience and made first-hand investigation to-day, who is in a better position to throw light on similar facts in the past. The man who is without experience, but is simply a chronicler, for the most part neglects the facts he should stress and emphasizes those that are of little importance. And if this is the case with regard to psychical

phenomena of a lower order, much more so is it in respect of those of a higher order where genuinely mystical and spiritual elements are involved.

Our present task, however, is not concerned with the statements of saintly illuminates and highly mystical geniuses as to the deepest realities of their religious experience, but with some features of what claim to be reports from deceased average folk as to the nature of their experience in what may be called the marginal conditions and states of the hereafter. In such a conglomerate of unsifted material it would be easy enough to fix on the most transparent absurdities and contradictions and put forward the specious contention 'from one, learn all'; but this in no way helps towards a just estimate. Let it be granted from the start that for such reports to get through without immixture and contamination is well-nigh impossible. They are first of all invariably subject to the subconscious mind of the medium, probably also to that of the 'control' or of the 'communicator' as well. In the second place, the most reasonable communicators give manifold warnings against supposing that they know anything about ultimates or the highest mysteries of the spiritual life. They claim no more than that they are still average men and women striving to adapt themselves to the new conditions. They say there are many communicators who misunderstand what they experience or what they are told by others of greater understanding; that there are those also who exaggerate what they hear into infallible revelations; vain folk again or lying spirits who would impose themselves as great teachers on the unwary. In fact it is there very much as with human nature here, especially in circles credulously



agog over psychical matters and claims, or indeed even more so. For there is there far greater facility in obtaining visions and 'illuminations' than in the physical body; and this is ever a great temptation to pride and boastfulness and dogmatism for those who are not sternly disciplined and deeply experienced in such matters, but who believe without question and whose minds are not alert with right reason.

It is not then a question of adequate portrayal of the realisation of the highest ideals and knowledge to which the saint and philosopher may aspire, but simply of rumours of what may befall the average man after bodily death. Some may hope for the supreme blessedness of entering immediately on death into the full consciousness of eternal life and the bliss of the peace of God. But our rumours confirm the very general belief that for the countless hosts of the imperfect there is a vast intermediate life of probation, of correction and of willing purification, suited most intimately to the needs of every single soul. In this respect, therefore, our rumours should arouse no surprise; nor should they cause aversion when frequently, instead of using traditional religious images, the matter is set forth in more natural and very secular terms. The ruling idea is one of gradual and continuous progress without any violent breaks, beginning with conditions most similar to those of earth. If by some deep thinkers the prospect of endless progress is held not really to satisfy the longing of the human spirit for eternal life, to the majority at any rate the idea of a never-ending life of perpetual progress is their only idea of eternity and the most entrancing of outlooks, the most sublime of ideals. Modern reports tally with the general persuasion of

the past that the invisible universe affords immensely greater possibilities of development and perfectioning than do earthly conditions; but it is only with possibilities in measurable proximity to the latter that we have to deal.

First, then, as to whether or no there can be bodiless spirits in any absolute sense—the old high problem of the complete separability of soul from embodiment of every order, so keenly debated, for instance, by the philosophers of the Later Platonic school—this question does not arise for the marginal and intermediate conditions we have in view. The departed, we are invariably assured, are clothed in—shall we say?—psychical bodies. Terms are here naturally a question of very great difficulty. Psychical in this connection, however, might be allowed to stand for the intermediate  $x$  between the physical as known to normal outer sense and sheer immaterial mind. This half-way house notion should lessen the difficulty of those who, ignoring the once world-wide doctrine of a subtle body, contend that as we can know nothing of mind apart from body it logically follows that when the physical body dies the mind must also cease. Tradition, East and West, has busily speculated about the protean possibilities of this plastic inner principle of embodiment, originating in the living mysterious ‘one thing,’ as to its states and conditions, its transmutations, purifications and perfections, its properties, powers and virtues, and would have it that it can bridge the extremes and take on all forms. It is then not an entirely new bodily nature with which we are to be dowered after death, but one already essentially present and part and parcel of our equipment and economy potentially now in earth-life. Its possi-



bilities are said to be illimitable. It can, so to say, reflect or put one in *rapport* with all states and conditions, terrene, infernal and supernal, according to its impurity or purity, and range of ordering,—that is to say, as determined by the intellectual, emotional and volitional intensity and harmony of our personal character. While the idea of a glorified spiritual body is gladly believed in by the traditionally religious mind, the notion of unlimited possibilities of transmutation or transformation of embodiment is distasteful to it and also to most modern minds as redolent of all the myth and magic and mystery of the past. It is indeed reminiscent of all this vast ancient world of romance and faëry; and our modern rumours and reports, in so far as they maintain that the post-mortem ‘vehicle’ of the soul is a subtle living organism, a finer instrument for sense and expression than the physical, are a clear challenge to scepticism to enunciate a hypothesis that has a more reasonable chance of explaining the enormous influence of such ancient conceits, as they are now considered, if there is no natural ground for them in our human nature. Man is a psychical as well as a physical and rational life. The myth and magic, the romance and faëry, of the world are understandable only as an imperfect reflection from, or blurred account of, man’s invisible or psychical existence. The ‘magical agent’ *par excellence* the ‘old philosophers’ declared to be the ‘one thing’ or ‘quintessence,’ and its vital transformations were held to constitute the medium of interaction between mind and physical matter. Perhaps on this point at any rate they may some day be listened to again without impatience.

The dominant learned opinion of this age of

scepticism dogmatically assumes that all rumours concerning a post-mortem state of existence must perforce be set down to the play of sheer imagination void of all actuality. But on no point do our reports lay greater stress than on the fact, as they assert, that when any fairly decent man departs from or sheds off the physical body, he is more alive than ever he was before. He is not a wraith, a phantom, a ghost, a shadow. He is as real as he ever was, or more so. His senses are keener, his life more intense, its actualities more realizable. This is the invariable burden of all such communications: decease from the physical body, except for the most grossly animal or material natures, is entrance into an ampler life, a freer, more intense, more comprehensible mode of existence. On the other hand, there are many religious minds of high culture who hold that the hereafter must be a state of a purely immaterial nature, absolutely independent of spatial and temporal conditions of any kind. One is frequently hearing the declaration of belief that heaven and hell must be states of the soul hereafter in no way materially determined. But if the extremes of heaven and hell are to be considered as purely mental states, purely inward determinations of the soul, what of the mediating notions of paradise and purgatory? If then any credence whatever is to be given to the reports which we have in mind and which lay their main stress on the latter notions, it is evident that the problem is by no means so simple of solution as it appears to those who think they can thus brusquely cut the gordian knot. It is doubtless reasonable for many to believe that only physically sensible matter is determined by spatial and temporal conditions as we



know them in normal consciousness ; but there seems to be equally reasonable room enough for a middle term, indeed a series of gradations, in our apprehension of the time-space relation mediating the extreme opposition of the purely immaterial and the material as known to normal physical sense. There may thus very probably be degrees of the material progressively approximating to the psychical owing to the greater intensity of life they can vehicle, and degrees of the psychical slowing down to register with our normal physical material state of existence. Certain phases of what are to us normally subjective phenomena and certain so-called hallucinatory psychical states seem to require us to assume an order of a subtle material nature, *i.e.* a realistic sensible objective aspect of the psychical order in intimate relation with the apprehension of the material order which we know through our physical senses. Theory is here exceedingly difficult ; but we should always bear in mind that, with the recent analysis of matter into purely dynamic units, the two great leading tendencies of modern thought, known as the new realism and the new idealism, are making friends over a number of questions which their philosophical forbears considered as challenges to a fight to the death. If then even the simplest elements of the 'two worlds' relational problem are still very difficult for science, they are by no means so hopeless of solution for philosophy as they once were thought to be. There are blendings and overlappings ; knowledge of this common ground should be attainable by co-operative work mediated by the activities of that common element in human nature that can find itself partially at home in both worlds. So far, however, our reports rarely busy themselves with psychological

fundamentals, metaphysical subtleties or purely philosophical questions; for the most part they confine themselves to descriptions and to the moral deductions or edificatory exhortations that can be drawn from or based upon them.

As to temporal conditions, our day and night clock-time does not seem to obtain, except for that most proximate phase which is practically one with our normal consciousness here *minus* the physical sense of resistance. The constant assertion is that in the succeeding phase there is no night; it is a continuous day-world. There is always light. Yet this light does not seem to be of the same order as that, say, of our polar midnight sun; it is different. Regular sleep is said to be unnecessary once the physical body is abandoned. The necessity of sleep there seems to be of a psychical rather than of a physical nature, and one can go long periods without it. But if there is a light-world, there is also its antipodes, where external night parallels the internal darkness of mind. There is of course succession, but it is not measured by our clock-time. Time there must be, for without time there would be no change and without change no consciousness. Our reports, however, do not tell us what the objective standard of the time-order of this phase may be, considered irrespectively of the individual purely subjective experience of long and short in duration due to emotional stress, of which the physically embodied soul has also frequent experience. The time-space relation is not discussed. There is as yet no voice of a Bergson from the other world who would warn us that the 'spatialization' of time is a fundamental error of thought, and that time is



purely psychical; nor on the contrary is there an Alexander to try to persuade us that space-time is in truth an inseparable unity, motion itself, the very stuff of actuality; that space and time cannot in concrete reality be abstracted from one another, even when analysed into points and moments, but ever is space the continuum of time and time the continuum of space.

As to space, many of our reports will have it quite simply that the abodes of the departed in the hither hereafter seem somehow or other to be located in the earth's surround. There is much talk of a scale of ascent—levels, planes, spheres, which are to be regarded as in some fashion in range or parallel with degrees of tenuity of atmosphere. These degrees of tenuous material existence are said to match with transformations in the subtle and vital constitution of the new order of embodiment. If the visible physical body may be regarded as the sense-impression occasioned by a molecular external construct, then there are other orders or degrees of embodiment, psychically visible, corresponding with present-day notions of atomic, electronic and etheric states of matter. There is also occasional talk of other dimensions of space as helping towards a better understanding of what is declared to be there the familiar fact of the mutual permeability or interpenetrability of the material aspects or objects of the two worlds, or of the sudden apparition or coming of an object out of the everywhere into the here. These statements raise a host of profound problems which do not seem very much to trouble their makers. Descriptively, however, as far as the imaginal surface of things is concerned, there seems to be no sudden

jump from the composition of the familiar world of appearance here to some strange environment of an entirely new order. All is gradual; the transition is no more strange at first than is the imagery of dream and vision to physically embodied folk. There are, then, ascending grades of quality of life and existence, the better or bettering state of the hither hereafter being of a purificatory and sublimatory nature. Earthly paradises supervene on less favourable conditions, and ascend to the highest realm of bliss that can be afforded a mortal while still in an embodiment of any kind in organic connection with the conditions of our planet of even the fairest and finest order. Thereafter all such conditions are to be transcended. The general idea seems thus to be that in the better state of the hither hereafter, not only the best of natural earthly things persist objectively, such as the beauties of nature, of vegetable, animal and human forms, of colour and sound, but they are enhanced, developed and extended; and that further, not only are the best of human inventions and discoveries, constructions and arrangements, preserved, but bettered and added to. If from the herewards standpoint there are replicas, doubles, counterparts of all natural and artificial objects, from the therewards point of view there are originals,—indeed much that is not yet objectivized on earth.

But here we are faced with another fundamental feature in our reports which seems considerably to modify the very pronounced realism and objectivism of the above views. Thought and motive, we are told, become ever more and more the determining means and deciding factors in life and action. Imaginative thought, in the sense of sensuous thought-imaging,



increases in power and vividness ; desire and will find, indeed, objective expression or clothing, obtain as it were immediate realisation. Hands and feet are not the only and indispensable means of locomotion and manipulation as they are here. It must be confessed that it is exceedingly difficult to discover in such a fluid state of affairs the nature of the commonly shared objectivity which is said still to obtain. There must be some order, whatever its varying phases may be, of general psychical objectivity for the continuance of social relations and progress in mutually shared relative reality, independent of the contents of the private universes of individual minds and their imaginal contacts, interblendings or interactions. But it seems beyond the competence of our reports to throw any clear light upon it. The general view would suggest that we should look to the notion of an increasingly tenuous materiality as conditioning degrees of common objectivity for those whose psychical embodiment is adapted to these various grades. This, it goes without saying, leaves us with the very difficult psychological and philosophical problems involved in the notion unsolved.

Intermingled, however, with such rumours of a graded subtle material objectivity of existence is a wide range of reports that give us to understand there are many factors of an extended order of consciousness at work. All those supernormal extensions of sense that are familiar to students of psychical research and abnormal psychology, and indeed of dream and vision, waking or otherwise, and the rest the world over, are represented as becoming increasingly the normal or usual state of affairs in the hither hereafter. Those of the departed, we are told, who are most strongly

under the influence of the habit of their late sensible restrictions of physical existence, have first to be weaned from the power of this strongly persisting suggestion of the memory, and taught to use new capacities of sense and adapt themselves to the altered conditions of existence these extended powers of sense-capacity and ability open up. And indeed it seems not unnatural but highly probable that it is in this direction we must chiefly seek a means of approach to an understanding of the most elementary conditions of the general state of the hereafter. All kinds of extended sense-possibilities have thus to be considered, and the more one probes into their nature as some of them are offered for study here, the more one is inclined to believe that, as the normal physical environment can become unstable or diaphanous or transparent for a physically embodied consciousness of supernormal sensitivity, so *à fortiori* in those less physically hampered conditions the seemingly solid surface of things becomes increasingly less an inescapable determination of sensation and action, and is gradually recognized as constituting one only as it were of the parts of speech of the cosmic language of great nature, *i.e.* of the sensible soul of the universe speaking to itself in the sensible soul of man. This grandiose notion, however, by no means suggests that such enhanced powers of sense as the known modes of clairvoyance, for instance, exemplify, dispense with the conceptual activity of the understanding and the ideational powers and logical discipline of the reason in continuous quest of the knowledge of reality. But it does give a far richer sensible content of the mind to unify, and indeed calls for the exercise of a synthetic reason of a sublime order that is able to complement the



finest discriminations of the analytical and discursive intellect which is so admirably adapted to probe into the complexities of natural phenomena and the sense-determined operations of thought.

If we can see eye to eye with Bergson in his view that matter is always for sense a collection of images, we may regard sensible matter as the means whereby mind reveals itself to mind in the imaginal mode. If we set on one side abstractions and regard the sense-flux concretely, as it is apparently immediately given us here, then the persuasion that also in any further sensible order of existence such presentation must continue to be somehow a language of a scenic, pictographic and dramatic nature is by no means absurd. This is one of the main notions we invariably meet with in our reports. As it then does not contradict what we might reasonably suppose to be the necessary state of affairs, it should be set down in their favour.

When, however, we hear, as we frequently do, of the 'creation' of thought-images, we must not consider the term to be used with precision; for creation should not be loosely confounded with the spontaneous projection of already existing images of a representative order, nor even with a rearrangement of them. The term 'creation' should preferably be confined to what is genuinely original and not simply relatively novel. The rumours we are considering evidently employ popular forms of expression solely. There is nothing in them to show that in the hither hereafter there is creation in the high sense of the term; there may very well be an enhanced receptivity of the mind for higher ideas and forms, but these presumably are given from above, and that too perchance as mediated by more

developed human minds, or minds of a higher order. These dynamic ideas and mental forms to be sensibly expressed must be clothed in images, and here there may be a very wide range of instinctive choice, determined by æsthetic taste and the effort after what is most appropriate to the end in view. But as far as I can see the thought-imaging spoken of is not creative, but so to speak fabricative, the manipulating of what is already given in sense within the determinations of the economy of an independent reality transcending the human order of mind. These phases of the hither hereafter appear to be the realm where thoughts and things most closely approximate or conjoin; they pre-eminently exemplify the unsolved enigma and standing marvel of what is for us the spontaneous and automatic clothing of our desires and wishes and willings in correspondingly appropriate images and modes of happening by the magical imaginal work of nature herself, that is, as I believe, of the more than simply instinctively intelligent soul of the universe. How this may be actually effected no man knows. Nature in her wisdom effects this marvel in us; it is only prideful ignorance that would persuade a mortal he is doing it all himself.

One of the puzzles of the tyro in these investigations is why an ex-carnate human spirit, who might be thought to be now free of all physical limitations, should manifest to a hyper-sensitive percipient, or even 'materialize' so as to fall within the range of ordinary physical sight, in a form which is the exact replica of a momentary phase of the physical body it once possessed, and not only so but clad in a garb that is the exact duplicate of one of the many suits or dresses it once wore. It is contended, and



reasonably enough, that this is the most natural procedure that can be employed for purposes of recognition. If it be argued, as it has been lately by Professor Jacks, discussing a case in which stress is laid on the peculiarity of a tuft of hair sticking out at the back of the head, that, as a man is very unfamiliar with the appearance of his own back, the replica in such a case must come from the memory of those present who were previously acquainted with him, we need not necessarily be pinned down to this conclusion. For in the first place, as a matter of fact, cases are known where the appearance or description could be recognized only by someone not present, and in the second a by no means unfamiliar psychical phenomenon of dream or vision is the seeing of one's own body, and that too as fully from an all-round point of view as we see the bodies of others. But apart from this there is nothing to prevent a memory of three-dimensional objects being reproduced as such, and not confined to the limitations of the present possibilities of physical photography or seeing oneself in a mirror. Nature may very well provide as it were three-dimensional cinema-films suited to all points of view in her invisible laboratory for the use of even the most careless observer and meanest intelligence on the psychical side of things.

In the beyond-death state however, it is said, those of the more decent sort are by no means confined to or imprisoned in their earthly memories of body and clothes and the rest. There is progressive development; the element of resemblance of form and features is preserved, at any rate for a time, but in an ascending order of refinement reaching to degrees of glorification. This development matches with what appear to be in

some way discrete degrees of existence, distinct grades of life as it were. Those in or of the higher, we are told, can visit or appear in the lower, but in so doing they assume a grade of form suited or familiar to the level on which they manifest. To those who can recognize them as being of higher degree, they appear to be surrounded by a radiance of life or emit a rarer quality of light.

To pass to another factor of interest,—I may be mistaken, but I fail to detect any reference to an economic problem in these general reports. There does not seem to be mention of any necessity of labouring to provide food and raiment and housing. There is apparently no toiling to keep body and soul together, as we say. At any rate this seems to be the case for those who obtain a happier lot. We do not find a communicator reporting 'I am a bricklayer,' for instance, or a factory-hand or a bank-clerk. We hear of the planning of grand architecture and the designing of beautiful things; but we do not hear of labourers who do the rough work of construction or who are condemned to soulless tasks of mechanical execution. Of the unhappy states we naturally hear less; but even of them I do not find it rumoured that one must eat to live and that the primary necessity of life is therefore procuring the wherewithal of subsistence. We hear, it is true, as we might expect, of the persistence of the grosser passions and desires of the 'flesh'; but these obtain no concrete gratification. They rather give rise to inappeasable torments of a tantalizing and sisyphean nature, precisely because they can no longer be physically gratified. Visions of gross delights haunt the memory until the lesson is learned that all such desires are vain. Vicarious gratification obtained



by obsessing the physical organism of a drunkard or libertine, we are told, results only in the prolongation and intensification of this wretched state. Even so, one does not meet with any dogma of endless misery. All is conceived as designed for the education of the soul and morally purposed. There is continual hope even for the most degraded and vicious. The state of the earth-bound, as they are called, even of those in the most painful conditions, is regarded as of a purgatorial nature, and 'hell' is thus considered to act as a great remedial agency. The deeper problems of the hereafter, the profounder realization of the actualities of spiritual life, do not, I venture to think, fall within the purview of the descriptions of the purgatorial and purificatory degrees of the hither hereafter which we are considering. These seem to be determined on the principle of a sorting or sifting out whereby inner states and outer conditions mechanically match each other. How different is the problem here in the present appalling mixture and confusion of our concrete living, where we may find souls of the most varied natures in the most varied and yet by no means corresponding environments. Here a mind in hell may be in a fair body and beautiful surroundings; and the contrary may equally obtain. It cannot be denied that it is precisely such striking contrasts which constitute the profoundest elements of the problem, and make it reasonable to suppose that, if the hither or more proximate hereafter fails to reproduce these extreme contrasts and contradictions, they still persist in the deeper life of the hereafter as conditions of a spiritual problem we find already stated for us here in terms of far greater subtlety than any descriptions of the hither hereafter so far afford.

But as for the more pleasant side of those

picturings, it must not be thought that our rumours depict a lotus-land of *dolce far niente*. If the economic problem no longer presses, educational and moral and social problems continue, and all are busied with them in proportion to their needs and capacities. The law is that of being benefited and benefiting in turn. Mutual aid, benevolence, beneficence and benignity are now recognized and confessed by all as of chief value and importance. The marvels of inner nature are so entrancing that all doubts as to the benevolent providence of the purpose of things are banished and therewith all scepticism as to the reality of a moral spiritual universe. It is thus a progressive life of willing and grateful service. The beauty of this corporate benevolence, in which the humblest can share, of soul-satisfying work for all to do, is strongly insisted on. Over and above the natural spontaneous expression of thankfulness and affection that wells up in the heart from the enjoyment of such conditions, and so expands the whole nature, there is the progressive acquirement of skill in good doing. This idea of an interlinked economy of help and of a universal ministry of service as a fundamental condition of regeneration has of late been greatly developed. All the philanthropic undertakings and enlightened methods of instruction and means of drawing out the best in people, it is reported, find unlimited scope. The healing and education and perfectioning of the soul to fit it ultimately for direct knowledge of God are now the chief interest and object of life. At the beginning the power of helping is naturally restricted, and must be confined to easier and simpler matters and more favourable conditions; the more difficult the cases the greater need of knowledge and experience



in the school of love. Only the stronger characters and purer natures can descend into the retrograde conditions; the less developed could not do so without grave risk of being swamped in them. The aim of all education there is therefore a moral end; the ambition of the pupil is to fit himself increasingly for the good work of benevolent service, of feeding the spiritually hungry and healing the mentally sick, of visiting the souls in prison, even of willing 'descents into hell.' But even those who are competent for such psychical 'slumming' and visitation of those self-bound in the body of their passions require periods of refreshment to strengthen the soul for still greater service.

The legitimate ambition of the soul in this state seems thus to be that of progressive development so as to become a more efficient helper or guide to others less fortunate. Indeed it is asserted that every soul, whether incarnate or excarnate, has a very special soul-friend or guardian, or it may be even more than one; over and beyond this we are assured that in general the friendship of all good excarnate human spirits may be counted on, for their one desire now is to help all they can, *i.e.* to the full extent of their ability within the law. For no help is of any permanent value unless it encourages the soul in need to put forth every effort to discipline and purify itself. All the benevolence in the world, all the love in the universe, is unable to force a soul along the path of regeneration. Freewill is an inalienable endowment of the human spirit, and must not be interfered with by the human spiritual reformer; by such an one the soul of another can be led only willingly along the path of the good, it may not be driven. The will for evil generates its inevitable consequences; and so long as the human

spirit imagines that it is worth while to persist in its evil course, the mind is filled with illusions that pervert the whole nature and play havoc with right reason.

Such are a few of the leading ideas gathered from the average better class of these rumours. The graphic data which are so abundant have necessarily to remain unnoticed in this brief summary; but enough has been said to show that there is nothing in them that conflicts with good morals in their general outlook. On the contrary, they are in keeping with the common view of the great religions of the world in so far as these deal with the proximate states of post-mortem existence. Where the difference lies is in, so to say, the popular or democratic means and sources of information. Our reports purport to be just simply communications from average men and women after death to average men and women on earth. They do not claim to be immediate revelations from the deity or from transcendent angelical intelligences to saintly seers and prophets, not rare and miraculous happenings, but just simply messages from friends and relatives who were lately with us, or friends of these, who declare that they are still alive, even more alive than ever, and something of this nature has happened or is happening to them. The general burden of the more sober and modest accounts seems to be: We do not profess to explain it all, for so much is still beyond our power of understanding; indeed we find it beyond our ability adequately to convey even what is now with us the every-day experience of our lives, seeing that it involves powers of mind and conditions of matter with which we were quite unfamiliar while in a physical body; we have therefore no earth-memories of ideas and



theories whereby we can link on from your present point of view, nor can we find the proper linking ideas or theories in the consciousness of those through whom we communicate. This may very well in general be true; and it is by no means surprising, for we all know how exceedingly difficult it is for the most highly trained mind really to explain even theoretically the most ordinary phenomena of matter or mind with which we have all been daily familiar from our childhood. The simplest sensation, the most elementary translation from the physical to the psychical order, we must humbly confess, is still an enigma to the wisest scientist among us. But if freedom from the physical body means an enhanced sensibility that opens up indefinite vistas of richness of content of mind of the empirical order, knowledge should proportionately increase provided that understanding can keep pace with sense. What, however, one gleans from the rumours is that in the state of remedial probation which they describe, it is the intuitional and emotional nature that first needs to be purified, for this is the good ground into which spiritual energies can first most easily play. Of the corresponding refinement of the powers of understanding and reason, it must be confessed that our reports do not give any really satisfactory indications. Indeed the present subtlety of the incarnate intellect seems to be in inverse proportion to the restrictions of physical sense here on earth, and is perhaps in some way a compensation for the greater subtlety of sense in the hither hereafter. At any rate it would seem that in this proximate state of the hereafter the intuitional-emotional nature, the feeling self, in spite of its enhancement, or perhaps just because of it, is not capable of dealing with the

complexities which the intellect delights to analyse. One might even suppose that, simplicities being more apparent or more longed for, simpler views bring greater satisfaction in this order of blissful emotion. That, however, eventually a state of profound understanding must supervene, overarching and subsuming, not only this emotionally guarded or reserved phase of existence, but also the grim conflicting realities of existence here on earth, is a necessary presupposition for all who have faith that there is a further shore to the ocean of becoming, in both its outer and inner aspects, where every need of the spirit of man shall find the fullest satisfaction. But this consummation transcends the possibilities of the hither hereafter we are considering, and pertains to the highest mysteries of which the greatest geniuses of religion have spoken with bated breath.

To conclude, for my own part, taking all things into consideration, and fully recognizing the very great obstacles in the way of clean and clear communication, I cannot believe that the general purport of these rumours can be ascribed solely to the phantasmagoric confections or confictions of the lying subconscious of the minds of the living. The rumours are not utterly false, but somehow within their scope and measure truth-telling. What that scope and measure are, however, constitutes one of the profoundest problems, of interest alike to science, philosophy and religion, and the new age will perforce have to tackle it as an unavoidable psychological actuality.

G. R. S. MEAD.



## CO-OPERATION AND HUMANISM.

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FOR those who both accept the Christian ethic and at the same time are eager not to blind themselves to the proved observations of science, the assurance that the Christian rule of service is not contrary to Nature is especially welcome. The theory of the 'struggle for existence,' ever since its first formulation, has been a bogey to Christians, who have seen the difficulty of reconciling it as it has been commonly expressed with Christ's law of unselfishness, although on the Christian hypothesis both are revelations of the will of the same God. Professor Macleod has therefore done a service to Christianity by his demonstration<sup>1</sup> of the existence of mutual aid in the realm of Nature. The opposition between the two principles of competition and co-operation is now seen to exist in the natural world itself, nor can it any longer be argued that Christianity is unpractical because the sole law of Nature is the law of competition. In other words, though Christianity claims to be supra-natural both in its source and in its power, it is also natural and fitted for this world in so far as its fundamental moral tenet that we are all 'members one of another' is to be found exemplified in Nature itself.

But in truth it is not only Christians who are affected by the proof of the naturalness of co-operation

<sup>1</sup> 'The Struggle for Existence v. Mutual Aid,' *Hibbert Journal*, January, 1918.

in this world. It would quite plainly be ridiculous to attempt to limit to professing Christians the possession of the co-operative ideal. In reality it is the predominant ideal of Western civilisation, the panacea of our age for all its ills, the one remedy which is expected to be universally efficacious. To it we are looking for the solution of the difficulties between capital and labour, between consumer and producer, even (in a League of Nations) between country and country. And past experience seems to justify our hopes. To a large extent it is just in so far as friendliness and good-will have ousted bitterness and suspicion that humanity has advanced. It is the interchange of ideas, not the jealous guarding of them, which has most contributed to recent progress. No doubt the weak did—and still do—go to the wall; but more and more that is seen to be a flaw in our organisation. It is felt to be intolerable, nor can we reconcile ourselves to it by the thought that it is the inevitable law of the world in which we live. The heart of humanity is in revolt against the results of unchecked competition, and we are seeking to substitute for it co-operation. It is therefore, for all who believe in human progress, a real encouragement to be told that the new principle to which we are looking is as old as Nature itself and as natural to this world as the rival principle of competition.

And yet it is doubtful whether the application to human affairs of co-operation as we see it at work in Nature will be so great a blessing as is commonly supposed. Indeed, if man is to be regarded chiefly in his 'scientific' aspect, as a part of the natural order and as subject to the laws of Nature, it can be argued with a good deal of plausibility that competition is a



more suitable guide for his life than co-operation. Notoriously Nature is careless of the individual so long as the type is preserved. This is quite clearly the case where the conditions are such that only the strongest, who is able to overcome all rivals, is able to survive. There the individual is sacrificed for the preservation of the type in its strongest form. But there is no less—there is even more—carelessness of the individual where mutual aid is the law. The purpose of that aid, on the whole, is the preservation of the species rather than of the unit. Most of the cases quoted by Professor Macleod go to show that the instances of natural co-operation might with equal fairness be regarded as devices on the part of Nature simply to avert the extinction of animals or plants which, without those devices, would be reduced to sterility. There seems to be no further purpose than that, and certainly no interest in the unit for its own sake. Such an idea is entirely opposed to modern humanitarianism. The creed of Western Europe is that the individual has intrinsic value as an individual and not merely as a link in a series. No doubt that creed is not loudly proclaimed, for the very simple reason that such proclamation is unnecessary; most individuals are only too liable to over-emphasize it for themselves. The common fault is the failure to realise, not that we do count as individuals, but that we do not count merely as such; that we have a debt and a duty to the various societies to which we belong. Because that is the harder to remember, it is that which is most put forward by preachers and philosophers, especially at a time such as the present. Nor can it be enunciated too forcibly. The betterment of the race is the highest for which a man can strive; the

patriot who dies for his country could have done no nobler thing. But the race or the nation are not, in abstraction, ends in themselves. They are worth serving or dying for because of the value of the individuals who compose them. It is no doubt true that their organisation together adds much to the units and makes them far different from what they would have been if they had lived in complete isolation. But this does not mean that the organisation or the State has a claim to be advanced apart from and independent of its members. It exists for their good, and if they are taken away it ceases to exist. Ultimately it is not that the collection has value irrespective of its units; rather it has value precisely because it is a collection of valuable individuals. That is the real justification of self-sacrifice for the State; one individual suffers that many may benefit and not that a mere system may be upheld.

It is manifest, therefore, that any system of conduct, any ethical code which is to satisfy modern notions, must make full allowance for the worth of the individual. And this is precisely what co-operation, as it seemingly works in Nature, fails to do. Even the competitive system allows more play to the individual than that. For though therein Nature may be careless of a vast multitude of weak individuals, it is clearly individual strength which is important in the struggle for survival. It is not so in natural co-operation, where all individuals seem equally worthless in comparison with the paramount purpose—the continuation of the species. Indeed the latter seems to lead to a nirvana-like existence, where the stream of life is all that counts and individuals are lost in the stream. The competitive life does give play—perhaps



too much play—to the individual. That is its great merit, and though it may usually lead to hell, it at least carries with it for a few the possibility of heaven. Without some recognition at least of the value which it gives, and natural co-operation denies, to the individual there seems to be small hope of human advance.

When, however, we turn from abstract considerations to the examination of modern history, it does become clear, as was said above, that in recent years at any rate co-operation has contributed more to human progress than hostility. But it is of the first importance to recognize that this has come about chiefly because the purely natural law has not been followed as it stands. It has not been simply co-operation that has advanced the race, but good-will—and the two are not by any means interchangeable terms. The latter does make full allowance for the worth of the individual, and indeed is based on it. Natural co-operation does not do so, as has been pointed out. And the real danger at present is that, in our hurry to solve all our difficulties, we shall try to apply to our problems a system of mechanical co-operation on the ground that it is natural, without remembering the vital element of good-will which alone can make it ultimately effective among men.

The danger is not remote. History is full of cases where in fact it has been actualised, and those cases show how disastrous are its effects, due no doubt to the attempt to treat man as simply a natural phenomenon. Indeed, if anything were wanted to prove that man in his fulness is not simply the product of Nature, it would be difficult to point to a more striking fact than the impossibility in the long run of

treating him according to simply 'natural' laws. It seems incredible that the attempt should ever have been made. In Nature co-operation appears to have for its purpose (if one may speak of the purpose of an unconscious process) an entirely material end, the fulness of purely physical life. Nor is that in the least surprising; what is surprising is that men should have tried to apply without qualification that same system to their own lives. For the value of human life, so far as we can judge, is mainly not physical but spiritual. Of that assertion no proof will here be offered; it must be left as a dogma—but it is a dogma the denial of which would go against the almost universal belief of the civilised world. And yet, in spite of the spiritual nature of man, mere co-operation has been attempted repeatedly and in various spheres without any allowance being made for the fact that those who were to co-operate were not simply animals. And whenever the experiment has been tried, it has, if we may trust the judgment of experts, proved a failure.

It may be well that instances should be given to prove, not only that it is possible, but also that it is disastrous to try to organise men co-operatively in the way in which Nature is organised co-operatively. The great enclosure of common lands at the end of the eighteenth century was really such an attempt, at bottom. In its more obvious aspect, it is true, it seems to approximate more nearly to competition than co-operation. The enclosures were carried out by landlords, whose motives seem to have been entirely selfish, and a number of independent freeholders were crushed and reduced to the status of labourers. So far we are



reminded of the 'struggle for existence'; but after the initial stages it is the co-operative principle that holds good. In place of a number of independent workers each for himself we have a number of co-ordinated workers co-operating on a large scale. From the material point of view the change was clearly a great advantage to the life of the nation as a whole. Ground was no longer wasted (as it had been) by the almost innumerable boundaries between the strips farmed by the various freeholders; on large farms scientific farming on a great scale became profitable, and a vast deal more food was produced. Economically it was an epoch-marking step forward, and as such it is mentioned in the history text-books. But recent writers on agriculture are almost unanimous in condemning the enclosures in no measured terms. The system has led, we are told by the experts, to an enormous waste of human material, and to it may be traced the low average of intelligence and culture to be found in the agricultural labouring classes. A body of men who had pride and interest in their work have been, not wiped out (as would have resulted from pure competition), but converted into a class of mechanical workers who have no personal stake, except an inadequate wage, in what they are doing, and whose work, in that each one is liable to be kept for a long period at some particular and monotonous task, lacks the variety which alone can rouse real and intelligent interest. And that has resulted simply because the form of co-operation achieved among the workers is of the same kind as we find in Nature—a co-operation which is materially for the good of the type (that is why it has so long been tolerated), but which ignores the value of the individual. In the natural world such

co-operation is satisfactory, but in human affairs it is not. Economically it may seem admirable; but its total effect is so far as possible to reduce men to the condition of the animals for whom natural laws are suited. And if that state of things with regard to the agricultural labourer is to be remedied, the way lies not in an extension of the co-operative system, where each individual is a highly specialised part of the huge machine, but in a return, through the small-holding system, to something like the old state of things where each individual cared for his own plot of land. Such is the almost unanimous opinion of those who have studied the problem. No doubt it would be financially a little less successful than the present arrangement; but it would mean the resurrection to spiritual and intelligent life of a class at present apparently moribund. It is not of course contended that the return should be to complete individualism. Clearly there will in all probability be co-operative buying and selling on the part of the small holders. But it will be co-operation qualified and inspired by good-will—which means the recognition of and respect for the worth of the individual. From the ‘natural’ point of view that is not necessary, so long as there is co-operation; from the purely economic point of view it may be a disadvantage by leading to a living wage and a consequent inflation of prices; but from a human point of view it is essential if men are not to lose their humanity.

Nor is it in agriculture alone that we can see the disastrous effects of the attempt to organise men on purely natural lines. A very similar process has been going on in the commercial world. Here too the competitive system seems more and more to be giving



way to the co-operative. Factories have been grouped together under the control of companies; small shops are being superseded by gigantic universal providers, and so on. And beyond a doubt this co-operation has paid economically; it has been for the material good of the nation. But the spiritual price of this success has been excessive. Far too much the individual has been sacrificed to the system. Allowances can no longer be made for the capacities and limitations of the worker. For the shareholder (the ultimate employer) cannot know the men, and the managing director, even if he has such personal knowledge, can hardly suffer himself to be guided by it. He has to employ only the most economic methods—and they allow no room for really human relationships and kindness between master and man. Moreover even in privately owned businesses the same state of things is more and more coming into force. In self-protection the economic methods of the companies have had to be adopted. Financially it has paid. Production has been largely increased and, owing to production on a large scale, the prices for manufactured goods were surprisingly low, at any rate before the War. But there are few who will be bold enough to contend that the effect on the workers has not been catastrophic. They are discontented; and it is a commonplace that the greater part of their discontent is due to the fact that they feel they are treated as things rather than as persons, and they resent it. And because the workers resent and fight against this treatment, the process here has not had its full effect of destroying what is valuable in human nature. That it has to some extent done so is clear from the very quality of work produced. Metal workers, for example, are no longer

artists giving expression to their individual imaginings; they are limited, or are more and more becoming limited, to the reproduction of set models, without any opportunity for æsthetic enterprise. Still the full de-humanising effect of purely natural co-operation has not so far been reached; there is yet hope for the individual, because individuals have refused to merge their individuality in the system. But the important point is that it is just this clinging to individuality—the demand for leisure, for more than a minimum wage, for ‘human’ treatment—which is at the moment the flaw in the company system, from the purely economic standpoint. For it lessens production and so the material well-being of the State. It is open to us to produce even more and more cheaply, if we are ready to sacrifice our commercial workers to mere co-operation in the way in which agricultural labourers have already been sacrificed. If we will not do that, then we must be satisfied with an economic efficiency less than what is possible, in order that the humanity of the workers may be preserved and even increased. It is well that we should have the alternatives clearly before us, lest once again we make the fatal error of trying to do without the essential element of good-will in our application to human affairs of the valuable principle of co-operation.

Two further examples of the possibility and danger of treating human beings purely economically may be more briefly adduced. Both are concerned with the support of the indigent, a matter where in particular it is important to guard against loss of self-respect and consequent degeneration on the part of those who receive help. When it became necessary to deal with large numbers of paupers, it soon was clearly seen that



much less expenditure would be involved if they were treated co-operatively—*i.e.* gathered together to live a common life—than if a system of wholesale out-door relief was continued. The consequences, if we may believe the evidence of Mr. and Mrs. Webb, have been exactly what might have been expected. The mere bodies of those who have come under the system have been on the whole well cared for; sometimes many little luxuries and comforts have been provided. But the total effect has been that, as human beings, the workhouse inmates have enormously degenerated. They have lost initiative, self-respect, interest in life; their individuality has disappeared, so far as it is not mere eccentricity. The reason has been solely that they were treated economically; the co-operative principle was applied to them without respect for their individuality. And, to come to the second instance, there is a very real danger of the same kind of result following from the methods of the Charity Organisation Society. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the courage and self-sacrificing honesty and effort of the C.O.S. workers. But there can be no doubt that among many of the poorer classes their methods are bitterly resented. No doubt this is partly because the Society has managed to put an end to a good deal of roguery and imposture. But there is also little doubt that the method of examining applicants—a method exhaustive and sometimes very intimate—is a cause of much irritation, however kindly it may be conceived and executed. It is felt that such a method treats all who ask for help as mere cases, that the human personal element is left out of count. Beyond question the old way of almost indiscriminate giving was wasteful and uneconomic; but at least it did allow for

individuality, and avoided the dangers of mechanicalism which are bound to beset any system of co-operative charity.

Of the cases quoted above no one is an exact counterpart to the co-operation we find in Nature, but each approximates to it in so far as in each the individual as such is sacrificed in order to become a mere unit for the promotion of the good of the type or race. It would have been thought that the consequences pointed out above would have been sufficient to warn men of the dangers of trying to solve human problems solely along such lines. But it is not so. Unless my memory is at fault, even so sympathetic and imaginative a writer as Mr. Wells has definitely advocated on economic grounds the abolition of small shops in favour of large emporiums; and certainly many people to-day seem to imagine that co-operation between masters and men will by itself solve all our industrial troubles. In truth it is not so. Co-operation as we find it in Nature is no more adequate as a guide for human affairs, unless it is qualified, than is competition as we find it in Nature. For natural co-operation works out in the human sphere as, roughly, scientific economy; and all attempts to treat men merely economically so far have resulted either in the revolt of those so treated, or in the reduction of them to animalism—in fact to a condition of Nature in which natural laws become applicable. That is to say, the successful application of economic laws tends to depress rather than to elevate the level of humanity. For economic laws neglect the spiritual element, and therefore are not suitable to be applied in all their rigour to those who are primarily spiritual beings. Only in so far as economic laws are subordinated



to the Christian principle of good-will, where there is opposition between the two, can the problems of humanity be solved. That has not always been realised in the past and is particularly liable to be forgotten just now as a result of the War, in which physical efficiency at least has seemed to be the supreme desideratum. And, therefore, it is now in particular that we need from the experience of the past to learn with a view to the future the truth of the warning of Christ that it is labour lost to strive to win the world at the cost of the souls of men, and that those souls can be lost through co-operation just as truly as through unhindered competition.

V. J. K. BROOK.

# THE YOGA-SYSTEM AND PSYCHOANALYSIS.

F. I. WINTER.

I.

## INTRODUCTION.

A COMPARATIVE study of the ancient yoga-philosophy of Patanjali and the modern science of psychoanalysis should not omit to take account of a historical connection between them, vague though it may be. This link is the scientific study of hypnotism.

Yoga, which etymologically is derived from the root *yuj*, 'to harness,' 'to put to,' is a method by which the human soul would unite itself with the Over-soul. It is very old and its fundamental ideas are already described in the Upanishads. Only at a comparatively late period, the exact date of which is not known, was it systematised into a regular philosophy in the Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali, who evidently compiled his work from the doctrinal records of different schools.<sup>1</sup> The method aims at the gradual withdrawal of consciousness from the outer world, leading finally to the self-inducement of a high mystic or ecstatic state to which only a few are supposed to have ever attained; it necessitates the observance of definite rules for moral

<sup>1</sup> Paul Deussen, *General History of Philosophy* (1914), vol. iii.



and bodily culture. The somatic part, which, except in some extravagant forms of austerity, is always blended to a certain extent with psychical elements, has assumed a peculiar independent development in many parts of India. It has led to the production of many extraordinary phenomena, one of the most interesting of which is the attainment of hypnotic states. In the West these phenomena were scientifically studied for the first time by James Braid. After publishing his first work (1842) on what he called 'neurypnology,' Braid proceeded to examine without prejudice the apparently supernatural feats of the yogis. This study, recorded in his book *Observations on Trance: or Human Hibernation* (1850), played a prominent part in the development of his ideas. Thus the ancient knowledge of the yogis influenced the history of scientific hypnotism of which Braid, who first pointed to the importance of auto-suggestion as against the outer manipulations of Mesmer, may be regarded as the real discoverer.

The practice of hypnotism as a clinical method by Charcot in Paris and the Nancy School of Bernheim is one of the chief events in the pre-history of psychoanalysis. Freud, the founder of the psychoanalytic method, was a pupil of Charcot and also a witness of the astounding experiments of Bernheim in hypnotic suggestion. One of these experiments was the removal of the amnesia, or loss of memory, which always follows on the events happening to a patient in the hypnotic state, without the aid of deep hypnosis but simply by suggestion. "This astonishing and instructive experiment" was, in Freud's own words, his "model." But later, in order to help a patient remember and deal consciously with certain pathogenic ideas inaccessible

to him in his normal state, Freud renounced suggestion as well as hypnotism. He simply asked the patient to let his thoughts run on without in any way interfering with the natural flow of their associations, helping him in this by questions and explanations when the associations threatened to cease. When a distinct 'resistance' appeared, Freud then especially insisted on the continuance of the flow of associations; for he regarded such resistance on the part of the patient as a clear indication of some particularly painful idea. In many cases he found this resistance due to the repressed remembrance of some early psychic trauma, and that it was just this trauma, or 'wound,' that was responsible for the symptoms in the later neurotic disease. The frequent disappearance of the symptoms after such treatment is an empirical fact. This is psychoanalysis in the strict sense. The term, however, now signifies an entire body of practical and theoretical knowledge of neurotic diseases based on this method, as developed by Freud at Vienna and by Jung at Zürich and their respective followers. The chief difference of the Zürich school from the original Vienna school is that according to Freud's view the manifestations of the unconscious are simply the fulfilment of an unconscious wish, while with Jung they may also be the symbolic prophecy of the future. "The wish-fulfilment theory of Freud," as Nicoll sums up this vital difference, "sees in the fantasy (and in the dream) the gratification of a wish that is not to be fulfilled in reality. The compensatory theory sees in the fantasy an attempt to provide that which is lacking in reality, and is protective in meaning."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Maurice Nicoll, *Dream Psychology* (1917).



## II.

## PRACTICE.

At first sight the methods of yoga and of psychoanalysis seem to operate in two spheres so distinct, their differences appear so great, that a comparison would seem impossible. By the method of psychoanalysis a sick man in certain pathological circumstances is healed by the help of another; whereas yoga is practised by a student in good health, alone, for the benefit of his own soul-development. By the first method long-forgotten 'repressed' ideas are brought back to consciousness; by the second the impressions of the objective world are to be suppressed. This 'objective world,' note well, includes our own thoughts, as Aphorism iv. 18 shows: "Mind is not self-luminous, being an object."<sup>1</sup>

As regards the first-mentioned difference, Freud states that no one can analyse the mind of another before he has analysed his own; he cannot heal another before he has healed himself. In analysing a patient, again, the analyst should be careful to interfere as little as possible with the thoughts of the patient; his aim should always be to induce the patient to analyse himself. It is, however, not possible to distinguish how much of the work is done by the patient alone and how much by the doctor; for here the very difficult and unsolved problem of suggestion arises. Nor is yoga, presumably, really meant to be practised quite alone. The necessity of a teacher, a *guru*, is much insisted upon

<sup>1</sup> The translation used is Vivekananda's—*Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms* 1912).

by most books on the subject; and though this is not mentioned by Patanjali, the need of a teacher for the beginner is clearly taken for granted. Indeed the style of the Aphorisms, especially of certain mysterious passages, as is indeed the case with all Indian *sūtras* or aphoristic literature, is so obscure that practice is impossible without further instructions from a master. The relation of the pupil to his teacher must, in the nature of this practice, be one of subtle intimacy, analogous to the 'transference' between the psychoanalyst and his patient. The theory of transference assumes that a certain emotional attitude of mind, experienced by the patient a long time ago, possibly in early childhood, is in the process of analysis transferred unconsciously by the subject to the analyst from the person which caused it originally. It may be, for instance, that the patient or pupil identifies his doctor or teacher to a certain extent with his own father; that is to say, his present relation to him is unconsciously influenced by his infantile attachment to his father. A proof of the persistence of such infantile thoughts and ties are, for instance, the typical 'giant' dreams of adults; an interesting example is Baudelaire's poem *La Géante*. However this may be, the sphere of the influence of the yoga-teacher cannot be more clearly defined than that of the psychoanalyst, and at a certain stage it ceases altogether in both cases.

The fact that the yoga-method endeavours to suppress the coming into consciousness of impressions or images and thoughts, whereas the chief aim of psychoanalysis is to bring unconscious elements of the mind to consciousness, points apparently to a fundamental difference. But what happens in both cases is in reality very similar. When the yogī tries to cut



himself off from surrounding objects, his endeavour is obstructed, not by the objects themselves, *e.g.* the light- or sound-waves they emit, but by his feeling towards them, by his unconscious desires. The Aphorisms (ii. 10.) say on this point: "They [*sc.* the 'afflictions'], to-be-rejected-by-opposite-modifications, are fine" (=unconscious<sup>1</sup>). Patanjali here introduces the term *saṃskāras*, meaning tendencies which now influence our behaviour unconsciously, but which have been in consciousness at one time. These *saṃskāras* are in some respects comparable with the complexes of psychoanalysis, but have also a much wider meaning. In Patanjali's nomenclature, however, a complex repressed from consciousness on account of its painfulness would be a *saṃskāra*. Vivekānanda indeed translates *saṃskāras* by "impressions in the *chittam*" (=mind-stuff) "that produce habits." With arresting resemblance a modern psychoanalytic writer<sup>2</sup> thus explains the concept of complexes: "The hobby is one of the causes determining the direction of my thinking. Now, if we endeavour to ascertain the exact nature of a hobby, we find that it is a system of connected ideas with a strong emotional tone and a tendency to produce actions of a certain definite character. Such a system of emotionally toned ideas is termed in technical language a 'complex.' . . . Complexes, then, are causes which determine the behaviour of the conscious stream." To get rid of these fine or unconscious disturbances which have to be rejected by opposite modifications, Patanjali lays it down (ii. 11) that "these [now conscious] modifications are to be rejected by meditation." And in another place (ii. 34)

<sup>1</sup> Deussen.

Bernard Hart, *The Psychology of Insanity* (1916).

he says: "This is [the method of] thinking the contrary," which Deussen translates literally: "Therefore, the bringing into consciousness of the opposite." This is almost verbally in accordance with Freud, who writes: "The unconscious wish is not to be influenced, . . . while the conscious [wish] is checked by everything which is equally conscious and opposed to it."<sup>1</sup>

The precise method for bringing about this coming into consciousness is psychoanalysis in its strict sense, as explicitly described by Freud in his *Interpretation of Dreams*. The patient sitting or lying down in a restful position, his eyes shut, relates to the doctor everything that comes to his mind. He is especially directed to divulge all his thoughts, however unimportant they may seem to him, without in any way criticising them. This advice has to be strongly insisted upon in the course of the treatment, for again and again the patient hesitates or stops. These 'resistances' are always, according to Freud, 'complex-indicators.' The stream of the associations does not always run in such logical and transparent sequence as in the Italian folksong:

"I am in love with our bell-tower;  
Not with the tower, only with the bells;  
No, with the fair one, who pulls the ropes."<sup>2</sup>

More frequently it flows illogically, like the ideas in a bad joke or the pictures of a dream; even mere resemblance of sound may connect two succeeding ideas. But underneath these superficial connections there always lies a deeper one, repressed from con-

<sup>1</sup> Freud, *On Psychoanalysis* (Leipzig, 1916), pp. 59, 60.

<sup>2</sup> Translated by Paul Heyse.



sciousness, very often dating back to impressions received in earliest childhood. Freud likens this phenomenon to the picture of a flooded mountain road. When the highway is barred, the water will flow along all the adjoining smaller footpaths. This original method by which the psychoanalyst takes his point of departure from those (maybe quite indifferent) thoughts which occupy the patient's mind just at the time of treatment, was developed by Freud into the method of dream-interpretation. Here the point of departure is not any given content of waking consciousness, but a spontaneous manifestation of the unconscious. The different elements of the dream, however, are analysed in the same way as before. By a comparative study of a great number of dreams, partly his own, partly those of his patients, Freud succeeded in establishing a number of working rules for the unravelling of many dream-symbols.

The broad course of this analytic procedure has points of agreement with the lower stages of yoga described by Patanjali. For instance, he says (ii. 46): "Posture is that which is firm and pleasant." This might correspond with Freud's 'restful position.' Before explaining the way to attain the advanced forms of meditation which lead to an ever higher development of the mind, Patanjali points out how the obstacles which stand in the way, *e.g.* disease, can be overcome "by meditation on anything that appeals to one as good" (i. 39). This is something similar to psychoanalysis in its strict sense. It may be objected that, at this stage of yoga, the chief endeavour is to return in thought again and again to the point of departure, the particular content that happens to be in our consciousness at the time,—namely, the object of

meditation that 'appeals to one as good.' It is a question of practice to prove the invalidity of this objection. It makes no difference whether we let the stream of associations flow along as it likes, as in psychoanalysis, or whether we interrupt it by trying to return again and again to our original object of meditation, as in yoga; the associations do not stop, nor is meditation on one object attained, until we have dealt consciously with the underlying complexes which are at last brought to light.

In the same connection—and this is not unimportant—Patanjali lays stress on 'that fleeting and seemingly insignificant product of the soul,'<sup>1</sup> the dream: "Or by meditating on the knowledge that comes in sleep" (i. 38). And this knowledge from dreams is to help against so widely divergent troubles as "disease, mental laziness, doubt, false perception," etc. (i. 30), in the same way as Freud has ventured in the face of our modern contempt of the subject to point to the importance of the interpretation of dreams for the healing of hysteria and many other forms of neurotic disease. In practice the interpretation of the dream turns out to be something similar to the meditation on the dream, even as psychoanalysis in its strict sense corresponds with simple meditation. There is even an allusion to one mode of interpretation of an element of the dream-picture, the interpretation according to "the valuation based upon the sound of its verbal expression,"<sup>2</sup> when we read (iii. 17): "By making *sanyama* [restraint—an advanced form of meditation] on word, meaning and knowledge which are ordinarily confused."

<sup>1</sup> Jung, *Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology* (1916).

<sup>2</sup> Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*.



Nor is it unknown to the philosopher of yoga that the complexes thus revealed may date back to long-forgotten events of childhood, a fact which is especially emphasized by Freud. For infantile memories, as can be demonstrated in abnormal cases of sex-perversion, unconsciously determine our psycho-sexual constitution, which according to Freud strongly influences our whole character. Describing the powers attained by yoga, the Aphorisms declare (iii. 18): "By perceiving the impressions, [comes] knowledge of past life." Here with surprising brevity our philosopher summarises Freud's contention that, when we bring the complexes into full consciousness (when we 'perceive the *samskāras*'), we in certain cases arrive directly at an incident in our earliest childhood, *e.g.* the psychic trauma causing a later neurotic symptom. The close similarity of these two ideas must not be obscured by the fact that Patanjali, proceeding from the theory of reincarnation as an established fact, means by 'past life' not only childhood but also former lives. A minor coincidence, not essentially connected with the fundamentals of the two methods, is the advice offered by the Aphorisms for such troubles as tremor of the body = fear (i. 31): "To remedy this the practice of one subject [should be made]" (i. 32). Jung, after demonstrating the dangers of lazy dreaming, which leads to general anxiety and especially to fear of death, ends with the almost identical words: "The best remedy for this is regular work."<sup>1</sup>

Not only have the practices of psychoanalysis and of the lower stages of yoga some important points in common, but they also supplement each other in various ways.

<sup>1</sup> *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* (Leipzig, 1912).

Thus, on the one hand, Freud's elaborate technique of interpretation of dream-symbols, his study of typical dreams and of the manifold phenomena of the 'psychopathology of everyday life' (after the dream the most instructive manifestations of the unconscious) may be of varied use to the student in overcoming the obstructions to yoga. Generally psychoanalysis would help him to a better intellectual understanding of the rules he follows, as far as this is at all possible. On the other hand, the assistance the psychoanalyst may gain from the practice of yoga leads to more difficult problems. There is during the analysis always a danger of the analyst gaining so much influence over the patient that the latter does not relate his own thoughts but those suggested to him by the former. No better way, perhaps no other way, to guard the analyst against the sending forth of these strong suggestions can be imagined than the perfect control of his own thoughts as described by the Yoga Aphorisms.

Patanjali calls this state the 'pacifying of the *chittam*' (mind-stuff); one of the Indian commentators speaks of it as 'blank meditation.'<sup>1</sup>

Freud, it is true, denies the possibility of such a state—and it certainly cannot be proved objectively—when he writes: "Thinking without the prospect of a goal cannot at all be obtained by our own influence on our soul-life."<sup>2</sup> But the Aphorisms set forth how to attain it. Regular exercises of body and mind are not sufficient, though difficult enough; our general attitude

<sup>1</sup> Bhagavan Das, *The Science of the Emotions* (1908). One might almost imagine, by the way, that this writer is conversant with Freud's theory, as when he writes: "Such over-stimulation [of the nerves], *with natural and normal vent in corresponding action suppressed*, often results in abnormal disease, hysteria, etc. In a milder degree it appears as the over-sensitiveness and restlessness of youth."

<sup>2</sup> *The Interpretation of Dreams*.



to life is the chief condition: "Friendship, mercy, gladness, indifference, being thought of in regard to subjects [*i.e.* persons], happy, unhappy, good and evil respectively, pacify the *chittam*" (i. 33).

This state of control certainly would lend itself more easily to the guesswork, the thought-reading, more or less indispensable in the analytic treatment of the more obstinate forms of neurosis.

Regarding these severe cases a great difficulty arises sometimes from what Freud calls the *purposes of disease* ('*Krankheitsmotive*'). These may be affection or other advantages to be expected from one's surroundings, or revenge, self-punishment, repentance, etc. All the repressed material has been brought to light, the chief symptoms have vanished, but still the patient does not find his way to a normal and healthy life, for "non-expression may produce the same effects as repression" (Nicoll). How can he find out his 'biological duties' (Jung), his *dharma*, as the corresponding Indian term would be? It is at this point that the need of eschatology sets in<sup>1</sup>; as Plato says in the *Republic* (530), we have to "find out a life better than being a king for those that shall be kings." Here the problem of religion arises, as Jung and Nicoll admit, in direct opposition to Freud, in whose "ultimate analysis religion seems, like the delusion, dream and neurosis, to be an attempt on the part of us human beings to make up for the deficiency of reality which we find quite generally unsatisfying by the production of wish-fulfilment."<sup>2</sup> This is perhaps true only of certain religious concepts, *e.g.* the exaggerated cult of the Madonna, which is a convenient help "under the

<sup>1</sup> Nicoll, *Dream Psychology*, pp. 181, 183.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. E. Hitschmann, *Freud's Theories of the Neuroses*.

oppression of sexual accusations.”<sup>1</sup> In their criticism of dogmatic religious concepts yoga and psychoanalysis are found in accord, for Patanjali warns us (iii. 52): “There should be entire rejection of enjoyment of the temptations from the celestial beings, for fear of evil again.” And elsewhere (i. 19): This *samādhi*, when not followed by ‘extreme non-attachment,’ “becomes the cause of the remanifestations of the gods.” These Aphorisms are not to be taken literally as superstitious fears, but as metapsychological statements of inward perceptions animistically projected into the outer world. Kaplan<sup>2</sup> mentions as very good instances of this ‘animistic reappearance’ of repressed desires and fears—the Erinnyes of the Greeks; and we may further point to the word ‘demon’ (*daimónion*) in its connection with the Socratic concept of conscience. The mechanism of this projection, which always starts from a strong affect, linking up only in the second instance with a logical idea or a sense-perception, is very well expressed in a poem for children<sup>3</sup>:

“There’s a shadow in the corner, when the lobby lamp  
is lit,  
And the others all go past it and they never mind a  
bit;  
But I’m afraid that some day, when I’ve not been  
good at tea,  
That nasty, ugly shadow will spring right out at me.”

The two Aphorisms may be taken therefore to express the same fundamental idea as does Jung when he says: “The active part of the idea of God is not the

<sup>1</sup> Freud, *Neurosenlehre* (1912), vol. ii.

<sup>2</sup> Leo Kaplan, *Hypnotism, Animism and Psychoanalysis* (Leipzig and Vienna, 1917).

<sup>3</sup> Percy Haselden, *Rhymes of Golden Days*.



form but the force, the libido" or psychological energy; and in another place: "The phenomenon well known to every psychoanalyst of the unconscious transformation of an erotic conflict into religious activity is from an ethical point of view of absolutely no value and nothing else but hysterical make-believe. He, however, who opposes consciously religion to his conscious sin, does something to which in view of history the attribute of grandiose cannot be denied. Such is sane religion."<sup>1</sup>

This is precisely what Patanjali proposes; so much so that he postulates as the very starting point of our higher development a certain transformation of the mind which can only be designated by the much abused term 'conversion.' Thus (ii. 1): "Mortification, study and *surrendering fruits of work to God* are called *kriya-yoga*." He here fills a gap in the psychoanalytic system which, though it recognises that certain neurotic symptoms may be "the consequences of the over-estimation of life and its finite manifestations,"<sup>2</sup> in its criticism of religion seems to be only destructive. For the rationalistic fusion of ethics and religion, of the "moral autonomy of the personality" combined with the "development of mankind . . . by means of symbols which represent something far in advance of himself, and whose intellectual meanings cannot yet be grasped entirely," as Jung puts it,<sup>3</sup> though perhaps a necessary step in human evolution, is a failure, the consequences of which the contemporary history of Europe proves clearly enough. In his researches on the lay moral education in schools, Delvolvé finds

<sup>1</sup> *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. W. Stekel, *Nervous States of Anxiety* (Berlin and Vienna, 1912).

<sup>3</sup> *Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology* (1916).

that this "fails to attach itself to any 'living centre' within the child's nature, around which the elements of the moral life group themselves, as it were spontaneously, as an organism develops from an original central germ."<sup>1</sup> And a modern writer on psychoanalysis in its application to education, proceeding from the same conclusion, declares that: "Education must discover that positive to which the complex is a negative."<sup>2</sup> In the same way as our Aphorisms criticise the anthropomorphic symbols of religion which contain elements of our own unconscious desires, they lay stress on the limitations of pure ethics: "Good deeds, etc., are not the direct causes in the transformations of nature, but they act as breakers of obstacles to the evolutions of nature; as a farmer breaks the obstacles to the course of water, which then runs down by its own nature" (iv. 3).

Patanjali supplements this negative idea and points to the duty of an ever higher development of our inner self, the manifest as well as the latent powers of our soul. For this is the purpose of everything that happens to us during our life: "The experienced is composed of elements and organs . . . and is for the purpose of experience and release [of the experiencer]" (ii. 18). The doctrine of the final goal of this evolution, however, leads to the more theoretical aspects, philosophical and psychological, of the two methods.

F. I. WINTER.

(A second part—'Theory and Conclusion'—will follow.—ED.)

<sup>1</sup> *Rationalisme et Tradition*, quoted by Thiselton Mark, *Modern Views on Education* (1913).

<sup>2</sup> Kenneth Richmond, 'Out of School,' series of articles in *The New Age* (1918).



## DO ANIMALS CEASE AT DEATH?

H. J. DUKINFELD ASTLEY, M.A., Litt. D.

*Animula, vagula, blandula,  
Hospes, comesque corporis ;  
Quae nunc abibis in loca,  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula ;  
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos ?*

THE EMPEROR HADRIAN.

SHE was only a kitten; but the gayest, brightest, sprightliest little creature that had ever graced 'this naughty world.' No Persian or Angora or Siamese aristocrat was she; just a little English kitten, grey with darker and lighter stripes on her back, with white chest and paws, and white face, with a little smudge of grey on one side of her nose, where the Great Artist had put his thumb when he was painting her.

Her early infancy was uneventful. Very soon, after she found herself able to run about the house and explore the garden, she began to investigate this strange cosmos, and with remarkable intelligence, which her fond owners watched with growing interest from day to day. She was not satisfied with rolling an empty reel of cotton or a walnut about the floor; it must be thrown to her, when she would catch it in her paws, toss it into the air, and catch it again, or pass it on to one of her admiring younger relatives, who would sometimes, not always, toss it back to her. Before very long she discovered where nuts could be procured

—from the sideboard or dinner table—whereupon she developed a growing predilection for them. She would spring up, and a dainty paw would carefully select from the dish one to her liking, draw it out and roll it along till it fell floorwards, when she would be after it in a flash and catch it almost before it had time to reach the ground.

As her education progressed she developed great powers of observation, and was always learning something new. For example, before rolling the nut or reel she would often pause, paw in air, and give it a gentle tap, gazing at it curiously the while with her little head on one side, as though enquiring: How do you manage to roll along like that?

But this by no means exhausted her faculty for observation and what one cannot but call her capacity for intelligent reasoning. In process of time she noted not only that people enter and leave a room by the door, and that if the door were closed she was shut out from the fireside and all the pleasures of society, but she also, without doubt, noted that the maid, when wishing to enter the room, knocked at the door. Thereupon she reasoned the matter out, and contrived the following plan. An old oak-chest stands outside the dining-room door in the hall; on this she would perch herself, and gently rattle the hasp of the door until it was opened, when it was the prettiest sight in the world to see her peeping round the corner with the question in her eyes: May I come in?

Another trick she taught herself—for she was entirely self-educated, and that was what constituted more than half the pleasure of watching her advance from day to day. In the hall, beside an old grandfather clock, hangs a Japanese gong, with a garden-chair



alongside. Having in this case also carefully noted the course of events—that after the table was laid, the maid would sound the gong, upon which the family would sit down to meals, from which many a dainty bit was to be expected—she decided to try the experiment for herself. Accordingly one day she was discovered in the act of balancing herself on her hind legs on the top of the chair and reaching out to strike the gong with one of her little front paws, just as she had seen the maid do with the striker when the meal was taken in. She succeeded in striking it once or twice, and in future attempts was becoming quite proficient. Unfortunately, however, on one occasion she was caught in the act by someone descending the stairs at the time, who thoughtlessly exclaimed, ‘Kitty, what are you doing?’ This startled and distracted her and she overbalanced herself and fell to the floor; after which she never attempted the trick again. But her process of reasoning and faculty of observation were clear none the less.

Another of her pretty ways—for she was a privileged kitten—was to wind in and out among the flower-vases on the lunch or dinner table, watching for a tit-bit. When it was offered she would make a little dart forward and accept it with as it were a ‘thank you,’ never once upsetting or even moving a vase. A piece of cheese was one of her special weaknesses; she would never miss sitting on a chair beside the sideboard, on which she knew it was placed after lunch or dinner, waiting till she received her reward.

Never once was she known to be out of temper or to put out a claw in anger. Many another trait could I describe, exhibiting her blithe and happy disposition indoors and out, scampering after the dead leaves in

autumn, or wondering at the snowflakes in winter; but it is time to draw this short narrative of too short a life to a close.

A tragic end, alas! awaited her. One morning, when barely eleven months old, she went out as usual and was missing all day. It was one of the worst days in a cold and bitter spring. She would never have stayed out in the rain and wind unless something untoward had happened to her. We hunted everywhere, in garden and paddock and the neighbouring fields and hedgerows, but nothing could be seen or heard of her. Ours is a locality where traps abound and where there are many foes to a kitten's existence; so it was sorrowfully concluded that she had disappeared without leaving a trace behind, as many another had done before her. The next morning she quite suddenly reappeared, but in a terribly muddy and woebegone condition, badly wounded, probably by a trap. All that loving care and attention could do was tried; but all in vain. She lingered through that day and the next, gradually growing weaker, and at length, as evening was turning towards midnight, to paraphrase the poet's words:

“Came the blind Fury with the abhorred shears  
And slit the thin-spun life.”

Giving one or two little cries like a frightened child she lay down, crossed one little paw over the other, and breathed out her life with a sigh as though falling asleep, to the inexpressible grief of those round whose affections she had entwined herself as no kitten had done before.

She was buried in a little copse where ‘after life's fitful fever’ many of her kind had been laid, to sleep



the 'long sleep' before her, and her grave was covered with freshly gathered snowdrops, emblems of a life beyond the present. As epitaph some lines of Wordsworth, adapted to fit the case, seem not inappropriate :

"A year she grew in sun and shower ;  
Then Nature said, ' A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown :  
She shall be mine. . . .  
She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.' . . .  
Thus Nature spake. The work was done.  
How soon my kitty's race was run !  
She died and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be."

And those others, in which the poet apostrophises the body of a departed friend, perhaps the same little maid :

"No motion has she now, no force ;  
She neither hears nor sees ;  
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course  
With rocks, and stones, and trees !"

But is it really so in the one case more than in the other ? Of the departed friend the poet believed that what he sang was true only of the body ; the immortal spirit was alive with fuller and nobler life

somewhere in the unseen. The question then comes forcibly to mind : Are we compelled to hold that all that was left of this kitten was the little sleeping body laid to rest ? Can such dawning powers of observation, can such a bright intelligence, such faculties of reasoning and of affection as she displayed, have perished out of the universe for ever ?

Ten years ago the same thought occurred to the writer when a favourite little terrier died at the ripe age of fifteen years ; but he hardly dared express it. Though he was well aware that the great Bishop Butler refused to deny a future life to animals, it seemed too bold a surmise. All he ventured to say is found in the following lines he inscribed to her memory :

“Fond companion, faithful friend,  
Now thy little life hath end !  
Lustres three have marked thy span  
Since thy home with us began ;  
Now thy merry noisy bark  
Is silenced i' the silent dark.  
Never more thy winsome face  
Shall thy mistress' boudoir grace ;  
Never more thy little feet  
Shall thy master daily greet.  
Now thou'rt gone, thine hour is come,  
And our hearts are filled with gloom ;  
Earth is cold and sunshine chill.  
Everywhere we see thee still ;  
For thy memory haunts the spot  
Where thou wert, but now art not.  
Fond companion, faithful friend,  
Mourned like this, thou hast not end.”

But maturer thought allows him now, after the



lapse of time, to go further. Butler's argument is very interesting, and, taken in connection with the doctrine of evolution, the strength of it is the more clearly perceived. He has been advancing arguments in support of the idea of immortality merely on the ground of what he calls 'Natural Religion,' and continues: "But it is said these observations are equally applicable to brutes; and it is thought an insuperable difficulty that they should be immortal. . . . But the thing is really no difficulty at all, either in the way of natural or moral consideration. For first, suppose the invidious thing, designed in such a manner of expression, were really implied, as it is not in the least, in the natural immortality of animals—namely, that they must arrive at great attainments, and become rational and moral agents; even this would be no difficulty, since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endued with. There was once, prior to experience, as great presumption against human creatures, as there is against the brute creatures, arriving at that degree of understanding which we have in mature age."

And further: "We find it to be a general law of Nature, that creatures endued with capacities of virtue and religion should be placed in a condition of being, in which they are altogether without use of them for a considerable length of their duration, as in infancy and childhood. And great part of the human species go out of the present world before they come to the exercise of those capacities in any degree at all. But then, secondly, the natural immortality of brutes does not in the least imply that they are endued with any latent capacities of a rational or moral nature. And the economy of the universe might require, that there

should be living creatures without any capacities of this kind."

It is unnecessary to pursue Butler's argument further, but we may note that in his most valuable book, *Studies Subsidiary to Butler's Works*, Mr. Gladstone remarks on this point: "Butler is evidently led to his conditional argument on behalf of the immortality of brutes by the palpable fact that they give evidence of living powers, some living agent, some true self, within and above their corporeal organs. It has been feared by some that this may lead to an inversion of the argument, and a contention that, if our 'living being' be like theirs, little can be inferred from it as to a likelihood of independent survival. The absolute finality of death for brutes ought not, I suppose, to be taken for granted." And again: Butler "speaks of a natural immortality of brutes, and observes that it does not imply their being endowed with any capacities of a rational or moral description," neither does he "admit it to be a consequence of his teaching with respect to the living powers, or living being, as existing in man."

But we can carry the argument further than the great Bishop could do in his day. The strongest of all reasons, it has been well said, for dismissing the machine theory of animals is their variety of idiosyncrasy. It is said that to the shepherd no two sheep look alike; it is certain that no two animals of any kind have the same characters. Some are selfish, some are unselfish, some are gentle, some irretrievably ill-tempered both to each other and to man. And so the doctrine of evolution comes in to enforce the argument. The great and cautious Darwin said that the senses, intuitions, emotions, curiosity, imitation,



reason, of which man boasts, may be found in an incipient or even sometimes in a well-developed condition in the lower animals. "Man, with all his noble qualities, his God-like intellect, still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin. Our brethren fly in the air, haunt the bushes, and swim in the sea." Darwin agreed with Agassiz<sup>1</sup> in recognizing in the dog something very like the human conscience. The great German philosopher Leibinz said that Eternal Justice ought to compensate animals for their misfortunes on earth, and Schopenhauer held that the ill-treatment of animals arose directly from the denial to them of immortality, while it was ascribed to man.

In a remarkable book, which I have lately been reading and which I am glad to have the opportunity of bringing to the notice of some readers of this Review who may not have come across it, I find a similar pious hope expressed in regard to an animal of

<sup>1</sup> Louis John Rudolph Agassiz (1807-1873) was one of the greatest Naturalists of the last century. Of French descent, of Swiss birth, of German education, he spent the latter years of his life in America. The passage in which he speaks of the possibility of the immortality of animals is the following (from his 'Essay on Classification,' in *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States*): "Most of the arguments of philosophy in favour of the immortality of man apply equally to the permanency of the immaterial principle in other living beings. May I note that a future life in which man should be deprived of that great source of enjoyment and intellectual and moral improvement, which results from the contemplation of the harmonies of an organic world, would involve a lamentable loss? And may we not look to a spiritual concert of the combined worlds and all their inhabitants in presence of their Creator, as the highest conception of Paradise?" In commenting on this passage in one of his *Boston Monday Lectures*, the Rev. Joseph Cook remarks: "Is it not worth while for us to pause a moment to look abroad into this highest conception of Paradise? Shall we, too, not hope that it may be the true one? Richter would say, if he stood here, that he hopes it may be. Tennyson would say that he wishes it may be. Must not we, remembering the long line of acute souls who have believed in the possibility that instinct is immortal, say that, if it be so, it is best that it should be so? Whether it be so or not, I care not to assert: what I do affirm is, that the argument for immortality, by striking against the possibility that instinct may be immortal, is not wrecked, but glorified."

which the author was particularly fond. The book is entitled *The Faith of a Farmer*, and is remarkable from the fact that the writer, William Dannatt of Great Waltham, Essex (1843-1914), was not only a thoroughly practical and successful farmer in the days when farming was at a very low ebb, but also, as his book shows, a man who in his inner life was at heart a mystic. The volume consists of extracts taken from a Diary which he kept in later life. This is what he writes germane to the present subject: "Just another word for that noble animal, the horse, which I must say I love. God forgive me if I have not done my duty to him, for many have worked for me year in and year out from seedtime to harvest, through frost and snow, through the hot summer day, and the wet day in winter, ever willing, and working cheerfully, tractable and obedient to the last degree. If they have another life, may that life be a happy one!"

The learned Mrs. Somerville, speaking of her approaching death, said: "I regret the sky, the sea, with all the changes of their beautiful colouring; the earth with its verdure and flowers; but far more shall I grieve to leave animals who have followed our steps affectionately for years, without knowing for certainty their ultimate fate, though I firmly believe that the living principle is never extinguished. Since the atoms of matter are indestructible, as far as we know, it is difficult to believe that the spark which gives to their union life, memory, affection, intelligence, and fidelity, is evanescent." With regard to the indestructibility of atoms, this was true when she wrote; but modern investigation has shown that they are in reality divisible, being composed of an indefinite number of electrons. The argument, however, as to the



persistence of 'the vital spark' is not thereby vitiated. Science teaches us that nothing in the universe is ever lost. Energy never perishes; it is only transformed. Just as, in *The Tempest*, Ariel tells Ferdinand that the body of his father, who has been drowned in the shipwreck, suffers "a sea-change Into something rich and strange," the image and pledge of the change that awaits his spirit in the unseen world, so may we not believe the same for animals as for ourselves? The universe of God is immense enough and the heart of God is large enough for it to be true. The thought is entirely in line with the belief of primitive man—a belief which our children share—and perhaps this child-like belief is nearer to the heart of the Eternal than all the speculations and disbeliefs of man in a more sophisticated stage of culture.

According to the beautiful expression of the thought among the Red Indians of North America, who shared the belief in immortality common to all primitive peoples:

"The hunter still the deer pursues,  
The hunter and the deer a shade";

and the thought, of which we have noted the earlier expressions, is taken full advantage of in the latest book that has been published on the subject of Immortality—that edited by Canon Streeter, in which several well-known writers collaborate with himself in the endeavour to make the idea of immortality more congruous to the modern mind than all the dogmas of all the churches have availed to do.

Says Mr. Clutton-Brock, in an essay on 'Pre-suppositions and Prejudgments': "Yet another irrelevant cause of disbelief in a future life is the

strange assertion, commonly associated with the Christian faith, that animals have no souls. This did not matter so long as men saw no likeness between themselves and animals; but, now that a thousand discovered facts prove the likeness, the contention is obvious that, since animals have no souls, men can have none either, and must die like dogs. But how if dogs die like men? How if animals are like men rather than men like animals? Perhaps the last piece of Christian humility we have to learn, with St. Francis, is that the black beetle is our brother. Perhaps it is the generic snobbery of man, more than anything else, that has deprived him of his highest hopes. . . . I cannot believe in a real future life so long as I think of it as a privilege of my own species." And Canon Streeter himself says on the same subject: "We need not dogmatise as to the exact point in the scale of being at which there first appears a consciousness sufficiently individual to have a permanent value as such. . . . But when we come to the higher animals the case is different. If love, loyalty, and capacity for unselfish devotion rather than intellect (*per se*) be the test of 'soul,' few lovers of the dog would be disposed to deny that . . . there is latent and can be awakened something to which we cannot refuse the name 'soul.' . . . The attitude of a dog towards his master is very like that of the ancient Hebrew to his God. . . . Why should not relations with a master, made in the image of God, do for the dog what relation with God can do for the master? . . . Indeed it may possibly be the case that animals have what is known as a 'conditional' immortality, that is to say, that they survive as individuals only if they have through contact with



human beings, actually developed what would otherwise have been only a latent possibility and achieved something which we may call a 'soul' or personality of a rudimentary kind. But if they have once achieved personality we may suppose it will still further develop, and that they might come to play in the next life a part in the fellowship of souls analogous to that which little children play in this life."

Canon Streeter, it will be observed, confines himself in his argument to dealing with the possibility of a future life for the dog, and on this the *Times* Reviewer somewhat unkindly remarks: "This is only to say that Canon Streeter had a dog he was fond of"; and no doubt he would say the same thing of the present writer when he carries the argument on, and applies it, as Mr. Clutton-Brock does, to other animals: "This is only to say the writer had a kitten he was fond of." But surely there is something in the further argument, which Canon Streeter refers to, that He who on earth loved the birds and flowers and sympathized with the lost sheep and 'the little dogs,' would not Himself be happy in the heavenly world without the presence there of their counterparts, and if so certainly He will welcome the intelligent creatures of His own fashioning. It will have been noticed that Canon Streeter argues that it is association with his master that brings to pass the development of 'personality' or of 'the rudimentary soul' in the dog; but surely, as already hinted, we need not limit this result of association to one species of animal. Even rats and mice have been known to develop wonderful intelligence when associated with human beings, as is testified by many a story of the comfort found in them by a prisoner in his lonely cell—of

which Silvio Pellico in his Austrian dungeon is a classical example.

Just so was it in the case of the kitten with which this article has to do. People were often wont to remark: "You make your cats too human"; and what was true in a general way was truer still in her case. She was undoubtedly 'humanised' to a remarkable degree by her association with human beings—perhaps too much so for her own eventual happiness—but at least, as every reader of this true narration will no doubt admit, her intellectual powers and therefore her 'personality' were unusually drawn out, and the 'possibility' at least, of a future existence arrived at. Be this as it may, it is a civilizing and a softening thought, especially as regards the treatment of the so-called dumb and inferior creatures, as was seen by Schopenhauer; and we shall believe that if, as we firmly hope, there is immortality for ourselves, there is also for them; and that somewhere, somehow, in some sphere of God's illimitable universe, we shall meet our dog and our kitten again. So for them, as for ourselves, we may transmute the dying Roman Emperor's address to his soul, which heads this essay, into Pope's beautiful paraphrase:

"Vital spark of heavenly flame!  
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame:  
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life."

"Probably in all the world," remarks the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco in her charming book, *The Place of Animals in Human Thought*, from which some of the



foregoing references have been taken, "a number, unsuspectedly large, of sensitive minds has endorsed the belief expressed so well in the lines which Southey wrote on coming home to find that a favourite dog had been 'destroyed' during his absence :

" . . . Mine is no narrow creed ;  
 And He who gave thee being did not frame  
 The mystery of life to be the sport  
 Of merciless man ! There is another world  
 For all that live and move—a better one !  
 Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine  
 Infinite Goodness to the little bounds  
 Of their own charity, may envy thee !' "

" The holders of this ' no narrow creed ' start with all the advantages from the mere point of view of dialectics. They can boast that they have placed the immortality of the soul on a scientific basis. . . . They have the right to say, moreover, that they and they alone have ' justified the ways of God.' They alone have admitted all creation that groaneth and travaileth to the ultimate guerdon of the ' Love which moves the sun and other stars !' "

And we may still further comfort ourselves, as the great poet and mystic of the mid-Victorian era comforted himself when he thought of his dead friend cut off in the prime of life, by reflecting :

" Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
 Will be the final goal of ill.

. . . . .

" That nothing walks with aimless feet ;  
 That not one life shall be destroyed,  
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
 When God hath made the pile complete ;

“That not a worm is cloven in vain ;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

“Behold, we know not anything ;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last to all,  
And every winter turn to spring.

“So runs my dream.”

H. J. DUKINFIELD ASTLEY.



# THE ENIGMA OF ALCHEMY.

The late THOMAS SOUTH.

## FOREWORD.

IN my Introduction to the recent reissue of *The Suggestive Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*<sup>1</sup> by Miss Mary Anne South (afterwards Mrs. Atwood), the circumstances in which that book came to be written are related, and it is also shown that simultaneously with its compilation the authoress' father, Mr. Thomas South, undertook the writing of a metrical exposition of the Hermetic subject. This proposed epic of Alchemy, however, he subsequently decided to destroy along with the copies of his daughter's book, and in describing how this destruction was accomplished and the motives prompting it I stated that no vestige of the poem now survived save a dozen lines quoted from it by Miss South in the text of her book.

Since the reissue of *The Suggestive Inquiry*, however, duplicate proof-sheets of the first sixteen pages of Mr. South's poem have unexpectedly been discovered inside a volume recently purchased at a second-hand book-shop in London. The volume in question belonged originally to a literary friend of Mr. South whom the latter had consulted in regard to the format for the publication of his poem, and with the proofs was found a letter in Miss South's handwriting

<sup>1</sup> See the lengthy review in the last number. The reissue is said to be out of print, but will be reprinted when the present paper shortage is over—ED.

appointing an interview to discuss the subject. Mr. South apparently had these few specimen pages set up in type for this purpose, and they seem to have remained in the possession of the friend to whom he submitted them and so escaped the destruction which befell the rest of the poem.

The purchaser of the volume in which they were found communicated with me and very courteously asked me to accept one of the duplicate proof-sheets. It is here reproduced both for its historical interest and as a sample of Mr. South's work. This perhaps has small merit as poetry, and its perusal may prompt the comment that, if the world has lost the benefit of the author's exposition of Alchemy, it has been spared the infliction of a long and turgid epic poem in the uninspired manner of the 18th century. The recovered pages, however, suffice to indicate the general trend of Mr. South's outlook upon Alchemy and that his interpretation is identical with that of his daughter in her *Suggestive Inquiry*.

W. L. WILMSHURST.

## THE FRAGMENT.<sup>1</sup>

### THE ENIGMA OF ALCHEMY.

#### Part 1.

AUTHOR of all, Light! all directing, Thou,  
That in Thy wisdom know'st the when and how  
Darkness and dreams shall vanish, the full scale

<sup>1</sup> The proof-sheets are reproduced exactly, with the sole correction of some obvious errors of spelling. The faulty punctuation is retained and no attempt is made to edit the phrasing even when clearly out of grammatical construction. Doubtless Mr. South would have considerably amended his poem by corrections in proof had it ever seen the light under his own auspices.—ED.



Of sacred truth preponderate, the veil  
Be rent before the shrine, and the long night  
(So dark there was no star that gave us sight  
Of it, or even consciousness of light)  
Burst into day, the eyes of human kind  
May see it not distinctly, yet the blind  
In body shall behold it, and rejoice,  
That mysteries, as the "image of a voice,"  
And such dark sayings, graved upon the mind,  
Shall rise articulate; as the rushing wind,  
That for the Gospel truths in every tongue  
Gave language to the faithful, words that rung  
In many lands on ears, that had the sense  
Within, to catch and carry them, and thence  
Draw brighter, higher, holier inference.  
That was true inspiration, which the soul  
First caught in high conception from the whole,  
The fire, the light, the still aspiring flame  
That fills the firmament, and not a name  
Only of common parlance with the mass,  
Who, not divining, lightly let it pass;  
Truth fann'd by faith, like flame by zephyr curl'd,  
Rises, and tells us how we are a world  
Within ourselves, progressive in our course  
On to the pure originating source;  
Before its proper sun, this circling orb,  
This human world, set wisely, can absorb  
Its brightest beams, and work with that first cause,  
And catch its power, and second all its laws;  
Draw light upon our disk, and on the moon  
Cast its own image, and the height of noon  
Rise to as in his full meridian blaze,  
We at our zenith pass thro' every phase  
Of either planet, and their dark eclipse,

Of which the seal has long on human lips  
Been press'd devoutly ; that we pause, and ask  
(Should we at all be equal to the task)  
Have we the conscience clear to lead us thus ?  
We feel that our intent is virtuous,  
Our knowledge little, and far, far below  
What higher souls have been vouchsafed to know ;  
And thus we stand by our own light—if ours,  
'Tis given us, and falls, like summer showers  
Refreshing on our earth ; and if there be  
Yet other worlds of kindred mould, and free  
From the false fetters that man lays on man,  
We give them without envy—what we can ;  
And say that Adam, man, has fallen, and falls  
Yet lower, building, as he does, fresh walls  
Of assumed science, but to block and bar  
His free return to that high polar star,  
The needle still directs him to ; one way  
By land or sea, by night or open day ;  
Nor is this pole-star far, too far for thee,  
Fix'd firmly in thine own identity.  
Be this thy pole-star, to this magnet draw  
Where love is liberty, and nature—law ;  
Where no conventional restrictions bind  
The rich unvalued treasury of mind.  
This is our reckoning, this our Chemic School  
Now opened ; *involution* is the rule ;  
How to approach it, how the way prepare ?  
Without starvation, learn to live on air ;  
Learn, that in air's fine element there flows  
Vitality—that in its bosom glows  
Light, purity—and that it gives the leaven  
To lift the soul up to her native heaven :  
There is an art, we say with emphasis,



Yea, transcendental, and that art is this :  
To draw the virtue infinitely spread,  
And breathing which is as our daily bread,  
Attracting this to that pure heaven to rise,  
And bring to earth, and here to mentalize,  
With light fermenting leaven, to create  
New being, as 'twere the mass manipulate  
In faith with this invisible, to fill  
Unconscious vacancy, condense, instil,  
This ether to secrete, and well apply—  
Pure and more pure, to mould and modify—  
To have this knowledge—and in the unseen  
Faith to believe—and draw in this terrene  
Human existence, potencies of will—  
Faith, we reiterate, hand in hand with skill,  
Nature assisted in her own career—  
Advanced by art beyond the sensual sphere,  
Another system, a new code of laws,  
Proclaiming yet more loud the great First Cause,  
More plainly manifesting, startling, new,  
Rising e'en now to vindicate the true,  
In truth confiding, singleness of heart,  
These we declare, and publish as the art,  
The sacred, the unnamed, the unrevealed,  
Yet altogether not in silence seal'd,  
But wrapt so close in dark similitude  
Of every shade, as subtly to elude  
Such, as still trusting to the open sense,  
In that dull atmosphere, and medium dense  
Have lived, not learned the lesson life should give  
The untaught, unimagined, how to live ;  
We have existence, but on this low earth,  
If that we are progressive up from birth,  
'Tis but in worldly goods, what else have we

Gained at the very summit of the tree ?  
No tree of knowledge this—nor do we heed  
How we may climb, and catch that palmy seed,  
Nor do, nor will we even recognize  
This towering palm, now set before our eyes,  
Solomon's wisdom hath not made us wise ;  
Neither this tree, set forth by liberal hands  
In these our days, but slowly yet expands,  
There is in truth no faith to irrigate,  
And, seems it not ? no mind to estimate,  
Such seed as else ere this with tropic fire,  
Had risen, and drawn some thinkers to aspire,  
Gazing alone on it with ken acute,  
Rearing its growth, again to yield its fruit,  
Such as of old did savour men of mind,  
Who had the relish, and the tact refined  
To climb, not as the ape, that palmy height,  
But with keen intellect to grasp the light.  
There is but one conductor leads and draws  
To wisdom's heights, transcending sense's laws.  
This guide is purely spirit, that which flows  
In ambient air, that still ascending glows,  
Nearing the light and corporeity  
Lifting in buoyant freedom far on high,  
Bears to this light's pure ether, this serene  
Wisdom, where universals all are seen  
Entire, and luminous, where time's demesne  
The past, the present, and the future there  
Merge in that sea, as ether blends with air.  
Get wisdom then, above and over all,  
Get understanding first, and principal,  
As a pure mirror to receive the light  
And by reflection re-present to sight ;  
But if the glass subjective be not pure,



The object to present in portraiture—  
Fitly prepared by photogenic laws—  
Pure to the pure, like only likeness draws,  
No perfect image will incline to fall,  
And cast a form reflective of the All :  
Let us insist on purity, before  
Such sacred spheres we venture to explore,  
Ourselves in mind be virtuous, and ere  
Moulding our exact speculum, beware  
That its componencies be crystal clear ;  
Not let us say, unsullied by a tear,  
But in that contrite torture purified,  
In the free flowing of that briny tide—  
In the full blessing of that radiant rain,  
Drawn thro' the fine alembic of the brain.  
Let us wash off impurity, nor leave  
One taint or tincture on that argent vive,  
Let us distil pure spirit, to advance  
And know the perfect virtue in the trance.  
Our lab'ratory this, or if you will  
A type of the old sign, "The Man and Still."  
No common crucible, no light ordeal,  
No vulgar test, our chemistry is real.  
'Tis *Alchemy* ! nay start not in your pride  
Of practical experiment, to guide  
Whither ye know not, but if to a goal,  
Ye heap up only earth, as doth the mole—  
Ye work in dismal darkness, and ye think  
In sooth our art is hardly worth the ink—  
By no means worthy of your manual skill,  
To draw you off from practising the pill,  
And that still dearer practice of the fee.  
"Allowing as we may all this to be,  
Yet how connect the trance with Alchemy?"

Rejoins the therapeutic mesmerist,  
“ In what does that pretended art consist ? ”  
Ay, do ye ask ? ye should be (say we then),  
For this our art the fit and foremost men ;  
Had ye but served your 'prenticeship, and some  
Truly, that obstacle have overcome,  
Served their full time, and had they progressed faster,  
Might have attained to the degree of master,  
*Artium artis*, crowned with gold and glory  
And the diploma, *doctior doctore* ;  
But they lacked knowledge, could not e'en believe  
Others had known what they could not conceive :  
Yet they had pass'd the Rubicon—a mass  
Of startling evidence had made that pass :  
But not like Joshua, with his mighty hand  
Have they pass'd over to the promis'd land,  
Not over Jordan, they had courage, sooth,  
But were they strong in knowledge and in truth ?  
No ! not like Joshua, knew not what they won,  
Making the pass of that first Rubicon.  
Why halted they, that passage gained at length,  
With Cæsar's courage, but not Joshua's strength ;  
Neither had Cæsar snatched an Empire's crown,  
Had he, content with barely that renown,  
Paused at the Pass, nor Joshua much more  
Had he not crossed to the farther shore,  
Nor with the ark through that divided tide,  
Proceeded boldly to the other side,  
He and his host ! but, having faith, he knew  
The time, the place, the hand that led him thro',  
And so did reach that promised land at length,  
Confiding in his courage, and his strength.  
And what was Cæsar's empire, what was Rome  
To that land promised, that long look'd for home,



Gained by the hand of Joshua for the host  
Of Israel, long in their wide wanderings lost ?  
Soon may we, when we speculate anon  
Hermetically, throw more light upon  
Those Patriarchal times, those Israelites,  
With new perspectives, and with other lights,  
Rising in radiance as an Eastern noon  
On that same figurative *sun and moon*,  
That in their course at Joshua's command  
Did also show the wonders of his hand,  
Did both stand still, in both their orbits pause,  
Seeming to break the course of nature's laws—  
Not so, she falters not, those orbs that move  
In constant circling harmony above,  
Were not the planets, that the Patriarch's hand  
Did stop obedient to his will's command ;  
But stars of earth that we shall point at soon  
And not unaptly called the sun and moon.  
Have you seen exhibitions of the trance,  
Neat as imported by light hands from France,  
Sawing the air at random, thus, and thus ?  
That only rise at best "*in nubibus*."  
But there lie yet far higher spheres above,  
That might ere this have warm'd them into love  
For pure religion, for unchanging truth,  
For reverence of the Holy, and the sooth,  
To speak, above the elements of art,  
To rectify the vessel of the heart,  
To lift the soul up from her stony bed,  
And with her fire to glorify the head,  
To prostrate sense, and build anew the mind,  
And all with that, which, (viewless as the wind,  
Dull sense, not grasping, takes for vacant space,)  
Forms, feeds, folds all things in its wide embrace,

The ambient ether, heaven lets freely fall  
On holy earth, to us the all in all,  
The bread of life, for what to man were food,  
Were it not filled with this, the only good,  
By which alone we, all things living live,  
Have being, and which He alone can give  
Who makes it to diffuse it—not in ire,  
At men's misdeeds—in mercy, burns the Fire.  
We would not lightly waft or wield at will  
A power, that at the last all human skill  
Baffles, proclaiming, thus far shalt thou go,  
No farther! from above behold a sign,  
The power, the work, the blessing, are divine!  
The wonders of the trance how few there be,  
Of those who go about strange things to see  
In Photogenics, or Photography.  
We like these Pho's, they have a smatch of light  
That round them plays, indicative of sight  
Clearer somewhat—yet fear there are but few  
Who seeing, and allowing it as new,  
And startling certainly to common sense,  
Have labour'd to draw any inference  
From premises, that might we think have caught  
Inquiry e'en from ordinary thought;  
Might tempt an epicure, and make him stare  
Only to read the tempting bill of fare,  
Such as on other food than ice or jelly,  
Or new shares, look to pocket or to belly.  
The waving hand, the fixing of the eye,  
The falling lid, the soul expressive sigh,  
The dying sense, the sensibility  
Doubly awake, the close community  
Of taste and smell, two beings lapp'd in one,  
As flowing waters that united run,



Strangers till now ; yet seems it not unkind,  
That love like this should strike *one* only blind ?  
Oh ! partial love, one sided, for the Cupid  
Shooting, too often looks profoundly stupid.  
But this is imperfection of the art,  
Give me the union conjugal, when heart  
With heart will beat, and when the double soul  
Blends into one, as fire and ardent coal  
Form but one essence ; this is the harmonic—  
This is true love ; not sensual, the Platonic—  
This is the love of Plato and the rest,  
That more and more enlightened, more was blest ;  
That wore the wings of rapture, and refined,  
Soaring, enjoyed the empire of the mind :  
These were the flights those free souls took for food,  
Not tasted now, and little understood :  
Pray you, observe our long parenthesis  
Points to what ought to be, not that which is :  
Tho' common exhibitions have enough  
To captivate you, if ye have the stuff  
Attractable, and are disposed to view  
Things as they are, and look on them as true ;  
Besides, there are—astonishment to fill  
To its content—the potencies of will,  
Silent, but strong, imperative, that is  
Of power to work the limbs' paralysis,  
Rule body, motion, guide the pliant thought,  
Then by the light of quick perception caught,  
The present now, the future, and the past,  
Scarce by a cloud of common sense o'ercast  
Blend in one blaze, the distant, the unknown,  
Told with a grace peculiarly their own,  
Drawn forth unveiled, which that they may surprise,  
Are soon confirm'd and prove realities.

The panorama of the mind, the Pan,  
The all in all, the great in little man ;  
These are a little spice of what you may  
Expect, if you'll look in, Sir, any day,  
And which yet few, comparatively few,  
Still have believed, but not known what to do  
Or say, upon a subject yet too new  
To be received as orthodox and true.  
Were they to call at our small lodgings, we  
Perhaps might give them something more to see,  
To chew upon, to swallow, if they may,  
To whet the appetite, give freer play  
To heart and head, as artists in the line  
Of good fare, we give walnuts with our wine.  
Ours is a recreation, wholesome fare,  
For such as are content to live on air ;  
Which having spoken of, we now pass on  
To ask, when first, this exhibition,  
Returned in quiet, you could ponder on ;  
Did it not seem as if your mind had gone  
At once from barren Beersheba to Dan ?  
And when at home at leisure you began  
To muse, and meditate, and prove, and scan,  
Did you jump up, and look just like a man  
Who fancies he has hook'd Leviathan ?  
Or else that great sea serpent, seen by many,  
But not, that I have heard, yet caught by any,  
Or the vast kraken, which the northern whaler  
Tho', as you know, a most experienced sailor,  
Casts anchor on, and thinks to pass the night  
*In statu quo*, as authors we could cite  
Narrate, but in the morning wakes to murmur  
His grappling was not upon *terra firma*.  
Depend upon it, Sir, you're not mistaken



At the same trance ; you struck upon the kraken,  
 And unless you're inclined to go to sea,  
 I mean a voyage of discovery,  
 Weigh anchor, and keep close along the land ;  
 'Tis plainer sailing, than to lend a hand  
 In our good ship, that passing the equator,  
 Will give you cause to think of Alma Mater.  
 Ours is the Argo, on a new construction,  
 Propell'd by screw, and by a long induction  
 A vocal vessel, and sustained by suction,  
 Just bound to Corinth, our own native city,  
 To take in brass ; but then, Sir, 'tis a pity,  
 Not everyone's permitted to approach  
 These parts, lest he should venture to encroach  
 On the forbidden ground, not all the brass  
 One meets with, there would current pass ;  
 Still, should you like the trip, on being told,  
 That the whole cargo's to be turn'd to gold,  
 First we must ask you a few questions—what  
 The school you went to ? Eton, was it not ?  
 Then you'd your belly full, that so your head  
 Had little chance of being likewise fed.  
 And yet 'tis classical, that's in its favour ;  
 Next tell me, Sir, were you an early shaver ?  
 And who of all the poets were your masters,  
 The inspired poets, mind you, not the 'asters ?  
 What did they teach you ? What did Homer's page,  
 Surviving, to survive thro' every age,  
 Teach you ?—we ask, or did it soar too high,  
 That fire, that flame of immortality ?  
 Nothing but words and battles, and debates,  
 Where all Olympus the feud aggravates,  
 Where every passion, that the casual blood  
 Strives, craves for, as for daily food,

\* \* \* \* \*

# A NEW SERIES OF AUTOMATIC SCRIPTS OBTAINED DURING THE YEAR 1918.

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

## INTRODUCTORY.

SHORTLY after the appearance of the first edition of *The Gate of Remembrance*<sup>1</sup> a hope was expressed by Sir William Barrett that the experiments in automatism would be allowed to continue. This I was very willing to consider, and as my automatist, who is known to the public as Mr. John Alleyne, was by no means averse from entertaining the idea, it was arranged to begin a new series of experiments in March. But the subject of such experiments was an entirely open question. The 'Loretto' script had been sufficiently detailed to make any attempt for more upon this head superfluous, and whilst the War lasted there were no immediate hopes of resuming work at Glastonbury Abbey. There appeared to be no other subject of joint interest for which we had both equipped ourselves by intimate study, such as might provide a foundation for experiments on the 'sub-conscious' of a nature similar to the former. Hence I decided to try the effect of approaching the quest with a perfectly impartial mind as to what might be the outcome.

<sup>1</sup> *The Gate of Remembrance ; the Story of the Psychological Experiment which resulted in the Discovery of the Edgar Chapel at Glastonbury* (1918).



I was anxious, however, to make the conditions still more stringent. To this end accordingly I devised the plan of securing my friend's fullest attention to some normal and quite simple subject during the course of the sittings, by reading to him continuously all the time from some light literary work, which should be of a sufficiently attractive or amusing nature to keep his attention easily. (This plan I put into operation first on the 21st of March.) In order to make certain of the fact that his attention was fully retained, I made it my practice to comment as I read on any point of interest, to draw from him replies and, at the conclusion of the sitting, to catechise him on the subject of the reading—a process to which he very good-naturedly assented and with an amply satisfying result. Further I took the additional precaution of having present during several of the sittings a third person, and of obtaining the attestation of my witness. On occasions when it was not practicable to have a witness present during the sitting, I have generally obtained the signature of a third party to the date of the script.

The first few sittings were failures. All that was obtained was a few lines of minute writing, very irregular, very cramped, and almost altogether illegible. But we persevered, and were at last in a small measure rewarded by obtaining a script on the 10th and 11th of a philosophic nature, and another on the 13th of March of which it was possible, though with difficulty, to make out the sense of some parts. The latter turned out to be a prediction of the future course of the War and of subsequent events. Of this I will now say only that, whilst the course of the War and the nature of its end were essentially in accordance with fact, the

date of the end was wrongly given as August 24-26. A good deal of the writing had reference to a pestilence of sorts which was to follow after the harvest, and I think that prediction may fairly be held to have been justified. It also referred to a segregation of the new race, or 'chosen peoples,' but this part has not yet been satisfactorily made out, as the writing is exceedingly difficult.

On the following day, the 14th of March, another script was obtained, which seemed to be concerned with spiritual or transcendental subjects, but it was too difficult to decipher. The same evening a communication was made in unknown and very archaic-looking characters. Again on the 15th and 16th we tried, but without success. The only word distinctly visible was 'Demeter.'

Further trials were made, but with indifferent success, on the 18th of the month, and feeling that something was inhibiting the action of the sub-conscious, I was led to try the experiment of detaching the conscious from the sub-conscious by the method I have described. So at our next sitting, which took place on the 21st of March, I read continuously from Dr. S. Honaga's *National Spirit of Japan*,<sup>1</sup> and was immediately rewarded by a marked improvement in the continuity and free character of the script, which flowed evenly and extended to four pages of neatly written matter, the lines being well maintained. The subject of the writing is the reproduction of hereditary memories in human symbolism as expressed in language and in architecture. There was a pause at the end of the second page, and before anything material had

<sup>1</sup> The readings included Bain's *Digit of the Moon* and other poetry Boz's *Life of Grimaldi*, Kipling's *Stalky & Co.*, etc.



been deciphered, I asked: "Can you give us anything on the subject of *The Gate of Remembrance*?" The writing was resumed, but on examination it was found that my question had been dismissed in a single curt sentence and the topic in hand continued without break.

Beginning with the 21st of March as the first of the series, other sittings followed on the 22nd, 27th, 29th, 30th and 31st of March, and on the 1st of April—a group of seven. Then we broke off and resumed on the 17th, sitting again on the 18th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 25th and 26th—another group of eight. In May we sat on the 10th, in the presence of Lady Barrett and a friend, and again on the 14th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 21st and 23rd—another seven. In June we sat on the 1st, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 12th, 25th, 26th morning, and 26th evening—in all, nine sittings. In July, on the 7th, 10th and 12th—three occasions; again on August 21, and lastly on the 1st of October.

This makes a total in all of thirty-six sittings in the series. Many of the communications were quite lengthy, one in June running to 15 pages of quarto size. The typed transcript runs to about 110 quarto pages, closely set, and equivalent to about 170 pages of demy octavo print.

The writing is not easy to decipher owing to certain peculiarities, one of which is the duplication of strokes in many letters. But it has now for the most part been satisfactorily made out, and can be claimed to be a consistent body of exposition, containing a good deal that is unfamiliar to either Mr. Alleyne or myself and sometimes widely different from our habitual mode of thought. This discrepancy is more noticeable in his case than mine, for I am personally

aware that I have in numerous cases found in the script an expression of what I must regard as my own sub-conscious convictions. Not only have I the feeling of mental response, although I have never formulated these ideas, but I now perceive I have been so impregnated by them that they have germinated in my own mind into a near approach to a philosophic faith.

#### AN OUTLINE OF THE MAIN NOTIONS IN THE SCRIPT.

The waking consciousness is the power of mind in full association with the physical brain, and it is the mode of consciousness with which we are most familiar. So closely are we held to it in our fleshly vehicle that to many thinking men it has been impossible to disconnect the idea of mind from the activity of the physical brain.

To the biologist, who from the very nature of his studies is inclined to a materialistic view, no separate mental action is conceivable. Hence, to him, the phenomena of dream, hypnotic suggestion, telepathy or clairvoyance can be explained only on a more or less complex physical basis. He is driven to regard the motive force of thought, emotion or will as due to the interaction of the individual organism with its physical environment. With this the materialist has to be satisfied; but it is really an 'explanation' which carries us no further and leaves us in a state of mechanical hopelessness.

With 'waking consciousness' is coupled 'intellect.' Now the distinguishing *trait* of intellect is concentration. The attention is riveted on some definite idea as on a point, and it is focussed in the present moment. By the power of attention the brain receives



and records the impressions of the moment, and by some instantaneous process it co-ordinates them with the facts stored in experience by the aid of memory.

But what is memory? It is a function exercised, it is true, by the working brain, and thus it acts, or appears to act, in and with reference to the present moment of time. But memory refers to an indefinitely large series of past impressions, and the sum total of these must, in some sub-conscious way, be present if the full value of memory as a co-ordinating force is to be employed.

It is precisely here that the newer psychology comes in and tells us what the biologist can never discover by dissection or by simply an intellectual process. It tells us that to discover the link between reason and memory one must follow the path of intuition, and join the consciousness of the present moment with the consciousness of the past, recalling and reviving the past, and bringing it out of abeyance, out of the subjective state in which it is submerged, out into the light of the attentive mind, and making it live again in our thought. In sleep we do this, because in sleep the dominance of the present moment and of the intellectual power which controls it is removed, and the imagination is free to wander down the avenues of past experience and renew past contacts.

For intellect reality is best apprehended in connection with material things, because intellect and intellectual reason are naturally adapted to or even fundamentally of the same nature as matter, and so recognise its reality in its own degree. And for the same reason intellect, if unsupported by other modes of consciousness, will inevitably view the present moment as alone existing in reality, and will not allow that a

past moment and its associations can have any actual existence save as the causative process which has generated or determined the present. According to the physical intellect, then, past events and the personalities associated with them, however important in their day, live only in their effects. But for a higher state of consciousness, in which the dominance of the present moment, or the single moment, is annulled, the present ranks just equally with the past, and no more. This can perhaps be better suggested by a figure.

Take a parabolic curve. It represents a process, a progress or movement controlled by mathematical law. But in looking at it we see it, not as a progress, but as the accomplished result of a progress, and the idea of movement is not intellectually associated with it unless we know how it was generated. A mathematician, having in mind a certain formula, plots this curve on paper with the help of a number of consecutive points on the curve whose position he has determined by calculation. The selection of this curve is a matter of his own free choice, but the curve is subject to a law he cannot alter, though he can bring in another law to operate in unison with it and so modify his curve. Concentrating his mental power on each point in turn, he starts at the initial point and begins to develop his motive. As point after point is plotted, the tendency of the curve is increasingly defined. At any moment he may, if he pleases, import a new element of motion into his calculus and so modify his curve. But when the last point is plotted, and the outline of the curve completely indicated, he will relax his attention from the individual points and will bend upon his finished work a new power—that of the observation of the



whole curve. Whilst he was plotting the curve, and as he went from point to point, his attention was entirely engaged in this process, and the character of the complete curve would only be subjectively in his mind, and not in the immediate field of his attention. He would have to use his memory of the position of points already plotted, as each succeeding point would be fixed in its true position by reference to the antecedent points.

Now let us regard this curve as the record of a life. Each point is a pulse of consciousness or motive intelligence of a nature prescribed by the position of previous points on the curve. These now stand for the consensus of memories of previous acts, the outcome of others yet more remote. And the individual consciousness is confined, limited, to action at a single point, the space from one point to its next neighbour being the range of a single impulse. Faintly, by the power of memory, the position of past points is recalled, and the life-impulse, which operates in a line, is guided by these, and it calls them experience, memory, or conscience—which last has indeed been defined as ‘the voice of past experience.’ The curve that has been traced is personality in its popular significance.

But these antecedent points are not as it were present realities to the individual, except in those rare cases in which intuitive recollection is strong enough to assume the colours of reality. When this is so, it must occur in a state of consciousness which has no obvious relationship with the consciousness of the moment or present, save that it must be linked with it somehow, in order that it may be used by that consciousness for the prosecution of its purpose.

Imagine here the mathematician or geometrician

stopping his work for a moment and withdrawing his attention in order to take a glance at his curve. The personality for an instant is surveyed from a synthetic point of view, by the withdrawal of the ego, that is the subject-mind of the mathematician, into a deeper phase.

Now imagine the curve is completed and has come to its appointed end. No more points are to be traced. The intellectual focus is dissolved by the recalling of the attention from the work of drawing the curve, and the consciousness of the individual whose life-line has been traced, is now liberated from the moment of time, and withdrawn to a point outside the line. From this new point he can survey his work. And as his view-point is now no longer in the line, but in a superior dimension, the whole process of the life can be viewed and viewed equally by him. Here the interpretation of our parable may be somewhat as follows :

At death, which terminates the physical consciousness and dissolves the focus of attention, the higher intelligence resumes its dominance, and to intellectual life succeeds intuitive consciousness, a mode of being in which the completed work of the life, the whole curve of personality, becomes the possession of the soul, and can be viewed as a single and complete reality. The personality persists, no longer as an entity living from moment to moment, but rather as a living and real whole, equally present, equally real and objective at every point. It is now either symmetrical and true to law or crippled and false ; but probably in general shews some consistency with many deviations. What were felt and known as personal contacts of love, friendship, association in work and enterprise, sympathy of idea, and the like, may now be evident in their true



and 'æonial' relation as other lines impinging upon the life-line, lines convergent, divergent, parallel or intersecting, all traversing that greater field in which the life-line lies, the field of spiritual environment; and the higher self, the mathematician, can, in the case of a purified soul, at any time direct his attention to what has become for him a real and permanent possession.

This I take to be the meaning of a passage in the new script which has captured my interest, and which I will quote. It occurs in a script received on the 7th of June of this year on the subject of the nature of the intercourse between the living and the so-called dead.

"The mind of the spirit being intuition and our own consciousness being blended of intuition and intellect, these two functions must be united to secure the consummation of perfect harmony of spiritual intercourse. . . . Spirits can awaken our finer intuitions by a voluntary surrender of their (spiritual) personality and by entering into a larger association which retains *all the memories of their accumulated earth-experience.*"

Those who have attained in an appreciable degree to the state in which the intuitive powers of the mind are linked with the physical consciousness, are no longer living entirely in the moment of time, but are awaking also in that subjective environing sphere which we here very often speak of as the subliminal, as it lies below or beyond our threshold of consciousness. And this added estate of being brings us into all sorts of unseen contacts and subtle experiences, like wireless messages to which we are learning to attune ourselves. These are often of a nature such as we should delight to draw down into our 'life-line' or working consciousness were it possible. The artist, once a realist in his

art, when he begins to respond to these subjective impressions, is less satisfied to reproduce the simply external beauty of things, or to depict the episode of the moment, whether past or present. He is at pains to express on canvas something which is not limited to the moment, something of that great field of intuitive emotion and idea which is surging in upon him in ways that seem to baffle all effort to depict. His canvas, alas! is no adequate medium for the direct expression of these things. Nor is human speech an adequate medium for the direct expression of spiritual truths and realities. All must be suggested by symbol, an indirect and none too trustworthy method. But what symbols shall the artist find?

Look at what we call Impressionist art from this point of view. And again, with all possible sympathy, if not with understanding, let us glance at the seeming extravagances and follies of the so-called Futurist school of painters. Are they not, when sincere, trying to convey by a single picture that which would need a hundred pictures in series to present in truth, because their theme belongs not to the moment but to the experience outside the moment?

Next consider the nature of melody. In a low stage of development man has but little power to retain a vivid impression of sequence. Yet even the dullest of us is to some slight extent aware that the notes which he hears one by one are arranging themselves in the scroll of memory on something like a plan. And in that higher sense lies a sweetness which no single note can yield. The sequence is there, and yet strangely all the notes are, however dimly, present in the mind and mysteriously united. And this power to sense the melody is manifestly of the same nature



as the power which will enable one to look at a curve of beauty or a picture, and perceive at a single glance the harmony, the force, the vital movement in the lines, and the perfection of balance in the colour. And what to the lower sense would be a mere meaningless array of points or marks, to the higher perceptive faculty assumes form and purpose.

In the case of melody and musical harmony the symmetry of form is perceptible to musicians, but it cannot be depicted because it belongs to a higher 'dimension.' One might say with some truth that, whilst musical art operates in the physical sphere as subject to the law of time, of which the line is the symbol, pictorial art has the freedom of an added dimension, and the impressions derived from the sense of sight are subject to one limitation less than those of hearing, so far as physical conditions rule the matter. But what is lacking in the power to depict the impressions of music seems compensated for by the greatly enhanced power of intuitive perception in music and the vitality of its memories.

To the philosophic thinker of the new era life-and-death will tend more and more to appear as a change in the form of perception—a change from the subjective or intuitive, which is the pre-natal state, to the objective or intellectual, and from this again to the intuitive when the death of the body supervenes.

The soul of the new-born child is not fully incarnate, nor is its coming into the flesh accomplished until near the dawn of manhood. Hence the subjective life predominates in children, and they can draw 'trailing clouds of glory' from the dreamland of the spirit. Death reverses the process; so does sleep, and so, in a higher degree, does trance. Sleep and

trance inhibit the physical consciousness, and in these states we have a restricted power, yet still a power, of wandering for a little distance in the Garden of the Gods, the field of the subjective consciousness of the race. And at death we deliver up the accumulation of matter which we have been using as our physical vehicle and are restored to the vitality of the intuitive state, coloured now by the stored experience of earth-life.

The tendency of our earth-life is to acquire habit and to adapt ourselves to material ways of action, feeling and thought—to material habit of body and mind. We cling to our partnership in matter and derive comfort from it. But the closer we cling to it, the more do we lose our hold on the subjective realities. What then is matter, and why has it such a hold upon us? Our script claims that matter is the pre-ordained vehicle for the perfect self-expression of spirit—that is for its ultimate fulness and satisfaction. It speaks of matter always as a mode of being, temporal, mutable, yet a product of the eternal and the immutable, and though as yet imperfect destined to perfection; now seemingly inert and soulless, yet retaining a germ of spiritual consciousness as it were locked within its interstices.

Our human consciousness does not, says the script, reside in matter, which is the expression of a consciousness related to ours only on the physical intellectual side, but yet apart from it. We know nothing of the inwardness of matter, and its phenomenal aspect we know and apprehend only in so far as it is akin to our intelligence. It speaks to us in a language whose vocabulary is resistance or inertia, mass, heat, weight, form, texture, etc.; and we are



sensible of these things because we ourselves contain the reciprocal qualities in our minds in the flesh. But in another state matter, as we now perceive it, may have no objective existence for us, if we have not the reciprocal qualities ; or it may wear a totally different aspect corresponding with other qualities in our own perceptive equipment.

Now as a race we have, it may be said, the habit of incarnation, and so, for good or ill, we are enmeshed in matter and subject to its laws on our physical side. Our destiny, as planned by the Great Purpose, is the conquest of matter, and this conquest, though capable of being aided by each individual, can also for a time be thwarted. What thwarts this destiny is sin, and sin is subservience to the laws of matter, the subjection of spiritual force to the will of matter, causing the enmeshment of the spirit and its degradation into the lower mode.

Matter, says the script, has in itself the element of spirit. But, since it is not homogeneous, the spiritual force it contains is degraded and dissipated into endless complexities—complexities discordant and ever mutable because subject to the endless clash of secondary motions which have lost all harmony of relation. Originally perfect, fluid and obedient to the harmonies of spiritual impulse, matter has been permitted in the wisdom of its Creator to work out its effects, somewhat, one might say, to use a homely parallel, as a vintner would allow the juice of grapes to ferment. In process of time, accordingly, it has become full of every inward disorder and contradiction, and where divine order once reigned, there chaos has developed. This is however perforce a mystery beyond our ken ; what we can better understand and appreciate

is the idea and the hope of a future destined dominance of the spirit over matter, when the forces of spirit shall lay hold of and bring into subservience all these dark forces, and once more the divine harmony shall prevail—but a new harmony. For even as the ultimate product of the fermenting of the grape is the fragrant and sparkling wine, so the spirit, acting by and through the race of man, will generate a new and wonderful creation, and the new kingdom of heaven shall be born.

This great process is spoken of as the at-one-ment, the reconciliation of God with his manifested universe, the incarnation of God in nature, the Word made flesh. This process implies the perfecting of man as the chosen instrument of co-operation in the divine scheme, a co-operation to be brought about by man's spiritual enlightenment and perfect voluntary obedience in full freewill and perfected intelligence. And the intelligence which he must now exercise in order to attain this great end, will reside in the absolutely perfect union of his two modes of consciousness—the intellectual or material with the spiritual or intuitive. The material must be raised, transmuted, yet preserved in its fulness.

The path man has to tread will appear at the outset to be one of thorns and sharp stones; but what appear as pains and sacrifices are really steps to power and glory. No sacrifice is loss; but each has infinite compensation in the mastery it will yield over all the powers of matter.

The Great War, says the script, is the 'martyrdom of matter'—a phrase implying the break-up of the inertia of matter and the reconciliation of all the discord habitual to it and the bringing of it into harmony with the Divine. This can be attained only



in face of enormous resistance. If you take a gyroscope and try to turn its axis of rotation, the sort of resistance you encounter would be typical of the resistance of material energies to the power of a superior will. And where every atom of man's frame is a gyroscope of immeasurable power, the spiritual force to be exercised and the dynamic resistance to be overcome are appalling. But once resistance is overcome, what has been achieved? Nothing less than the regeneration of matter and the turning of the balance of the universe of matter to spiritual ends of inestimable value. This is what shall eventually be accomplished, sooner or later, in proportion as man is willing to follow his true destiny and work for and with spirit.

And now we come to one of the most fascinating suggestions in the script—the future state of matter.

Matter is undergoing martyrdom, and this martyrdom is shared by man, who is engaged with matter and partakes of its nature. It has for its object the regeneration of all nature, both animate, as we term it, and inanimate, as we somewhat erroneously describe it. For matter has a soul, and a soul of goodness; and beneath the harsh dissonances, the awful, unbalanced and perverted powers of nature, there is hidden, submerged, a weak embryo of the divine spirit, a child lost in a dark labyrinth, which in its weakness and despair cries faintly to man to deliver it.

To our modern thought it seems a strange reflection that gross matter can possess a soul. Until the late revelations of science in the discovery of the secular permutation of the elements, the idea of these elementary substances was that they were of a nature inherently different and eternally fixed. Science herself has negatived that conclusion. Matter is now found

changing its condition and reverting to something different, and it is doing this automatically. But it may be that the spiritual will of man may also have power to modify the state of matter. For if 'inanimate' matter is altering, why should not 'animate' matter—the matter which we build into our frames—be altering as well? We know that by a mysterious 'polarity' we hold together in our bodies unusual and unstable combinations of certain elements. We exercise unconsciously a force which compels the atoms of oxygen, carbon, hydrogen and others to obey a law which sets at naught the laws of the inorganic world of matter. What if this force which we exercise should be exerting upon these atoms an unseen, imponderable influence, which is slowly but surely changing their internal constitution and 'spiritualising' their nature—a veritable transubstantiation! Suppose it were the case that by a concentration of spiritual effort properly directed, man might so modify the particles of his physical brain and body in general that their constituent atoms, passing out, would be ever thereafter charged with an impulse of spiritual energy, as with electro-dynamic force, and, defying corruption by the increase of stability thus imparted, would go forth as centres of potent influence, germs of spiritual potentiality, to be used again and again in the building-up of human brains and bodies, but each time with a more helpful and spiritual tendency, enabling the borrower to go forward for another stage in the work of conquest?

It is the custom now-a-days to smile at relics, and the bones of the Saints are held in scant veneration; but who knows the force that turns the heavy uranium into the light and fiery radium? And who will venture



to say that the dynamic powers which we as human beings exercise over the constituent particles of our own frames, may not have unrecognised modes of influence over them, and of a potency greater far than the force which nature is slowly exercising over her rocks and stones?

The resistance to effort which we find in our own organisms, and especially to effort directed to the conquest of evil and slothful habits of mind and body, may mean the rebellion of matter against that control which is seeking to lay hold invisibly of its particles, subduing their inertia, and little by little breaking up unwieldy and inharmonious units and rendering them susceptible to the vital motions of spirit.

Action and reaction are equal and opposite. We admit the power to conquer material habit in ourselves. Let us be logical and admit also that, in subduing the resistance of matter and bending it to the ends of the spiritual will, we may be working, even though as yet imperceptibly, a revolutionary change in matter itself. The gyroscope may twist and turn and seem to resist us, but the force applied must without fail modify the inherent motion and turn it to another angle. So we may in very truth be raising from the dull dead level of the physical to a higher plane of spiritual vitality that seemingly lifeless thing we call matter, and charging it with a new life whose effects, though not expressed or expressible in the physical world (because the impulse may spend itself in a new and inconceivable direction), may yet be gloriously apparent to beings to whose eyes all things lie naked and open.

When I read over this paper in draft to my friend and automatist Mr. Alleyne, he pointed out that the

process indicated as the means of raising the status of matter by association with the spiritual energies of man might furnish an explanation of the laws and effects of heredity. The plasm transmitted from parent to child might thus be conceived to carry with it a specialised group of particles, but not simply in the sense ordinarily understood of a modified cell-structure. What would seem to be implied is that the actual atoms and molecules of which the germ was built, would themselves be of special character, having an enhanced or altered movement in another mode—the spiritual. And as like attracts like in chemistry, so to these altered atoms would be attracted others of similar tendency of motion, and by polarity they would form a nucleus ever stronger and more intensely characteristic of the family habit or genius. The indwelling spirit, which is the original specialising and differentiating force, would thus find its work of evolution ever gaining in power and facility of expression, as the material polarised in the new bodies became more amenable to control and more plastic to the increasing spiritual influence.

The script speaks much of the ‘will’ of matter. That will might be defined as energy, originally free, but now degraded into purely mechanical activity; and this we might term ‘habit,’ for habit, which is the tendency to repetition of an act, is a fundamental characteristic of matter. This is the antithesis of spirit, which we must conceive of as absolute freedom, absolute cause, whereas matter is absolute effect, and its motions of necessity.

F. BLIGH BOND.



## THE INFLUENCE OF EASTERN THOUGHT UPON THE WEST.

Rev. PERCIVAL GOUGH, M.A., M.R.A.S.

THERE is little doubt about the influence of Oriental thought and ideas upon the West. Literature of all kinds is shot through and through with these in one setting or another; philosophy is reinforcing itself with theories from the same direction; and, most marked of all, Eastern doctrines have penetrated deeply into that region of sentiment which we call religious.

The great psychic unrest of which we hear so much is due to the attempts of men and women to find a place in life for the entry of this new wisdom, so fascinating in its strangeness and unfamiliarity for Western nations. The terrible impact of the War upon the sensitive world of thought has intensified this unrest, and removed some of those ethnic barriers which, in normal times, break the first force of the inrush of new ideas. The more leisurely impenetration of Oriental wisdom through the world of scholarship would, in due time, have evoked some manifestation in the soul of the Western world; but, primarily, it is the psychic pressure exerted by the War that has driven many to seek from this quarter of the globe a new orientation of thought. Novelty is always an attraction. When men are in a hurry, as they are to-day, the attraction is overpowering, and in this great wave of Eastern knowledge many are slaking their thirst.

The reproduction in our own era of the state of affairs in the religious world of the early days of Christianity should afford a parallel of the utmost interest in this connection, and the words of M. Cumont of some seven years ago are almost prophetic. "Let us suppose," he says, "that in modern Europe the faithful had deserted the Christian Churches to worship Allah or Brahma, to follow the precepts of Confucius or Buddha, or to adopt the maxims of Shinto; let us imagine a great confusion of all the races of the world in which Arabian mullahs, Chinese scholars, Japanese bonzes, Tibetan lamas and Hindu pundits should all be preaching fatalism and predestination, ancestor-worship and devotion to a deified sovereign, pessimism and deliverance through annihilation—a confusion in which all those priests should erect temples of exotic architecture in our cities and celebrate their disparate rites therein. Such a dream, which the future may perhaps realise, would offer a pretty accurate picture of the religious chaos in which the ancient world was struggling before the reign of Constantine."

How very nearly this description affords a parallel to the conditions now prevailing I must leave to the decision of my readers; to me it is more exact than I care to own. It was a great war or series of wars—those of Alexander the Great—that released this curious interplay of religious ideas; it is another great war that has opened the flood-gates to this modern parallel. In another direction the likeness is remarkable. For the first time in the full light of history the East met the West in those days in fruitful union; after a lapse of almost 1500 years that union is again being fully realised. It was into this surging ocean of intense spiritual unrest that Christianity cast the



seeds of peace and repose ; and we are again awaiting in confidence the release of that spiritual power which is destined to still the present conflict of disharmonies and bring some secure refuge in which man can find rest.

It is hard enough, in some cases it is quite impossible, to find one's way amidst the perplexities of those confusing early years of Christianity ; it is harder still to-day when we stand so near to this rapidly changing world of thought. In the first case we fail to gain a true perspective through lack of material ; in the second we can gain only a distorted perspective through an overwhelming abundance of material. There are, however, a few hints as to the immediate effect upon life of this great fusion of ideas now steadily progressing between East and West. This fusion in the deeper reaches of philosophy and metaphysics has, of course, been going on, unknown by the masses, during our close contact with the East of the past hundred years or so. In a still more elusive way it has been in evidence throughout the ages in conjunction with that psychic unity which makes the whole thought-world kin. But new ideas which pass through the media of philosophy and metaphysics are long before they yield up their message for the great majority of mankind. It seems to require some potent emotion to break through the strong barrier of habit and force an entry into that world beneath the region of the senses. The War has provided that emotion directly in ways clear to us, indirectly as the logical result of a century of slavery to the pressure of materialism. Under this pressure men's minds have yielded to those ideas which are capable of providing them with the greatest stimulus. In all kinds of ways the results of this are only too

plain. Psychism in various forms is rampant; magic, necromancy and all the bastard children of religion and science that have ever lifted their heads, gain numerous and eager devotees, and the ready excuse which this neurotic wave affords for the overthrow of old doctrines has released a tendency towards moral laxity which is supplying sociologists with their gravest problems. That the world will be restored to a spiritual and moral balance by any adjustment from without is beyond the highest hopes of men. Born of a great upheaval of the spiritual foundations of life, this great unrest can be stilled only by a reconstruction built upon the ruins of the same foundations; and in the region of faith and belief, those deep waters so strangely perturbed, the patient and tender sympathy of our wisest and best must guide men to repose in the new world.

If it were possible to stand 'above the battle' in these days of passionate feeling, one would like to trace in this unrest the first fateful and faltering step towards a universal belief. But the thoughts that would be sure to drag one back from time to time to the grim realities of events on the physical plane, would only blunt the pleasure that might come from a vision of spiritual unity beyond, and so make the task too forbidding. All that can be done is to trace the broad lines upon which the interblending of Eastern and Western ideas is proceeding, quite apart from any significance they may have for the ultimate solution of national and racial problems.

There are two great doctrines in India and Buddhist lands which synthesise the attitude of the East towards Reality—Karma and Reincarnation. These two doctrines are being popularised in every stratum of thought,



and will leave their mark upon the West without any shadow of a doubt. The two great Christian doctrines which stand out in contrast are those of Redemption and Grace. Within the varying degrees of this contrast there is at work an assimilation of thought and ideas for which, perhaps, the Church herself is providing the greatest opportunity. Judging by the utterances of Christian leaders in this supreme test of their actual belief in the doctrine of Atonement, and judging also by the declared attitude of those who have come most closely under the influence of the War, the refuge sought by the human soul to-day is that of Fatalism. I think there can be no doubt as to the truth of this. Now Fatalism is the natural refuge of the soul which is either thrust down to, or has never risen to a belief transcending, the sanction of the law of causation in the moral sphere; and Karma is Fatalism raised to a supreme position in the philosophy of Hinduism and Buddhism. Only a very few Christians have opposed the application of this law to the case of our present enemies. It is, moreover, the fixed and certain belief of the Church that the Central Powers must come under the sway of this law of causation in the moral world. Not only so but the Church has no difficulty whatever in reconciling this law with the Christian doctrine of Atonement in its finality for humanity. The War seems to me to be the supreme test of the uniqueness of the Christian doctrine of man's responsibility before God for his sins. And indeed unless this doctrine is merely an abstraction in the world of thought, there can hardly be a greater test of its applicability to the world of life and action. I am not denying that the doctrine of Karma is true to experience, but I do say that the Christian revelation of

Christ's work of free pardon transcends this doctrine and sets men free from the law of retribution by a process of recreation. This, at any rate, is the argument used by Christian apologists to disprove the efficacy of Karma, and we have had the curious spectacle of seeing a position, maintained with the utmost fervour in terms of the universal, yielded instantaneously in its particular application. By emphasizing the contrasts between the two doctrines we shall better realise the position we have yielded.

Karma tells us that a change of mind can be induced only by suffering the penalty of sin; Christianity opposes to this the work of the free love of God in the heart of the sinner, evoking a sense of shame and a new creative power. Karma places this change of mind wholly within the life of man himself; Christianity believes that man has access to a Power capable of re-creating his own life and redirecting his own efforts. Karma regards suffering as in itself recreative and salutary; Christianity believes that suffering in itself only degrades and can be remedial only when it is realised in the free gift of God's forgiveness. Now how does this appear in the light of our attitude towards our present enemies? Are we not applying the doctrine to this particular instance, and placing our hopes of repentance solely upon the efficacy of penal suffering? It is not clear how we can escape that charge or justify our abandonment in practice of the Christian doctrine of Atonement. This is, of course, an extreme case, and indicates the most excessive swing of the pendulum towards this Eastern doctrine. It is with the less defined influence that we have to deal, and in this there is much that makes for a better understanding of human life in its social



aspects. For none can deny that, in spite of the criticisms of Christian apologists of the doctrine of Karma, the Eastern conception of life makes for a more compassionate social solidarity, and brings both man and the universe into a closer spiritual union with God. Whereas the Western conception, while making for progress in material affairs, has elevated individual responsibility to such an unpleasant position that it surveys only disharmonies in the social world. It may well be that this approach to Eastern ideas is due to reaction against views of the Christian doctrine of Redemption which offends man's notion of Divine justice. I think that is so, for there is no doctrine in regard to which more repulsive views have been held than this which is so central to Christianity.

At first sight the doctrines of Karma and Redemption appear to represent irreconcilable ideas; but since in actual experience we find them both operative in the spirit of man, it is not unreasonable to see the guiding of truth in their present attempt to clear the way for assimilation. In the course of such an assimilation the Eastern doctrine would enrich the Western world by yielding up its deep and authoritative teaching on the profound sense of justice which embraces all the elements within the human family, regarding them as a unity with an eternal destiny, stretching far back into the vanished past and forward into the limitless future. Our individualistic idea of responsibility, so destructive of corporate stability, would greatly benefit from the absorption of this typical Eastern idea, and would assuredly make for some sanction capable of supporting a society whose main problems in the future will be concerned with an intensified and extended operation of expanding social needs. The

rude blasts of industrialism have failed to yield to the abstract notions of love and brotherhood hitherto interpreted in the West, and the great nations with their centralised governments have failed to stimulate the peaceful growth of corporate life. This is ultimately that for which we are struggling—some authority sanctioned by man's reason and belief which will be capable of supporting the new social relation in which man finds himself to his fellow and to his country in an age of industrialism destined shortly to extend its sway over a still larger area and still more varied races. It seems to me that the real basis of the doctrine, unfolded in the moral experience of man, when allied to the spiritual interpretation which Christianity is capable of affording to it, is eminently fitted to bring to society a sanction supremely rational and profoundly spiritual which is most likely to enable it to pass through this new and strange period of collective responsibility.

The complementary doctrine of Reincarnation provides us with greater difficulties through the eschatological problems it raises. It is, however, interesting to notice that these very problems should have had an almost simultaneous revival of interest in East and West. The great modern problem of the aroused social instinct is closely associated with the problem of personality. The difficulties of organising the life of men bound closely together in social groups have led to a quickened interest in the basis of individual life in its relation to the totality of things. The result has been that along the lines of psychology man's connection with his spiritual past has been strongly emphasised, and a far longer history has been given to him on his spiritual side than that usually accorded to



man by the idea of an originally created soul. In turning to the East, in its thought reflected in Hinduism and Buddhism, thinkers have found that the doctrine of Reincarnation is supported by a psychology far more profound than any yet reached by the West. Of Buddhist psychology Mrs. Rhys Davids writes: "In this respect the Buddhists are the true Eastern compeers of Aristotle and Western psychology, and from a universal standpoint equal in achievement with that of the Greeks, and indeed of Europe generally." No one, indeed, after a serious study of the wonderful mental analysis upon which Buddhist culture rests, can fail to recognise the immeasurable help that ancient thought will bring to the meaning of the new evolution through which we are passing, and which, in the absence of a sufficient emphasis upon an independent spiritual order, bids fair to engulf us in a worse materialism than did the badly-assimilated results of the discovery of physical evolution. The most serious objection to any idea that prolongs the life of man through a conditioned existence comes from the fear that this will shake our confidence in his personal survival after death. This fear is based upon an incomplete understanding of Buddhist psychology and the prominence given to the idea of annihilation or absorption as the goal of life (Nirvāṇa). This idea is now shown to be an erroneous one due to a natural misunderstanding of the meaning of Eastern terms applied to the real entity that passes from life to life in man's long journey.

In any case the whole subject of man's personality will direct the future range of scientific and philosophical enquiry, and it rests with Christian leaders to test the results of this enquiry, not by insistence upon

any rule of fixed doctrine, but by the measure in which Christianity can satisfy in the life of experience the needs of an enlarged spiritual history for mankind. The doctrine of Reincarnation is so closely bound up with that of Karma that no enlargement of its particular affinities with practical life would serve any good purpose. It is enough to have indicated the main current of thought which does appear to be about to mingle its waters, for better or for worse, with that equally great current that has its sources in the East.

PERCIVAL GOUGH.



## DAUGHTERS OF MERLIN.

The late GEORGE MORLEY.

### HOW WARWICKSHIRE COUNTRY GIRLS FORECAST THE FUTURE.

To those who have any acquaintance with the peasants of Shakespeare's greenwood, their manners, customs, folk-lore, superstitions, and language, it is not a matter of much surprise to find how steadfastly they pay homage and observance to forms and moods which the average townsman would pass by almost, if not quite, unnoticed. From the cradle to the grave these countrymen and countrywomen of Shakespeare observe with unfailing regularity, even in this age of so-called civilisation, the manners and customs honoured by their ancestors centuries ago.

#### 'THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.'

The children of the peasants have sweet manners as a rule ; but there are times when even these small flowers of rusticity will lapse into anger with a play-fellow and give tongue to utterances which, while they are apt to shock, yet strike one as being singularly expressive and picturesque. Without knowing the source, the strength, or the age of the utterance, a young Warwickshire countrywoman when angry may not infrequently be heard saying to the object of her wrath :

"An' you do that again, Jacobina, I'll set my ten commandments in your face."

In the meaning of the rustic wench the 'ten commandments' are the ten nails upon the fingers of her two capable hands, and the threat is that, if her tormentor does not cease tormenting, she will 'set' them 'in' her face or scratch it with them.

Now, although this may not be a sweet manner, there is a very good warrant for the Warwickshire girl's use. Shakespeare, who knew all the manners and customs of his own county and read in all the hearts of human nature, has himself made use of this striking and threatening phrase in the Second Part of *King Henry VI.* (Act I., Scene 3). There the Duchess of Gloster, having received a box on the ears from Queen Margaret, retorts in a great passion :

"Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
I'd set my ten commandments in your face."

It is probable that if Warwickshire rustic maidens were told that this remarkable utterance was once used by charming ducal lips in the Royal circles of 'Merrie England,' it might be heard still more frequently issuing from their own. But perhaps, on the whole, it is better they should not know.

#### THE HUSBAND TEST.

As the adult peasant has a manner of crossing himself or raising his hat when a single magpie passes over his head, to preserve him from the sorrow which the rhyme says will follow the seeing of one magpie only—

"For one magpie means a sorrow,  
Two mirth,  
Three a wedding,  
And four a birth," —



so the small wayfarers of field and woodland have a custom, in which they appear to place implicit confidence, of forecasting what their future will be.

It is performed, as a rule, in the Spring of the year or the early Summer, when the grass in the lush meads and meadows on the Avon's classic banks is growing thick and tall; and is as quaint and poetical a rite as might be expected to exist in the historic greenwood of Shakespeare, where the Poet himself may often have performed it, or seen it performed by the children of Stratford or Shottery.

In my search for types for my stories among the peasants of this delightful and leafy countryside, I have often come across a group of the smaller growths of Warwickshire rustics (and sometimes one little girl only, isolated from the rest) kneeling down in the luxuriant pasturage of the fields, with blades of horned grass in their hands, and rehearsing a strange formula the while. This custom is chiefly practised by girls, as they are more given to the glamour of romance than boys, and it relates to the kind of lover or husband they are to have, the kind of conveyance they are to ride in and the kind of materials they are to wear for their clothes. The manner is to count the horns upon the grass-blades while repeating the jingle; the last horn decides the fate of husband, house, conveyance and dress, whatever it may be.

As the question of husband is the most important in a girl's life, that comes first for decision, as follows (counting the horns on each side of the stalk):

“ Rich man,  
Poor man,  
Beggar man,  
Thief,”

(and so on until the horns are all told from the top to the bottom of the blades of grass). Then come the houses :

“ Little house,  
Big house,  
Pig's sty,  
Barn.”

Next the conveyances :

“ Coach,  
Carriage,  
Spring cart,  
Wheelbarrow.”

And lastly the materials for dress :

“ Silk,  
Satin,  
Muslin,  
Rags.”

The custom is full of a certain quaint sweetness and prettiness, and just sufficiently tinged with superstition to give it a sort of attractive glamour to those who see it for the first time.

#### THE LIFE TEST.

There is another custom belonging to the smaller folk of rural Warwickshire, another attempt to peep into or forecast the future, quite as poetical and a little more touching than the counting of the grass-horns as a test for a lover, husband, house, conveyance and dress. It is the endeavour of the rustic maiden to tell the years of her life by the bouncing of a ball.



One day in passing through a lovely secluded scene in an isolated in-Arden village, upon which abutted the yellow conical ricks and red roof-ends of a wayside farm, a soft and rather mysterious cooing sound struck my ear, together with a regular, measured beating, as of an inflated object striking some harder substance. Upon coming nearer, a pretty rustic girl appeared, with hair the colour of a cornstalk hanging like a wisp down to her waist, bouncing a newly-painted ball from the ground to her hand, and sweetly crooning out the words, in tune to the number of times she kept the sphere in motion :

“ Ball-ee, ball-ee,  
Tell me true,  
How many years I’ve got to go through.  
One, two, three, four ” . . .

and so on, until the ball eluded her hand and fell to a full stop upon the ground. Nothing prettier or more winning than this simple, though somewhat heathenish, scene of country life in Shakespeare’s greenwood could well be imagined—far from the madding crowds of War.

#### SKIPPING FOR A YOUNG MAN.

Closely allied to the custom of forecasting the future by means of the horned grass is the equally interesting performance of what I may call ‘ skipping for a young man.’ The humour of the custom is that it all appears to be pre-arranged. The country girl of an in-Arden village or hamlet has seen a young man whose name she knows, and for whom she may have conceived a tender passion. That is enough for her to

build a romance upon, and forthwith out comes the skipping rope, with the tinkling bells attached to the handles, and the performance is gone through with all the zest of a religious rite.

If the favoured one's name should be Harry, 'H' is the letter which fixes itself in the mind of the searcher for a young man; so she begins to skip to find out whether he will really be her young man; according to the rite of the rope. The formula is to skip standing, repeating the while a quaint jingle common with the children in hidden villages of Shakespeare's greenwood, as follows:

"Black currant, red currant, strawberry jam,  
Tell me the name of my young man.  
A, B, C, D," . . .

and so on, rehearsing the letters of the alphabet. And when the rope catches under the skipper's foot, at the letter of the desired one's name, then it has told her truly—what, indeed, she made it tell; and the maiden's heart thereafter is as light and dancing as her tripping feet.

This rite may appear slightly pagan, but it is very pretty, and when performed, as I have seen it, by a sweet and modish little girl with blue eyes and flaming hair, it gives just that one touch of romance to country life to-day which is necessary to make it liveable in an age reputedly so unsentimental as the present. In Shakespeare's greenwood then, at least, the 'Merrie England' of the well-loved past is 'Merrie England' still, in spite of the great European War which is crushing countries and customs and brotherly love beneath its bloody car.

GEORGE MORLEY.



## OLD AGE: 1918.

Now as my spirit burst its bonds and parted  
From the old outworn body that was mine,  
The spring of youth returned to me and, buoyant,  
I took my place in that long shadowy line  
Of souls with faces set towards heaven.

In patience

I waited long my turn. But at the last  
I knew with some chill horror of foreboding  
That many times my turn had come—and passed;  
That evermore the press of those before me  
Grew greater, though the doors were open wide,  
And a great multitude went through unchallenged;  
Yet I was left, with no man at my side.  
And no man turned his head, and no man answered  
My questions. Each moved forward to the goal;  
And others took their places, and yet others . . .  
But none made way to let me save my soul.  
Then, lifting up my voice in frenzied terror,  
I beat my breast, I cried on God with tears:  
“Lord, bid all these to let me seek Thy Presence;  
Behold, I am an old man full of years!”  
And at my voice, that broke the dreadful silence,  
There rose up One who kept the heavenly gate,  
And at His word the multitude was holden,  
Was swayed, was turned. . . .

O vision desolate!

O sight ineffable and judgment blinding!  
With faces calm and passionless in truth

Like to a sea—a sea of frozen beauty,  
They fronted me—the young men in their youth.  
And He who kept the gate made ringing answer :  
“ For these, for every one of these is room—  
Room and refreshment, recompense and welcome ;  
But who are you that would escape your doom ?  
Are not these they who should have followed after,  
But at your bidding now have gone before ?  
Not they—not God conceived the world that slew  
them.

You suffered it: the fault is at your door.  
For all the years you might have used and did not,  
Behold the cloud of witness to your sin !  
The courts of heaven are wide, but these shall fill  
them ;

How should an old man hope to enter in ?  
Go to, go to ! your days were long and evil ;  
The youth of all the world must yet redeem  
The debts, the crimes, the apathies of old men.”

*Ah, God in heaven ! did I, then, only dream ?*

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.



## A FRAGMENT.

“AND, friends, one other matter. I would ask  
Before I go away . . .

Ah, but ye weep!

What if they scourge this worn-out weary frame,  
Torture it, even, on a Roman cross?  
I have no bitterness for those my foes.  
Are not they too our brothers—mine and yours?  
Think! I shall not be very far away;  
Only these eyes are not accustomed yet  
To see the radiant beings round our path.

“It would be kind, friends I so greatly love,  
To whom I too am dear, if very oft—  
When eating, say, or drinking anything,  
At supper-time, as we are gathered now—  
Your thoughts should turn to me and the high things  
That we have talked of these three happy years.  
Shall it be thus?—that when you meet at eve,  
Good friends, you think most lovingly of me  
And of each other, yea, and of those men  
Who understand so little what we sought  
To do and teach? Oh, they will learn, one day!  
Our Father understands, and He will guide  
And bring these also home into His fold.”

Thus spake the Master, ere he went away.

But later, as the years passed by, his wish  
So friendly-sweet and simple men misjudged,  
Made it a shibboleth—a thing of pomp  
And broidered cloths, or else, quite otherwise,  
But either way a test, a passport, till  
All Christendom was torn because of it.  
And they who said, “*Our* way, be sure, he meant,”  
Hated their brothers, who replied, “Nay, nay,  
Away with you! *We* are the ones who know  
Just how he meant it done. Kill! burn! destroy!”

And some there are who think of him as friend,  
And meet him oft,—in woods, by bubbling brooks,  
On lonely shores of some quiet mountain lake;  
And in the crowd at noonday, or at eve,  
Or on the march, whisper: “He might be here  
Among us; *is* here, shall we say?”—  
And when they eat or drink, turn loving thoughts  
To his dear presence, round about their path.

GERTRUDE VAUGHAN.



## SPINOZA.

DEEP thinker, thou art gathered to thy sires,  
Death once thy scorn now hath thee in his hold ;  
And yet thy great evangel grows not old.  
That creed of cheerfulness, whose sacred fires  
Thou ravishedst from the heavens, still inspires  
A hundred hearts that otherwise were cold.  
Thou left'st no flock behind, nor e'en a fold,  
And none unto thy shepherd's crook aspires.  
In sooth thou did'st not seek to form a flock,  
But rather show amid life's arid waste  
Broad tracts of pastures, in the barren rock  
Discovering pure rills that those who taste,  
On seeing in the pools God's likeness traced,  
May know they come of an immortal stock.<sup>1</sup>

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

<sup>1</sup> *Sensimus experimurque nos æternos esse.*—SPINOZA.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

### A COMMENTARY TO KANT'S 'CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON.'

By Norman Kemp Smith, D.Phil., McCosh Professor of Philosophy, Princeton University, Author of 'Studies in Cartesian Philosophy.' London (Macmillan); pp. 615; 21s. net.

KANT'S *Critique of Pure Reason* must assuredly be reckoned one of the world's greatest philosophical classics. A Commentary on it is thus an important event, for only a mind of distinction carefully trained in the scholarship of philosophy can have the slightest hope now-a-days of attempting such a task with any measure of success. Professor Kemp Smith throughout shows that he possesses these high qualifications; his Commentary is a valuable contribution to philosophical literature and makes us realise the measure in which his teaching ability has been Glasgow's loss but Princeton's gain. Kant's striking revolutionary work marked an important turning-point in the history of European thought; it inaugurated a period of intensified effort in systematic thinking by bringing into clearer definition than ever before the fundamental problem of the nature of human knowledge. This most important and thorough-going of Kant's *Critiques* boldly set itself to answer the searching questions: How do we know at all and how far can we in any way be said to know? Reason thus set itself the task of enquiring into the nature of its own activities in dealing with the world of sense, and thus bringing into clearer light the necessary conditions and limitations with which it found itself confronted in any legitimate claim it could make to a knowledge of reality other than that of a purely empirical order. The remarkable insight of Kant into the problem enabled him to state its terms in a fresh and vigorous manner that at once arrested attention and has since spurred on the keenest intellects who succeeded him to refine upon the Critical method he first brought to birth, if they would go further, by widening and deepening the issues and more correctly



evaluating the factors in knowing and their mutual relations. A century and a third has elapsed since this famous *Critique* first appeared and many acute minds have worked over it; knowledge, even in the limited sense to which the philosopher of Königsberg would confine its meaning, has greatly increased, and philosophical activity has by no means marked time but made strenuous effort to keep pace with our extended acquaintance with empirical facts. The general texture of thought to-day is more finely woven than in Kant's time; it thus comes about that minds of less originality than the inaugurator of the Critical method are enabled, from a knowledge of the history of the critical work since done by many thinkers, and owing to the drastic training of the mind and keener insight into the problem thus made possible, to see more clearly than Kant himself where his exposition falls short of his own requirements. A commentator on the *Critique* has to be skilled, not only in the higher criticism of the subject, but also in the lower criticism—that of the actual text before him. There are two editions, and by comparing them with one another it is possible to trace the development of Kant's own thought and its process of self-rectification. Indeed research into the dates of the various MS. elements, interpolations, corrections, and the rest, has been made to yield most valuable results. Professor Kemp Smith has made full use of the labours of his great predecessors, notably of the works of Adickes and Vaihinger, and has thrown light on many an obscure passage and not infrequently reconciled Kant with himself. The view of many who have regarded Kant as a consistent thinker, at least within the covers of the greatest of his works, is clearly shown to be no longer tenable. He was attempting a task beyond the capabilities of a single mind; nevertheless he was a true seeker, progressing as he sought, eager to correct himself, yet never succeeding in breaking away from a logical tradition to which he had given his full confidence, but which to-day is called into serious question from many points of view. To-day we are beginning to recognize that philosophy is a life even more than a method, and cannot be confined within the scope of any system. Professor Kemp Smith's valuable work confirms this view and his labours have supplied students of Kant with the best systematic Commentary on *The Critique of Pure Reason* in the English tongue they can procure, and that is a very fine accomplishment.

## THE SMEAD CASE.

Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research,  
Vol. XII., June, 1918. New York (Published by the Society,  
44, East 23rd St.) ; pp. 735 ; \$6.

IN rapid succession to the three fat volumes of *The Doris Case of Multiple Personality*, which have so greatly increased interest in the puzzling phenomena of mental dissociation, comes another thick tome of *Proceedings of the American S.P.R.*, edited by its indefatigable and courageous Secretary, Dr. James H. Hyslop. The early automatic scripts of *The Smead Case* can hardly be expected to attract so much attention ; indeed some will think they do not deserve the space and care bestowed upon them. For, though they afford ample and for the most part very carefully recorded material for the determined student, they are largely of an embryonic nature and not an example of highly developed mediumship. Their main interest lies in the opportunity they afford for tracing the complexities of the interplay of 'subconscious' and 'evidential' elements. Dr. Hyslop had the Case ready for publication so long ago as 1905, and offered it to the English Society. The latter, however, would consent only to the publication of a synopsis, and to this Dr. Hyslop would not agree, for he considers the material as valuable for scientific study as are the Piper scripts, and this too though he has since published far more satisfactory examples of Mrs. 'Smead's' mediumistic ability. The earliest record he still thinks provides valuable material for the patient investigator who considers the unsatisfactory as of equal scientific importance with the satisfactory in these matters. Mrs. 'Smead' is the wife of a clergyman who is keenly interested in psychical problems and whose name is now divulged as that of the Rev. Willis M. Cleveland. Mrs. Cleveland was apparently without any but the vaguest knowledge of spiritistic phenomena outside her own experience ; she did not wish in any way to be known as a medium, and idle curiosity was far removed from her temperament. On the contrary, she was a woman of a deeply religious nature and orthodox convictions, who fortified herself with prayer, and was ever scrupulous to assure herself that she was doing right, and strongly desirous that nothing but what was good and true should be permitted to come through her. Scientific interest with her was almost non-existent ; she believed



little if at all in the 'secondary personality' talk of her husband and Dr. Hyslop of which she was for ever hearing. Mr. Cleveland, on the contrary, was eagerly alive to scientific requirements and in and out of season was one-pointedly pressing for information of an 'evidential' nature; he was impatient and would force matters. The method employed was chiefly automatic writing, by means of a planchette or otherwise, both in a waking and a trance state. It is impossible to summarize briefly even the main features of the Case, or even so far as to set forth the types of communication; its interest depends on details, and their complexity is very great. The script contains, for instance, a 'Martian' puzzle of a more systematic nature than the famous Flournoy Case of Helène Smith, and there is much 'mirror' and even more complicated forms of writing in it. The problem is to discover the extent of the influence of 'secondary personality' on the communications, and here Dr. Hyslop would distinguish between at least two phases, which he calls the 'reproductive' and the 'fabricative.' The latter though difficult to disentangle clearly plays an important rôle in the communications. Dr. Hyslop, it must be confessed, is not infrequently somewhat difficult to follow, owing to the infelicity of his phrasing; but he is always worth trying to follow. In studying the 'Smead' Case he thinks it of importance continually to bear in mind the following considerations:

"The subject of secondary personality has not been adequately analysed by those who discuss it. It has sufficed usually, even in our own discussions of it, to mention it as a scapegoat for spiritistic interpretations of certain phenomena. Distinction between secondary personality and subconscious action has been made perhaps clearly enough often, the one being an organised and dramatic form of imitating a real personality and the other as a name for sporadic phenomena not apparent in normal consciousness but separated from it by amnesia. Secondary personality also represents the same cleavage as subconscious phenomena, but it simulates the characteristics of a real personality independent of the organism in all but the actually spatial independence, while subconscious action does not necessarily simulate a real personality. But while this distinction is clear enough to most persons who have studied the subject at all, the term secondary personality has been appealed to without distinguishing adequately between the types of it. It is always assumed to find the source of its ideas in normal experience and that suffices to cast out of account the hypothesis of a foreign origin for things once known to the

subject. Critics of the spiritistic theory have not always been ready to recognise its types. The whole impulse of attack against the hypothesis of spirit has been directed toward an original source of the information in the normal experiences of the subject, and special cases have not been examined for different types of manifestation. The evidence for its existence at all has to be in the tracing of actual secondary phenomena in normal experience, forgotten, but resurrected in some way from their grave in subconscious depths.

"But there are some phenomena that cannot so be traced and which at the same time are not evidence of spirits or transcendental agents, and which have been lumped under secondary personality without qualifying in evidence of normal experience. These are slurred over or the question begged regarding their source by emphasizing cases in which the knowledge is provably normal. But I shall insist that we must distinguish between two types of secondary personality, with one of them still to be proved to exist. The first of these I shall call *reproductive* secondary personality and the second *fabrivative* secondary personality. . . . By *reproductive* secondary personality I mean the type in which the phenomena are reproductions of past normal experiences that have been forgotten: that is, separated from normal memories by amnesia. I assume here that the phenomena assume the form of a distinct personality and are not merely sporadic subliminal incidents. . . . The evidence for secondary personality is thus found in the connection, the identity, between present and past mental states, though dissociated from each other by amnesia. . . . *Fabrivative* secondary personality has no such proof. The very conception implies that there is no proof of identity between present and past mental states. It can have at best the rank of a mere hypothesis, unless other evidence that [than?] a connection between its data and past experience can be produced" (pp. 671, 672).

We are glad to see that Dr. Hyslop calls this imaginal activity 'fabrivative' and not 'creative'; it is a distinction we have already drawn in the paper entitled 'Some Current Rumours of the Hither Hereafter' in the present number.



## THE NEO-PLATONISTS.

A Study in the History of Hellenism. By Thomas Whittaker.  
Second Edition with a Supplement on the Commentaries  
of Proclus. Cambridge (The University Press); pp. 318;  
12s. net.

WE are very pleased to welcome this new and enlarged edition of Mr. Whittaker's deservedly valued volume on Neoplatonism, which appeared for the first time in 1901. It can be unreservedly recommended as a sound and reliable setting forth of the movement regarded as the most mature phase of Hellenic thought and philosophical endeavour. We seem to-day to be on the eve of a distinct renaissance of genuine interest in and therefore of new methodical enquiry into the Platonic tradition in its full Hellenic development, and no longer as a torso. The old bad habit of amputating Neoplatonism from Platonism and regarding the former as a diseased limb, as marking a period of falling away from the genuine philosophy of the Founder of the Academy, as a period of decadence and degeneration in accurate thinking, is still strongly entrenched in learned prejudice; it is, however, beginning at last to be bombed out of some of its dug-outs. We have for so long been assured by modern authorities that Neoplatonism was an enthusiastic and unbalanced mystical movement by no means worthy of being regarded as a genuine philosophical endeavour, that, owing to the general prejudice with which anything at all savouring of the mystical was regarded by positive thinkers during the last century, grave injustice has been done to those who claimed to be the legitimate followers and developers of the Platonic method. Mr. Whittaker is so occupied by showing the falsity of this judgment that he fails to do complete justice to the strong mystical element that was indubitably in general an integral element in the religious life of the later Platonic school. The Platonici of this later period were as keen as any modern thinkers to set forth their doctrines in as clean and clear a light as reason could demand, but at the same time they knew that there was a complementary energy of their being that required satisfaction and expression if they were to win to an immediate sense of the fulness of the Good. Personally we are convinced that this mystical element must be taken into respectful consideration in any really inclusive attempt at

philosophical thinking, and are persuaded that this side of Neoplatonism will ere long also come into its own. Meantime there is philosophical matter of the greatest interest for modern thinkers who are without mystical experience and still remain sceptical as to its value. The claim made by Mr. Whittaker for the metaphysical ability of these later Greek thinkers, however, is all that could be desired by their most enthusiastic apologist. He writes (p. 209): "The Neo-platonic thought is, metaphysically, the maturest thought that the European world has seen. Our science, indeed, is more developed; and so also, with regard to some special problems, is our theory of knowledge. On the other hand, the modern time has nothing to show comparable to a continuous quest of truth about reality during a period of intellectual liberty that lasted for a thousand years. What it has to show, during a much shorter period of freedom, consists of isolated efforts, bounded by the national limitations of its philosophical schools. The essential ideas, therefore, of the ontology of Plotinus and Proclus may still be worth examining in no merely antiquarian spirit." It is at last beginning to be recognized that Plotinus was the greatest philosophical genius from the days of Aristotle till the dawn of modern philosophy inaugurated by René Descartes. Though a devoted follower of Plato, Plotinus at the same time was a mind of extraordinary originality. This at least is beginning to be made clear; but what is not acknowledged is the 'essential originality' of the Neoplatonic movement as a whole, and to bring this into clear light is the main object of Mr. Whittaker's exposition (p. 184). After Plotinus the greatest original thinker of the School was Proclus, who in some ways brought into clearer definition than any of his predecessors some of the most difficult problems of human thought. The neglect into which the writings of Proclus have fallen is little short of a scandal. He is generally regarded at best as a wearisome commentator on some of the great Platonic dialogues. This is the view of those whose first-hand acquaintance with his writings is to say the least of it superficial; a deeper study of them reveals the workings of a mind in some ways more keenly alive to modern requirements of thinking than perhaps even those of Plotinus or Plato. It is not the least valuable service that Mr. Whittaker does for his readers when he presents them with an addition to his general exposition in the form of a careful summary of the Proclan commentaries, in which he brings out, in masterly fashion, the chief points of



interest. This is certainly the best piece of work so far done on these instructive documents of which no student of Plato should remain ignorant. For the rest, the new edition reproduces the first with little alteration; the appendix, however, which deals with Gnosticism, has been entirely rewritten by the help of the new light recently thrown on the subject. Mr. Whittaker frankly admits that his former view was mistaken; and we may add that if he had bestowed as much time and labour on the Gnostic documents at first-hand as he has bestowed on the records of Neoplatonism he would probably have still further revised his view. But on the whole we have nothing but praise for his valuable study of the philosophers of the Golden Chain, and are very grateful for the labour of love bestowed so ungrudgingly on the memorials of those of whom we count ourselves sincere admirers in very many ways.

#### THE CANDLE OF VISION.

By A. E. London (Macmillan); pp. 175; 6s. net.

APART from his verse, these retrospects and meditations are, in our opinion, the best thing A. E. has written. In his own words, they "are the efforts of an artist and poet to relate his own vision to the vision of the seers and writers of the sacred books, and to discover what element of truth lay in these imaginations." In his mature years George W. Russell looks back upon his earlier days of vision, selects from his rich memories many a fair sample of his mystic experience and, with the practical intelligence that has been so conspicuously apparent in his many years of unremitting labour for the improvement of Irish industries and agricultural undertakings, criticizes and evaluates his contemplative ability. Such an exposition, set forth with all the charm of style of which our poet is master, is a valuable contribution to mystical literature and will be highly appreciated by those who have the genuine root of the matter in them. A. E. is utterly frank. He tells us how for some years his heart was proud, "for as beauty sank into memory it seemed to become a personal possession, and I said 'I imagined this' when I should humbly have said 'the curtain was a little lifted that I might see.'" Yet on the other hand he is convinced that there is no caprice in this, no special gifts or genius: "For all that is ours we have paid the price." Strive, try, will for the divine vision while still in the body. "The religion which does not cry out: 'I am to-day

verifiable as that water wets or that fire burns. Test me that ye can become as gods.' Mistrust it. Its messengers are prophets of the darkness." It is with regard to the nature of imagination that A. E. is chiefly exercised. He surmises, and we think he surmises with insight, that the psychologists over whose works he had vainly racked his brains, are themselves without it, and speaks of them "as blind men who would fain draw although without vision." His experience has made him certain, over against the academic view, that some images which populate the brain have not always been there, nor are they always refashioned from things seen. "I know that with the pictures of memory mingle pictures which come to us, sometimes from the minds of others, sometimes are glimpses of distant countries, sometimes are reflections of happenings in regions invisible to the outer eyes; and as meditation grows more exalted, the forms traceable to memory tend to disappear and we have access to a memory greater than our own, the treasure house of august memories in the immemorable being of Earth." And in this connection he is of opinion that most of what has been said of God by the ancient seers "was in reality said of that Spirit whose body is Earth." Imagination is a term too loosely employed; it is generally confounded with what is simply vision. Imagination is as it were creative. "Imagination is not a vision of something which already exists, and which is itself unchanged by the act of seeing, but by imagination what exists in latency or essence is out-realised and is given a form in thought, and we can contemplate with full consciousness that which hitherto had been unrevealed, or only intuitionally surmised." And yet we are not consciously masters of this creative genius, which is at work in the wildest dream as in the most exalted vision. "Not by any power I understand are these images created; but the power which creates them is, I surmise, a mightier self of ours, and yet our slave for purposes of its own." A. E. has had many visions and among them visions of air-ships, which others less open-minded and more credulous would refer to the fabled Atlantis. For himself he confesses: "I have been unable to place them even speculatively in any world or any century, and," he adds, "it must be so with the imaginations of many other people." This is well said and consonant with our own conviction.

For the many other points of interest and the many delightful and instructive visions, not least those of the Sidhe some of which A. E. has so strikingly conveyed to canvas, we must refer our



readers to the book, as well as for a most suggestive chapter on 'Celtic Cosmogony.' Our only regret is that our old friend included the chapter on 'The Language of the Gods'; it is inchoate and arrests the flow of this delightful fragment of autobiography.

#### TELERGY.

The Communion of Souls. By Frank C. Constable, M.A. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 113; 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is practically a synopsis of Mr. Constable's *Personality and Telepathy*, which appeared in 1911. The author is a great admirer of Kant and a close student of psychical research. The phenomena of telepathy he considers now sufficiently proved to call loudly for a theory which can unify the observed facts. 'Brain-waves' and analogies with wireless telegraphy afford no real explanation. Mr. Constable posits a transcendental subject, the soul of man proper, in which "imagination is deep buried," and which has memory. This transcendental subject is a timeless and spaceless reality. Only when embodied is it subject to temporal and spatial limitations. The brain inhibits imagination in the form of thought. We do not imagine or think objects, we think about them; when we think we use ideas. Thought is imagination, but imagination inhibited because its purview is bounded by the possible motion of the brain. The embodied self is the self-conscious self. The transcendental self can exercise imagination which carries it beyond its experience as an embodied self. The principle of telergy connotes timeless and spaceless communion between souls, and Mr. Constable believes that such a hypothesis is necessary to explain the accepted cases of telepathy. But an absolutely timeless and spaceless communion of souls seems somewhat too great a jump in the way of hypothesis; it is by no means an economical expenditure of the energy of suppositions. Telepathy is surely a psychical phenomenon and not a spiritual perfection. The embodied soul is not necessarily conditioned solely by a physical body and brain; there is in every probability also its psychical embodiment to be considered, and the possibilities of the latter may laugh at time and space as we know them in normal consciousness.

The extremely dualistic contrast of the noumenal and sensible activities of the mind which Mr. Constable favours leads

him to distinguish the embodied and disembodied states in the sharpest possible fashion; he indeed sets well-nigh an impassable gulf between them. "If," he writes, ". . . those of us who are disembodied exist in a universe of wider purview than our little objective universe, the disembodied can give us no information as to their existing state: far more easily might Sir Isaac Newton make a child of five years fully acquainted with the infinitesimal calculus. All they can do is to give us ideas *in parable*. If they still have form they can give us no full information as to what it is. For the term form is meaningless to us unless in relation to the objects of our little universe." As far, however, as we can make out from the voluminous spiritistic records that purport to describe after-death conditions, the vast majority of the deceased seem to be in a far less lofty state of mind. The problems which interested the mind of a Kant do not seem in any way to bother them. They appear to be still immersed in phenomena up to their necks.

Elsewhere Mr. Constable is of opinion that 'blankness of mind' is an important factor in automatic writings; this may be so, but some of the best we have seen have been obtained when the automatist was carrying on a conversation or reading a book.

#### AN ETHICAL SYSTEM BASED ON THE LAWS OF NATURE.

By M. Deshumbert. Translated from the French by Lionel Giles, M.A., D.Litt. London (The Open Court Pub. Co.); pp. 231; 2s. 6d. net.

THE general thesis of this volume, which has been warmly welcomed by naturalistic and rationalistic thinkers and translated into many languages, is that Nature, or rather 'the law of Nature,' is 'moral.' Life is the law of the universe; man is an integral part of the universe. "Man is a particle of the Whole; what the Whole wills, the part must will also; where the Whole goes, the part must go also; what the Whole desires, the part must desire also." It follows therefore that a moral man ought to act with the universe, and that life is the criterion of good and evil, whatever that means. "Natural ethics may be defined as the science which has for its object all means of conserving and augmenting life in all its aspects (physical, intellectual, moral, social and æsthetic), and thus realising the full development of the whole being." There is much of interest in the marshalling of scientific



facts to support the thesis of a so-called natural 'morality' in animals. But when we come across the statement, for instance, that 'plants are moral,' we begin to feel that the word is being emptied of all its distinctive significance. It seems to mean simply that there is an upward tendency in things; let us then call this the moral factor in living Nature and so find morality in the lowliest forms of life. But why only in life; why not also in the inanimate? The forward urge in every grade of existence could then be called moral. The ancients spoke of hate and love among the atoms; why not push back morality to the electrons and have done with it? But M. Deshumbert confines the beginnings of morality to the beginnings of life, and evil, for him, is "everything that diminishes life to no purpose." Personally we do not think that morality can be rightly spoken of before the stage of fully conscious rational existence. If it is ridiculous to speak of an ink-pot as moral because it fulfills the purpose for which it was made, it is somewhat absurd to speak of plants or animals being moral because they instinctively perform the functions for which they are evolved. Man alone is capable of striving deliberately and purposely for self-improvement, for a higher grade of development, and here it is that the moral struggle proper comes in. If morality is to be extended to beasts and plants, let us at any rate do this with our eyes open, and recognize it as pure anthropomorphism in its most uncritical form. Indian philosophy has a technical term for this characteristic of acting according to nature in the various orders of existence and grades of life. It is *dharma*. But *dharma* is not 'morality.' The cobra rightly fulfills its *dharma* in striking with poisoned fang and is guiltless; but we can hardly call this moral. One of the most interesting points in M. Deshumbert's instructive, if not convincing essay, is the attempt to show that the cruelty of Nature is by no means so bad as it seems.

#### THE QUEST OF THE FACE.

By Stephen Graham. London (Macmillan); pp. 295; 7s. 6d. net.

OF these eleven short sketches, all of a religious or mystical nature, the most important, occupying no less than half the volume, is 'The Face of Christ.' The first half of this half is one of the best things Stephen Graham has written. It is easy to see in the faces of our fellows suggestions of animal lineaments:

the pig-faced, the fox-faced, the mule-faced, are to be met with on all hands ; we are quick to notice the types of the bull and the goat, of the tiger and the ape. But what of the promise in every face of what may be, of the ideal, of the divine? How few are willing to discern or even to try to recognize the foreshadowings of that divine nature which may be at times seen so clearly by the Christ-seeker in the faces of his fellows? To find the face of the Christ requires a seeker of rare understanding, of great love, of sympathy, of compassion. "If you look upon Christ He will look upon you. But the sons of Adam are looking at the daughters of Eve. They do not look on the miraculous face and therefore it does not look upon them ; the Christ remains blind. But if perchance one man looks, one man sees—then he gives eyes to the blind, the blind Christ, blind till then, and He opens His eyes and looks upon him." There is a better, higher, ideal self in all, the true *alter ego*. Yet is the Quest of the Face difficult, for each seeker has his separate vision of it. "And as there is an infinite number and diversity of mankind, so the faces of the ideal are infinitely numerous and diverse." Nevertheless, as we are all one in truth, so in some way are all the faces one, "and all the loveliness one loveliness." This leads our author to discourse with insight on the typical portraits of the Christ; he refers especially to those limned by the inspired painters of the Eastern Church and called 'not-by-hands-created,' and quotes from a legend the comforting words of the Master Spirit to one who would fain have painted the marvel of the divine countenance: "Thou couldst not paint My face for the reflection there of the face of the common man. Behold, henceforth thou shalt not attempt to paint the face of any common man, but shalt find My face there also." This will give the reader some notion of the main conception round which Stephen Graham weaves his exposition. It is a grand idea, and lends itself to imaginative and enthusiastic treatment. If at times there is some wildness in his statements, it is not surprising; the theme carries him away with it. Clinging to the mean mixture which is all that most are conscious of in the way of personality is a poor and sorry outlook. For as this man of letters and mystical yearnings, who is now 'doing his bit' as a private in one of the Guards' regiments, well says: "To seek to be perpetuated as we are is the opposite of seeking Christ. He lives the best who is always ready to die."



## CHIVALRY AND THE WOUNDED.

The Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem (1014-1914). By E. M. Tenison. London (Upcott Gill); pp. 108; 1s. net.

A HISTORY of the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem should find a ready welcome at the present time. Published originally in support of an appeal for funds to carry on the work of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, it has a value of its own and is of more than passing interest. It will open the eyes of many, not only to the extraordinarily important work done by the Order in the Middle Ages, but also to the lofty standard of spirituality and self-sacrifice held up before the eyes of the world in a period on which we are inclined to look back with a sense of superiority. From the founding of the Order by Raymond du Puy at Jerusalem in 1118, for the purpose of sheltering and defending the pilgrims to the Holy Land, through the tragic struggle for the possession of Jerusalem and the final catastrophe at Acre, the stirring dramas of the defence of Rhodes by Villiers de L'Isle Adam and of the siege of Malta—as long in fact as the Turkish power remained a danger to Europe—it was the military Orders of the Knights Templars and the Hospitallers who held the breach in the bitter conflict between East and West. Throughout their strenuous history the spirit that had originally animated the Knights of the White Cross bore its witness to the world of the reality of unseen things. Founded as it was 'for the service of mankind,' membership in the Order was eagerly competed for by the proudest families, the most powerful nobles renouncing without hesitation all the gifts of fortune to devote themselves to a life of the utmost austerity. Suppressed finally in France by the Revolutionaries, to whom its stronghold in Malta was surrendered, it was from France that early in the 19th century came the first attempt to re-create the Order. The French Brethren sent an envoy to the Congress of Vienna and finally the English Order of St. John was reconstituted in a modernised form, with the King as the Sovereign Head. The record of its comparatively unobtrusive work, in the founding of cottage hospitals, classes of instruction in nursing, etc., has nevertheless shown a courage and devotion not unworthy of its fore-runners; and when the summons of the War came, the Brethren and Sisters of the Order did not fail to live up to its original spirit and to lay down their lives when called on, 'in the service of humanity.'

S. E. H.

## THE NEW IDEALIST MOVEMENT IN PHILOSOPHY.

An Inaugural Address by H. Wildon Carr, D.Litt., Professor of Philosophy in the University of London, King's College. London (Williams and Norgate); pp. 28; 1s. net.

THE recent election of Dr. Wildon Carr to the Chair of Philosophy at King's College is a well deserved and very unusual honour. Seldom is it that a man who has not worked his way up the Academical ladder obtains such a post. But Dr. Carr is more than a man of the schools; he is a genuine lover of philosophy. King's is to be heartily congratulated on the courage of its choice. A thinker who has done so much to make Bergson and Croce familiar to a wide public in this country has done well in choosing for his Inaugural Address the New Idealist Movement in which he is so much at home. We have before us an interesting, instructive and encouraging pronouncement. The New Idealism and the New Realism are infusing fresh vigour into the life of modern thinking, and both in their respective ways are clearing the ground for an advance that will make the philosophizing of the future a very practical and important factor in the intellectual development of the twentieth century. We notice that Dr. Carr is sceptical of the utility of the labour of psychical research for philosophical thinkers. He would have it that any treatment of the hope of reunion with loved ones lost to us is 'romantic speculation' at best. But is this really so? Later on Dr. Carr, when speaking of the fundamental distinction between the physical and mental orders, says of the latter: "When I succeed in imparting to you an idea of mine, my mind is not the poorer by one idea, yours the richer. Nothing has passed out of my mind into yours, as, for instance, when water is poured out of one vessel into another. The images that arise in your mind, the concepts in which you frame these images, arise within your own mind and are your own private incommunicable possessions." If we are not entirely mistaken, the labours of psychical research are calling this notion of a psychically hermetically closed imaginal private universe into serious question; and if this is so, philosophy will have to accommodate itself to the facts of this new departure in psychology no matter how revolutionary they may at first sight appear.



## PHANTASMS OF THE LIVING.

By Edward Gurney, Frederic W. H. Myers and Frank Podmore.  
Abridged Edition prepared by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick.  
London (Kegan Paul); pp. 520; 16s. net.

As in 1907 it was found desirable to bring out an abridged edition in one volume of the two volumes of Myers' now classical work, *Human Personality* (1901), so now we have an edition reduced to one half of the original two-volumed co-operative study, *Phantasms of the Living*, published in 1886. This valuable collection of some 700 incidents, with their analysis, classification and discussion, claimed modestly to show: "(1) that experimental telepathy exists, and (2) that apparitions at death, etc., are a result of something beyond chance; whence it follows (3) that these experimental and these spontaneous cases of the action of mind on mind are in some way allied." During the thirty-two years that have elapsed since this first important systematic contribution to psychical research appeared, thousands of additional cases have been recorded and discussed; nevertheless the merits of this pioneer study justify the publication of the more valuable part of its contents in a form more suited to the needs of the general reader. The work of abridgment has been entrusted to the capable hands of Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, who has found herself compelled to cut down the 700 cases to 186 of the best evidenced, and to omit some lengthy expositions that did not bear directly on the subject in hand. Apparitions occurring about the moment of death are all classed as phantasms of the 'living'; a generation of research makes this estimate appear to-day to stand somewhat in need of revision. It is difficult to believe that any unprejudiced mind, after reading the evidence, can still hold 'telepathy' to be void of all factual basis. Incredulity *per se* is not one of the virtues.

## SONNETS TO THE UNIVERSE.

By Edmund Holmes. London (Humphreys); pp. 21; 1s. net.

ADMIRERS of 'The Creed of my Heart,' not to speak of many another fine piece of work in prose and verse from the same skilful pen and thinker of beautiful thoughts, will read these twenty-one graceful sonnets with pleasure. Mr. Holmes has the courage of

the faith of the true mystic, virile and adventurous; he steers for the open sea. Thus:

“Men ask what I believe. I cannot say,  
Faith is the other self of deep desire,  
Faith is a flood which sweeps all forms away,—  
The flaming outrush of an inward fire.  
Men ask what I believe. I cannot guess.  
I love you with my heart, my mind, my soul.  
This is my creed. What more can I confess?  
Love baffles speech, and breaks from thought's control.  
Men ask if I am happy. Have I found  
Safe anchorage in life's uncharted sea?  
Nay, I am on a voyage. I am bound  
For seas and lands unknown. I wander free.  
I find life's treasure in this endless quest,  
And peace of mind in infinite unrest.”

#### FROM THE WATCH TOWER.

Or Spiritual Discernment. By Sidney T. Klein. London (Methuen); pp. 263; 5s. net.

IN *Science and the Infinite* Mr. Klein assembled a number of interesting scientific facts which he used by analogy as suggestive illustrations of the nature of spiritual reality. Encouraged by the interest taken in his exposition as shown by the many questions addressed to him, he returns to the subject in the present volume and attempts to elucidate some of the main topics on which these questions turned. He bases all his arguments on two postulates: (1) that the whole universe is the manifestation or materialisation of the Thought or Will of God, which transcends all conditions of time and space; (2) that man's real spiritual personality is also not limited by these conditions, but is essentially omniscient and omnipresent. It is the finiteness of our outlook which is the enemy to be overcome. Therefore is it from the unlimited outlook that we would attempt to discern certain problems that are inconceivable by the intellect. We too believe in the supreme value of spiritual discernment, but that discernment must include finitude and explain finitude to be truly real. In itself the infinite is no solution of the problem of finitude.

However it is good to insist upon the priceless value of spiritual reality, and Mr. Klein does that throughout.



## SEVENTY THOUSAND VEILS.

By Florence Lederer (Felicity), author of 'The Rest House.'  
London (Watkins); pp. 79; 3s. 6d. net.

THIS collection of short pieces of prose-poetry is marked by an easy flow of diction. The writer is imbued with a deep sense of the love of nature and of music, and possessed of the mystic temperament. For her:

"The Beloved is veiled with seventy thousand veils. No hint, no glimmer of His celestial radiance can thus be seen, or guessed at by the profane or doubting souls.

"But these veils must be removed, some with deep pain and tribulation, others with joy and gladness, ere the pilgrim gains the outer gates of Paradise."

Mrs. Lederer is evidently writing, for the most part, of things experienced; but at times a strong influence is apparent that cannot be described otherwise than as Tagoresque.

## BRAHMADARSANAM OR INTUITION OF THE ABSOLUTE.

Being an Introduction to the Study of Hindu Philosophy. By  
Sri Ānanda Āchārya. London (Macmillan); pp. 210;  
4s. 6d. net.

JUDGING by the general attitude of the writer and the predominant number of their publications listed in the general bibliography at the end, Ānanda Āchārya belongs to the Swāmi movement or tradition of Rāmakrishna. The six lectures which the book contains were first delivered *extempore* at Christiania in 1915 and subsequently written down with the assistance of an English lady—a striking instance of international amity in these days of bitter strife. If we are right in surmising that it is the writer's first book, he has made a not unpromising start in so difficult a field of exposition; not, however, in the sense of writing a systematic treatise, but in the way of sketches by one who has studied diligently, is enthusiastic for his own traditions and anxious to make the best of them. Naturally many points of controversy occur in the treatment of so extensive and long-historied a theme, and crudities and exaggerations are not absent; but we so sympathetically recognize the difficulties that we are not inclined to dwell on the blemishes.

## THE CHALLENGE OF THE UNIVERSE.

A Popular Restatement of the Argument from Design. By the Rev. Charles J. Shebbeare, M.A., Ch. Ch. Oxford, Select Preacher in the University. London (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge); pp. 245; 7s. 6d. net.

PERHAPS the most characteristic mark of Mr. Shebbeare's volume is the extraordinary candour with which he states the argument against his position, as urged by agnostics and radical so-called 'free-thinkers.' There is here at least no evasion or shirking of the issue. Nor is there any denunciation; the debate is carried on with the utmost courtesy. It cannot, however, be said that there is anything novel in the author's 'restatement'; at any rate it seems familiar enough to our own mind. The pith of the position is summed up shortly in the following three points: "First, we all believe that the world is a rational whole, governed by a rational system of laws. But, secondly, we have seen already that one of the laws of Nature is that men's minds tend to a true conception of what the Universe ought to be. Thirdly, we ask whether we should dream of calling a system of laws rational if they prescribed that all men should tend to a knowledge of these right ideals, and yet these ideals should not be taken into account in the ordering of the Universe." It is somewhat difficult for 'science,' which is based entirely on the supposition that the universe is 'rational' or if it be preferred intelligible, to get round this position. But the conclusion from this to the 'personal God' of 'theology' is the real *cruz*, and it is on this sudden leap in Mr. Shebbeare's argument that the agnostic and sceptic will at once pitch, for it jumps to the eyes all the more because of the smooth argument of the rest of his 'restatement.'

## PSYCHOANALYSIS.

Special Medical Part of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, Part LXXV., Vol. XXX., July, 1918; pp. 173; 4s. 6d. net.

WE are pleased to call the attention of those of our readers who are interested in this rapidly developing branch of the new psychology to the three important papers contained in this volume. They are: 'The Psychoanalytical Use of Subliminal Material,'



by Constance E. Long, M.D.; 'Dream Analysis,' by Alice Johnson; and 'Psychology of the Unconscious and Psychoanalysis,' by T. W. Mitchell, M.D. The first and last are notable contributions respectively from the therapeutical and psychological points of view,—indeed Dr. Mitchell's paper is the clearest and most impartial summary we have seen,—and the second is not without interest as calling into question the whole of the Freudian theory of the endopsychic 'censor.'

#### WHAT IS THIS SPIRITUALISM?

By Horace Leaf. London (Palmer and Hayward); pp. 192; 5s. net.

MR. LEAF'S reply to this question, which is engaging so much popular attention, is a simple and straightforward answer dealing with the most salient features of the history and phenomenal facts of modern Spiritualism. The writer has had wide experience and writes from the standpoint of a now convinced believer who regards Spiritualism not only as an embryonic subject of scientific enquiry but also as a religion. The book will serve as a useful introduction for the general enquirer for it contains much which the 'man in the street' requires to know about Spiritualism, set forth in an interesting and readable manner.

#### THE SILENT VOICE.

Second Series. London (Bell); pp. 68; 1s. net.

THE 'teachings' previously published under this title were received, we are told, by inspirational writing, while those of the present series were impressed on the writer's mind during prayer. They represent a kind of philosophized Christianity with reminiscences of Gnostic teachings, recalling much that is familiar in books on Christian mysticism. Among the more noteworthy sayings are the following: "What you manifest, I become, and as you deny or decry, so do I diminish" (p. 15); "You bind My steps along only the one road, and so you bind Me on My Cross" (p. 25); "The Cross was when the world, yea, the universe, was not (p. 27); "By thought the enemy came into being, and by thought he will be cast out and utterly destroyed" (p. 44).

S. E. H.

## THE TRYST.

And other Poems. By E. V. Rieu. London (Oxford University Press); pp. 56; 3s. 6d. net.

THESE poems are above the average of minor verse. They have an intimate, human appeal, and are poems of the emotions rather than of the imagination. The images are at times confused; but the sonnet beginning "Grief has no power to touch a love so great" is verse of the kind that lives. The writer touches on subjects connected with the 'subconscious' and on the doctrines of karma and reincarnation, but these he treats more as a poet than a theorist. 'The Return' is the transmutation into poetry of the difficulty of 'getting back' frequently experienced by psychics.

"Slow to the precincts of the earthly mind  
With many a backward glance returns the soul,  
And dimly mourns for what it leaves behind,  
And has no pleasure in the distant goal;

"Doubtful as is a rower from the land  
When midway on the mere he stays his oar,  
And dreams that through the gloom he sees the hand  
Of one who beckons from the dwindling shore."

S. E. H.

## HOW TO SPEAK WITH THE DEAD.

A Practical Handbook. By Sciens, Author of Recognised Scientific Text-books. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 133; 3s. 6d. net.

'SCIENS' is evidently the 'Plain Citizen' who wrote *Some Revelations as to 'Raymond'*, on which we remarked in the July number. We are afraid that this handbook's pretension to be "a practical guide for the assistance of those persons desirous of speaking with the dead and . . . an elementary text-book of occult phenomena" is but indifferently borne out by its contents. A more qualified title and a less positive sub-title would be more in keeping with the moderate performance of the writer.



## PREPARING THE WAY.

The Influence of Judaism of the Greek Period on the Earliest Developments of Christianity. By Frank Streatfeild, B.D. London (Macmillan); pp. 205; 5s. net.

THE influence of apocalyptic and apocryphal literature on early Christianity was enormous. Without a knowledge of what remains of this exceedingly interesting phase of scriptural activity and some idea of the many books that have been lost, it is quite impossible to have any adequate notion of the environment of earliest Christianity. Of recent years much work has been done on the subject, but most of the books are large and costly. Mr. Streatfeild, in this useful little volume, presents the reader with a handy *vade mecum* to start him on the path of deeper study. We hope it will find its way into the hands of every clergyman who is ignorant of the matter and enable him to realize how much Christian doctrine owes to what one writer on pseudepigrapha called 'Books that Influenced our Lord and His Disciples.' The layman who is without learning, will be somewhat deterred by his ignorance of Greek; nevertheless he will glean enough from the rest, especially if the subject is new to him, to make him ask: Why have we been kept so many years in ignorance? And it will be rather difficult for his pastors and masters to find a satisfactory apology for either their ignorance or their obscurantism.

## SOLITUDES.

And other Poems. By Florence M. Bradford. London (Macdonald); pp. 72; 2s. 6d. net.

THE authoress of this book of verse is already known to readers of THE QUEST by her striking poem 'Communion.' The collection before us contains many pieces showing a pleasing poetic fancy, though the writer at present remains for the most part within the limits of her personal horizon and seldom reaches the simplicity of the truths that make universal appeal. Such poems however as 'London in Autumn' and 'The Touch of Night' show promise of something akin to creative imagination.

S. E. H.

## THE HELPING HAND.

An Essay in Philosophy and Religion for the Unhappy. By Gerald Gould. London (Unwin); pp. 127; 2s. net.

THIS earnest and interesting treatise emphasizes strongly the subjective aspect of religious truth. The test of religion, we are told, is the 'assurance' that it brings. The sum of reality is only what one feels it to be. This Protagorean view is insisted on without regard to the claims of the objectivist position; and perhaps one result is the importance ascribed to the principle of personality, and the final resting-place found in the personal aspect of religion. The consequences that may follow from pure subjectivism are perceived on p. 102, where it is asserted that, if it were possible to perpetuate the act of will by which one can *feel as if* mountains were removed, the omnipotence of divinity would be attained in oneness with God. This, described as 'triumphant will,' is the act of the 'spiritual' self. Perhaps a conclusion so Nietzschean is connected with the vague use of the word 'spiritual,' which, it is suggested, may be taken to mean 'the living present of hope and will,' as opposed to the dead past. This does not seem the happiest solution of the difficulty found in attempting to divide the self into spiritual and material parts. But why should the spiritual be dragged down into the sphere of opposites and degraded into a 'part'?

S. E. H.

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*Erratum.*—In the review of 'One Thing I Know' (p. 142 of the Oct. no.) the statement that the disease was diagnosed as organic is erroneous; it was correctly diagnosed as functional.  
—ED.

We are once more compelled to change the cover paper. It is not what we could wish but all that we can get.—ED.



# THE QUEST

A Quarterly Review.

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APRIL, 1919.

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# THE QUEST.

THE QUEST welcomes contributions that exemplify the investigation and comparative study of religion, philosophy and science as complementary to one another in aiding the search for that reality which alone can give complete satisfaction. It desires to promote enquiry into the nature of religious and other supranormal experiences, and the means of testing their value, to strengthen that love of wisdom which stimulates all efforts to formulate a practical philosophy of life, and to emphasise the need of a vital science to crown and complete the discoveries of physical research. It also invites contributions which treat of the purpose of art and the expression of the ideal in forms of beauty; and in literature interests itself in works of inspiration and of the creative imagination. THE QUEST will endeavour, as far as possible, to avoid technicalities, so as to meet the requirements of the more general public seriously interested in such matters. Space will be given to suitable correspondence, queries, notes and discussions.

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# THE QUEST



## THE ETERNAL RUNAWAY.

DARKLY you sweep on unseen, Eternal Runaway,  
at whose bodiless rush stagnant space frets into foam  
and eddying bubbles of light.

Is your heart utterly lost to the Lover calling you  
across his immeasurable loneliness?

And is it for the aching urge of your hurry that your  
tangled tresses break into stormy riot,

and fire-pearls roll in your path torn from your  
necklace?

Your fleeting steps kiss the dust of the world into  
sweetness, sweeping away its waste;

the dance-storm shaken from your limbs freshens life  
with the sacred shower of death.

If in a sudden weariness you stopped for a moment,  
the world would howl into a heap of encumbrance  
growing to its own self a barrier,

and the smallest speck of dust pierce the sky through  
its infinity

with an unbearable pressure of pause.

It has quickened my poet's thoughts, this rhythm of  
the unseen feet shaking their anklets of light.

For their steps are echoing in my heart-beats  
and in my blood swells the psalm of the ancient  
sea.

I hear the thundering flood of my life tumbling from  
world to world

and form to form, scattering my being in endless  
spray of gifts, in sorrowings and songs.

The tide runs high, the wind blows, the boat dances  
like thine own desire, my heart !

Leave behind the hoarding of the shore  
and sail on thy voyage over the unfathomed dark  
towards the light without limit.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.



## NIETZSCHE'S DIATRIBE AGAINST CHRISTIANITY.

Gunner EDWARD LEWIS.

NIETZSCHE antagonized Christianity both indirectly and directly: indirectly in his theory of religion, his doctrine of morality and his æsthetic interpretation of the universe; directly in a large number of statements scattered here and there among his writings. These are collated and epitomized in the following. So far as possible his own words (in translation) have been used, and the references are to the edition in eighteen volumes which English readers owe to the enterprise and enthusiasm of Dr. Oscar Levy. Nothing of importance has been omitted; Nietzsche's occasional self-contradictions have been allowed to remain and, save for those virulent passages with which in certain moods he chose to adorn his polemic and which may well be neglected, his case against Christianity is fully set out. His criticisms need to be carefully examined and weighed. There may be in all cases an answer to them, sometimes there is an obvious answer to them; but the first thing is to know precisely what he said, a prerequisite which has not always seemed necessary to some of his would-be answerers.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> We have hesitated for some time to publish this paper; but perhaps the simple method of bringing together all the relevant passages (which has never been done before) is the most effective way of revealing the spirit that underlies the gospel of the 'will to power.'—ED.

*A. As to Origins and History.*

## 1. CHRISTIANITY AND PAGANISM.

Paganism is a wide term. It is used chiefly by Nietzsche to express a certain positive attitude towards life. Paganism is that which says Yea to all that is natural; it is innocence in being natural, in contradistinction to Christianity, which says No to all that is natural (xiii. 137). It is represented in that unrestrainable stream of gratitude which is so astonishing in the religious life of the ancient Greeks—an attitude towards natural life which surely must be the mark of a very superior kind of man (xi. 39); also in the spirit of such an one as Epictetus, who neither hopes for nor allows his best treasure to be given him, but possesses it already, holds it bravely in his hand, and defies the world to take it from him (ix. 377). Paganism accepted the all-too-human as unavoidable, and held festivals in honour of it. Instead of railing at it the Greeks gave it a kind of secondary right by grafting it on to the usages of society and religion; all in man that had power they called divine and wrote it on the walls of their heaven (vii. 113). In Pagan cultures it is around the great annual cycles that the religious cult turns; in Christianity, around a cycle of paralytic phenomena (xiii. 129).

The prevalence of this spirit characterizes the pure ages of antiquity (viii. 174); but already, prior to Christianity, anti-Pagan tendencies had developed. Their source may be traced to Plato, whose moral fanaticism had destroyed Paganism by transvaluing its values and poisoning its innocence (xiii. 362). Not because Paganism was morally corrupt, but because it



was psychologically corrupted by moral-infectedness, was Christianity able to take root in its soil. The man of antiquity had become moralised and good, and so was made ready for Christianity (xiii. 128), which therefore appears as the religion of antiquity grown old,—the evening chime of the 'good' antiquity with cracked, weary, yet melodious bell (vii. 119). It presupposes degenerate old culture-stocks, and upon these it flourishes; to young and fresh barbarian nations, on the other hand, it is a poison which results in a fundamental weakening of them (vii. 120). Christianity cannot therefore be regarded as the expression of a revived youth among a people; rather it is a typical form of decadence, of moral softening and hysteria amid a general hotch-potch of races and peoples that have lost all aims and grown weary and sick (xiii. 150).

There was, of course, a Pagan morality of no mean order. But there are two types of morality which must not be confounded: the morality with which the instinct that has remained healthy defends itself against incipient decadence; and the morality by means of which this decadence asserts and justifies itself. The former (Pagan) is usually stoical, hard, tyrannical, while the latter (Christian) is blushing, sweet-scented, full of secrets (xiii. 221).

The triumph of Christianity was due partly to the fact that it suffered bitter persecution (xiii. 144), but chiefly to the fact that, being an encyclopædia of primitive cults and views of most varied origin (ix. 71-2), it was well adapted to be a missionary religion, and made headway because different elements in it appealed to many different kinds of men. Yet even with this advantage it is questionable whether it would have established itself, had it not allowed itself

to be overcome in turn by the spirit of antiquity,—*e.g.* had it not accepted for itself the idea of empire (viii. 174). •

Its victory has been somewhat equivocal. By its lofty ideal it has outbidden the ancient systems of ethics and their invariable naturalism with which men came to feel a full disgust; and afterwards when they did reach the knowledge of what was better and higher they found that they had no longer the power, for all their desire, to return to its embodiment in the antique virtues. And the life of the modern man is passed in see-sawing between Christianity and Paganism, between a furtive or hypocritical approach to Christian morality and an equally shy and spiritless dallying with the antique (v. 112-3). Christianity appears to labour under the peculiar misfortune of being a discipline which saps the strength of its disciples so that they are not able to enter into and enjoy the fruitage of their restraint.

## 2. THE FOUNDER OF CHRISTIANITY.

A good deal of critical work had been done upon the New Testament by Nietzsche's countrymen before his time; still more was being done during the years of his prime. It is scarcely possible that he was ignorant of it, yet he appears for the most part to ignore it; he takes the Gospels at their face value and Jesus as he stands. Frequently he speaks of Jesus as the Founder of Christianity, but warns us that the term is equivocal and may be applied to one root or cause of a movement and that not necessarily the most important one (xiii. 149). So far as historical Christianity goes, he thinks that Jesus really had very little to do with it; it is a synthesis of various



elements, due to the invention of Paul (ix. 66-71), in which the original contribution of Jesus has become practically lost. An extreme expression of this view is formulated several times: for example, there has never been but one Christian and he died upon the Cross (xvi. 178); everything which is modernly called Christian is precisely what Jesus denied (xiii. 132), inveighed against and taught his disciples to fight (xiii. 138).

It may be said in parenthesis that Paul is to Nietzsche like a red rag to a bull; neither of him in particular (*e.g.* vii. 241, x. 177, xvi. 184), nor of the New Testament in general (*e.g.* xiii. 155, 164, 174), does it seem possible for him to speak without great irritation and impatience.

Such a figure as that of Jesus is only possible in a Jewish landscape dominated by the gloomy and sublime thundercloud of an angry Jehovah; for under such conditions the solitary sunbeam is regarded as a miracle of love and grace (x. 176). Elsewhere he would not have been recognised, for clear weather and the sun were considered commonplace outside the Jewish climate. Against the sombre and oppressive rule of the priestly caste there arose a popular insurrection of the pietistic type, coming from below; and of this rebellious sect Jesus became the leader and the symbol (xiii. 152). Had it not been for Paul, he would scarcely have been heard of (ix. 66-71). Being neither genius nor hero, as Renan imagined (xvi. 164), but rather an exceedingly sensitive and neurotic type such as it would require a Dostoevsky to describe, he was caught up in this movement and, nothing but a pastoral preacher and teacher to begin with, was inoculated by his friends with the venom of a

combative fanatic (xvi. 168) and became a saintly anarchist, a political criminal who died for his own sins (xvi. 163).

His originality lay in the fact that he selected and interpreted a particular mode of life,—the life of the common people in a Roman province, modest, virtuous, oppressed,—and put the highest significance and value into it (x. 295). For thus directing his teaching to the lowest classes of Jewish society and intelligence he had to pay dearly, for they understood him according to the limitations of their own spirit (xiii. 162). Ultimately they had to suffer, and for this he was to blame, since he stuffed too much into the heads of paltry people (xiii. 171). He had serious limitations. Socrates, for example, had a far superior intelligence, and excelled him because of his merry style of seriousness and his roguish wisdom (vii. 242); he was naturally deficient also in his knowledge of the human soul, and was something of a quack in his belief in a universal medicine (vii. 239). By placing himself on the side of the intellectually poor he advanced the process of making man stupid, and showed but little wisdom in envisaging a perfect society,—in which there could be room only for wearied individuals (vi. 219).

His teaching tended to undermine worldly justice, for he understood all guilt as sin, that is to say, as something against God, not against the world; and since every man was a sinner, the judge was no less culpable than the prisoner. Moreover, what becomes of judgment if it must be upon motives rather than upon results, and if none save God is keen-sighted enough to be able to judge motives? (vii. 238-9). At times he seems to divine the secondariness of morality,



and cries to the Jews "The Law is for servants; what have we sons of God to do with morals?" (xi. 99). He was primarily a great symbolist; the inner facts are the only truths for him. The 'Father' is the feeling of perfection, of eternity; the 'Son' is the experience of entrance into this feeling (xvi. 173). His concern was purely with the inner man. "Sin is of no account" is practically his chief standpoint. The ideas of sin, repentance, forgiveness, as they are found in the gospels, are Jewish or Pagan elements which have been mixed up with his teaching (xiii. 134). He denied any gulf between God and man, and himself lived this unity (xvi. 183). His position centred not on faith or doctrine but upon action,—or rather inaction,—upon a certain kind of life (xvi. 171); he lived and died to show how one ought to live (xvi. 174). For himself, his death was simply intended as a proof of his doctrine (xvi. 181). In the end he suffered a complete disillusionment (ix. 116).

The position of Jesus in the modern world is not due, however, to his teaching, of which the Church takes but little heed; rather to the fact that believers, who think that they owe infinitely to Christianity, argue that therefore its Founder must have been a man of first rank (xiii. 149). As the Church has grown, the person of the Founder has become inflated; but just as the truthfulness and honesty of Jesus prove nothing as to the assertions which the Church makes in his name (vi. 71), so the historical success of Christianity proves nothing as to his greatness, because between him and it lies a dark heavy weight of passion and error, and the crushing force of the Roman Empire (v. 85). Beyond any thought of his own, his person and his life were used, in a world

become utterly degenerate, to serve the purpose of a World-Redeemer (xvi. 154). Nearer to his own intention, doubtless, was the destruction of Judaism; yet here he failed. For it would seem that Israel attains the final goal of its sublime revenge in this redeemed society of the sick, the poor, the sinful, bound together by Christian love in deadly opposition to all that is well-constituted and vital (xii. 32-3). The Church is the triumph of Judaism.

Not that Jesus has failed altogether; but his success must be sought not in the society which bears his name, rather among those scholars and free spirits to whom everything is good and who have pain in saying Nay to anything,—these are they who to-day are fulfilling the teaching of Jesus and practising his life (xiii. 180)—a hard saying for the faithful.

### 3. PRIMITIVE AND MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

There is a difference between these; and it is an abuse of names to identify 'Christian church,' 'Christian belief,' 'Christian life,' with Christ (xiii. 132), for the whole of the Christian creed is the reverse of that which was at the bottom of the first Christian movement (xiii. 133). Paul is chiefly responsible for this, and is the most active destroyer of primitive Christianity, setting up on a large scale just that which Jesus had overthrown (xiii. 138). The original practice of life becomes, with him, a new belief in miraculous metamorphosis; the movement is transformed into a mysterious Pagan cult which was ultimately able to accord with the whole of state organisation. The early symbolism is transformed into crude realities; *e.g.* the antithesis 'false life' and 'true life' becomes 'life here' and 'life beyond'



(xiii. 139-40). The history of Christianity is the history of a gradual and ever coarser understanding of the original symbolism: it spread by vulgarising and barbarising; it absorbed the teaching and the rites of all the subterranean cults in the Roman Empire (xvi. 175).

Primitive Christianity is the abolition of the State, prohibiting military service, denying the difference between fellow-countryman and stranger, and also the order of castes. Further, it means the abolition of society, since it prizes all that society despises, and its growth is among the outcasts (xiii. 172-3). But it comes to pass that the Church forms alliance with the State, enters its service, and is obliged therefore to lay the stress of Christianity on other things than early Christian ideals,—for example, on faith in incredibilities, on ceremonial of prayers, worship, feasts, on legalistic doctrines of sin, forgiveness, punishment and reward (xiii. 138-9). In the result it becomes sick at heart, hypocritical, degenerate and in antagonism with its original aim (v. 161). The type 'Christian' gradually adopts everything that it originally rejected (and in the rejection of which it asserted its right to exist), and the Christian becomes a soldier, a citizen, a judge (xiii. 173). The Church, therefore, is to be regarded as the barbarisation of Christianity (xiii. 173), and is built up out of the contradiction of the Gospel (xvi. 174).

## B. *As to Theological Doctrine.*

### 1. THE CHRISTIAN GOD.

Jehovah was a proper God, the sort of God required by a people conscious of power; but later, when national hopes were not realised, the Jews should have

dropped him ; instead of which they only changed and denaturalised him, so that he no longer represented a people's sense of dignity but became a weapon in the hands of the priests (xvi. 157). The priest, by the way, is another of Nietzsche's *bêtes noires* (e.g. xvi. 160, 200, 214, xv. 234, xiii. 94, vi. 112). Nor did the process end here. When a people is on the road to ruin, its God modifies himself: he counsels leniency and love; he is for ever moralising; he is a God for everybody, retires from active service and becomes a cosmopolitan. Gods are either the Will to Power or the Incapacity for Power, and in the latter case they necessarily become good (xvi. 144). The godhead of decadence is the God of the weak. No longer the God of a chosen people, he is the God of the greatest number, the democrat among gods. Finally, with the help of the metaphysicians, he transfigures himself into Thing-in-Itself (xvi. 146).

A people may often be judged by the kind of God it worships. The God of a strong race will be one who makes great demands on its behalf; of a weak race, on the other hand, one who makes great demands upon it. The less a person knows how to command, the more urgent is his desire for someone who sternly demands,—a God, a prince, a dogma. It would seem therefore that Christianity, judged by its God, roots in a certain malady of the will (x. 285).

A God who desires to be an object of love, yet is for ever judging—and how can one love even a gracious judge? (x. 177-8)—; who loves men provided they believe in him, and hurls frightful glances and threatenings at him who does not believe in his love—a conditioned love as the feeling of an almighty God, a love which has not even become master of the



sentiment of honour and of the desire for vengeance (x. 178); who creates a son from a mortal woman; who atones himself for the sins committed against him (vi. 123); a spinner and weaver of webs and purposes even more subtle than those of our intellect; who is fond of dark, crooked, wonderful ways (ix. 36); a God who is pure spirit, and therefore lacks perfection (xv. 40);—how can we believe in such an one?

In point of fact, since God came to be regarded as a personality in himself, the less loyal have we been to him. Men are far more attached to their thought-images than to their best-beloved. That is why they sacrifice themselves for State, Church, God,—so long as he remains their creation (vii. 238).

This God is dead; belief in the Christian God has become unworthy of faith (x. 275); and, strange to say, the chief factor in bringing about his demise has been Christian morality which, in spite of its many faults, has at least insisted on veracity (x. 308). Nor has he died unjustly or untimely, for he had degenerated into the contradiction of life, instead of being its transfiguration and eternal Yea (xvi. 146).

## 2. FAITH AND REASON.

The adoption of guiding principles without reasons is called faith (vi. 211), and this is central to Christianity, which has ever required faith and passionately repulsed the demand for reasons (vi. 212). The type of saint is only possible with a certain narrowness of intellect (vi. 217), and in the case of a man like Pascal faith resembles in a terrible manner the continuous suicide of reason (xi. 64-5). Christianity places supreme importance upon faith in order that its

adherents may be kept heartily and happily together, submitting with docility to the moral injunctions of the Church and to the demands of God (*i.e.* of the priest); for moral injunctions, such as those of the decalogue, are only suited to ages when reason lies vanquished (vii. 223); and, when the Christian is bewildered under painful experience, faith keeps him tranquil and obedient (vii. 121). Therefore the ritual of the Church, the paraphernalia of worship, even the architecture of the building, are so arranged as to render the believer incapable of the cold calculation of judgment or the clear thinking of reason (vi. 130). The Church wants blindness, enthusiasm and an eternal swan-song above the waves under which reason has been drowned (ix. 89-90).

With this emphasis on faith,—the one thing needful,—reason, knowledge, scientific research, fall into disrepute. It is a matter of indifference whether a thing is true or no, but of the highest importance that it should be believed to be true (xvi. 152). Faith becomes a veto against science (xvi. 196); and the Church encourages ignorance and obscurantism by giving the believer the right not to trouble about knowledge, in which there is so much uncertainty about ultimate conclusions (vii. 195-6). This Christian scepticism, blossoming in Kant, casts suspicion on all that is known or knowable as being mere appearance, and erects the Cross against the background of the Impossibility of Knowledge (vii. 16).

Having established the practice of faith, Christianity seeks to prove the truth of its opinions by the effects of this practice,—as if the truth of an opinion were proved by its personal usefulness (vi. 212). The spread of the religion, the virtuous lives of its



adherents, prove nothing either for or against the truth of its doctrines or of any one of them. It is absurd to say "Faith saves, therefore it is true"; salvation, *i.e.* happiness, is a proof of happiness but not of truth (xvi. 201). Only less absurd is the preposterous assertion that faith only is of consequence and that works must naturally follow upon it (ix. 29).

It is interesting to observe that while in Catholic countries unbelief means a revolt in some sort against the spirit of the (Southern) race; with Northerners (the Celts are the exception which tests the rule) it is rather a return to the spirit of the race,—for we Northerners have poor talents for religion (xi. 68).

### 3. PRAYER.

On two hypotheses alone is there any sense in prayer: first, that the will of the godhead can be altered; second, that the devotee knows best what he needs and should really desire. Both these are denied by Christianity; yet it maintains the habit of prayer as a relief from boredom,—in the exhortation '*ora et labora*,' '*ora*' plays the rôle of pleasure (vii. 236).

### 4. SIN, GUILT, PUNISHMENT.

Sin is a Jewish feeling and a Jewish invention. The Greeks had no feeling of sin, and would have ridiculed such a notion as "Only when thou repentest is God gracious unto thee" (x. 175). One of the main features of Judaism was the confusion of sorrow with guilt, and the reduction of all sin to sin against God (xiii. 153); this association of pain and unhappiness with guilt as its necessary cause robs pain of its innocence and is a crime against the soul (xiii. 243).

But the Jewish reference in the term 'sin' was narrow, and it may be said that Christianity first brought the idea into the world (vii. 237). The Founder of Christianity, although he seems to have thought that men suffered from nothing so much as from their sins,—an error which his followers subsequently sanctified into a truth (x. 177)—held sin to be of little account (xiii. 134); so far as he dealt with it, he took up the Jewish position of understanding all guilt as sin, that is, an outrage against God, not against the world (vii. 238-9).

The idea of guilt, of owing a debt to God, has grown according as the idea of God and God-consciousness has become exalted among mankind, and therefore the greatest amount of guilt-consciousness is found under Christianity (xii. 109). The associated notion of punishment in hell was found already existing in numerous mystic cults throughout the Roman Empire. It was becoming discredited, largely owing to the attacks which Epicurus had directed upon it; but since it was far too valuable a weapon to lose, Christianity revived and re-established it (ix. 74-5).

Christianity worked the idea of sin for all it was worth; it exerted itself to make men feel sinful. If they did not respond, that was a sign of the hardness of their hearts (ix. 81-2); so heinous was it, that God's displeasure was violently aroused and the sacrifice of somebody was necessary to appease him (ix. 93). Yet, on the other hand, God was represented as being so pleased with the self-abasement of his worshippers and their pleading at the mercy-seat that he would be more likely to pardon a guilty person than to admit anyone to be innocent in his presence (ix. 76). In this way a premium was put upon guilt-consciousness; and so it



comes about that, while among the Greeks we find everyone striving to outdo some one else's virtue with his own, among Christians we find a disgusting and ostentatious parade of sins; to be oppressed with the sinfulness of one's sin is considered as *bon ton* among the orthodox (ix. 36).

For this cause does Christianity act as a poison when the teaching of sinfulness is implanted in the heroic, childlike and animal soul of such a barbarian race as the old Germans (vii. 119-20). Even without the consciousness of sin the human world might still look bad and rascally enough,—for many wrong things may be done without giving rise to a 'bad conscience,'—but it would not be so sickly and pitiable as at present (vii. 33).

The dogma of inward innate corruption is an error of reason (vi. 42-3). If Christianity were right in its theories of an avenging God and general sinfulness and the possibility of damnation, it would be a sign of weak intellect and lack of character not to become a priest (vi. 125). But it is not right; and sin is the most perilous and fatal masterpiece of religious interpretation, the greatest event up to the present in the history of the diseased soul (xii. 183).

## 5. SALVATION

Fundamental to Christianity is the idea of salvation. Its ultimate meaning is that the Christian would be rid of himself; and the sense of the need of it is the most straightforward expression of decadence (viii. 50). It is the greatest sufferer and pauper in vitality who is most in need of humaneness and of a God whose speciality is to be a God of the sick,—a saviour. The Christian with his belief that 'faith

saves' carries the principle of hedonism far beyond all intellectual honesty (viii. 66-7).

C. *As to the Ideals and Practice of Morality.*

1. CHRISTIAN MORALITY.

Within the narrow sphere of the so-called moral values no greater antithesis could be found than that of master-morality and the morality of Christian valuations, the latter having grown out of a thoroughly morbid soil. The first reflects its plenitude upon things, the latter impoverishes. But they cannot be refuted by argument any more than one can refute a diseased eyesight (viii. 49). Christianity appears as a transvaluation of ancient morals. It would be more accurate to say that it inherited Jewish transvaluations, for with the Jews began the revolt of the slaves in the sphere of morals, and the wretched became the good (xii. 30-1). Denying the ancient noble ideals, *c.g.* pride, pathos of distance, great responsibility, exuberant spirits, splendid animalism, Christianity has become simply the will to be happy, —*i.e.* salvation (xiii. 181). In order to shatter the strong, to spoil great hopes, to cast suspicion on the delight in beauty, it had to reverse all values (xi. 83). Eros and Aphrodite, for example, become hellish genii; necessary and regular sensations are transformed into a source of inward misery (ix. 77-8); misfortune is equated with guilt, so that a serious mischance proves heavy guilt (ix. 81); and the moral man *par excellence* is he who performs social, sympathetic, disinterested actions (ix. 138-9).

It teaches the insane concept (xv. 212) of the equality of all souls before God, thus waging war upon



all feelings of reverence and of distance between man and man,—the pre-requisites of all growth in culture (xvi. 186),—and at the same time inflating the paltry individual with an exaggerated sense of his importance,—because of something immortal and divine in the soul,—until megalomania is raised almost to the level of a duty (xv. 212). It enjoins self-abasement before God, which is really a high degree of vanity (vi. 141), consecrating it with the name of humility (ix. 43). Hope which the Greeks thought blind and deceptive is a virtue with Christianity, one of the three cardinal virtues (ix. 44); sufferers must be sustained by hope—of another world (xvi. 153). It substitutes friendship for envy (ix. 71), and is rightly called the religion of pity. The Greeks had a special word for the indignation which was experienced at the misfortune of another, but Christianity prohibited this feeling (ix. 81), and substituted for it pity, which is opposed to the tonic passions which enhance the zest of life, depresses, preserves that which is ripe for death and by multiplying misery promotes decadence (xvi. 131).

Into the domain of morality Christianity introduced the idea of miracle as a prime factor,—the sudden change in all valuations, the sudden renouncement of all habits, the sudden and irresistible predilection for new things and persons. This phenomenon, regeneration, is regarded as the work of God, and a unique and incomparable value is accorded to it. The struggle for morality is hardly considered necessary, since the regenerative change may happen to the sinner while wallowing in the mire; indeed, the more miraculous the change the more desirable it is. According to the canon of virtue established in the New Testament, men who aspire to moral perfection

must despair of virtue, and cast themselves at the feet of the merciful one (ix. 87-8). So much is this the case that it would seem as if Christianity exaggerates moral requirements in order that man cannot satisfy them, intending not that he should become more moral but rather should feel himself as sinful as possible (vi. 146). The torture and torment of conscience plays a fundamental part in Christian practice (xiii. 144-5) and, by annihilating in every individual the belief in his virtues, Christianity, beyond its own intention, has made a great contribution to enlightenment and has taught moral scepticism in a very impressive and effective manner (x. 164).

## 2. HOSTILITY TO NATURE.

Original Christianity, *i.e.* the spirit of Jesus, has been conquered by, *inter alia*, asceticism which is essentially hostility to Nature (xiii. 177). Perhaps it would be truer to say that it has spoiled asceticism, which is not peculiar to it but shoots up in Christianity wherever it would have existed without that religion (xiii. 144-5), and is an index of the will to power (viii. 70-1),—has spoiled it by using it, not as an educative force whose proper issue is the mastery and enjoyment of the world (xi. 80-1), but as a credential for entrance into another world. In the antithesis 'Man *versus* the World' Christianity announces man as a world-denying principle (x. 284). It is the habit of vulgar souls to call their enemy evil (ix. 77), and therefore the earthward parts of human nature are diabolised (vi. 140). The impulses of men are reckoned as evil, and every natural inclination becomes a disease (x. 229). Even the ego is hateful (vii. 172); the body is despised, so that Christianity appears as



the hatred of the senses, of the joys of the senses, of joy in general (xvi. 150). Contempt is felt for naturalness (xiii. 25-6); a ban is placed upon the strongest, the most natural, the only genuine impulses (xv. 232); the concepts of the Church are calculated to depreciate life, nature and all natural values (xvi. 177); its instinct is directed against the sound, against health, against all that is well-constituted in the mind (xvi. 204). In brief, Christianity is that which says No to all that is natural (xiii. 127).

There is a method in this madness. If man can be convinced that he is evil by nature, so much the more readily will he give heed to the Christian gospel; therefore suspicion is cast upon Nature, since, if Nature is evil, how can man be otherwise? And if he is involved in the badness of Nature, how can he extricate and heal himself? (vi. 146). If he can be driven to self-despair, so much the better; God will prefer that, and the Church will profit. The effect, however, is bad; the resolution to find the world ugly has made the world ugly (x. 172): the war waged against the natural man has given rise to the unnatural man (viii. 174). We cannot fail but do great injustice to our own nature,—to all Nature,—if we are seduced to the opinion that all natural desires are evil (x. 229); to say nothing of the fact that our perspective of things becomes distorted, if we raise our bodily debilities and irritations to the level of moral and religious phenomena, and ask concerning them, as Pascal did, whether God or the Devil be their cause (ix. 86-7). This obsession of the radical badness of all things natural leads to the practice, in which the modern world is oddly acquiescent, of allowing the Church to meddle in the essential occurrences and

natural incidents of life, *e.g.* marriage, with a view to consecrating them and giving them a loftier meaning—*forsooth!* (xiii. 25-6).

Follows an enumeration of the chief steps in the campaign which Christianity wages against the virile passions and valuations. (a) Other ideals than its own are denied and made the reverse of all ideals. (b) A type of man is set up as a general standard. (c) The opponents of its ideal are declared to be the opponents therefore of God. (d) All suffering, all the terrible and fatal things, are declared to be the result of this opposition. (e) Nature is the reverse of all that is ideal, and the lengthy sojourn amid natural conditions is considered as a great trial of patience. (f) Finally, the triumph of anti-naturalism; the world of the pure, good, sinless, is projected into the future and called the Kingdom of God (xiii. 170).

### 3. HOSTILITY TO LIFE.

Christianity is in the widest sense nihilistic (i. 191); nihilism harbours at the heart of its morals (xiii. 5). From the first it was the nausea and surfeit of life for Life which only disguised and decked itself out under the belief in 'another' and a 'better' life. The hatred of the world, the curse on the affections, invented for the purpose of slandering the world the more, is at bottom a longing for Nothingness (i. 13-14). It is the degenerating instinct turning against life (i. 192). It brings all the most sickly and unhealthy elements and needs to the top (xiii. 144). Strong desires and passions, everything which threatens danger to man and can overcome and ruin him, are evil (xiii. 205). Out of antagonism to the self-



preservative instincts of strong life Christianity makes an ideal (xvi. 130); and the states which it strives to induce are those which impoverish, subtract, which bleach, under which life suffers (xv. 257). It will have to answer at the bar of the soul for having branded the strong emotions as sinful, seductive, suspicious, for having decked out feelings of weakness and inner acts of cowardice in beautiful words, for having regarded life as punishment, the passions as devilish, and confidence in oneself as godless (xiii. 243-4). It creates a fictitious world which falsifies, depreciates, denies, reality; and this fictitious world roots in the hatred of natural life (xvi. 142).

#### 4. DECADENCE.

Christianity is a type of decadence (xiii. 144-45). It sprang from, and is in keeping with, a decrepit, worn-out people (xiii. 131). Those who upheld primitive Christianity are best distinguished by the exhausted condition of their instincts (xiii. 152). This is one sign of decadence,—in the belief that they are remedies, cures are chosen which only precipitate exhaustion (xiii. 35); and this is another,—to be unable to have done with an experience, to re-open old wounds, and to wallow in self-contempt and depression (xiii. 190-1): both these signs are conspicuous in Christianity. Its teaching is a cordial for those who are worn out (ix. 60), and its practice attempts to give the consciousness of power to those who cannot control themselves (ix. 65). It is a great treasure-house of ingenious consolations,—with soothing, deadening, drugs,—to conquer at any rate for a time the deep depression, the leaden fatigue, the black

melancholy of physiological cripples (xii. 168). It convinces the outcasts and the botched of all sorts and conditions; it promises blessedness, advantages and privileges to the most insignificant and humble of men; it fanaticises the poor, the small, the foolish, and fills them with inordinate vanity (xiii. 142). Consequently there are three chief elements in its *personnel*: the oppressed of all kinds who struggle against the politically noble and their ideal; the mediocre of all kinds who oppose the exceptional and the privileged (mentally and physically); the dissatisfied and diseased of all kinds who contend against the natural instinct of the happy and the sound (xiii. 177). The Church is a kind of congestion and organisation of the sick (xii. 166); its members have the spirit of slaves, permitting presents to be made to them, expecting and accepting the best things from divine love and grace and not from themselves (ix. 377): it is from the resentful revolt of these lowly and ill-constituted that the driving force of Christianity comes (xiii. 150). By claiming that these are equal to, and even higher than, the naturally healthy and well-constituted, Christianity works against the principle of selection (xiii. 202-3). It domesticates the wild animal-man and converts him to a sick animal-man (xvi. 129); and when domestication sinks far below the skin it becomes degeneration (xv. 158).

Master-races have patronised Christianity because it helps to keep their subjects amenable and submissive (xiii. 179). It works as an opiate, and therefore satisfies those who have not the strength to seek, to dare, to stand alone (xiii. 197).



## 5. LOVE.

Christianity as the religion of love has an advantage over other religious systems in that people who, for whatever reason, have missed love will seek in it their heart's desire (vii. 50). But it must be asked: How came Christianity to be the religion of love?—and: Of what nature is Christian love? In answer to the first question, two points are important. The terror of pain and the suffering of fear lead to a religion of love (xvi. 166), and it was in Christian love that Jewish hate blossomed. The resentment of the Jews against the ruling and noble classes was in itself comparatively impotent until it became Christian love, which transvalued the noble ideals and created the kingdom of the poor and the sinful (xii. 32-3). This social love received increasing emphasis in Christianity according as the idea of the absolute importance of personal salvation receded (ix. 138-9); and since love always provides the feeling of highest power, it became at once the strength and the happiness of the herd,—communal feeling, the living sentiment of unity felt as the sum of the feeling of life (xiii. 147). Nevertheless, and in spite of all that may be put to its credit (xiii. 145-6), it is a counterfeit love. Nature is excluded from morality when it said "Love your enemies" (xiii. 167). Christianity gave Eros poison to drink; he did not die certainly, he degenerated into vice (xi. 99). And it is one of the many crimes on the part of Christianity against psychology that love should have been twisted round to mean submission, whereas it is an act of appropriation and of bestowal, of which only the wholest persons are capable (xiii. 243-4).

## 6. THE WITNESS OF CHRISTIANS TO CHRISTIANITY.

"Your faces," says Nietzsche to Christian believers, "have always done more harm to your faith than our reasons" (vii. 54). The only Christian thing is the Christian mode of life (xvi. 178), and Christians have never led it. They behave as the rest of the world behaves, and possess a Christianity of ceremonies and states of the soul (xiii. 157). The average Christian tries to make the best of both worlds: he is the unhappy mean; he does not fully act upon his faith, yet he allows it partly to influence him; so that he cuts the miserable figure of one who falls between two stools (vi. 125). Through this double-mindedness he spoils many fine things, *c.g.* asceticism, fasting, feasts, the courage of one's own nature, death (xv. 337-8). His courage (xv. 276) is always a courage in the presence of witnesses (God, angels); he soothes himself in the lazy notions of blessedness, innocence, immortality (xiii. 184); in order to tame his passions, he finds it necessary to extirpate them (xiii. 187), and generally manifests the attitude of a suffering and impoverished species of man (xiii. 182).

In what sense may Christianity be said to have failed? If Christ really intended to redeem the world, may he not now be said, after the experience of two thousand years, to have failed (vii. 54)?

Wherein is the value of Christianity? The continuance of the Christian ideal belongs to the most desirable of desiderata, if only for the sake of the ideals which wish to take their stand beside it, perhaps above it; they must have opponents, and strong ones, in order to be strong themselves (xiii. 291).

EDWARD LEWIS.



# PSYCHOANALYSIS AND THE YOGA APHORISMS.

F. I. WINTER.

## III.<sup>1</sup>

### THEORY.

THE theoretical background of yoga assumes such a unique attitude to life that it can perhaps be best understood in a poet's words :

“What pure reason affirmed, in the first place, as the ‘beginning of wisdom,’ was that the world is but a thought, or series of thoughts, existent, therefore, solely in mind. It showed him, as he fixed the mental eye with more and more of self-absorption on the facts of his intellectual existence, a picture or vision of the universe as actually the product, so far as he really knew it, of his own lonely thinking power—of himself, there, thinking; as being zero without him: and as possessing a perfectly homogeneous unity in that . . . to pure reason things discovered themselves as being, in their essence, thought—all things, even the most opposite things, mere transmutations of a single power—the power of thought. . . . Everything must be referred to, and, as it were, changed into the terms of that, if its essential value was to be ascertained. . . . He, too, . . . was but a transient

<sup>1</sup> For Parts I. and II., ‘Introduction’ and ‘Practice,’ see ‘The Yoga-system and Psychoanalysis’ in the last number.—ED.

perturbation of the absolute mind; of which, indeed, all finite things whatever, time itself, the most durable achievements of nature and man, and all that seems most like independent energy, are no more than petty accidents or affections. . . . One's wisdom, therefore, consists in hastening, so far as may be, the action of those forces which tend to the restoration of equilibrium, to the calm surface of the absolute and untroubled mind, to a *tabula rasa*, by the extinction in one of all that is but correlative to the finite illusion—by the suppression of ourselves.”<sup>1</sup>

This inversion of the valuation of the real and the unreal is related naturally to those fundamental ideas more or less common to Indian philosophy—the theory of successive lives conditioned by the influence of past deeds and the ultimate unification of the human soul with the world-soul. In comparison with Freud's philosophy which, as far as it at all leaves the path of scientific hypothesis, tends most to the ‘scientific idealism’ of Karl Pearson,<sup>2</sup> this is pure mysticism.

Patanjali devotes a special Aphorism to the claim that his knowledge comes through other than ordinary channels: “The knowledge that is gained from testimony and inference is about common objects. That from *samādhi* . . . is of a much higher order, being able to penetrate where inference and testimony cannot go” (i. 49).<sup>3</sup> This point of view cannot be criticised theoretically. A Freudian psychoanalytic writer,<sup>4</sup> discussing this problem in the case of somnam-

<sup>1</sup> Walter Pater, ‘Sebastian van Storck’ (*Imaginary Portraits*).

<sup>2</sup> E. Jones, *Papers on Psychoanalysis*.

<sup>3</sup> Vivekananda, *Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms* (1912).

<sup>4</sup> Leo Kaplan, *Hypnotism, Animism and Psychoanalysis* (1917).



bulism, comes to the same conclusion : " The somnambulists are in an unusual state, inaccessible to most people, in which they are gifted with faculties lacking to others. The somnambulists therefore are exceptional people (*Sondermenschen*), who are not bound to the every-day causality of the normal man. . . . The views of a believer in such an exceptional class of experience are not to be corrected by the different experiences of his fellow men. The attitude of those who belong to this class is theoretically incorrigible."

From the teleological point of view of Jung, however, whose philosophy has many important points of contact with Bergson's idea of creative evolution, a serious objection arises against this philosophical notion of union with a world-soul. It is connected, Jung declares, with one of the ground mechanisms of mental disease, with regressive introversion : " The megalomania of the identification with God has a rather poor background. . . . Whoever introverts libido, that is to say, takes libido away from the real object, cannot escape the necessary consequences of introversion, unless he arranges another compensation for reality. The libido which is turned inwards into the subject awakens from the sleeping memories one containing the way by which the libido has once attained the real object." The outcome of the examination as to whether this regressive introversion is really a necessary and inevitable consequence of yoga, depends chiefly on what seems to be the most plastic theoretical concept of psychoanalysis, namely the psychical energy which Freud and Jung call libido.

Freud's supposition of this one central principle, one fundamental force, which he calls libido, is in keeping with the dynamical nature of his psychology.

Moreover libido means for him something 'sexual,'<sup>1</sup> in the widest sense of the word. It is against this super-valuation of sexuality that the chief criticism of Freud's opponents has been directed. In support of Freud Abraham<sup>2</sup> argues that, at least psychologically, it is not the instinct of self-preservation, as one might believe, but the instinct of race-preservation which is the more potent at our stage of evolution, pointing to the fact that the vocabulary of nearly all languages is trisected into male, female and neuter or asexual words, and not into, let us say, eatable, drinkable and indifferent ones. There is, in fact, a very close relationship between these two instincts. Zoology knows cases of congress which do not in any way further the process of evolution of a new individual, but have other tasks more important and more original, which are not at all clear to us.<sup>3</sup> Biologically congress may well have derived from nutrition: "The expansion of one embodied *jīva* [living creature] which was in the first instance caused by direct actual and real nourishment, comparatively speaking, is now caused by an excitement of the multiple senses and organs of that *jīva*, by an appropriation of another embodied *jīva*, which appropriation is only the simulation and the substitute of the process of the absorption of nourishment."<sup>4</sup>

The theory of an original force which can normally either find an outlet in corresponding outer action or be transformed into higher mental energy (*i.e.* 'sublimated'), is at least a very useful hypothesis. Jung

<sup>1</sup> *On Psychoanalysis* (1916), p. 48.

<sup>2</sup> *Dreams and Myths* (1912).

<sup>3</sup> O. Hertwig, *Zoology* (Jena, 1912), p. 171.

<sup>4</sup> Bhagavan Das, *The Science of the Emotions* (1908).



has considerably extended the meaning of this original concept; for him libido is 'psychic energy,' simply.<sup>1</sup> In its most comprehensive sense libido is already used by Pascal: "*Tout ce qui est au monde est concupiscence de la chair, ou concupiscence des yeux ou orgueil de la vie, libido sentiendi, libido sciendi, libido dominandi.*"<sup>2</sup> Maurice Nicoll, in his *Dream Psychology*, replaces the term libido by 'interest.'

One of the chief deviations of this fundamental psychical energy is the regression into childhood, the return to the Mother as it is called; by this regression the mother-imago, as Jung calls the mother-complex to denote its significant psychological independence, is re-awakened and with it all the old and, phylogenetically regarded, archaic infantile memories.;

Jung adduces as parallels for the libido in Indian philosophy *ātman*, *kāma* and *tejas*. The latter terms do not occur in the Aphorisms; *ātman* occurs only in the sense of self, and not in any supposed symbolic representation of a gigantic bisexual being which Jung would compare with the psychological bisexuality of the libido.

The most striking resemblance to the Freudian libido-concept of desire for pleasure is to be found in Aphorism iv. 10: "Thirst for happiness being eternal, desires are without beginning." All desires (wishes) are the manifestations of one original force, the seeking of happiness, the 'will to live' as Deussen translates it.

All units of a dynamical psychology depend ultimately on our notions of physical energy. The

<sup>1</sup> *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, p. 125.

<sup>2</sup> Quoted by Émile Faguet, in his Introduction to *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*.

very word analysis and the concept of sublimation suggest analogies with chemical science. But these scientific notions of energy are themselves only images of our psychological disposition. The law of the conservation of energy, *e.g.*, as Jung points out, may be the "projection of an endopsychic perception of the equivalent transformations of the libido." Correspondingly Patanjali introduces in his psychological system the conception of three energies which operate in the organic and inorganic world, the three 'qualities' (*gūnas*) or 'universal tendencies in nature.'<sup>1</sup> These three qualities are called *rajas*, *tamas* and *sattva*—activity, inertia and perhaps illumination or harmony. *Rajas* is very clearly libido. "*Rajas*, having desire for its essence, is born of thirst and attachment; therefore . . . it binds the embodied self with attachment of work." Such is the definition of the *Gītā*, next to our Aphorisms the greatest authority on yoga-philosophy. *Tamas*, the 'chaotic tendency,' though it has a wider application, is the mother-tendency, the regression to childhood, to Mother Earth, to death and chaos. As the *Gītā* says: "*Tamas* . . . binds the self with error, indolence and sleep." So also Jung lays stress on indolence as the very condition of the regression to childhood, and quotes in support La Rochefoucauld, who calls indolence a passion which consoles us for all our losses. He also points to the great significance of sleep for the mother-problem: "The blessed state of sleep, before birth and after death, is something like an old shadowy remembrance of childhood . . . whereto an inner longing always and ever draws us back again, and whence the active life must always

<sup>1</sup> Shastri, *Hindu Metaphysics* (1910), who is authority for what follows concerning these 'qualities.'



free itself again with strife and fear of death, in order to escape annihilation." As the urge of the libido brings about the 'individuation' which is the 'basis of consciousness' (Jung), so *rajas* is called the 'isolating tendency,' while in *tamas* there is 'a want of energy and loss of consciousness' (Shastri). *Sattva* is apparently the equilibrium between *rajas* and *tamas*, the harmony on a higher plane, for which there is no exact equivalent in psychoanalytic nomenclature.

If the analogy between these psychoanalytic and Indian terms is true, the way of yoga cannot be thought to lead through regressive introversion to the abyss of insanity. For introversion, the receding of the libido from the outer reality to the inner, we should remember, is regressive and morbid, as Jung says, only when "phantasies, fictions or phantastic interpretations inspired by emotivity, falsify the perception of the subject about things or about himself";<sup>1</sup> or when it is "a means to separate oneself from reality, owing to the complex."<sup>2</sup> Now the Aphorisms clearly make the destruction of the complexes the very condition of yoga: "The thoughts that arise as obstructions [to yoga] are from the impressions" (iv. 26). "Their destruction is in the same manner as of ignorance," etc. (iv. 27). Further, the highest state, the attainment of which is the goal of yoga, postulates the final overcoming of *rajas* and *tamas* and even of the third quality, that is to say of all possible functions of the psychical energy. The Aphorisms are insistent on this point. "That extreme non-attachment, giving up even the qualities, shows

<sup>1</sup> *Collected Papers*, p. 288.

<sup>2</sup> *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, p. 172.

[the real nature of] the . . . soul" (i. 16).—"The *samādhi* called 'without reasoning' [comes] when the memory is purified, or devoid of qualities" (i. 43). "Then are finished the successive transformations of the qualities, they having attained the end."

This entire cessation of the functioning of its qualities would be in contradiction to the theory of the eternity of the libido (iv. 10). This apparent incongruity is explained, however, by the peculiar idea of Indian metaphysics, that evolution proceeds, not in one ever-growing wave (as in Bergson's system), but—in inconceivably long intervals—it comes to an end, to a zero, whence it starts again, as night follows day, sleep waking, death life.<sup>1</sup> "As plants originate from seeds and seeds from plants, so the processes of evolution and dissolution follow one another from eternity to eternity."<sup>2</sup> "When the three energies or qualities lie in a balanced state in . . . [Nature], it does no work. This is called the pure or balanced state of Nature."<sup>3</sup> Thus the cessation of the libido is only an imaginary state, the ideal end of evolution which may be the dissolution of the libido through 'extroversion,' as well as the torpor through 'introversion.'

The way of yoga tends towards the latter direction; it is an extreme and systematised form of introversion. The repetition of the sacred word 'Om' (i. 28) is, in the light of psychoanalysis, the symbolic representation of this introversion of the psychic

<sup>1</sup> This Indian conception of evolution is not strange to modern science. According to the principle of Carnot-Clausius, the universe tends to an entropy maximum, which would mean a final death of all nature. This has led the most modern theorists to the supposition that the universe can, by itself, return from the entropy maximum to an entropy minimum. (Poincaré, *Modern Physics*.)

<sup>2</sup> Shastri, *Hindu Metaphysics*, p. 28.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 37.



energy. The syllable 'Om' is compounded of three sounds, A-U-M; the first of these is pronounced with the mouth wide open, the last with completely closed lips, while the middle one makes possible the slow transition from the first sound to the last. If we pronounce these three sounds in the opposite direction (M-U-A), we get the word 'Moi,' the symbol of the opposite ideal, of the perfected 'individuation'—the libido is the 'isolating tendency'—in the language of that country which has been called the 'land of reality.'<sup>1</sup> The two words have, of course, no philological relationship, but the phenomena of metathesis, frequent in the formation of dream-words, are "too numerous to be explained by chance."<sup>2</sup> Interesting examples, where the sense has also changed to its opposite, are 'Hurry—Ruhe,'<sup>3</sup> and the transformation in a dream of 'God' to 'Dog.'<sup>4</sup>

Record of the illusions of sense-perception as consequences of yoga-practice is made in the first book of the Aphorisms. Thus (i. 35): "Those forms of concentration that bring extraordinary sense-perceptions cause perseverance of the mind." Thus a prominent place is assigned to a phenomenon which Jung regards as well known 'in the first stages of introversion.' In most cases these illusions of sense-perception are visual and auditory. The automatisms of the visual centre especially are quite common phenomena of introversion. Their physical basis has been explained scientifically by the well-known entoptic apparitions and 'the slight excitation of the

<sup>1</sup> O. A. H. Schmitz, *The Land of Reality*.

<sup>2</sup> Freud, *Neurosenlehre*, vol. iii. (1913).

<sup>3</sup> Freud, *ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> E. Jones, *Papers on Psychoanalysis*.

visional sphere' caused by strained expectation (Jung). The high expectation which affects the corresponding sense-organ is said to be the outcome of an unconscious wish. The yoga-student wishes to obtain that helpful sign which gives him the welcome assurance that he is on the right path. An analogy to this state of mind is to be found in the hallucinations which form a large part of spiritistic phenomena. "Have not," says Dr. M. Viollet, in his study *Spiritism and Insanity*, "the spectators at a spiritistic *séance* only one ideal: to obtain for themselves the phenomena produced by the medium? And is it not the desire of every believer to enter, no matter by what means, into a *rapport* with spirits, that is to say, to become a typtological, auditory, visual, writing, drawing or speaking medium? Will not everyone then put forth his utmost efforts towards the arousing of such automatisms, and hence the hallucinatory revelations? . . . The danger of spiritistic phenomena resides therefore in this fact, that they tend to produce automatism of the centres among all the sitters, and that they really produce it, followed by its corollary, hallucination, among the predisposed." The 'omnipotence of thought' is said by Freud to be a symptom of obsessional neurosis,<sup>1</sup> and this 'sign of introversion,' as Jung calls it, is also mentioned in Patanjali in different places; it is described verbally in the Aphorisms (iii. 44): "By making *samyama* [restraint] on the elements . . . comes *mastery of the elements*."

But this similarity of the symptoms of mental disease and some abnormal phenomena of yoga, though it gives a warning to all who are in any way 'pre-

<sup>1</sup> *Neurosenlehre*, vol. iii., p. 185.



disposed,' does not prove that the yogī is on the way to insanity. We must take into consideration that "a psychoneurosis occurs in two kinds of persons—those who are inherently below the level of the [current] civilization, who may be called degenerates, but are more properly to be regarded as backwards, and those who are ethically in advance of their age."<sup>1</sup> The endeavour of the introvert to live in the emotions rather than in the senses may have the significance of the 'seeking of new senses,'<sup>2</sup> and what we call an abnormal mental constitution may be a necessary stage of evolution. In the case of religious aspiration this is especially obvious. In the Greek language the word for seer (*mantis*) has the same root as the word *mania*; Plato speaks of a 'mantic state.'<sup>3</sup> In his book *Varieties of Religious Experience* William James writes: "If there were such a thing as inspiration from a higher realm, it might well be that the neurotic temperament would furnish the chief condition of the requisite receptivity."

It is somewhat strange that in psychoanalytic literature the balance of morbidity is so much more on the side of introversion than of its opposite, extroversion. This fact points to the real divergence of the theoretical aspects of the two methods we are considering. The Indian thinker, originally much more responsive to the sensible world and therefore much more closely bound to objective reality than the European, as the beautiful hymns of the *Rigveda* sufficiently show, has been led by way of compensation to the opposite extreme. He discovered the method

<sup>1</sup> M. D. Eder, *War-shock ; The Psychoneuroses in War*.

<sup>2</sup> Bhagavan Das, *op. cit.*

<sup>3</sup> Quoted by Walter Pater, *Plato and Platonism*.

of resting in his own self as a means of escape from the one-sidedness of his psychical impulse, from the tyranny of the outer world. For him then there **was** less danger from introversion. In the West it is different. Here the full awakening of consciousness was effected with much greater difficulties; there **was** not the help of so powerful an outer sensibility or sympathy, but instead the impediment of a strong personal introspective tendency, the equivalent of which, in the sexual sphere, is what Havelock Ellis<sup>1</sup> calls the 'autoerotic' tendency. The Greek story of Narcissus is a typically Western myth, and the birth of the introspective philosophy of Socrates, that great achievement of the reflective human mind, is separated only by a few hundred years from the era of Homer, who apparently did not know the colour blue. Modern European science and technique are the compensation. The uncertain attitude to our environment created a positive fear of nature, over-compensated now by the endless creation of highly artificial machines for the 'conquest' of nature's forces. The very idea of God of the old Jewish religion is that of an enemy, though a just one, who avenges himself and who must be appeased. The problem of extroversion has little importance for us; there is rather a problem of introversion at this stage of evolution. We are afraid of our own soul, as is the Indian of the 'meshes of work.' Hence the spirit (*puruṣa*), the central principle of the soul, distinct from the material world and even from the highest reflective faculties of the mind, is the safest refuge for the yogī; it is the 'essence of knowledge' (iv. 21). This *puruṣa*, however, is also the

<sup>1</sup> *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, vol. i.



ancient mother-symbol of the *Rigveda*, according to Jung, who thus would demonstrate the close relationship of introversion and regression. The realisation of the spirit is naturally a state very different from ordinary consciousness; for it is in some way a return to the Mother, "the separation from whom," according to Jung,<sup>1</sup> creates the "basis of consciousness." The West does not dare to go this path directly for fear of losing its hardly gained 'reality function.' We need first a rationally elaborated pantheistic philosophy, somewhat like the neurotic who invents a complicated ceremony before approaching the object of his phobia. Or again, we take refuge in art and bury our heads in the idea that our 'urge into childhood' is 'only' art, in the vain belief that we can separate psychological from objective truth, that is to say art from life. This imaginary separation is one of the deeper causes of what we, from our instinctive feeling of the danger from our over-strung mother-tendency, unjustly call the morbidity of the artist, as for instance in the case of Baudelaire. A good example of the pantheistic-philosophic love of nature which, "regarded backwards, is a re-blending with the Mother,"<sup>2</sup> is to be found in one of the greatest writers of the nineteenth century, George Meredith. This poet-philosopher intuitively knew the psychological significance of his creed when he said: "We do not get to any heaven by renouncing the mother we sprang from, and when there is an eternal secret for us, it is best to believe that Earth knows. to keep near her even in our utmost aspiration."

The regression to the Mother, however, is not necessarily in itself a sign of morbidity; it may

<sup>1</sup> *Transformations, etc.*, p. 377.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 308-9.

possibly be effected without a pathological fixation in the stage of infantilism. A justification of the diagnosis of this fixation can, in the case of our Aphorisms, be found only in the lengthy enumeration of various 'occult' phenomena as consequences of yoga-practice which have been one of the greatest hindrances to the recognition of Patanjali in the West. Some of these extraordinary powers which the yogī obtains by the 'omnipotence of his thoughts,' such as the strength of an elephant, not sinking in water, walking on thorns, etc., have indeed an alarming resemblance to the phantasies of an infantile mind. They remind us of the game of a child in a railway carriage who imagines that by playing with the window-strap it changes the speed of the train or makes it stop at the different stations, and then start again. This playing with power, comprehensible in the case of a child with its ardent desire to become grown-up, is the over-compensation for a feeling of weakness, of impotence. Thus the feeling of the omnipotence of our *thoughts* is implanted deep down in our mind, originating in the helplessness of earliest childhood. It manifests itself frequently in those various unconscious movements, belonging to the psychopathology of everyday life,<sup>1</sup> by which—to give an example—a tennis-player seeks to direct the ball after it has already passed out of his control.

The phenomena recorded in the Aphorisms are, however, not all of this kind. Some of them have been confirmed by modern scientific research. Others may be convenient generalisations, such as the Indian theory of *prāṇa*, or the vital currents, which affirms

<sup>1</sup> This instance of 'symptomatic behaviour' is not mentioned in Freud's *Psychopathology of Everyday Life*.



that there are other factors necessary for our nourishment besides purely chemical food; this has been verified partly by the discovery of the vitamins. To this category belongs the 'knowledge of past and future,' which is presumably a generalisation of the fact, now recognised by modern psychology, that the unconscious preserves archaic memories, long lost to consciousness, and has also a 'prospective tendency' capable of foreshadowing future happenings in dreams and in other ways . . . "as far as such are conditioned by our psychology" (Jung). Nor can it be denied that the more the yogī recedes into his own nature the more he actually leaves the plane of known causality, and this 'freedom from the order of nature, appears to the popular consciousness as a 'positive reign over nature and its laws' (Deussen).

But, quite apart from these considerations, a sufficient refutation of the charge of infantilism is the fact that the phenomena are not an integral part of the yoga-system. Patanjali himself warns us that these powers, which can also be obtained by quite inferior methods, *e.g.* by drugs (iv. 1), are really obstacles to a higher development and must not be indulged in: "These are obstacles to *samādhi*; but they are powers in the worldly state" (iii. 37).—"By giving up even these [omnipresence and omniscience] comes the destruction of the very seed of evil" (iii. 50).

Without this fixation the 'urge into childhood' may be as sane as the urge to the superman; for there is a sense in which it "is not backward but forward, not a regression into an old but a progression into a new childhood."<sup>1</sup> Sanity is the subtle equilibrium of

<sup>1</sup> R. H. Congreve, *The New Age*, May 2, 1918, p. 502.

forces. The equilibrium is always the same; the proportion of the forces, of the introvert and extrovert tendencies, varies to a great extent at different stages of evolution, at different times and places. "The Indian methods and attitude cause an ingathering and quiescence of the mind, accompanied often by great illumination, but if carried to excess they result in over-quiescence, and even torpor. The Western habits tend towards an over-activity and external distraction of the mind, which may result in disintegration. The true line (as in other cases) is not in mediocrity, but in a bold and sane acceptance of both sides, so as to make them offset and balance each other, and indeed so that each shall make the extension of the other more and more possible."<sup>1</sup> A rational mode of valuation of these two divergent attitudes does not yet exist.

This lack of a common ground to start from makes a comprehensive comparison of the general psychology of the two methods impossible. Only some points of contact then between the two methods may be selected. One of the most frequently used psychological elements of the Aphorisms is *chittam* (mind-stuff). From its introduction (already in i. 2) it is used repeatedly, but never defined. It is, to describe it by the picture of the translator, Vivekananda, like a lake, the waves of which are our thoughts (*vrittis*, lit. 'whirlpools'), while the bottom of the lake is our own true self. The psychoanalyst will look down on this materialistic view of a mind-stuff; but equally perhaps a future era in psychology may look down on Freud's dynamical view of mental energies. These analogies of matter and energy are only pictures, symbols, by which we

<sup>1</sup> E. Carpenter, *My Days and Dreams* (1916).



describe reality. Nor does the analogy with energy, though more scientific than the analogy with matter, rest philosophically on firmer ground. A corroboration of this view is Karl Pearson's<sup>1</sup> criticism of A. R. Wallace, who (he says) in like confusion with many other scientists uses 'force' for 'sense-impression, for sequence of sense-impressions, for moving ideal, and for mode of motion.' The *chittam*, which is always between ourselves and our environment, is nothing else but the psychical energy in one of its aspects, the principle that binds us to objective reality. It is interest, that is, that which is between (*inter-est*) the soul and the objects. It is "that middle zone" as Bergson expresses it, "in which we live, not in the things nor in ourselves."<sup>2</sup>

Freud draws our attention to the fact that his insisting upon the unconscious being 'no less the object of psychology' than the conscious, was in opposition to everything current philosophy had to teach. For Patanjali the unconscious is a matter of course. Memory, *e.g.*, means for him conscious and unconscious memory (i. 11). Sleep therefore is according to him not a fundamentally different state from waking; it is only one of the modifications of our mind (i. 10); just as Kaplan finds the difference between sleep, normal and hypnotic, and waking only in the affective '*Einstellung*' of the mind. A similar resemblance is to be found in the theory of consciousness, though this is only vaguely indicated in the Aphorisms. As a sign of the attained meditation, that is to say, of the repressed consciousness, the fact is mentioned, that "the dualities do not obstruct" (ii. 48). Consciousness

<sup>1</sup> K. Pearson, *The Growth of Science*.

<sup>2</sup> H. Bergson, *Art and Life*.

therefore is to be taken as something conditioned by these dualities, or 'pairs of opposites.' This is in agreement with the dynamical view of psychoanalysis: "The fact is brought to consciousness only by reference to an opposite. The coming into consciousness is the result of a fight of opposite tendencies."<sup>1</sup>

In the description of the powers obtained by the yogī, there is a passage where the psychological mechanism of the phenomena is considered: "From egoism [*asmitā*, from *asmi*=I am] alone proceed the created minds. Though the activities of the different created minds are various, the one original mind is the controller of them all" (iv. 4, 5). These Aphorisms imply that the yogī can multiply his mind; but all the various minds thus created are only emanations of the original mind which causes and guides its activities (Deussen). It is a remarkable fact that the book where these phenomena are recorded, perhaps for the first time in philosophical form, and a most modern psychological treatise on 'so-called occult phenomena'<sup>2</sup> take the same view as to the origin of these secondary personalities, having between them centuries of incurious scepticism on the one hand and all the superstitions of ancient and modern demonology on the other. After a careful examination of the 'automatic and hallucinatory personalities,' produced through trance-speaking, automatic writing, table-rappings, etc., by a spiritistic medium with whom he made his experiment, Jung comes to the conclusion that these personalities are suppressed ideas "which

<sup>1</sup> Leo Kaplan, *Hypnotism, Animism and Psychoanalysis*.

<sup>2</sup> Jung, 'On the Psychology and Pathology of so-called Occult Phenomena,' in *Collected Papers*.



begin an independent existence," in other words 'dramatic dissociations' of the ego. He, however, goes further than Patanjali in his explanation, when he points to the importance of these creations, from the teleological point of view, for the building up of the future character.

#### IV.

#### CONCLUSION.

The Eastern and the Western mind, as shown in the two methods under consideration, are opposed to each other on one of the deepest problems of human life,—the disposition of the libido or psychical energy. But underneath the difference lies the unity of human nature in dependence on that higher law of evolution which compensates all extreme deviations. The fact that this internal struggle is common to both East and West, is proved by the similarity of the symbolic representation of the innermost contending forces; it may indeed be said to be restricted to a few great symbols common to all mankind. For instance, the title-page to the translation of the Yoga Aphorisms by Vivekananda bears one of those symbolic Indian drawings which are used in some schools of yoga as objects of meditation. It represents a snake which rises erect out of a flame, licking the word 'Om' inscribed in a circle. We have only to compare this drawing with the passage of a poem by Nietzsche, whose 'will to power' is a conception closely related to the libido, to recognise the marvellous similarity of the symbolism of human traditions:

"This flame with white-grey belly—  
 Into the chill distances darts the tongue of its  
     desire,  
 It stretches forth its neck to ever purer heights—  
 A snake impatiently upreared erect :  
 This symbol I hold up before myself.  
 This flame is my soul's self ;  
 Ever greedy for new distances,  
 Its silent fire flames ever up and up."<sup>1</sup>

It is only the interpretation, 'the handling of symbolism by the intellect' (Nicoll), which divides. Progress consists in an ever-widening realisation of the truths of symbolism ; for it is, as a wise saying of the Talmud puts it, "not the dream, but the interpretation of the dream, that is fulfilled."<sup>2</sup>

The problem has been discussed whether the yoga-system has evolved from the *ātma*-lore in the Upanishads, the doctrine of the unity of the human soul with the world-soul, or whether this grandiose doctrine, as perfected by Shankarāchārya, is the fruit of yoga. I believe that the yoga-method was first, and that it was systematised later. Thus the hope is not unjustified that from the developed psychoanalytic method also will originate at some future date a new and higher philosophy, which will take into consideration the relativity of the truth of introversion and extroversion and will help us to a 'sane acceptance of both.' The hope of such a future philosophy arises from the fact that its need is clearly recognised to-day, as when Jung says: "If, . . . in some unexpected way unknown to me, the psychological could be divested of its character

<sup>1</sup> Nietzsche, '*Das Feuerzeichen*,' quoted by Jung, *Transformations, etc.*  
 Rev. A. Cohen, *Ancient Jewish Proverbs* (Wisdom of the East Series).



as a biological epiphenomenon, and if, instead, the status of a physical entity could be assigned to it, in that case the 'psychological truth' would have to be dissolved into the 'real truth,' or rather the reverse, because then the psychological must claim, with regard to the theory of ends, a greater value on account of its immediateness."<sup>1</sup>

F. I. WINTER.

<sup>1</sup> *Transformations, etc.*, p. 225.

# A THEORY OF BEAUTY IN NATURE AND ART.

REV. C. M. SCHOOLING, C.F.

BEAUTY to all who have felt it, lies not in the thing but in what the thing symbolizes.—THOMAS HARDY.

THE aim of this paper is to show that what is known as beauty in nature and the arts, is the result of the Transcendent<sup>1</sup> being suggested by finite appearances; that the Transcendent is a transcendent feeling; and, consequently, that only those appearances which, separately or together, suggest the Transcendent, and so convey the transcendent feeling, are beautiful.

## THE TRANSCENDENT SUGGESTED BY SINGLE APPEARANCES.

The Transcendent is suggested by certain single appearances. Certain appearances suggest it by means of a pointed form, for instance a spire, others by a rounded one, such as a dome. The Transcendent enters at the point of a spire and, owing to the proportion<sup>2</sup> of the spire, flows through it without any element of contradiction. For contrast think of a factory-chimney. There is no point to the latter

<sup>1</sup> The term 'Transcendent' is used for that which is expressed by certain appearances and sounds and their associations. It is the invisible expressed by the visible, the unheard expressed by the heard. It is hard to find the right word for this conception. The present use does not imply that the Transcendent is separate from its means of expression, but that it is beyond them though speaking through them.

<sup>2</sup> In proportion lines answer each other, each neutralizing that element in the other which otherwise would contradict the element of transcendence.



where the Transcendent can enter, and so the extension beneath the top cannot suggest it. Certain pointed buildings, however, do not suggest the Transcendent; for though it enters at the point, the lines of the rest of the building suggest the finite, either by lack of proportion or ideas of heaviness, etc., and so the Transcendent is lost. Again, a dome suggests the Transcendent, in that the rounded form is shading off continually from the visible without becoming invisible, and because the perfect symmetry of the rounded form makes it an ideal means of proportion.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE TRANSCENDENT SUGGESTED BY ASSOCIATION OF APPEARANCES.

Moreover, just as it does in a single form so in an association of appearances does the Transcendent find speech in the finite. For when two objects are in the same scene there must be an association between them -- of shape, position, colour, etc.

Further, association is not confined to two appearances; there is an interplay of association between every object in a scene. At the horizon there is an association between earth and sky. Between the spectator and the horizon there are many objects outlined against each other; and between these also there is an association. Again, objects in the scene which are not outlined against each other, are in association with each other; there is also a relation between the associations which they all make with the sky. The first association—that

<sup>1</sup> The complete circular form is self-contained; and all rounded forms which approach it suggest that which is self-contained. These forms do not therefore suggest the invisible. No part of a circle greater than a semi-circle suggests the invisible; because into it the idea of approaching completion has entered.

between the ultimate object and the horizon—is the most vivid; and this association influences in greater or less degree all the other associations.

But association *per se* does not show forth the Transcendent in the finite. Imagine a field outlined against an immense opaque curtain. No transcendence enters into the association of field and curtain. Why is there a difference? Because there is transcendence in the depth of light in the sky, which depth suggests the invisible, while the curtain does not do so. But though the transcendence is primarily in the depth of light, the association of field and sky supplies the finite framework in which the Transcendent is felt. The transcendence of the depth of light in the sky is felt within the difference between sky and field; that is, the Transcendent is felt in the finite scene before us.

So, in considering appearances in association, we must remember that the two ultimate channels of the Transcendent are light and harmonious shape. We have noted the two ways (by single appearance and appearances in association) in which the Transcendent is felt in the finite. The interplay between the two ways is subtle and continuous. The tree standing out against the sky illustrates both; for it possesses a proportioned form—usually indeed more or less circular—and it contrasts with the sky by virtue of form and colour.

There are endless differences in the various positions, sizes and shapes of nature. Light, as seen in the sky, is the most general element in the scene; but it contributes its differences also. One has only to think of shadow and mist to realize this. Mist gains its effect by its simultaneous use of form, light and colour; it makes the element of suggestion



unmistakable by causing forms to suggest their more usual appearances.

Colour again brings its difference to the scene. Colour consists of waves of light, and colour-associations are really an extension of light-associations. Colour multiplies and enriches the associations of a scene in various ways. There is the pure association of colour with colour, without reference to form, which association is an inner association of light. Then again colour, by its presence in objects, brings into the world of definite forms the depth and quality of light. Therefore the Transcendent, which is felt wherever light and form are in association, is felt also wherever form is clothed with colour.

It must be remembered that the associations in a scene are simultaneous. A tree, for instance, has associations of shape, colour, light (by its shadow), with the field in which it is standing.

#### THE TRANSCENDENT IS TRANSCENDENT FEELING.

Now a spire not only expresses the Transcendent; it shows us also that the Transcendent is not a mere abstraction but connected with feeling. The feeling, the sentiment, of a spire is that which causes its inner contrast with the factory-chimney. To emphasize their difference, think of the effect of two spires in a natural scene replaced by two chimneys. The contrast is due, not only to the feeling of the spires not being found in the chimneys, but also to the fact that the feeling of the spires is in agreement with the feeling of the whole scene, while the feeling of the scene is merely interrupted by the presence of the chimneys.

Again, when by means of association the Transcendent is felt in the finite, the Transcendent once more

is known to be a transcendent feeling. The passing of the Transcendent into and through the finite is always attended with feeling. This feeling is felt instinctively by us ; indeed, in a painting of a scene or a descriptive poem, it is often impossible to say where the meeting place between the Transcendent and the human feeling occurs, so truly do they both share the nature of feeling.

Thus the summing up of all is the discovery of transcendent feeling extended in finite forms.

PAINTING CAN EXPRESS THIS TRANSCENDENT FEELING  
MORE DEEPLY THAN CAN NATURE HERSELF.

Painting can penetrate into this scheme of suggestion and give a deeper expression of its feeling than can any natural scene. It does this by heightening suggestion and association and by its power of selection.

It is not a difficult matter for art to heighten a suggestion already existing in nature. In fact it can be said that one of the chief ends of landscape-painting is to emphasize qualities of light and colour and also associations with their resulting suggestions, and this without any incongruity marring the consequent deeper expression of feeling. For instance, art can emphasize the light of the sky and thus explore more deeply the transcendence expressed by the whole scene, and also so treat the other appearances in a scene that they fall in with the scheme. Compare one of Turner's pictures of Venice with a realistic painting of the same city, and the process will be clearly seen. In general, art can increase the feeling of a scene by emphasizing any element in which that feeling exists already—such as light, colour, shape, etc.—because the feeling is



transcendent and never fully revealed in any scene. So it is that art unveils this feeling more profoundly than does nature, and by increasing its expression increases the expression of truth rather than introduces falseness. When we realize this, we find also that the stillness of painting and its power of presenting objects apart from the conflicting appeals which they so often make in the outer world to senses and emotions of an unæsthetic nature, further extend its power of expressing transcendent feeling.

Finally, painting can illustrate the two different methods by which the transcendent feeling is expressed and can illustrate their close connection and emphasize it. A painting which includes a proportioned building with some scene in the background can illustrate this. If we confine ourselves to forms existing in the natural scene, the different proportioned appearances can be selected and expressed in connection with their other associations in the scene.

#### MUSIC EXPRESSES THE SAME TRANSCENDENT FEELING AS DO NATURE AND PAINTING.

Music expresses the same feeling. First, because tone is not subject to finite limitation. Music makes all its effects in a world beyond the finite. It is true that tone exists in time and space; but the nature of tone, once it is heard, is the nature of something not subject to material limitation. Here the element of transcendence is again transcendent feeling. No one can say where the feeling of a composer expressed in a beautiful melody ends, and where the transcendent feeling of the melody which calls forth a response in the composer himself begins. We know that a piece of music is not only a revelation of a composer's original

personal feeling; we feel it to be a living entity in itself. We speak of it as a beautiful thing; we love it as an impersonal force.

What is the secret of a beautiful melody? If the nature of tone is understood, the beauty of a melody arises also from a series of associations which are cumulatively enriched as the melody proceeds.<sup>1</sup> These associations are not all of one kind; there are associations of the pitch of the notes, of their length, their accent, their rhythm, etc. In some melodies pitch-associations are found alone; but in most cases many associations are found simultaneously.

But before going farther we must note a condition of all melody. In all melodies some of the notes must be in harmony with each other; otherwise any succession of notes would form a melody. It is not necessary that they should follow each other consecutively however. All that is necessary is that their effect on each other should be felt. For harmony maintains the unity of the notes. If there is no harmonic connection between them, the impression of dissimilarity kills the association. The notes in harmony spread the spirit of harmony through the rest of the melody, whatever its character may be. Harmonization also can always give harmonic unity to a melody, though of course harmonization is not necessary to the harmonic unity of a melody.

Continuing the consideration of tones and their associations, we find that two notes or three form little phrases within a longer phrase, and that there is association between the effect of one phrase and the effect of another. This association of small phrases

<sup>1</sup> That is, the first note does not associate only with the second but with the third and fourth, etc.; and so with the other notes.



occurs in the vast majority of melodies; it is only in certain slow regular melodies that notes associate singly with each other. But the secret of beauty appears to be the inclusion of as much as possible within harmonic unity; that is to say, the associations of a melody should be as expressive as possible, without going outside the spirit of harmony which should live in a melody. But this does not mean that only melodies of the most strongly marked character are the most full of feeling.

Sometimes a melody by its very smoothness and simplicity gives the greatest significance to an association which presently appears, and which in a more rugged melody would be unnoticed. Some of Mozart's melodies provide examples of this.

Again, melody also invariably divides itself into longer phrases, and the sum-effects of these phrases again associate with each other.

When music divides itself into phrases both small and large, the beauty as regards association depends upon the association of the notes in the phrases, and then upon the association of the sum-effect of phrase with phrase. But even when notes form themselves into phrases, there are still the accumulated associations between the notes singly, as seen above. In this phrase-association we have an idea proceeding from one phrase associated with an idea proceeding from the next phrase. This unheard music is the secret of much of the beauty of music.

This it is seen that associations accumulate as the melody proceeds, and as they blend with each other the way in which the melody becomes enriched is clear.

There is also an association between the length of

notes. This association is so striking, first because of the extreme pointedness of the shorter note. It is so pointedly expressive that any lengthening of its tone does not simply prolong it, but produces something different. It is a difference of quality, not of quantity. In the second place, this difference is due to the intensity of the longer note. This intensity is not possessed by the shorter note.

Another means of association is comparative loudness. This works more obviously by simple contrast than does any other method. Accent is a form of this comparative loudness, though here the contrast may be of one note only with a number of notes softer than itself.

There is also an association by means of the different qualities of tones possessed by different instruments. For instance, a duet for violin and piano relies partly on this association from beginning to end. A clear example is also provided if a passage is played on the brass and then played on the strings. This association is in constant play between various instruments, especially in orchestral music.

When thinking of melody it is natural to imagine a series of single notes, but some consideration of harmony in itself is necessary for the understanding of the fullest expression of beauty provided by music. The first point to notice is that a note is not a separate entity. It is allied to the same note in lower octaves and in higher octaves. For instance, all the C's of the keyboard have a connection, independent of their difference in pitch; because their vibrations are doubled with each ascending octave. To take one octave only—C to C; what notes between the two are most in sympathy with this similarity? Those which



do not produce discord with either. Ascend the scale. D does not harmonize with the lower C, because it is adjacent to C. The two notes are joined; there is no whole tone between them. It cannot be said where one ends and the other begins. Therefore when struck together they produce a blur. There is nothing against E harmonizing with C, and it does so. F on the other hand is joined to E; and therefore, as C and E have formed a harmony, C and F cannot do so. G makes harmony again with C, as E did. C and A fail, as C and F failed, and for a like reason. B is adjacent to the higher C, which is akin to the lower C, and therefore cannot make harmony with either. Thus those notes which agree with the essential unity of the lower and higher notes of an octave, fill in that unity; and the complete expression of a tone is an octave filled in with the third and fifth. All the notes of the octave can be thought of as striving to fill in this unity; but some cannot do so for the reasons stated.

When a chord is struck a single tone results. As it is a single tone, it really is not a compromise between a number of single notes still heard separately, but a quality of tone as such—the quality proceeding from the octave-principle. It is a deeper expression of tone-quality and, as we have seen that tone-quality and pitch-associations express the transcendent feeling in music, we see now that the deepest beauty is not possible without harmony.

We perceive now why it is necessary that even unharmonized notes in a melody must have harmonic connection (as stated above); for harmony gives the unity of the octave-principle to melody.

An additional beauty is caused by the key-note being felt through music. We feel the importance of

this in the discordant effect of a phrase introduced in a different key into a melody.<sup>1</sup>

Harmony can continually express and suggest this key-note. Melody is unable to do so.

Again, as chords form a unity they can be associated with other like unities. In addition to this, there is in harmony a power of simultaneous association by which two successions of associations are taking place simultaneously and making further associations with each other. In this connection one succession may sometimes stand out from the other—by greater loudness, more marked character, etc. An air standing out from its accompaniment is an example.

The same thing can happen, not only with a single note in an air, but with an air composed of chords, so that association thus becomes very rich; for here chords are associating with each other simultaneously with the associations which the accompaniment is making with them.

Rhythm in music does not in itself express the transcendent feeling. Illustrated without tone, rhythm possesses no beauty; on the other hand there are beautiful melodies which possess no rhythm. But rhythm and all movement in music add to the variety of the whole. Rhythm and all movement, loudness and emphasis can express power and force; and these are felt as moving in a world which is suffused with the transcendent feeling.

We have now come to an end of the various means of association in music. Looking back and thinking of their simultaneous effect in any given piece of music, we find that the ultimate channels by which

<sup>1</sup> This does not apply to modulation, which is a melody in itself—at once a road and a bridge to a melody in a new key.



the Transcendent enters are tone-quality and pitch-association. These must always be felt together. A most beautiful tone or chord prolonged for five minutes is not beautiful; nor is a most beautiful passage beautiful, if played on tin whistles or ground out octaves too low on a double bass.

As regards the various means of association, pitch-association is the ultimate channel by which the Transcendent enters; because two notes in succession, when they are not adjacent, suggest something lying between them—something invisible, intangible, inaudible, and yet real and full of feeling. This is that transcendent feeling of which we have spoken; and as it diffuses itself through the channels made by other associations, it informs them all with its own feeling.

Having considered the various means of association in music, we are now in a position to see what it is that causes melodies to be either good or bad. Whether a melody is good or bad depends exactly on the ability with which note after note adds associations without destroying any; in other words, it depends upon the extent of the intensification of feeling through the various means of association.

Think of a beautiful and simple melody, and then introduce one or two alterations into it; though small they will be found either to have marred or destroyed the beauty of the melody. At once the great subtlety of this intensification is perceived and, as it proceeds, it becomes more delicately sensitive both to being increased and being upset; for it must not be forgotten that even a single note may associate in all the possible ways with the other notes of a melody.

An illustration of this can be obtained from a line in poetry. A bad melody is like a stupid line in poetry.

Two or three notes may well be the beginning of a good melody, but then there comes a note or a phrase which does not extend the associations or a rhythm enters which leads in the wrong direction.<sup>1</sup> In the same way a line of poetry might be good but for one or two words which are out of place in sound or meaning or both. All music should be full of true feeling—should be good music. It is only when it is spoilt in this way that it is bad music. A piece of music by some good writer seems so wonderfully beautiful just because it conveys the fullness of this feeling. Some of the best melodies are the simplest.

Most melodies break here and there into longer or shorter notes or both; and this is a means by which great beauty is added to melodies. This added beauty is due to the sudden translation of pitch-association into length-association, by which contrast the message of the former is suddenly felt in terms of the latter. The Transcendent speaks in pitch-association, but in this sudden transition we find it flowing also into a difference in the length of notes. So it appears that this is another example of the Transcendent expressing itself in the finite—hence the beauty of the result.<sup>2</sup>

Something must here be said of music that is united to words and of music to which some definite idea is attached though without words—that is, of song- and programme-music. Music when it is united

<sup>1</sup> Many melodies of the baser sort result from the supremacy of rhythm. In them rhythm is clothed with notes that are like beads on a string which is shaken. In all true music pitch-association must be supreme, however strong the rhythm. Other melodies though apparently faultless are yet very poor. This is due to their very faultlessness becoming more obvious; their smoothness not giving greater space to their associations by means of contrast, as is the case with good though 'uneventful' melodies.

<sup>2</sup> This contrast is the thing to notice here. Length-association in itself is an association of emphasis and intensity as we have seen.



to words keeps its independence much more than might be supposed; for the relation of notes to words in a song does not depend upon the essential relation between the two arts, but is due to a contrast between them—*i.e.* to the absence in the associations produced by notes of all those more definite features with which we are familiar in the associations produced in words. So the very universality of music-associations makes them able to adapt themselves to the associations of words. The ability of music to illustrate definite ideas arises from the same cause—the universality of music-associations, which are thus able to include the definite ideas they are now called upon to illustrate.<sup>1</sup>

#### POETRY EXPRESSES THE SAME TRANSCENDENT FEELING AS DO PAINTING AND MUSIC.

Poetry does this first by means of sound. The beauty of poetry lies primarily in the fact that in it words do not stand merely as signs of ideas as in prose, but do much more than this. In poetry ideas are extended into the world of sound by the agency of words arranged in a certain way. Translate a lyric of Shelley into prose. The ideas are the same; *i.e.* the mental standpoint of the poet, sadness, questioning, whatever it may be, and the images and imagery,—all these are present still; but something has gone, and the reason is that the words are no longer arranged to extend concepts into the world of sound. Words can always convey the essence of a concept; sometimes because they are imitative of it (*e.g.* the word 'murmur'), but more often by reason only of their long association

<sup>1</sup> It is hardly necessary to say that a composer does not set out to produce beauty by following consciously the principles outlined above. But for all that they can enter into the essential structure of music as such, and as such he takes them up and uses them.

with it. But in poetry alone do they come into their own, and do so by the medium of sound. In prose words become merely signs or indications of a concept; because the main purpose of a sentence in prose is to indicate a concept in its mere existence, while that of a sentence in poetry is to express the essence of the concept in sound, and to express also in sound all the concepts attaching to the separate words. Thus in poetry we find concepts expressed in a world of sound. The sound is the outward form of the concept; and so here we get outward expression of inaudible, intangible feeling—that is, we get a means by which the Transcendent expresses itself and becomes known to us. Sound again in itself expresses the Transcendent, as we saw in music. It appears then that in poetry there is, so to speak, a double means of transcendence: first in the concept passing into sound, and second in the sound itself. The resources of poetry in regard to sound are numerous. Poetry can suggest sounds without expressing them. For instance, the first line of a verse may have seven syllables, the second five, the third seven, again the fourth five; or the first and second may have seven each, the third and fourth five each, etc. In such examples the shorter lines suggest the sound of the missing syllables without expressing them. Rhyme adds to the music of a verse by extending a single sound through it, while avoiding monotony. This is the principle; though of course several verses have two or more sets of rhymes. When this is so, yet another association is formed between the sounds of the different sets of rhymes.

Further, the same sound recurring has the effect of rounding off and completing a verse, so that it is felt as a whole, and as a whole dies away into silence.



Cadence is yet another resource of sound. It is a sudden slanting or rather curving fall. It has to follow and illustrate closely the meaning of the verse, but its sound becomes mingled with the other sound in the verse. It is not necessary for poems of the highest beauty to possess cadence; some do possess it, some do not.

Rhythm and metre have to do with movement; but they become permeated with the transcendent feeling proceeding from other elements in the verse. Poetry expresses the transcendent feeling also in imagery. In imagery an image is placed against a wider or more vivid image, and this greater width or vividness, or both, transfigures the smaller or less vivid image; *e.g.* 'eyes like stars,' where the thought of the eyes is placed against that of the stars.

Again the conceptions of a poet may be transcendent in themselves; such may be the nature of his thought in a particular poem. This of course is an added way in which the Transcendent can be expressed in poetry. At other times a conception of his may be more instinctively transcendent. In contemplating a scene, for instance, he instinctively feels the Transcendent expressing itself in the scene. This makes him choose the words which express this self-expression of the transcendent feeling. For instance, in Shakespeare's lines where the sun is described as 'gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,' the word 'gilding' is so beautifully expressive, because it conveys better than any other word the way in which the transcendent feeling actually is expressing itself in the scene.

Finally, beauty must not be confounded with the sublime, the noble, the heroic, spiritual, ethical, etc.

It is a distinct element from these, though their high and un-material character causes them to be easily penetrated by its spirit when it has already entered by its authentic means.

To sum up then; in any beautiful scene in nature or any work of art the beauty felt is the result of transcendent feeling entering into it. The rest of the scene or work may be primarily beautiful in itself; that is, transcendent feeling may enter into it through several sources. Nevertheless the whole is permeated by the feeling flowing from the association which is most vivid or most general or both in the scene—*e.g.* the horizon in a landscape. But, on the other hand, the rest of the scene or work may not contain this transcendent feeling, and so may not be beautiful in itself, though it may be spiritual, sublime, romantic, noble, passionate, full of personal feeling, etc.<sup>1</sup>; and yet all this can be æsthetically consecrated by the beauty of the feeling, and the whole becomes beautiful.

Beauty is only a part of nature and art; yet has it power to pervade the rest of nature and art.

In conclusion, if we enquire as to the nature of this transcendent feeling, it appears to be an emotion which has accompanied the very process of creation and permeates created things with its feeling. We feel it as it continually proceeds from the spiritual world, entering the material world, where the latter verges on the un-material and spiritual, and thence as it spreads through the whole when it is not prevented from so doing.

C. M. SCHOOLING.

<sup>1</sup> The contention that such elements as these do not possess beauty in themselves will be disputed by many. If this were so, would not their opposites deny beauty? We find, however, that beauty can attach itself also to the small, the exquisite, the delicate, the frail, the classic, the realistic, and to that into which no spiritual, ethical or personal quality has entered. Also these elements do not appear to need the help of beauty as regards their own reality. We can think of them and express them without any thought of beauty at all.



## THE BEGINNING OF HUMAN PERFECTIBILITY.

THE EDITOR.

The beginning of perfection is gnosis of Man ;  
But gnosis of God is perfected perfection.

HOWEVER otherwise man may be described in respect to the present penury in which he feels himself instinctively to be, as contrasted with the riches which his inmost nature bids him hope may some day be his lot, whatever may be the rest of his distinctive attributes, gifts, strivings and accomplishments,—he is indubitably a creature imbued with an insatiable desire for knowledge. He ever longs to know, so that he may become more actual than he is, more real than he has been ; he yearns to transcend the limitations of which he is conscious at every moment of his existence. Man is ignorant, he would know ; he is weak, he would be strong ; miserable, he would be happy ; fearful, he would have courage ; foolish, he would be wise ; imperfect, he would be perfected.

Above all things the fundamental characteristic of man's becoming, as distinguished by himself from the nature of whatever else he knows, or thinks he knows, by sense and reason and their mutually transmutive interaction, is revealed as an ever deepening self-conscious process,—a becoming or coming to be in the mode of progressive recognition of the richness of a

reality which has all the time been somehow the very essence of his existence.

Knowledge is multiform; there is, for instance, knowledge by acquaintance and knowledge about, knowledge by deduction from universal principles to particulars and knowledge by induction from particulars to other particulars; but all such forms of knowing are found in the end to fall short. However many phases or grades or modes of knowing there may be of this out-going order of awareness and apprehension and reasoning thereupon, there is a critical moment in the history of man's becoming when the out-going knowing energy decisively turns back upon itself, when the mode of inwardness declares itself as a rebecoming, as a return, an ingathering of expenditure, a harvesting of experience and empirical search. Thus in ancient Vedic scripture we read of the inward-turning of the senses and the mind as the beginning of the path that leads to the truly real, and are told of a certain sage who one day had the happy inspiration to look within and so found the Self.

To-day, however, it is the fashion of the many in learned circles to regard with suspicion, if not with contempt, all reference to introspection. Introspection, we are assured, is valueless as a means of genuine scientific knowledge; it leads to nothing but an arbitrary subjectivism, the prolific breeding-ground of all those dogmatic pretensions to knowledge which in their very nature are incapable of being substantiated, and which have hampered the progress of positive objective science throughout the ages. The ancient adage, in East and West, 'Man, know thyself,' is thus apparently to-day no longer to be held as a word of wisdom; we are supposed to have got beyond all such



naïve surmises of our pre-scientific forebears. But perhaps the old-world irony of Job is here not yet entirely out of date, when he cries: "No doubt ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you!"

There is presumably truth and untruth in this mood of feeling, warranted self-confidence and unwarranted self-conceit in this attitude of mind. It is true that in general the spirit of man tends upward; there is progress in the going of humanity as a whole. But the tide of great nature rises by a succession of advancing and receding waves. Enthusiastic waves of progress that once led the way and reached furthest inland over the sands or highest up the cliffs, recoil to give place to and feed the main volume of the advancing sea, which thus gathering new strength sends forth again still more enthusiastic pioneers heralding the onward marching hosts behind. So it may well be figuratively with the tide of human knowledge; and here especially the nature of the shore determines the mode of the advance. At one time the pioneer waves of thought fling themselves far and wide over the level surface of the sands, so that all may mark the speed and spread of the advance; at another they dash against the rocky cliffs apparently in vain endeavour, for here the rate of progress must be measured by the depth of water and not by the extent of superficial conquest. When the shore is of wide-stretching sands, empirical knowledge increases apace; when the shore is of rock, deep knowledge is acquired. But if enthusiastic waves had never dashed so seemingly in vain against the craggy cliffs, there never would have been the sands for other waves of like enthusiasm to gallop over.

Ever since the spirit of man has won to a definite

stage of culture in the becoming of things, his mind has been haunted with the idea or ideal of a knowledge deeper than the knowing he can come at in his out-turned life of practical activity in satisfaction of his everyday requirements. One of the names he gave to this profounder way of knowing was gnosis. To-day this term is out of fashion and out of favour; so much so that there seems no more chance of restoring it to its ancient seat of dignity than of replacing Zeus or even Jehovah (the familiar 'camouflaged' form of Yahveh) on the throne of the universe; or of vindicating again for 'demon' the right of high place in theology, or even for 'angel' a proper status in philosophy. Let us then not waste time in trying to set dead vocables once more upon their feet, but rather pay attention to the still felt need the name 'gnosis' once signified.

This paper has as its motto a remarkable utterance originating from a period when men thought much of 'mysteries,' both natural and instituted. I propose to consider briefly this ancient dogma, both within its own setting<sup>1</sup> and also in relation to some modern expectations. It runs:

"The beginning of perfection is gnosis of Man;  
But gnosis of God is perfected perfection."

This may be said to be the text (pp. 147 and 178), in the exegesis of which the succession of Pagan, Jewish and Early Christian mystics who wrote and over-wrote the so-called 'Naassene Document,' collaborated in the most friendly and sympathetic spirit, illustrating it from the various sources of their respec-

<sup>1</sup> For an analysis and detailed treatment of sources and all references see 'The Myth of Man in the Mysteries,' Chap. VII. of the *Prolegomena* (vol. i. pp. 139-198) to my *Thrice-Greatest Hermes* (1906).



tively most highly prized traditions and in the light of their loftiest inspiration, thus bequeathing to posterity one of the most valuable, though still little known, expositions of the pivotal doctrine of the higher mystery-institutions of Western antiquity. They taught in common a gospel of perfection, in that they proclaimed not only the possibility but also the actuality of man's perfectibility as an experienced fact of their spiritual endeavour. Knowledge was to be had for the seeking, was already a general possession in many ways. But this common knowledge was of the outer court, mainly in the fashion of the every-day opinions and conceits of those who were as yet without the sanctuary, and as such were spoken of as the pro-fane. There was beyond all this a deeper, more inward and immediate order of knowing, a right knowledge for right seekers. They called this, *gnosis*—spiritual knowledge, knowledge of perfectibility, knowledge of salvation. The end of *gnosis*, the consummation of perfected manhood, was conceived of as conscious communion or union with God. But before this end of all ends could be reached, man's nature must first be brought to its own proper end or perfection; it had to be completed and made whole, become reborn, regenerate, a new creature. Man must be divinized or made a god,—a reintegrated wholeness or universe, in full recognition of what he had always been in his inmost self without knowing it, now at last consciously immortalized, a spiritual personality,<sup>1</sup> a

<sup>1</sup> *Persona* has in this sense nothing to do with a 'mask' as is so often asserted; *persona* was a term of Roman law meaning a legal entity, a person with rights, a citizen. The Latin Church Father Tertullian, who was a lawyer by profession, first used the term as an equivalent for the Greek highly philosophical concept *hypostasis*, and so the entirely inadequate vocable 'person' when applied to the divine *hypostases* started on its career in Western theology.

true son of God, legitimately brought to birth. **Man** thus could win to God only by coming to know what **Man** truly is.

But who was this **Man** of whom our mystics sing the praises? He certainly was not any individual atom of humanity, any single man, nor even humanity as a whole as conceived apart from the rest of nature or the universe. The **Man** who was the object of their worship, though ever definitely visible in the whole of the vast universe of things and in all its parts for dimmest eyes to see, was at the same time the infinite source and end and means of manifestation—not only of all bodily existence but also of all life and mind,—not only hidden in all creatures but immanent in the whole creation as the one and only Son of God, **Man**, Son of **Man**, the self-creating, self-preserving and self-realizing truth of the supremest mystery.

We shall perhaps here be told by those who ‘think themselves somewhat,’ that all this is a vain conceit of naïve anthropomorphism; that doubtless if peafowl could think, their God would be conceived of by genus *Pavo* as the Great Peacock; that in brief man creates his God in his own image. Without doubt primitive folk have dreamed of their God as having hands and feet and the rest, and there are many still so primitive in mind to-day among us as to find it difficult to get beyond the ‘immeasurable clergyman in a white tie’ notion of deity. But we are considering the views of men whose business it was among other things to philosophize mythology and psychologize cosmology, and who were no more primitive in mind than a Plato or a Philo. Doubtless, according to the wisdom of the pundits of our modern polytechnics, Plato suffered terribly from the lack of the blessings of a board-school



education; but still he remains Plato and they the servants of the County Council.

No, our seekers after gnosis did not conceive of God as a Great Man in the sky in the form of a biped in breeches; their aim was not to confine the Ineffable within the narrow limits and embryonic configuration of a human body nor yet of a human life nor even a human mind. On the contrary, they held that man's outermost bodily form veiled a profound mystery, no less than the whole universe potentially. Materially man's frame was at best a partial thing, a deformation, an insufficiency. And if this was true of man's body, much more did it apply to the imperfection of his present life and mind. The true Man, unseen, unheard, deep hidden in the 'heart' of every man, was a cosmic and no earthly being, a spiritual reality, no fleshly appearance. It was this inmost Man in man that was said to be made in the image of God, and the proper body of that all-potent likeness was no less than as the whole universe itself. The essence of this inner spiritual manhood was connate with a reality as fundamental as the Divine Reason itself, whereby the Life and Light and Goodness of transcendent Deity is manwards mediated. This Divine Logos or Reason, conceived of as the self-creating, self-revealing and self-consummating power and life and mind of God, was the one and only authentic Man, Mind of the universals, and of every special universe, macrocosmic and microcosmic.

But if there was any possibility whatever of coming to know this Mind, knowing as ordinarily understood must be converted into gnosis. It was no longer a question of knowing in the mode whereby we apprehend an object of perception or of thought; it

was rather the realization of that knowing subject which made all knowledge possible. Therefore they taught that the gnosis of this Man of whom they sang the praises, was to be best thought of in the mode of a spiritual rebirth, a fundamental rebecoming. Such at any rate was the habitual form in which they conceived of the nature of the gnosis which they prized so highly. They still used many figures and symbols consecrated by long use and hoary tradition, for they had many scriptures to deal with; but their effort was to interpret even the apparently most contradictory figures and analogies in one all-inclusive spiritual sense. Thus, for instance, when they speak of the divine fatherhood and motherhood of eternal universal Nature, they declare that 'From Thee' is Father and 'Through Thee' Mother. As to man's present state of suffering and ignorance, he should know that, in spite of all seeming penury, he holds the most precious treasure of the universe within himself. Not to speak of possibilities of mind and soul, which latter is said to have the baffling peculiarity of never remaining of the same appearance or form or in the same state, there is latent or hid within his elemental bodily frame the very substance of 'the Great, Most-fair and Perfect Man'; and hence arise, they declare, all the suffering and chastening and all the need of perfection of which man is conscious.

If soul or life is the medium of all genesis or generation, this substantial essence is somehow the basis of all regeneration. It is as it were in some mysterious sense the very stuff of mind itself. Ineffable, inexpressible, incomprehensible in itself, it is, they say, nevertheless at the same time the cause of all the endless metamorphoses of ever-changing



becoming, animate and inanimate. It is the essence of the seed of every creation, the ground or reason of all things generated or produced. It may seem to some the height of folly seemingly to confound reason and essence, mind and matter, in this fashion; but so runs the report of the gnosis. The secret of what underlies all material things is one with the mystery of the very mind itself; the principle of materiality is to be found ultimately in the intelligible or spiritual world. So they taught, and so the highest development of Later Platonic thought set it forth with most careful elaboration of logical procedure. This and much more was conveyed by the gnostic utterance: "I become what I will, and am what I am." The Heavenly Man or Divine Logos, for them, was not only first the Creator and then the Fabricator, but also the Interpreter of all things, not only the Cause of souls but also their Conductor and Reconductor. The golden rod of Hermes, for example, was an outer and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace or vital power, hidden in man, wherewith the Divine, still deeper hid in him, wakes his soul from sleep so that he becomes 'mindful,' raises him from the dead, from the cecity of the plasm of forgetfulness, so that he recovers a divine memory, in the great awakening to conscious spiritual life. The 'golden rod' is already here within him, did he but know it, in inmost vital contact, and the god who holds or controls this triple rod of power is his own deepest and highest reality. There too 'within the brain'—but note well 'the brain of the essence' and not that of the physical plasm—is the mysterious foundation stone, that stone which is no stone, and 'cut without hands.' Though rejected by the builders, *i.e.* the fashioners of the physical body, according to

them, it is both the foundation-stone and key-stone of the future spiritual building in the reconstruction of the man. This is the mystic beginning of the living City of God within a man, or—to use another figure—the seed of the body of the resurrection which is to be perfected into the incorruptible dwelling place; or again the spiritual vesture of the powers, the robe of glory, which in last instance is the being-clothed-upon by the fulness of the Divine Mind itself.

There is a very riot and anarchy of symbols; they seemingly destroy one another, and meaning seems to evaporate into the tumult of indiscriminate chaos and sink into the abyss of non-sense. But for the experienced mystic it is not so; such mutual destruction of apparent forms is the first stage in the process which leads towards a higher synthesis—a reconstruction on a new plan which is also an intensification of the unitary life and substance veiled in the multiplicity of appearances. For, as they say, when Great Ocean, that is to say Divine Life, flows downwards, it is the birth-causing of mortal men, but when it flows upward, it is the birth-causing of immortal gods. Man's little life is integral with the flux of Great Life itself. If then he convert the life of his soul, they say, he shall return to Mind or Spirit. Then shall he learn that the blessed Nature above and the Nature below subject to death are one and the self-same Nature for 'the race that needs no king,' that is for the regenerate race of the Logos, the sons of Man, the god-taught, the perfected.

Speaking of this spiritual Man latent, cryptic, hidden in every man, those who had the beginnings of this gnosis stirring in their hearts declared: "His voice we heard, but his form we have not seen"; his



'form' or 'image' is hidden in the earthly plasm, but none as yet has knowledge of it. He it is, they declared, who 'inhabiteth the flood,' and cries and calls from 'many waters'—and 'many waters,' they said, means the manifold genesis of man subject to death. And to him thus crying comes in answer the Divine Voice saying: "Thou art my son, . . . fear not; should'st thou pass through rivers, they shall not engulph thee; should'st thou pass through fire, it shall not consume thee." And by 'rivers,' we are told, is meant the moist essence of generation, and by 'fire' the impulse and desire for generation. This is the 'wonder of wonders'—despised and rejected, yet 'king of glory.' "A worm and no man, the scorn of men and the contempt of the people. . . He is the king of glory, the mighty in war"—in that war, they averred, which is warred in the body, the battle-ground of opposing elements—both physical and psychical, intellectual and moral.

But indeed the symbolisms succeed one another so rapidly and in such wealth that it is possible in so brief a reference as this to select only an image here and there. Thus, after citing the otherwise unknown mystery-utterance: "If ye have eaten dead things and made living ones, what will ye make if ye eat living things?"—they assert that by 'living things' are meant 'logoi' and 'minds' and 'men,' the 'pearls' of the Inexpressible Man cast into the plasm below; thereon naturally follows, when the Christian mystic takes the commenting in hand, reference to the familiar gospel-saying about the pearls and the swine. Or again, speaking of the 'gate' of rebirth, through which all those who would be perfect must pass, if they would enter into the House of God, where dwells the

Good alone, they tell us that "it is kept under watch"—even as the gate of the earthly Paradise after the descent—"for the spiritual alone." Thereon ensues the holy birth that is also the sacred marriage; for our text continues, "where when they come, they must cast aside their [*sc.* 'fleshly,' that is 'psychical'] garments, and all become bridegrooms, obtaining their true manhood through the Virginal Spirit." This is the virgin-birth. Purified and made virgin the soul conceives of God and gives birth to its own proper divinity, the true man or mind.

And now, though only a very little has been cited from but one single document of the gnosis, perhaps sufficient has been said to indicate the general nature of the setting in which the ancient mystery-dogma enunciated by the text that heads this paper is found. And so perchance the sympathetic reader may begin to be persuaded that it was not purely a love of meaningless bombast or an unwarranted piece of impertinence that induced some ancient scribe first to set down upon his tablets the declaration :

"The beginning of perfection is gnosis of Man."

We may then pass on to glance at some less romantic expectations current in our own drab industrial days of over-busy mechanism, with its inevitable accompaniment of spiritual inanition.

We have indeed come to know external nature with a precision of which our gnostics did not ever dream, and this 'exact' knowledge includes the structure of man's bodily frame as an integral part of that same external nature. The praises of this outer order of experimental knowledge stand in no need of more abundant singing; the temples of our modern science reek with stifling clouds of incense offered in



adulation of our achievements in this respect. But what more do we know of the soul of nature, what more in particular of the life and mind of man, that can legitimately make the best of these ancients blush shamefacedly for their incompetence in seeking to approach the mystery of that life of mind which energizes within the outer veil of things? It must be confessed that as yet we are still groping in the dark and have no good reason to boast ourselves wiser and abler than the best of our predecessors in this deeper quest.

Myriads to-day are pathetically looking to science to throw light on those inner problems of life and mind that so puzzle them in their own personal lives; they would fain acquire some deeper knowledge of themselves, are instinctively seeking for some more intimate and vital means of knowing than that afforded by the speculation of external things alone, and that too by no means simply with a view to the sensuous enjoyment of spasmodic ecstasies, but rather in hope of attaining to a normal, rationally controlled development of the life of the wider nature which they at times feel stirring within them and so convincing them, not only that it is part and parcel of man's common inheritance, but that in this way lies the legitimate fulfilment of their imperfect lives. The reality of this wider personal nature is in some respects at any rate no longer a matter of belief. We are beginning to discover along a number of experimental lines of approach that a man is far more than he is normally conscious of being or capable of recalling he has been. Many are eagerly drinking in the notion, which is now so busily being canvassed and discussed, that self-conscious life is by no means the

whole life of the mind, and that too quite apart from a consideration solely of the vegetative and somatic life which forms the proper subject matter of biology. No few are thus beginning, not only to think, but also to feel, that they have part in a larger life in many ways, and are thus very desirous of coming to know how the way of going of that wider life can be brought more and more into the conscious focus of their every-day existence. They are no longer content with the half-truth which is all that the theory of evolution can offer them. Evolution is at best a modal and not a genuinely causal principle of explanation; without the complementary doctrine of involution to give its phenomena life and reality, it can offer us nothing but careful records or descriptions of processions of the shadows of things.

But man stands, as he ever has stood, at the meeting of the ways; he is the focus of many phases of activity and orders of existence. At every moment he is, as it were, torn asunder and again reintegrated in one mode or another. If, from the evolutionary point of view, that is as to his lower or backward-looking self, the 'has been' of him, he is actually an excerpt from great nature and potentially an inheritor of all its past, equally, according to the doctrine of involution, that is as to his forward-looking or higher self, the man of the future, he is potentially heir of all that may be or, as some of the ancients would have it, fundamentally possessed of a divine lineage. It is the notion of this higher, nobler, better, wider, deeper, richer, truer, transcendental self, latent in all men, that is being eagerly welcomed once more in the heart of many a struggling soul to-day and fortifying it to endure in spite of all outer and inner discouragement.



On all sides we hear of cases which go to show the richness of content and supernormal capacities of what is called the sub-conscious. And if these latent possibilities of those who are as a rule otherwise quite ordinary people, can be made manifest by what seem to be quite automatic processes, and Tom, Dick and Harry, Mary, Jane and Susan are thus shown to have a far more extensive range or field of activity than can normally be ascribed to them, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that we are all linked up with a wider life which could be brought into conscious focus, if we knew how to exercise rational control over these at present exceedingly evasive automatisms of our nature.

I have already, in the last five numbers of *THE QUEST*,<sup>1</sup> sufficiently indicated the nature of some of the problems which confront a student of this as yet little surveyed territory and uncharted ocean of psychical life, to warrant the assumption that every human individual is a hidden world in himself. At the same time I hope it has been made reasonably apparent that the 'sub' in 'sub-conscious' is a very misleading prefix, if taken, as it so frequently is, as suggestive of a status of existence invariably inferior to what we ordinarily know as our definite self-conscious life. As to the terms now generally current in this connection, I venture to think it would be preferable to adopt *cis-liminal* and *trans-liminal* as less question-begging than *supra-liminal* and *sub-liminal*. A 'threshold' by itself is by no means suggestive of above and below, of higher and lower. And Herbart, who was the first to use the term 'threshold' in psychology, is innocent

<sup>1</sup> See the articles, respectively entitled 'A Word on Psychoanalysis,' 'Psychoanalysis and the Symbolism of Myths and Mysticism,' 'Life's Seeming Confines,' 'A Glance at the Question of Survival' and 'Some Current Rumours of the Hither Hereafter.'

of such confusion. It would also, I believe, be of advantage frequently to replace sub-conscious and un-conscious by co-conscious, for it may reasonably be doubted that there is ever a moment in which we, regarded as a whole, are not somehow somewhere conscious.

When then we speak of man's perfectibility, it does not by any means follow that his present usual mode of self-consciousness is the necessary standard of that perfectibility. Doubtless many would prefer that it should be so; but that is presumably because they have never experienced an awareness of a superior order. High rumour will have it that when such experience is enjoyed the whole standpoint and perspective of life is altered. The all too familiar limitations to which the experient then returns, appear as an intolerable bondage in contrast with the sense of freedom that has momentarily been realized; and the seemingly so solid reality of the flesh-dimmed state seems as a dream in comparison with the truth that flashes forth in such a great awakening to what we really are, in the light of that brief contact with spiritual perfecting, whole-making or salvation.

And now as to psychical automatism and mystical passivity, which is so strongly objected to in these superficially over-active days; though as to the former, it must be confessed, it is rather difficult to understand how the admirers of an age of mechanism at any rate are justified in raising so loud an outcry and girding so furiously at a principle they otherwise regard with reverential awe. There is a lower and a higher automatism, a false and a true passivity in these matters. Let it be at once said that in no way whatever do I seek to excuse or defend the lethargy of



contented slavery. I am not of those who believe that human perfectibility depends upon the facility with which an already weak will can yield itself blindly to psychical invasions. On the contrary, securely relying on the fundamental rule of the genuinely spiritually experienced, I hold that the way of self-conquest alone leads to the path of freedom.

Advance upon this way is ever at the price of a most strenuous conflict, a bitter and remorseless warfare of self against self. Not to speak of other and deeper moral struggles, let any strive to hold his ever-changing thought-flux steady for a single minute, and then let him say what expenditure of energy of will it has cost him to bring about even so short-lived a passivity. But it is just the quieting of the whole impulsive and instinctive nature and not only of the imaginal flux of mind, the conversion of the slave-making habit of desire into the freedom-bringing exercise of the aspiring will, that is the conscious beginning of the way to the path of perfectibility. I say quieting of the whole impulsive nature, the still unharmonized nature, discordant to the higher good in man or promise of perfection in him, though consonant enough with its own order of the mingled good and ill of all things in the making.

This inner process of regeneration may be likened to a reconstruction, the building up as it were of a new 'body of freedom' from the transmuted material of the ancient slavery. A new substance is required, if 'new' and 'substance' it can be called, for it is by no means comparable with the utterly unworked stuff that so many have supposed to underlie material things, the prime state of crude matter. On the contrary, it is a highly complex, living, intelligent

existence or creature, now ordered wholly for the purpose in hand, that is brought into equilibrium and poise, the inner conflict of its nature stilled and now at peace. This higher passivity is brought about by the harmonious ordering or rational control of the most intense and diverse activities, the reconciling of the multiform desires of the whole lower nature to work together and yield allegiance to the good alone. Thereon follow the beginnings of a potent spontaneity, an automatism if you will, but of a new order,—the free activity of a regenerate selfhood energizing in a nature purged of all selfish striving. Such automatism is no longer of the purposeless involuntary sort; it is not only self-motive but conscious in a new gnostic mode. Will, feeling and thought are no longer at cross purposes, but joyously work together in the service of the organizer of freedom, united in the spontaneity of the spiritual life which alone can know itself fully in all the ever-changing activities of the universe of becoming.

It is at any rate somewhere in this direction that I believe, we must look for the conscious beginnings of human perfectibility in the sense of gnosis of the Divine Man, hidden in the depths of every human nature and revealed in all existence. But let no one be so foolish as to think that this gnostic regeneration can in any way be regarded as birth into an intensified state of proud distinction or of isolated autocracy, or can be envisaged in any of those topsy-turvy notions of rulership which unregenerate humans have imagined for themselves while slaves to their ambitions and desires. On the contrary, this new birth is entrance into the citizenship of a perfect society, identification with the only true community that is at peace with



itself, because its members are all one with another, in that the whole common-weal is each of them and each is the whole.

This is doubtless an utterly incomprehensible idea for the science whose business it is to deal with particulars; but it is a self-manifest and unescapable truth for that gnosis which would seek to know God by first learning to know the nature of the perfect Man.

G. R. S. MEAD.

## PROXIMATE AND ULTERIOR SIGNIFICANCE.

G. W. ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS, M.A.

It is a remarkable fact that in all ages, when enquiring into the meaning of the great emotions, men have ever sought a beyond of some kind. They have not asked what the emotions mean in themselves, but rather what they signify ulteriorly. Disputes as to the origin of knowledge do not seem to have influenced this tendency. Empiricists, rationalists, Christian philosophers, modern scientists, have all been ready with a theory of life largely based upon a significance drawn from the greater emotions. Even if a radical scepticism be adopted and no account be accepted as to the genesis of the phenomena in question, all men, unless they would reduce life to an unworkable episode of consciousness, must act upon the significance which appears to proceed from ideas such as love, beauty and morality. For, as a practical fact, beyond all agnosticism there is a permanent feeling attached to the greater intuitions of man—an *élan vital* which persists and ever remains. This feeling has been dealt with roughly under two heads which may be called proximate and ulterior significance.

Until recent times, instead of resting content with intuitions themselves or giving them credit for any immediate value, men have objectified and spun dogmas round them. Conscience, for instance, has not



signified a method of social evolution whereby man seeks to live more conveniently with his fellows and more apart from a purely animal state. Men have pictured a judge with personal preferences who issues commands and applies a system of rewards and punishments. Thus conscience has been erected into an inner voice of deity, and this in spite of its contradictory injunctions in different individuals and of the obvious ability of man to make or destroy it.

On the other hand, modern minds have called in question ulterior or traditional significance as a system of invalid inferences not warranted by emotional experiences and resting on no normal methods of proof. It is obvious that all significance must claim to rest upon some form of proof, and it is hardly proof such as we ordinarily understand to erect certain subconscious experiences and intuitions of unknown origin into objective dogmas. Individuals, as the late Prof. William James says, may privately hold that certain strong intuitions which they themselves cherish are fraught with an over-belief. Some writers, with Dr. Illingworth and Dr. Bucke, may draw ulterior conclusions from 'cosmic consciousness,' while others again with the mystics of the middle ages may weave spiritual romances from the sense of sin, and so on. But though it is an axiom even of the official Christian Church that emotions as such do not warrant dogma, we have most illogically all the chief dogmas of faith and morals based, in their initial stages at least, upon the significance of certain feelings. Gospel-records abundantly illustrate my point. In these we see various people of ordinary intelligence brought into contact with a great prophet. As a consequence of their emotions being deeply stirred they drew ulterior

conclusions or dogmas as to the person of the teacher. It is true that, unlike the vaguer Christian bodies, the Catholic Church does supply 'proofs' for its dogmas—for example, the five proofs of the existence of God. It is true that, as said, it insists that all dogmas must be founded upon the rational process and not upon intuition. But when we examine such so-called processes of reason we find that they are for the most part equally subjective, consisting as they do of the 'necessities' of scholastic logic.

To many, therefore, it would seem that the value of ulterior significance is not great. And the plea that such and such a dogmatic inference has always been drawn from certain intuitions falls to the ground, when we remember that our 'always' is but a moment in the ages of the unwritten history of mankind. It follows, then, that the permanence which undoubtedly attaches to the significance drawn from these intuitions must be held to be explained rather by a proximate than an ulterior significance. The latter, however, may still continue an over-belief in individuals, and may still form matter for great ideals, poems and spiritual ventures. Ulterior significance is anything but dead. On the contrary, by being rescued from the region of definition and formula, from misuses of the rational faculty forced by a logic-chopping scholasticism to 'prove' its surmises, it becomes dignified as the great aspiration which energises the lives of many, the vision over the mountains of the very face of God. But like all intuitions which cannot be reinforced by a true rational process, ulterior significance, however ancient and beautiful, must remain private and personal.

I am not here disputing the great value psycho-



logically of the verdicts of a number of minds who all feel the same ulterior significances. This, as Dr. Inge shows, is great. But the value refers rather to a faculty and its truth-telling possibilities than to its revelation of a 'beyond' whose validity cannot be positively established for all men alike without some sort of common proof which we should accept in ordinary life. As it is, religion and all transcendental 'evidence' are kept rigidly apart from that upon which every-day verdicts are based. If we were asked to accept the existence of certain world-facts upon the 'evidence' and 'laws of thought' taught in certain schools of theology, we should unhesitatingly reject it. It is a moral necessity that evidence and truth should be loyal to the same method for every aspect of research.

But if many thinkers reject the ulterior significance formerly said to arise from the greater emotions because it cannot be established, an increasing number of modern scientists supports the intuitions themselves because their proximate significance is rational and useful. For instance, the emotion of contrition leads to confession—now a method of psychoanalysis recommended by certain scientific men as highly beneficial to the mentality. Why then should not nature have instituted such an emotion for this reason? For nature ever works for its own ends; it is self-absorbed. Traditionalists profess great exasperation at this suggestion as to the meaning of man's ancient intuitions. They do not rest content with the value of a process, such as confession, unless it be subsidiary to their preconceived and wholly arbitrary notions of ulterior significance. Yet it is difficult to see why any instinct should not be dealt with as it reveals itself to our normal faculties for research. I shall be answered,

perhaps, that it is just the ulterior significances that the greater emotions do reveal as the true account of themselves. But is this true? Does nature in any of its processes reveal a dogma or formulate a creed? In these days we need bring into the question neither the disputes of the Deists nor the brain of a Butler. We can simply answer No. Nature is concerned with instincts and forces in order to produce certain ends. It is true that these ends are not always discernible by us in the first instance, but, when discovered, they are of course on the plane of phenomena. Were it otherwise, they would cease to be nature and would become what theologians term super-nature. Therefore it appears that the account which the greater intuitions give of themselves, though sometimes by reason of our curious medley of impressions seemingly pointing to supersensual things, must nevertheless, in the first instance at least, be interpreted on natural lines. We must enquire if the 'supernatural' interpretation be really more than a natural process elongated by the dream-faculties of the subconscious. Probably in all cases it may be found that the will-to-live or some other vital power has, by proceeding on certain lines, easily assumed in the mind of man some creed-like significance. Thus we are bound by the very nature of the case first to interpret our intuitions on the scientific plane of phenomena and see if this will account for any ulterior significance they appear to suggest. To argue otherwise would be disloyal to ourselves. For if without enquiry we are to allow that intuitions are necessarily true because 'they are there,' we should give the lie to the laborious scientific research of centuries by placing psychic up-thrusts on the same level. It does not follow that we ought to



conclude that ulterior significances cannot be true, but only that, as they are not yet amenable to scientific statement, we cannot establish their truth by the ordinary methods of proof. It may be that when human faculty has reached its highest stage of development we shall arrive at truth by intuition without the laborious work of reason. But though perfection is to know truth at first-hand, there should also be the power to state such truth to the satisfaction of the rational faculties. Inability to do this often causes intense pain. We see this in the emotion of the so-called 'cosmic consciousness.' Take, for example, the stress of mind so often depicted in the numerous cases investigated by Dr. Bucke in his volume on the subject. Or, again, most of us are familiar with that poignant *Story of my Heart* by Richard Jefferies, whose powerlessness adequately to express his deepest longings caused him acute anguish. We have, then, the two avenues of approach to truth; but if either be pursued at the expense of the other we gain knowledge one-sidedly and, this being so, opposition and pain arise.

Hence it is no degradation to our highest intuitions to try first to find the scientific reasons for them, and then to explain and correct the account they give of themselves. Should there remain a residuum not to be accounted for in this way, it will constitute valuable evidence; but it must be allowed to wait. When we remember the extraordinary vagaries of the subconscious, the almost limitless capacity we possess for distorting truth and creating illusions, then first and foremost we are bound to sift very rigidly all intuitions as being possibly but temporary variations of normal experiences. We must reiterate that no natural

process by its very constitution can reveal a creed. Therefore when intuitions appear to do this they are probably wrong, and they do not of their own nature point to ulterior significances.

But what of proximate significances? Why should man neglect these and imagine that a 'beyond' forms an essential explanation of his cherished intuitions? The reason is perhaps not far to seek. It is in the nature of man to demand definite answers. Science, as the voice of what I have termed proximate significance, cannot do more than suggest solutions. However dogmatically enunciated, they come under the head of probabilities. Rather would man embrace the definite creed-like assertions of ulterior significance, even though limited in the factual region, than he would the vague and somewhat general surmises of proximate significance. Man welcomes the higher responsibilities and more fearful possibilities of ulterior significances, because they respond to certain individual cravings of his life-progress and appear to offer to his psychic needs a fuller satisfaction. Ulterior significances, though morally isolating man, flatter him, whilst proximate place him in a line with the cosmic impulses affecting the universe. Two examples may be given.

(1) The great intuition based on love with its intensities, ardours and attractions, its ceaseless endeavours, sacrifices and self-effacements. A man will readily accept these as supernaturally imposed relations towards his creator, his wife, his children, his nation; but he will not so readily take the vaguer suggestions of proximate significance that these sublimities are but nature's way of continuing the will-to-live, of increasing and preserving mankind, of



safeguarding particular communities from racial and other disintegrating hatreds. The proximate significances seem to rob life of possibilities for melodrama. He, therefore, does not stop to ask whether they are true, but whether they exercise the same influence, whether they are pleasing.

(2) Or again the instinct of right and wrong. A man accepts the verdicts of intuition as supplying a basis for his system of values regarding himself and his fellows, and as justifying the legal system whereby he punishes or rids himself of individuals offensive to the majority. To mankind at large this instinct has up to the present necessitated an arbitrary God as judge, a heaven and hell, an absolute system of morals imposed from without. These traditional dogmas seem to afford a more satisfactory explanation than the hypothesis of proximate significance,—that the sense of transgression is due to the natural force of evolution whereby a man is impelled onwards to what we variously term the higher or more civilized or more beneficial state physically and morally. A man dislikes to think of his tears, his contrition, his fastings, watchings and prayers as the mere effort of the racial instinct away from the animal state from which he sprang. He dislikes to be told that his morality is only the instinct of social and personal adjustment to environment, that it is in no sense due to an absolute law and code from without. Professor Forel declares that conscience or the sense of duty arises from a conflict between two groups of instinctive emotions allied with instinctive impulses: namely, the group of egoistic feelings and the group of altruistic impulses. In proof of such contentions proximate significance adduces the history of such institutions as marriage and civil government,

and the undisputed fact that the law of right and wrong has manifestly evolved through many changes, so that even in the present day all peoples and religions have different notions concerning it. The very thing that is wrong in Europe is right in Asia, yet both are prescribed and sanctioned by creeds of undisputed learning, piety and antiquity. Recent scientific works have shown that the moral law is completely accessible to investigation and that true human ethics can be founded upon human nature alone. They also point out that among human activities the moral nature is almost the latest developed both in the race and in the individual. It cannot be more than some ten thousand years old; it is easily and constantly lost, and probably at least forty persons out of every thousand in America and Europe are practically devoid of it. Yet apart from the normal process of investigation which he applies to his other powers—for example memory, curiosity, sense of the ludicrous—man has illogically isolated the foundation of morality as something entirely outside the region of the world-process. The reason for such isolation may have arisen from the fact that morality is connected with such a variety of human emotions, especially those of the mystical or subliminal region, that he despaired of any working coherence for practical purposes, unless he crystallized these myriad psychic flashes into the dogmas to which, in their confusion, they readily lent themselves. To do this effectively, he has been obliged to select a corporate 'supernatural' code such as the Christian, Mohammedan and so on, and to say "this is the absolute fiat imposed by the Creator, all else is of the nature of sin." As there is no method of arriving at a fixed standard of morality by any scientific proof, the



religious method of an arbitrary choice is the only one left. Consistently, therefore, from the earliest records, but especially marked in the Hebrew scriptures, we find that a moral code, if it be one to which all must conform, invariably consists in the supposed personal preferences and commands of the deity chosen for service. Thus we have various rites and codes, in the past and the present, in the East and the West. That this method of selection usually consigns the vast majority of other people to perdition of some kind, that it is an unscientific invasion upon an ordered universe, which its professors would not tolerate in any other direction, has appeared preferable to morality which is stated in terms of a scientific investigation of the cosmic operation embracing the whole race alike, and tending always towards the betterment of mankind as progressively ethical beings.

Other great intuitions might similarly be reviewed, when it would be seen that uninstructed man, independently of truth, prefers definite to indefinite statements. Indeed this strange characteristic may often be noticed in every-day life. Most medical practitioners, for instance, can speak of patients who worry for definite answers at all costs. If people can but obtain names for their symptoms they are satisfied. Honest confessions of ignorance on the part of the doctor, or exhortations to await further developments, sometimes produce an irritation far worse than the suggestion of a disease which may not be present.

In the near future, then, we may be called upon to re-cast not so much our values as the region in which we place them. Setting aside non-proven surmises, we shall be asked to ground our conduct upon motives suggested by the here and now. That anyone should

cease to love, to hope, or to practise morality in general, simply because he is asked to place his values nearer home, appears inconceivable. At present we are at a parting of the ways. Many who have surrendered the old faiths are still without true consciousness of the new. The proximate significance of the greater intuitions and happenings of existence, though preached by scientists and philosophers, has—we may admit it—with some exceptions failed to produce that impression of deeper life which is so essential to conduct. Modern education is largely responsible. This in supplying as yet often but smatterings of superficial science, in suggesting theories, in hazarding explanations of the guiding emotions of life, has appealed to the head, not to the heart. It flatters the intellect and, though appearing to ally man more closely with the universe, it does so only at the price of one-sidedness. Man is a unity; abstractions do not appeal to him. Proximate significance indeed suggests to him certain meanings for his emotional aspirations, but too frequently it shows these to him as knowledge alone without feeling. Yet it is only when the personality is touched, when the bedrock feeling-consciousness is reached, that response to any kind of significance can be created. Of old, for Western nations at least, the necessary motive power was supplied by the Catholic Church, with its everlasting drama of expiation, redemption and salvation. The retort frequently heard that in the region of morality there is no success without religion, does not prove the truth of religion, but only its ability so long as it is believed to act as a powerful suggestion upon mind and conduct. But there can be nothing more immoral than the inculcation of a system of dogmas resting upon no sound



proof and, as such, long since discarded by the teacher. This method not only does evil in the hope that good may come, but it defeats its own ends just in proportion as faith as a motive power declines. Abundant evidence of this exists to-day in schools and elsewhere. It is vain to deplore or evade the fact that millions of modern men and women are entirely insensible to the existence of ulterior significance. The attempt, in these instances, to engender it by a series of over-beliefs seems foredoomed to failure. This may be a reason for the increase of juvenile crime now so universally deplored. Our teachers will not face facts. They persistently endeavour, in spite of an undoubted weakening of dogmatic teaching, to instil the remnants of ulterior significance into minds totally deficient in the desire and ability to apprehend and act upon them.

But on the other hand, if the teachings of proximate significance are to bear any fruit, they must be made to appeal to the proper capacities. Of old the success of ulterior significance as applied to conduct arose from its being based largely upon man's capacities for love and beauty. When we read the psalms, litanies and hymns of the ancient or mediæval liturgies we realise that, so far as religion was concerned, ulterior significance was a thing which produced spiritual adventures, impassioned heart-cries, mighty issues. Doubtless the general instability of life, the ignorance of science, the lurking sense of the miraculous in the unusual, accounted for this in centuries when 'battle, murder, and sudden death' were the order of the day. A Gothic cathedral with its gloom and surprises, symbolic of the ages which raised it, seems singularly out of place amidst the symmetrical materialism of our modern cities. Yet it stood for that sense of awe, mystery and beauty

which is essential to a truly human life. The modern books of moral lessons can as yet scarcely compete with the inspirations of those ages when all men agreed upon some form of ulterior significance. The remedy for this cannot be found in a moment. Above all we must be true to ourselves. While it is worse than useless to attempt to bolster up the suggestions of ulterior significance which do not rest upon a valid method of investigation, it is equally useless to neglect the aspects of human nature to which those suggestions appeal. We must develop the intellectual and scientific knowledge upon which proximate significance establishes its claim to consideration, but we must add to this the other knowledge gained from a sense of the cosmic values made vital by the imagination and the heart. In the modern upheaval of the past we have gone from the one extreme to the other. We ought to pursue a method scientifically valid by employing *all* human powers, and we shall again imbue our people with that wonder, poetry, romance and significance so characteristic of the generations of those who lived under the old religions.

I repeat that we are at an unfortunate period of transition, and must be content to wait patiently until a unified outlook can be constructed. Meanwhile it is possible to note some objections and to emphasize a few points. The sneer at modern science and the suggestions of proximate significance for their inability to create a deeper background to life, is chiefly made by those who would support their failing beliefs by the method of ridiculing those ideas which they term 'new.' Forgetting the vast age of mankind upon this planet, they overlook the fact that their own beliefs were equally new throughout the generations of their



evolution, and that the human race had probably existed for a far longer period before the religious consciousness and other values of ulterior significance made their appearance. It cannot of course be denied that the employment of proximate significance as the guide of life requires a higher level of mental development than that needed by ulterior significance. The stereotyped practices of an external code are equally well obeyed by a Hottentot and a follower of one of the monotheistic religions. But it needs a certain atmosphere of education and personal perception if the motive or action is to spring from within by a ceaseless sifting of the grounds of conduct.

Proximate significance, therefore, does not ask the surrender of any of the old faculties so becoming and so essential to beauty of character; on the contrary, it intensifies them. Poetry and the instincts hitherto called religious will not suffer. They will gain by being allied to the cosmic instinct of the whole, by being grounded upon truth such as we can discover it, by working with that deathless aspiration of the race for voyaging ever into the unknown, into the grand possibilities of the future, into the ever-widening enlargements of beauty and service. Here indeed is a significant 'beyond.' The traditional bait of 'immutable law,' faiths 'once delivered,' and so on, held out to human endeavour, in spite of all appearances noted above, really lacked the necessary quality of mystery. Where every essential is 'known' and the whole cosmic scheme is mapped out by dogma or 'revelation' from its source to its supposed ending, what room is there for that ceaseless discovery which is the soul of life itself? The failure of ulterior significance to enkindle modern folk may well be

attributed to its endless confusion of the interesting with what it terms the 'grand certainties.' For experience shows that it is not the static and the known that in the long run men have found interesting, but the evolutionary and the unknown. According to ultimate significance I have no wider outlook and destiny than pre-historic man. I am produced by the God of heaven, placed on this planet to work and to please him and, lastly, to 'get there' by a process stereotyped for the ages of ages. Ulterior values are the same for all in a conventional routine of life and religion—the same petty explanations, the same avoidances, the same narrow grooves of must and mustn't, the same meaning assigned to every step of the way.

But take the so-called vague proximate significances. View your life in the light of constant change, creative evolution, experiment and endeavour. View it ever-moving as on some limitless ocean into new reaches of the infinite, taking every detail of being without arbitrary distinctions into one grand, unfolding process of discovery. Will you not by thus realising yourself in the lap of forces vast, beneficent, racial and cosmic, find scope for endless love, beauty and goodness? Will not a new inspiration be given to every daily detail? Will you not be on fire for the 'best which is yet to be'? Will you not glory in your ever-growing harmony with the everlasting rhythm of the Whole? Instead of a cringing fragment passing for a brief space over foreign and dangerous ground—a 'sojourner in this vale of tears'—treading the same war-beaten path of countless prior generations, terrified and fearful of lapses moral and physical, and at last overcome by alien forces, you will understand the true



secret of your being as a unity, a positive vital principle, a 'wholeness' becoming more and more inviolable against all negative states. You will help the race towards the attainment and realisation of its supreme destiny when, having passed through the preliminary stages of simple consciousness and self-consciousness, it may enter upon cosmic unity, vision and consciousness, the endless wages of 'going on and not to die.'

G. W. ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS.

## BIBLICAL FOLK-LORE.

Rev. H. J. DUKINFELD ASTLEY, M.A., Litt.D.

THE last product<sup>1</sup> of Sir James Frazer's encyclopædic labours may be called an 'epoch-making' book, not by reason of the novelty of the subject, for it is one of the oldest in the world and has been the theme of commentators from time immemorial, but because of the novelty of its presentation. It is the application of anthropological methods to the Old Testament. Old-fashioned students of this literature, hallowed by so many religious associations, are likely to be shocked by the suggestion that within its pages are contained tales and descriptions of customs that can in any way be attached to the category that falls under the heading of Folk-lore. They feel inclined to exclaim: "Hands off! Defile not the holy thing with profane touch; this is sacred ground, and must be approached only by those from whose feet the shoes have been reverently put off."

Such was the experience of the present writer when he endeavoured to bring the same circle of ideas within reach of the readers of the *Diocesan Gazette* of a certain Diocese which shall be nameless. The country clergy were up in arms at once, and more than one Rural Deanery passed resolutions fulminating against the profanity of the proceeding. And yet it

<sup>1</sup> *Folk Lore in the Old Testament: Studies in Comparative Religion, Legend and Law.* By Sir J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., Oxon., etc. London (Macmillan); 3 vols., 37s. 6d. net.



must be; the time has gone by when the scriptures either of the Old or of the New Testament could be set up on a pedestal by themselves, and when it could be said: "This is all inspired, all historical, and must be accepted as such, whatever the objections which history or science offer to the process."

In those far-off days, as they seem to most of us, or even now in certain country districts to which the light thrown by modern discoveries in science and history has not yet penetrated, the attitude of the traditionalist may be compared to that of the man to whom the famous answer was given by Stevenson when asked what would happen to a cow on the line if a train should come along: "God help the puir coo!" Thus was it in the early years of the last century that good men, like William Buckland and Sir J. W. Dawson, spent many a fruitless hour in the vain endeavour to 'reconcile' the teachings of geology, biology and anthropology with the supposed necessity of a literal interpretation of the 'sacred scriptures.'

But it will not do. The river of time has rolled on. As Professor Tyndall declared before the British Association at Belfast: "We claim and we shall wrest from theology the entire domain of cosmological theory," so now the same may be claimed of anthropology, in the sense that *à priori* dogmatism must give way to knowledge based on observation and comparison. However pious souls may still be grieved, they must now make up their minds to the inevitable. Nevertheless they need not be left comfortless; for if much is taken away—*e.g.* their childlike adherence to a vain and fancied infallibility in the literature of Israel,—much more is given. They are now presented with a right perspective for the stories, in which all their

beauties and all their defects may be seen in due proportion and also their inclusion in a scheme which embraces 'the whole of man.'

So this book is 'epoch-making' because it does for the psychology of the human race as a whole what Darwin did for all living things in the sphere of biological science. It displays, moreover, in a most alluring and readable form, calculated to appeal to a public not much given to effort of thought, the unity of the human race in the region of the emotions and the intellect, just as Darwin showed the unity of all physical life from plant to man. As the author himself says: "The instrument for the detection of savagery under civilization is the comparative method, which, applied to the human mind, enables us to trace man's intellectual and moral evolution, just as, applied to the human body, it enables us to trace his physical evolution from lower forms of animal life. There is, in short, a comparative anatomy of the mind as well as of the body." Thus we find demonstrated here once for all what the present writer worked out in some papers on the same subject, published in *THE QUEST* some years ago, the truth of the axiom of anthropology, that "man has everywhere, and in every race, progressed from savagery through barbarism to civilization," and its corollary, that "under a similar environment and at a corresponding stage of culture man is always and everywhere the same." Thus it is proved, from their own writings, that in prehistoric times the ancestors of Israel had passed through the same stages—from savagery through barbarism to the measure of civilization attained in the time of the writers. Relics of these earlier stages are embedded in their literature like fossils in the rocks, and only



await the diligent explorer to bring them to view. Such an explorer is the author of this book.

Students of anthropology had long been aware that the learned author of *The Golden Bough*, of *Totemism and Exogamy* and of numerous other works on the same lines was turning his attention to the folk-lore of the Old Testament. Many of the studies contained in these sumptuous volumes were indeed already familiar to them. Some of them had appeared in the volume of *Essays presented to Sir E. Tylor on his 70th Birthday*; one, a portion of the study of the Flood-stories, formed the Huxley Lecture before the Royal Anthropological Institute in 1916; another, the story of Jacob and the Mandrakes, was read before the British Academy in 1917; two small studies, 'The Silent Widow' and 'The Bird-Sanctuary,' were read before the Oxford Congress of Religions in 1908, etc. In the volumes before us we have, so to say, the hatching of the egg, a catena brought together and offered to the general public. There are still many others, unnoticed by Sir James, which might well swell this already voluminous work to double its present size or more.

These various excursions into the domain hitherto reserved for the theologian and the commentator show clearly how inadequate were their methods, and how valuable is the light thrown upon many an obscure passage by the modern method of comparative research. Many of the results will doubtless seem strange to those who are unfamiliar with primitive belief and custom, until they have learned how to adapt themselves to the new spirit.

Before going further, however, it may be well to note that our author loves and reverences the Bible.

Thus he writes: "The scope of my work has obliged me to dwell chiefly on the lower side of ancient Hebrew life revealed in the Old Testament, on the traces of savagery and superstition which are to be found in its pages. But to do so is not to ignore, far less to disparage, the higher side of the Hebrew genius, which has manifested itself in a spiritual religion and a pure morality, and of which the Old Testament is the imperishable monument."

Accordingly, though there may be here and there a phrase or a paragraph—as in i. 46, or iii. 90—which may wound the soul of the devout, yet this is due to the humour, not to the malevolence, of the writer. In my *Anthropology and the Old Testament* I had already noticed 'his vein of gentle irony coupled with a real reverence,' and in these remarks about Yahweh--whom the author persists, we suppose for the sake of the 'general reader,' in designating by the barbarous but familiar word 'Jehovah'—we must remember that he is envisaged from the standpoint of the times; and, as he says, "a god, like a man, can only be fairly judged by the standard of the age to which he belongs."

The work is divided into four parts: 'The Early Ages of the World'; 'The Patriarchal Age'; 'The Times of the Judges and the Kings'; and 'The Law.' The whole is based upon a full acceptance of the assured results of the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament, of which a good conspectus as concerns the documents of which *Genesis* is composed is given in i. 131ff., and as regards the Law in iii. 93—110. Among the author's immense list of authorities we are surprised, however, to note that he makes no reference to the late W. E. Addis' *Documents of the Hexateuch*, a most valuable and able contribution to the subject.



Now that we have seen the general drift of the whole work, it remains to consider the separate subjects as far as space will allow. We shall thus see that the fullest understanding of the Old Testament is to be attained only by the application of the principle of evolution, the progressive advancement of the human race in the knowledge of God and in his revelation of himself to man.

Here we may note the author's method. In discussing the various subjects he first takes the Biblical narrative as it stands, and then illustrates it by examples of similar legends or practices drawn from every quarter of the globe, in ancient and modern times, among races still in, or just emerging from, the stages of savagery and barbarism. Here it is then that the difference of method between the simple commentator and the skilled anthropologist leaps to view. Formerly, if a story of the Creation or the Flood, for instance, similar to that told in *Genesis*, were found in Africa or India or Mexico or elsewhere, it was immediately taken as a proof of the inspiration and undoubted historical reliability of the Biblical narrative. Henceforth, we learn, it can be taken only as a proof of the statement that we must expect to find similar phenomena arising from similar circumstances in every race, including the Hebrew; and we do find them.

The first study naturally concerns itself with the story of Creation. The account in *Gen.* i. is passed by, as being the work of the latest writer in the Pentateuch, the fruit of the reflection of pious priests during the Exile; though even here Sir James slyly notes that the Priestly writer could not entirely detach himself from his environment in Babylon. Accordingly, in describing the creation of man, made male and female "in the

likeness of God," following on the "Let us make man in our image," he hints at a duality of sex in the divine being. It is the earlier Yahwistic narrative (*Gen.* ii. 4-iii.), dating from the time of Hezekiah or earlier, that claims the author's attention. Here Yahweh is by no means the abstract being of the first chapter, but a very concrete being indeed. He takes a lump of clay and having fashioned it into the semblance of a man he breathes upon it and gives it life. The rest of the story is so well known that we need not dwell on it; but a curious point to be noted is that whereas many peoples, like the Greeks, have stories similar to JE, such as, for example, that of Prometheus who is said to have fashioned men out of clay, others, like the native Australians, people at the lowest stage of culture at present existing, have stories of the evolution of man from insects and even plants. This may, no doubt, be due to the system of Totemism on which their social arrangements are based; but in any case the point is noteworthy, and justifies the author in saying: "The foregoing examples may serve to illustrate two very different views which primitive man has taken of his own origin. They may be distinguished as the theory of creation and the theory of evolution. . . . Roughly speaking, these two theories still divide the civilized world between them."

The story of the Fall, well described by Welhausen as the story of the beginnings of civilization, is analysed into its constituent parts, and shown to have analogies in many races. From the position of the two important Trees in the story, and from the forgetfulness of the Tree of Life until the end, scholars have long thought that the Tree of Knowledge belonged to a later insertion. But our author is now able to show, from a comparison



of many tales widely diffused throughout the world, how the original story probably ran. It is really a combination of a story of 'The Perverted Message' and of 'The Cast Skin.' It is a primitive endeavour to solve the mystery of death. God meant man to be immortal, and so sent the serpent to him to tell him to eat of the Tree of Life and live for ever. But on the way the serpent bethought himself to pervert the message, and accordingly he persuaded man to eat of the wrong Tree and himself ate of the Tree of Immortality.

As regards the Mark of Cain, reasons are given for holding that the theory of the late W. Robertson Smith—that it was a tribal mark such as is common among the Bedouin and many Arab peoples—is not sufficient to account for the emphasis laid upon the sign; nor was it a badge of a Totem clan; rather was it a mark set upon the murderer by Yahweh to 'camouflage' him from the vengeance of his brother's ghost, which would otherwise have haunted and eventually have wreaked revenge upon him.

The story of the Flood takes up a large space—over 250 pages. The Hebrew story as it stands is well known now to be composite. The Prophetical (J) and the Priestly (P) elements, however, are combined in such a way that they are easily disentangled; and both these are shown to be dependent on a Babylonian original—the first being derived from the prehistoric tradition which the ancestors of Israel carried with them when they left their early home to travel westward, the second being added during the Exile. Flood stories abound from all parts of the world. Most of these are here given in full; but, instead of being taken as evidence of the historic truth of the Biblical

narrative, they are shown to be in each case dependent on local conditions, as that narrative also was. The author's conclusion is that some of the stories are partly legendary and partly mythical; some are examples of that class of mythical tales which, with Sir E. Tylor, we may call myths of observation, since they are suggested by a true observation of nature, but err in their interpretation of it.

The Tower of Babel is an interesting endeavour to account for the dispersion of the human race and for the divergences of language. Yahweh, as in other primitive stories, is still a sort of superman who, on the report of the impious efforts of men to rival him in power, has to come down to frustrate the attempt. The story depends upon some real reminiscence of the Babylonian Ziggurats, or Temple Towers, such as that of E-temen-an-ki at Babylon, now the Mound of Babil.

Of the Patriarchal Age the author says: "I see no reason to question, with some modern writers, the historical reality of the great Hebrew patriarchs, though doubtless some of the incidents and details which tradition has recorded concerning them are unhistorical." In the stories of their days "it is the pastoral age which the writers of *Genesis* have depicted with a clearness of outline and a vividness of colouring which time has not dimmed"; and "in this gallery of portraits, painted against a background of quiet landscape, the first place is occupied by the majestic figure of Abraham."

Of the stories connected with Abraham the only one dealt with is that contained in *Gen.* xv.—the very remarkable legend which tells of the Covenant God made with him. The discussion of this is illustrated, as usual, by a description of similar rites



among primitive peoples in ancient and modern times; and the ideas that lie at the root of them are shown to be both retributive and purificatory. It is not, however, quite clear how they apply in this particular case; for surely God could neither call down retribution upon himself if he failed to keep the Covenant, nor could he need purification. The reference to the discovery at Gezer of the upper half of the skeleton of a girl, along with those of fifteen other skeletons, in a chamber which had been originally a water-cistern before it was converted into a tomb, is apposite as an illustration of the fear in which early man stood of the magic of strangers, and of the variety of ceremonies he resorts to in order to protect himself against it. Incidentally we may note how this fear of the evil magic of strangers still lingers among our own peasantry. For example, in Norfolk and other agricultural districts a stranger is looked upon with the greatest suspicion down to the present day. It will be very interesting if the lower half of the girl's skeleton at Gezer is ever discovered in another quarter of the city; for, in that case, we may suppose that she was really cut in two in order that the people might 'pass between the pieces,' either by way of averting some present or threatened evil, or by way of cementing a solemn treaty of peace.

The studies connected with the life of Jacob take up a large space. His acquiring of the Birthright and subsequent deceiving of his father in the matter of obtaining the Blessing lead to a most valuable discussion of the origin of Ultimogeniture, of what is known in English law as Borough English and of the true meaning of the much misunderstood custom known as the *jus primæ noctis*. To these we can only thus briefly refer. The story of Jacob's marriages and of his serving

for a wife yields an answer to the question why cross-cousins, *i.e.* the children of fathers' sisters or mothers' brothers may—and, among some primitive peoples, must—marry, while the children of fathers' brothers and mothers' sisters, called somewhat awkwardly by the author ortho-cousins, may never do so; also as to why a younger sister must not marry before her elder. A long and quite relevant discussion is, in the same connection, devoted to the question of what the author calls 'the sororate,' which is parallel to the well-known custom of the levirate. Jacob, again, served for his wives; he paid his father-in-law for them, as he paid for his sheep and goats and cattle, by twenty years, in all, of bondage. This is all entirely in agreement with primitive custom, where, as in Australia and elsewhere to-day, a woman is a valuable commodity and the service which she can render her father at home must be fully compensated for on her marriage.

In the discussion of Jacob's Dream at Bethel and of the Covenant made at the cairn between him and Laban, as in that concerning Oaks and Terebinths, references to which latter run through the whole early history of Israel, we come upon some most interesting explanations of primitive custom with regard to Stone- and Tree-worship, criticism on which we will reserve for the present. As regards the Dream, the author does not make sufficient allowance for the fact that the dreamer was probably familiar, by report and tradition at least, with the Babylonian Ziggurats, already referred to, which were veritable 'ladders set up between heaven and earth.' The discussion of Jacob's contest with the 'Genius of the River' at the Ford of the Jabbok, read before the British Academy in 1917, throws a welcome light on the subject.



It is impossible to follow our author in all the many subjects with which he deals when he comes to treat of the times of the Judges and Kings. They include the fight of Gideon's three hundred men with the Midianites, Jotham's fable, the story of Samson, and others. In the Samson-saga the national hero appears as a wild swashbuckler and robber, with no reference to his higher qualities. Neither does the author believe, with the late Dr. Smythe Palmer, that the hero was a sort of Hebrew Hercules; nor, notwithstanding his name, which is clearly connected with the sun, that there are traces of an ancient sun-myth in the story. From similar stories in Scotland and elsewhere it is, moreover, well surmised that if we had the Philistine version of the tale the parts would be reversed, and Delilah would be the heroine and Samson the villain of the piece. A large space is given to the story of Saul and the Witch of Endor and the part which a belief in witchcraft has played in the evolution of religion.

How light is thrown on an obscure passage may be seen in the study of *1 Sam.* xxv. 29, where, on their first meeting, Nabal's pretty wife, Abigail, pays the susceptible David the compliment of the assurance that, when the souls of his enemies shall be slung out as from the hollow of a sling by the Lord, "yet the soul of my lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God." Whatever this may have meant in the mouth of Abigail, and we cannot think that it had much more than a complimentary meaning, it is yet based on a belief, which is found in full force among some primitive peoples to-day, and in which accordingly we may suppose the primitive Israelite to have shared—that is, the belief in the external soul.

For example, among the Arunta in Central Australia the belief is held that the soul of each individual is attached to certain sticks or stones called *churinga*. These are tied up in bundles and carefully deposited in certain secret places in the caves in the hills, called *ertnatulunga*, which are so sacred that no woman nor uninitiated youth may approach them; and here they are guarded, for if any evil befall them so will evil befall the persons whose souls they keep in charge. When sometimes they have been stolen by inconsiderate white men, the natives have been known to bewail and lament their loss, as in lamentations for the dead. Thus does present-day Australia illumine ancient Israel. In this connection our author also explains the 'houses of the soul' spoken of by Isaiah and Ezekiel, and makes pretty allusion to Jonson's beautiful lines beginning "I sent thee late a rosy wreath."

The short studies devoted to Solomon and to Jonah were hardly worthy of inclusion. In the story of Elijah and the Ravens a good deal of irrelevant matter is introduced, and Sir James does not allow for the possibility that the 'Ravens' of the tale were in reality 'Arabians,' *i.e.* the Bedouin tribes of the Desert. In the story of Yahweh and the Lions, which were sent at his behest to terrify the Heathen successors of the Israelites in the Northern kingdom, a very piquant indictment of the use of lions as missionaries occurs.

Under the heading of 'The Law' there are many most interesting discussions. For example: Why may not a kid be seethed in its mother's milk? This, by the way, we learn was one of the original Ten Commandments. Why was a servant's ear to be bored when he decided that he would not leave his master? This again takes up a large space, and among many



interesting illustrations some that are quite irrelevant seem to be included. What is the meaning of the Ordeal of the Bitter Water in Israel? Why was the ox that gored to be put to death? The Priestly writer (*Gen.* ix. 5ff.) appears to base the command upon the general principle that "*whoso* sheds man's blood," whether man or beast, must be slain; but, according to the earlier writer (*Exod.* xxi), it is based on the principle that the animal is a responsible being and must be punished accordingly. Illustrations of the application of this principle, from the law-courts of France and elsewhere, even as late as the eighteenth century, form most entertaining reading. Here, too, we may find the origin and explanation of what is called 'Deodand' in English law. Lastly: Why did the High Priest in Israel wear golden bells on his raiment? A mass of evidence, including a great deal from the beliefs and superstitions of mediæval Europe, proves that it was originally intended for the scaring away of demons. This again explains why the bells are rung at weddings and tolled at funerals; and also, we may incidentally remark, it explains why guns were fired off at weddings, a custom which was continued in Norfolk, and perhaps elsewhere, down to quite recent years, and probably has not yet altogether died out.

In drawing our review of this remarkable book to a close, if we may be allowed to criticize so widely praised a writer, we would say:

(1) Sir James is too diffuse; the book is too much padded out. The author does not attempt to co-ordinate his comparisons; each story is taken separately and stands alone. For example, he does not remark—of course he knows it, but he does not help the uninstructed reader to see it—that at the

bottom of all the various customs described lies the root-fact of Animism. Indeed he never mentions the word.

(2) Sir James does not notice the connection of the Patriarchs with Trees, Wells and Stones, in each case sacred, because (*a*) they were all in the first instance conceived of as animated, and (*b*) became in consequence the abodes of spirits and, in the Hebrew stories, of Yahweh himself.

(3) Sir James leaves on one side all the evidences for Totemism in Israel—such as, to name no others, in the lists of the allowed and prohibited animal foods, for which, indeed, he assigns what the present writer cannot but consider a quite inadequate reason (iii. 160). Many minor criticisms might be offered, but space forbids.

Sir James' style is marked with all the author's well-known characteristics: lucidity, beauty of phraseology and just the right use of words; more than that, it is suffused with a poetic afflatus that adds immeasurably to the charm of the writing. Though the path to tread is long, it is always alluring, and the reader is drawn on as in a ship sailing with a fair wind over summer seas. Many of the descriptive passages are very beautiful; one may read the book through from one end to the other and, by skipping some of the long accounts of similar customs in different parts of the world, he will find it as fascinating as any novel. It is a book that should be in the hands of every clergyman—though it is to be feared that few know enough of anthropology to appreciate it at its full value—and indeed of every teacher of youth.

One further remark must be added. The reader who is unfamiliar with the darker side of folk-lore,



may be repelled by many of the details which he will come across. Many of the customs of savages are indeed most repulsive; but in all there is a sacramental and mystical significance, if one will only search it out. In these savage customs the ancestors of Israel, as of all races, were reared; but by the time the story-tellers came to write them down, they had been purified of their most revolting concomitants. As thus purified, they lie at the root of many of the rites and ceremonies of the Christian Church. In the recognition of this fact lies their value for the Christian teacher to-day.

H. J. DUKINFIELD ASTLEY.

## SILENCE.

I SAW last year a statuette of 'Silence,' done by Mr. Rickets.

She is a very virginal little Silence with a finger on her mouth, and a look half forbidding, half frightened, lest anyone should offend her with a sound—not a very friendly little person on the whole in her demure shyness and exclusive modesty. And that is why, though a delightful work of art, she did not please me as symbol. Why call her 'Silence'? She should have been termed 'Absence of Noise,' or better still 'Fear of Noise.'

For true silence has no business to be virginal and exclusive. Is it not the brooding aspect of fecundity, the darkness which protects the turbulent seed from the rashness of its growth? It can only be mute as the womb is mute.

The child and the cub are fostered by silence till their birth, and so are the life-endowed thoughts, the realities of the mind. There its function is also to shield, to isolate. It is not among the active powers, but is the preserver of all. In itself it is not life nor strength; but without it there would be no life nor strength. The soul who would give birth to living thoughts must use this power of silence, and not as regards the external world only but more vigilantly still towards its own imagination, that magician who knows how to turn shoulder-bones into wings and alas, also, flesh into ashes; for imagination ought not to enter



either the highest or the lowest degree of the mind. If it enters the lowest it becomes vice; if it enters the highest it becomes illusion. It is only good, and there supremely good, in the middle degree of the mind where emotions are transmuted into art. And what else but silence can restrict imagination; what else but this isolating might that holds the powers distinct, each at its own labour and alone in its hope? For silence and solitude are akin, or rather—should I not say?—they are one.

Silence is solitude for the mental ear; solitude is silence for the mental eye.

If the soul is not lordly enough to preserve by these its own mastery, then will the ruffian imagination invade it, creating there pictures of beings and circumstances that will become spectators of its attitudes; then nothing will seem of importance but to obtain the approbation of those imaginary beings, and one will find oneself dressing up one's most sacred thoughts as masqueraders for the amusement of phantoms.

Designs though nobly conceived have been turned into vague hypotheses; emotions that might have been born into sensuous truth have, because of the untimely birth that imagination had forced upon them, become but hollow stage-attitudes.

This has been the vice of the weak in every age; but in our civilization of speed and immediate results it is more so than ever.

Our plebeians of to-day will have no silence, no patience, no humility, none of those lowly virtues which are the companions of grandeur.

"Silence is not strength," their work seems to proclaim.

No, but it has endowed strength with arms.

“Patience is not truth.”

But where would be the eye of truth without patience?

“And humility at least,” these philosophers cry, “is not love.”

Ah, is it not equal to love—that which brings love to life?

“Give us at once the light!” has always been the cry of the weak, because dusk is fearful to them; but the strong brood in darkness. They know that the sun gives his light as a food to the seraphim, but casts his wisdom on the earth in shadows; therefore obscure virtues are dear to them.

And Silence more than all, for in it all are contained.

ISEULT GONNE.



## THE GREY HOURS.

WHAT is the meaning of the cruel Grey Hours? There is joy, there is hope; then come these cruel Hours like dark clouds scudding across the sun whipped by the blast of the North-East wind. How great is then the darkness or rather the greyness in which the soul is steeped and overwhelmed. No more can she take delight in sculptured forms or in pictures. The light has faded altogether from Apollo's brow; colour, shape and music alike have no meaning, no message, no significance. It is as if an inner and secret life had departed, leaving behind the shell of a voided sanctuary; and it would cause no surprise if, as in the doomed temple of Jerusalem, a voice proclaimed: Let us go hence! Poetry ceases to charm, and philosophy to interest. 'Hamlet' becomes "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," and the clear enchanted speech of Plato is more tiresome than the babbling of a village dotard.

The long terrible Hours pass ceaselessly, ceaselessly, like grey clouds scourged by the wicked North-East. All Nature too is dead. The very stars have withered under a curse, and not all the roses of Shiraz could bring a moment's delight. Men have written of the consolation of the Arts, of Philosophy, of Nature. But where now are the consolations of Nature, Philosophy and Art?

The Hours run; the clocks toll like funeral bells. They seem like ghostly cocks crowing to one another

to herald a dawn that will never be. What of human society? What of one's relatives and friends?

Surely companionship can offer, if not the hand of rescue, at least the gracious touch of sympathy? Nay, these chains of leaden moments are strong to bind each soul to its own place with unbreakable links. Immeasurably far away are the eyes that look into your own, those eyes once so familiar but now grown so utterly alien. Never can they weep with yours, for unto you is denied even the gift of sighs, much more the gift of tears. Verily the once familiar world is shattered into pieces by the power of a malefic magic; we pass one another and repass dully, stupidly, each engrossed and shrouded in his own suffering, which is now all the world to him. Even so might phantoms wander by some phantasmal sea, gazing at the waves breaking through the mist with eyes that cannot weep, and listening to the lapping of the tide with ears deaf to human speech.

If you seek to veil your face, now become a mask of pain, in the fragrant darkness of some church, the tapers seem to be transformed into spears of poisonous fire or mocking marsh-flames.

The Grey Hours, bleak and terrible, pass even into the innermost citadel and sanctuary of one's being; at their touch the White Christ above the altar seems dead indeed in the arms of a dead Mother. Nay rather He has never lived. Lifeless too and without meaning are the psalter and the gospel-book; and to the benumbed faculties the alleluias of the choir rise beneath the vaulted roof as a figure wrapped in cerements and ready for the grave.

Whither is the soul to turn in a universe thus made void,--an empty shell full of unlovely echoes



only? Her loneliness is with her as a sword which she can twist in her own heart. If she cannot find aid in the heights, she will seek it in the deeps; and with awful liturgies call upon Samaël and Lilith and their crew to throng the hollow and offer an accursed sacrifice, censing it with smoke of the Grey Hours. O endless Grey Hours, what is your meaning?

FLETCHER LAMPLUGH.

## THE DRUIDS' ISLES.<sup>1</sup>

WHERE are they now, the Druids' Isles?—  
The paradise where summer smiles,  
And winter's gales are never known,  
Where autumn's grain is never sown,  
And yet where every fertile field  
A golden crop must surely yield.

Where every fragrant blossom rare  
Stars mead and grove to scent the air;  
The frail primrose and jacinth blue,  
With king-cups of a brighter hue,  
Proclaim the spring-time's joyous hours,  
And roses blush in summer bowers.

<sup>1</sup> As the Greeks believed in the Elysian Fields, so did the Welsh in bygone times believe in the Happy Isles. The Druids, who might never enter a Christian heaven, were supposed to have this paradise set apart for them in the midst of the sea. Sometimes souls in paradise returned to earth and lured a Welshman to the Happy Isles, where he lost all count of time.

The slender birch<sup>1</sup>—the tree of love—  
 'Mid oaks is seen in glade and grove ;  
 While heather, purple to behold,  
 And golden gorse the hills enfold.  
 Sweet sounds that sooth and calm the mind  
 Alone are carried on the wind.

Bright forms of spirit thence would come  
 In bygone days to lure from home  
 Some good man, who in magic boat  
 Would danger brave and gladly float  
 O'er foaming waves to islands green,  
 Where Druids have their rest serene.

But he who should this journey take  
 And on those isles a landing make,  
 All count of time would lose and stay  
 From kin long spells of time away ;  
 Yet when at length he homeward went  
 Would think the years a day thus spent.

Now distant as the evening star  
 Some pure souls see these isles afar,  
 When standing on a hallowed sod<sup>2</sup>  
 Of turf that pious feet have trod,—  
 A turf that hath been cut or found  
 Within St. David's hallowed ground.

EVELYN LEWES.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Welsh girls in olden days presented an accepted suitor with the *cae bedw* or 'birchen wreath.'

<sup>2</sup> According to tradition the Druids' Isles may be seen off the Pembroke-shire coast in this manner.

<sup>3</sup> Author of *Life and Poems of Dafydd ab Gwilyn*.—ED.



## STERLING.

LAST night I dreamt the war was done.  
In all the world was peace,  
Save here in England, where it seemed  
That, once the bonds of common cause were loosed,  
None laboured freely for the common good,  
But each did rather traffic for his own.  
Again th' ignoble cries of party strife  
Were heard throughout the land ;  
And rulers, whom the war had taught  
To place their country first,  
Relaxed their hold upon the reins of state  
And played the party game.  
In workshops, where the busy hordes  
Had forged the conquering steel,  
There now appeared no purpose in their toil ;  
And those to whom the country looked  
To hold her first in peace as late in war,  
Did seek to place restraint on each man's task,  
That none might give his best.  
Mean stirrers up of strife,  
Once forced by public shame to shun the public eye,  
Crept from their hiding holes to sow their poisonous  
seed,  
And woman, whom long years of war had forced to ape  
the man,  
Clung to her new found liberty,  
Till home became the shadow of a name  
Remembered by a few.

I turned uneasy on my couch,  
Rejecting in subconsciousness the fancies of a dream ;  
And as I stirred the vision changed.  
New light began to dawn upon a country sorely tried  
And lacking still the vigour of her manhood overseas.  
A distant murmur filled the air,  
The voice of cheering thousands swelled to a roar of  
welcome ;  
And I knew that England's armies, marching from the  
war,  
Were home at last !

Knit by the ties of comradeship, master and man alike  
Had shared the common danger, faced the common foe,  
Under an iron discipline, which oft decreed  
That he whose ancient lineage once gave him pride of  
place,  
Should now obey behests of humbler men  
Whose place was won in war.  
Stript of all strange disguise, the naked truth  
Stood friend to such as these, and subterfuge,  
Like basely ringing coin, betrayed its lack of worth  
Ere it could pass to currency.

And so I watched ; and ever as they came  
They spread like leaven through the land  
Ideals of right and honesty,  
Scorning the paltriness of party government  
And selfishness of those who claimed  
To shout the workers' will in yard and factory  
Without the right to lead. " No more," they cried,  
" Shall stifled competition bar the gateway to success ;  
If England is to lead again, each man must give his  
best.



Well have the women held the gate  
Whilst we have swept the field ;  
But now we want our homes again, our wives, our  
sweethearts,  
And the soft companionship of maids in dainty garb,  
In place of uniformed officials  
And the hardness of the close-cropped curl.  
Here only can we find the rest for which our hearts  
are seeking."

\* \* \* \* \*

The dream was over and I slept in peace,  
Knowing that still old England's cause  
Was safe within their keeping.

(Major) WYNDHAM DISNEY-ROEBUCK.

Aug., 1918.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLOTINUS.

The Gifford Lectures at St. Andrews, 1917-1918. By William Ralph Inge, C.V.O., D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, formerly Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, etc. London (Longmans); 2 vols., pp. xvi. + 270, xii. + 253; 28s. net.

AT last we have in our hands Dean Inge's long expected and eagerly awaited labour of love, extending over sixteen years, on the only work we possess of Plotinus, that sublime soul and profound thinker who, with Plato and Aristotle, shines forth as the most brilliant of jewels in the golden crown upon the lofty brow of the undying genius of Hellenic philosophy. As by this time readers of THE QUEST have had sufficient opportunity in its pages to become acquainted with at least the outlines of the subject, we may be permitted without introduction to plunge *in medias res*. First of all then we would say, and say wholeheartedly, that we have here before us a work of the first order and importance. Philosophically considered, indeed regarded from the standpoint of that still deeper discipline of mind and heart which may be called religio-philosophy, and also from the somewhat restricted angle of what we may term the aristocratic view of mysticism, Dr. Inge's *Plotinus* is, in our opinion, unquestionably the best work on the subject that has yet appeared, and should in days to come be looked back upon as a classical achievement. And we say this deliberately, not simply as an enthusiastic *amateur*, but as one who has during a generation become acquainted with everything of any importance that has been written on Plotinus. A fine scholar and knower of Greek, admirably read in philosophy and by profession learned in theology, Dean Inge has penetrated deeply into the thought of Plotinus, and has so much made it his own that he is able to throw a brilliant light on many an obscure passage and remove many a misconception of earlier commentators, and above all of those numerous summarizers who rehash the commentators and perpetuate errors and prejudices



through not making that systematic and persevering first-hand study of the original which alone can yield trustworthy results. Our distinguished exegete is no mere patronizer of Plotinus, anxious chiefly to make a show of his own imagined superiority; on the contrary, he is a devoted yet sober lover of the man and his message; so much so indeed that, though a Dean of the Anglican Communion, he does not hesitate openly to avow: "I have studied Plotinus as a disciple, though not an uncritical one," and that he has "tried throughout to deal with Neoplatonism as a living and not as a dead philosophy, and to consider what its value is for us in the twentieth century" (ii. 219). This is the right spirit and the right attitude and a breath of fresh air into the stuffy corridors of the academical temple. As to the relation of Neoplatonism to Christianity, a thorny and long-debated question, Dr. Inge thinks that the doctrine of the Incarnation 'puts the keystone in the arch' (i. 260), and this view is deserving of all consideration; we can, however, hardly follow him when he asserts that there is no religion nor philosophy, except Christianity, which has "really drawn the sting of the world's evil" (ii. 209). One can only say: "Would it were so!" But the War and the openly acknowledged failure of the Churches are now facts of history. On the other hand, we are in entire agreement when the Dean declares: "We cannot preserve Platonism without Christianity, nor Christianity without Platonism, nor civilisation without both." As sincere admirers of the labours of those who raised the Platonic tradition to its highest excellence, we are also specially pleased to note what follows, where Dr. Inge writes: "Neoplatonism differs from popular Christianity in that it offers us a religion the truth of which is not contingent on any particular events, whether past or future. It floats free of nearly all the 'religious difficulties' which have troubled the minds of believers since the age of science began. It is dependent on no miracles, on no unique revelation through any historical person, on no narratives about the beginning of the world, on no prophecies of its end. No scientific nor historical discovery can refute it, and it requires no apologetic except the testimony of spiritual experience" (ii. 227). To this the Dean adds the true and significant sentence: "There is a Christian philosophy of which the same might be said"; and we might here be permitted to continue with the reflection: "but, alas, how few know of it!" Yet one more quotation before we leave this special topic, for indeed the acknowledgment is an amazingly courageous one to



make in the face of the obscurantist crowd of apologetic traditionalists. Dean Inge declares on the last page of his *Addenda*: "I am more and more convinced that Christianity as a religious philosophy is a development from the later Platonism, which contains Aristotelian and Stoical elements" (ii. 247). And in this connection he has a good word to say for the Alexandrian philosophy of religion when he writes: "The three protagonists [of this phase] were Plotinus, Origen, and the successors of Valentinus; representing respectively Greek philosophy, Hellenised Christianity and Hellenised Orientalism." When, however, he adds lower down: "The emergence of a philosophy which has had an abiding influence on the religious thought of the whole civilised world is enough to acquit the third century on the charge of complete sterility" (i. 70)—we cannot but think that it was his blind eye that was turned to the East, for there the 'influence' is practically non-existent, except in philosophic and Sūfic Islām.

As to the philosophy of Plotinus in general, our author is a wise and discriminating guide. He has got, for instance, the doctrine of the ideas in the right perspective. "They are," he says, "(in themselves) eternal truths of the spiritual world, and formative principles in the world of appearance" (i. 75). This is a pleasant relief from the pettifogging treatment dealt out to them by sciolistic minds for so many long years, especially by those of the German school, and also from the misconceptions even of a Bergson, who is rightly taken to task, not only on this point, but on even more fundamental positions, in several passages (see especially ii. 64). On the still more thorny question of a Personal God, the Dean boldly supports Plotinus in his view of the supra-personal majesty of the Divinity. "At no point in the ascent is God conceived as a Person over against our own personality. The God whom Plotinus mainly worships—the Spirit—is transcendent as well as immanent in the world of Soul, but purely immanent in his own world, Yonder. In that world He is no longer an object but an atmosphere" (ii. 160). And beyond that sublime state "the ineffable Godhead above God is of course supra-personal" (ii. 161).

Dr. Inge is also specially good in elucidating the profound insight of Plotinus into the enigma of 'Matter' and shows that he gives it finally a spiritual status. Like every other thinker or prophet, Plotinus is baffled by the master *crux* of the origin of evil; but even on this he makes as good a showing as anyone else. It would take pages even to note the philosophical and religious



problems that the disciple's insight into the thought of the master has enabled him to set forth in clear light. But before passing on to another side of the exposition, we must say a word on the very difficult borderland subject of 'reincarnation' which both Plato and Plotinus explicitly taught. The Dean is here in a quandary. It is not to his liking; still there it is, and he would thus minimize its importance for the two great thinkers as much as possible. For ourselves we frankly acknowledge the difficulty, but are not interested in trying to apologize. We are quite open-minded on the whole of this involved and complicated world-dogma viewed either as metempsychosis or as transcorporation; at the same time, even if we confined ourselves to the works of the Later Platonic school alone, we think we could easily present a better case than Dr. Inge has permitted himself to make out, and this too though, as has been said, we are not ourselves as yet persuaded of its general truth, and least of all of its superficial presentments. Pre-existence is a separate problem.

A word of praise must also be given for the large measure of success in finding appropriate renderings of the technical terms. This is one of the greatest of the difficulties, and we quite agree with our author that it is death to the spirit of Plotinus' thought to render these terms mechanically; translation of them may legitimately be varied with the context. Here it would be easy to criticize some details, but space unfortunately forbids. We would, however, specially note 'freedom from all passions' as a rendering of *apátheia*. That is what it means, and not 'indifference,' which traditionalists and apologists so frequently misuse as half-a-brick to heave at the 'heathen.' But when our author says that the primitive meaning of *theōría* was 'curiosity,' we would venture to suggest that it may very well have been rather 'sight-seeing.'

Where there is so much to praise, it is with deep regret that we find ourselves compelled to protest against the very unsympathetic attitude which Dean Inge, throughout his two volumes, takes up against every phase of mysticism that has not his entire approval, and his marked intolerance against not only psychical but also mystical phenomena of every order. These adjunctive phenomena, which were of deep interest to all the other Later Platonists and also in a lesser degree to Plotinus himself, our author unceremoniously bundles out of his reception-room as disturbers of his contemplative peace. He is by no means a catholic in his mystical studies, by no means a man who

here recognizes degrees of truth. On the contrary, the very criticism he allows himself on occasion to make on his great exemplar, as for instance when he writes: "Plotinus here uses the haughty tone of an intellectual aristocrat" (ii. 188), can with justice be applied to himself whenever he has to refer to 'mystical phenomena,' which, he avers, even in cases as remarkable as that of S. Teresa, "consisted mainly of hallucinations, or of stupor induced by extreme mental and bodily fatigue" (ii. 169). Elsewhere we are told of the mystic of this order that "it is because he is in rebellion against nature and its laws, or because he is too ignorant or indolent to think, that the emotionalist flies to the supernatural and the occult" (ii. 280). But mysticism without emotion and without sensible experience is shorn of much spiritual value, and there are many grades of emotion and of sensible experience. Otherwise Jesus would have to be reckoned as further from the reality than Plotinus, and the 'mystical phenomena' of his life would have to be considered as of little worth or sheer hallucinations. It would be long and to little purpose to follow Dean Inge in his diatribes against psychism of every grade and his positive rage against 'ghosts.' A subtle embodiment of any order, for instance, is for him a 'semi-gaseous' absurdity. It would be easy to refute him without going beyond the pages of the *Enneads* of his great philosophical teacher; but it is unnecessary, at any rate in the pages of THE QUEST, to do so, for the vast majority of our readers are already sufficiently acquainted with the facts of the phenomena and nature of the problem. But as our author apparently is incredulous even of the facts of telepathy, he must be left to—what for a mystical philosopher can justly be termed—his aristocratic isolation in this respect.

The Dean has many witty phrases which we chuckle over and grin at even when we do not think he is firing them off in the right direction; but at times he can hardly be excused from the charge of letting a grain of bitterness enter into their composition. In brief, he reacts in this way infallibly whenever 'phenomena' or 'eschatology' are mentioned.

And now to a point or two of detail before we close. In treating of the immediate predecessors of Plotinus, Dr. Inge lets the root-prejudice of his nature somewhat blur even the historical perspective. He is continually gibing at the Gnostics and that too at the followers of the gnosis of every order, as if Plotinus himself were not one of the most distinguished recipients of the afflatus of the gnosis of the light of truth! It is true that one of the books of



the *Enneads* is entitled 'Against the Gnostics,' and in so far our learned expositor has to all seeming the authority of Plotinus on his side; but it is only 'to all seeming,' and not according to the facts of history. There was every imaginable phase of 'gnosis,' from the most sublime to the most degraded; and as a matter of fact specialists in Gnostic studies are hard put to it to identify the names of the few teachers and schools to whom Plotinus directly refers. Indeed they are hardly to be recognized, and in no case securely to be identified, in spite of the penetrating labours of Carl Schmidt on the subject. Again, to take another example, this time of the non-Christianized gnosis,—what in many ways is the admirable religio-philosophy and high mysticism of the *Trimorphic* documents still preserved to us. This exceedingly important tradition Dean Inge dismisses in a brief page, curtly and discourteously. It would appear that he knows of no work on the subject but that of Reitzenstein, for whose labours within their own scope we have the deepest respect; nevertheless Reitzenstein is a formal philologist, as he avers himself repeatedly, and neither a mystic nor philosopher nor theologian. It is not to such we go for a just appreciation of the spiritual content of so high a tradition. As to Philo, another predecessor of Later Platonism, Dean Inge seems to have relied almost entirely on Drummond's two volumes. It is true that Drummond is highly praised by many who do not know their Philo at first hand. But the copy of his work which we possess was given us by a very learned friend and is scored with elaborate adverse criticisms on almost every page. But what is most astonishing is that so learned a writer as the Dean of St. Paul's should still at this late hour endorse the Grätz-Nicholas-Lucius absurd contention that the famous tractate 'On the Contemplative Life' is a monkish forgery of the third or fourth century. As long ago as 1895 Conybeare smashed to atoms this desperate forlorn hope of Protestant rationalism against the unbroken Catholic tradition. In his 'Testimonia' Conybeare proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, by innumerable quotations from the rest of Philo's voluminous works, paralleling the statements in the *D.V.C.*, that even if we were without the latter, Philo's account of the 'Therapeuts would stand firm.' And indeed it does, and is one of the most precious indications of the existence of much else we would fain know more about in connection with the now so obscure origins of Christianity. Why again does our author in treating of the Oriental religions and mystery-institutions of the Alexandrian period say that: "Curiosity was also

excited by throwing a veil of mystery over all the higher teaching, in a manner quite foreign to earlier times" (i. 55)? We are in complete agreement that this secrecy is no longer tolerable, but as a sheer hard fact of history it goes back to the most archaic times. The chief rites of primitive culture in the past and even to-day were and are secret. For instance, it may be said that almost invariably the secret lore of the ancestors was communicated at the time of the 'young man-making' initiatory ceremonies. Finally, and to omit dozens of other instances, we must protest against Dr. Inge's statement that Böhme "used to hypnotize himself by gazing intently on a bright object" (ii. 153). The famous incident of the sun-light falling on a bright copper pan occurred once only.

This review could easily be drawn out to very much greater length, but we are forced to close, and would do so by saying that, in spite of the somewhat severe animadversions we have felt ourselves compelled to make on Dean Inge's blind side, we shall always remain a most grateful debtor to his otherwise admirable study of the most precious link of the 'golden chain.' Whenever we have occasion to speak or write of Plotinus, it will be to these two indispensable volumes that we shall first turn to be guided by so excellent a *cicerone* in all that concerns the 'philosophy' of that great genius in the modern more limited meaning of the term, if not as touching his 'gnosis' in its more catholic sense.

#### SAINTE CHANTAL (1572-1641).

A Study in Vocation. By E. R. Sanders, Author of 'Vincent de Paul,' 'Angélique de Port Royal,' etc. London (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge): pp. 316; 10s. 6d. net.

MISS SANDERS does but continue her previous studies of an interesting and important period of revival and reform in the life of the Religious by her biography of Sainte Chantal, the Co-founder with St. François de Sales of the Order of the Visitation, which made so rapid a progress that no less than eighty-eight Houses of the Order were established in France while she still lived, mainly the result of her own tireless energy and solicitude. The study before us is marked with restraint and discretion on points of controversy, and deals discriminatingly with the voluminous materials. François de Sales was canonized in 1665 and Jeanne de Chantal in 1767; the lives of both are of special



interest to the student of Catholic mysticism. There is no question that the two were united in bonds of the deepest affection, to which there was a human side; but this love was transformed and transfigured so that it became a means of high sanctity and transmuted solely into the love of God. The passion for self-devotion, of utterly emptying the soul of self so that the Divine Presence might be realized as a continual source of spiritual strength, filled their hearts. The method of the Visitation was a most stern self-discipline, free from the sentimentalism of quietism. The chief means used was the prayer of simplicity rather than the prayer of quiet. The Presence was to be known by faith and not by feeling. For students of the Mystic Way the most arresting fact in the life of Sainte Chantal is that she who had for years enjoyed the comfort of the Presence, was during the last eight years of her life entirely cut off. She suffered what she herself calls the 'martyrdom of Love'--that 'dryness,' 'dark night' or 'deprivation' which only the most faithful are called upon to endure. She was markedly well skilled in directing and helping others in the mysteries of the religious life, and had a very wide experience and a deep insight into the self-deceptions that arise in the heart of those who imagine themselves to have a vocation when they are not really fitted for so strenuous a life of self-renunciation. During these eight years of utter deprivation Sainte Chantal had an ever-increasing power of helping others and wisely directing them; but for herself she was in a deeply interior state of indescribable wretchedness. Ever was she haunted with the fear, which became an obsessing phobia, that she had done wrong, had sinned unwittingly; otherwise the beloved Presence would surely not have withdrawn! "I do not heed the suffering so much," she wrote, "but what I fear is that all the time I may be offending." She is said to have been filled with doubts. But doubts of what? for there is nothing to show that she had religious doubts in the general sense of the term. Neither she nor St. François seems to have had the slightest doubt as to the absolute truth of their faith and the infallibility of the Christian revelation. Did she doubt her vocation as a Religious? Perhaps; for she was a woman of strong human affections which she strove desperately to transcend, as when she steeled herself to step over the body of her young son, who passionately threw himself down before her to bar her way, when she first left her home to enter the religious life. It may be that she doubted that this utter self-naughting of human love was

really well-pleasing to the Presence she so fervently desired. For it is presumably to herself that she refers when writing: "In one soul that is known to me Love has cut off all that was closest, as truly as if the sword of a tyrant had divided soul from body." And yet in this personal inward distress, a veritable hell, she can write to another soul in spiritual despair: "You have made an offering of yourself to God so often, you have implored Him so many times to take away everything that is apart from Him. Now that He has done it, and has taken you at your word, can you complain?" Some may think that it is easy to decide a matter that appears so simple to the secular mind; but the testimony of St. Vincent de Paul posits for us a very deep problem of the religious life. "I have never observed any faults in her," he writes, "and always the practice of every sort of virtue; and yet, although she seemed to possess the peace and quietness of spirit natural to souls that have advanced far in the devout life, she underwent such intense inward suffering that she has told me many times in speech and writing that, her mind being full of temptation and horror, it was a continual effort with her to withhold her thoughts from the vision of herself because she could not bear what seemed like a glimpse of hell. In spite of this anguish she never lost her outward calm nor slackened either in those practices of the Christian and of the Religious that God required of her, or in the immense care she devoted to her Order. Therefore I believe her to have been one of the holiest souls I have ever known." Abbé Saint Cyran, the Director of Port Royal, thought that because of this very suffering she was highly privileged, and wrote to her: "Not only is there nothing to be fearful of in your position, but I dare to tell you that on the contrary it seems to me to be so sacred that any wish for relief or comfort in it comes from self-interest—it is of God, O blessed suffering, not permitted to every soul! It may be that you are living solely for this." If, he concludes, in her utmost agony she can still in the depths of her soul maintain the firm intention of complete surrender to God, she will be imitating Christ on the day of the Supreme Passion.

Finally, to come to earth and to pass to a point of detail—we should like to know what warrant there is for the use of the verb 'withstrain' (pp. 285, 262)?



## THE DEAD HAVE NEVER DIED.

By Edward C. Randall. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 192 ;  
7s. 6d. net.

THIS is the reprint of a book which was published in the U.S.A. in 1917. It is based on some twenty years' experience of the mediumship of Mrs. Emily S. French of Rochester, N.Y., who passed away on June 24, 1912, aged some 80 years or more. For many years she had been totally deaf and for some years blind as well. In her younger days she had practised automatic writing, and was able to do this with both hands at once and at the same time carry on a conversation. She was also from earliest years clairvoyant and clairaudient. In the latter half of her life she was under certain conditions a powerful medium for what is known in spiritism as the 'direct voice.' Mr. Randall kept a room at her disposal for experiments in this last phase of her mediumship, and had innumerable sittings with her, and always in conditions of complete darkness. Mrs. French gave her services without fee of any kind and was a lady of high moral character. In this way Mr. Randall had conversations with some thousand 'voices' and bases his book on their communications. His exposition of the substance of these dialogues presents us with a very material state of affairs, or at any rate with a very materialistic description of the after-death state, with which he was thus brought into touch. He is for ever insisting on this materiality as though it were the chief factor to realize. Mr. Randall does not seem to be very well acquainted with the literature of the subject, he lays too great stress on his own experience and privileges, and calls Mrs. French 'the most perfect psychic of modern times.' This would of course be a very difficult judgment to substantiate in any case, and in the present instance is absurd, for it would mean that Mr. Randall is acquainted with all the psychics of modern times. Of these there are many thousands possessing very different varieties of capabilities, and some of them have powers of contact with a higher order of psychical reality than anything suggested by the contents of Mr. Randall's volume. Indeed the most interesting feature of the author's work is that it specialized in dealing with those who though passed from out of the body did not know they were dead. Mrs. French and he devoted themselves mainly to helping in the work of waking those earth-bound minds out of

their state of ignorance of this elementary fact of their new psychical existence, a state that with many is said to have lasted for years, and giving them a first start towards a more rational view of their condition. For this purpose many discarnate folk of this order were brought to the sittings by the group of more intelligent minds who were co-operating from the 'other side.' Several graphic and interesting cases are detailed, and we can only regret that Mr. Randall has not given more instances of a similar nature instead of preaching the now very familiar main outlines of the gospel of spiritism as though it were a novelty, and that too, as we have said, in a dominantly materialistic setting. As to the genuineness of Mrs. French's mediumship, and to refute the usual gibe of the superior person that it was all done by ventriloquism, it may be noted that on occasion Mrs. French would bend down and place her mouth on Mr. Randall's hands in complete contact. Nevertheless the voices continued and at a distance from the medium.

#### PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

An Introduction and Contribution to the Experimental Study of Psychical Phenomena. By Émile Boirac, Rector of the Dijon Academy. Translated by Dudley Wright. London (Rider); pp. 370; 10s. 6d. net.

IF we are not mistaken, a version of M. Boirac's *Psychologie Inconnue* has already appeared in the U.S.A. a little time ago. It is a collection of papers contributed during the last thirty years or so to French scientific periodicals and especially to *Les Annales des Sciences Psychiques*. At any rate we have a clear recollection of reading a number of them in the latter useful publication. These papers have been revised, but not co-ordinated. There is thus a considerable number of repetitions, in some cases three or four times repeated. Perhaps, however, this is not a real drawback; for it requires repeated clubbing to get anything that savours of novelty into the head of the average conservative philistine. Not that M. Boirac deals with a new theme. On the contrary, he is the present protagonist, following in a line of courageous predecessors, of the thesis that, by whatever name it may be best described, and however the phenomena may be limited by exact methods, the 'force' which after Mesmer was called mesmeric, and later on associated with the label 'animal magnetism,' is an experimentally demonstrable reality. We have



for long been convinced of this ourselves, and therefore welcome M. Boirac's as the most thorough-going exposition on rigid scientific lines of the case against the absolutist claims, on the one hand of the hypnotic Charcot school of the Salpêtrière, founded on Braid's mechanical method, with the prejudice that the phenomena occur only with subjects suffering from the morbid diathesis vaguely known as hysteria, and on the other of the Liébault-Bernheim suggestionist school of Nancy. These two schools, it is true, have been and are still at daggers drawn, but both are absolute in their claims, and both reject with sublime contempt the very mention of a special vital or psychical 'force' as utterly devoid of all scientific experimental basis. Well, they are both wrong. The Cinderella of 'animal magnetism,' if we are to believe M. Boirac, and for our part we were convinced of the fact thirty years ago, bids fair to come into her own again after so many long years' banishment by her two proud step-sisters to drudgery and obscurity. M. Boirac does not belittle the hypnotic and suggestional factors in a very large number of psychical phenomena. They are both true within their own spheres; but they do not do the whole work. Not only so, but they both pridefully turn their backs on the most useful member of their household. It is very difficult to eliminate hypnosis and suggestion in experiments; but they can be eliminated, at any rate so largely in this order of experiment as to compare favourably with the attempts in physics and chemistry to create a high vacuum, for instance. A perfect vacuum has never yet been created; but that does not prevent the most useful results being obtained under approximate conditions of elimination. M. Boirac's experiments have all been made under the most rigid tests, and they should satisfy all who have the genuinely scientific spirit of open-minded enquiry. We are thus at the beginning of the revision of a harsh and unwarranted judgment current for so long in the academical world of psychical science. Our author confines himself to a strictly limited area of research; but within that area his method is rigidly, even meticulously, scientific. In our view, he has here already proved his case. From this beginning wide extensions can be made; but we doubt very much that this fundamental fact will succeed eventually in covering so wide a field as M. Boirac thinks possible. For instance, he thinks it will fully explain the phenomena of telepathy; but we doubt this for many reasons. The work is full of ugly neologisms; but that is the fault of all scientific jargon. There is no index; and that is a great nuisance.

## PEARL.

An English Poem of the Fourteenth Century Re-set in Modern English by Israel Gollancz. Imprinted and Published by Geo. W. Jones at the Sign of the Dolphin in Gough Square, Fleet Street, London, and Sold for and on behalf of the British Red Cross. Price £1 5s. net, boards ; £3 3s. net, in vellum.

THE artistry of the print, paper and binding of this volume is in excellent taste. But our interest in the contents is greater than in that of its artistic setting. In 1891 Professor Gollancz published a rendering of this precious but very difficult West Middle English text, with introduction, notes and glossary (Nutt). A very inadequate attempt at translation had already been made by Morris in one of the first publications of the Early English Text Society. Prof. Gollancz has perseveringly continued his labours and now presents us with part of their fruit in the form of a greatly improved rendering, on which we present him with our most sincere congratulations. It is a fine piece of work. His revised notes and commentary are reserved for a forthcoming publication. Until these are in our hands it would be premature to say anything ; and it is somewhat out of date to remark on those that lie before us in the 1891 edition. We hope, however, that the learned author, who has done so much for Early English literature, will in his matured studies be found to have paid more attention to the mystical content of the poem than he has so far done. It is this which specially concerns us, for *Pearl* is a document of importance for students of Early English religious mysticism. We cannot, however, join in the chorus of praise bestowed upon it by those who know more philology than mystic lore. Its mysticism is, in our opinion, not of the first order of excellence. There is apparently a nucleus of genuine vision of a certain order ; but this is spun out with orthodox elaborations that frequently obscure the purport of the vision. As for the vision itself, it is a poetical and charming if naïve psychical shewing of the happy and blessed state of a little daughter, who has passed away, to her sorrowing and somewhat sceptical and mystically dull father. It is on all fours with the modern spiritistic doctrine of the continued growth and happiness of children in the hither hereafter. But what more nearly concerns



us is the symbolism of the pearl which gives the title to the poem. This is of great interest for the student of comparative mystical symbolism. The second century Syrian so-called 'Hymn of the Soul,' which might well be known as 'The Hymn of the Pearl,'<sup>1</sup> is the *locus classicus* from which to start, and it is of far higher excellence in all respects than our Middle English poem. This start opens up a wide and little explored field of study of the pearl symbol in Western and Eastern gnosis: for, strange to say, one of the most valuable documents for an understanding of the symbol is a recent French translation by Chavannes of a Buddhicized Chinese version of a Middle Persian Manichæan document unearthed from the ruins of buried monkish libraries in Chinese Turkestan! We hope that when Professor Gollancz publishes his new work on *Pearl* we shall find some reference to this wider side of the subject.

#### SPIRITUALISM.

*Its History, Phenomena and Doctrine.* By J. Arthur Hill, Author of 'Psychical Investigations,' 'Man is a Spirit,' etc. With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. London (Cassell); pp. 270; 7s. 6d. net.

WE have already noticed with appreciation several of Mr. Hill's previous additions to the literature of psychical research, so that the work of our valued contributor needs no introduction to our readers. Mr. Hill's present task is the most considerable and difficult he has yet attempted in this ever extending and increasingly complex field of enquiry and study. Nevertheless our author has succeeded in turning out for the general reader an interesting and useful volume, which may safely be recommended as an introductory work, and all the more commendable because Mr. Hill wisely leaves many things as entirely open questions, whereas a less experienced writer would probably have argued them on one side only. Enough is given on the various aspects of the subject to meet the requirements of the enquirer and also of the moderately instructed general reader, which is perhaps all that Mr. Hill had in view in the present outline. We are inclined to think, however, that he has somewhat too largely confined

<sup>1</sup> The interpretative literature on this document is steadily increasing and the theme is familiar to our readers from the studies of Professors Burkitt and Vacher Burch which have appeared in our pages (July, 1914 and October, 1915).

himself to the history of the movement in the United States and this country, and has not sufficiently informed us of the work done on the Continent and also, among other areas of its expansion, we might specially mention South America, where spiritism flourishes to a quite remarkable extent. Mr. Hill's volume is also confined almost entirely, and perhaps rightly, to a survey of the phenomena of spiritism in its distinctive modern Western phase: he has little to tell us of similar phenomena in the middle ages and in antiquity in the West, of their unbroken persistence in the East, and of their well-nigh universal distribution among all the primitives and peoples of lower culture throughout the world as far as history goes back up to the present day. As to the phenomena themselves and the scientific method of their investigation, Mr. Hill is a careful exponent and sober guide, and his judgment of the value of this important branch of research generally agrees with our own point of view. With regard to spiritualism proper, our author seems somewhat inclined to minimize the dangers of mediumship, for he tells us that according to his own experience these dangers have been made far too much of. We are, however, personally unable to draw any very clear distinction between much of the phenomena of spiritism and those of so-called occultism: and with regard to the latter especially we know only too well that the dangers have in no wise been exaggerated. They are not infrequently devastating. Nevertheless, as we have said, Mr. Hill's exposition is to be commended as an interesting and useful piece of work and should be read by an 'approacher' in conjunction with Sir William Barrett's recent volume *On the Threshold of the Unseen*.

#### MODERNISM.

*Its Failure and its Fruits.* By M. D. Petre. London (Jack); pp. 249; 6s. net.

It is remarkable that Miss Maud Petre, who has been so closely connected with the Modernist Movement in the Roman Catholic Church, the intimate friend of its distinguished leaders and the witness of their martyrdom at the hands of an implacable and tyrannous autocracy, should be able to set forth her subject with so much restraint and good judgment. Important and crucial as the matter is, it would be too long to review it on this occasion. We can only recommend warmly Miss Petre's exposition as an



excellent review by one from the inside, one who has been in the heart of the matter. It is sad reading, and to all seeming for the moment a sorrowful outlook for the spiritual interests of Rome. The book was written before the War; but in a note appended to the chapter on 'Modernism and Authority,' Miss Petre diagnoses the disease in the only way possible for a student of comparative history, as we have ourselves ventured to do elsewhere by pen and voice. She writes: "The events related in this chapter are curiously significant in the light of later history. The struggle between two conflicting conceptions of authority is surely very similar to the contest between the political ideals of the Allies and those of Central Europe. The respect shown, by the Vatican, to German protests is not unlike symptoms that have manifested themselves during the War. Altogether, a certain sympathy is apparent between the representatives of absolute ecclesiastical authority and those of autocratic militarism." It is indeed the same spirit, and that horrible document known as the 'Anti-Modernist Oath,' imposed with force by Rome on so many thousands of her best children to the utter violation of their consciences, would be an absolutely incredible writing of divorce-ment on the part of the Vatican from the Gospel of the Christ, did it not glare forth from the printed page in all the pride of the spirit that denies. But, thank God, the Allies who fought the good fight have won; and for our own part we have faith that in due time, in spite of its apparently being now crushed to death and ground to powder, the good spirit that was working in the best of Modernism, will rise again from its ashes and bring regeneration with it, so that once more may be verified the old saying: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

By S. Radhakrishnan, Professor of Philosophy, Maharajah's College, Mysore. London (Macmillan): pp. 294; 8s. 6d. net.

OF the five chapters into which this volume is divided the first two, dealing with the 'Philosophy' of the poet, are already fully familiar to our readers.<sup>1</sup> The remaining three treat of 'Poetry and Philosophy,' 'The Message of Rabindranath Tagore to India'

<sup>1</sup> See April and July nos. 1917.

and his 'Message . . . to the World.' The latter themes also have been dealt with so frequently in our own reviews of Sir Rabindranath's numerous works in English, that there is no occasion to do more than call the attention of our readers to the publication of this useful volume. It summarizes between two covers nearly the whole English out-put of India's greatest modern poet and playwright, and with the greatest sympathy and appreciation. Professor Radhakrishnan is well aware that Rabindranath Tagore cannot in any way be regarded as a formal and systematic philosopher. He is poet, prophet, mystic, musician, first and foremost, and philosopher only in the early and most vital sense of the word—namely, lover of wisdom. Nevertheless there are many minds who prefer what they regard as a systematic exposition on a dominantly intellectual ground of the main thought-moments and leading ideas of a well-known writer: and this Professor Radhakrishnan has done for them with discrimination and ability, illustrated by very numerous quotations from the poet's English works. The volume should prove of service especially for the information of Western philosophers and students of philosophy who are beginning at last to suspect there may be something of value in Indian thought, but who for the most part are averse from going out of their way to look for it.

#### CLAUDE'S BOOK.

Edited by L. Kelway-Bamber. With an Introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge. London (Methuen); pp. 149: 6s. net.

A HIGH price for nothing much out of the common for those acquainted with the voluminous literature of spiritistic communications on the proximate states of the Hither Hereafter, and especially with the numerous recent rumours of the experiences of young officers who have been shot out of their bodies in the full vigour of physical manhood, and who are for the most part utterly unprepared for what is to betide them. The medium was Mrs. Leonard and the control 'Feda.' Doubtless the book will serve its purpose as a means of helping to persuade the sceptic that there may be something in it after all, and of aiding those who are prepared to believe. But the more experienced student will be inclined to think that Claude has a good deal more to learn before he can become a safe guide to the perplexed in many matters that are by no means clear.



## THE COMING FREE CATHOLICISM.

By the Rev. W. G. Peck. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 160; 5s. net.

"THE problem to be solved is nothing less than the reintegration of Catholicism and Freedom," writes the author at p. 112. In his Preface he says: "The words 'Catholicism' and 'Catholic' are commonly used in ambiguous fashion." It seems to us that they are so used in this book. We are told that the context will "make clear the connotation intended in each instance." We have been unable to discover that clarity of thought which, on such a subject, should be always made manifest. In the Preface we are also informed that "the Holy Catholic Church is what men have been looking for ever since they lost her." The 'Historic Tragedy' is the term here used to describe the Reformation, which Mr. Peck says 'never happened' in the sense that he means, as it apparently reformed nothing! In looking about for the 'New Freedom' the author sadly says that "Rome simply does not recognise the place of Protestantism in Christendom." We may hint that this would not much matter if Protestantism could make her own place certain and secure. The whole work seems to us made up of plausible platitudes which come to nothing. There is a looseness of logic and a diffuseness of style, based upon the best intentions, which lead nowhere and leave us in a cloudy atmosphere of the vaguest re-union based on goodwill. Some of the text is a reprint from Methodist journals.

F. W.

## THE MYSTERY OF GABRIEL.

By Michael Wood. London (Longmans); pp. 184; 5s. net.

LIKE *The Penitent of Brent*, *The House of Peace* and *The Double Road*, Michael Wood's penultimate novel deals with the tragic struggles and purification of a human soul. It is a study which shows a delicate appreciation of the nature of the spiritual life, and especially emphasizes the power of that life when it is truly lived to influence others without words. The presence works most efficaciously in silence. We are once more introduced to the Rest House at Brent and its founder Father Antony Standish. The mystical life there is by no means divorced from the practical, but it is led by the spirit. How and why Gabriel

becomes a tramp to carry out his spiritual mission, the reader must learn for himself and, if he be mystically inclined, will find his interest held to the end.

THE WHITE ISLAND.

By Michael Wood. London (Dent); pp. 207; 4s. 6d. net.

THIS is the latest of 'Michael Wood's' spiritual romances in what we may call the Brent series. It is written with her usual facility of expression and insight into the psychology of the mystic way. We have so often drawn the attention of our readers to the valuable work of our old friend that we need say only that they will find her here as informing and arresting as before. We cannot, however, but think that she revolves somewhat too much about the same theme and would do well to vary it a little, at least as far as her 'constant readers' are concerned.



# THE QUEST



## REGENERATIVE RECONSTRUCTION.

THE EDITOR.

THE Great War is mercifully over in its most acute outer form of organized armed international conflict, and the general air is dense and tense with manifold rumours of reconstruction. It is now recognized on all sides by men and women of sensitive intelligence, serious purpose and good will that no little of the pretentious fabric of what we so recently boastfully regarded as our praiseworthy civilization and high culture, has been laid in ruins. We now see plainly that it was a topsy-turvy thing at best, if not indeed a pyramid perilously poised on its apex, with the accompanying maximum amount of instability. It follows then as the ground necessity of our future well-being that more enduring foundations should be laid. The days of jerry-building and deceptive window-dressing, of tinkering what should be scrapped and patching and repatching outworn formulas of reform, of philandering with palliatives and the doping of conscience with specious pretences and flimsy opinions,

we would fain believe now surely at last to be drawing to an end. For it would be intolerable to have to think that all the agony and bloody sweat of four and a half long weary years of horrid torture and hellish torment of body and mind should have been endured in vain, and that the course of human affairs should slowly settle down once more into the old evil ways of culpable ignorance and lethargic indifference on the one hand and of selfish striving and the mad race for material wealth on the other.

Thousands are now busy with ideas of reformation and schemes of reconstruction of every sort and kind. Talk of reconstruction is indeed so much in fashion that one would be almost sick of hearing the new blessed word and magical vocable, were it not that there is also a large number of substantial, really concrete practical proposals for betterment in much that concerns our social, political and economic life. Nor is the belief in the approaching dawn of a new age of melioration of conditions confined to a comparatively few optimistic spirits; it is a very general expectation. If the sober historian may legitimately regard this common persuasion as an instinctive feeling rather than a reasoned faith, it is nevertheless by no means a vain hope. For there is fortunately coupled with it a sincere determination on the part of no inconsiderable numbers to make it come true, if hard work at any rate will speed the coming. Hard work it will indubitably have to be, a most persistent and strenuous effort. The task indeed will demand a tireless faith in the ideal, a patient, plodding perseverance that will persist and endure in spite of repeated discouragements of all kinds. For men are men, and the hereditary habits of centuries and millennia are not changed in a



few years even under the potent stimulus of the greatest of all known wars. The weaker and less experienced souls among the pioneers of the new age will doubtless time and again be amazed to find that in general human nature is human nature still, exceedingly obdurate and obstinate and hard to teach, even when the most ghastly consequences of misrule and the tyranny of ignorance are as clear as noonday, and even most monstrously arrayed in vaunting shamelessness and flaunting nakedness for all with the smallest modicum of good sense to see. In Russia, for instance, this impudicity is entirely *sans feuille verte*.

As long as the War was being waged in arms on the surface field of battle, as long as the unavoidable material necessity of fighting for national existence and the fear of losing corporate freedom provided the concrete conditions of compelling a general unity of endeavour and a one-pointedness against the common overt external foe, so long did the high political virtue of patriotism keep the disorderly elements largely in check, and the great majority were content to subordinate their private interests to the common advantage. But now that this outer and visible, concrete and tangible, necessity has been removed, many have proved and will continue to prove incapable of submitting themselves to discipline in the interests of that higher humanistic ideal which places the good of the whole community, not only above the outer material success of the nation, but before the special comfort and advantage of the self-seeking groups, cliques and individuals of which it is composed.

The war of the nations, we may reasonably venture to think, has been after all a blessing in disguise, in so far as it has staved off the universal disaster and

frightfulness which the threatened general industrial and class war would have inevitably brought about, had there been no immediate counter-terror to divert and divide the long-stored-up forces of revolt and disruption. The ghastly toll of lives lost in the War, of bodies and minds shattered and wrecked, of industries and homes ruined and of priceless treasures of art and culture wiped out, is a most grievous price indeed to pay for the common short-sightedness and supineness of our stubborn ignorance and indifference to our larger duties and more spiritual interests. But it is surely not too grievous, if sufficient effort has been made, and resistance enough offered, to divert the full force and so avert the worst effects of the all-engulphing tidal wave of disruption which was indubitably threatening. This, however, by no means suggests that we are yet out of the danger zone. For, if the forces of anarchy and disruption so clearly manifested in Eastern Europe in what is now popularly known as Bolshevism, sullenly seething beneath the surface in well-nigh every country, when not openly erupting in degenerate natures ripe for its obsession or leaking through, speciously disguised in camouflaged forms, into the minds of the honest but unknowing masses—if these forces can work their wicked will on the world-wide plan they have in view to realize the ‘dictatorship of the proletariat,’ then will our whole humanity be thrown back once more to the elemental stage of its most brutish nature. Let us thank God then that the forces of light have got the upper hand in the War, and for a breathing space at any rate localized what might otherwise have been well-nigh universal, and so given humanity a fair chance still to save its soul.

But as to Bolshevism in its most narrow geo-



graphical sense,—before we pass on, a brief word may be ventured on the appalling tragedy of the great nation whose language has given the world this new name of terror soaked with her heart's blood. I believe that in this respect and in spiritual truth Russia is the sacrificial victim for the world. Russia is no more specially responsible than the rest of the nations in general, according to their opportunities and capacities, for the soul-rot that was fast seizing on all alike. I do not say it necessarily had to be so, but as a fact one nation is pre-eminently now being crucified for the rest. The soul of Russia is being crucified; she is scape-goat for the world. The inner tragedy few can realize in any adequate fashion; but all who have even a small measure of sympathy and imagination can appreciate to some extent the pitiful outer spectacle—the mad rage of the red terror. Many may be inclined to say or to think that, if Russia is being crucified, she is crucifying herself. Yes indeed; that is precisely what makes the tragedy so appalling. But surely this is only a superficial view of the terrible drama. Russia is an integral part of humanity. She cannot be suffering simply for herself alone; the torment is too great even for the most criminally short-sighted of nations. The superfluity, the too-much-for-justice portion, of her agony is, I verily believe, being somehow borne vicariously for the alleviation of the rest, if only the rest will profit by the spectacle. As she stemmed the first rush of the drive to the East of Prussian and Austrian aggression almost, we may say, with her bare hands, her naked flesh and blood, for guns and rifles, ammunition and equipment of every kind were for the most part entirely lacking, so now she is stemming, with her agonized body, the first most

powerful onslaught of far more terrible forces of physical, mental and spiritual oppression and tyranny. In Russia's martyrdom we are witnessing the extremely rapid working out to their logical conclusion of the inevitable consequences of the unrestrained violence of the masses, driven into blind fury by godless, countryless, materialistic intellectuals, slaves of the spirit that denies. It is an obsession by the anti-human forces that delight in social chaos, and with devilish cunning play and prey upon the selfish desires and animal passions of their victims. In brief we are witnessing in this terrible tragedy of Russia's crucifixion the rule of the pit triumphant for a space on earth.

Nevertheless, with many others, I believe that Russia has still a great future before her, and a most important part to play in the destiny of this planet; and this precisely because she possesses, as she has already shown in many ways, though not infrequently wrong-headedly, a lively spirit of self-sacrifice and self-surrender in the depths of the highly emotional soul of her peoples. Russia has indeed as it were a very genius for suffering, and in her better moods a remarkably large-hearted sympathy with those who suffer, to the extent perhaps even of a foolish indulgence for the wrong-doer. The love of the idea of brotherhood is with large numbers of her folk a genuine craving and not merely a calculated lip-service. She has also in her the promise of magnificent artistic achievement on original and grandiose lines. This all who care to do so may learn from the great poets and novelists and musicians who show forth so graphically the soul of her people. Not only so, but there is a mystic spirit in Russia, though crude and uncultured naturally enough in the masses; but there it is indubitably in her blood,



which is not infrequently intermingled with Oriental elements. And here we should not forget that, as Russia, and indeed the whole Slav race in its various branches, stands on the borderland of East and West, it is by no means a too rash expectation to think that she may be destined in the near future to play a very prominent part in mediating and interpreting the spirits of these so seemingly diverse, but naturally complementary, souls to one another.

But the great and good spiritual instincts in her better nature have been hitherto throttled down and held in bondage. The Russian people did well to revolt against the paralyzing tyranny of the late autocracy, the corruption of the aristocratic bureaucracy and the widespread greed and lack of heart in high places. But this healthy revolt has lost its balance, and has now toppled over into an even worse form of tyranny and corruption—the absolutely pitiless autocracy of sheer anarchy and chaos, the dictatorship of the proletariat, the reverse of all right rule.

Only the pen of inspiration, which I have not, could conjure up in fitting words the awe-inspiring mystic picture of that marvellous spirit, that love, one might almost say rage, of self-sacrifice in the spiritual reality of the Russian soul, offering itself as a willing oblation, that so the rest of the world might witness its martyrdom and be saved in time from the threatened all-engulphing forces of the red terror. The innocent in this must needs suffer with the guilty; murdered and murderers, victims and priests, are all of one flesh; such is the stern law of human solidarity. And as in the Great War millions of the innocent suffered and achieved the great sacrifice, so in Russia the innocent are perishing in holocausts, for the eventual spiritual

regeneration of Russia and the world. For will anyone who is rock-rooted in spiritual faith, believe that all this piteous slaughter and waste can possibly be in vain? The bodies of many myriads of the innocent are being cruelly done to death and their minds desperately tortured; but their souls cannot be slain. Purified in the fires of suffering they will work on in spirit for the redemption of Russia and will share in the eventual triumph of the Good. For though their bodies be slain, their better part will endure in the realm of the spirit; and the kingdom of the spirit must triumph in the end with utter certainty, for the Good God is its eternal Lord. There are now appearing signs of a change for the better in Russia. But can we hope that these favourable symptoms will continue? That depends. The real danger lies elsewhere. For who can say that Germany under the stress of the present crisis in her destiny will not succumb to Bolshevism? She might do so and reinforce the Russian terror. It is a ghastly possibility. The other side of the picture is proportionately radiant with hope. Germany may win for herself a place in the true sunlight. Assuredly her people could take no more efficient course of winning their way back to international comity than by successfully utilizing their ingrained habit of discipline to avert the spread of this world-evil. Such a beneficent accomplishment would be an unforgettably good deed done in the interests of humanity as a whole and of the Western nations in particular. If the German folk succeed,—and we are now in the most critical stage of the matter,—in warring down within their borders the threatening forces of Bolshevism, they will help to draw a line of division across Central Europe, help the Allies to erect



a protecting wall, so that those on this side of the rampart may experience these forces of evil in a very considerably modified form. We should thus, so to say, get the back-wash only, pestilential enough as that will doubtless continue to be for years to come. Germany, who has so greatly sinned against the welfare of the common estate of mankind, may in this way succeed in 'making good' again and so eventually deserve the thanks of all.

But whatever may be effected in general by the humane forces that are striving to reconstruct our shattered civilisation and make for social betterment—it will ever remain certain in the higher nature of things that no earthly building or re-building can stand secure unless it is square-based on the foundation of spiritual truth and reality. We might have a state established that was materially and economically a triumph of earthly excellence, and it is still possible to conceive that it might shelter a populace of self-centred, earth-bound intelligences blind to all spiritual truth.

I was recently asked to open a debate at a London club—a women's club—on the proposition: "Has mysticism a place in world-reconstruction?" I first endeavoured to sketch in roughly the barest outlines of the nature of that spiritual reality which underlies the best in mystical experience. I then concluded that, so far from asking myself whether such spiritual mysticism, which is the culmination of the highest virtue, had any part to play in world-reconstruction, I was for my own part convinced that no fundamentally sound reconstruction could be effected which was not based on the truth and reality of the spiritual life. Inferior forms of mysticism, which look elsewhere

for their inspiration, may well be held to provide no sound basis. Psychical rapt and intoxications and, above all, the striving for powers which is the chief characteristic of so-called occultism, no matter how subtly disguised with lofty pretensions, are one and all in their varying degrees infected with germs of disintegration, and infect the sanity and purity of the human heart. It was pleasant to find at the end of the evening that to all appearance the great majority of the audience approved this point of view. This was very encouraging. Yet I could not refrain from reflecting that, if the assembly had been mainly composed of men, it would probably have been otherwise. There might have been strenuous, perhaps even bitter, opposition on the part of a few, and much intellectual heckling from the majority. Mysticism is like a red rag to a bull for the average male Briton; the normal associations his mind conjures up when he hears the word form a veritable constellation of hostile prejudice, if not of contempt. Our women, thank heaven, are not so hide-bound; they are naturally more responsive, more sensitive to an appeal to the finer feelings and higher emotions, and not so ready to bang the door in the face of the spiritual visitor. And yet it is not beside the mark to venture to suggest to the so practical masculine minds of this type as they boast themselves to be, that the dawn of a new age is beginning, and that woman at long last, after so many thousands of years' subordination to man, is establishing her right overtly to play an unfettered *rôle* in the reconstruction of society. There is nothing unmanly in recognizing the reality of the spiritual life, nothing unpractical. On the contrary, it is the only life that is genuinely heroic and creatively fertile. It is no



thin and vapid other-worldliness, no abstraction from concrete existence, no ecstatic excursion or irresponsible joy-ride into the void, no cowardly flight from the battle of life. On the contrary, it is in very truth the most fully occupied of all modes of life, the most tensely strenuous in all that is of real value. It sympathetically embraces all creatures, encompasses all things in its purified, unselfish interest; for it alone achieves the whole-making of the individual and through the individual of society. Ready response to its inworking engenders the highest moral responsibility. This spiritual obedience reveals itself as the joyful recognition that it is the highest privilege of true manhood to work consciously with the divine beneficence, in the ever-increasing assurance that in our deepest nature there is inworking a spirit of divine origin.

If only we could feel confident that those who are appointed to teach and guide us, those who are called or elected to direct public affairs, and especially those who have the very delicate and exceedingly difficult task of fostering just and healthy international relationships, were really imbued with such a living faith and quickened with such a touch of divine wisdom, how hopefully and reverentially should we regard them! We should then be certain that they would never be working for exclusively ephemeral ends, never simply for the material comfort of creatures of a day, for the purely economic benefit of a society that must inevitably sooner or later cease to be, according to one of the chief dogmas of a materialistic philosophy. The quality of their work would be finer and the strength of their effort more efficacious; for they would know themselves to be

continuing labourers in the cultivation of the enduring field of the general soul of humanity as a whole. They would know that they are souls who have to deal with souls, with immortal spirits, all bound together in the psychical bundle of a common life. Such men would not be of such an insensitive nature as to reject with scorn the very notion that man's soul lives on after bodily death, but would require little to persuade them of the high probability that nations and creeds and organizations, even when they have ceased from all material embodiment, still continue as living forces in the general soul of existent humanity, and are potent determinants of its psychical heredity. Indeed all the past, good and evil, is with us; it determines the present as the unavoidable heredity of our common nature. We cannot escape the consequences of past evil except by transmuting the psychical forces still inherent in these hindering dispositions, by the potent spiritual alchemy which begins to accomplish its beneficent work as soon as ever we strive wholeheartedly to co-operate with the wisdom of the Good. This great work, as the doctrines of high mysticism and the records of spiritual reconstruction and regeneration assert, can be undertaken consciously only by those whose hearts are wholly set upon it as the one business that is worthy of a true-born man.

But how far are the vast majority from possessing the barest inkling of such high matters, how few are sensible of so high a spiritual task, or believe that so sublime a destiny can be reserved for man! The intellectual prejudice of a materialistic philosophy will at once overwhelm the slightest hint of it with a deadly barrage of sceptical argumentation, while the dull masses remain supremely indifferent. What can



be done to rouse the mistaught to a sense of the danger of their intellectual arrogance and the untaught from their spiritual torpor? To rouse large masses it requires plainly some massive stimulus of a very simple or elementary nature. The sublimer side of the great theme we are venturing to envisage is as yet beyond the comprehension of the majority in all classes.

Religious instruction is confessedly to-day in a parlous state; it is admitted by all but the most fossilized minds that drastic reform is nowhere more urgently needed than in the means and method of religious education. If the Churches cannot see their way to adapt themselves to modern requirements and the needs of the new age, they will gradually lose even the very slight hold they still retain over the minds and hearts of the people.

Bold initiative is hardly to be expected from ecclesiastical officialism. The Church is no longer to-day even expected to lead the way. It is far more probable that the Churches in their official capacity will only very slowly be forced by the pressure of events to introduce practical reforms in spiritual instruction. This can come about more rapidly only if the outer pressure becomes so strong as, not only to effect large numbers of their membership individually, but also to break down their corporate spiritual pride. Is it then possible in any way to forecast even one possible form in which this outer pressure may manifest itself as a potent force for stimulating general religious interest? There seems to me to be one such form of general interest which might prove to be the thin end of the wedge.

. But before attempting to outline its nature, it may be useful to refer to an idea caught sight of

recently in a casual newspaper paragraph—an idea which seems to me to be pregnant with a really fertile suggestion. The notion is roughly somewhat as follows. For a genuinely effective tilling of the soil in which to sow the seeds of the new age of a truly humanistic civilisation a new way of dividing up people is requisite. It is true that at first sight any suggestion of the further dividing up of people does not seem a very hopeful notion; for surely, it will be said, we have more than enough of divisions already? But in the world of becoming, progress must ever be dependent on the contention of opposing forces, and here it is the improvement in the way of dividing up the forces, the subject of contention, that is of value. This suggestion set me thinking of a possible subject of contention that might effect such a new grouping of interest. Speaking generally, our present social dividing lines call up invariably a picture of horizontal cleavages. It is an affair of classes and masses and their subdivisions; society is based on a system of stratification as it were. The new way of cleavage might thus be pictured as vertical. We want something that will divide the whole body politic in a new way, classes and masses alike; something that is capable of keen debate and that is worth debating, a living issue, some burning question in which all can take an interest from king to pauper. To change the figure,—progress can be made in this world of oppositions only by the fire of friction; keen contest is essential to it. The more the subject in dispute is worth fighting for, and also one that is capable in our day of the keenest possible debate, something that does count for all alike and can advance human knowledge and understanding, the greater and more enduring the progress will be.



Can we indicate such a subject? Well, what could be of more general living interest to all alike than the great question of man's survival of bodily death,—this not simply as a matter of faith, but as a possibility of actual knowledge? Now is this something that may possibly engage general attention in the future? As a matter of fact it is already beginning to take hold of the popular imagination; and it may be said to have already evoked a widespread interest. Let the fight for the knowledge of this truth once become a general concern, and there is little doubt that we shall have a fire lighted that will steadily burn up ever more brightly and become an illuminating flame for all humanity. The more keenly the question is debated, the more will the truth of the matter be brought out. Such at any rate is my firm conviction; for, once let it be established that it is possible to extend the field of knowledge so as to embrace what has hitherto been in modern times generally considered, by clergy and laity alike, an utterly unknowable realm, and the whole religious question will assume a new aspect. A new point of view will be secured from which to contemplate it; it will assume a practical bearing on life which at present it sadly lacks as far as the masses, both educated and uneducated, are concerned.

For once a man is convinced by reasonable evidence that the human personality persists after bodily death, unless he is devoid of all imagination and legitimate curiosity, he cannot rest contentedly on this simple fact. He must go further; and if he does so, his advance will inevitably open up to him the possibilities of a new world of immense interest. He now starts with the fact that man is a perduring

rational soul or life and not simply an ephemeral compost of mind and body both of which cease at death. Yes; but how, he now asks, is it with him after the death of his body? Keeping simply to the general status of the average man, just everyday human beings like all of us, rich and poor, intelligent and stupid, the popular rumours of the hither hereafter derived from psychical communications are unanimous on the point that the future of man's soul is conditioned by his deeds good and bad here in the body. The simple enunciation of this profound spiritual truth, as for my part I firmly hold it to be, has long ceased to evoke in the majority the feeling of its being a tremendous and inescapable fact. Note the difference, the fundamental difference, in what would be the new way of regarding it. No longer is it to be considered a matter of faith, of divine revelation, of priestly authority, or of religious dogma; it is to be classed as a fact of human knowledge. That would make all the difference in the world. Let the masses but once grasp that it is so, that it is a scientific fact, and not a bogey of priestly invention, nor a superstition from the benighted ages of a pre-scientific past; let them but once regain the belief that love and unselfishness and care for their fellows are the most vital basis of their future well-being, and the rottenness of the atheistic, materialistic gospel, in all its manifold disguises, and so logically and nakedly carried out by the red terror, will be recognized for the destructive, disintegrating thing that it really is. The disease will be clearly diagnosed by the veriest amateur physician of the soul, and the remedy understandably applied by patients who will be eager to effect a cure both of themselves and of their fellows in a common



suffering once they grasp the true nature of the malady. Should such a highly desirable conversion of the will, deepening of the higher feelings, and realization of individual and corporate responsibility be brought about in the general conscience of the people, the spiritual life of humanity, it is reasonable to hope, would be so rapidly developed that we should stand amazed at the beneficent power of its inworking in the hearts of men. Then indeed would all be assured by the rich harvest of its fruit that the reconstruction of human society was in deed and truth square-based on the sound and sane foundation of the perduring reality of a consciously enjoyed spiritual life, which embraces every right activity of our nature and every desirable state that its higher needs and interests can legitimately long for.

With such a truly enlightened spirit alive in the heart, there would be no need for any new religion of a formal nature, no inducement for a man to change from one formal creed to another; for all would gladly recognize that the one divine spirit is the quickener and perfecter of all that is true in any high form of faith, the sole inspirer of the good in man throughout the ages.

Thus, to confine ourselves simply to the great religion of the Western world, without going further afield,—in the past there have been two dispensations, two covenants or testaments, as they are called, revelatory of the inworking of the spirit of God in the heart of men—the first of the Father, the second of the Son—two modes of envisaging the divine mystery. And yet we all know that neither has generally sufficed, for the hearts of men are still hardened, still refuse to open to the light and love of the divine gnosis of truth

and goodness. For the completion and perfection of the divine manifestation in its threefold excellence the long-suffering world is most piteously groaning and painfully travailing to-day. Even in the early years of the second manifestation of the light, which inaugurated the Christian era, there were some who saw more deeply into the fulness, and boldly declared that the immediate inspiration of the divine spirit into the individual heart was the true consummation of the great work, and that without it faith could never be transmuted into knowledge. So too about a thousand years later there was a revival of rumours of the everlasting gospel of the spirit, of the religion of Jesus as distinguished from the faith about Jesus. May it then be that now at last the days of the immediate knowledge of that perfecting spirit, which transforms all hearts and remakes all things, are to begin to dawn in real earnest? I sincerely believe it possible and fervently hope that it may soon be so. Indeed I am persuaded that but for the intensification of the life of this planet by an additional influx of the spirit from above, there would never have been so terrible a reaction from the depths, the spewing up of the dross and dregs of all that is most vile, so that in due time it may be purified and transmuted into a fairer form of earthly existence.

The spirit of wisdom is the ever-watchful superintendent of the divine education of the human race, and the chief lesson we have to learn is the mystery of regeneration on which our whole true welfare depends. The sound reconstruction of society must then be based on the principles of that divine economy of which the regenerate alone can obtain a practical vision.

The greatest crisis in human affairs that this



earth has ever known is upon us; the question for every human soul to determine in these critical days of fateful choice is, whether we shall strive first and foremost to reform ourselves so that we can come more and more to learn to know the divine wisdom as the only source and end of our existence, and so wisely co-operate with it, or shall continue to fight against the light, to the undoing of ourselves and our fellows for another protracted period.

We may prolong our recalcitrancy and suffer worse things even than hitherto; but we may also convert the crisis here and now into a beatific catastrophe if we—our arrogant selves—are willing to yield and make peace with the Good. For what happens outwardly in such great days of trial is not due to the vengeance of a jealous God, but is according to the design of a profound wisdom for the purpose of softening our stony hearts, purging our animal lusts, and opening the inner door of our purified intelligence to a realization of the divine law and love and light,—so waking all of us out of sleep and most of us out of a very stupor of spiritual insensibility.

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## THE LANGUAGE OF THE PROPHETS.

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THE title of this essay may be thought rather vague, since it does not indicate whether the treatment of the subject is to be philological or psychological or both. It ought therefore to be stated at once that I do not propose to enter into an academic discussion of rare words and peculiar phrases. All that I propose to do is to offer some general reflections on the language of the Old Testament prophets as coloured or influenced by the profound and stirring experiences which they had when they received a call or were impelled to utter oracles. I cannot help feeling that the way in which critics regard the outbursts of the prophets is often far too commonplace and prosaic. Any deviation from ordinary grammatical rules is pronounced a corruption; any strange use of a word is declared an impossibility; any employment of a word not found elsewhere is regarded as a mistake that calls for emendation. The fact that a prophet is an extraordinary character is more or less generally admitted. But the fact that an extraordinary character may be expected to talk and behave in an extraordinary way does not seem to be sufficiently realized. In ancient times many people regarded them as madmen. In our own times they would be regarded as cranks or freaks.

The term prophet as it is commonly understood in



our language is unfortunate, for it does not really mean one who predicts events, but one who speaks for a god and interprets his messages to man. This was emphasized by Thomas De Quincey. In a note to his sketch *The Daughter of Lebanon* he writes: "For let it be remembered that a prophet did not mean a *Predictor*, or *Foreshower* of events, except derivatively or inferentially. What *was* a Prophet in the uniform scriptural sense? He was a man who drew aside the curtain from the secret counsels of Heaven. He declared, or made public, the previously hidden truths of God: and, because future events might chance to involve divine truth, therefore a revealer of future events might happen so far to be a Prophet. Yet still small was that part of a Prophet's functions which concerned the foreshowing of events; and not necessarily *any* part."

What was a prophet? There can be no doubt that he was always a man who had received a divine call. The prophets do not always describe this great event which started them on their new career; but they must all have had the same experience. As R. Kittel puts it (*Scientific Study of the Old Testament*, 1910), "at a certain definite moment the tension of their minds reached its highest point, and they felt themselves transported to the presence of their God, they heard His voice and received decisive commands to enter upon their life's work." They heard voices and saw visions. They were abnormal. They had that genius which is akin to madness. But they were never neurotic or mad in an unhealthy sense. For, as H. Stanley Redgrove truly says (*The Magic of Experience*, 1914), "after making all due allowances for the factors which produce delusion, there does

remain a by no means unimportant residuum of cases which prove that to some souls have been vouchsafed visions of angelic beings (*i.e.* the spirits of just men made perfect) and of the spiritual world: and the materialistic contention that all such experiences have their origin in disease either of mind or body is as untenable as the credulous belief that none is of this nature." They did behave strangely; but when, for instance, Isaiah walked naked and barefoot, and Jeremiah carried a yoke upon his neck, there was method in their madness. Even in our own times often the only way to rouse people is to shock them.

The prophets were in a sense abnormal; but they were not unique. Modern research has done much to explain them. For the fact is that the phenomena of prophetism are closely related to the phenomena with which we have been made familiar by the study of Mysticism and Psychical Research. They are to be interpreted therefore in the light of the New Psychology. Now, in the first place, it has to be noted that a prominent feature in prophecy is ecstasy. This fact was rightly emphasized by Kuenen. In recent years it has been emphasized again by scholars such as A. R. Gordon and G. A. Smith. Gordon (*The Prophets of the Old Testament*, 1916) notes that the typical prophets of the early period "appear in the bands of religious ecstasies who cross the stage during the stress of the Philistine peril, lashing up their frenzy by the help of music and dance, pouring forth excited sounds, and by the sheer force of spiritual contagion drawing within the circle of their influence a man so sane and prosperous as Saul (*I. Sam.* x. 5ff.)." G. A. Smith writes (*Hebrew Poetry*): "In Israel, the beginnings of the new and higher order of prophecy



were in ecstasy; and uncontrollable excitement, to the pitch of utter insensibility to the material world, has characterized the origins of genuinely religious movements within Christianity itself." Both writers are speaking of the early prophets. But prophecy and inspiration never change fundamentally. If there are differences, they are in degree and not in kind. Take Isaiah, for instance. As Ernest Renan truly says (*History of the People of Israel*, Second Division, 1889): "In becoming a religious founder and a tribune of justice, Isaiah did not altogether lay aside the old Adam of the *nabi*."

The prophets had that experience known as ecstasy or rapture. Defining these words E. Herman (*The Meaning and Value of Mysticism*, 1916) says: "Ecstasy is an involuntary state of being caught up to God, and if instead of coming at the end of a period of introversion it seizes the soul suddenly it is termed rapture." Whether we call it ecstasy or rapture, it is the kind of experience that has persisted throughout the ages and has been described by many mystics. If some of us assert that we have had in less degree the same experience as the prophets, we must not be understood to claim to be prophets. All that we claim is that our petty experience helps us to understand in some measure their greater experience. Ecstasies are not uncommon, I believe (cp. Rufus M. Jones, *The Inner Life*, 1916, p. 178). I have experienced them myself. And if the description of one's experiences is of any scientific value, as I believe it is, one should not refuse to describe them. I will describe what, as far as I remember, was the first experience. I had been puzzling over religious questions and was feeling very unsettled. Suddenly a change took place. Some

conflict that had been raging had come to an end, and I had passed over suddenly, as it seemed, from pessimism and materialism to optimism and idealism. I felt happy, at ease, and settled. In the outer world everything looked different; everything was seen in a new perspective. The streets and houses looked different. Men and women, carts and horses, looked different. One seemed for the first time to see things as they really are. One felt rather stunned and dazed. Old interests had faded away; all literature appeared out of date; all material things seemed vain and foolish. At this stage indeed it was the absurdity and comicality of everything that impressed one. Then gradually one awoke from stupor, and the world assumed a wondrous beauty. One revelled in the brightness and warmth of the sun; in the songs of the birds and the music of the waves of the sea; in the colours of the trees and cliffs; in the scents of the earth and its vegetation. One marvelled at the beauty of man and maid; the purity and joy of children; the agility of animals. One seemed to have solved the riddle of the universe. One felt without and within the presence of superhuman power. One felt full of health and strength, vigour and energy. All one's senses were sharpened, all one's faculties quickened. One seemed to tread on air and live on air. One could dare all and do all, because one felt psychically and physically immensely strong, being supported by a Power that would suffer no harm to befall one. A new heaven and a new earth seemed to be arising. The old order had passed away. Joy and laughter reigned; worry and anxiety were no more; money had lost its value and might be thrown away. The spiritual had displaced the material. Such an experience may last



a week or a month. The trouble is that it does not last for ever. Gradually one returns to what we call the real world, with its stupid needs and exactions, a sadder, if a wiser man. Sadder, but with a memory never entirely effaced of an excursion into a better world. One knows what it is really to live, for the true real is the ideal. One knows that sooner or later a time will come, on this side the veil or on the other, in which one's dream or vision will be realized. A curious feature in such an experience is that at the time one does not realize its transitoriness. One imagines the change to be permanent.

In the second place, it has to be noted that another prominent feature in prophecy is the pouring forth of inspired speech. The original meaning of *nābhī'*, the Hebrew word for prophet, is not certain; but probably the correct view is that the root *nābhā'* is another form of the root *nābha'*, 'to effervesce, to gush.' *Nābha'* is used of the bubbling up of water, and the noun *mabbu'a* denotes a spring of water. In some passages another verb is used with reference to the prophetic utterances which contains the same idea. The prophets are said to let their words "drip" (*hitṭīph*; *Amos* vii. 16, *Mi.* ii. 6, 11). These terms point, as other expressions do, to a peculiar kind and manner of utterance. The prophets, we may infer, did not speak like ordinary men. Their words gushed forth. They were not always consciously and carefully chosen. At times they were scarcely under control. Now this again is a phenomenon which is not uncommon in the history of religious experience. And it is manifested in writing as well as in speaking. Jacob Boehme, for instance (as quoted by Rufus M. Jones, *Spiritual Reformers in the 16th and 17th*

*Centuries*, 1914), says of his writing: "Art has not written here, neither was there any time to consider how to set it down punctually, according to the understanding of the letters, but all was ordered according to the direction of the Spirit, which often went in haste, so that in many words letters may be wanting, and in some places a capital letter for a word; so that *the Penman's hand*, by reason that he was not accustomed to it, did often shake. And though I could have wrote in a more accurate, fair, and plain manner, yet the reason was this, that the burning fire often forced forward with speed, and the hand and pen must hasten directly after it; for it goes and comes like a sudden shower."

In the third place it has to be noted that the language of the prophets is rhythmic. Now rhythmic language is characteristic of religious emotion. D. B. Macdonald (*The Religious Attitude and Life in Islam*, 1909) observes: "That poetry and prophecy, for the early Arabs and Hebrews, both go back to inspiration from the Unseen, and are, for many purposes, a practical unit, I now take for granted." Speaking particularly of the Arabs, he notes that Muhammad's first utterances "boiled forth from him as though under uncontrollable external pressure" (cp. the expression used in *Isa.* viii. 11, *Ezek.* iii. 15); that rhymed prose (*saj'*) is "the language peculiar to the ecstatic life"; and that the Sūfīs recognised a class of utterances which they called *shataḥāt*, "overflowings in ecstasy as of drunkenness" (cp. *Joel* ii. 28, *Acts* ii. 15). Now compare the language of other persons when they have been stirred by religious emotion. Prof. G. A. Coe (*The Psychology of Religion*, 1916) refers to "the rhythmical utterance or sing-song that characterizes



many persons when they speak under what they regard as inspiration." He adds: "A Quaker preacher who in his preaching commonly felt himself controlled by the Spirit confided to me that his high sing-song seemed to *come upon* him; it even embarrassed and humiliated him." Evelyn Underhill (*The Mystic Way*, 1913) speaks of "the frequent and spontaneous appearance of abrupt poetic passages in the writings of the great mystics" (cp. her *Mysticism*, 1912, pp. 95, 333). Speaking of St. Paul's Epistles, from *I. Thessalonians* to *Philippians*, she writes in the *Mystic Way* (p. 179) as follows: "Thanks to the sudden transitions of thought which these epistles exhibit, the wide field over which they play, they have always baffled—always will baffle—those who attempt to extract from them an orderly and water-tight system of dogmatic 'truth.' But approached from the standpoint of a student of mystical literature, able to recognise the presence of a mind 'drunk with intellectual vision' and seeking to express itself under the crude symbols of speech, they are not hard to understand. These letters are the impassioned self-revelations of a great and growing spirit, intensely conscious on the one hand of his communion with Transcendent Reality, on the other of the duty laid upon him to infect others with his vision if he can. Hence the constant rapid alternation of the practical and the poetic; the superb lyrical outbursts, the detailed instructions in church-discipline and morality. There is in Paul's rhythmic utterances that strongly marked automatic character, as of an inspiration surging up from the deeps and overpowering the surface mind, which we find, for instance, in the most exalted portions of the *Canticles* of St. John of the Cross, or of the *Divine Dialogue* of

St. Catherine of Siena—a book of which many parts are said to have been dictated in the ecstatic state—and which reproduces his balanced combination of stern practical teaching and exalted vision.” In a footnote (p. 180) she cites *I. Thess.* v. 5-10, *Rom.* viii. 31-39, *Eph.* ii. 4-10 and vi. 10-17 as good examples of Paul’s lyrical outbursts. She adds: “So marked is their rhythmic structure that Arthur Way (*The Letters of St. Paul*, 3rd ed., pp. xii.-xiv.) regards these and other similar passages as true hymns, which may have been in use in the early Church. The frequent and spontaneous appearance, however, of such abrupt poetic passages in the writings of the great mystics makes this hypothesis entirely unnecessary. Compare the alternate prose and poetry in Mechthild of Magdeburg, *Das fliessende Licht der Gottheit*, and the mingling of lyrics with the sternest ascetic teaching in the writings of St. John of the Cross.”

To touch upon some other phenomena. It is said that when the spirit of Yahweh came upon Saul, he became a different man (*I. Sam.* x. 6, 10; xi. 6; xviii. 10),<sup>1</sup> and we are told that when men like Amos received the prophetic call they changed their mode of life. Change or transformation is one of the characteristics of religious experience. We are all familiar with the facts of conversion. Sometimes the change is so great that the new personality almost requires a new name. Among the Arabs he received one. “When a man appears as a Fakir or Darwaysh,” says Burton (*Pilgrimage to Al Madinah and Meccah*), “he casts off, in process of regeneration, together with other worldly sloughs, his laical name for some brilliant coat

<sup>1</sup> Cp. my art. in the *Journal of the Manchester Egypt. and Orient. Society* 1918, pp. 65-68.



of nomenclature rich in religious promise." But are we to suppose that such a change takes place only once in a prophet's life? This is hardly likely. The probability is that the experience is repeated, and that often we have to do with a dual, triple, or even quadruple personality. The same state of consciousness may not be continuous. In that case we have to distinguish between the original personality, the personality as influenced by the first great change, and the personality as affected by a second or third change. It may thus be a supremely difficult task to decide whether a certain writing can or can not have been written by a particular writer. To argue (as has been done with reference to some of St. Paul's Epistles) that because two books differ considerably in style they cannot have been composed by the same writer, when the person in question is known to have been one who from time to time experienced the shock of conversion and the thrills of ecstasy, may be thoroughly bad psychology. A new shock, a new thrill, may unlock a new chamber in the treasure-house of the subconscious mind, and may result, one might say must result, in a new vocabulary. Incidentally one may remark that consistency either of language or of thought is not to be expected in a prophet, and least of all in an Oriental prophet. This consideration is emphasized by R. A. Nicholson (*The Mystics of Islam*, 1914): "The beginning of wisdom, for European students of Oriental religion, lies in the discovery that incongruous beliefs—I mean, of course, beliefs which *our* minds cannot harmonise—dwell peacefully together in the Oriental brain; that their owner is quite unconscious of their incongruity; and that, as a rule, he is absolutely sincere. Contradictions which seem glaring to us do

not trouble him at all." D. B. Macdonald notes (*Religious Attitude and Life in Islam*, 1909) that Muhammad's brain, Oriental to the core, was never troubled by contradictoriness. Edward Carpenter remarks truly (*A Visit to a Gñāni*, 1911) that "the yogi learns—either from habit or from actual experience of a superior order of consciousness—so to despise matters belonging to the thought-world, that he really does not care whether a statement is true or false in the mundane sense—*i.e.* consistent with other statements belonging to the same plane."

Again, we hardly realize to what an extent the language of the prophets, and indeed of many other speakers or writers in the Old Testament, is replete with symbolism suggested by their own religious experiences. For instance, there is frequent reference in the Old Testament to the shaking of the earth; and when Isaiah seeks to describe the shock of his prophetic call, he speaks of the thresholds of the temple shaking. Of course the earth does sometimes shake; but more often it is people who shake or tremble. That Isaiah and the other prophets frequently shook with religious emotion hardly admits of a doubt. "It is perfectly evident," say Dejerine and Gauckler (*The Psychoneuroses, and their Treatment by Psychotherapy*, 2nd ed., 1913), "that emotion is able directly to cause tremor. In popular parlance one speaking of the effect of emotion will say that he 'trembled from head to foot.'" We are reminded at once of the so-called Quakers. To quote Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*: "In 1647 a sect of women from beyond sea, who shivered and shook under religious excitement, were known as 'Quakers' (see word in O.E.D.); and the trembling of Friends under 'the



power,' as they called it, led to the term being applied to them." The study of symbolism, which is in its infancy, may be expected, as it develops, to throw fresh light on the Old Testament. C. G. Jung's idea (in the *Psychology of the Unconscious*, 1915) that there is sexual symbolism in the Book of Job may seem extravagant; but he has done a service in suggesting new lines of inquiry. Here again the mystics help us, for as Evelyn Underhill says (*Mysticism*, 1912), symbolism seems almost essential to mystical expression. "The mind must employ some device of the kind if its transcendental perceptions—wholly unrelated as they are to the phenomena with which intellect is able to deal—are ever to be grasped by the surface consciousness. Sometimes the symbol and the perception which it represents become fused in that consciousness; and the mystic's experience then presents itself to him as 'visions' or 'voices' which we must look upon as the garment he has himself provided to veil that Reality upon which no man may look and live. The nature of this garment will be largely conditioned by his temperament—as in Rolle's evident bias towards music, St. Catherine of Genoa's leaning towards the abstract conceptions of fire and light—and also by his theological education and environment; as in the highly dogmatic visions and auditions of St. Gertrude, Suso, St. Catherine of Siena, the Blessed Angela of Foligno; above all of St. Teresa, whose marvellous self-analyses provide the classic account of these attempts of the mind to translate transcendental intuitions into concepts with which it can deal."

The term prophet as an equivalent of the Hebrew *nābhī* is, as I have said, unfortunate. But it is correct to this extent at least, that the *nābhī* in his ecstasies

learned to live in an ideal world, a world of the future. In contrast to that world, the world of reality seemed gloomier than it actually was. Consequently, we may legitimately infer that when the prophets describe the evils of their time they tend to exaggerate. Ernest Renan goes so far as to speak of "an antipathy for wealth and civilisation." He speaks of Amos, perhaps with justice, as "a desperate oppositionist" who "saw everything in the darkest colours." The *nābhī*' was a poet as well as a prophet to this extent at least, that the language of ecstasies falls naturally into some kind of rhythm. The *nābhī*' was inspired to this extent at least, that his messages were not carefully prepared and premeditated. He was the instrument rather than the creator. So much so that, it may be presumed, he himself did not always understand the words that were put into his mouth. It may be objected of course that the prophets or others revised and edited their utterances. But persons who believe themselves inspired may be supposed to believe that even in a word or sentence which seems nonsensical there may lurk some hidden meaning. An inspired utterance is a sacred utterance. A prophet might be expected to say: "I have spoken what I have spoken, or rather I have spoken what I have been impelled to speak. I myself do not understand some of the words, but these cannot be altered since they came to me from without as part of an inspired message." The *nābhī*' had the gift of tongues to this extent at least, that a new ecstasy might produce a new style and vocabulary.

Let me restate and sum up the points I wish to emphasize. The inspiration and the ecstatic state of a prophet may be compared to some extent with the exaltation and emotion of more ordinary persons when



they are profoundly and religiously stirred. Persons who have been 'converted' suddenly, as we know from the study of religious experiences, are apt to behave in a strange manner and to speak in a way that is not usual with them. Very often they use language which is either incoherent or unintelligible. It would seem that a person who has had some such experience as that known as 'conversion,' having changed his consciousness, finds it difficult to express this change in ordinary terms. Human language is not adequate to express the new state of mind and feeling. This, added to a state of excitement in which the ordinary control of speech is absent, produces hurried and incoherent utterance. In a manner somewhat analogous, we may suppose, the prophet is stirred to such an extent that his speech does not flow in the ordinary premeditated and measured style. He speaks in a sort of rhythmic sing-song, and often his words bubble forth almost unconsciously. In the excitement of a kind of ecstasy sentences are begun and not finished, words are clipped or mutilated or repeated; and with these are mingled sometimes fragments of words or whole words which have no meaning. Does the Old Testament preserve traces of this kind of utterance? Rhythm has of course been detected. There are also in the prophetic writings very many words, sentences, and clauses which in their present form are untranslatable. The reader of the Old Testament in the English Versions, Authorised and Revised, does not realize this, because the translators, rather than leave gaps in the text, have done their best to make some sort of sense. The student of Hebrew, however, is well aware that the English translators had before them a text that is practically

hopeless. The commentators pronounce the text corrupt and suggest various more or less plausible emendations. Is the text really corrupt? Is it not probable that in 'prophetic' utterances we ought to be prepared to find much that is obscure, mysterious, and even incoherent—sentences that do not conform to the ordinary rules of grammar and philology; even sentences that are meaningless, because they never had any meaning? I am inclined to doubt more and more whether many of the difficulties in the text of the prophetic writings really are glosses, scribal dittographs, and textual corruptions. Even when a prophet wrote out his prophecies from memory or read and edited his oracles as noted down by a disciple or amanuensis, it is not unlikely that he would wish often to retain unintelligible words because they had flowed from him in moments of inspiration. Obviously corruptions, glosses, etc., do appear in the Old Testament, but probably there are fewer of them than many scholars imagine. Naturally too, if prophetic utterance was often such as I imagine it to have been, it may be possible to remove the irregularities, redundancies, and obscurities of our present text and to make it more correct and readable. We ought not, however, to persuade ourselves too easily that in making the prophetic writings more intelligible and readable in every part we are getting back to the original words of the prophets. Between an Elijah and an Amos, a Samuel and an Isaiah, there was clearly a wide difference. But there must have been much in their experiences that was common to all. They were all religious enthusiasts as well as poets and prophets; and in studying their utterances we do not seem as a rule to take sufficient account of the



general psychic phenomena of religious, poetic, and prophetic experience. We ought to allow for what might be called 'religious license.' We ought to allow for what in another field is called 'poetic license.' We ought also to allow for what may be termed 'prophetic license.'

The language in which a divine message is conveyed is not the language of ordinary human speech, but in the first instance the language of the soul or spirit. It is a language that is not translated easily and quickly into any human tongue. Thus the effort to express in words something almost inexpressible, something felt rather than thought, produces often words and sentences that are not to be judged by the ordinary canons of speech. The gold of divine inspiration is there, but it pours forth mingled in a peculiar way with the dross of human thought and expression.

An emended text may express often what a prophet really intended to say. Nevertheless, he did not say necessarily what he intended. Apart from this, it seems to me not unlikely that a certain admixture of unintelligible words and sentences was, and was recognised to be, characteristic of prophetic utterance. It was regarded maybe as a proof of prophetic power. Here, as in other cases, oracles sometimes came which were capable of different interpretations or which could not be interpreted at all. In the latter event, the words would be preserved in the belief and hope that in course of time their meaning would reveal itself. The utterance was sacred and unalterable. It became as sacred after it was committed to writing as it was before. It was 'inspired.' It never was understood, and never will be

understood. In translating, intelligible words should be substituted in italics or, better perhaps, the unintelligible words should be omitted.

One need not apologise for saying that the Old Testament contains many passages that are of no particular value. The belief that every word and sentence has some importance belongs to an antiquated conception of inspiration—a conception which in large measure has been abandoned, if its influence is still felt. It is really a great gain boldly and ruthlessly to reject the dross that dulls and disfigures the pure gold, preventing it from shining forth in its full splendour. Inspiration is a very real experience. It does bring divine knowledge and eternal truth. But an inspired man is still a man with all the experiences of human life asserting and reasserting themselves in his conscious and subconscious mind. Moreover, let it be repeated, to feel religious truth is far easier than adequately to express it. In mere words probably it never does and never will find proper expression. What the Old Testament does succeed in doing in a remarkable way is in handing on the impression of great and stirring religious experiences. In spite of much that is obscure or commonplace or even revolting, we feel that we are on holy ground. We are allowed to penetrate behind and beyond the human mode of expression to a sense of the sublime and supernatural. We are infected by the ecstasy and inspiration of those who have risen, for a time at least, to a higher plane.

MAURICE A. CANNEY.



## THE WORKS OF THOMAS TRAHERNE.

MAUD JOYNT, M.A.

THOUGH it is now more than ten years since the poems of Thomas Traherne and his *Centuries of Meditation* were first brought to light and published, they do not seem to have attracted as much attention as they deserve, even on purely literary grounds. No doubt the rapid succession of events which has been engrossing public thought in the interim partly accounts for this, and also the fact that Traherne is an author whose qualities appeal to a restricted class of readers. These works were, indeed, not intended for publication: the poems were written solely for his own satisfaction; and the unfinished *Centuries of Meditation* were intended as a kind of spiritual guide for a lady friend, and they remained in manuscript until their discovery in the present century. Of that discovery and the train of evidence by which their authorship was established beyond a doubt, Mr. Dobell gives an interesting account in the valuable preface which he has contributed to his edition of the poems. Of Traherne's life very little can be ascertained. He was born about 1636 in or near the town of Hereford, where his father was a shoemaker; though there is some ground for believing that the family (which was probably of Welsh or Cornish origin) was well connected. He entered Brasenose College at Oxford in 1652, graduated as Bachelor of Arts in 1656, took orders shortly afterwards and subsequently received the degree of M.A. in 1661 and of B.D. in 1669. In 1657 he was made rector

of Credenhill in his native county, where he remained about ten years till, about 1667, he became private chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgman, Lord Keeper of the Seals. When Bridgman lost his office in 1672, Traherne accompanied him into his retirement at Teddington and died there in 1674 in his patron's house. He was never married, and his will, which is still extant, shows him to have possessed little at the time of his death beyond some books and old clothes. During his life he published two or three volumes, one of which, entitled *Roman Forgeries* and controversial in its nature, appears to have enjoyed a fairly wide circulation; but whatever claims he may have to the attention of a later generation must rest upon the poems and *Centuries*.

As a poet Traherne may be classed with Henry Vaughan the Silurist, with whom he has certain affinities of thought and style. I should hardly claim for Traherne so high a rank as a poet as Mr. Dobell has done. His verse is fluent and vigorous and more free from the prevailing *conceits* and mannerisms of his age than that of Vaughan or Herbert, but it deals with a narrow range of subject and is deficient in that 'sensuous' quality which Milton in a well-known passage declared to be of the essence of poetry; perhaps on the whole it owes its value more to the originality of the thought than to the expression. Traherne's genius seems to me more fully displayed in his prose, which is free, copious and varied in vocabulary, rich in imagery and always lucid even when dealing with the most abstruse topics; many of the prayers and meditations in the *Centuries* attain a high degree of lyrical beauty.

Traherne's works are to a great extent a spiritual



autobiography, though they tell us little about the external events of his life. He must have been an extraordinarily precocious child and, like Vaughan and Wordsworth, he seems to have enjoyed a peculiar revelation of the inner beauty of the universe in his early days. "Certainly Adam in paradise," he says of himself, "had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world than I when I was a child. All appeared new and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. I was a little stranger which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. My knowledge was Divine. I knew by intuition those things which, since my Apostasy, I collected again by the highest reason. . . . The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees . . . transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal cherubims [*sic*]! And young men glittering and sparkling angels and maids strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street and playing were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die; but all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared: which talked with my expectation and moved my desire" (*Cent.* iii. 1, 2, 3).

If the language of some of his poems is to be taken literally, this revelation came to him at a very early age, before indeed he had learnt to speak or to conceive of himself as an individual or ego existing body and soul in a separate world, the not-self.

“Then was my soul my only all to me,  
A living endless eye,  
Just bounded with the sky,  
Whose power, whose act, whose essence was to see :  
I was an inward Sphere of Light,  
Or an interminable Orb of Sight,  
An endless and a living day,  
A vital Sun that roundabout did ray  
All life, all sense,  
A naked simple pure Intelligence.”

(*Poems*, p. 15.)

“For nothing spoke to me but the fair face  
Of Heaven and Earth, before myself could speak ;  
I then my Bliss did, when my silence, break.”

(*Ib.* p. 34.)

But this ‘angel infancy’ came to an end ; the boy, yielding to the influences of education and the opinions and example of others, beheld the early vision gradually “die away, And fade into the light of common day,” and learned to look upon the world about him with the same eyes as his fellows. “So that the strange riches of man’s invention quite overcame the riches of Nature, being learned more laboriously and in the second place” (*Cent.* iii. 10).

His visit to the University opened up to him a new world—that of knowledge. Traherne is not one of those mystics who depreciate the intellect and pour contempt on ‘mere’ human learning. His works



afford ample evidence that he was widely read and acquainted with many authors outside the ordinary scope of an Anglican clergyman's studies, and he set a high value on all the various branches of learning, especially those which help us to understand the laws of Nature in their operation or the mysteries of the human heart and mind. The chief reproach he had to make against the studies pursued in the University in his day was not that they were in themselves trivial or useless, but that they were misapplied. Wisdom, he holds, is "a knowledge exercised in finding out the way to perfect happiness, by discerning man's real wants and sovereign desires" (*Cent.* iii. 42); and among all the dons of Oxford "there was never a tutor that did professly teach Felicity, though that be the mistress of all other sciences." Accordingly on leaving the University (no doubt when he entered on his duties at Credenhill) he resolved to begin his education afresh and on different lines:

"When I came into the country, and being seated among silent trees and meads and hills, had all my time in mine own hands, I resolved to spend it all, whatever it cost me, in the search of happiness and to satiate that burning thirst which Nature had enkindled in me from my youth. In which I was so resolute, that I chose rather to live upon ten pounds a year and to go in leather clothes and feed upon bread and water, so that I might have all my time clearly to myself, than to keep many thousands per annum in an estate of life where my time would be devoured in care and labour. And God was so pleased to accept of that desire, that from that time to this I have had all things plentifully provided for me, without any care of my own, my very study of Felicity making me more to prosper than all

the care in the whole world. So that through His blessing I live a free and a kingly life as if the world were turned again into Eden " (*Cent.* iii. 46).

And that he might have a rule to walk by in his pursuit of Felicity, he resolved to begin by the study of the most obvious and common things, holding that, if God be infinite in goodness, "it is most consonant and agreeable with His nature that the best things should be most common." Guided by this theory, he soon came to see that such things as are accessible to the senses of all men, "Air, Light, Heaven and Earth, Water, the Sun, Trees, Men and Women, Cities, Temples," were of infinitely more value and utility than those which are the possession of a few, such as rubies, pearls, diamonds, gold and silver, and the things which are commonly counted precious. And these common things he presently discovered to be 'infinite treasures,' not perhaps in themselves as disparate objects of sense, but, as he tells us :

"That anything may be found to be an infinite treasure, its place must be found in eternity and in God's esteem. For as there is a time, so there is a place for all things. Everything in its place is admirable, deep and glorious: out of its place, like a wandering bird, is desolate and good for nothing. How therefore it relateth to God and all creatures must be seen before it can be enjoyed." (*Cent.* iii. 55).

" . . . Nothing's truly seen that's mean :  
Be it a sand, an acorn or a bean,  
It must be cloth'd with endless glory  
Before its perfect story  
Can in its causes and its ends appear."

(*Poems*, p. 84.)



This discovery led him to his second leading principle: "Apprehensions within are better than their objects" (*Cent.* iv. 15). It would seem, indeed, that he had reached this stage (though not of course as a formulated theory) already in the past days of his early childhood, when, as he tells us:

"Without disturbance then I did receive  
The fair *ideas* of all things,  
And had the honey even without the stings."  
(*Poems*, p. 16.)

"'Tis not the objects, but the light  
That maketh Heaven; 'tis a purer sight."  
(*Ib.* p. 18.)

"This made me present evermore  
With whatsoe'er I saw.  
An object, if it were before  
My eye, was by Dame Nature's law,  
Within my soul. Her store  
Was all at once within me; all her treasures  
Were my immediate and internal pleasures,  
Substantial joys, which did inform my mind.  
With all she wrought  
My soul was fraught,  
And every object in my heart a thought  
Begot, or was; I could not tell  
Whether the things did there  
Themselves appear  
Which in my spirit truly seem'd to dwell;  
Or whether my conforming mind  
Were not even all that therein shin'd."  
(*Ib.* p. 43.)

It might be going too far to say, as Mr. Dobell does, that Traherne was "a Berkeleian before Berkeley was

born " (*Poems*, p. lxxxii.), for Traherne was not a metaphysician in the technical sense, and his language is not always consistent; he nowhere explicitly denies the objective reality of objects of sense apart from a perceiving mind, though he certainly goes near it at times, as in the passage just quoted and others:

"An object seen is in the faculty seeing it, and by that in the soul of the seer." (*Cent.* i. 100).

"Had he not made an eye to be the sphere  
Of all things, none of these would e'er appear."  
(*Poems*, p. 27.)

But at any rate he grasps the idealist position that the perceiving mind brings to the cognition of the external world as much, nay perhaps more, than it receives; that the impressions of the senses are only, so to speak, the raw material which is transformed by the operations of the intellect—or soul, as Traherne would have said—into a coherent and organised universe, whose parts are interrelated and stand in harmony with each other and the whole. Our notions of magnitude, order, beauty, sublimity, end, fitness and the like, are all contributed by the mind. Hence, as Traherne says, Thought

"is the only being that doth live . . .  
The very best or worst of things it is,  
The basis of all misery and bliss."

(*Ib.*, p. 117.)

—using the word 'Thought' in a more inclusive sense than that usually given to it. Thus, while the external world derives its meaning and validity from the perceiving intellect, the intellect or soul reconstructs the visible universe within. "The world was more in me, than I in it" (*Poems*, p. 41), says Traherne, looking



back on his early impressions ; and again : “ Your soul in its rays and powers is unknown ; and no man would believe it present everywhere, were there no objects there to be discerned. Your thoughts and inclinations pass on and are unperceived, but by their objects are discerned to be present, being illuminated by them. . . . For as light varieth upon all objects whither it cometh, and returneth with the form and figure of them : so is the soul transformed into the Being of its object. Like light from the Sun, its first effigies is simple life, the pure resemblance of its primitive fountain ; but on the object which it meeteth it is quickly changed and by understanding becometh all things ” (*Cent. ii. 78*).

We are often reminded in reading Traherne of Novalis’ definition of Nature as “an encyclopædic, systematic index or plan of our mind (*Geist*).”

Not only can the soul thus reconstruct the universe evident to the bodily senses, but its capacity enables it to overstep the limits of the visible and present both in time and space. We have within us the ideas or notions of Infinity and Eternity.

“ The contemplation of Eternity maketh the Soul immortal. Whose glory it is, that it can see before and after its existence into endless spaces. Its Sight is its presence. And therefore is the presence of the understanding endless, because its sight is so. . . . When my soul is in Eden with our first parents, I myself am there in a blessed manner. When I walk with Enoch and see his translation, I am transported with him. . . . I can visit Noah in his ark and swim upon the waters of the deluge. I can see Moses with his rod, and the children of Israel passing through the sea ; I can enter into Aaron’s Tabernacle and admire

the mysteries of the holy place. I can travel over the Land of Canaan and see it overflowing with milk and honey; I can visit Solomon in his glory and go into his temple and view the sitting of his servants and admire the magnificence and glory of his kingdom. No creature but one like unto the Holy Angels can see into all ages" (*Cent.* i. 55).<sup>1</sup>

"That things are finite we learn by our senses. But infinity we know and feel by our souls; and feel it so naturally, as if it were the very being and essence of the soul. The truth of it is, it is individually in the soul; for God is there and more near to us than we are to ourselves" (*ib.* ii. 81).

"The memory and mind are a strange region of celestial light and a wonderful place. . . . What is contained in the souls of men being as visible to us as the very heaven" (*ib.* iii. 79).

Traherne has a definite conception of Eternity, which he does not, as is so often done, confound with endless succession in time:

"This moment exhibits infinite space, but there is a space also wherein all moments are infinitely exhibited, and the everlasting duration of infinite space is another region and room of joys. Wherein all ages appear together, all occurrences stand up at once, and the innumerable and endless myriads of years that were before the creation, and will be after the world is ended, are objected as a clear and stable object, whose several parts, extended out at length, give an inward

<sup>1</sup> It may of course be objected that Traherne is here confounding mere fictions of the imagination with visions of what actually occurred in the past; and even if we admit that such visions are possible, there is no test by which we can distinguish them from the creations of fancy or from illusions. Perhaps some readers of a book which has recently appeared, the *Candle of Vision* by A. E., may be inclined to agree with its author that, even in what we deem to be the creations of our imagination, fragments of a world-memory, records of a past long remote, may conceivably at times persist.



infinity to this moment and compose an eternity that is seen by all comprehensors and enjoyers. Eternity is a mysterious absence of times and ages: an endless length of ages always present and for ever perfect" (*Cent.* v. 6, 7).

"All transient things are permanent in God" (*ib.* i. 62). And he says of himself elsewhere:

"A vast and infinite capacity  
Did make my bosom like the Deity,  
In whose mysterious and celestial mind  
All ages and all worlds together shin'd,  
Who tho' He nothing said did always reign,  
And in Himself Eternity contain."

(*Poems*, p. 41.)

The universe thus re-created in the human mind is of greater validity and worth than the external objective universe, and in so re-creating it the human mind attains its highest function and offers its most acceptable sacrifice to God.

"This sight which is the glorious end  
Of all His works and which doth comprehend  
Eternity and time and space,  
Is far more dear  
And far more near  
To Him than all His glorious dwelling-place.  
It is a spiritual world within,  
A living world and nearer far of kin  
To God than that which first He made.  
While that doth fade  
This therefore ever shall endure  
Within the soul as more divine and pure."

(*Ib.*, p. 110.)

"Thy Soul, O God, doth prize  
 The seas, the earth, our souls, the skies,  
 As we return the same to Thee;  
 They more delight Thine eyes  
 And sweeter be  
 As unto Thee we offer up the same,  
 Than as to us from Thee at first they came."

(*Ib.* p. 82.)

"For God hath made you able to create worlds in your own mind which are more precious unto Him than those which He created; and to give and offer up the world unto Him, which is very delightful in flowing from Him, but much more in returning to Him. Besides all which, in its own nature also a Thought of the World, or the World in a Thought, is more excellent than the World, because it is spiritual and nearer unto God. The material world is dead and feeleth nothing, but this spiritual world, though it be invisible, hath all dimensions and is a divine and living Being, the voluntary Act of an obedient Soul" (*Cent.* ii. 90).

Traherne even goes so far as to suggest that God knows and enjoys the universe only as it exists in the minds of His creatures. His language in many passages implies the mystic doctrine that the Deity is the Primeval Unconscious or Absolute, which cognizes Itself only in the generation of the Logos or Creative Thought (the Son):

"He willed the Creation not only that He might Appear, but Be: wherein is sealed the mystery of the Eternal Generation of His Son" (*Ib.* i. 53).

But the universe thus created is not one of dead 'matter,' but a spiritual one, a Thought, and it can



be realised only in a perceiving consciousness. In a certain sense, therefore, God may be said to know Himself only in us.

“ The Godhead cannot prize  
The sun at all, nor yet the skies,  
Or air, or earth, or trees, or seas,  
Or stars, unless the soul of man they please.

\* \* \* \*

God is the spring whence things come forth ;  
Souls are the fountains of their real worth.

\* \* \* \*

In them He sees and feels and smells and lives,  
In them affected is to whom He gives ;  
In them ten thousand ways  
He all His work again enjoys.  
All things from Him to Him proceed  
By them : are His in them : as if indeed  
His Godhead did itself exceed.  
To them He all conveys,  
Nay, even Himself ! He is the End  
To whom in them Himself and all things tend.”

(Poems. pp. 85, 86.)

Our souls he calls elsewhere ‘ tasters to the Deity.’ Indeed, many passages of Traherne read like a commentary on the saying of his contemporary Spinoza : “ *Mentis Amor intellectualis erga Deum est ipse Dei amor, quo Deus se ipsum amat* ” (*Ethics*, v. 36).<sup>1</sup>

From all the foregoing it will be seen that Traherne sets a high value, not only on the material world, which is to him ‘ the visible porch or gate of Eternity ’ (*Cent.* ii. 1), but also on the human individual, body as well as soul. He does not heap on man’s

<sup>1</sup> “ The intellectual love of the mind towards God is the very love wherewith God loves Himself.”

physical nature the opprobrious epithets which so many religious writers have flung at it.

“ Such sacred treasures are the limbs in boys,  
 In which a soul doth dwell ;  
 Their organised joints and azure veins  
 More wealth include than all the world contains.”  
 (*Poems*, p. 2.)

Neither does he disparage human nature ; he does not think of man as a worm, a fallen creature, but as a being divine in essence and by reason of his freedom of will, his very liability to err, higher than the angels who sin not—“ the great Dæmon of the world, the end of all things, the Desire of Angels and of all nations ” (*Cent.* iv. 67). And since the individual must discover this divine potentiality first of all in himself ere he becomes aware of it in others, self-love is justified as the primary instinct of the soul. “ By infusing the principle of self-love God hath made a creature capable of enjoying all worlds : to whom, did he not love himself, nothing could be given ” (*ib.* 49). And in a passage where he is undoubtedly speaking of himself, though in the third person, he says :

“ He was a strict and severe applier of all things to himself, and would first have his self-love satisfied and then his love of others. . . . That pool must first be filled that shall be made to overflow. He was ten years studying before he could satisfy his self-love. And now finds nothing more easy than to love others better than oneself : and that to love mankind so is the comprehensive method to all Felicity. For it makes a man delightful to God and men, to himself and spectators, and God and men delightful to him. . . . So that self-love is the basis of all love ” (*ib.* iv. 55).



Thus self-love, rightly understood, leads to and merges in love of others; even as God's self-love is one and the same as His love for His creatures.

"God is present by Love alone. By Love alone He is great and glorious. By Love alone He liveth and feeleth in other persons. By Love alone He enjoyeth all the creatures, by Love alone He is pleasing to Himself, by Love alone He is rich and blessed" (*Cent. ii. 50*).

"When you love men, the world quickly becometh yours: and yourself become a greater treasure than the world is. For all their persons are your treasures and all the things in Heaven and Earth that serve them are yours. For those are the riches of Love, which minister to its object" (*ib. 64*).

"As in many mirrors we are so many other selves, so are we spiritually multiplied when we meet ourselves more sweetly and live again in other persons" (*ib. 70*).

"O my Soul, thou livest in all those whom thou lovest; and in them enjoyest all their treasures" (*ib. i. 73*).

Thus Traherne arrives at the third great fundamental principle of Felicity, namely that: "To love mankind is the comprehensive method to all Felicity"; our relations with our fellow-men are a prime factor in our happiness.

"It is a good thing to be happy alone. It is better to be happy in company" (*ib. iv. 14*).

"Whosoever would enjoy the happiness of Paradise must put on the charity of Paradise" (*ib. 22*).

"He conceived it his duty, and much delighted in the obligation, that he was to treat every man in the whole world as representative of mankind, and that he was to meet in him, and to pay unto him, all the love

of God, Angels and Men. He thought that he was to treat every man in the person of Christ. That is both as if himself were Christ in the greatness of his love, and also as if the man were Christ" (*ib.* 27, 28).

Even the sins of men should not lessen, but rather increase, our love for them; nor need they impair our Felicity but, rightly understood, may add to it.

"Even trades themselves seen in celestial light,  
And cares and sins and woes are bright."

(*Poems*, p. 21.)

"To think the world," he quaintly observes, "a general Bedlam, or place of madmen, and oneself a physician, is the most important point of present wisdom: an important imagination and the way to Happiness" (*Cent.* iv. 20). And in a passage the language and spirit of which recall Walt Whitman, he says:

"O Lord, the children of my people are thy peculiar  
treasures;

Make them mine, O God, even while I have them,  
My lovely companions, like Eve in Eden!

So much my treasure that all other wealth is without  
them

But dross and poverty.

\* \* \* \*

Thou, Lord, hast made Thy servant a sociable  
creature, for which I praise Thy name,

A lover of company, a delighter in equals:

Replenish the inclination which Thyself hath im-  
planted,

And give me eyes

To see the beauty of that life and comfort

Wherewith those by their actions

Inspire the nations.



Their Markets, Tillage, Courts of Judicature,  
Marriages, Feasts and Assemblies, Navies,  
Armies,

Priests and Sabbaths, Trades and Business, the voice  
of the Bridegroom, Musical Instruments, the  
light of Candles and the grinding of Mills

Are comfortable. O Lord, let them not cease.

\* \* \* \*

But when I consider, O Lord, how they come unto  
Thy Temples, fill Thy Courts and sing Thy praises,  
O how wonderful they then appear!"

(*Poems*, p. 181.)

Here let us take our leave of Traherne. It is not given to all, even of those who accept in the main his transcendental doctrines, to attain to the Felicity which this seventeenth century optimist seems to have enjoyed. Happiness is perhaps more a matter of temperament than of theory. And every temperament, it must be remembered, has its limitations which correspond to its excellences. It will seem to many readers that Traherne is one-sided in his views of life, that he has put aside or glossed over many of its realities which do not appear at first sight to be compatible with optimistic theories. He has little conception of a creation which groaneth and travaileth together in pain; the ruthlessness of Nature, the internecine strife which goes on between the various orders of the animal world, the feuds which divide man and man, the cruelty, lust, oppression and anarchy which stain human records, war, famine, pestilence, all the evils which prey on humanity generation after generation—all these he has barely glanced at; if he does think of sin and suffering at all, he does not seek to account for them, but accepts them unquestioningly

as elements in a divine order which are no more destructive to the harmony of the whole than are the shadows in a landscape full of light. But to concede this is only to say that he is human. The soul of the artist or poet is but one facet in the great jewel of the universal human consciousness, reflecting only one aspect of the human experience, and every reflection has its own value, though the values may be of differing order. As Traherne says himself, there are two worlds, one made by God and the other by men. Perhaps we are too much inclined in these latter days to occupy ourselves exclusively with the world made by men, a world finite and bounded by the senses, opaque and lustreless. It is good for us at times to turn our thoughts to that other world in which Traherne habitually dwelt, a world seen not with bodily vision alone but with the eyes of the mind, infinite, transfigured and irradiated by the light of the Divine Idea.

M. JOYNT.



## THE LATER MYSTICISM OF MRS. ATWOOD.

WALTER LESLIE WILMSHURST.

THE recent reissue of *A Suggestive Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery* seems to have awakened sufficient interest in the remarkable personality and thought of its authoress to make it opportune to say something more about her. During her lifetime no one would have had a more genuine repugnance to publicity being given either to herself or her most cherished ideas than she. But it is eight years since she passed from this world and received the freedom of the larger kingdom of mind of which she was already a high-placed citizen during her long span of ninety-two years. Something of her life and thought is now available in the new issue of her book. But much more remains unknown which might profitably be known. Her book was the work of her youth. Were its authorship undisclosed, one would probably attribute it to some veteran professor of classics who, with a university library to range in, had nosed about among strange old books and byways of obsolete thought, and, rather for his own hobby's gratification than anyone else's profit, had elaborated from a lifetime's study a theory to which no one in the practical world would care to lend an ear. The work on the contrary was that of a vigorous young woman of thirty, actuated by vivid knowledge and possessing extraordinary mental power enabling her to grasp and

handle with ease metaphysical problems entirely beyond the range of most. Like an astronomer's *nova*, she flashed out suddenly in the intellectual heavens and as suddenly disappeared under circumstances now made known. Thereafter sixty years of life and thought stretched before her. What did she do with them? What fruitage did they bear?

Such fruitage as survives has chanced to escape the destruction she would have wished for it, and has gravitated into my hands.<sup>1</sup> It consists of a chaos of written matter such as ordinarily upon a *post-mortem* clearing up of personal effects passes to the fire or the dust-bin,—the merest *débris*, disordered and disconnected, of a deceased's private activities which have no interest for survivors. Old sixpenny (or cheaper) memorandum books containing casual jottings, excerpts from books or comments on them; bits of abortive drafts of articles begun, laid aside and never resumed; two odd chapters (very learned and difficult) of a proposed book upon the esoteric basis of pagan mythology; some hundreds of private letters often containing comments of great value, and drafts of others (sometimes running to near a dozen, so punctilious was she about correctly expressing her thought); passing thoughts upon deep matters of theology as they arose in the midst of domestic activities which she hurriedly scribbled upon a torn envelope or the back of a tradesman's bill. Nothing of it all ever intended for publicity, or but what would probably have never been written had the chance of publicity seemed likely. Amid this *débris*,

<sup>1</sup> Through Madame Isabella de Steiger who was the intimate friend for many years of Mrs. Atwood; and to whom I am indebted for the material upon which this paper is based.



like an explorer of the new-found Egyptian rubbish-heaps, or perhaps sometimes rather as Job desponding among his ashes, I have sat, pondered, selected and pieced together. Ideas of great moment and penetration, remarks pointing to great possibilities of truth and containing unsuspected clues to vexed problems, shone forth from it. If all in it that glistened was not gold, the ore was extremely rich and indeed heavier with gold than with anything else. There dawned upon me gradually the possibility that, from this chaos of material, order might be brought forth, that these scattered fragments might be reconstructed into an organic body of ideas of no small interest and instructiveness; and this notion eventually deepened into an impression that here was a duty that ought to be undertaken, a task waiting to be achieved. When one is brought into close and sympathetic relations with a mass of material such as this, containing the live thought of a strong mentality which never wasted its energies upon the trivial or superfluous, and tries to enter into its spirit, to co-ordinate the casual jottings and reduce them to a whole, the task itself seems to draw mind and mind together in defiance of spatial laws and bodily absence. In the flesh I never knew the woman of whom I am speaking, and had I met her she would undoubtedly have been far less communicative than she has been since I explored her voluminous literary relics. As it is I seem now to know her well and intimately. To use a frequent term of hers, and if I may make the confession, the task has made me conscious of an 'interspheration' of minds, as though a strong over-hovering presence mingled its intelligence with my own puny one, and helped it to a greater measure of understanding of her ideas than

otherwise would have been possible. Perhaps—and one likes to imagine so—in her enfranchised condition she is less averse than once she was from use being made of that about which she formerly was so secretive; perhaps too the time has come when things may be said which once were better withheld, and the salvage of her written thoughts may have been providentially effected with a view to conserving valuable material which otherwise would have perished and been wasted. I have then to be her Ganymede, her cupbearer, and will endeavour to impart at least a little of what I have been able to distil from her rich vineyard. To deal with her views fully, and to let them speak for themselves by reproducing her words *in extenso*, would require a substantial volume, so that here I can do little more than outline them, giving prominence to her main ideas and summarily paraphrasing the peculiar and somewhat difficult language in which she was wont to clothe her closely compressed thought.

Mrs. Atwood's mystical method was one which a Vedāntist would identify as the path of knowledge, as distinct from the path of devotional effort or that of self-sacrificing labour in altruistic interests. She was so naturally and from so early in life a gnostic, in the sense of being equipped with the high faculty of *nous* by which alone true *gnosis*, abstract truth and metaphysical knowledge are to be apprehended, that one cannot help fancying that she entered this life bringing over into it methods and knowledge antecedently acquired and of a very different order from those in vogue among us to-day. She was as much a stranger to modern methods of thought and contemporary science, theology and philosophy, as would have been,



say, Iamblichus or some other advanced Platonist, with whom or whose school she seems organically related. She had no part or lot in *à posteriori* methods of interrogating nature and life. Her energies were devoted wholly to the education of the divine eye within, to training it to visualise eternal, absolute Ideas, and to ascending from the world of seeming and effects to that of being and causes; and she saw clearly that our modern methods of knowledge themselves involve renunciation and regeneration before we can hope to enter upon that vision of Truth after which we all profess to be groping, but by futile means. But her *anima naturaliter platonica*, if I may use the expression, came to life here at a time when the ancient method of enquiry was a spent force or at least an unemployed instrument, and under the ægis and atmosphere of a Christianity which in turn was superficial and nominal. There have been Christian Platonists before her, and there is a tendency and prospect to-day of the two systems mingling more closely than hitherto; but in her case the application of a Platonist mind to Christian doctrine has produced a graft very rich in fruit, and it is to outlining her views upon Christianity that I wish specially to address myself here. For this was the subject to the consideration of which she seems to have devoted herself almost entirely after her *Suggestive Inquiry* had been written and withdrawn, when, in her thought, the Hermetic Mystery became merged and assumed into that of the Christian Revelation.

The philosophers, theologists and *mystæ* of antiquity sought God and the divine world, and found them. In what respect did their quest differ from ours or ours from theirs? Is not the same method

open to us now? What difference, if any, was effected by the Christ-Advent, upon which we of this era are called to concentrate our attention, when prior to that event man could and did find God apart from the Incarnation? These are questions suggesting themselves when we consider Christian and pre-Christian religion and we will deal with them in the light of Mrs. Atwood's ideas.

One great distinction between the pre-Christian and Christian religious methods was that, to use Pauline words, the former 'walked by sight' (*eidos*), whereas the Christian disciple is counselled to 'walk by faith'—faith in a great accomplishment which dispenses with the necessity for sight. This suggestion may be surprising to those who have not realised what 'sight' here means. The initiates of antiquity did walk by 'sight'; not of course by that of the bodily eye which at no time has seen God, but in virtue of that 'sight' which became possible to prepared and purified aspirants when in the sacred Mysteries intromitted by artificial processes into the hypostatic Light. In that way they "took the kingdom of heaven by violence," *i.e.* stormed it by disciplined, theurgic effort. Then they saw God, saw the divine processes at work upon the plane of spiritual causation, became instructed in the ways of God with men, witnessed the evolving divine provision for human redemption upon a universal scale, saw the promises from afar off, *à priori* and anticipatively, and watched the progress of the long-preparing descent and coming of the Christ into human flesh. "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; he saw it and was glad"; and all the Messianic prognostications, whether Hebrew or Ethnic, are attributable to this



‘sight,’ this visioning of duly qualified minds rendered lucid in the causal world after prescribed preparation and instruction. What ‘faith’ there was resulted from this ‘sight’; but for the non-initiate there was neither the one nor the other. Only to the few was this ‘sight’ possible, though those few were the natural guides of thought and leaders of society at the period. It obtained at a time (Mrs. Atwood says) “when every educated person was initiated, grafted as it were upon a higher susceptibility of life. The rest were the wild sloe and crab-apple, wholly unable to assimilate the higher juices from the air and earth by which the cultivated stock were nourished. And as, in order to be engrafted, the wild stock must be cut back and resolutely pruned (as in the *Georgics* taught), so must the old *sensorium* be cut back, tortured into death, in order to supply the superior fruit.” But it is just this ‘rest,’ this ‘wild stock,’ the teeming multitudes as yet incapable of walking by ‘sight,’ for whom alternative provision was needed. Philosophy—in the old sense of the pursuit of Divine Wisdom—was and still is beyond the reach of all but the very few; and it is not easy even for educated minds of to-day to realise what philosophy implied to, and exacted from, its devotees. Mrs. Atwood says of it:

There is no realisation of early philosophy *but through its processes*. Every discussion of it posited by the common standard is unprofitable. A long interval lies between the unhinging and the complete education of the transcendental faculty. Philosophy was not for all. If the *historical* training of the imagination is a long and laborious process, how much more the *intellectual*. If mere documents do not teach (unless we have the light whereby to read them), if it needs training to imagine the external Olympia with its temples, statues, athletes, chariots, crowns of olive and parsley, if to relive their *natural* life needs training, how much

more to follow it into that of the Mysteries, celebrations which were the source and exemplar of all these?

The alternative to this arduous intellectual discipline, the provision offered by Christianity for the multitude, was the discipline of faith,—perhaps a less speedy path to the goal, but at least a sure and safer, and certainly one that could be followed by all humanity collectively and simultaneously instead of by individual initiation as in the Mysteries. Now what is faith? No one is more insistent than Mrs. Atwood upon the literal accuracy of St. Paul's definition of faith as a *substance*. It is not a mental attitude (as belief is); it is not—or not simply—an energy of mind and will (though it includes this); but a concrete metaphysical *sub-stantia*, appropriation of which by the mind and will effects as it were a chemical change, making for the regeneration in the participant. Now faith, in this sense, was not possible to the masses before the Advent; the *sub-stantia* had not been introduced into the grosser elements of the organism of our planet. It could only be participated in as the result of theurgic initiation. As the *Phædo* teaches, for those who died uninitiated and without having partaken in the Mysteries there was nothing but subjective survival in Hades and a return to incarnation. But the *substantia* once introduced, the humblest and intellectually poorest might appropriate it, and in virtue of it become grafted upon a higher *nexus* of life, and so be put upon a level with the theurgic initiate. It served as a 'mooring-post' round which anyone tossing in this world's sea might cast a rope and secure permanent safety, even if hauling one's ship into still water and rebuilding it in a nobler form involved labour and indefinite time. The



transcendental life thus attainable by faith is one which is the polar opposite of the natural life standing in need of regeneration and, since its processes can be discerned only in its own light and by its own law, explanation of it in natural terms becomes difficult. A note upon it by Mrs. Atwood says :

If we struggle to make plainer to others who are without the same experience we fail, unless the transcendental imagination has been greatly exercised. Indeed spiritual things can never be made plain to the natural understanding. No one ought to expect that they should. For, if we think of it, the *primary* acts of the Spirit must be the *last* things that can be *understood*, for the entire life issuing from them is their only interpretation, so that only when that life is perfected can their interpretation be complete. And here *in faith we are at the root of a life* which, as we believe, it will take eternity to fulfil, and, if so, only in eternity can its full evidence for itself be produced or its right interpretation yielded.

"In faith we are at the root of a life,"—a life leading to the alchemic transmutation and regeneration of the present natural life. The entirety of Mrs. Atwood's ideas and teaching issue from this starting-point. How that regeneration was effected in the Mysteries, and afterwards, within very constricted circles, by the Hermetic process, she has indicated in her *Suggestive Inquiry*. Her subsequent thought, hitherto not made public, was devoted to the larger subject of universal regeneration under the ægis of the Christian Redeemer, and from this point, without ceasing to be a Hermetic philosopher, she becomes a great expositor of and apologist for the Christian revelation.

Regeneration—and the universal need for it—is her first and last word. But regeneration is something far more radical and involves discipline far more

drastic than popular ideas attach to it, even when coming from pastors and masters whose function it is to inculcate it. Like that of many other expressions, the value of the word has become greatly debased, until now-a-days it covers any measure of moral improvement, whilst all the numerous modern movements promising salvation from the evils of life or the amelioration of our conditions profess to be regenerative agencies. Upon these Mrs. Atwood is continually animadverting. Upon analysing these movements and the aspirations—undoubtedly sincere and well-motivated—actuating them, one finds: firstly, that they would take us no farther than to an alleviation of corrupt conditions, not to an extirpation of them; and secondly, so far as they deal with matters of thought and belief, they go only to the subjective part of our nature and never extend to the objective organism, which stands equally in need of regeneration. ‘New Thought,’ ‘Higher Thought,’ the many varieties of pseudo-religious science and philosophy, Mrs. Atwood regarded with no little impatience and contempt. Any good they may contain or promote is a good only within the radius of the natural order, a transference merely from a more to a less corrupt condition, not a good which wrenches us away from the natural life and its affections and rebuilds from a new unfailing centre of incorruption. Mrs. Atwood viewed with no little apprehension these modern movements, these ‘runnings to and fro upon the earth’ of thought-currents by the agitation of which so many are affected, some to their profit perhaps but some to the reverse, and her comments upon them are severe. I hope I shall hurt no one’s feelings by reproducing some of them. ‘New Thought’ was an expression particularly



provoking her scorn. For a shallow-minded age like the present to suggest that any real 'thought' *can* be new without a new revelation or crisis of communication from heaven to earth, or that wiser minds than any we seem able to develop have not already thought and experimentally tested the validity of what is within the province of the natural mind to apprehend, was to her but an advertisement of ignorance. "The world does not begin to think for the first time now," she says. Again:

Christian Science is the science of believing a lie. It does not matter if a million minds desire and think that matter and evil do not exist. They do; if they didn't there would be no friction, no life. The mystery of evil is great, but it must be till the restitution of all things.

Of 'mental healers' she says:

These minds have got hold of some vestige of truth, but only have a *nexus* in the astral, where all is undifferentiated and chaotic. They have no *fulcrum*; they work as separate atoms in space. They may disturb and push and pull, or attract here and there in all directions. But the only will that can reconstruct upon the true basis must not be a mere aggregate of atoms, but a co-ordinated will whose *nexus*, by means of a purified working soul, is by a *pontifex*—i.e. a priest who is a living bridge or conduit between God and man. The self-centre, i.e. the lower natural self and its will, is a very dangerous thing and, if the mental healer heals by self-power, it is dangerous. They do not understand that individuals are not equal to universals, and the Universal is the True Vine of which they should be, but are not yet, the branches through which the healing sap can flow.

Another note upon psychical and kindred research runs:

The present urgency towards the discovery of the foundations of religious truth is ominous of catastrophe, since when these are openly discovered they are easily travestied in practice. A knowledge of the actual method of creative law and evolution of

voluntary power is sure to be preliminarily used against itself, because of the preponderance towards self-aggrandisement inherent in this apostate life of ours. Of the power that may be elicited by the interspheration of wills nothing is understood as yet, but I am in constant apprehension of it.

For the same reason she saw no worth in much that is held as illuminative by the followers of spiritualism and modern theosophy. No one better than she knew the phenomena of psychism and the possibilities and illusions incident to intercourse with the disembodied. She says truly :

Spirits are nothing except they be regenerate. Death reveals no truth that has not been realised before decease. To seek and see Truth it is the new creature that is wanting, the building of God, the house not made with hands.

Survival of death (a certainty) involves no regeneration *per se* ; as the tree falls, so it lies. Unless the work of regeneration has been well begun *here* and a *nexus* established here to a higher than the natural life-principle, souls passing from this life abide where they are until they sink again into incarnate life, the intermediate stage being one of subjectiveness and dreams, not real life at all, not even as real as this life is, where one is possessed of the full machinery essential to real progress. Hence she deprecates the teaching of reincarnation, regarding it not as an untruth—it is but too true a fact—but as a misfortune ; not as a fresh chance of progress, but as a threat for not making such progress as is possible in this present accepted time and day of salvation.

The doctrine of reincarnation does not interest me, inasmuch as the carnal consciousness does not enter into that of the Life Eternal, whose body is the converted soul of this natural life. *Now* is the accepted time ; missing this we are *in danger* of reincarnation with every penalty attached.



The 'converted soul of this natural life' is the ideal she is ever holding up against all these modern preachings and panaceas; 'converted' meaning with her much more than it does in the ordinary evangelical sense, and involving complete inversion of all the distributed faculties of soul and mind and their unification into a new principal 'one sense,'—truly a process of the Cross. Frequently I find her paraphrasing the words of the penitent thief who typifies the crucified psychic body: "Lord, *re-member* me when Thou comest in Thy kingdom,"—meaning by 'remember' not an act of memory, but 're-create,' 're-fashion,' 're-constitute' me, in the image of man perfect and incorruptible. For it is in this sense alone that regeneration avails. It involves not mere superficial amelioration, but a total 'new creature' or creation. It extends beyond a simple change of heart and mind; it reaches beyond the subjectivity; its drastic action strikes through to the nervous system and even the physical cells and gives them a new polarity. A regenerated man belongs to a new order of beings. He becomes super-man. He is even beyond and higher than angels who have never known the incarnate life, for he has transmuted his old 'astral' *sensorium* and organisation and woven it into a wedding garment beyond their privilege to wear.

The new organic life begins, as bodily life begins, from minutest germs, proceeding, if undamaged and not stifled, to full-grown perfectness. The spirit of the will needs to be brought into a new interactionary relationship. Spiritual progress *begins* with this. To expect a true substantial spiritual body without death to self-will is as foolish as to expect a surgeon to apply remedies to a body that will not be still, or a candle to give light without being consumed in affording it. Meekness is the *sine qua non* of true being.

Yet few could undergo the complete process in this life. The physical organism is usually incapable of bearing the strain, and only the beginnings are possible to most; the fulfilment is to be looked for hereafter. And the prospect of what is involved would, to most, be a deterrent. "Who wants to be re-formed off the face of the earth?" Mrs. Atwood frequently cries out in her despair of finding true candidates for regeneration.

From these criticisms of modern tendencies let us revert to Mrs. Atwood's views upon the provision made from the beginning for universal regeneration. The subject is one extremely difficult of summarisation and treatment at second hand, but I must do my best to outline it lucidly. Her view of the world's spiritual history is an extremely long and deep view, far more so than any taken by conventional thought, orthodox or otherwise; and it is one which pivots upon a 'Church.' It is necessary to understand what, for her, that term means, for we have to dissociate from it almost everything that the Church we know implies. For her the first Church—which will be the last also, for it is eternal—was the Holy Assembly of the creative Elohim charged with the creative mission expressed in the words: "Let us make man in our image." Creation, she says, was performed by and through a Church, an Assembly, wholly spiritual and in the heavens, but a Church intended to have its opposite pole, its physical reflection and counterpart, in the race of beings about to be created, contact and communion between Creator and creature being accordant to the design; so that, as typified by the ascending and descending beings upon the ladder of Jacob's dream, the influences above might ceaselessly



permeate the lower race, whilst the latter would feed, strengthen and enlarge the volume of the former as its units returned to their source, bearing with them the harvest of their experience in the manifested world. But the orderly course of this design became thwarted and arrested by the event known as the Fall. That event, degrading and debasing as it did the divine image into which man was in process of being made, necessitated, in the divine love for its nascent creatures, a further design for their restoration and redemption, which design also was to be accomplished through the supernal Church. The disconnection between the divine world and humanity caused by the Fall needed to be made good, and, though co-operation from the external world was requisite, it could be made good only from above. The intermediate stages between the divine kingdom and the outer darkness of the natural world needed to be bridged and contact re-established. Regarding this redemptive process from the side of eternity—the causal side—it is already accomplished. Regarding it from this bourne of place, time and effects, it is but in process of accomplishment, and the scriptures of the West are the record of that process during its more recent stages. They are the history of the process from the time when, from the chaos of the Fall, conditions had so far been restored as to make possible, through a people selected for the purpose, an exteriorised Church to form the opposite pole, the physical counterpart and complement, of the interior Holy Assembly. The Hebrew people formed therefore what Mrs. Atwood calls a 'church-nation,' whose function was to become a purified objective focus-point upon which the divine influences from the Church above might converge and,

eventually establishing contact, once more re-knit man to his Maker. Of the vicissitudes of this church-nation, its failures to discharge its function until after centuries of abortive attempts, Mrs. Atwood speaks in the following note :

If anyone has a wish to get beyond the views of those who adopt the process of individual regeneration as explanatory as far as possible of the Christian tradition (but which certainly does not cover the whole ground, but the subjective half only, and that imperfectly), let him look to the processional history of the Israelitish Church, congregational and psychical ; let him look at the Creation and the Christian Advent so-called as the two epochs evolutionary of that Church, one in advance of the other, and neither fully accomplishing the Divine Purpose in view. Let him suppose the first Creation chronicled as having been enacted within the precincts of that spiritual Church which, surviving the former wrack of matter, set about a re-creation of the whole ; which again failing led on to the Noachic era and subsequent attempt to realise the prophetic promises contained in its accomplishment so far. Let him look closely into the records of the Shekinah, to the collective soul of the Elect People,—of those assimilated as far as then possible to the Divine Will—a Soul able to attract her Principle and be stirred by Him into life and action, but not sufficiently pure and perfect in its parts to retain her Deity or tabernacle Him in a permanent form. Let him think of this Deity seeking continually to become born in the psychic Bethlehem,—the purest region of the human soul, pure catholic and apostolic, synthetic, concrete from all constituents, a whole from wholes, perfect, exempt from old age and disease, (resulting in) an ideal man, indeed psychically incarnate, of the seed of Abraham, of the faithful soul descended through many generations of soul. The law that applies to individuals applies to wholes of individuals more cogently. God's evil principles are not created, but may be ill-conditioned. The Jewish Church is a sample of all congregations of souls who, reaping attainment of the same Divine *rapport*, are not sufficiently purified to maintain their integrity. Thus their God became their Avenger which clung to their heels wherever they went. This is Sacred History, the history of the



human soul in her philosophy, whether individual and single or congregational and catholic. It is Sacred History, the truest of all history, the history of the soul in her philosophic processes; a register of experiments to ascertain the ability of the human understanding.

Here we must pause to elucidate. As will have been observed, the Jewish Church, in her conception, is one not simply for external worship and sacrifice, not a body to serve as a religious standard and rallying-point for the masses, but one for the preparation of a vehicle, a 'psychic Bethlehem,' to be built up from the purified units of a congregation, whose collective soul might 'attract her Principle' and in which Deity might tabernacle. The work of the Church was, to put it plainly, a tremendous psychical experiment, one involving long and drastic interior purification, generations of selective breeding to ensure requisite conditions, and the dedication of the psychic nature, ever more and more refined, to the expectation that, as in the first creation, so in the re-creation of man, the Spirit of God might move upon these psychic waters, inflame them with Divine Vitality, and assume this 'body prepared' as His vestment.

This great collective psychical experiment (I do not like the expression and use it only for convenience) is what I am anxious to explain; and to do so let me illustrate by referring to the familiar but unsanctified phenomena resulting from casual psychical experiment to-day. A group of enquirers, whether from religious motives or from curiosity or scientific purposes, form themselves into a circle or *séance*, making themselves passive and expectant of abnormal happenings. Their very intention and action create conditions under which something abnormal *will* happen; the putting

into voluntary abeyance of their normal mental energies, and their common purpose and collective concentration towards a given end, create as it were in the circumjacent ether a vacuum which Nature, in her abhorrence of vacua, at once proceeds to fill. With what? Perhaps with unsuspected extraneous influences, but apart from this complication (which need not now be discussed) with so much of the subconscious nervous and psychic energies of the circle itself as can come into play after their normal mental activities have been rendered dormant. In other words the collective subjective mind or over-soul of the group comes forward into function, and this negative force occupies the ground abandoned by their positive mentalities. That over-soul probably finds a vent for expressing itself through the nervous system of some member of the group, who is a favourable channel for the purpose, and whom we describe as a 'medium.' Through that medium messages, 'oracles' of a kind, may issue in language, raps or other code-form. The *quasi*-entity will display a certain measure of intelligence, will call itself 'John King' or some such name. Carried to its farthest extent the experiment may result in the projection of an objective form or 'materialisation'; and the more frequently the experiment is repeated by the same people and under favourable conditions, the more striking and intense are the results. The intelligence which manifests is notoriously not of a high order, and usually is characterised by ignorance, contradictions and falsehood. Now water, whether physical or psychical, cannot rise higher than its source. Obviously, if what manifests be but the common mind of those contributing to it and projecting it from themselves, it



can never display a greater level of intelligence than that possessed by the combined members of the group. They themselves are unconsciously but speaking to themselves and, often enough, the fool is answered according to his folly.

This simple, familiar phenomenon, however, is an elementary form of a process carried to much greater development by the theurgic cults of the past. They too, according to their knowledge or ignorance, their good or imperfect motive, formed themselves into groups for the purpose of collective contact with super-physical life. These groups, Mrs. Atwood asserts, were builders of 'tabernacles' in the biblical sense of the word (whence the 'feast of tabernacles'), and, in the highest sense, of a tabernacle into which it was hoped Deity would enter and come once more into relations with men. The whole record of Old Testament history (she says) is 'one of building tabernacles,' of attempts to establish relations between the physical and the divine world by bridging the intermediate astral sphere and preparing a suitable vehicle for the reception of the divine influx. Those attempts, she shows, fall into two classes: one a series of misguided efforts and perverted uses; the other a continuous rightly directed effort persisted in for centuries and, despite many lapses and failures, culminating eventually in the supreme event of the Christian Incarnation.

To speak first of the vain and misguided class. This it was which had its issue in 'idolatry' and 'false gods.' The idols of the Old Testament were not, as commonly supposed, mere physical images, not stocks or stones. To have worshipped such, if the intelligence of the worshippers could rise no higher,

would have been no sin, such as that against which teachers and prophets of the old dispensation fulminated, any more than is the modern practice of using sacred images for stimulating devotion. The *eidola*, 'graven images,' 'false gods' and 'strange gods,' so sternly declaimed against and prohibited, were astral forms or manifestations generated within cults and circles which regarded these phenomena as divine manifestations and worshipped them as such. As the Psalmist says: "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands,"—*i.e.* psychic emanations of less or greater astral impurity, the metallic terms being used in the same sense as by the Alchemists. The history of wayward Israel is full of perversions of this sort, taking place concurrently with more wisely directed efforts after divine contact; and that history typifies also the tendencies of the wayward individual soul in all ages, and especially to-day, to digress from the true path into side-tracks of psychism. The worship of the Golden Calf, at the very moment that Moses is engaged in divine communion upon Sinai, is an instance of the generation and worship of a 'false god' or spurious astral manifestation. The worship of the prophets of Baal, concurrently with Elijah's efforts to maintain an undefiled religion, is another. Side by side with the stream of righteous attempt to establish relations between God and man runs this stream of perverse tendency towards psychic 'abominations,' false gods and astral projections; and the tendency persisted into the times of the theurgical Gnostics, whose 'Abraxas,' still to be seen upon their gems and other relics, were of the same order of psychically generated manifestations. For, as Mrs. Atwood points out, in a circle of people unpurified,



full of foul, dirty ether—low cosmic ether—nothing holy or true could appear. Imperfect forms came forth from them as monstrosities and shekinahs when the assembly was incompletely purified, and differences in the manifested astral forms (which would vary accordingly with the natures of those constituting the assemblies at different times and places) gave rise to endless disputes as to the object of worship and the genuineness of the 'God.' "It is always *life* that manifests in such conditions," she says, "but not always in perfect form"; sometimes a calf, a serpent, a monstrosity or perverse shape or *eidolon*, the plastic nervous ether (*nephesh*) extruded by the devotees shaping itself in correspondence with the sum of the moral qualities or desires of those invoking it.

W. L. WILMSHURST.

(The conclusion will appear in the October number.—ED.)

## HOW HELEN OF TROY BECAME GNOSTIC.

Professor VACHER BURCH, M.A.

It seems strange that Helen of Troy should have found herself at home in Phœnicia, and in a time when history would incline to say that she should not have appeared. Still the wonderful thing was done. For the classical scholar, however, her beauty is not as her beauty was in Mykenæan tales.<sup>1</sup> She is made beautiful in another way. It is not meant that she was baptized, and that the waters cooled her passion into the wistful discretion of one who might become a relative to Blandina or Perpetua, though perhaps there is no reason why she should not have been comfortable with them. Perpetua could smile often and her Montanism was not less gracious than the Gnosticism in kernel into which Helen came; while Blandina had golden fortitude which should have gained the appreciation of a Marcus Aurelius—and it was so golden that Helen might have found a sister in her. She was not made to join those fair women. Another mode was found for her. Irœnæus<sup>2</sup> preserves the tale of what was done.

This tale concerns a certain Simon, who is said to have been a Samaritan, and who, according to the Bishop of Lyons, was he of whom the earliest piece of Church-history speaks as being a 'bewitcher with

<sup>1</sup> Murray, *Four Stages of Greek Religion* (1912), p. 118.

<sup>2</sup> *Adv. Hær.* i. 23.



sorceries.<sup>1</sup> Concerning him it is claimed that he was an hypostasis of Jesus Christ, and that Helen was the first creation of his mind. Her other name is sometimes Ennoia, which, as will be seen, is a sister name to the one by which she was better known. She leapt forth from this Simon and went down to the regions where the angels and the powers dwell. There she was misused by them. They used her beauty for themselves. And so she passed from body to body, until she was to be found in a Tyrian house of ill-fame. She had become the 'lost sheep' (*perdita ovis*)! Thus it was laid upon her creator to seek her. Therefore he came down; and it was said that he suffered in Judæa. Moreover, he came down to 'dissolve the world' and to liberate those who were in bondage to the rulers of that physical world.

There is audacity and beauty in this tale. The first because Helen is robed as she never was before, and the second because she is robed with unaccustomed folds by new hands. Now it is good to remember that the pre-gnostic, or rather proto-gnostic thinkers, were not they who took portions of the Old and New Testaments and made strange glosses within and without their text. The anachronism in that view, which says that they did just those things, is not always borne in mind. But they were glossators upon the factors of the earliest Christology. They gave actual exegesis to the living word. Thus, somewhere, these deeds of interpretation wear an unexpected air. It could not well be otherwise. For those men were living in a time when the first folk of Christ were

<sup>1</sup> *Acts* viii. 9ff.; see Torrey, *The Composition and Date of Acts* (1916), pp. 65f., on the very early date of the Aramaic document beneath the Greek text.

putting their thoughts into simple dramatic forms. The Lord of Life, for them, was thought of in a scheme of 'coming down' and 'going up,' and His descent went as far as the hollows of the world where the imprisoned dead lay. It is, then, not more than a natural thing that others should render this dramatisation of idea in fresh histrionic modes. The impetus to do this was in the mental atmosphere about them. And the carrying power of such an impetus is difficult to forecast. It is that elusive quantity which causes the glossing deeds of the proto-agnostics to take shape and steps of a kind to tax the scholarship of our day in its attempt to interpret them. To understand the story ascribed to Simon it is necessary to know what went to create the dramatic scheme upon which the variations were built.

The original conception of the 'descent' was formed in this manner: to the historic facts of the birth of the Living Lord, which of course was His 'coming down,' there was added a literary factor that simple men might begin to spell out who and what had come to the world. This literary factor is to be found in a few small pieces from the *Wisdom* literature, and they were contained in that most ancient instrument to help men's understanding of the meanings of the Lord of Life which was called *Testimonies against the Jews*. That collection of excerpts was older than the Gospels.<sup>1</sup> These *Wisdom* extracts tell how the Sophia 'came down,' who had been with God before the beginning of things, and how she was rejected by men. She was also the creator of the world. Two great names, at least, for the Lord came from this literary factor, the Wisdom (ἡ σοφία)

<sup>1</sup> Rendel Harris and Burch, *Testimonies, Part i.* (1916).



and the Power (ἡ δύναμις) of God, His mantic and kinetic names. That was the language with which naïve Palestinian minds were being led to think out the meanings of the Lord of Life. A chief example of how thoroughly this was done is to be found in the Sophia-document that underlies the Logos-prologue of the *Gospel of John*. It first ran: "In the beginning was Sophia, and Sophia was with God," etc.<sup>1</sup> The Prologue as it stands is a celebration of a 'coming down'; and its anti-Judaic purpose is a clear affirmation that its source was where the *Wisdom* excerpts came from which go to compose it, namely, the primitive *Testimonies*. Among other contemporary instances of hymns of the 'descent,' two may be singled out for the present purpose: the first is in *Enoch* (xlii.), which of course sings of the descent of the Sophia; and the second is in the *Odes of Solomon* (xxxiii.), which sings of the Lord of Life's and the Sophia's descent. The first of these illustrations can stand for the sort of mental context into which the Lord came with His new message, and whose language He would have to humour if He might instil His revelation into the humble people about Him; and the second of them can stand for the first attempt to comprehend Him who was stealing into their minds. This second instance is significant for the story of Helen. The Odist sings first of the Lord who descended and 'dissolved the world.'<sup>2</sup> Then he sings of the Sophia who was with Him in the guise of a virgin speaking to men the message of the incorrupt life that they might

<sup>1</sup> Rendel Harris, *The Origin of the Prologue to St. John's Gospel* (1917).

<sup>2</sup> Compare *Odes* xxii. 11: "Thou didst bring thy world to corruption: that everything might be dissolved, and then renewed"; xxxi. 1: "the abysses were dissolved."

become robed with it, and so 'possess the new world.' The relation of this *Ode* to the Simonian story is something like that between soul and body, or between a song and a play which was made that it might be embodied. This virgin is Helen's spiritual tiring-woman. For it will be recalled that the *Acts* account tells how Simon named himself the 'Power of God,' that is to say he played the kinetic part of the Lord who was the Sophia, and then by a motive of real poetry endued Helen of Troy with the mantic part of the Lord who was also the Power.

Another dramatic audacity of a little later date is found in the movement under Montanus, and it is instructive here, for he identified himself with a Holy Spirit who was thus Sophia made masculine, and preached a view of the Lord which made Him to be in female or Sophia form, and so precipitated a phase of the earliest strife for definition into the form of a woman who was his Lord.<sup>1</sup> The motives which went to the shaping of the 'mime' of Simon or of Montanus are nearly the same; and they appear to be identical as to their reasons for the prodigality of their dramatic thought. If these identifications are true, Helen could never have been thought of as the 'lost sheep' in the Evangelical sense of that phrase. She is found at last in a Tyrian brothel. But that is not the story of a 'fall.' Nor was any curious poetry used to heat the ardour which was native to Helen so that she should find herself in such a place. The problem is not one according to that thin doctrine of *l'art pour l'Art*. What the story would convey is her rejection at the hands of impercipient men bound in physical bondage;

<sup>1</sup> Epiphanius, *Hær.* xlix. 1; Bonwetsch, *Die Geschichte des Montanismus* (1881), p. 198.



also that her bright spirit in a physical body was in the condition of despite. Hence the Power of God (Simon) would come to release the Wisdom of God (Helen). That Immortal had no part with the mortal body, and so she must be freed into the incorrupt life. Once more the Simonian tale opens up the source of a very early strain of thought which rose into power in the second century. This time it is primitive Dualism; and the tale is proto-Docetic. That order of thought was only the too strict application of logic to the premises of the earliest first-century Christianity. Those premises were chiefly two: The Sophia-motive as an aid towards christological definition and the anti-Judaic quality of the primary Christian revelation. They are the sources of Docetic conceptions by the pressure of an unyielding logic. Those two premises, which become two influences, cannot be over-estimated in the analytical study of the growth of Christian thought; and as yet most of the writers on that subject have not perceived their values. The first three centuries are not to be understood without them. This is the case most strikingly when the meanings of the first and second century audacities in tale and doctrine are to be found. The *naïveté* of their poetry will escape the analyst, and sometimes when they are near to the sublime he will be more ready to misconstrue, for their keys are not in his hand. Whatever criticism a reader might be disposed to offer on the Simonian story, he ought not to hold his view of truth so as to fail to be struck with the fact that the breath of Poetry blows how it lists and chooses its reeds with a fancy that surpasses the nimbleness of Pan in a rich reed-bed. It did require a poet to make up this tale of old Phoenicia from such a formula as

this: Cause Helen of Troy to flicker in and out of the entity of Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom; then transmute the result into terms of the Palestinian Sophia where she is helping to frame the names and meanings of Him who is the Wisdom and Power of God; and do these things at the will of the fundamental anti-Judaism of the first Christian message. A learned book might be written by a modern to that formula, but not the Simonian story of Helen of Troy. There is much then in being in the place and time when the wind is blowing that seeks its own reeds.

VACHER BURCH.



## THE TRANSFORMATION OF IDEAS IN DREAMING.

JOSHUA C. GREGORY, B.Sc., F.I.C.

WHEN a boy reads the *Pilgrim's Progress* there is a displacement in the interest and significance of the narrative. Bunyan intended the adventures of Christian to convey a spiritual meaning; the boy, ignoring or not appreciating the allegorical reference, reads the tale simply as a story of adventure. An analogous displacement might occur in any idea in a human mind. Psychology distinguishes between the image, or images, and the meaning in the content of any idea. The word *horse* pronounced in the hearing of an individual conveys to him or impresses on his mind a particular idea. There may be in his mind a visual image or picture of the word he has heard; there may be an auditory image or sound-picture; there may be a visual image or picture of a horse itself. Any one, any two, or all of these, may be in his mind. The image, picture of horse or word, or sound of word, is obviously not the whole idea in the mind of the hearer. If the speaker remarks "horses eat oats," the listener assents. "Horses are used for drawing guns," "horses are descended from prehistoric ancestors," "horses have wings,"—such statements are instantly admitted or denied. These affirmations or denials cannot be made solely on the strength of a mental picture of a horse, still less because the hearer has a mental picture

of the word *h-o-r-s-e* or the sound of its name as a mental image. The image carries or refers to a *meaning*. It is this meaning which is the most important part of the idea suggested when the word is pronounced. The image may be present without the meaning. A man ignorant of English would have a very complete visual image or mental picture of *h-o-r-s-e*, if he saw the word on a placard; but it would be a mental picture and nothing else. Different images may carry the same meaning. The picture of a horse, the name written underneath it and 'horse' shouted in the ear all *mean* the same thing. The vague, shadowy mental image that may enter the mind in thinking of a horse is there for the sake of the meaning, just as the adventures of Christian were devised by Bunyan for the sake of the allegorical significance. The whole idea contains both image and meaning, but the meaning is the vital and significant part.

In the idea conveyed by "horses eat oats" there is also both imagery and meaning. The imagery may consist merely of visual pictures of the words in the sentence. It may consist of a memory-image of a horse and perhaps of a bag of oats. These images are normally sketchy, faint and vague. The mind, attending more to the significance or meaning, may be hardly aware of their presence or even not really aware of them at all. Most of our ideas consist of keenly appreciated meaning supported by fragmentary, dispersed imagery, just as a bridge is supported on piers. If the images rise to prominence and vividness there may be a considerable displacement in the meaning they suggest. Consider the idea conveyed by "horses eat oats" entering the mind and suppose that the imagery entering as part of the idea includes visual



pictures of a horse and of a bag of oats. Normally the imagery is vague, shadowy and disconnected—dissolved, so to speak, in the meaning. If, however, the mental picture of the horse start up clearly and vividly, the mind turns, or may turn, from the meaning to the picture, and believe that an actual horse is present. There is then a displacement of meaning. The faint, shadowy images merely suggest the idea or notion that horses do eat oats; but when they draw the mind's attention to themselves they may suggest that an actual horse is eating actual oats. This displacement of significance appears to occur in the dream. The dreamer supposes himself engaged with actual objects, not with ideas about them. If we suppose that the conditions of dreaming are such that, when ideas enter the mind, the imagery is specially illuminated and becomes more intense and vivid, we can understand why the dreamer imagines he is busy amid real scenes instead of realising that he is merely thinking about them.

The adventures of Christian have a relation to the allegorical significance of the *Pilgrim's Progress* analogous to the relation between the imagery and the meaning of an idea. The boy who takes the story and leaves the allegory resembles the dreamer who is persuaded by the greater vividness of his imagery that he is having actual experiences instead of dealing with ideas. On this view the dream is, or may be, an idea or series of ideas with its imagery emphasized at the expense of its meaning. The change of emphasis produces a displacement in the significance of the images. The imagery ceases to carry the meaning of the original idea and substitutes the impression that the dreamer is among real, external objects.

The circumstances of dreaming will promote in the mind a tendency to intensify its memory-images, more particularly its visual memory-images. The mind, during most of its waking life, may be compared to a stage across which a procession of actors passes. Visual images of the thinker's external surroundings correspond to the scenery; the constant conscious flow of ideas corresponds to the procession. Visual images of external objects also, in the waking state, mingle continuously into the conscious flow. The habitual structure of consciousness thus includes vivid visual images as integral parts of it. If this structure be impaired or interfered with the mind endeavours to restore it. When the visual images are not supplied through the presentation of external objects, the memory-images or re-presentations of them are intensified in this endeavour to restore the structure. Withdrawal of the mind from external perception may induce visions in the case of the ascetic or the mystic. Hunger, thirst, delirium, also summon illusion and hallucination to fill the gap left by the weakened perception of the world. The dream enters a mind deprived of external consciousness by sleep. There is no stage of visual imagery; and, until contact is re-established between consciousness and the external world, no visual images are received from external objects. Memory-images start into prominence, and this effort to conform the structure of consciousness to its norm results in a displacement of the significance of the ideas composing the dream. This displacement primarily substitutes one kind of meaning for another: the images mean, or are taken to mean, real objects and scenes. Further displacements will, or may, effect the full transformation of the ideational material into



the dream as it actually passes through the dreaming consciousness. If this analysis be correct, Schleiermacher's interpretation of the dream as a replacement of thought by hallucination is better expressed as the *transformation* of thoughts or ideas into hallucinations.

Freud admits that the immediate cause of the dream may be a sensory stimulus, as in Maury's dream of perspiring and drinking white wine in Italy when water was dropped on his forehead. This is one of the most familiar and certain features in the highly elusive nature of the dream. The bang of a door arouses a dream of porters shutting the doors of a train at a platform; a beam of sunlight becomes a fiery dragon; the clang of an alarm-clock becomes the chiming of church-bells. Freud pertinently observes that the main problem resides in the mode of response to the stimulus. The dream supplies a context to the sensations received. The striking of the alarm-clock may be interpreted, as in Hildebrandt's three examples, as the sound of a church-bell, as the tinkling of bells during a sleigh-ride, or as the crash of plates falling from the kitchen-maid's arms. It is convenient to assume along lines similar to Freud's that the stimulus usually does little more than touch off a dream already prepared, as the release of a catch touches off the record in the gramophone. Ideas are lying in the mind ready to enter consciousness when a road is opened for them. Any particular idea may enter as a dream when a sensory stimulus during sleep can give it entrance. Doubtless there must be some relation of adequacy between the idea and the stimulus, just as the ears require sounds and the eyes are most appropriately stimulated by light. The dream, writes Bergson, must have sonorous material (*i.e.* sound in the stimulus) to

make sonority. Since a very varied assortment of dreams is available as contexts to the suggestions of stimuli, this relation of adequacy is probably very wide. The importance of the stimulus decreases still further if, as seems likely, ideas can enter consciousness as dreams without its aid. Many writers have regarded the dream as an interpretation of the stimulus—as an attempt to supply an appropriate context. All our dreams, according to Nietzsche, are the *interpretation* of our collective feelings, with the aim of discovering the possible causes of the latter. Thus a dream of being bitten by a dog might be an endeavour, according to Nietzsche, to explain an itching on the calf of the leg. Bergson regards the mechanism of the dream as that of normal perception. When reading we divine more than we actually perceive; in most perceptions we translate cues received through the senses. If the cues are sufficient, we perceive rightly; if they are insufficient, we divine very freely and may go far astray. Divination is excessive in the dream; the cues are too scanty to prevent eccentric renderings of the situation. The light from a night-nurse's dark lantern is interpreted as the flashes of guns, and the dream of a battle constructs a complex situation. A single cue thus admits many interpretations. One point only may fix a great number of lines, two points restrict the possible lines. Multiplication of cues thus restricts the possible situations. The dream is a perception depleted of its sensory cues.

The prompting stimulus has a greater importance for this mode of explanation than Freud usually ascribes to it. There may still be significance in the context chosen by the mind to compose the dream. If a battle is selected to explain a flash of



light, the dreamer has probably been preoccupied with thoughts of war. An itching interpreted as a dog-bite may reveal a lurking dread of a neighbour's dog. The eccentric renderings in dream-situations may be no great deviation from the principle that the mind usually puts the most probable interpretation on its sense-data. The notions of probability operative in the dream may very well depend on fears or pre-occupations—on the ideas in control of the dream. On such grounds alone Freud is probably justified in ignoring the dream as a misinterpretation of a stimulus and attending exclusively to the significance of its content. It will be convenient to follow his lead in disregarding the stimulus, either supposing it absent or simply as the occasion, and apply only the hypothesis that ideas enter the mind in dreaming with their imagery erected into prominence. Some freer play, however, must be induced into the rigidity of this hypothesis. Freud does not absolutely refuse recognition to the directive influence of stimuli on the course of the dream. He dreamed, for instance, that he was at the washstand in his bedroom, on which stood the water-bottle. This dream was evidently stimulated by thirst. Even here he lays no stress on the *interpretation* of the stimulus. A dream of a desert march would have interpreted the sensation of thirst: the actual dream expressed a desire to drink. Freud regards all dreams without exception as expressions of wishes. In this particular 'dream of convenience' an external stimulus (external to the mind) decided the course of the dream by rousing a desire. The dream would have been practically as intelligible if Freud had not realised on waking that he was thirsty. The essence of the dream is the transformation of the idea of drinking into an

actual situation. Such simple transformations are for Freud the simplest and most obvious examples of his theory—examples in which the wish is directly represented without any attempt at concealment from the ‘censor.’

The *meaning* of the act of drinking or of its idea might well be conveyed for Freud by the memory-image of his water-bottle and washing-stand. When this idea enters the mind as a dream the imagery becomes prominent. Freud seems to stand in the actual presence of his water-bottle. In this simple way an idea is transformed into an event. Now the imagery of the dream is usually scattered; the dream lightly sketches in the scene, in contrast with the fullness of the real. This is natural because the imagery is scattered through the idea, reduced to the minimum required to carry the meaning. *Condensation*, another process particularly noted by Freud as characterising the ‘dream-work’ that transforms thought-material into dreams, is as inherent in the dream as the *displacement* of significance. The event represented in the dream is condensed into a few images, suggested rather than actually portrayed.

In such simple dreams the displacement of significance is at a minimum. It involves no alteration of theme; the theme was drinking in both dream and original idea. In most dreams the represented events tend to become similes or metaphorical renderings of the original ideas. Nicoll, in his *Dream Psychology*, cites a spinster’s recurrent dream of a pool of stagnant water. If we assume with Nicoll, as seems reasonable, that this dream expressed her realisation that her life was deficient in interests, the displacing movement of the dream can be followed. In her idea of her



monotonous life the meaning becomes attached, by an obvious association, to the image of a standing pool. This idea, haunting the confines of her consciousness, always ready to be received into it, easily enters when the mind has been emptied by sleep. The image becomes vivid, or relatively vivid and clear, to persuade her that she stands by some stagnant pool. The theme has altered with the displacement of meaning. Monotony of life and a country-scene are not directly translatable into one another, any more than a simile is usually directly translatable into the thought it represents, though the associative connection between them can be perceived. Introspective attention to the imagery employed in any individual's ideas may reveal many potential dreams. Professor Titchener has described how reflection on the progress of science tends to call up before his mind the flow of the incoming tide. As the waters steadily flow in, so science steadily progresses. The line of surf advances irregularly by projecting tongues; so at any moment science is more forward in one place than at another. If Titchener dreamed of the progress of science, he would probably dream of the sea and perhaps present a pretty problem to the psycho-analyst who did not realise that the key lay in an idiosyncrasy of imagery. Titchener could evidently dream out some particularly pretty problems. If he thought that one of his men-students ought to be more modest, he might dream of a meeting between this student and a graceful, bending lady. He habitually, he informs us, receives a visual hint of modesty in the fleeting image of a bending female form. Titchener could easily supply the clues in these cases, for he is aware of the particular images that carry his meanings.

In many instances the dream may reveal, and even

be needed to reveal, the images that carry our meanings. Waking consciousness, at any rate among the highly civilised, tends to a preference for words as meaning-carriers. Speaking and writing naturally produce this tendency, and the habit is carried over into private thought. The dream is prejudiced against verbal or writing imagery. Freud notes that words are usually treated in the dream as things. Word-imagery, when its frequency in waking life is remembered, is almost startlingly absent in dreaming. It occurs, but occurs very seldom. We are constantly being spoken to and speaking, constantly reading books, constantly faced with notices and advertisements, constantly using phrases that are current coin, constantly quoting and referring to quotations. The dream must have some strong motive for discarding all this word-imagery. The primary hypothesis implies a motive. The imagery of the idea is erected into prominence to supply the deficiency of the visual imagery received from external objects that forms part of the normal structure of consciousness. Mental pictures of words are no proper substitutes for those of visualised surroundings. The demand for visual images of objects sieves out the word-imagery and retains those memory-images that can be mistaken for scenes from the external world around us. Introspection seems to indicate that our meanings are less often carried by words alone than first impressions may suggest. As we remember the flit of the word *horse* through the mind during conversation, this word-image seems to be the sole carrier of meaning. If we dwell mentally on the word, a faint visual picture of the animal may appear. Introspection may give false ideas of our real mental content during spontaneous thinking. All



experimental psychology is liable to the error of substituting the mental process under the particular conditions of attention imposed by the experiment for the mental process as it occurs in ordinary thought. But in this particular respect introspection and the dream-process seem to follow the same route, probably for similar reasons. Attention to the mental process necessitates a certain withdrawal from external impressions. Visual memory-images are enlisted to fill the gaps. This incipient process is carried to further completion in the dream. In the dream the inappropriate word-imagery is stripped away; memory-images of objects, often too subdued for real awareness of their presence, are preferred, not necessarily because of any superiority as carriers of meaning, but because they are better fitted to replace the absent visual imagery. It is paradoxical to assert, as Freud asserts, that words play a part in the formation of dreams, after discovering that the dreaming consciousness systematically rejects word-imagery. The discarding process itself does, however, have a considerable influence, as is evident if Professor Titchener's hypothetical dream of a meeting between a lady and gentleman can be legitimately used as an example. Titchener's waking thought "that man should have more modesty" has the meaning of modesty carried by at least two images—the word and the visual image of the drooping female form. Any such visual image will always contain a potential ambiguity. In addition to its acquired or representative meaning, in this case 'modesty,' it can always refer to the object it directly figures, in this case 'a young lady.' By dropping out the word 'modesty' or depressing it in favour of the 'visual hint,' the dream throws away one cue to meaning and reverts to the

primary significance of the image, an actual human being. Discarding words is throwing away cues to meaning. Freud remarks that the dream can only express either . . . or . . . by taking the alternatives into one context, and it cannot negate. The discarding of word-imagery thus begins the process of displacing meaning that is continued by the erection of visual memory-images into a prominence that throws them back to their original reference to real external objects. The whole process involves one of the most obvious characteristics of the dream—dramatisation. The abstract is deserted or exchanged for the visual and the concrete. In this sense the dream probably does represent a reversion to primitive mentality. Speaking generally and broadly, thought proceeds from the more perceptual and less conceptual to the less perceptual and more conceptual, the dream takes the reverse route.

Displacement, condensation and dramatisation are Freud's three key-words for the interpretation of dreams. *Displacement*, he tells us, is the core of the problem. The notion of the dream as the result of an emphasis on the imagery of ideas conforms perfectly with this statement. The displacement of meaning from the original significance of the imagery in the idea to its apparent significance that the dreamer is among real scenes is the primary concept for the understanding of the dream. If this displacement result from the erection of imagery, mainly visual imagery, to prominence and if this erection to prominence express the tendency of consciousness to conform to an habitual structure containing relatively intense visual images, the symbolical nature of the dream proceeds directly from this fundamental process. The 'stagnant pool' dream was an allegory because, in



becoming a dream, it passed through a process that automatically transformed it into one. Evasion of 'censorship' appears to be a conception superfluously added by Freud. Any desire expressed in a dream, unless a simple transformation of idea into event, like the idea of drinking into the act of drinking, will appear, practically automatically, in symbolical form. Censor or no censor, it is disguised, and often very thoroughly. With the censorship will disappear a good deal of the hypothetical psychological structure erected by Freud. So far as one thread of Ariadne can conduct through the maze of the dream, it consists of the simple principle that ideational imagery is erected into prominence in an endeavour to conform consciousness to the structure normally imposed upon it by its continual perceptual contact with the world, and thus produces a displaced reference of the erected imagery to supposititious external objects.

JOSHUA C. GREGORY.

## MYSTERIES.

Rev. D. THOS. JAMES, M.A.

WE may define a mystery as an object of wonder. The soul that wonders does not understand, but is withdrawn to contemplate her object. She has tried to understand, may yet pursue the attempt, or may have already given up the quest. Thus the issue of wonder may be either study or despair. In the one case man tries to arrive at a knowledge of the mystery; in the other he may experience nothing but confusion. When the Hebrew Creator would reveal order out of chaos he began with issuing the characteristic fiat: "Let there be light!"—and whoever will discern a mystery must first have light in his soul to dissipate the darkness.

Again, wonder is a failure on the part of the imagination to explain or on the part of reason and understanding to apprehend their object. After attempting an interpretation of the mysterious presentations to consciousness, the strivings of the soul begin to flag until she takes refuge in contemplation. The mysteries may be characterised by strangeness, variation and changeableness. The infant's surprise at the flame of the candle is occasioned by the novel flicker of its light; and there are many persons and things, justly accredited with mysteriousness, which are much indebted to their variableness or their fickleness.

The mystery, once more, may be above us or beneath us. The language of the birds is scarcely intelligible to us, although it be inferior to our own.



The 'Life' of Jesus too is an enigma to the children of men: it is beyond them. Or—and this is the greatest miracle of all—the mystery may be one's own familiar friend.

Still, as far as has been said, we have learnt but little of value about mysteries in general or concerning a particular type of them. To say that it is an object of wonder, is a strange thing, variable or changeable, or that it is greater, equal to, or less than ourselves—that is to say something about it, but not to give it an adequate definition or description. For the term may imply anything and everything unrevealed, but as such means little or nothing to us. It is real chaos and darkness, but no light and order. It is obvious, therefore, that if for the moment we are supposed to possess no knowledge or revelation of mysteries, so-called, we must invent methods of discovering the same. An enumeration, however, of ways and means would imply acquaintance with previous discoveries, which is so far precluded by hypothesis. There remains therefore no other alternative than to undertake the task of inventing methods.

Let us premise with an observation upon the common error of relying upon the power of the imagination without the support of adequate experience. The imagination, unaided by digestion, cannot appreciate a meal or pass an opinion upon it. Likewise no sane person will assume that metaphysics may supply us with reliable facts about the universe, nor can any reflecting man suppose that, by means of some intellectual faculty or effort, he could arrive at an infallible conclusion of the form 'God is'; otherwise he would manifestly fail to discern the difference on the one hand between speculation and observation, and on

the other between inspiration and ratiocination. This counsel of perfection is merely a specific or adequate application of the principle of adjustment—*i.e.* eye to eye, hand to hand. It is further of fundamental importance to observe that the essential condition of true knowledge is close similitude (in certain definite respects) between object and percipient. It is an ancient axiom assumed by an Apostle when he said: "We know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." There is suggested to us, in this passage of scripture, the possibility of knowing things only partially, mysteriously, or 'as in a glass, darkly,' rather than as they actually appear to him that knows them. As false knowledge is due to improper adjustment, so the defective is attributable to a lack of appropriate similitude between the psychological factors. It thus sometimes happens that the conditions of knowledge and understanding are not satisfied, and that therefore, in the interests of perfect knowledge, a change should take place in the constitution of either object or percipient, *e.g.* growth in wisdom or stature. The discoveries of method already made are only partial and limited, because they are based on one or two particular instances. The principles or methods which may yet be discovered must be derived from a wider range of such cases as are the sources of universals. A classification, description or enumeration of mysteries should therefore precede any serious attempt at inventing methods of discovering the nature of the same. A convenient classification will be that into physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual mysteries. Science has its physical mysteries of electricity and gravitation; to philosophy the thing-in-itself is unknowable; ethics



affecting social relations only cannot comprehend religion; but to religion all its own peculiar mysteries must be revealed. The enigmas of science are not inexplicable; they are largely the offspring of an attempt on the part of the physicist to apprehend energy and matter by means of intelligence, the function of which is just to grasp ideas. The mysterious noumenon, or the thing-in-itself, of Kant is capable of a similar sort of solution, for he simply denies its knowability, and concludes: "All we know is phenomena." The term applied to the presumable reality suggests that he may have admitted the legitimacy of the inference as to its existence. Whereas therefore our ontological postulate of a thing-in-itself may be verified by individual induction, nevertheless the subjective or equivalent identity of a noumenon cannot be known without psychological contradiction. But now the criterion of existence is not noumena or phenomena, but necessity. I was somehow forced to believe in my existence until I doubted it. It was, however, a psychological error that made me doubt. I shall therefore still be compelled to believe that I do exist.

But that things-in-themselves are more real than 'noumenal' may be evidenced from life and language. The evidence in question consists of the unity and sympathy of Nature, whereby the inmost soul of things partakes in our self-consciousness. She breathes her very life into us so that, to a greater or less degree, we become inspired. There is no more empty poetry in that statement than in the observation that we assimilate our food. At least no relevant objection may be brought against this doctrine of inspiration which may not be urged with equal force against the theory of knowledge.

The science of ethics is perhaps the most prolific of mysterious problems. Moralists, even the most renowned, have frequently failed to agree upon fundamental questions affecting social aspects of life. At the present day the opposite doctrines of Egoism and Altruism claim their respective adherents. Neither view exactly coincides with the traditional teaching of Christian brotherhood. This teaching embraces somewhat of either doctrine when it demands, in the tribal language of Judaism, that a Christian shall (at the least) love his (friendly) neighbour as himself. These inferential differences among all three doctrines correspond to different standpoints and perspectives. Thus egoism is an explicit individualism, christianism a specific socialism, and altruism an implicit universalism. Individualism and universalism are more formal than realistic, more rationalistic than moral, more accidental than essential attempts at the creation of a system of ethics. Christianity alone can satisfy the principle of adequate adaptation. Altruism may seek to shame the intolerance of Christian unity and pretend to teach a similar and indiscriminate charity towards friend and foe; but just as our behaviour towards animals varies chiefly in accordance with their species, so our attitude towards one another must be determined by type and character. The good Samaritan may see his way to attend to the physical needs of his proverbial Jewish enemy, yet the condition of extending to him the love of a perfect friend may be lacking.

A general survey of a certain region of mysteries has conducted us to no essentially new method of discovery, but it has, on the other hand, confirmed and developed the principle of adaptation to environment.

At the outset we defined a mystery as an object



of wonder; we could as truly define it as a subject of wonder. For to the modern mind there is nothing so mysterious as a subject *qua* subject. Our first definition betrays perhaps a prejudice in favour of phenomena or knowledge of objects; our second definition suggests the possibility of sympathy with a subject, as solution of a mystery. It would not be easy to persuade the modern mind, already prejudiced in favour of phenomena, that sympathy is more desirable or blessed than knowledge. Now knowledge consists in the phenomenal effects of psychological organisation. Corresponding to the dualism of consciousness, the indispensable origin of all relative and dependent phenomena, must be some mysterious, substantial, sympathetic organisms, or agency and organism. These are to consciousness as cause to effect.

All knowledge, however, is not the same knowledge. There is a spiritual or heavenly knowledge, a physical or gravitational, social or diverse, and intellectual or 'ideal' knowledge. And there is a similar variety of sympathy.

In deciding between the relative merits of sympathy and knowledge it must be borne in mind that effect is one thing, finality another. Knowledge is an effect and sympathy not simply a cause of it. Heavenly love or sympathy should be the goal, and spiritual phenomena the language, of our aspirations. The subordination of the former to the latter may be termed personal exploitation.

But the unexplored regions of physical phenomena compete for our attention with the navigable oceans of sympathy around us and beyond. As the heavens are not open unto many; the world has foregone the glory of them for the beauty of earth. In favour of this

gravitational knowledge it will be affirmed that it appeals to the mind, although the appeal may be delusive and vain. Bacon once boasted that he had taken all knowledge to be his province; but scholastic knowledge is formal and phenomenal, lacking real substance. Moreover its counterpart, the understanding, is relative and dependent and limited. On behalf of sympathy it may be urged that it is essential and self-sufficient. It is also a vital and free gift and therefore a highest good. Again such transient knowledge is but the semblance of possession, which cannot (except in fancy) enter into and support the unity of personality; it may become a useful medium or a troublesome burden. Sympathy on the other hand is life itself which, free from care and burden of its own, feeds the poor and destitute. Perfect sympathy, however, consists of a fellow and common feeling. Thus we may speak not only of an individual consciousness but also of a common sympathy—a whole society as one man may realise in some member a social consciousness. When we estimate their relative merits we observe that sympathy may become universal and divine and therefore immeasurably greater than individual consciousness. In short, if satisfaction be a criterion of perfection, then common sympathy or fellowship, along with its social consciousness, surpasses all the world's knowledge and understanding.

This sounds like the praise of ancient Christianity. The following strange contrast, revealed in a dream or ecstasy, represents another type of mystery. On the opposite sides of a grand Cathedral chancel the choir consisted of two sections—namely, militarism and pacifism. The latter characterised the former as



'impossible' and desired to avoid contact by moving up towards the altar. From the back of the other side the writer beheld a veil or curtain on the wall to the rear of the militarists. As the choir proceeded to sing, the veil was parted asunder and disclosed beyond it some two or three dazzling bright figures. In spite of a sustained effort it appeared impossible to draw the attention of either section of the choir towards the heavenly vision behind and beyond them. If grapes are the fruit of the vine, on what did this ecstatic dream grow?

It is quite unnecessary to give an account of its psychological and other presuppositions. Suffice it to offer a brief statement of its meaning. Militarism is content to chant a hymn to physical Necessity, the end of which is violence, not salvation. Pacifism is satisfied with distant reserve and declamation. Pacifism and Militarism can never fraternise; yet the one is guilty of religious cowardice, the other of tergiversation. The latter appears indifferent to the world of spirit, and the former fears physical and spiritual realities alike. But those who live yonder in the land of revelation must wonder at the world's unbelief.

D. THOS. JAMES.

## THE DESERT MONKS.<sup>1</sup>

MILLAR DUNNING.

TAKE no thought of their nakedness; for these men were as beasts, covered with long hair and brown in the skin. Go to them yourselves; point to the angry clouds, or turn again to the sun, and say unto them: "Are ye not frozen when it is winter; and in the season of heat, are not your bodies consumed?" And they will answer you saying: "God in his providence has made us to be so that in the winter we do not freeze, and in the summer we are not burnt up." It was because of this that I said: "I have seen Monks. Permit me to be silent."

But now I will proceed and relate to you all that happened when I was still among them. For once, when I was sitting in my cell at Scete, my thoughts said unto me: "Go forth! Get thee gone into the desert and consider what thou wilt see there." And I remained five years struggling with my thought and trying it lest it might be from Satan.

I then awakened from my struggle and took me to the mountain that guards the desert where I lived; and I scanned the country in every direction, looking for a sign to point the way I might choose. And looking to the south I saw how the seas of sand moved all one way—the serried waves that lined the billows, and the mountainous waves themselves converging

<sup>1</sup> From incidents related in the 'Paradise' of Palladius—Dr. Wallace Budge's translation.



from either side and pointing in their midst a certain winding valley which led out and into all the unknown wilds. This I chose and followed, counting the rising and the setting of the sun four times. And on the eve of the fourth day I was come to a place wherein all the land spread out into one unbroken plain, pointing neither this way nor that, but leaving me as one who might have chosen blindly. It was then in the evening sky that I saw the picture of heaven. It shimmered awhile and then was gone; but I marked its direction by the stones that lay before me, and continued thus till all was dark.

When the day broke again, lo! and behold, the whole compass of heaven seemed filled with the mightiness of what I saw. Could I say that it was solid earth? I did not know. I looked into it, but could see nothing. I looked up, and its heights seemed buried in the sky. But there to the east I could dimly see a vast and jagged line as of some monstrous shape that yearned towards the fading stars. The blue haze of morning wrapt it round; and, though I could not surely tell, I knew it to be a great mountain, and the one whose soul had drawn me through all those faltering years. I bent my spirit in adoration and lifted my arms as one in a mighty Presence; for it seemed that the spirit of that mountain was akin to my spirit and that it surged through my blood, and I felt that I was strong and that the grace of wisdom hovered over my head. I felt also that here I should pass my days and do the strange things of which I had dreamt, and see the wonderful things that had haunted me and hunted me until I had sought them out. I therefore marked well in my mind all that displayed itself before me, even as they of the flesh would searchingly note all the features

of their beloved. But mine was a higher love, in which nothing but the soul could share, even as the eternal craving of my flesh bore witness. And thus it was that, as the day opened, I watched all expectant for the things I should see—peering into the ravines for the things they concealed, listening for their spirit-fraught silences, and attentive to every movement of their sensitive shadows. And as I clambered up I knew more and more the exaltation of my state, till soon I was in spirit as in person master of all the vistas of life. And I bethought me of all the men that lived—of those like myself in the high clear air of the mountain, and of those who lived in the valley and in the plain. And it seemed in comparison that those who lived in the mountain were those whose lives were pure and joyous, and whose minds were free of all the base requirements of the world. And thinking thus it seemed to me that I had been favoured beyond knowledge. But in the midst of my exaltation and while I stood pondering, a dim sound caught the ear of my soul. And as I listened it grew to a voice—louder and louder, and then to a thunder, till all the field of my understanding was black with sound.

Then, for the moment casting out the thing that possessed me, I clambered higher, hoping to surmount such untimely gloom—clambered till I reached the topmost peak. But I was followed as one pursued by the odour of his sin. For on the top of the mountain I was not free, even as one weighed down by an oppression of spiritual lust. Then, in the poverty of my spirit, I cast about me for some way of escape, and again bethought me of the dweller in the plain. And as I meditated I seemed to see the dweller in the mountain as one who had approached too nearly the thing he



worshipped, and as one who in the exaltation of his spirit had grown drunk and blind. I therefore looked again to the plain—to the one that opened freshly before me, and sought there for what I might see. And behold! what was it I saw? A fountain gushing water; great stones, grown round with trees; the water welling up in the midst and tumbling over the roots and down to the small encircling lake. And what did I see on the sides of the lake? Lo! there were beasts of many sorts, some walking listlessly, others drinking. And what did I see in the midst of the beasts? Lo! two of them covered with hair . . . and they were men.

Now having seen that these men moved about as though they too were beasts, going and coming without thought and untroubled by vain cravings of the spirit, I descended unto where they were, and approached warily and as one coming meekly, lest I might frighten them and they should flee. And as I came nearer, the beasts one by one ran to the men, surrounding them so that when they spoke to me it was from the centre and over the heads of the beasts. They cried to me that I was a spirit and implored me to depart. They held up their hands as though in terror, and I could see that they were greatly disturbed.

Then I spoke to them, telling them to be done with their fear and that I was not a spirit, but a man such as they. But they could not understand and continued to cry out and to tear their hair. The beasts, as though in sympathy, swished their tails and howled till I thought the very heavens would fall. Then, in doubt, I reconsidered the philosophy of the plain, and wondered if it were not better on the mountain-top, even though too near the realms of

knowledge. But thinking I might find others in the plain possessing more wisdom, I turned away to continue my search. I therefore followed the base of the mountain, still further to the south. But this time I bethought me of my clothes, and, lest I should again defeat my purpose, carried them in a bundle on my shoulder.

I wandered thus till, seeing many caves and wondering what they contained, I went up to one and knocked, but received no answer. Then I knocked again, and again, and still no answer. And walking out into the open and seeing no one I returned and gave the door a great stroke with my hand. It opened suddenly. When, lo! what did I see? A man sitting unclothed—his head between his knees and his hands clasped in front. I walked up and with the tip of my finger touched him—when lo! what had I done? Instead of the man there remained but a heap of dust. I did not wait, but went out again in search of what else I might find; and travelling a little way I saw a man sitting on the bank of a river. And when I saw him I knew that he was one of those whose souls are so fearfully diminished that they can no longer bear the smell of men. I therefore approached him with great caution. And when I was close to him I spoke, asking why he went naked in the desert. He did not move, but answered that it was I who had bidden him—I, his God, and that for me alone he did all things. He moaned and seemed greatly distressed. His words were hoarse, and I seemed to listen to the voice almost of a beast. I thought that he was mad. But when I drew closer the smell of my body reached him. He started up with a fearful howl, and seeing me turned and with great speed fled. I followed after



him, giving chase, and it seemed he would make his escape. I cried to him: "I am following after thee. For God's sake wait for me." And he answered me saying: "And I for God's sake also am fleeing from thee."

Then casting away my garment I pursued with all my might. And seeing that I had cast away my garment he stopped, saying to me: "As thou did'st cast away from thee the things of the world, I waited for thee. But why dost thou pursue me? I say unto thee: '*Flee* from the children of men, keep silence and thou shalt live.' And if thou art too weak to do as I, sit in thy cave and weep for thy sins."

After this I left him, seeing that he was still troubled and that the presence of men drove his spirit from him. He was as those whose souls have become weak and unseasoned for want of earthly wear, so that none may know where to touch and not give pain, even as they themselves know not what to do in self-protection. And as I journeyed I turned and saw him still standing, a solitary figure bowed in the presence of his own weird spirit-creations, and even, so I thought, as one forever wedded to the inarticulate and shapeless things of the air.

And thus he stood, until at last I could see him but as a dim speck in the desert. And as I pondered, there came upon me a great light and I seemed to see that, as the spirit of the mountain had drawn me in the thought of happiness, so the spirit of the plain had attracted these in the thought of flight from pain. And I saw moreover that men both in their search for happiness and in their flight from pain did but speculate in the gardens of life, and that in their manifold speculation, and in all the vastness of its

waste and error, they did but make sacrifice at the unseen altar of Posterity. I saw also that the ignorance which brought them this narrowed life—this partial death—both hastened man's passage and secured his road to knowledge.

And it seemed to me that for Posterity, that too was good. Then as I thought further it appeared that I might perchance find one who had already penetrated beyond these zones of death—one who by virtue of greater wisdom had found strength to acknowledge the whole gamut of life—its mundane depths and its supernal heights, and in either sphere its optimism and its tragedy. Such an one it appeared would be, if not happy, then in possession of that calm heroic state which makes for uniform growth, and which in the end makes possible that cataclysmic marriage of body and soul, the burning fruits of which shall not perish.

But for the fulfilment of this purpose I must needs travel forth once again, though not again to the desert.

MILLAR DUNNING.



## THE INDESTRUCTIBLE ELEMENT IN SHADOW-LAND.<sup>1</sup>

E. P. LARKEN, B.A.

WE have seen how the predominating, the one overmastering, desire of the owners was to perfect themselves for entering into the Shadowless Land. For this they strove without ceasing with the power of darkness; for this they underwent through countless ages their painful association with their shadows. We have noted, however, the reports that occasionally an owner, when fully qualified to enter the Shadowless Land of his desire, had voluntarily turned his back upon that Land, had foregone the wages so well and painfully earned, and made what was called the 'great renunciation,' simply to help by precept, by influence, by example, his more backward brethren. There may seem to be some inconsistency here. A motive appears which on the face of it is stronger than the strong desire of the owners for the Shadowless Land. But in truth there is no inconsistency. That which underlay the desire of perfecting themselves for the Shadowless Land, the root whence the desire sprang, was the sense of oneness which drew the owners with irresistible force to a common centre. That centre was represented by the Shadowless Land. Now this compelling force, this sense of essential oneness, was necessarily communicated, in some measure, by the owners to their

<sup>1</sup> For Mr. Larken's previous essays in shadow-lore see *THE QUEST* for Jan. 1914, Jan. 1915, and Jan. and July, 1918.—ED.

shadows. It could not be otherwise in view of the relations which existed between them. For the purpose of communicating with their shadows the owners found at hand a channel of the best possible nature of which they could avail themselves.

Throughout the whole of Shadow-land, inseparable from the shadow-nature, there prevailed a tendency which, for lack of a better term, we must call the tendency to mutual attraction. This tendency varied to an almost infinite extent in power and in range. The shadows themselves assigned it, for they were fully aware of its existence, to a number of causes. Of these the principal were conditions of life-interest, of self-preservation, sex-difference, natural affinities. But whatever the cause assigned, the fact of the tendency to mutual attraction remained and showed itself among the shadows in every condition of their lives. The effect of this tendency was to form the shadows into groups, which might vary from a group of two to a group of an indefinite number.

This tendency to mutual attraction was made use of by the owners so as to draw their shadows into closer touch with them, in order that the owners themselves might thereby fulfil the purpose of their being. The effect of this action of the owners upon the tendency to mutual attraction among the shadows was to remove, or to make liable to be removed, this tendency from the shadow-order to the order occupied by the owners themselves.

However small a group of shadows formed by this indestructible shadow-tendency might be, however large, it provided a channel subject, or liable to be subject, to the influence of the owners for communication with their shadows; with the result that



the shadowy mutual attraction was touched by the underlying force, the spirit of oneship of the owners, and, so touched, underwent a metamorphosis, or a process of transfiguration, whichever we like to call it.

The tendency to mutual attraction was inherent in the shadow-nature; it partook of that nature, it rose with it and with it perished. But when the owners made use of this tendency to come into fuller touch with their shadows, then, as I said, another state of things prevailed, and the tendency, touched by the owners' spirit of oneness, passed by the metamorphosis or transfiguration spoken of, into the order of the owners themselves. And this was the case, without exception, with every group formed among the shadows by the tendency to mutual attraction when touched by the spirit of oneness.

This tendency was, as I said, universal in Shadowland; no shadow could boast that it was not subject to it in one way or another, though the forms it assumed, as the causes which gave rise to it, were innumerable. But whatever the shape or the immediate cause of it might be, it partook, if left untouched by the owners' spirit of oneness, of the shadow-nature; and whatever the shape or the immediate cause might be, when touched by the spirit of oneness it passed from the shadow-order.

The point to be borne in mind, however, is the usefulness of this 'tendency to mutual attraction' among the shadows to the owners in the carrying out of their great purpose. This tendency was the most direct of all the channels for intercommunication; it was universal, it was indestructible.

But the 'tendency to mutual attraction' as a

group-forming influence among shadows was accompanied naturally by a tendency to mutual repulsion of group towards group. It was found, as a matter of fact, that the stronger the tendency to attraction was the more violent became the tendency to repulsion. For the former tendency, as we have seen, brought the shadows into groups, leaving the shadow-race, as a race, untouched.

This inter-group repulsion waxed stronger the stronger the group-forming power of the 'tendency to mutual attraction' grew. This was shown clearly enough when the tendency arising from a need for mutual security gave rise to a group of shadows. All this must be remembered, if we would get a firm grasp of the action of the owners through this permanently stable shadowy force of the 'tendency to mutual attraction.'

In its most primitive form, the form which resulted in a two-shadow group, the tendency to mutual attraction was little more than a blind instinct, which the two-shadow group obeyed as automatically almost as the bird obeys the impulse to sing on a bright morning in May. But this instinct, almost blind, almost automatic as it was, opened a clear channel for the action of the owners; and in process of time, by means of the relationship thus established, it might, touched by the owners' spirit of oneness, pass even to that order in which the great renunciation and its like, of which I have spoken, became possible.

But while the tendency to mutual attraction was made use of by the owners as a main channel by which to come into touch with the shadows allotted to them for a time, the opposite tendency, that to repulsion or disruption among groups, was a potent weapon in the



hands of the power of darkness for the wrecking of this channel.

We must bear in mind that the tendency to mutual attraction was to form groups among the shadows and to leave untouched the race of shadows as a race, with the result that the more powerfully the tendency acted on the coherence of a shadow-group the more strongly did it increase the opposite tendency—that of group-repulsion or disruption. Indeed this shadow-tendency continued to grow ever more powerful until the owners' spirit of oneness was able to touch or to drench it. The effect of this touching or drenching was seen in a universalising of the tendency to mutual attraction, with the consequent breaking up of its group-forming power and a proportionate weakening or destruction of the disruptive or mutual repulsive tendency, which was so potent a weapon in the hands of the power of darkness.

Nothing could show this process more clearly than the history of the formation of shadow-groups from the tendency to mutual attraction engendered by the relations in which the shadows were dimly conscious of standing to their owners.

The innumerable ways by which the owners communicated with their shadows gave rise, as might be expected, to innumerable speculative theories on the part of the shadows as to these relations. In conformation with these theories the tendency of mutual attraction among the shadows gave rise to innumerable groups, each group strongly repellent of the others. The more firmly a group thus formed was welded together the more violently did it react on groups formed, also by mutual attraction, in other ways than its own. Taking Shadow-land as a whole,

we may say that the disruptive or mutually repulsive tendency was more rampant in this respect than in any other. Here the tendency to mutual attraction required to be drenched by the owners' spirit of oneness before it could pass from the shadow-order of its origin.

In these circumstances it becomes clear how mutual attraction among the shadows and its disruptive correlative were to the owners on the one hand and the power of darkness on the other, weapons of the utmost potency in their long-drawn-out conflict. The overmastering desire of the owners for the Shadowless Land had its root, as we have seen, in the spirit of that oneness of which that Land promised full fruition. The tendency to mutual attraction among the shadows was thus sought for by the owners as a channel of communication. Mutual attraction, whatever form it might assume, could be removed from its shadowy order into or nearer to that of the owners only when it was touched or drenched by the owners' spirit of at-one-ment. That this was the case was proved by the weakening of the tendency to group-repulsion which progressed in proportion to the touching or drenching of mutual attraction by the spirit of the owners.

The obvious analogy which existed between the tendency to mutual attraction among the shadows and the sense of oneness which was the driving force behind the desire for the Shadowless Land among the owners, lay only on the surface. The former, as we have seen, invariably found its correlative in a tendency to disruption, while the latter was wholly free from, in fact utterly hostile to, this tendency.

E. P. LARKEN.



## THE NEW LIFE.

O LORD of the world !

Shut not yet the seven red, fiery gates. Tell me, I beseech thee, shall misguided and bewildered men soon begin to understand the truth of thy words ?

And God answered me :

Go down and reseethe the different streams of life in the blood of thy heart. Pour away the unclean scum and dip thyself in the clearer limpidity, and then reflect on the human soul of love, the wonder of wonders and the chief enchantment of creation, the secret of creative power itself.

Penetrate yet deeper, and come to me in the Holy of Holies, and I will reveal to thee what shall be in the near future.

I did so, came into the Holy of Holies and bowed myself before God.

Said God to me thus :

Cast thine eyes down to the sea. Beholdest thou how the waves rush towards the shore, dash themselves upon the rocks, kiss every pebble, cleanse every grain of sand ? Hearest thou the sea roar ? And how it boils and seethes ? Seest thou how the hot foam curls itself round the earth, embraces the islands of the world, tears its way into all water-falls, narrow gulleys and clefts in the rocks ?

But far, far more mightily will the seas of love, beauty and justice rush and roar, the billows will lift themselves sky-high, till the naked depths beneath

will be disclosed. They will burst and spread themselves far and wide with stormy love, glide and coax their way deeper and deeper into all hearts that feel, all minds that think, all souls that yearn, till the day come when out of the little creatures shall emerge once more the great creatures.

MOYSHEH OYVED.

(The Author's own Translation from the Yiddish Original.)

## IMMORTALITY.

[AFTER I had studied under my master, the abbot of the Temple of the Transcending Mind, near Kyoto, Japan, he gave me some note-books of an old Buddhist mystic. I have paraphrased some of their contents in *vers libre*. The following is one of the pieces.]

FROM of old, from of old, men have trodden the  
 pathway of life,  
 And passed, one by one, with sorrow or joy, through  
 the portals of death,—  
 Have entered the valley of silence, and mounted the  
 measureless hills,  
 Have lifted the curtains of time, and of space, and of  
 me-and-of-thee. . . .  
 Have found an abode at last in the temple of peace.  
  
 They have lifted the triple veil shrouding the fathom-  
 less void, and are not, yet are.  
 They have drunk of the waters of silence, and eaten  
 the lotus leaves.  
 Yet their hidden rustling movements perfume the  
 numberless worlds ;



The ghosts of their thoughts and acts mould the  
courses of men.

They are not . . . and yet we are they.

From of old, from of old, from the formless chaos of  
matter,

Has risen, by stage after stage, the life that we know.

Each stage is the life of a man long dead . . . his  
essence, his soul.

His name and his bones, and his me-and-his-  
thee . . . they are gone ;

But him do I find in the life of the world, and in me.

I find in my soul the ghosts of the infinite dead.

Their ceaseless murmurings are ever in my ears ;

I cannot drown their ceaseless whisperings.

They who are no more, are life itself. . . .

They who are dead are alive, and they cannot die.

In the dust of the countless worlds do I find the dead ;

In the ceaseless throbbing of life do I find their souls.

The whirling rhythm of all is their ghostly breath ;

The movement of all that is, is the dance of their  
twinkling feet,

Winter their sleep, and Spring but their joyous  
awakening.

They have lifted the triple veil, beyond which is nought.

They have passed through the portals of death,

Have entered the valley of silence,

And sleep the eternal sleep ;

Yet the movement of all that lives and that breathes  
is but they.

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY MCGOVERN, Ph.D.

(Priest of the Nishi Hongwanji.)

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

### PSYCHOLOGICAL PRINCIPLES.

By James Ward, Sc.D., LL.D., D.Sc., Professor of Mental Philosophy, Cambridge. Cambridge (The University Press); pp. 478; 21s. net.

HERE we have the final outcome of Professor Ward's famous article 'Psychology' contributed in 1885 to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Ever since the appearance of what was practically a treatise rather than an article, it has been indispensable to all students of the subject and rapidly attained the distinction of a classical pronouncement. When Professor Ward wrote his arresting article and defined the scope of psychology as a science, this youngest of the sciences was, so to say, only beginning to be born. Now it is one of the most active departments of research and its surveyed material is being piled up mountainously. In spite of this our veteran pioneer finds little to alter in his original exposition and nothing to change as to his main outlook in the new and valuable matter he has added to transform the whole into a substantial text-book. It remains, as we have said, a classical pronouncement, a sober introduction to the science for all who are content to limit their investigations to the data of normal experience. Professor Ward is deliberately conservative; he severely disapproves of innovations, indeed of any attempt to depart from the norm he has set up in dealing with the 'science of individual experience.' He is quite conscious of his own attitude and adopts it deliberately. "There is," he writes, "a psychology that arrogates to itself the title of 'new.' New it undoubtedly is, and there are signs that in its present form it will not long survive. In any case it is not psychology—save in so far as it occasionally furnishes the psychologist with material of some value. As a *method* in the hands of psychologists it has done some good: as a pretended *science* in the hands of tyros whose psychological training has not even begun, it has done infinite harm."



It must be confessed that this is a very severe judgment on investigations carried out by many minds of great ability along a number of lines of research dealing with the more obscure phenomena of the mind—investigations which, to say the least of it, show the inadequacy of any principles of psychology which have so far been enunciated.

Psychology is the youngest of the sciences. In highest probability it contains the promise of a richer harvest of fruit than any other branch of knowledge; but at present it is in its early stages of development. There is no place in it as yet for authoritative decisions, even if we are content to accept Professor Ward's own amended definition of it as "the science of individual experience—understanding by experience not merely, not primarily, cognition, but also, and above all, conative activity or behaviour." There is a host of abnormal experiences which refuse to fit into the framework conceived to accommodate the results of an analysis that confines itself solely to the investigation of the normally known. It is being found that, though far from being capable of articulation into any hypothetical scheme that may be held to elucidate the psychology of life as a whole, these unusual experiences throw light on the jejune and ordinary rather than the reverse. They show us vividly and arrestingly the nature of much that is going on in the depths of the psyche all unknown to those who are content with the usual life of the surface of things.

Professor Ward is so out of sympathy with investigations into the nature of this life of the depths that he does not even criticise any of the many theories of the so-called 'unconscious' or 'subconscious.' It would have been of the greatest service to learn what so highly respected a teacher had to say, to hear the reasons why he adopts so intransigent an attitude. All the more so as he stoutly defends the fundamental unity of the self, the basic reality of the subject, over against the popular 'psychology without a soul' folk, and will have nothing to do with the mechanical atomistic theory of psychological elements. But if he is here rightly conservative, he is also in one respect a radical innovator. If soul, in the sense of the fundamental perduring reality of man as the subject of all experience, is the first of all psychological principles, equally it would seem that consciousness is another of those principles that we must posit as fundamental. But no; having been asked by many to banish the idea of soul from our minds if we would have a psychology that can be called

a science, we are now invited by some to have done entirely with the notion of consciousness, and take in its place 'givenness' or 'awareness.' Professor Ward is of this way of thinking. He has no longer any use for so essential an element or activity in the life of the mind as consciousness or self-consciousness. Instead he would have us employ the term 'attention.' Now attention is surely a willed activity of the subject-self; but consciousness is said, at any rate in India, to be of its very nature. Without consciousness there could be no psychology, for there would then be no experience, willed or otherwise.

#### EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHICAL SCIENCE.

Levitation, 'Contact' and the 'Direct Voice.' By W. J. Crawford, D.Sc., Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering, The Municipal Technical Institute, Belfast, etc. London (Watkins); pp. 191; 6s. net.

TWO years ago Dr. Crawford served sceptics and believers with a substantial dish of carefully recorded and physically tested psychical facts to chew upon. His book was called *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena* and fully justified its title for all unprejudiced readers capable of weighing evidence. The facts recorded were as positive and objective as could well be desired; they were physical, but apparently set the known laws of physics at defiance. Physical objects moved without contact; tables and other articles were suspended in the air without any visible means of support, and remained thus floating or quite steady sometimes for as long as five minutes at a time. Raps and percussive sounds were heard almost anywhere in the room, varying from ticks and gentle scrapings or 'suckings' to sledge-hammer blows that could be heard out in the street. Such strikingly abnormal objective happenings showed beyond a possibility of doubt that there must be subtle physical forces at work as yet undreamed of by the schools. Dr. Crawford was at once impressed with the importance of the subject and set to work devising means for investigating this new order of physical reality with the object of discovering its laws, and has ever since doggedly persisted with his investigations.

The present volume clears up several points of importance which were left obscure in the former publication, adds the record of new and skilfully devised experiments and generally



convinces us that the method of research is fundamentally sound and already yielding results of very great value.

These phenomena differ fundamentally from those of the ordinary physical laboratory. Their matter and energy are supplied by living beings; the forces are not mechanically generated though employed for mechanical purposes. For four years Dr. Crawford has systematically prosecuted his researches with the help of a group of people, mainly consisting of the Goligher family of Belfast, who have most generously placed themselves at his disposal and sat regularly for him. One of the family, a daughter, is a most remarkable medium for this particular class of psychically produced physical phenomena. There is no question of payment and no suspicion of fraud; even if there were any attempt at deception the precautions taken are so drastic that it could not be made without instant detection. Nor is there here any room for the introduction of the hypothesis of suggestion or auto-suggestion. The phenomena do not fall within the mental category. The most remarkable feature is the physical strength of the manifestations. It is not a question of slight disturbances recorded by delicate instruments, but of powerful displacements measurable by heavy weighing machines. Dr. Crawford is an expert mechanical engineer and finds himself in his special element in prosecuting these researches and devising means and instruments for ascertaining the amount of physical force used in the levitations and other movements of objects and of the changes in weight of the medium and other sitters. An interesting fact that seems now to be securely established after prolonged and repeated tests is that with Miss Goligher the psychical matter used in building up the invisible structures by means of which the external phenomena are operated, is drawn entirely from the medium's body. It returns to her in its entirety immediately the phenomena cease; at any rate her weight is practically the same after as before a *séance*. The 'energy,' on the contrary, seems to be drawn from the sitters, most of whom are found to lose weight variably, generally from a small amount up to some 2lbs. While the phenomena are showing, however, the loss of weight of the medium is very considerable. The scales frequently register differences of 10 or 20lbs., and sometimes more. In one experiment, indeed, when the object was to discover the greatest amount of 'psychical matter' that could be taken from the medium without injury, it was found that the loss scaled upwards of 50lbs.—a little less



than half the normal weight of Miss Goligher. This is astounding; nothing faintly approximating to it has been scientifically recorded before in psychical research or the history of spiritism. And yet Miss Goligher did not suffer afterwards; indeed even during the experiment she showed signs of distress only towards the very end of this gradual process of withdrawal. Nor again, and this is equally extraordinary, did the size of the medium appear in any way to shrink, as has sometimes been observed. Such mechanically verified facts are so amazing that they should rouse every genuinely scientific mind to its highest pitch of attention. Here is something calculated to seize on the imagination of the physicist, the physiologist, the biologist and the psychologist alike—a challenge to them to step beyond the present confines of their respective sciences and go forth to new fields of research of ever wider interest and greater value.

Dr. Crawford has now carried out a series of ingenious experiments by which he has progressively established a number of subordinate facts to serve as data in the difficult task of analysing the invisible material force-system with which he has to deal. He is so far able to distinguish two orders of such material. The cantilever theory which assumed that it was a direct rigid arm or rod of ethereal matter attached to or fixed at one end in the body of the medium, while the free end was used to produce the various kinds of phenomena, has had to be modified. If it was solely of the cantilever type, why, when a very large amount of pressure was exercised, as for instance, by sitting on the table or using all one's strength in trying to move it, did not the body of the medium topple over forward or be found to be pushed over backward? It now appears that when a large amount of resistance has to be used to overcome such massive external pressures, the invisible mechanical structures must be bent and attached to the floor, so that the reaction is not felt by the medium's body. This and its plainly fluid nature in the process of withdrawal lead Dr. Crawford to assume that there are two orders of psychical substance employed—one fluid and one rigid—shall we say volatile and fixed?—the latter being what spiritists call 'materialized,' apparently in this case palpable though invisible. The cumulative reasoning by which our experimenter has arrived at this preliminary generalisation is a thoroughly sound piece of inductive work, based on a series of carefully observed and tested data.

All the above experiments have been carried out in conditions



which entirely exclude any contact of the medium or sitters with the objects levitated. Another series of experiments, however, has been made with the object of ascertaining further the nature of the forces employed. If the medium touches the levitated object with her hand, bare or gloved, or with a glass rod, or poker or copper wire, it immediately falls, but not when a screwed up piece of paper or a bit of wood is used. If the sitters on either side hold the medium's hands and touch the table with their free hands, it still remains levitated. This is the beginning of a new way of approach in the analysis of the forces used and should prove of great value. As far as can be ascertained at present they do not appear to be electrical. Yet another series of experiments has been made when the hands of the sitters were in contact with the table, and an ingenious arrangement used that would register the slightest pressure of the hands on the table and give warning by the ringing of an electric bell. Under these conditions levitation and various kinds of movements occurred, and large differences of weight were recorded (the table being made considerably lighter or heavier) without the bell ringing.

Finally Dr. Crawford describes some experiments with a well-known medium for what is called the 'direct voice.' These sittings had to be in the dark and the difficulties of devising control conditions were great. Nevertheless phonographic records of the 'voice' were obtained at a distance of some seven feet from the medium, who was held by the sitters on both sides of her all the time, and the records are such as to prove for experts that the 'voice' was very close to the receiving horn of the machine. This eliminates the hypothesis of ventriloquism.

Dr. Crawford is concerned solely with these physical phenomena and the mechanics of the forces employed; he refuses to occupy himself with biological or psychological questions. And in this he is wise in his generation and this Thomasian age. He confesses that the psychology of the matter is beyond him and that he does not see how there can be any objective control of the mental side. Clairvoyant description of the phenomena is, in his opinion, exceedingly unreliable. Nevertheless, as a psychological fact, the whole of these experiments are made with the very willing co-operation of an intelligence or of intelligences, the 'operators,' as he calls them, who try to carry out all his proposals. Without 'them' he freely admits he could do nothing. You may assume, if you will, that it is all the subconscious of the

medium and sitters, or you may accept the spiritistic hypothesis, or you may devise another alternative if you can,—but as a matter of solid material fact these things occur. Dr. Crawford's main object is to drive that fact home into the heads of his readers, and it is difficult to see how his sledge-hammer blows can fail to make an impression even on the most hard-headed. It is the thin end of the wedge only; but it is a well-tempered edge which has a very considerable driving power behind it, and will doubtless in time effectively do its work. Indeed it has already made a good beginning, for we find Dr. Crawford writing: "I have had many valuable suggestions with regard to experimental work from scientific men in many parts of the world. And I am altogether agreeably surprised at the great interest taken generally in the subject."

#### THE ORIGIN OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

An Attempt to Conceive the Mind as a Product of Evolution. By Charles Augustus Strong, Late Professor of Psychology in Columbia University. London (Macmillan); pp. 330; 12s. net.

THIS is an attempt by the Emeritus Professor of Psychology of Columbia University to fill out a theory he first enunciated in a work published fifteen years ago. In psychology as in philosophy everything depends on the meaning of terms. For ourselves as good Platonists Mind (= Spirit) is both logically and in the scale of value prior to all else, and therefore to talk of Mind as a 'Product of Evolution' seems to be a standing of the pyramid of thought on its apex. Professor Strong, however, uses the term in an inferior sense, as is the modern habit. His 'mind' is a product of that question-begging vocable evolution. We should prefer to call this object-mind (the 'me') the psychical vehicle of Mind proper, and then we are prepared in many ways to see eye to eye with Professor Strong's 'vehicular' theory. The main criticism we have to make on the book as a whole is that our author starts well and raises high expectations. He then alluringly switches off to a number of very acute criticisms of modern contending and conflicting psychological theories, and especially those which envisage the relationship of mind and body. . With every chapter of these interesting analyses we keep on saying to ourselves: "Now at last we shall come to the constructive side of the



work." But, in our own case at any rate, we must confess that at the end we feel somewhat like Mr. Punch's small boy with the sausage-roll. The urchin seemed never to get really at the sausage. After each bite he murmured: "Not yet," and with the last morsel, he concluded: "Must have bitten over it!" Professor Strong has a great theme before him, a most indispensable element in psychology,—namely, the nature of the psychical vehicle of consciousness. He thinks, however, that his theory of pan-psychism, the theory of mind-stuff *redivivus* or of psychophysical monism, should exhaust the whole of psychology. But for ourselves we feel that this is at best a half truth. The theory that the mental and physical activities are two aspects or modes of an essentially unitary reality, is a necessary presupposition of all sound philosophising, and there is nothing new in this. As for mind-stuff, not to speak of modern Western speculations, it has been for three thousand years at least the stock-in-trade of most schools of Indian thought, and we may add of all primitive philosophising the world over. We are nevertheless by no means opposed to retrying this most ancient hypothesis before the tribunal of modern thought. There is much to be said for it within its proper scope and limitations, and all the more to-day when even physical stuff has been dynamized out of all sensible recognition. Where Professor Strong saddles himself with a quite unnecessary handicap is his absolute boycott of all the support he might get for his theory from the now so widely studied phenomena of abnormal psychology and psychical research. It is a short-sighted policy and quite out of date.

There is scope in this volume for a review of a score of pages, had we space for it; but only one or two points can be briefly touched upon. For our author, consciousness is a relation solely. But in spite of the fine run the philosophy of relativity is just now having for its money, it is really a red herring rather than a nice fat hare. You don't get any concrete satisfaction by treating the subject-object relation simply as a relation between two relatednesses; all three are of equal importance and value in the problem, and one is never found without the others. Jettison consciousness and talk of awareness, and then replace awareness by 'givenness,' and still consciousness and its secret elude us. It is also strange to find a monist, as Professor Strong professes himself to be, declaring that "it is quite thinkable and absolutely possible that there are *two* irreducible yet co-equal kinds of



existence, respectively material and psychical." Why irreducible? This is abstract dualism with a vengeance; and this is a cock that will not fight. Who or what says so? What of the Mind, in the Platonic sense, that pronounces this judgment? In our humble opinion the enigma will never be solved on the 'either-or' method, but only on the 'both-and' principle. Add the Mind therefore, and make it objective, and then and only then will the three work together in revelation of the mystery. Professor Strong frequently contradicts himself, as when he says that there is no psyche but only psychic states, and yet he speaks of psychic substance, to which indeed he devotes much attention. But 'substance' is philosophically 'hypostasis,' and hypostasis is subsistence and not existence; and only in this way do we get behind, over-arch and subsume the oppositions, and restore matter to its original dignity of a spiritual origin. One of the points to be noticed is that our author, who is radically anti-Kantian, restores the possibility of the knowledge of the 'thing-in-itself'; the true object is capable of being known. It is true that this object is on a concrete plane and not of the abstract nature in which Kant delighted. Here Professor Strong draws a distinction between an 'object,' which he defines as "the real thing existing in one continuous space and one continuous time," and what he calls an 'essence.' An essence he defines as "anything that can be given, whether to sense perception or to thought, considered not as given but simply in itself." Truth supervenes when the 'essence' fully expresses the object, or equates with it. We have no quarrel with the ideas here contrasted, but we do not like the modern habit of kaleidoscopic change in the meaning of terms. It is doubtless a habit rooted in a psychological soil. But it is about time that psychologists and philosophers, at any rate, if not religionists, should wake up to the consciousness that it is no more legitimate to dethrone (in this case) 'essence' from its original high dignity than for Zoroastrians to turn the *devas* (gods) of their Indian neighbours into *daevos* (devils) or the Christians to degrade the daimones of Hellas into demons. Not the least useful part of Professor Strong's book is his polemic against the Neo-realists and his convicting them of being untrue to their own principles and so inconsistent if not self-contradictory, a serious indictment of those who so proudly base themselves on the new logic. There is no index, an inexcusable omission in a work of this nature.



## DREAMS AND PRIMITIVE CULTURE.

By W. H. R. Rivers, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London (Longmans); 28 pp.; 1s. net.

THIS lecture, delivered in the John Rylands Library, Manchester, is an excellent piece of work and deserves careful study. Dr. Rivers is a distinguished anthropologist of good sound sense as to values and also a highly trained psychologist who can pick his way discriminatingly among the intricacies of psychoanalytic studies. According to the theory of psychoanalysis the manifest content of the dream, that is what we remember of it, is the product of a process of transformation; the main features of this transformation are dramatisation, symbolisation, condensation, displacement and secondary elaboration. 'Condensation' proclaims the manifest content to be "the highly abbreviated and synthetic product of the life-long experience of the dreamer." 'Displacement' signifies "a process by which the interests associated with one motive are transferred from that image by which they would naturally be expressed to some other." 'Secondary elaboration' is that part of the dream-work by means of which the manifest dream "attains such sense and congruity as it may possess." The whole pertains to the realm of feeling-thought and sensuous imagery, and falls below the distinct conceptual level. It is essentially infantile and primitive as compared with intellectual processes. The above will enable the reader who is not familiar with the terminology of psychoanalysis to appreciate Dr. Rivers' conclusion, which conveniently and judiciously summarizes the pioneer excursions of psychoanalysis into the domain of primitive mythology.

"Among savage and barbarous peoples the place occupied by the history and science of the civilised is taken by the myth. The myth is a means of revealing knowledge of the unconscious past, and, at the same time, the means by which social behaviour having its roots in this past is explained. The myth reveals the unconscious history of the race just as the dream reveals the unconscious history of the individual. Both show the same kind of expression in concrete image and dramatic form. Both are highly condensed products in which displacements of interest are very great. Both have undergone extensive processes of secondary elaboration, which in the case of the myth have adapted

knowledge so as to bring it into a form suited to a rude grade of intelligence."

The psychological treatment of mythology initiated by psychoanalysts is a new branch of research which promises to give most valuable results. Dream-psychology is in all probability the master-key to unlock innumerable puzzles in primitive mythology. But there are high dreams and visions and high myths, and at present psychoanalysis does not give a satisfactory account of their origin, as we endeavoured to show in reviewing the work of Jung and others on myths in the January and April numbers of last year.

#### THE WONDERS OF THE SAINTS.

In the Light of Spiritualism. By Fielding Fielding-Ould, M.A.,  
Vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street. London (Watkins):  
pp. 128; 4s. 6d. net.

IT is not sufficiently recognized that the 'lives of the saints' literature receives at the hands of Roman Catholic scholars an unhampered critical treatment which is not officially permitted them in any other department of religious research. It would surprise most who have not kept abreast with studies in what is technically known as hagiology, to find how objectively the matter is dealt with. The canon of criticism applied to such records of wonders or supranormal phenomena is severe and quite in keeping with the rigour of test and lengthy procedure authoritatively laid down before any claim for canonization can be pronounced to be authentic.

Mr. Fielding-Ould's little volume is not occupied with the criticism of details. It is a popular exposition in which some of the more striking instances of certain classes of psychical phenomena gleaned from the lives of the saints are illustrated by similar happenings drawn from the literature of modern spiritualism. It must be admitted that, in spite of the contrast in the two environments, of the difference in mode of life, the odour of sanctity on the one hand and the dominantly secular atmosphere on the other, the similarities in the phenomena are indisputable. This does not of course mean to say that the saint and the medium are to be confounded with one another, but only that they are hewn out of the same human nature at bottom. If we cannot deny, as many to-day cannot deny, that certain abnormal psychical and psycho-physical phenomena do actually



take place, then we must revise the indiscriminate judgment which nineteenth century scepticism passed both on the wonders of the saints and on those recorded in the canonical scriptures. Many of them may well have happened, for similar things occur with many who are by no means saints. While the general persuasion of Protestantism has been that *miracula* once happened, but ceased with Apostolic times, Rome has never varied in affirming that such wonders of sanctity have continued unbrokenly and occur even to-day. Both have prejudged spiritualism—the former in the main because it thinks that such things cannot occur now and therefore spiritualism must necessarily be fraudulent. The latter cannot deny the actuality of such happenings; but, as they occur outside its domain, it thinks itself bound to affirm that they must necessarily be for the most part a satanic mimicking of holy things. Such ingrained prejudices are hard to eradicate. But as the subject comes more and more into the light of day the open-minded among the clergy will be ashamed to take up so illiberal an attitude. Some are already beginning to recognize that the labours of psychical research may render valuable service in throwing light on a very important department of the psychology of religious experience. Mr. Fielding-Ould is one of these pioneers; he declares his conviction in no half-hearted manner, and sets it forth in a simple form that all can easily follow.

#### STUDIES IN WORD-ASSOCIATION.

Experiments in the Diagnosis of Psychopathological Conditions  
carried out at the Psychiatric Clinic of the University of  
Zürich. Under the Direction of C. G. Jung, M.D., LL.D.  
Authorized Translation by Dr. M. D. Eder. London  
(Heinemann); pp. 575; 25s. net.

THIS imposing volume contains a number of detailed studies in word-association mainly by Drs. Jung and Riklin and Professor Bleuler. It is entirely beyond the competence of anyone who has not been engaged in practical psychoanalytic work and employed this now highly developed form of its procedure, to venture on a criticism of such a mass of material and its painstaking analysis. The book is essentially a store-house of facts on which resolute investigators can work in prosecuting their own studies, and in developing what is held to be one of the most efficacious methods of detecting or disclosing the hidden

complexes which it is the object of the psychoanalyst to bring to the surface from the depths of his patient's unconscious.

The many tables of verbal stimuli and their reactions should be of great assistance in showing how far more widely extended is the field of study revealed by this method than that with which the old associationist psychology was acquainted. The association theory which was at one time thought to account for so much, is now greatly discounted by psychologists of the normal; psychoanalysis, however, is proving its immense importance in its proper field by studying minutely the way of going of that feeling-thought which is the chief characteristic of dreaming and dream-like consciousness.

Dr. Eder has had a very arduous task to perform in presenting these studies to the English reader, for adequately to render such a work alone is difficult enough. In this Dr. Eder's accomplishment stands out most favourably in comparison with much else of translated psychoanalytic literature. But he has done more than this; he has drawn on his own experience and original researches, and so made the book additionally valuable. In a number of illustrative examples, "when clang-associations, assonances, alliterations, or rhymes occur impossible of literal translation," he has substituted reactions for his own experiments or constructed reactions on the lines of the original model. It is indeed the translation of an expert. These studies therefore admirably equip the English reader who is a practitioner, with an elaborate verbal apparatus of 'complex-indicators' for use in the subtle art of detecting the seat of the psychical disturbances it is his purpose to remove. Whatever else may be said of psychoanalysis, it must be admitted that this feature of its method calls for the exercise of the greatest skill and ingenuity.

#### SPIRITUAL RECONSTRUCTION.

By the Author of 'Christ in You.' London (Watkins); pp. 196; 2s. net.

LIKE the author's previous booklet this little tractate purports to consist of messages received supernormally. The two points mainly emphasized in the communications are the appeal to the interior consciousness, the need of following the inner urge rather than the outer; and secondly the expectation of some new development in human life in the immediate future—the advent



of a new teacher, or of a new race. The 'consciousness which is to be' will be produced by the stirring of 'transcendent emotion' in individual souls. This strongly subjectivised doctrine, with its principle of 'recreating from the centre,' is given forth however with no warning as to the false lights by which the seeker after private illumination may so easily be led astray. The life described as 'the transcendent' appears to be simply an extension of the consciousness that operates here. There, we are told, thoughts are speech, but the mentality seems similar to ours on earth. Personality also seems to have the same meaning that it has here. These points, together with the definitely materialist picture given of the passing of souls at death from the physical to the so-called 'spiritual plane,' raise a doubt as to the source from which the messages really come. There is undoubtedly, however, valuable spiritual teaching in the book, which is helpful, at this time of national crisis, in raising the thoughts to the highest principle of action.

S. E. H.

#### WHY DO WE DIE ?

An Essay in Thanatology. By Edward Mercer, D.D. (Oxon.). London (Kegan Paul); pp. 202; 4s. 6d. net.

"THE conception of an organism as a society of persistent centres of the will-to-live has necessitated a brief statement of the monadistic doctrine." That is what Dr. Mercer, as a well-known writer upon philosophic problems, has set out to do in this book. As he says, "there is no such thing as 'dead' matter." The cells of every organism are alive; but this life ceases when the cells are dissolved in death. Yet "the fundamental and persisting life is that of the ultimate units—the monads." The author quotes Goethe's deep, if dark, saying: "Death is but a device of nature for securing more life." One may say that this amounts to much the same thing as the scientific teaching upon the indestructibility of matter. "The organism lives at the expense of living matter; the psychical elements in man's nature live at the expense of his successive mental states. On a yet higher plane, the law of spiritual life is declared to be 'Die to live.'" On the whole a suggestive and deeply thoughtful work, filled with flashlights from many philosophies and taking high views of both life and death.

F. W.

## PROVIDENCE AND FAITH.

Extracts from a Diary. By William Scott Palmer. With an Introductory Essay by Charles H. S. Matthews. London (Macmillan); pp. xxxvii+129; 2s. 6d. net.

THE Essay that prefaces this volume deals in a clear and convincing manner with the necessity of breaking down the walls of tradition that contract the Christian faith and of renewing contact with the original, spiritual power of the Gospel. The extracts that follow work out this principle as applied to special points in Christian life and doctrine, such as the relation of the Creator to His creatures, the difficulty of reconciling omnipotence with limitation, the power of evil, etc. The conclusions reached are based on a view of the universe as a graduated manifestation of its Creator, and at the same time on a theory more or less mystical of the personal relation of the soul to God. The mystical attitude appears specially in the recognition of a knowledge of the within by the within, belonging to the 'order of the eternal life,' as distinguished from the knowledge *about*, which belongs to the order of science. The view of the writer is, however, not mystical on the whole. The Deity appears to be regarded throughout, both in nature and in the soul, as a definite personality, and the writer seems to admit no difference in the apprehension of Him in these two modes. There is in any case much that is suggestive in the book.

S. E. H.

## EVOLUTION IN CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

By Percy Gardner, Litt.D., F.B.A. London (Williams and Norgate); pp. 274; 5s. net.

PROFESSOR GARDNER is a well-known and experienced writer upon religion, philosophy, and many other great subjects. In this work he follows up the line of thought opened in *The Evolution of Christian Doctrine* by the same treatment of Christian ethics. In his preface, referring to the valour and the virtues made manifest amongst men by our world-wide war, he hopes to see them "bring in a nobler state of things." Yet he can, so far, find no clear indications of the lines of reconstruction. He says: "Such renovation can only come from a revival of religion, an



acceptance of Divine idea and impulse working from the heart of the people outwards. The Kingdom of God must be within, before it can be without." That, indeed, is a truth incontestable. But then the problem at once poses itself: How is the Divine idea to be put into the heart of the people which seems so far not only empty of it, but also ignorant of its existence? Professor Gardner's well-written book shows us what the people ought to think about these great things, but can it touch the multitude? The War, and the Peace perhaps still more, have wiped out for the time all ethics, Christian and otherwise, and their coming back to their own proper place will be a slow and perilous process.

F. W.

#### THE PRINCIPLES OF CITIZENSHIP.

By Sir Henry Jones. London (Macmillan); pp. 177; 3s. 6d. net.

"THE Citizenship of the great nations of the world is destined to be tried to the uttermost." So writes Sir Henry Jones in his Preface looking out upon the future of a democratic period as shown up by the lurid background of the War. He well says of Democracy that: "It will know the truth in the degree in which it seeks it." But, after more than thirty years of thinking, teaching and writing as a Moral Philosopher, he now admits: "I am obliged to ask whether, after all, I have been of much use to my fellow men." It is a candid, a courageous and indeed a pathetic confession. 'The sublime order of the moral world,' about which so many fine things have been said and written, remains still only a theory of the books, a mere cloudland of man's imagination, which we have seen shaken to shreds by the shock of War, and still more certainly scattered by the haggling over Peace. Which is left alive amongst our many moral maxims, and what power remains to any one of our political platitudes? We must begin again to build up a practical philosophy upon the will and wants of the people—though the author has here done his best neatly with the old principles—for, as a science, morality is now seen to be as dead as any other dogmatic religion, if regarded as a force with which to guide or govern the multitude.

F. W.

## THE CUTTING OF AN AGATE.

By W. B. Yeats. London (Macmillan) ; pp. 228 ; 6s. net.

MR. YEATS tells us that these essays were written mainly during the years 1902 to 1912 when he was absorbed in the work of the Irish players and identified himself so intimately with the fortunes of the Abbey Theatre. The most important of them vividly portray the dramatic and poetic genius of Synge, his long struggle against a wasting disease and the hard fight he had to make way against the prejudices of the Ireland of his time. Of the rest the more noteworthy are the appreciation of Edmund Spenser, written as a preface to a poet's choice of what seemed most worthy of selection in the Elizabethan's master-work, and a delicate and sensitive attempt to enter into the atmosphere of the classical Noh plays of Japan. Where the historian and scholar stumble amid the confusion of detail and fail to find a definite conclusion, the poetic imagination can frequently picture forth again for others a sensitive appreciation of the intention of the mind of an author, by sympathetic contact with the life that still for him inheres in what are for others the bare bones of expression. Mr. Yeats has this gift of insight and sympathetic impressionism.

## THE STATION PLATFORM.

And Other Poems. By Margaret Mackenzie. London (Sands) ; pp. 48 ; 2s. 6d. net.

THE most stirring of the verses in this little volume are those which speak of the re-union of the souls of those who have loved after death. The depth and earnestness of the feeling with which they are written are evident, and so touching are many of them that one shrinks from analysing them as from a kind of profanation. Yet after all one is forced to ask, what new thought, what new reason for belief in such actual, personal re-union is offered ? Doubt is in fact aroused by the frequent reference to earthly joys supposed to be renewed in the life beyond ; and by the impression left that Divine love and joy are to be realised only through the restoration of their images here. Of such great mysteries the solution offered is perhaps too lightly arrived at. Of the poems on other subjects, one of the best is 'A Morning of Snow in February,' which has much imaginative beauty.

S. E. H.



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