

THE QUEST

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GNOSTIC SCRIPTURES INTERPRETED

BY G. A. GASKELL

THE GREAT, INSISTENT, UNSOLVED PROBLEM of modern Christian Philosophy relates to the disputed historicity of Jesus and to the ignored inspiration of the Scriptures. The opponent critics—Arthur Drews, J. M. Robertson, W. B. Smith, L. P. Couchoud, and Georg Brandes—argue that Jesus is mythical, and thereby suggest that metaphorical meanings underlie the Gospel story. This should agree with inspiration, but in the teaching of liberal Christianity, equally with that of opponent critics, inspiration has no value. All biblical critics, from Dr. Henson, Bishop of Durham, to the erudite John M. Robertson, are quite agreed to neglect the claims of Divine Inspiration to be a factor in the origin of the Scriptures. The writer of the above volume contends that this suppression of ancient doctrine is a vital mistake, for he holds that the only really valuable element in the Scriptures is the DIVINE INSPIRATION that originated them. This Divine factor is prominent in the philosophy of religion which is set forth in this book. In this philosophy the errors, defects, miracles, contradictions and absurdities which we find in the Scriptures, are simply evidence of the symbolism by which the Divine undermeanings are to be discovered. This arcane knowledge would dispose at once of the “difficulties” which beset biblical scholars who studiously ponder over the outer expression and are blind to its inner significance. THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION WOULD RENEW ITS YOUTH when no longer bound down to the materialism of this age. A material Jesus would give place to the concept of a power of God incarnate in human nature, as *The Epistles* teach. The writer draws attention to the “holy men” who wrote *The Gospels* under the Divine Influence which invented and contrived the sacred story in such specific terms that it became a symbolism of the undermeanings. The holy men were not responsible for what they wrote (2 *Pet.* i. 21), hence they never presumed to affix their names to inspired writings.

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THE QUEST

RELIGION IN THE LIGHT OF SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE SPIRITUAL QUEST.

WILLIAM BROWN, M.A., M.D., D.Sc., Wilde Reader in
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THE subject of this address is a consideration of the trend of modern science in the light of philosophy and religion,—in other words, the relation between scientific knowledge, so far as it has been acquired, and the theory of values. Although science and life are continuous with one another, and are parts of the same thing, yet there is a fairly clear plane of demarcation between the two. Whereas science is moving in the direction of ever-increasing abstractness, self-sufficiency and objectivity, the philosophy of life, guided indeed by the discoveries of science, is moving in a direction of its own, *viz.* in the quest for standards of human valuation and for objective satisfaction of spiritual needs.

In the matter of religious faith nothing is gained by burking the facts of science. The facts and theories must be faced in the form set out by specialists in the various domains.

PHYSICS.

In the domain of Physics the two outstanding theories of special philosophical import at the present day are the Theory of Relativity (Einstein), and the Quantum Theory in its various forms.

The general conclusion to be drawn from a consideration of the facts on which the former theory is based is that the physical world of measurement is a closed system, and that Einstein has shown it to be still more self-contained,—still more objective. Einstein has shown that gravitational effects and other effects may be regarded as due to the relative movements of the observer, which had not been allowed for before. By taking this into account one gets a still more objective physical world. Gravitation is explained in terms of certain potentials which are co-efficients of what are called intervals; intervals are measured by clocks and measuring rods. To the question “What are clocks and measuring rods?” the answer is that they are made of ‘matter.’ Matter in its turn has been shown by Einstein to be explicable in terms of mass, momentum and stress. Finally, to the question “What are mass, momentum and stress?”—the reply is that they are explained by the potentials. Thus the circle is complete. Potentials are explained in terms of intervals; intervals in terms of clocks and measuring rods; clocks and measuring rods are explained in terms of matter; matter is explained in terms of the fundamental conceptions of mass, momentum and stress, and these in turn are explained in terms of potentials.¹

¹ The argument of this paragraph has been summarized from the excellent discussion of Professor A. S. Eddington in ‘The Domain of Physical Science,’ one of the essays in *Science, Religion and Reality*. (Sheldon Press, 1925.)

These considerations show in a clearer light what is meant by the accuracy of physical science. The laws of 'field' physics, or the properties of fields of force, gravitational, electro-magnetic, etc., are *identities*,—merely an extension of the laws of geometry. Just as the laws of geometry are unalterable, so these more generalized laws are unalterable characteristics of the physical world.

This physical world comes into relation with individual minds through conscious perception. Matter, for the plain man, is that which is, or may be, present to conscious perception.¹ So soon as one has a Mr. X observing matter, one has Mr. X's consciousness in touch with all the rest of the circle,—the potentials, the intervals, the measurements of time and space, and finally mass, momentum and stress. There is thus on the one side something which is self-supporting, as it were,—something quite objective,—and yet which is in relation to individual consciousness through perception.

Furthermore, one may conceive a number of imaginary worlds obeying the laws of this circle, and the difference between the imaginary worlds that may obey these laws, and the real world is that the real world is in relation to direct perception, whereas all the imaginary worlds are cut off from that.

Perceptual consciousness introduces two things into this system of temporal and spatial relations. On the one hand it introduces actuality, and on the other the process of becoming,—of going on or persisting. This illustrates the difference between time as we learn about it in physics and time as we experience it. It is important to distinguish the two. The

¹ Cp. J. S. Mill's definition of matter as 'a permanent possibility of sensation.'

distinction is still more apparent in the case of consciousness beyond the perceptual level.

If the above chain of reasoning is, in the main, correct, we find nothing in Einstein's Theory of Relativity which would in itself indicate a loosening of the bonds of physical determinism, or would justify an interpretation of the term 'relativity' in any subjectivist sense. Apart from the fact that it deals with relative motion, the theory is misnamed, and it really gives us an external world of yet more pronounced absoluteness and objectivity (if we may so express it). Nevertheless, it achieves this by a method of abstraction. Physics deals solely with the metrical properties of the world,—those aspects of the world that are measurable,—and shows that this is a closed system. Modern Physics is giving us an ever clearer conception of the objective. In natural philosophy we may remain idealists, but we must be objective idealists.

Yet, by demonstrating the close inter-relation of space and time, the Theory of Relativity has destroyed the older traditional conception of material substance. As Bertrand Russell says: "A piece of matter has become, not a persistent thing with varying states, but a system of inter-related events."¹

Having very inadequately attempted to summarize the position in field-physics and its lesson for us, I come to the domain of what may be called intra-atomic physics,—the movements of electrons within the atom. Whereas the atom itself is supposed to obey the laws of field-physics, scientists are finding that the movements of electrons within the atom cannot be fitted into the general deterministic scheme.

¹ Introduction to Lange's *History of Materialism*, p. 11. (Kegan Paul, 1925.)

According to the Quantum Theory, energy is radiated from the atom not in continuous quantities but in exact multiples of a minimum amount or *quantum* of energy. The quantum varies with the frequency of the emitted energy-radiation, and is measured by multiplying the frequency (or difference of frequencies) by a very small constant known as Planck's Constant. There are various theories as to how these quanta of energy are radiated from the atom.

The important fact for us to note is that, as things are at present, it is impossible in theory to predict the movements of any particular electron when it brings about the radiation of a quantum of energy. According to the theory of Niels Bohr, the electron is supposed to move suddenly from one orbit to another orbit, without, apparently, passing through any intermediate positions, and at a moment which cannot be completely predicted or is not completely determined. This theory thus implies a discontinuity of space and a discontinuity of time in intra-atomic dynamics, and a certain degree of indeterminism.

In the domain of physical science, we thus find on the one hand the laws of field-physics, which are laws of identity and have nothing to do with spontaneity or freedom, and on the other hand the laws of movement inside the atom—in the very centre of the physical universe—which apparently cannot at present be brought into harmony with the physical principle of determinism. That is, there is a loop-hole for freedom or spontaneity or chance within the heart of matter.

BIOLOGY.

Let us turn now to Biology and Physiology. Here the modern trend in science seems to be summed up in

the word 'Emergence.' Like the word 'Mesopotamia,' it may have a comforting sound, but it covers a multitude of difficulties. The situation is this: that as material changes in the living organism become more complex new properties may suddenly emerge, properties that could not have been predicted from a knowledge of the interacting forces,—of the antecedent chemical and physical factors. A simple example below the biological level is the chemical combination of oxygen and hydrogen to form water. Water has properties that cannot be inferred from the properties of oxygen and hydrogen as independently observed; on combination new properties emerge. So at higher levels, point by point in the scale of evolution ever more complex forms arise,—new properties, new characteristics emerge. The characteristics of life emerge from inorganic properties; the characteristics of consciousness are superimposed upon vital characteristics; the characteristics of intellect supervene upon mere conscious awareness. According to one school of thought, that is all we know and all we need to know about evolution. Evolution is emergent, and something new is produced moment by moment. But if we think again about this, we see that it is none too satisfactory a theory. No doubt it is better than the theory of pre-formation: that whatever comes out of an evolutionary process was there already in the antecedents of that process, and that if we could see into these past movements we should see along with these past movements the promise and potency of future results. Yet the alternative view of emergence is also unsatisfactory. It is irrational because we have apparently a creation of something out of nothing, and we feel that out of nothing can come nothing.

We may see the problem in more satisfactory proportions if we remember that besides the process of change, in time, there is a ground or background of such change. The change itself implies something that does not change,—*viz.*, the Eternal or the Absolute.

If we re-envisage the Theory of Emergence from the point of view of an eternal background, of something beyond time, it no longer appears so irrational. Oxygen has its particular properties and hydrogen has its particular properties, yet each are parts of the universe, and this is a third something which will be a support for the ultimate emergent,—*viz.* water.

Likewise with the production of living phenomena from inorganic matter. With increase of complexity there arises consciousness and, with a further increase, intellect and will. Here again there is reference not only to what is a sequence in time but also to something eternal. It is thus possible to work out a philosophical position which does not reject this view of emergence, but supplements it and makes it more rational.

PSYCHOLOGY.

Turning now to Psychology, one finds a parallel between the advances made by Einstein in physical science and the advances made by certain psychologists at the present day. Einstein has given us a physical world still more independent of the individual observer than that which is given by classical physics. Modern deep analysis is helping us to obtain a view of individual psychology in which the individual mind appears in relative independence of chance incidents of the past or false hopes of the future,—free from fixations and projections. Most people fail, to a greater or less

degree, in apperceiving and interpreting accurately the impressions they receive from the physical and social world around them, and their reaction to their environment,—*i.e.* their behaviour,—is correspondingly disturbed and falsified.

A psycho-neurotic patient shows such mental distortion in a still more pronounced degree. His instincts and his emotions may have been aroused over-intensely with regard to certain past experiences, with resultant disturbance of normal mental development, so that his mind is not clear, not entirely at one with itself. It reacts in a confused and inadequate way to the demands of life, and is intellectually and emotionally maladapted to its environment.

Deep analysis enables the analyst and the patient to realize how these twists and distortions have arisen, and it also has a direct effect in unravelling them, straightening them out, and introducing simplicity and clearness into the mind.

Analysis is not a good name for this process, since it is not a matter of breaking the mind up, but of helping the person to know his own true personality,—his ego, which has been disturbed and twisted and bound down in various ways by past experience. A better term is *autognosis* or self-knowledge, since this is the means whereby he becomes freed from the bad effects of past experience, and is enabled to achieve a truer outlook on life and a more adequate adjustment to it.

By means of deep analysis, or autognosis, the individual gains a clearer and more unbiassed view of himself and of his various values. He discovers the sub-conscious or unconscious reasons why he attaches great importance to this thing or that thing, and is

thus able to readjust his viewpoint and to work out a hierarchy of values which can claim objective and universal validity.

THE THEORY OF VALUES.

This brings us to the general theory of values. We have cravings, desires and wishes, the satisfaction of which are values, but these values are not all on the same level. Some have more importance than others for the individual and for the race; and the question is whether there are any such things as ultimate values, or absolute values. Even if we deny this, we may yet find reason to believe that there is an absolute *order* or hierarchy of values. The values are related to one another according to degrees of precedence. The main classes of values are: (1) *Æsthetic* values or degrees of beauty; (2) *Moral* values or degrees of the good; and (3) *Logical* values or degrees of truth. These values must be objective. They are general, or super-individual, and are relatively permanent,—if indeed they do not transcend time completely. This is obviously the case with logical values. But it is equally so for the other two general classes of value. Moral action is action that takes the individual out of himself and lifts him above mere individuality. Artistic creation is likewise super-individual. If it were simply an idiosyncrasy of the artist, he would not care to claim for it an art-value; and in calling it an art-value he himself attributes to it a value that other people ought to appreciate. Moreover, one such art-value should be appreciated as higher than another; there is a scale of art-values.

By deep analysis or autognosis the individual is enabled to find within himself the earlier or historical

antecedents of his own system of values. Just as in giving out to people around him he becomes linked up with them in a social world, so if he looks into himself he finds himself already in a social world; he does not find himself in utter loneliness. He has grown up in the bosom of the family, and carries in his unconscious the traces of earlier reactions to father and mother, brothers and sisters, in addition to the vestiges of earlier stages of social evolution handed down by heredity. There is a social world within him as well as without. Within him he finds the foundations of his world of values.

The mind under analysis becomes freed from the distorting effects of chance experiences and false values. The result of analysis is that the individual finds his powers of appreciation of the world of values deepened and purified.

RELIGION.

But these general values of logic, ethics and æsthetics are abstractions,—separate aspects of the real concrete value, the Absolute Itself, or God; not the God of Pantheism, where everything is on a level, but the God within Whom all individual values find their true order of precedence.

Religion has been defined in many ways. It is a mental attitude towards the entire universe, or the totality of existence, which carries with it a feeling of complete dependence (Schleiermacher), and also an attitude of worship or appreciation of value. So far as an individual is religious, he sees a supreme value in the universe, and for him God is the concretion of all values.

WILLIAM BROWN.

(The Substance of a Presidential Address to The Quest Society.)

MODERN INDIAN MYSTICISM.

EDWARD J. THOMAS, M.A., D.Litt., Under Librarian,
Cambridge University.

ONE of the difficulties that Europeans meet with in the study of Indian religion, is to be sure how far the speculations of the ancient sages, as found in Hymns and Upanishads, are a living and essential element in the religious life of to-day. In the oldest Upanishads we find the deepest and boldest pronouncements on cosmic existence and human destiny, side by side with the injunctions of a strange ritualism and a belief in the magic of words. The Western student can pick out what appeals to him as universal truth ; but what guarantee has he that he is getting to understand the actual religious thought and feeling of a modern Hindu ? What does a thoughtful Hindu think of the polytheism of the Vedas, the ritual of the Brāhmaṇas, and the pantheism or pluralism of the various philosophies ; and what are the actual conceptions in which his religious feelings find expression ?

These are questions that do not admit of a single uniform answer. In India there is a class of basic religious dogmas peculiarly Indian. There is, it is true, great social stratification, especially if we include the tribes of non-Aryan and pre-Aryan India ; but among the inheritors of the Vedic culture there is a body of Hinduism which has been strong enough to overcome the two chief revolts against the Vedas. It has expelled or absorbed Buddhism, and has compelled

Jainism to conform to its ritual ordinances. Within this Hinduism also the Vedic religion has developed. New teachers and revelations have appeared as new expressions of the religious impulse, but still claiming their Vedic inheritance.

One of these developments, which shows the most remarkable parallels to some Western forms of religion, is Vaishnavism, the worship of Vishnu.¹ It would be more exactly termed Krishnaism, for it proclaims the worship of the supreme God Vishnu incarnated as Krishna. This is the religion expounded by Dr. Bhagabat Kumar in his lectures on the Bhakti cult in ancient India.²

Bhakti is devotion; and the term is usually applied to those forms of religion in which there is a strong emotional element, expressed as religious enthusiasm, as love directed to a personal being who is the object of worship. It is the love of God of the Christians; and, though the word is not used by Dr. Bhagabat Kumar, it is mysticism as developed without any of the prudent restrictions of Western ecclesiasticism. The title of the book gives no indication of its scope. Its aim is to expound a modern form of religion; but the author is interested in tracing the evidence of Bhakti throughout the whole course of

¹ *Vaishnava* is a noun formed by a Sanskrit grammatical rule from Vishnu, and means a worshipper of Vishnu. The meaning of Vishnu is disputed, but he is one of the oldest gods of the Vedic pantheon.

² *The Bhakti cult in Ancient India*, by Bhagabat Kumar Goswami, Shastri, M.A., Ph.D. (B. Banerjee & Co., 25 Cornwallis Street, Calcutta, 8 rupees). The reader will meet with a large number of Sanskrit terms in this book, but they are mostly explained, and he will find it much better to master some technicalities rather than to be content with an exposition that omits or melts down individual features. For the modern development of Vaishnavism the life of the great teacher and revivalist of Bengal Sri Chaitanya (1486-1531) needs to be studied; cp. Dinesh Chandra Sen, *Chaitanya and his Companions* (Calcutta, 1917), and from a Christian, though intelligent, standpoint, M. T. Kennedy, *The Chaitanya Movement* (Calcutta and London, 1925).

Indian religion, and this leads him to give what is practically a history of the Indian philosophies, in so far as they are formulations of religious conceptions. This historical part has been said to be not immune from criticism, and it is true that it is not always in harmony with the views of Western scholars. On this point it is only necessary to say that the works of Western scholars, who have usually approached the study as philologists or anthropologists, are just as little immune from criticism. What we have in this work is an account of the development of Indian religion, culminating in one form of mysticism, written by one who believes profoundly in its reality and validity, and who is far more likely to recognize essentials than one who approaches it from the outside.

The doctrine of the Love of God, that is love directed to a divine object, has often been approached from a standpoint calculated to repel rather than to awaken any religious feeling. What is the effect on a child when he is first told that he ought to love God? Even when he is taught to sing:

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem,

he is more likely to feel horror at the doom from which even yet he has not finally escaped, than to love the Redeemer who made the sacrifice. Yet the love of God is a fact of religious psychology. When St. Augustine said: "Thou hast made us for thyself, and our heart is restless 'til it rest in thee," he was not exhorting himself to feel grateful. He was expressing the fact that a want and longing of his deepest nature was fulfilled; and the result was a state of bliss, a

state which the Vishnuite finds in the embrace of the Lovely Companion, the Sufi in the union of Lover and Beloved, and the Buddhist in the bliss of emancipation.

But is the love of the soul for God identical with mysticism? There are teachers who say that it is, yet there is a sense in which mysticism is only one type of religion. In all the higher religions there is found the conception of God as being far removed from the world of sense. To love God is not necessarily to be in direct contact with him. The winning of such contact or communion in this life may be even denied or discouraged :

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

This is non-mystical religion. But there have always been souls who claim that the barrier may be transcended. The lover wants evidence that his love is reciprocated, and in so far as he finds experimental evidence that God is communicating with him he is a mystic, and the practices and exercises that he undertakes in order to further this communication constitute the Mystic Way. Not only must there be, as the mystic contends, a way, but there must also be an object which will satisfy the needs of the heart,—a personal being who loves and is to be loved. It is the history of the changes in the conception of God that has led the author to trace them and the various expressions of Bhakti through the sacrificial and magical religion of the Vedas, the theistic and a-theistic developments of the Upanishads, and the personal Bhakti which began in the worship by the Jains and Buddhists of their enlightened saints.

Bhakti finds its full scope and development in the Sātvata school of Vaishnavas (*satvat*='real'), and it comes forward as a reaction against the absolute idealism of Vedānta with its doctrine of cosmic illusion. In practice man finds this doctrine of *māyā* unconvincing.

However much it may be impressed upon him, even the subtlest arguments of philosophy will fail to make him seriously and permanently believe that he has been dreaming all his life. It is impossible to carry firm conviction to one's mind . . . that what we know to be in existence does not really exist.

Not only is God the great Reality, but everything that emanates from him is real also, and for devotion the ultimate Reality must be personal.

Impersonal knowledge is inconceivable, undemonstrable. We can never prove it by any process of valid inference. In actual experience it is a person, a rational being, who is credited with knowledge. How then can personality be denied in the case of the Ultimate Principle?

Once again the heart has its reasons that reason knows not of, and it asserts not only its belief in this personal Reality, but its conviction of union with him.

At the bottom of all these sentiments is the great feeling of oneness or solidarity with Him—we are His and He is ours, we know none but Him, we have nothing else to fall back upon, we must cling to Him and Him alone. . . . This is *Bhakti* in its truest sense. It implies true partnership, true comradeship, with Him.

But this partnership must be attained by following out a certain course of life. As a matter of fact, mystical systems have usually been based on ascetic ideals. These the Vaishnava rejects, though he admits the possibility of Bhakti existing along with imperfect ideals. But his ideal is the realization of all life's activities.

Life is the thing, the one thing to rejoice over, and not to discard as a load of misery. To know life everywhere, and to live for that universally spread life, is the greatest of joys, or more correctly the mainspring of the emotion of joy. He wants not to retire from the world of life and live the life of a religious recluse. He seeks to live in the midst of a great organization of life, and it is human life everywhere, as we have explained. In the society of fellowmen he enjoys his life to the full by doing good to all life, self and others.

This is the path of Bhakti; but what is the attitude of the ordinary man of the world? He is self-centred, and conversion is necessary.

Such a man stands in need of the amendments and corrections of his views in the bitter school of experience.

The first condition for the true life of Bhakti is :

That a man must be heartily sick of the quest of mortal pleasures. The second condition is that he must, on the positive side, have a wish to live, have a spirit fully roused to live a better and a truer life.

This is the rebirth found in conversion, and he then wishes to place himself under the guidance of a teacher, a worthy *āchārya*. The Western inquirer here seems to find himself back again in the ancient ritualism. The teacher is necessarily a Brahmin. The initiation takes place

in a select month, on a select day, under the influence of a select star, and at a select spot, in a select place. The object is to have all these elements of time and place wholly consecrated to pure *Sattwa*, or *Vishnu*, the Principle of Life.

The course of discipline of the pupil and its significance are no easy matters for a non-Hindu to understand. It may be said here that we find, as in all mystical systems, the recognition of a course of moral and mental training as necessary for attaining the highest psychic states.

Here, as in other emotional types of religion, emerges the question of the imperative character of moral rules. In Christian mysticism it has always remained an antinomy, and attempts to solve it have resulted in the notorious fiascos of Quietists and Abodes of Love.

It cannot be said that Dr. Bhagabat Kumar solves the problem; but he states it clearly, and gives the Vaishnava answer. In the legend of the youthful Krishna occurs the story of the *gopīs*, the milkmaids, who carried away by their passion for him pursue him and receive his favours. Just as the Sūfī finds a symbol for his religious passion in the intoxication of wine, so the Vaishnava finds it in sexual love, and that in its most unrestrained form. All other forms are imperfect,—the peace (*śānti*) of the yogin, the devotion of the slave, the attachment of the friend, and even the love of a mother for her child. All these have defects in being not entirely unselfish. The love of the milkmaids is ‘the sweetest of the sweet, noblest of the noble, and the purest of the pure forms of love’ in its utter self-abandonment. And what is its relation to moral questions?

This emotional devotion of the milk-women, set up as a model of devotional perfection, has been subjected to much criticism. But the criticism has been very much misdirected. No question of moral perversion comes in when the whole thing is placed above the region of cosmic life¹; and the ‘massive voice’ of society, the foundation of cosmic morality, does not extend beyond the confines of the cosmos.

The answer is clear enough: “The whole thing is placed above the region of cosmic life,”—yet expressed

¹ This is very much what Madame Guyon said. What the conception becomes when it is not placed above the region of cosmic life, as in some Vaishnava sects, may be seen by consulting the article *Vallabha* in Hastings’ *Encycl. of Religion and Ethics*.

in terms of sexual love. Here is material for a question that still exercises the religious psychologists: the sentiment or passion of the love of God is a fact, a psychological state actually found, at least in a certain type of individual. But is it a sentiment *sui generis*, does it really rest on contact with a transcendent Being, or is it a sublimation of feelings due to certain physical conditions of the body, and simply misunderstood by the devotee? In Vaishnavism these feelings can scarcely be said to be fully sublimated; and there is here evidently a further field for investigators who share the tastes of Prof. Leuba.¹

Bhakti is only the subjective side of religion, and Vaishnavism has wider claims than to sate the longings of the individual soul. Another Vaishnava writer² proclaims it as a world-religion. For him it is still the union of the soul with Krishna, symbolized in "the deeply intimate relation which subsists between sweethearts," and resulting in

the highest spiritual blessedness which can be possibly attained by the human soul—the very climax and culmination of spiritual progress—to be a woman in the spirit, to be united in love with her God.

But further, it is to bring peace to the peaceless and unhappy world. Our materialistic civilization is aiming at more wealth and more power, but is not reaching happiness. Even Mahatma Gandhi's doctrine of non-violence is only half the truth. We must have a universal religion.

It will be religion which will have no place for persecution and intolerance in its polity, which will recognize divinity in every

¹ See his book, *The Psychology of Religious Mysticism* (London, 1925).

² Sri N. N. Chatterjee, *The Universal Religion of Sri Chaitanya*. To be had from the author, c/o I. C. Chatterjee, Mittrapara, Panihati (Bengal), 6 annas.

man and woman, and whose whole scope, whose whole force, will be centred in aiding humanity to realize its own true divine nature.

This is the universal religion of Śrī Chaitanya, which

seeks to save mankind irrespective of caste, colour or creed, wherever he is, to whatever nationality born, at whichever part of the world.

It will be all-embracing,

like the God it will preach, and whose sun will shine upon the followers of Krishna and of Christ, on saints and sinners alike, which will not be Brahmanic or Buddhistic, Christian or Muhammadan, but the sum total of all these, and still have infinite space for development, which in its catholicity will embrace in its infinite arms and find a place for every human being, from the lowest grovelling savage not far removed from the brute to the highest man.

It is surely a remarkable fact that such a noble appeal should come from India, the land usually associated with impenetrable caste-distinctions and rigid religious prescriptions. It may be said to be addressed to two classes. There are those who hold to one or other of the religions that claim to be universal. Such cannot neglect an inquiry as to why their own religion, or one of those religions, is not universal in fact. There are also those who have failed to find a refuge in any form of religion. Even such would probably admit the greatness of the ideal and its value for the future welfare of humanity.

A question that will probably suggest itself to many is : How far the teachings of Vaishnavism that are common to Christianity, are due to borrowings from one side or the other. It has been debated from two points of view. In the early days of Sanskrit

study scholars were interested in finding parallels between doctrines in the New Testament and those in Vaishnava works, especially the *Bhagavadgītā*. Any resemblance was set down to borrowing from one side or the other. A more serious problem came from the missionaries. Some of the later developments of Bhakti are undoubtedly later than the introduction of Christianity into India, and the possibility of borrowing from Christian sources must be recognized. I have no intention of arguing the question here, and will merely record my personal view, that on neither side has there been any borrowing of importance or significance. In any case, the question has no practical value. The doctrines in question are now thoroughly Indian. They are looked upon as the revelation of Shri Krishna, and must be taken on their own merits. The missionary can scarcely hope to invalidate the doctrines of a rival religion by claiming that they are identical with his own.

EDWARD J. THOMAS.

TO-DAY: A TIME OF TRANSITION AND OF TEST.

THE EDITOR.

THE ESCHATOLOGY OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THERE is a curious clause in our familiar 'vulgar tongue' rendering of what is known throughout Christendom as 'The Lord's Prayer.' In their many thousands of millions Christians have from the beginning 'sent up' to their 'Father which is in Heaven' a petition turned by our Authorised Version into: "Lead us not into temptation."

The Greek wording of this clause in the two, otherwise widely variant, forms of the tradition of the Prayer (Q — Mt. vi. 13 ~ Lk. xi. 4¹) is precisely the same. Our clause was evidently a most important petitional formula, if not the predominant form of prayer, in the earliest days; for we find Jesus, in the momentous Gethsemane story, solemnly adjuring the somnolent disciples: "Pray that ye enter not into temptation." (Markan trad.—Mk. xiv. 38 ~ Mt. xxvi. 41 and Lk. xxii. 40 and 46,—twice.) The wording of the Authorised Version, based on earlier English rendering, is difficult to understand, if for no other reason, because its own translation of the Epistle of James (i. 13) emphatically declares that God "tempteth no man." The Revised Version has: "*Bring* us not into temptation." This is slightly better; but it leaves us still puzzling over the misleading term 'temptation,' which James so expressly refuses in any way to associate with God; it is, he says, our own 'lust' that tempts us,—here reproducing the familiar Jewish doctrine of the 'evil disposition,'—the *yetzer ha-ra*'. In the 'Temptation'-story of Jesus, it is the

¹ In 'Mark' (xi. 25) we have only the single trespass-forgiving clause recorded.

‘devil’ who ‘tempts,’—that is, the *diabolos* or, in sublimation, the ‘counterfeiting spirit,’ to use a term of later Gnostic psychology.

But the Greek original term—*peirasmós*—does not mean what ‘temptation’ signifies in English; it calls up rather the notion of ‘test,’ ‘testing,’ ‘trial,’ and that, too, in no general or vague sense for students of Christian origins. Indeed, it was one of the best-known technical terms of the apocalyptic and allied literature of those days, and had a very precise meaning. It referred to the dreaded time of ‘test’ or ‘trial’ of the then so fervently believed in ‘last days’ preceding the ‘final judgment.’ The ‘Lord’s Prayer’ was conceived in this eschatological atmosphere; its clause “Bring us not into the testing” is pregnant with meaning in such a connection and in such reference only. The admonition “Pray that ye come not into the testing” is also entirely in keeping with the expectation of the near coming of the prophesied events presaging the catastrophic end of the world. The faithful thus continued and were constant in prayer, above all beseeching God that in his mercy he would suffer them to escape the terrible ‘trials’ of the great testing-time so soon to come. This prophetic event was, by Christians, conceived of as absolute; it was to be a once-for-all state of affairs.

Though Christians to-day still use this Prayer in all its clauses (as handed on in the two variants), the vast majority of them are by no means like-minded in this respect with the Messianic Nazarenes for whom it had so poignant and pressing a meaning. The form of petition of escape, so unfortunately mis-rendered as to its key-word in modern tongues, is still retained, repeated mechanically in an atmosphere either of conventional piety or of a pure lip-service that no longer pays the slightest attention to the ‘near ending of the world’ belief. The public

knows nothing of the matter, and perhaps even does not care to be informed how this fundamental change of attitude was gradually brought about, beginning in comparatively very early days. But the historian of the variegated evolution of Christian dogma has it now at his finger-ends.

ABSOLUTE ESCHATOLOGY AND TIME-CYCLES.

Moreover, prior to the emergence of the Christian way in a lurid cloud of eschatological hopes and fears there were other like-minded roads and paths. Though the work has been going on for some decades, it is most fully and surely only quite recently that sharp-sighted comparative study, aided by linguistically highly-equipped research, has thrown light on the many religious movements, schools, parties, communities, circles, coteries and cliques that come into question in considering the motley medley of beliefs, speculations and notions, of prophetic, apocalyptic and visionary industry that to-day constitute the complicated study of the backgrounds environing the origins of the religion of the Western world. The work is growing apace and steadily going forward, and promises, not only to continue to throw light on, but brilliantly to illumine, the geographical outlines, so to say,—plains, rivers and mountains,—of this wide territory that had been completely fog-bound for well-nigh all the Christian centuries. We now know how this absolute form of eschatological belief, which seems so fantastic for us to-day, came to be. We find, moreover, developing prior to and alongside of this extreme form, more ‘philosophic’ or ‘scientific’ views,—a host of astronomic-astrologic speculations, envisaging cycles and sub-cycles of time, ‘seasons’ of the ‘great year,’ and the rest of the religious astral lore of antiquity,

as testified to by Irano-Babylonian and 'Chaldæan' traditions of recurring world-ages and æonic stages of catastrophic and restorative periods, and by Indian Time-mysticism and yuga-lore,—cosmologies and soteriologies galore. The more philosophic minds of those far-off days did not bring all things to a sudden stop in this universal welter of perpetual change yet of orderly movement. They held to a time-process of cyclic progression and recurrence,—yet not a mechanical repetition, as was exceptionally held by the Stoics, but as it were a regeneration of the past coming to be in the future according to some vast natural growth and development.

PESSIMISTIC AND OPTIMISTIC VIEWS.

It depended largely on the political conditions of the times, whether the faithful of any one of the many forms of religion influenced by these fundamental world-time notions took a pessimistic or an optimistic view of the future. If they belonged to a subject race, they saw things here on earth for them *en noir*. If they shared the fortunes of a people on the rising grade of conquest and national achievement, they were as naturally religiously optimistic.

Christianity, as originally a Jewish Messianistic sect, expecting the so soon miraculous ending of this world, naturally took a pessimistic view of this world's secular concerns. Their cognate Nazaræan brethren, however, who hailed John the Baptizer as the teacher of the primal truth and the prophet of the Day of the Ending, and who were subject to bitter persecution for their faith, as were the Christians, but for many a century longer, had no prayer for escape from the days of 'trial'; on the contrary, they believed they were here and now in full 'testing'-time, and indeed boasted themselves to be pre-eminently,—nay, exclusively,—the 'Men of righteousness put to the test.'

For an optimistic view of the situation prior and parallel to the pessimistic early Christian persuasion, let us take the conquering Romans' belief. As 'every schoolboy' knows, the chief test of the faith of the Christians in the days of persecution was their refusal to burn incense to the deity of the Emperor. And why? Because beyond all others the Emperor-cult was *the* rival cult to their own, and that, too, in a subtler sense than is generally understood. If any doubt, let him read the following version of the most perfect of a number of inscriptions set up to the Emperor Augustus, in Asia Minor, about 9 B.C., to commemorate the introduction of the Julian Calendar.

This day has given the earth an entirely new aspect. The world would have gone to destruction had there not streamed forth from him who is now born a common blessing.

Rightly does he judge who recognizes in this birth-day the beginning of life and of all the powers of life; now is that time ended when men pitied themselves for being born.

From no other day does the individual or the community receive such benefit as from this natal day, full of blessing to all.

The Providence that rules over all, has filled this man with such gifts for the salvation of the world as designate him as Saviour for us and for the coming generations; of wars he will make an end, and establish all things worthily.

By his appearing are the hopes of our forefathers fulfilled; not only has he surpassed the good deeds of earlier time, but it is impossible that one greater than he can ever appear.

The birth-day of God has brought to the world glad tidings that are bound up with him.

From his birth-day a new era begins.

Well, over against the Emperor-cult, Christianity, the Christ-cult, eventually won,—but, alas! only in its turn to be Cæsarized. Its values were undoubtedly in the beginning spiritual values; yet this cult at its best is still the worship of a Man-God, conjure with the

term as you may, and sublimate it as you will. This later, human, anthropomorphic, reciprocal and complementary notion to the early, animistic, mythologic doctrine of the Cosmic Man,—God 'Man,'—first established its empery over the mind and affections of the West; and then the Cæsarized Church with its Byzantine, Orientalized, hierarchically-constituted organization, intoxicated with its political success, set forth on a career of world-conquest, in which spiritual concerns were speedily subordinated to lust of and scheming for temporal power.

CALENDRIAL SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

In my *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, the first edition of which appeared in 1900, at the very dawn of this twentieth century, I drew attention to a number of similarities and parallels between the 'then' of the first century of the common era of the West and the 'now' of this century, a quarter of which we have already lived. I am little enamoured of 'chiliastics' or 'millennarianism,' and less of juggling with figures as an apologetic device for giving a new life to unfulfilled prophecy, which even to-day still affords a merry pastime for certain circles. Yet where there is smoke, there needs must be some fire; and there has been much smoke. It may then be there is a clock-time science, the precise applications of which are still to be discovered and worked out, of the mutually changing positions of sidereal and planetary bodies relative to our earth and its passage through space-time, as it journeys along some at present unimaginable 'world-line,' and of the determining influences of such patterns upon critical happenings and events in the history of

this humanity of ours tabernacling on its surface. It may be there is some truth in the notion of 'calendrical' religion, with its rich symbolism, when interpreted in terms of the inner changes of man-soul. It may be further that, in its passage through the vast 'fields of the ether,' our earth contacts 'atmospheres' of astral chemical constituents in what are for us 'new' combinations, or in states of hitherto-unknown radio-activity, and that this 'toxically' affects our bodies, and reacts upon our living and thinking. The scientific demonstration of such macroscopical factors in our existence must be left to trained specialists, and to those who have the high mathematical equipment and critical historical ability for so complicated and vast a task.

THE NOVELTIES AND NEWNESS OF OUR TIMES.

But, apart from all such considerations, it is as clear as it can be to every fairly-educated amateur thinker, that we are to-day living in quite exceptional times. It is now a truism for many millions to hear it stated that only in our own days have *genuine* world-problems definitely emerged for practical politics in the evolutionary process relative to our humanity. There have been in the past *ad nauseam* vain talk and speculation about such 'world-problems'; but not till our times has there been definite realization, and this still in general outline and material aspect only, of the actual factors involved. We are at the beginning or, more accurately perhaps let us say, in the transitional period prefacing the beginning of a genuinely new age,—a new general emergent. There are, there will still be, recurrences, recrudescences, renascences, of types of happenings,—of movements,—similar to those in the

past. These are, and will be, 'novel,' but not genuinely 'new,'—not the true components of the qualitatively new emergent itself, the new order, but signs that the conditions for its emergence are being assembled. These have, however, to be sublimated before they are fit to become the 'carriers' of the new life. Let us then now briefly consider three of these most out-standing signs.

DEMOCRATISM A SOLVENT, NOT A CONSTRUCTIVE PRINCIPLE.

In the first place, a veritable obsession of democracy is everywhere apparent. It is the idol not only of the market-place but of the council-chamber. But as an ideal, as 'theory,'—in the original meaning of that much abused term *theōria*, when it signified insight into reality,—democracy, masquerading as right rulership, seems to the philosopher sheer topsy-turveydom. Here we agree with Dean Inge when he wittily and wisely refers to "the ingrained democratism of the age which is just passing" with its "half-formulated superstition that the ballot-box is a kind of Urim and Thummim for ascertaining the will of God." Yet in practice democracy has its ephemeral utility, as a rough and ready dissolvent of the old abused and abusive, man-made, hierarchical, political structures,—as a levelling, a demolition of them prior to the building, or edification, of a 'better world' here on earth, economically, politically and socially. Nevertheless, democracy, as such, for those blessed with spiritual insight at any rate, can never be an end, never an ideal. For such it seems but a present transitional means, a natural reaction against the ancient abuses of other insufficient

means of human government. The people (*dēmos*), the many, are in the nature of things incapable of ruling; give them power, and they will incontinently set over themselves new tyrants more cruel than the old tyrannies from which they legitimately seek to escape. "Make the world right for democracy" may be the slogan of the professional politician in quest of votes; but it is not the watch-word of those who long for the establishment of the rule of righteousness on earth, with justly conditioned freedom for all and the refusal of license to any individual or group for the exploitation of their fellows. This good time will never come by levelling down; it can come only by raising the tone of popular opinion, so that the direction of the affairs of the body politic may be entrusted to men and women of true worth,—to those for whom spiritual values are the first concern privately, and who are at the same time properly trained for the offices they are to fill publicly. Unfortunately, to-day the 'spoils of office' only too often fall to those who play on the passions either of the 'masses' or of the 'classes' for their own glory or profit. Tyrannies, absolute monarchies, aristocracies, oligarchies, democracies, and other still less desirable 'archies' we have had in abundance; but never yet a timocracy. This rule of the worthy, it is true, has been the ideal of the few in the past; but no 'political' unit has realized it. Had this ever been accomplished, the history of so high an achievement would have left an indelible impression on the minds of men. For it would have been no less than a sun-clear manifestation, a concrete exemplification, of that highest of all values, which we call theocracy,—a directly divine government,—and so the longed-for 'kingdom of heaven' on earth, conceived of as spiritual community, where each is for

all and all for each. This consummation is the antipodes of communism, so dangerously rampant in these days of transition and of testing all of us as to our worthiness for a place in the spiritual sun.

THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMAN.

Secondly, we have a still more potent sign of the coming newness of things in the emancipation of woman. This deep-going change is beginning to affect the whole structure of society from top to bottom ; it is permeating it to its very foundations, cemented as they have been hitherto with the concrete of family life. At present it is an embryonic freedom, and has been with us too short a time for any clearly to conjecture the definite lines of its future course of development. But already the old, artificial, restrictive taboos imposed by men on the life and behaviour of their women-kind, are one by one fast disappearing in many Western countries, and the movement is beginning powerfully to affect the more radically conservative East. It seems bordering on the miraculous that so vast a revolution in the economic, political and social relations of men and women has been accomplished without the outbreak of that dreaded 'sex-warfare' that previously, at a critical moment before the War, appeared to be so imminent in this country. But Nature stepped in, and the danger was averted by a splendid renewal of the solidarity of the sexes forced on them by the necessities of the War itself. This great testing-time brought out the more generous natural impulses of both sexes in their æonian mutual relationship, and woman proved herself, as never before, so capable a worker in so many things

previously considered out of her sphere, that the old Adam was compelled to recognize in the new Eve a worthy helpmeet in well-nigh every walk of life beyond the narrow limits of the family circle. We are now threatened, by the blind, disruptive elements of human savagery, with the fierce trials of a universal 'class-warfare.' The old Adam and the new Eve together are now on all sides being tested more searchingly even than in the old type war-days. Eve might, with considerable show of justice, have said to Adam in the late war-horror: You have made the mess, and must now get out of it as best you can. But she did not say so; she set to work and helped manfully. And in the threatened chaotic upheaval that seeks to divide society by a new, purely quantitative, line of cleavage, she can, if she will, do so again; and she will, if she is true, not only to her unselfish better self, but to her natural interests. For when the 'argument' of physical force, of brute action, is awakened, woman is the weaker vessel; and she suffers the more, whether it be in industrial conflicts, with their strikes, lock-outs, and their 'persuasion' of 'peaceful picketing,' or in the scourge of civil war, more pitiless far than international conflict, with its inevitable tale of rapine, looting and senseless destruction, and the foul violence of brutal passions that glut themselves on rape and bestiality.

THE RISING TIDE OF PSYCHICAL KNOWLEDGE.

Thirdly, and lastly, as symptomatic of a deep-going change of outlook in these transitional years, I would instance the wide-spread interest in the discovery and development of extra-normal psychic abilities and the study of psychical phenomena. This fast-rising tide of

interest is beginning to make itself felt in steadily increasing volume. Multitudes of men and women, high and low, rich and poor, of every grade of intelligence and quality of moral endowment, are now sitting up and paying attention. (I am here considering only the open, homely aspect of this new stirring, and not either the recrudescence of occult and magical pretensions or the renascence of high mysticism which company with it.) We are viewing what is still very largely a popular movement. It began 'from below,' as we say in vulgar parlance. But that should not deceive us as to the potency of its dynamism. Like the other two great signs of present-day change, it may well be thought of as the natural reaction to some vast stimulus 'from above,' as it were an inner incitement to prepare conditions favourable to the emergence of a common spirituality. Still to-day in its early embryonic stage, this movement was at first held in general contempt; but soon it became persecuted and feared. It is still being battled against strenuously by the forces of conservatism, but not so fiercely as before,—provided they can devise a formula of 'explanation' by which the facts can be evacuated of all spiritual significance.

Even now it is difficult to write on the matter without being thought by minds of the old order uncritically to excuse or palliate the welter of deception and self-deception, of travesty and absurdity, and of psycho-materialism, that has naturally accompanied so popular a manifestation. But all this is comparable, as it were, to the flotsam and jetsam of the wreckage of the past cast up on the shore of the present, where the keel of the more seaworthy vessel of the future new order is being laid down. To-day we have for the first

time in the history of our humanity a genuinely world-scale chance of profiting by the lessons of the past, and of setting to work to build a ship for souls that may prove more weather-worthy; so that when at high tide it is floated off, it may sail in safety the uncertain seas of life and bear our common humanity on to higher destinies.

It seems on all sides clear that, whatever its causation or explanation may be, a vast stirring in the depths of man-soul is taking place. From the deeps of memory are coming to the surface dim recollections of man's hoary past. Not to speak of palæontology and the recovery of dead languages, archæological research is busy as never before with uncovering the remains of 'prehistoric' cities, and finding clear traces of once great civilizations in well-nigh every clime of the habitable globe. And all this in concrete material evidence, which the intellect can ponder, analyze and attempt in imagination to reconstruct. But it cannot reasonably be supposed that there is not also going on a corresponding affective stirring in the general psyche; that a memory of feeling-tones and behaviour-patterns is not being concomitantly revived, and indeed being shown even by such ephemeral phenomena, for instance, as changes of fashion in dress, decoration and ornament.

Our humanity is thus becoming more conscious of itself, more self-conscious. It cannot neglect its past and turn its attention solely towards the future; for the past is ever being taken up into the present and forcing us to feel its presence. We must thus to-day resolve the ancient conflicts, if we would live healthy lives, and we cannot do so till we recognize how things were with us in that past. And here the

new psychology will help powerfully, and extended psychical ability make us more quick to detect undesirable pressure from what ignorance looks on as the 'bygone.' And then as to this new psychic phase that expresses itself in the form of communication between the two worlds,—who can say to what it may not lead? Already it gives promise of affording a powerful means in helping to calm down the subversive and revolutionary elements that are so fiercely raging. Communism is frankly, nay boastfully, out to destroy and not to construct. Its children are nurtured on hate; it frantically teaches them the devil's gospel of: No god, no soul, no religion. For it, this world is the only world; at death of body, life perishes utterly. 'Future reward and punishment' (to use the crude familiar phrasing) is a lie of priest to dope the proletariat for its more thorough exploitation by capitalism. Such a phobia-ridden state of mind, as we all know, is utterly recalcitrant to the traditional modes of 'psychotherapy'—whether of theologian or of philosopher; and science, as it is at present, is no help, for values do not yet concern it. Now the most pleasing aspect of this new psychic outlook is that those who are convinced by personal evidence of the actuality of communication with the invisible world, are found invariably on the side of righteousness, peace and betterment, and persuaded that 'character' alone counts in the grading of the life-states of the discarnate soul. Thousands and thousands of these 'communications' all harp on the same string. There is an astonishing eagerness on the one hand to discover and on the other to disclose how it is with those who have departed hence thither; and ever is it the same story of reaping as we have sown, and that, too, in very

natural fashion and not set forth in mythological or supernatural terms. The reports are in general affectional and frequently tinged with deep emotion, and as such are for the most part of a homely description; for Jane 'here' is intensely interested in what has happened to Bill, her man, 'there,' and Tom is immensely struck with what is told him about 'muvver' in the hither hereafter. Superior folk may smile at these domesticities; but it is just these intimate things that make up the gentler life of the soul of the people. And in this regard it is said that the first great surprise awaiting such lofty-minded critics is to discover how very much they too are common folk there. There is, it is affirmed, a true scale of values there that is very different from the false weights and measures that deceive us here. An old story, you will say. Yes: but to-day it is being confirmed in the experience of the many, and no longer depends solely on belief in the faith-preaching of the few. This is a fundamental difference. The spread of this new knowledge should, among other things, do much to counteract the social poison of communistic 'Sunday-school' propaganda.

The above are, briefly touched upon, three of the many signs of fundamental change in the transitional times in which we are living. We are being tested as never before, and precisely because 'the Day' of a more general righteousness is nearer to dawning.

G. R. S. MEAD.

SOME PROBLEMS OF THE MANDÆAN GENZĀ.

MOSES GASTER, Ph.D.

I.

THE Genzā, which is the chief book of the Mandæan literature, offers a large number of problems, of which only a few have hitherto been touched upon, and these only very superficially. The few who have studied the book in MS. form, have contented themselves with stating the facts as they found them, and have not tried to explain the peculiar character of this document. Neither date nor place of origin has as yet been satisfactorily determined, and the contents offer the greatest difficulty for arriving at any definite solution. The Genzā as it stands presents an almost incredible mixture of old and new, and many a passage seems to end abruptly or to begin from nowhere. Such a passage is considered, therefore, to be a fragment introduced into the place where it is now found by the last compilers and editors. The general assumption is that the men who wished to preserve the last remnants of their literature, collected whatever they could lay their hands on, and wrote these texts down one after the other, without any connection, without any system, issuing as a mere jumble of fragments dating from various epochs and written under different influences. This seems, however, to be somewhat of a rash assumption. Those who at one time undertook the compilation of this great work, which is to

the Mandæans the Holy Script, the Fountain of Revelation, and the Code of Laws, could not have been entirely ignorant men who, regardless of any sense of system, acted solely as mechanical scribes and, thoughtlessly and simple-mindedly, put together, without rhyme or reason, whatever they could find. However ignorant the modern Mandæans may be, one cannot credit their priests and spiritual leaders throughout the centuries with having been also an ignorant mob. The fact that they evolved a script of their own, and that they possess other writings also which, on the whole, can pass muster before a critical eye, must make us pause before accepting the sweeping statement, that the compilers of their fundamental book could have acted in such an unmethodical and ignorant manner as is believed to have been the case. Unfortunately, no one has had the opportunity of discussing these problems with the few learned priests who are still among them, and obtaining from them some information about their literary tradition. For, as it will be seen, the Genzā offers some particular problems of a literary and, I should like to say, of a palæographically unique character, which might possibly be explained by some such tradition, if there be one still in existence. The other writings just mentioned, such as the Qolastā (Hymns) and the Book of Yahia (John) are all rhymed compositions, and are no doubt in daily use, as they are concerned specifically with two of the fundamental principles of the Mandæan creed,—baptism and burial. Their verse-form has no doubt greatly contributed to their preservation with as little contamination as possible; but even these offer some palæographic problems to which possibly reference may be made hereafter. The Genzā, however,

stands out in this respect quite uniquely in all known literature. It is a huge volume; and I am using for my purpose my own MS., which is not only old but also carefully and beautifully written, and is, as all the other copies of the Genzā, divided into two sections, one called the Right and the other the Left. No satisfactory reason has yet been given for this peculiar division, which I will presently describe. These two sections are treated as if they made up one book, of which the one is, as said, referred to as the Right and the other as the Left. Anyone who has studied Brandt's partial translations from one section and the other, and has followed up Reitzenstein's essays, will remember that the latter scholar, in order to reconstruct what he believed to be an old legend, had to piece it together from portions found in the Right and others found in the Left Genzā. Lidzbarski has now given us the best translation thus far of the whole Genzā; and we can easily satisfy ourselves of the fact that, such as it is, it appears to be a mass of incoherent statements, legends and all kinds of mystical and astrological speculations. Surely this could not have been the original form either of the book or its component parts.

Now, looking at the MS., we find the following facts. Like most Semitic books, it begins from the right, until it comes apparently to an end in the middle of the volume. It is to be noted next that the colophon containing the data about writer, owner, date of copying, etc., is found here at the end of what is known as the Right Genzā. The Left, moreover, does not begin straight away as a continuation after the colophon; but the MS. must be turned upside down, so that the beginning should be read from right

to left, and this is continued up to the end, when the last page of the Left faces the last page of the Right. Examining the binding, I find that the Left section had been sewn independently, and then bound in so as to form one volume, instead of being an independent book, which as a continuation could be then placed in a separate binding to be treated as a second volume. But in order to obviate such a mistake on the part of the reader, and in order to make it perfectly clear that it stands in some direct connection with the previous portion, and although the writing was upside down, from whatever part the reader started to use the book, the two sections were bound together. This is precisely the same method followed with the other two or three MSS. known to be in existence. No reason has yet been given for this very peculiar way of writing and compiling a book, the like of which is not known in any other literature.

I venture now to offer a solution which, by clarifying this palæographic problem, may become in time a means for a critical and satisfactory reconstruction of the text. This latter will of course be a task for painstaking investigation, and doubtless give rise to many hypothetical conjectures as the work of adjusting the pieces proceeds; but every success should bring a little more order into the present apparent chaos. It may also help to separate the component parts in a more systematic manner, and thus contribute to a better understanding of the various elements which have been slowly introduced into the Mandæan doctrine, and which often appear to be diametrically opposed to one another. One may thus hope to separate out the various layers of the mixed tradition which is so characteristic of this book.

To start then without more ado. Almost all sacred books,—nay, the very oldest compositions,—were written on scrolls of parchment or paper. These were long strips; and the writing was in short lines just as wide as the width of the strip, and continued downwards to the very end, the number of lines depending upon the length of the strip. Many other strips could be joined on, so that the scroll might be of very great length. The writing was not originally in wide columns, like in the Jewish scrolls, which are rolled from right to left, but in narrow columns, rolled from top to bottom. This form has still been preserved in ancient amulets. As a rule amulets and charms represent the old stage of writing, which was considered to be holy or efficacious in one way or another. Their form is determined by their magic character; and no one anxious to benefit by them would dare to alter the archaic form, as it might destroy their efficacy. This is a point which has not received the attention it deserves for the critical investigation of ancient texts. This arrangement may be due to the inscriptions found on stelæ, to which in a way a narrow strip corresponds, in which the writing is to be read from top to bottom. It is found in the Mongolian and Chinese scripts, the lines of which are not horizontal but vertical. We find this kind of script also in not a few Oriental MSS., especially those of Persian origin, and in collections of poems. But here the long strips have been cut down to smaller ones, all bound together at the top and all turned over from the bottom. One has only to piece these together to have again the old long narrow scrolls.

Without extravagance, this will, I believe, explain the narrow columns in old codices of the Bible. When

the scroll was transferred to book-form with pages, the copyists of the oldest Biblical MSS. took care, as it were, to preserve the ancient scroll-form; and, instead of writing lines across the page, they divided the pages into two or three columns,—a fact which has hitherto not been explained. In the old Greek lists of canonical and apocryphal books we can still find traces of this kind of writing. The *stichoi* are given; and these I take to mean not verses, but lines, which turn out to be very narrow indeed. A book is described as containing so many *stichoi*. Many of the texts thus described are in our hands, and we can at once realize that these *stichoi* must have referred to lines, and these short ones. I am leaving aside the question as to when the texts were divided up into verses, and when and how these divisions were marked in writings considered to be holy. This belongs to another chapter of ancient palæography.

Turning now to the Genzā. There is no doubt that most, if not all, of its contents must have been originally written on such narrow scrolls. This form is also most suitable for verses. Both the Qolastā (Hymns) and the Book of Yahia (John) consist in fact of very short verse-lines of a few words each, and therefore easily to be copied on such a scroll.

This of course does not yet explain the division of Right and Left. Another factor enters now into our consideration. Were these scrolls written only on one side or on both sides? There are not a few fragments of Jewish documents found in the Geniza, or store-place of disused MSS., which help us to answer this question. One reason or another,—scarcity of material or desire of having the whole text undivided in one roll,—may have induced the ancient scribes to use the

blank back. But here comes in a peculiar oddity of the scribes. They did not start again at the top of the scroll on the back corresponding to the beginning on the face. This would have meant the unrolling of the whole scroll before starting again with the writing, and then with the reading of it. So, like some of the Jewish scribes, they continued where they had left off at the bottom and wrote from there, simply turning the scroll upside down. Consequently the writing appeared on one side straight and on the other reversed, from the point where the scribe had continued copying, as if the back were merely another strip added to the previous one. We thus have here a real right and a real left side, which required the reader to turn the scroll upside down if he wanted to continue his reading. This to my mind solves the problem. When the time then came for compiling the Genzā, and transferring the scrolls to page-form, after they had finished copying what was written on the right side, and in order to mark the continuity, they preserved the character of the old upside-down writing. Then to avoid any misunderstanding or confusion they called the one the Right and the other Left—not meaning ‘right’ or ‘left,’ of one section as opposed to another for some reason or another, but indicating simply that the one represented the face of the scroll and the other the direct continuation on the back, *i.e.* the left side of the scroll. There was no intention of giving to either side any spiritual or literary preference over the other. It was a direction given to the scribe. In time, however, the history of this scribal procedure became forgotten, whilst the practice continued. No longer knowing what it really meant, the Mandæans were driven to differentiate between the Right and the Left in a purely

artificial manner. This is probably the main cause of the confusion which is reigning, and in consequence the character and the method of compilation of the Genzā have been entirely misunderstood.

If this theory of mine proves to be correct,—and I see no reason why it should not be accepted as such, then will arise the great problem of how to readjust the component parts: how to find out where the ‘left’ is to be joined on to the ‘right,’ and whether in one case the ‘left’ was as long or short as the ‘right.’ But this is a question of literary criticism, and many fruitful results may therefore be rightly anticipated from this new aspect of the relation of the Right to the Left Genzā.

This hypothesis of mine is, as I believe, fully corroborated by the fact to which I have alluded before,—namely, that the colophon is on the right side, not on the left, nor is it even repeated on the latter. The two parts are considered to belong to one another in such a manner that the Left as a whole is simply completing the Right. The Left is not a book standing by itself; otherwise the scribe, after finishing copying it, which no doubt he would do after having completed the Right, would have appended the colophon to the Left section and not to the Right. With the latter alone the book really ends. The process of dovetailing the two sections may not prove so difficult or such a formidable task as might be imagined. A careful examination will no doubt reveal the points at which junctions will have to be made. We are not to assume, moreover, that the text itself or the chapter must always have finished with the back written from one end to the other. This may often have been shorter. But these are questions which will

have to be left to the scholar who will attempt the reconstruction on the lines indicated.

II.

I will now touch upon another problem,—namely, the title of the book. It is spelt either *Genzā* or *Ginzā*. This is simply a question of orthography; for the word with or without the *yod* could be pronounced either way; and the pronunciation of the Mandæan, in spite of vowel-letters, in the absence of any definite vowel-signs is still largely a matter of speculation. Be this as it may, it is a question of secondary consideration. But of real importance is the meaning which has been attached to this title-word. It has been translated ‘Treasure.’ An analogy has been sought in the Syriac document, published by Bezold in 1583-88, the title of which he translated by ‘The Cave of Treasure’—the same word *ginzā* occurring in it. I submit that this translation is wrong. Taking the work last mentioned, a minute examination will fail to discover any trace of ‘treasure’ in the whole story, unless the body of Adam is meant to be such. But this is nowhere indicated, and Adam is not a ‘cave.’ On the contrary, he is kept for some time in the Ark, and then he is conveyed to the real ‘Cave,’ *i.e.* ‘Machphelah,’ where according to legends Adam is buried, and alongside of him some of the other patriarchs; for in the pseudepigraphic literature a confusion has arisen concerning the place of burial of Adam and the patriarchs.

The Biblical narrative, with which that literature tries to conform, tells us very little as to the place where Adam was created, and nothing about the place

of his burial. But as he was put into Paradise from the moment of his creation, it was assumed that he was created close to it. And then the legend developed that, after being driven out of Paradise, he returned to the place whence he was first taken, and that of course he must have died there. Hence the conclusion that his place of burial was close to Paradise. Moreover, as the burial, according to old practice, was usually in a cave, then Adam also must have been placed in a cave near the gates of Paradise. The question then arose as to where Paradise was; and then, through a Midrashic exegesis closely connected with the legend of the Sethians and the Cainites, it was assumed to have been on the top of a mountain. In my forthcoming book, the Samaritan *Secrets of Moses*, I have dwelt at some length on these legends. But this is not all. The confusion seems still greater when the legend had to be adjusted to the Biblical narrative of the Cave of Machphelah. The word 'Machphelah' is open to a double interpretation; and the legendary exegesis seized upon it. According to one interpretation, the word meant 'a double cave,' or 'a cave within a cave.' The Samaritan tradition in consequence explains it to mean that one cave was the place of burial for Adam, Seth and Noah, the patriarchs before the Flood, and the other for Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the patriarchs after the Flood. But the word can also mean 'The Cave of the Pairs.' And so, according to the Jewish tradition, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and their wives were buried in that Cave. What was now to be done with the old legend of Adam, which we find in the Samaritan tradition, and confusedly reflected in the pseudepigraphic literature and in the Christian legend of Golgotha? According

to the last, Adam was buried not near the Sacred Mountain, the Gate of Paradise, somewhere in Palestine or elsewhere, but near Jerusalem, and the name of Golgotha was explained to mean the 'Place of the Skull,' i.e. the skull of Adam. There the cross was erected, and the blood of Jesus is said to have trickled down through the earth upon the skull of Adam, and thus brought about his redemption. The Syriac text does not yet know this latter development; but tells in a confused manner of the burial of Adam near Paradise, and of the burial of the patriarchs in the cave near Hebron. Originally, however, the Syriac text agreed with the Samaritan, as shown by me in the above-mentioned book, in placing the body of Adam in that cave, and therefore called it 'The Cave of Mystery,' or 'The Secret Place of Burial.'

Nor will anyone find the remotest reference to 'treasure,' or to the book as a 'treasure,' in the *Genzā* itself. Scholars who have chosen this translation, have been misled by the late meaning which has been given in Aramaic to the word *Genzā*, when it is generally translated as rather 'treasure-house,' e.g. 'the treasure-house of the king,' a place, but not a precious thing in itself. In both titles, however, the older meaning of the word has evidently been preserved. The root of the word is *ganaz*, meaning 'to hide,' 'to put secretly away,' 'to cover up,'—hence the Geniza, the place where things were hidden and secreted, the place of mystery. The Greek word for a book so treated is *apocryphon*, which is a literal translation, and in the Synagogue the Geniza served as a receptacle for writings hidden away and put out of service. The Syriac title is not 'Cave of Treasure' but 'Secret Cave.' It is the mystery-cave, the secret cave, which

is meant by that name, and not 'Cave of Treasure,' but that which had been mysteriously reserved for the burial of the Meritorious Ones.

Turning now to the Mandæan book; no nation has yet called its sacred writing by the name 'Treasure.' Moreover the real Mandæan title of the book is not Genzā but 'Sedra Rabba,' which means 'The Great Compilation.' It reminds one of the Jewish Mishna arranged in six Sedarim,—*i.e.* the six sections or six orders. To the Mandæans this book, therefore, is not a 'Book of Treasure,' however highly they may value its contents; but it is the book which contains the mystery of their faith, the secret teaching vouchsafed to their leaders and teachers, to be kept hidden by them and to be communicated only to the elect. I would, therefore, so translate the title Genzā, and henceforth refer to it as the Mandæan 'Book of the Mystery.' This title corresponds much more closely to the contents, much of which partakes of the character of mystical teachings and revelations.

M. GASTER.

THE WAY TO PEACE.

PAUL TYNER.

(SPIRITUAL meditation was easier in earlier days; primitive simplicities of life, natural occupations and handicrafts, more conducive to it. Yet leading spiritual life is not dependent on environment; everyone has in him power to make circumstances means of subserving spiritual development. It depends on right will, a return to greater simplicity in living and practice of meditation. This begins in quiet thinking, proceeds to stilling of thought-activity and strives for realization of the divine presence. Practical use of meditation in everyday life for removal of sense of uncertainty. Appearance and reality; Hindu doctrine of *māyā*; false sense of separation from reality. Right meditation is prayer without ceasing to realize the divine love; the quest of the soul in meditation is thus quest for immortal knowledge of God. God is Spirit; the true man is equally spirit wholly; meaning of wholeness and healing. The virtue of stillness and silence; the mystic experience; spiritual intuition and formal intellect. Peace the reward of the man of achieved meditation.)

THE cultivation of the lost art of meditation is made all the more important in our day by the ever-increasing complexity of life. In a simpler age periods of quiet thinking, of reverie, contemplation, meditation, concentration, came naturally and easily into many a man's life; they were for him 'all in the day's work.' Certain of the more primitive occupations, indeed, conduced to meditation. The shepherd tending his flocks, the herdsman his cattle, the farmer in his sowing, the sailor steering his ship or setting sail, the miner working steadily in the dark and silent depths of the earth,—all were prone to the quietness and singleness of mind that is most responsive to the influence of the inner light, and many to the sense of the eternal presence, the sound of the still small voice, the wisely-loving *moving of the spirit*. Moses was a shepherd, Jesus

a carpenter, Paul a maker of tents ; Peter and Andrew and Philip and James were fishermen.

In the patriarchal age great, simple-souled men became mentally and spiritually prone to sight and speech with angel-visitants from the invisible side of life. It was not the learning of the Egyptians, not the lore of their sages nor the culture of Pharaoh's court, but the tending of Jethro's flocks in the vast silences of the mountain-side and of the plains, that opened the understanding of Moses so that he was able to commune with the God in him and in all the earth. Thus, obeying God's will, he led his people (as he had led his sheep) to form them into a great nation.

Contact with Nature frequently means contact with God, even when not that of sailor, fisherman, farmer or herdsman. The work which keeps the hands definitely and steadily day after day to any form of simple, common, human service, or to the production of things serviceable or beautiful, involves the meditation which leads to communion with God and to the communication from Infinite to finite of illumination and power.

There was more than an economic ideal at the base of the ancient Hebrew requirement that every child should be taught a trade or handicraft. There is close connection between Jesus' carpentering and his unfolding of the Christ-consciousness ; Spinoza's years of work as a polisher of telescope-lenses and his God-illuminated philosophy ; the rapturous frenzy of Palissy the potter and his patient enamelling of his wares ; the prophetic fire and force of Carlyle and his apprenticeship to his father's trade as stone-mason in Craigenputtock ; the development of Burns' gift as greatest lyric poet of his time and his straight and

evenly-ploughed furrows in Ayrshire fields. Brother Lawrence knew the joy and power of God's presence while engaged in the labours of a kitchen-scullion in the monastery.

These reminders may serve to correct a not unusual misunderstanding of a fundamental law of the spiritual life. How often we hear the cry from earnest and aspiring souls that circumstances "over which they have no control" hold them back from the cultivation of the power of the silence and from leading lives of spirituality.

Now the truth is that spirituality does not depend upon environment, nor occupation (of honest sort of course), nor upon material conditions of any nature whatever,—certainly not upon what is called 'education' or its lack. Each of us, without question, has it in his power to make of 'circumstances' an instrument subserving his own spiritual evolution and that of those with whom these circumstances bring him into contact, if only he *will*. To allow circumstance to dominate and blind us to the *realities* of life—of which spiritual evolution is the most vital—is to remain slaves instead of becoming masters. Let us remember that 'centre-stance' is more than circum-stance!

Only in knowledge of truth is freedom to be found. Knowledge is power; and the knowledge of God is the greatest of all knowledge—the beginning and end of all wisdom. But we are all entangled, more or less, in the vast net of a social system that separates us from these primitive and natural simplicities of life and work, which so absorb us in the 'getting a living' that we have hardly time to live. We must then, if we would truly live, unlearn some of our modern ways and resume the ancient dignity of our race by studying

and practising with common-sense the great art of meditation.

Concentration, contemplation and meditation belong together, and all are equally important. I believe with Emerson that :

The thoughtful man needs no armour but this—*concentration*. . . . Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, and in all management of human affairs. Concentration is power ; diffusion is weakness.

To the highest order of concentration, meditation and the power gained through meditation are requisites. Conversely the concentration of aim and interest and of thought-energy, developed by focussing the thought and energies on a given object, is indispensable if we would acquire the art of meditation.

Meditation, like concentration, begins in *quiet thinking* ; this in order that we may lay aside all thought, and place ourselves consciously in union with that part of us which is more ancient than thought and which makes thought and action possible. This means *ceasing to think*, detaching ourselves from all claims of the physical senses on attention, much as we lay aside the pen when we wish to stop writing, or close the piano when we have finished playing for the time being, or as we doff the clothing worn during the day when we retire to rest. Then do we *let* the deeper, larger nature, the spiritual nature, the soul, assert its pure being.

This is asserted in the “ I am that I am ! ” uttered on Sinai to Moses ; as by the declaration of Jesus : “ I and the Father are one.”

But the Mosaic stage is the *first* stage. The Eternal Reality which forever *is*—the same yesterday, to-day and forever—at first simply declares itself.

That *God is* becomes the overwhelming and perduring illumination and conviction filling all the mind. Inner realization of the truth of God's existence becomes to us a thousand times more veritable than any objective presentation or extrinsic teaching or reasoning can ever make it. Moreover, we thus come to realize that God exists, not in some far-off heaven, but here and now; that he is actually present with us, or, rather, that we are *in his presence*; that "in him we live and move and have our being," and that "he is not far from each one of us." These sayings now become much more than poetical figures of speech.

In our ordinary experience it comes to well-nigh all of us to know at least once the joy of loving. To behold the beloved one, to hear the beloved speak, to feel the beloved near, is happiness. Endeavouring to picture the immensely more transcendent and joyful experience of conscious communion with the Supreme, the Súfí mystic speaks of God as the Beloved and equally as the Lover. To the Christian mystic this experience brings a new and wonderful sense of God as Father, Friend and Helper. We may well believe that it was such an experience that led John to declare: "God is love!"

The supreme object of an enlightened life is *to know God*; to come into ever clearer and livelier sense of God's reality and of his actual, living presence and power. This is the experience of the Jewish patriarchs and prophets described as 'walking with God,' of those, as the Apostle phrases it, whose "life is hid with Christ in God." The barriers between the soul of man and the Divine Spirit that is God melt away. Thereafter, things of time and space, 'things seen,' are known to be only temporal, the 'things unseen' to be eternal.

Until, through meditation, this mystic union with God is accomplished, it may be said of human life that "shadows we are and shadows we pursue"; that in Shakespeare's words: "We are such stuff as dreams are made on."

And here we come to the great practical use of meditation. Let us for a moment reflect on the source of the distresses, disorders and diseases from which men suffer. Why are we restless, dissatisfied, disappointed, worried, anxious, labouring and heavy-laden, estranged from one another, depressed and disturbed at heart? (These mental states, of course, register themselves in bodily correspondences.) Is it not because of a *sense of uncertainty* inseparable from the sets and series of *appearances* that make up life on its mortal and material side?

The duration of the physical life is itself the greatest uncertainty. "No man knoweth what a day may bring forth." The day brings forth so much of apparent sorrow and suffering, sickness and death, loss of friends, loss of reputation or position, of goods or money, that there is for most a subconscious anticipation of evil—of the worst rather than the best. And we know only too often the truth of Job's saying: "The thing I feared is come upon me." For many of us, owing to the frantic pursuit of the shadows of material advantage and running after ever-changing and receding mirages, life is a sheer struggle for subsistence, even as it was for the men of the Stone Age, and this in spite of the modern man's immensely multiplied powers of production. Not unreasonably does the Hindu describe the entire external show of things as *māyā*, or illusion, as compared with true reality, and warn the worshipper of the One God to keep free from its

distracting lure and absorption, fixing the thought and the affections instead on That which is beyond the veil of the senses, and which alone endures. All tumult and strife, all woe and misery, arise from the mistake of regarding passing appearances as real. We are bewildered, deceived, deluded, like wanderers without compass in the sand-storms of the desert. Uncertainty sows the seeds of a thousand fears in our minds. We scramble and scrimp and whine and whimper, like slaves at the mercy of conditions and circumstances, moods and whims, prejudices and passions that scourge us to our dungeons,—to conditions that are but the creations of our own thought.

And all this uncertainty, with the consequent suffering, weakness and subjection of the soul of man, is due simply to a false sense of separateness from reality,—from the one Eternal and Omnipresent Reality of the Supreme Mind, in which we have our being, from which we cannot escape, and whose mode of motion is that Perfect Love which casteth out all fear—Divine Love all-encompassing and all-pervading.

It is through concentration, meditation and contemplation, including the prayer without ceasing which, Emerson says, is “the soliloquy of a jubilant and beholding soul,” that we shall free ourselves from the shackles and trammels of the life of the senses with its uncertainty and unrest, and enter into freedom and peace unending. A conscious choice is called for here,—an exercise of the will, exemplified in *action* or refraining from action.

If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,
And no way were of breaking from the chain,
The Heart of boundless Being is a curse,
The Soul of Things fell pain.

Ye are not bound ! The Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest ;
Stronger than woe is will : that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.

How shall we come into this glorious experience ? In this, as in all other attainment, progress for most of us is little by little. It will be found next to impossible, at first, to lay aside all thought. But by trying to focus the mind on the idea of concentration, we are helped to keep it free for the time from all other thoughts. Sense of separateness is a sense of unreality,—of that which has no real existence. We are not, in truth, divided from God by a hair's breadth. The best way to kill out sense of separateness is by such *control* of thought in concentration as will enable the mind to dwell on reality and on unity with God,—and so with the infinite and universal Reality. The quest of the soul in meditation is a quest for a knowledge of truth. Manifestly, truth cannot be found in the illusive play of the shifting shadows of materiality. It must be found in withdrawal from thought connected with the senses or the things of sense. The mind's door must be shut against the intrusion of thoughts of pleasure or pain, profit or loss, of thoughts of forms or shapes or motion, thoughts of argument or dispute. If we would obey the behest : " Be still, and know that I am God," we must *prepare* for our meditation by thinking of God as Spirit. And this is to worship God 'in spirit and in truth,' regardless of special forms or places, and of special days and seasons. We are to remember that God is no respecter of persons or places or forms or names or limitations. Spirit is limitless, changeless, enduring, infinite. It is Good absolute, Beauty absolute, Wisdom absolute, Power absolute, Love

absolute, Bliss absolute. The three fundamental truths on which right meditation should be based then are :

- (a) *God is Spirit.*
- (b) *Man, being made in the image and likeness of Spirit, is a spiritual being ; and Spirit is the man,—the only man there is, in reality.*
- (c) *Spirit can suffer no detriment, cannot know deformity or defect ; is Wholeness absolute.*

Meditation is an important aid to right thinking, right speaking and right action. These mean health, harmony and happiness—true progress in life. And right thinking must be founded on that truth which, as has been said, is the soul's great quest. Here, perhaps, we may ask with something of Pilate's perplexity : "What is truth?" The answer of spiritual discernment brings us at once to the conception of reality in being as the essential and fundamental Whole. It is in the Wholeness of all things taken together that we find the universe of reality. Truth is logically inseparable from Wholeness, which is absolute, all-inclusive, unconditioned and final. These are its necessary qualities. The whole comes before the parts ; the part can only be truly its own with reference to the Whole which it indicates. Considered *apart*, we shall get, not its complete, but its *partial* significance,—a false rather than a true meaning. "A half-truth is as deceptive as a lie." The universe of reality is all spirit. It has always existed and will forever continue in living activity. Considered inclusively, it is God in his own home. By understanding the principles of this reality, thinking and walking in accordance with

such understanding, man may use it in healing, which is simply calling Wholeness into manifestation.

There are, in truth, many ways in which the individual can come into contact with the Supreme in the silence. After receiving such instruction as may be possible from one with whom meditation is habitual, and after reading and study on the general aspects of the subject, each will be led into the way that is right for him,— a way perhaps differing from that successfully followed by another, a way, it may be, which he had not intended or expected.

“ A man's heart deviseth his way ;

But the Lord directeth his steps.” (*Prov.* xvi. 9.)

Let it be repeated that in order to vivify our consciousness of the Spirit, imminent and immanent in us, we must first of all *be still*. Having calmed and quieted thought and emotion, we must, for the time being, get quite away from the self of the physical senses. Having need of concentration thus to become still and get away from oneself, we direct ourselves then to the object of the meditation in contemplation of Truth or Reality. This, so that the soul may reflect God as a placid lake reflects the surrounding scenery or the blue vault of the over-arching sky. Thus reflecting the radiance of the Divine Spirit, we shall also glow with the vitalizing warmth of its Light. Coming into unison with its Rhythm, we shall in time be carried by the tide of the Great Life into that grander nature and those grander powers that will enable us to express, each in his own sphere, the spiritual attributes—fruits of the Spirit.

One describes the experience as of a great light

filling the room and penetrating all his being,—a light vibrant and full of life. Another, like Paul, seems to be lifted up from the earth as in strong arms, experiencing a sense of great ease and lightness as if floating in the air. Still another seems to come into actual touch with life and light and power. W. W. Atkinson's account is of the reassuring, comforting, guiding and tenderly loving touch of *an unseen hand*,—as 'of an infinitely tender and powerful Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, Companion.' Again there is just the sense of a *presence*,—a presence emanating sweetness and cheer and light and love ineffable. We may feel just a warm glow in the heart or a soft falling to sleep; we may see a face or a succession of symbolic forms and colours; or we may hear a voice speaking into the inner ears and very distinctly. The Spirit is like the wind which bloweth where it listeth; it will not be constrained. It is well then not to be too expectant as to just *how* it shall make itself known. Let it come in its own way; that will be the best way for us. It is just as one learns more easily by sight and another by ear. Odours or flavours impress one person more readily, while another senses the inner significance of a picture or a sonata.

Much of the strain and stress of modern life, with its tears and bruises, its heart-burnings and unsatisfied yearnings, come from the mistake we have commonly made of subordinating, and often wholly sacrificing, spiritual intuition to the formal intellect. Lao Tsü, the ancient sage of China, with Emerson and Henri Bergson in our own day call us back. Peace is the first great gain brought into the individual life by the practice of meditation. And when we have real peace in the individual mind as a permanent condition, we

shall soon have peace in all the relations between individuals and between groups, classes and nations.

Meditation teaches us to recognize and develop this spiritual intuition by *use*; for its first lesson teaches the necessity of distinguishing between the 'inner life' and outward 'possessions.' Pride of intellect is among these outward things to be renounced, because it brings loss to the inner life. We are helped in this discrimination by Lao Tsü's teaching as to form and content. We do not realize to what an extent we have in our ordinary life attached more importance to the box or package than to its contents. Lao tells us that the Valley is but the outward form of the Spirit of the Valley; and so it is the empty space within the four walls of a room, the empty space within a bowl, the empty spaces for doors and windows in a house, that is more important than the enclosing forms.

The heart of the thus *self-controlled* man draws the hearts of all men unto him; for with mind ever lifted up into the inner kingdom, he draws all men, all things, all life, unto him. All our outward life is then lived from this new conscious touch with the innermost; we act from its impulsion and guidance, and serve with its fullness of delight in service. The man whose soul has been beautified and illumined by meditation radiates a vital atmosphere impregnated with loving thoughts and influences, so that those who come near him are strengthened and blessed and healed, although they may not always be consciously aware of the fact. As the *Bhagavad Gītā* tells us: "The disciplined self, moving among sense-objects, with senses free from attraction and repulsion, mastered by the Self, goeth to Peace."

PAUL TYNER.

‘AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME.’

THIS ‘Experiment’¹ begins with an extremely clear and vivid restatement of two truisms: (1) We cannot really know what any sensuous impression is like except in experiencing it ourselves. For instance, no intellectual description of colour made to one born blind, however intelligent he may be, can serve to give him any idea of what it means to one who can see. (2) The world of sounds, sights, odours, tastes and tactile sensations in which we live, is the creation of our own minds through the physical brain as stimulated by a world of objective reality, which might, or rather would, appear quite different to a creature whose sense-organs and brain were differently constituted. The sum total of all this objective world of which we, any one of us, might be aware at any one given moment, whether we are attending to it or not, Mr. Dunne calls the ‘field of presentation.’

From these entirely impeccable statements he passes on to an account of some observations of dreams and waking anticipations and presentiments which he and a group of friends systematically made. Their experiments led them to the conclusions: (1) that images drawn from the future mingle with images drawn from the past in the dreams of the normal dreamer; (2) that true premonitions are of comparatively common occurrence with normal people; (3) also that these premonitions present a contingent future,

¹ J. W. Dunne, *An Experiment with Time*, London (Black), 8s. 6d.

for the dreamer seems to have some power of altering them before they become actual.

The evidence brought forward is fairly convincing; and since most of us are persuaded that the correct foretelling of the future has occasionally been known in the history of the world; let us accept this provisionally as the fact to be considered in noticing this book.

Mr. Dunne tells us he was driven by the result of these experiments to reflect upon the nature of Time, and to compare his reflections with those of various writers and thinkers who accept Time as the ‘fourth dimension’ of the material world.

He begins by quoting certain Victorians (of whom perhaps James Hinton is the most worthy of attention) who were the first to appreciate a fact which Einstein was later to make scientifically clear. Their notion is well summed up in a quotation Mr. Dunne shortens from H. G. Wells: “There can be no such thing as an instantaneous cube; any real body must have length, breadth, thickness and duration.” And here the question rested, until quite recently the Physicists pronounced the unit of Matter to be ‘Action,’ *i.e.*, as Mr. Dunne himself defines it very clearly, ‘kinetic energy multiplied by Time, or momentum multiplied by Space.’ To any clear thinker who accepts the foregoing, it is immediately apparent that, if Matter consists of separate centres of Activity, then Space and Time taken together are the *mode* in which Matter exists; Space and Time are the names by which we express and measure the relations of the separate centres of Activity to one another. Separation is Space; the endurance of this separation is Time. Thus Space and Time have no existence apart from the primary Activity, which is the one ultimate reality and

which, when limiting itself to act in separate centres, becomes, in that very limitation, spacial and temporal.

Space-Time is really the synonym of that fundamental limitation. So far we are taken by Science and Common Sense. The philosophical corollary is: Absolute Activity unlimited knows neither Space nor Time. To Absolute Activity, Space is its own presence as Activity ever present to itself, and Time is the ever-present 'Now,' in which Activity is present to itself. This Absolute Activity, potentially able to act in every conceivable and inconceivable way, has been variously called 'Infinity' and 'Eternity' which, in order to be infinite or eternal, must be able to limit itself out of itself.

James Hinton by intuition arrived at something like the same realization of 'Time and Eternity.' Mr. Dunne quotes a passage in which Hinton says: "Imagine some stupendous whole, wherein all that has ever come into being or will come co-exists, which, passing slowly on, leaves in this flickering consciousness of ours, limited to a narrow space and a single moment, a tumultuous record of changes and vicissitudes that are but to us."

Hinton, in his reasoning, was hindered, as were all the Victorian four-dimensionalists, by the conception of an eternal, spatial atom as the unit of matter. Accepting the solid, spatial atom as an ultimate reality, and duration as the fourth dimension essential to its reality, they were all alike driven to conceive of the Time-dimension as similar in *kind* to the three dimensions of Space; while Space necessarily remained the limitless but material field of all material activity, —from which fallacy Einstein has once for all rescued us. Time became accordingly for them an everlasting

material track of events, which the consciousness of man traverses in one direction and by continuous degrees. No wonder the sane mind turned from the conception of Time as the fourth dimension when presented in such a guise!

Now, although Mr. Dunne seems familiar enough with the latest discoveries in physics, with the theories of Einstein and Bergson and with much more that is soundest and newest in thought, he fails to put two and two together. He founds his theory of 'Serialism,' as he calls it, upon just this very outworn, impossible conception of a spatial, independently existing Time-track. In fact, he carries this nonsense one step further towards Bedlam,—a step which, he tells us, no one has ever thought of before.

We (the psychic observers), he says, who can only move backwards and forwards in three dimensions, together with our 'fields of presentation,' are travelling along that portion of a four-dimensional, everlasting, objective track of events, which represents our own body (!). But, he points out, there must be another Time which times our travelling. (And this is his new idea.)

This gives us a further five-dimensional Time-track, along which four-dimensional observers (who are the same psychic entities as the original three-dimensional observers but acting in a four-dimensional capacity), together with their four-dimensional fields of activity, are simultaneously travelling 'at right angles' to the four-dimensional Time-track. (One of the few good things in the book, by the way, is the definition of *dimension* as "any way in which a thing can be measured that is entirely different to (*sic*) all other ways." This, of course, provided you are *thinking spatially*,—and then only,—involves a 'right angle.')

Further, he tells us, these Time-‘wheels within wheels’ continue till they end in ‘infinity’; and this quite regardless of the fact that no numerical addition can take us to the real metaphysical infinity, but only to the mathematical infinity which is merely an intellectual approximation to the largest conceivable number.

However vastly the number of dimensions, or ways of action by which the material, multitemporal, spatial substratum travelled over by the observer is conceived of as being capable of multiplication, it would never take us beyond the finite.

From these fallacies Mr. Dunne constructs a tissue of extremely logical nonsense, illustrated by diagrams, all quite consistent with each other and easily comprehensible on the basis of his impossible premises. He is thus inevitably led to the following conclusions about ultimate Reality,—which may be allowed to speak for themselves. There are, he tells us, two ultimate Realities: (1) A spatial, multitemporal ‘substratum,’ or continuum, of events,—serial in nature. At one end of the scale of being we find Infinity and at the other end the four-dimensional Time-track of the universe we know. (2) A ‘psychic’ observer, one and Infinite at one end of the scale of His (the capital is the author’s) being, who gradually and serially differentiates Himself, through the loss of one dimension at a time, into a multitude of psychic entities, one and all deriving their initiative and consciousness from Him, and operating at the other end of the scale, through a four-dimensional physical brain, itself an indestructible part of the objective Time-track of events and the vehicle of the mortal three-dimensional psychic observer. It is only this last observer ‘No. I.’

(the three-dimensional one) who dies, or rather who loses his individual consciousness; this happens when he comes to an end of his journey down his own brain on 'No. I.' four-dimensional Time-track! In all his other dimensions the observer is immortal. And (absurdity of absurdities!) the Infinite observer is learning to think and observe spatially, and is moreover inferior to observer No. I., *i.e.* to man, because He is not yet differentiated, and His learning is precisely the purpose of Evolution. There is, however, no such thing as Creative Evolution, in the sense employed by Bergson, for the Time-track is already there, so to speak.

But this way surely lies madness!

There remains still the question of foretelling the future, which we have agreed to accept as fact. Mr. Dunne certainly finds no difficulty in explaining either this phenomenon on the basis of his Time-track theory, or that of the apparent contingency of the future as foretold. For, says he, very logically, just as we three-dimensional beings can, to some extent, alter the three-dimensional objects with which we come in contact, so in our four-dimensional aspect we can alter four-dimensional objects, and so on, until, in our aspect as Infinite Observer, we can alter everything as we will. (Only apparently, combined with Absolute Will, we then possess a very diffused and rudimentary intelligence!)

How then is the philosopher to explain what appears to be foreknowledge of the future? Assuming that this philosopher is also a Christian, he will say that: A man is an *I* who lives, not only in the spatial-temporal mode as body, but also in the eternal or infinite mode as spirit. That in the spiritual mode

there is distinction of persons, but no difference or separateness in their living. It is, of course, impossible intellectually to imagine such a mode of life any more than the man born blind can imagine colour; though, by the same analogy, just as the blind man may be intellectually convinced of the existence of colour for others, so may the intellect be convinced of the reality of a spiritual life. For some men while still living in the body may know spiritual experience; for instance, lovers, mystics and seers, among whom perhaps James Hinton finds a place. One living in the spiritual mode has all knowledge, for he lives with the life common to all beings. He would be aware of the real life in all things material in its eternal aspect and, for him, most probably the things which exist in this world would, by reason of the limitation of that life, be present to him only as an absence of true life. This spiritual mode of life is suggested as the source of all great prophecies of which the prophecies of Jesus Christ may be taken as a type.

But there is, what may be called a third mode of existence known to man in the interaction of the other two modes. This is the life of the soul,—the life of thought and feeling that is accompanied by cerebral activity, in which the eternal spirit in man concerns itself with his life as limited and developing on earth. The characteristic of this mode of life is that it is limited by Time, but not by Space; that is to say, it is not spatially separate from any object it is dealing with in its thought and feeling, but that in so dealing it cannot realize what it is doing except as a process, as one realization after another separate from the next. In popular language, the conscious mind, though it can think equally well of anything whether it be far or

near, cannot pursue several different thoughts at once. Thus thought is of the soul, while knowledge may be of the spirit.

Possibly the soul has its own method of prophecy. When spirit is very actively working with the body as soul, the man is apt to have an immediate and instinctive power of recognition, usually called 'intuition.' Such recognition often includes what has been called the 'line of greatest probability' (alluded to in the chapter on Physics in *An Experiment with Time*). This accounts for much so-called 'prophecy' as well as for the contingency in its fulfilment.

SYBIL M. SMITH.

THE ANGEL IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

[It was once remarked by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that Providence seems to have done everything, short of sending an Archangel to Trafalgar Square, to give the human race the means of forming a clear judgment upon the salient truths of the after-life. Whether even such a wonder as the visible presence of a high spirit in the busy centre of London town would actually make men's minds run in less material channels, is a matter of some doubt. Though the following account is purely fanciful, the writer has described a chain of events which might easily occur after such an unlikely phenomenon.]

It is just a year to-day that I saw the Angel striding majestically through the Admiralty Arch. Looking at the event through the haze of fifty-two weeks, I am almost tempted to believe that it was an hallucination. But at the time, I remember, the impression on my mind was terrific. It was a strange and disturbing moment. By some means (I am not quite clear whether it walked or floated) the Angel perched itself on, or close to, the base of the Nelson Column and addressed the crowd. I remember that women fainted, men fell on their knees and the policemen on traffic-control stood speechless. Bus and taxi-drivers stopped their vehicles and gazed open-mouthed. Everybody remained breathless, except for a newsvendor who got out hoarsely: "Cripes! It looks like a —— angel!" Everybody stood rooted to the ground, except for a company of scarlet-coated Guardsmen who emerged from Pall Mall, marching with sloped arms across the south side of the square. With machine-like precision they swung along, unnoticed, unnoticing. This moving

mass of scarlet seemed to lend a background of stark reality to what would otherwise have appeared a dream.

Yes, it was impressive, overwhelmingly so. But as the days went by, the impression became weaker, until now I am almost in doubt as to whether the thing actually happened. A glance through my sheaf of press-cuttings of the period, however, assures me that it did happen. At least *something* happened.

The Daily Mail, enterprising as always, devoted five burning columns to the case on the following morning, with interviews with Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Harry Price, Mr. J. G. Piddington, Dean Inge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Bourne, Miss Gladys Cooper and 'Wilfred the Wizard,' the celebrated illusionist whose well-known mystery-act 'Mediums Unmasked,' was being presented that week at the Coliseum. (Mr. Bernard Shaw, on being telephoned by a *Daily Mail* representative, is stated to have "burst into a loud Shavian laugh and hung up the receiver.")

The Daily Express was lucky enough to obtain a photograph of the Angel,—snapped by an enterprising amateur who got £50 for the copyright. (He afterwards regretted his hasty deal; his snap being the only one in existence, he realized too late its competitive value among the rest of the London Press.)

The photo, or rather the reproduction, lies before me. It has not reproduced well. It shows the base and one of the lions at the foot of the Nelson monument. Upon the plinth there appears a smoky, smeary cloud, in the midst of which can be seen—something. There is undoubtedly a head and an outstretched arm. The rest is blurred with white streaks, smudges, shapeless markings. It is as though (to use the expression

of a schoolboy critic) somebody had attempted to photograph an exploding firework. However, I need not enlarge upon the 'extra' film, which can now be seen at the South Kensington Museum free of charge.

Then there is another question: What did the Angel say? Here again I am uncertain, although I was one of those who heard it speak. A strange voice it had, a golden voice; it *vibrated*. Curious how keen is my recollection of the voice, although the actual words uttered are vague and uncertain in my mind. It was as though the voice spoke on a note which was outside the known scale. And the words! What were they? Truth to tell I was so moved and astonished that they mostly escaped me. It seemed as though the message was an appeal to mankind to meditate upon the gifts of the spirit, finishing with the words: "*If ye abuse this trust, disaster will fall upon your homes.*" (*The Daily Telegraph* reported it: "If you *ignore* the trust, disaster will *light* upon your homes.") Perhaps the precise wording is unimportant. It was everywhere agreed, however, that the words 'trust,' 'disaster' and 'home' were spoken. It will be remembered that a comic journal which gave an amusing skit on the occurrence, claimed that the actual words used were: "Dr. Binks's Mustard Plasters Should be in Every Home." It will also be recalled how the enterprising Dr. Binks (an American Ph.D.) seized upon this and embodied it in a gigantic selling scheme with phenomenal results. In fact the 'Angel Mustard Plaster' (formerly the 'Paragon Mustard Plaster') is now reputed to yield a turnover of a million dollars per month.

The appearance of the Angel gave rise to enormous

discussion everywhere. For weeks afterwards crowds of curious sightseers assembled daily at the Nelson Column, apparently in expectation of another manifestation. Sunday after Sunday, in all the churches, the Angel was used as a text for sermons. Mr. Arnold Bennett wrote amusingly about it in *The Standard*. The gentleman who writes so charmingly under the name of 'The Londoner' embodied it into a quaint and mellow essay in the *Evening News*. 'Beachcomber' in the *Daily Express* used the Angel as a target for his comic shafts. *Punch* had a cartoon showing Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Lord Oxford, standing open-mouthed before an angel, dressed in khaki, and pointing to the tomb of the Unknown Warrior. Mr. James Douglas wrote for three successive Sundays, in a religious strain, in the *Sunday Express*. Mr. G. K. Chesterton had some poignant things to say in *G. K.'s Weekly* on 'Angels and Asses'; but it was difficult to decide, on examining his witty paradoxes, whether he regarded the visitor as a myth or a reality. Mr. Bernard Shaw was excruciatingly funny, suggesting that the Angel was probably sent on a divine mission to Hell and, quite excusably, mistook this country for his destination!

Psychologists discussed the matter at great length, and issued a report in which mass-hallucination, war-neurosis and mental disturbances of various natures were debated. The Photographic Society held a general meeting to discuss the snap-shot, but were divided on the question of its authenticity. The Society for Psychical Research took notes.

The Anglican bishops sat in solemn conclave for two months, at the end of which time they were unable to come to any agreement. Spiritualist

societies all over the country hailed the phenomenon as the beginning of a great spiritual era.

The Labour Party in the House of Commons used the Angel as a weapon of debate, to obstruct the government. They skilfully turned all discussion aside to the subject of the Angel, thus prolonging the sittings far into the night,—tactics which eventually led to two prominent Labour politicians being suspended. Mr. Maxton solemnly asked the Home Secretary whether the text of the new Aliens Bill might be amended to read ‘angels and other aliens,’ only to be met with derisive laughter from a bored assembly.

‘Angel Tea,’ ‘Angel Pies’ and ‘Angel Tennis Racquets’ soon appeared on the market. The Imperial Tobacco Company brought out ‘Angel Cigarettes’ (at 5½d. for 10). ‘Angel Skin Food’ (‘Get that Roseleaf Complexion!’) was an enormous success at 6s. per jar, double size 10s. 6d.

The word ‘Angel’ was introduced into every revue and musical comedy. No comedian considered himself abreast of the times unless he was able to use it at least once during his performance. Mr. Billy Merson was first in the field, introducing the ‘gag’ on the very night on which the ghostly manifestation occurred. When beautiful Miss Annie Croft walked on to the stage, Mr. Merson, it will be recalled, clutched his brow in a dazed manner and remarked wildly: “Where am I? Trafalgar Square?”—a witty impromptu that drew unrestrained laughter from a crowded house.

Later the country was divided into two schools of thought, one claiming that the Angel was a manifestation of some kind outside the natural physical order; the other holding the view that it was either

hallucination or else the result of a successful hoax ; in other words, that the Angel could be accounted for by some quite normal explanation.

Mr. Maskelyne offered to reproduce the phenomenon, exactly as it had appeared on that dramatic day ; but it was subsequently found he required a hut or a tent to contain his apparatus. This caused considerable discussion among students of the occult, who pointed out that it was a breach of the conditions. The matter was dropped, however, owing to the action of the police, who forbade the use of Trafalgar Square for conjuring entertainments. Mr. Charles Cochran, the brilliant showman, offered £5,000 to any medium who could produce an angel on the stage of the Pavilion.

A certain charlatan whose name will be remembered (I purposely withhold it) claimed that he had been in Trafalgar Square at the time of the manifestation, and that the presence of the ghostly visitor was due to his own mediumistic powers. He subsequently left the country to avoid the Income Tax officials, whose eagle eyes had been attracted by the enormous fees which he obtained from gullible clients.

Various societies were formed to propagate vague theories which were somehow focussed upon the Angel. It will be remembered that two of these nearly went to law, each claiming the right to use the title 'The Society of the Angel.' Finally a compromise was reached, and one of them agreed to call itself 'The Community of the Angel.' The 'Society' subsequently disbanded, but the 'Community' is still, I believe, carried on near the Brompton Road, although I learn that the president, a well-known lady of title, has resigned as a protest against the committee's views on vegetarianism.

Gradually the interest in the Angel began to die down. Rumours of the Prince of Wales's engagement began to take a prominent place in the public mind. Bolshevik disturbances occupied the principal attention of the newspapers. Finally, the dramatic flight of Pogani, the Italian airman (from Rome to Los Angeles and back in sixty hours) captured the public attention to the exclusion of all other topics. And the Angel—as an item of interest—faded away.

I did not quite realize the extent to which the Angel had receded into the background until this week, when I submitted a short article to the *Debater* on 'Visions, Ancient and Modern.' My article came back, with a short note from the Editor: "Sorry; but the Angel of Trafalgar Square is stale news. I shall be prepared to consider short, chatty article on 'The Coming World Flight,' if you care to submit this,—not more than eleven hundred words, please."

In these circumstances I feel a certain timidity in sending in the above to the editor of THE QUEST, but live in hopes that he will not regard my subject as too out-of-date for the pages of his progressive and enlightened journal.

(Capt.) NEIL GOW.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A STRIKE.

A RUINED cottage in a garth ; no past
Of lordly pomp and battlemented towers
And pools of blood ; no Christless abbey-walls
Made pure and beautiful by death ;—the tale's
The same.

The same, tho' simpler ; my plain art
Would show some hidden beauty, and lay bare
The secret nobleness of things despised,
The loveliness of things unloved ; to me
The sweet, the bloom, the wonder of one flower
Is worth a world of folly, and that but
Out-towers a score of castles.

Come then in thought,
Peruse these murmurings till you share the joys,
The dreamings of the way, and breathe beneath
An ampler heaven ; for my steps ascend
That royal road to ecstasy, a lane
Of early summer, when the banks are bloom,
Odour and song.

I reach a hill-top, bare,
Laid with neglected grass that almost hides
A deeply-rutted track, where golden rod—
(Last year's, and withered)—and dwarf bilberry
Confuse the way. A breach in yonder wall
Will guide ; thither I pass, doubtful, and stand
Within the garth, silent and reverent
As by a grave.

A grave, if not of dust,
Of human memories, tenderer, more dear,
And desolate ; before me roofless walls
And wreckage ; the very stones cry out, unnamed,
Rent, tottering ; and in the outer garth
Where busy hands planted and dug, is naught

But death, the mouldering heap of stalk, and waste
Of haulm.

But nearer to the walls, run wild
Or strangled, many a garden flower still cries
For tendance; sadder than the barren garth,
I think, this strife of peony with dock,
Lily with bindweed; fallen the clambering rose,
And jasmin of the porch, fallen and lost
In quitch and groundsel, easily o'er-topt
By the tall hog-weed; and rank nettles hide
The old clay hearth. Only the lilac blooms
And bends over the wreck, as o'er a tomb
Some saddened angel.

Near this cancelled hearth,
By a wide chasm of the wall I sit,
The vale beneath me, though I scarcely note
River or grove or meadow; these gray stones,
Unmorticed, wind-swept, naked but for growth
Of flowering weed, question me close, themselves
Compelling question. In the generous years,
The old, the Godlier years, by this warm hearth
What mother sat tending her babe, what son
Knelt by her knee, wording the simple creed—
Our Father; then, to meet her sacred kiss,
Rose reverent.

Reverent? The word is dead,
Dead as the creed, or like this desolate home
A ruin; to-day we must apologize
For being reverent. Nay, set them free
From language, those old words that lose their sense,
Love, faith, hope, piety and purity;
Snatch we the rich reward, the right to sin
With decency; to boast one virtue left,
Consistency; the right to play the God,
On our own knee to worship our own name,
Humanity . . . dust!

Thus far, drowsed with the sun,
I dreamed my mood. But now a footfall stirred,
And in the opening of the wall, there stood

A venerable form, white-haired, benign,
 And leaning on a staff; doubtful he turned
 As if to enter; at my friendly sign
 He sat beside me. "Sir," thus I began,
 "I sheltered from the heat, lingering to view
 The landscape." "Such my errand," he replied;
 "I love the scene; often it brings me hither;
 I live in yonder village."

Then he told
 The story. "'Twas a strike, Sir, two years back
 Last May," he said; "they pulled the cottage down;
 A woman and her son—(an old tale now)—
 Lived here for years; the mother kept the son—
 (I give you the brief outline), served him well
 Thro' foul and fair, and then the son kept her,
 Half-palsied. But the lad refused to strike;
 And they so hustled him and her, that both
 Are dead, the boy struck by a brick, and she
 By the third palsy. Next, some rascals came
 And sacked the place."

"Around us, then," I said,
 "We read the moral."

"Ruin? partly true,"
 He answered; "blame on either side, perhaps;
 On one side more of mischief; mother and son
 Are gone, their place a stone-heap. But that lad—
 (He was but sixteen) gave them a new hint,
 And strange as new: 'Just for six months,' he said,
 'Try doing good, living for love; and then
 We'll meet again'; whereat a general laugh,
 Tho' some stood mute, I with them. Pardon, Sir,
 An idle tale; it was the mother's son;
 They held together."

"No idle tale," I urged,
 "But strange as waking after dreams; for such
 Even now I pictured in these ruined walls,
 Breathing a simple prayer that gets to heaven
 In spite of all philosophies. To me,
 The boy was right, and both sides—nay, a world

Wasted with soul-less passion—might have tried
 That old and half-forgotten remedy
 Of doing good ; a cure for divers ills,
 For hate and greed and lust and hellish war,
 Let alone strikes."

"Alas, Sir, half—not half,
 But all—forgotten ; 'No violence, my men,'—
 (Thus the strike leaders, as I read it plain
 On their own page),—'No violence, *for fear*
We lose the public sympathy ; no hint
 Of right and wrong ; no thought of doing good
 For good's own sake ; good for the fear of hell,
 Not love of heaven."

"If good at all ; the word
 Has gone elsewhere," I answered, "haply to reign
 In some new-moulded planet ; the old creed
 Of Self survives ; the higher creed of Love
 Is dying with its God. Five decades gone
 We had a God, a useful living God,
 No dummy kept for show.—The King is dead ;
 The nation draws its idle prayers at Paul's ;
 The King is crowned ; it shouts, *God save the King !*
 A race of hypocrites ! What God ? whose God ?
Defender of the Faith ! What faith ? Whose faith ?
 The faith of modern learning, science, art ?
 Of modern poets, novels, theatres ?
 Why, then, the faith of infidels ! But, Sir,
 Am I too bold ? "

The old man paused ; "My friend,
 Faiths falter ; this is our Augustan Age
 Of doubt, of compromise ; but even in Rome
 The gods died hard ; ours is a kindlier fall—
 If fall we must. Sir, I will leave it thus—
 Dying, not dead. And this neglected spot
 Shall be the image, and these desolate flowers
 That dress the naked bones of Right and Love,
 These crumbling stones, the sole memorial
 Of two whose simple task of doing good
 Haply may put to shame a ruining world.

But our high creed bred morals, and their growth,
 Religion failing, ends not with the day;
 We live upon the moral Past—awhile
 At least—and breathe its moral air. Besides,
 After spent creeds come spruce philosophies.”

“And what of these,” I asked; “gladly I learn
 From your wise tolerance; but who shall live
 Even on the best they offer—sordid bread?
 Can subtlest wisdom teach the art of love,
 Or knowledge learn the craft of doing good?
 And what if even the proudest philosophies
 Are vague hypotheses that merely beg
 Their question with more show of eloquence,
 More cunning; nay, what if all reason moves
 In mocking circles of unreason? Strange
 That affirmation breeds negation, mind
 Assumes and disproves matter, then disproves
 Itself, and 'tis your *I Am's*¹ crowning act
 To stutter—*I am not*.”

“Precisely, Sir;
 Your doubt was mine. Thus, as it seems, we meet
 On common ground, the suicidal *No*
 Of blind philosophies.² If creeds are spent,
 Spent are their substitutes. Is consciousness,
 The crowning glory of syllables, to end
 By stultifying consciousness? Lose life,
 Lose all. Enough of backward living; there's time,
 There's eager time for that young miner's plan;
 There's room in earth and heaven for some grand scheme,—
 (To which, grown reverent,³ Science herself shall bow),—
 Some new yet old divine philosophy

¹ The philological history of the last of these two words (or its equivalents) is a parallel to the psychological history of the human consciousness; indeed, they are not parallels; they are in fact two aspects of the one history.

² According to Huxley, all we can be sure of, is the act of thinking; as to the thoughts, they are presumably fallacious. But surely, the admission that we think, should of itself render the position of the agnostic untenable.

³ “The reverence with which Sir Oliver always approaches the deep problems of life.” (*Light*, in a review of *The Making of Man*, by Sir Oliver Lodge.)

Of moving on¹ and up²; Shakespeare's the thought,
Ay, Sir, and Milton's."

"Sir, have I not read
That poets are our best philosophers,
Prophet and seer and priest and moralist
In one, supreme in all?"

"Friend," he replied,
"What you have urged is now a truth full grown;
Systems of thought untuned, they come like Spring,
They pass like Winter; but our poets dwell
Above the doom of flowers; whate'er the doubt,
From rapt Lucretius to the stately calm
Of Wordsworth, they can give to mortal dreams
The immortality of Art; we guess,
They grasp, inspire, make beautiful; they add
Glimpses of heaven. Thus in the infinite scheme
They grant things infinite; mortality
Immortal; intuitions that transcend
All reason; matter, space, and time remerged
In Spirit; modes of living far beyond
Our verbal clumsiness, beyond all thought,
All action; ay, and endless.

"One word more,
One moment, friend, before the setting sun
Recalls me to the village. What of this
Our saddened world of war and sorrow and crime,
Our tired life as we know—or think we know it?"

He paused; "Sir," I rejoined, "might I presume
On intercourse so slender, I should seek
Your guidance, crave to know your inmost faith,
Your loftiest hope."

"Well then," he smiled, "to me

¹ "Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week,
Or sells eternity to get a toy?"

Shakespeare, *Lucrece*.

"Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more."

Shakespeare, *Sonnet 142*.

² "Till body up to spirit work."

Milton, *Paradise Lost*.

The first creed and the first philosophy
Is—noble life that looks beyond the grave.

“But what is *noble*? you have asked me; well,
Let the mere word attest; it grew; survey
Its growth; down-track it to the root, then up
To pluck it at the ripest. There it notes
Not greatness of the lion, nor mere bulk
Of mastodon, nor height of rank or birth,
Nor animal courage of the camp, nor even
The wisdom of the wise; more than all these,
Greatness that comes of goodness. Mark, I say,
The definite moral up-growth; if we fail
In this, we fail in all; the virtues range
From self to sacrifice.

“But one note more;
Not by applause, success, achievement, fame,
Is conduct measured; warriors die unsung,
Poets uncrowned; 'tis said the world knows least
Of its most noble. True nobility
Is effort, crowned or uncrowned; 'tis a life
Pulsing with immortality, which looks
Upward, and grows with gazing, as the eagle
Feasts on the sun. The soul that aims at heaven,
Even as the youth who dared the strikers' rage,
Preaching his simple creed of doing good,
Has put on wings by aiming, and shall thrive
On good deeds, heedless of its doom. Nay, more,
Truth is eternal seeking, and the test
Of a world's progress or a single life
Is noble aspiration, sprung from roots
Threefold, deeper than time—faith, hope, and love.”

“Sir,” I went on, “too brief the shortening hour;
Thus to have met you is a happy chance;
The pleasure—the profit—give me a new faith
In human kind; for I pronounce myself
A tired dreamer, one who dwells apart,
Silently watching the sad game of life,
Or like a wounded pard slunk to his lair;
That trope's the truest. But, Sir, to resume

Your creed of noble life ; what then is death ?
 True being ? for they say what we call life
 Is but a dim Becoming, a dream that stirs
 And sighs to mingle with some boundless whole."

" Friend," he replied, rising, his calm, clear eye
 Bright as the westward afterglow, " for me
 Who have toiled long, death is a wayside inn
 Where I may rest awhile. As to life's dream,
 The eternal morning of the boundless whole—
 ('Twas you yourself sounded that primal chord)—
 Dwells in the *Now* of all-creating time
 Here as elsewhere. Moments or cycles fly
 On wings of immortality ; all life
 Shall find itself immortal. But the text
 Evolves its ampler sermon ; led by Hope,
 The magnet of the Deity, that draws
 From heaven to boundless heaven his peopled spheres,
 We prosper thro' the changes, breeding change,
 New man, new race, new world. But the old globe
 Is vital yet, pregnant with all things new,
 New love, new piety, new perfectness,
 A new God, first in all ;—nay, nay, by heaven,
 The old God learned anew. Sir, if I prate,
 I claim your pardon. Yet this Hope is good ;
 Who would have more, is God. They fabled well
 That told the story of Pandora, friend ;
 Hope for the living, hope for the quiet dead ;
 No life, no death, takes away this ; it links
 The known and unknown. But the hour is late,
 And I must leave you ; pardon again. Good night."

" Good night, and thanks, Sir, and goodwill." I mused
 Lonely, but softened ; something in the man
 Of good mixed with my being ; then my ear
 Caught that sweet music of a younger world,
 So rare amongst us now, the murmurous joy
 Of pastime on a village-green, the chime
 Of evening sheep-bells on the distant hill.
 So I sat drugged with memories, intense
 Yet calm.

But as I paced the downward lane
The new hours greeted me, for the night air
Was rich with dewy gleamings of the stars,
And breathings of the hyacinth interfused
With the first rapture of the nightingale.
Thus in the plainer world of sense I shared
Its beauty and delight; so in my soul,
A world not alien, perhaps, the day,
The ruin, and the story, and my friend
Diffused their joys, the hallowed evidence,
The influence of noble deeds; and last,
Of hope, surely our best—our boundless faith
For life or death or immortality.

MORTON LUCE.

MUSIC.

THE moonlit undulations of the flute,
The tinkling cascade of the harpsichord,
The slow meanderings of the violin,
The wild sea-music of the bugle's blast
Reverberate within these walls of flesh,
Dissolving them to water. Proteus-like
I change: am now a night-enchanted mere,
A jodling brook glissading down the hills,
A sad stream blindly groping through a marsh,
A boundless, fathomless sea of insurgent sound.

Then to a finer element I turn,
Engulfed within that seething deep unseen
That pulses through the solid continents,
Melting their massy substances to mists
Of incorporeal music, palpitating
With infinite life, and energy infinite;
Wherein the tossing stars and constellations
Toll out like bells upon its tidal waves
Of harmony; where Sirius organ-mouthed
Keeps time and measure with the tiniest atom;
Where all is law, predestined, pre-ordained
By fate, whose wand conducts the choir that throng
The aisles of that vast fane—the Universe.

But more impalpable yet do I become,
Stript of the last shreds of mortality.
And now the clangour of the ringing spheres
Dies down behind me, while celestial sights

And sounds and odours strike my ravished senses,
And interfuse them to a single whole ;
Yet as dimensions of a five-fold state
They are not lost but utterly transformed :
The eye becomes all seeing and the ear
All hearing. Octave after octave booms
Up from the depths, while from the heights descends
A vast crescendo of sweet-perfumed strains,
Cataracts of rose-white sound, that far transcend
The music of all things created, very
Music of the Creator, revelation
Of his real, all-pervading Presence,—music
In which all discords are dissolved away,
All lesser harmonies incorporated,
Being the anthem of Eternal Love.

CLAUDESLEY BRERETON.

TO A CHILD.

THANKS, little friend unknown ;
I thank you for your gracious gift to me,
Although you passed me by and did not see
To whom your gift had flown.

You guessed not that your smile—
A shaft of sunlight shot through weeping skies—
Had touched to life old happy memories
And made me glad awhile.

I saw your radiant glance.
Like clouds from mountain-peaks the sad years rolled,
And on the happy slopes I knew of old
I saw the sunbeams dance.

To-day I smile with you.
To-day, alas, is but to-morrow's dream,
And, when to-morrow comes, again 'twill seem
That only pain is true.

But you will smile again,
Those laughing eyes through happy years will shine,
Driving the gloom from hearts as sad as mine,
Soothing another's pain.

REGINALD IRVING.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

(Unsigned Reviews or Notices are by the Editor.)

THE NARRATIVES OF THE RESURRECTION.

A Critical Study. By P. Gardner-Smith, M.A., Dean and Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. London (Methuen); pp. 196; 6s. net.

THIS is indeed a courageously outspoken, minute, reverent and admirable piece of N.T. criticism (in the best sense of the word). The novelty is that, outside the relevant canonical N.T. documents, critical use is made also of the extra-canonical *Gospel of Peter*. This the author claims to be a first-century document (whether one of the 'many' of the opening words of the 'Acc. to Luke' account, he does not say), possessing in parts very early tradition. In this regard G.-S. states (p. 142) his belief that: "'Peter' is a first-century authority who wrote quite independently of any of the canonical evangelists." It may indeed very well be so. At any rate, the discriminating use of 'A./t. Peter' throws light on some of the dark places and problems in 'resurrectional' enquiry. It is quite refreshing to find how bravely our author 'faces the music' (or cacophony) of the confusing and contradictory literary data. His sifting of them is praiseworthy, and his judgment almost always sound and sober. But, whenever the probabilities balance, he allows for letting opinion or judgment weigh down the scale on the positive side; and this shows at least his generosity. On the great controversy, from the time of Tertullian onwards, concerning the nature of the resurrection-body, G.-S. is with the (philosophically) 'spiritualistic' (mainly the Greek Fathers) against the 'materialistic' party (mainly Latin Patristics). Unfortunately for us to-day, the 'Reformers' came down heavily on the latter side.¹ On p. 186 our critic writes: "It is one of the happy results of criticism that it has

¹ And so we have the fatuous statement made by the otherwise frequently witty Fr. R. Knox, and prior to his conversion to the Latin Church, that when Jesus ascended, there were so many pounds avoirdupois less on the earth!

delivered us from the necessity of associating faith in the continued personal life of Jesus, which is all we need [hardly!], with a difficult conception of a resuscitated body for which the universe has no place save in a local heaven." Elsewhere, criticizing 'A./t. Peter,' he writes (p. 181): that, as the extant text stands, "it is incredible that any women, possessed of the greatest news ever entrusted to a human being, would keep silence for a week." What, then, is this 'greatest news'? Surely it cannot be simply that Jesus survived the death of his body. Such a belief was already the commonest persuasion of mankind, for many thousands of years, concerning the 'dead.' Nor can it be that there had been psychical manifestations of the continuing existence of Jesus. Surely that again was common enough. What was it then that, according to the belief of the disciples, made the resurrection of Jesus an absolutely unique fact in the world, differing from any and every form of such prior happenings? It was the dogma of the resurrection of the *physical* body. Jesus, according to this (now so strange to the modern mind) doctrine, had risen in his actual physical body. He was 'the first fruits of them that slept,' precisely because he arose physically, and so was the objective guarantee of the dogma, that at the end, on Judgment-Day, all should so be reunited with their ancient physical carapaces. Hence the doctrinal necessity of insisting at all costs on the empty tomb; hence the 'touch and see'; hence the eating of food, and the rest of the incredibilities,—unless we babble of psychical 'materialization' processes, and so again (though this the psychists do not see) put the 'uniqueness' out of court. Our author has not noticed this 'acid test' of fact of history apart from doctrinally conditioned interpretations, or rather misinterpretations, of it. Again, as to the Emmaus story. The two disciples never recognized their interlocutor, until he 'broke bread' in the peculiar manner Jesus had done. The appearances, accordingly, could be in totally different forms. Nor is there any necessity of believing the symbolic act to have any connection with the traditional 'eucharist,' so variously handed on by the Gospels and Paul. It is highly probable that, in the days of the ministry, Jesus habitually so broke the bread at every meal with his little group, perhaps in symbol of the thus sanctified common meal being an anticipation of the great Banquet of the End, as believed in by the adherents of apocalyptic prophecy,—bread alone, bread and wine, bread and fish,—or whatever their fare chanced to be. The stranger who met them on the road, may very probably have

been a member of a similar Essene-like or Johannite (Baptist) community, to which Jesus may have belonged. Such a meal may have, indeed, even been the true historic origin of the subsequent 'eucharist'; and in fact the catacomb-drawings and much else bear witness to this. Of the varied forms of appearance we read in the second century (Lucian) *Acts of John* that, at the calling of James and John, first of all James saw Jesus as a child (cp. the John the Baptizer Mandæan tradition of the 'Child of three years and a day'), while John saw him first as a man 'fair and comely and of a cheerful countenance'; afterwards he saw him as one 'having a head rather bald, but a thick and flowing beard,' while James asserted that he appeared 'as a youth whose beard was hardly come.' In the same most interesting and arresting document also, we read the simple story, which bears all the marks of primitive tradition, that, when Jesus and his disciples were each given a loaf by some well-to-do householder, Jesus would bless his loaf and divide it among them, and each was well satisfied with his portion, and thus "our loaves were saved whole." Surely the teller, or writer, of such a story could never have heard of the stupendously miraculous 'multiplication of the loaves and fishes,' which fed 4/5,000, with a symbolic number of fragments over? And, again, surely we have here also a 'eucharistic' act,—a blessing, a giving of thanks. Much more could be added on these points that is not to be found in our author's pages. Nevertheless these pages are already crammed with sufficient to make every reader think, and think deeply; and for this we are very grateful. In conclusion, we cannot refrain from quoting the following courageous and true words of Mr. Gardner-Smith (pp. 187, 188):

"The time will come when it will be realized that in the sphere of the New Testament (as in that of the Old) the Church's debt to the critics is certainly no less. If Christianity claims to be a historical religion, then the Church has no choice but to submit its credentials to examination by the ordinary standards of historical criticism. It is disastrous to allow the impression to gain currency that the essentials of the faith are bound up with the acceptance of historical legends and crude unscientific myths. The Church has nothing to lose by an appeal to history, but it must be a candid appeal conducted by such methods as are recognized and respected in other fields of research. If there are flaws in the evidence, they must not be concealed; if there are uncertainties, they must be frankly admitted; if the probability is established that certain stories have resulted from the growth

of tradition by pious imagination and dogmatic conviction, such stories must no longer be presented to the world as historical narratives of actual occurrences. Nothing is gained by a policy of make-believe, and much may be lost. If the world can be convinced that the Church only presents as certainties facts which can be defended at the bar of reason, and that when there is room for doubt the Church is ready to admit uncertainty, a respect for the Church and its message will be born in circles where at present it is conspicuously absent."

Excellent and most true! The traditionalists and fundamentalists are blind leading the blind. They cannot see that the bare fact of the Christian critics boldly facing the facts, is the proof that, in this regard, Christianity shews the most living faith in the inworking of the Divine Spirit of all the other great religions. It is the strongest guarantee of its healthy continuance.

A CONSTRUCTIVE SURVEY OF UPANISHADIC PHILOSOPHY.

Being a Systematic Introduction to Indian Metaphysics. By R. A. Ranade, M.A. Poona (Oriental Book Agency); pp. 438.

THIS is Vol. II. and the first of a projected series of books to be issued by The Academy of Philosophy and Religion, Poona; its author is the Director of the Academy.

In the Preface we are told that the aim of the work is to present the Upanishad philosophy "in the terms of modern thought . . . made intelligible to the Western mind." That being so, we should have appreciated the author's efforts more highly if he had eliminated certain elements which are not usually found in Western works of scholarship. Polemical interruptions here and there disturb the flow of an otherwise admirable exposition, and are out of place in a work which aims at the serious purpose of 'the search after God.' Unlike some studies of the Upanishads of our acquaintance, which are purely historical and analytical, Mr. Ranade's work has a distinctly propagandist tendency. This, of course, is quite legitimate, and shows that Indians are not abandoning the profundities, beauties and utilities of their ancient teaching.

The form of the book is excellent, and in some ways original. There are seven chapters, a General Index and a Upanishad Index, concluding with a Bibliographical Note; and we fear we could add to the number of *errata* admitted. The special feature is the

group of authoritative 'Sources' from the Upanishads printed in Sanskrit at the end of each chapter. We see no reason why these should not have appeared in English and so have blessed two sets of readers instead of one. Even the references are hidden in Devanagari, and no key is given to the abbreviations, so that a tyro is prevented from looking up the passages in existing translations,—a serious mistake.

In chapter I., after some introductory material, the author grapples with the difficult problem of inspiration; he gives an account of the several views held regarding the authority of the Upanishads and his own opinion that the works were 'composed by seers in a state of god-intoxication.' This is modernist in language but not in spirit; accordingly not very helpful. For we try in vain to imagine how a god-intoxicated man would set about writing the Brihadāranyaka Upanishad. He would surely have to recover from his ecstasy before setting pen to paper. With every wish to save the idea of revelation from ridicule and abandonment, we would prefer to suggest that the fundamental idea of divine-human identity which is found throughout these works, may well have been the result of mystic experience, which the writers or composers subsequently expressed in terms of contemporary science, mythology and metaphysics. And perhaps even then some authors went beyond their experience into the inviting realm of speculation.

After a useful discussion on 'method,' the author gives an account of the philosophers of the Upanishads. About fifty names are mentioned; but we should very much like to have had an adequate *Who's Who in the Upanishads*. Some of those mentioned were opponents rather than supporters of the fundamental doctrine. And further, this great idea seems to have germinated in the ruling caste rather than among the Brahmins. It was a ruler who first taught the astounding doctrine of 'the self common to all,' without which the Vedānta could have made little progress.

Cosmogony comes in chapter II., and Psychology in chapter III., both well drawn out from the texts. In paragraphs 27-29 the subject of transmigration is handled with the not very satisfactory conclusion that it was developed from the Rig Veda. With Griffith's translation before us we find it very difficult to be sure that reincarnation is taught in the passages indicated by the author (I. 164, X. 16 and X. 58). In any case, Mr. Ranade admits that these hymns may be both late, belonging in fact to the Upanishad

period. For us the 'Two Ways' and the 'Five Fires' are adequate originals for the doctrine of *Samsāra*; and it will be noted that the doctrine, in both cases, springs from an ethical necessity. It is a man's deeds and his faith (*karma* and *śraddhā*) which bring him back to earth, as a deprivation of a better fate in the heaven of the Gods, not as a reward.

In chapter IV. the 'Roots of Later Philosophies' are easily discovered—some of them a little too easily we think—in the Upanishads. Buddhism is included of course; but was not that a reaction, rather than a derivation from the Upanishads? Gotama sat at the feet of Brahmin teachers and rejected them after nine years, though he could not entirely have emptied himself of the Upanishad atmosphere, or even of its chief content. But the author will perhaps reply, and rightly, by asking: What would Buddhism have been without *karma* and rebirth?

In chapter V. we are invited to climb the pyramid to discover the Ultimate Reality, which, as the author says, is the chief purpose of the philosophers,—namely, to know that by which all things are known. We approach by four sets of stairs successively and with difficulty: cosmology, theology, psychology and spiritual experience. The first three are scientific and can be communicated from mind to mind by logical endeavour; the last is for each one his own unique contribution towards the structure. And so in chapter VII. we concentrate on the Intimations of Self-realization, where we have a sort of Indian *Varieties of Religious Experience* over again. It is a theme which might well be enlarged to greater proportions. The 'mystics,' as the author calls them, profess to discover actually, at the top of the pyramid, what their speculations and authoritative traditions had led them to hope for. Here all contradictions reach their synoptic stage; here Yāgnavalkya, Uddālaka, Maitri and Śvetaśvatara meet at the apex, bathed in the same light to enjoy the same bliss, bestowed by the grace of Brahman, the Ātman of the universe. Thus what was at first 'knowledge only' serves a purpose higher than knowledge, and, as the author rightly says, the Upanishads exist for religion itself.

We omitted a glance at chapter VI. in order to conclude on the note of Ethics, which is its subject. Has it ever been observed that while cosmology, theology and psychology change their forms and cry out for new presentation in accord with advancing knowledge, human morality is more stable than they? The ethical systems of the Upanishads are the most easily understood and appreciated, because, as we should venture to say, they

are, in their finest aspects, universal. The moral prerequisites of the ascent of the pyramid hardly differ when formulated by Indian Seers, by the Buddha, by Socrates or by Christ. The mystic life is the synoptic moral life of the ages.

W. L. H.

THE CASE OF PATIENCE WORTH.

A Critical Study of Certain Unusual Phenomena. By Walter Franklin Prince, Ph.D., Executive Research Officer of the Boston Society for Psychic Research. Boston (B. Society for Pyschic Research); pp. 509; \$4.50.

WE are very glad to welcome this voluminous and thorough-going critical study by Dr. Franklin Prince of the remarkable Patience Worth psychical literary output. Dr. Prince, ever since he gave us his exhaustive, and now classical, personal study of *The Doris Case of Multiple Personality*, has steadily increased his reputation as a careful and conscientious student of psychical phenomena, who accepts nothing that is not thoroughly tested and scientifically documented. The Patience Worth literature that has been already published, is quite considerable; and there is far more in MS. still to see the light. Her poems alone amount to the amazing total of some 5,000; while her longest romance—*The Sorry Tale: A Story of the Time of Christ*, published in 1917—runs to some 325,000 words. The wide-flung charge, repeated mechanically by prejudice, that psychic automatism has never produced anything of religious, scientific or literary value, is simply not true. And ever since we read in 1916 Mr. Casper S. Yost's first study of the Patience Worth scripts (*Patience Worth: A Psychic Mystery*) we have thought their contents one of the most excellent pieces of evidence to refute a popular opinion which is based solely on the dish-water type of vaporous platinizing or fantastic romancing that naturally bulks largely in so widespread and generally uncultured an experimentation with mediumistic abilities. Yet this does not quite meet the case; for previous culture is by no means a necessary condition for communications of value being received through a medium. Indeed Mrs. John Curran, whose organism has been used by Patience as her 'harp' since 1913, is a striking case of this. Much of Dr. Prince's space is devoted to proving that her equipment was not only of the slightest, but indeed could by no stretch of the imagination be called literary. And yet this is the essential

and pre-eminent quality of the Patience Worth scripts. From a literary standpoint they are—in the opinion of many competent critics—amazing. Not only is this the view of those who know of their provenance; but the reviewers in general, to whom her novels and poems have been presented without any indication that they were obtained by abnormal means, have welcomed Patience as a new writer of great originality and genius, and that, too, in whatever style she was writing. Now the most striking feature of Patience's versatility is that in her general conversation, and in many of her poems, her playlets and witty and proverbial sayings she uses a dialect of her own, crammed with obsolete words and forms of speech. Yet it is throughout consistent, and has in it the extraordinarily high percentage of 90 pure Anglo-Saxon words—a figure unknown even in the time of Chaucer. This cannot be accounted for even as a literary *tour de force* by some highly skilled philologist, with shelves of dictionaries and glossaries to help him. For Patience dictates with extreme rapidity, never hesitates for a word or phrase and never corrects. Her speech seems native and natural to her, not an artificial confect that can be exposed by professional etymologists, who have indeed tried, and tried in vain, to convict her of errors and misuse of words. The more the books of reference are ransacked, the more their evidence is for Patience and not against her. Well-known men of letters, writers and poets, admit that it cannot be done by normal genius. In one evening Patience has dictated no less than 22 poems, the subjects of which have been given her off-hand; and yet straight away without hesitation the poem comes with a rush. The great question is, then, how to explain this truly marvellous literary phenomenon. Dr. Prince shows in great detail, and to our mind convincingly, that, when the hypotheses of the sub-conscious and of split-off personality have been stretched to the utmost, we are still left utterly bankrupt of any adequate solution of this mystery. Patience's remarks on the efforts of the sub-consciousists to explain her away are drastic and humorous; on the side of wit she decidedly scores. Not that she is very communicative about herself. The most that has been got out of her during all these years, is that she was a peasant maid in England about 1600. But how could such a country wench write a dialect not only drawn from many Old English dialects of that date but reaching far back to almost a pure Anglo-Saxon model,—words of one or two or at most three syllables? But it is not only the form of her writings that is so

remarkable, even when she writes in more modern styles of English; but it is the freshness of her thought, the uncanny vividness of her descriptions, as though she was present at the scenes and events depicted, and her knowledge of foreign and even Oriental lands. As time has gone on her 'harp' has become more and more responsive to her touch. At first Mrs. Curran used the ouija-board; then she clairaudiently heard the letters, then the words and sentences. Not only so, but whatever the subject of the writing, she saw the drama vividly played out before her. She became more and more attuned to Patience. But is Patience herself a single mind? I should rather hazard the guess that Patience is also a 'medium' on her side, and many minds can play through her. But to conclude. The radical sceptic, who will have nothing to do with the soul, even when incarnated in a physical body, must be referred to the setting-forth of the whole evidence and the analysis of it in detail by Dr. Prince for the reasons why we treat Patience Worth as a somebody other than Mrs. Curran, and neither her subconscious nor a collective psychoid of the ever-changing company who have been present when these literary compositions have poured forth through her. Personally we agree with Dr. Prince when, at the end of his painstaking and highly commendable labours, he writes, giving his words the emphasis of italics: "Either our concept of what we call the subconscious must be radically altered, so as to include potencies of which we hitherto have had no knowledge, or else some cause operating through but not originating in Mrs. Curran must be acknowledged."

THE HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT AND DEMONOLOGY.

By Montague Summers. London (Kegan Paul); pp. 353; 12s. 6d. net.

WE are genuinely surprised to find this egregious, credulous and misleading volume published under the auspices of so reputable a series as 'The History of Civilization,' edited by such an, otherwise, careful overseer as Mr. C. K. Ogden. It is quite deplorable. The treatment and point of view are, in these days of sober historical criticism, so amazing that we are constrained to ask: Who is this mediævally-minded individual, and what are his abilities and credentials for what, in any case, is a very difficult and delicate task? From his own self-account in *Who's Who*, we learn that the author styles himself the Rev. Alphonsus

Joseph-Mary Augustus Montague Summers, M.A., F.R.S.L. But in a review by a skilled hand in the able Jesuit periodical *The Month* (for last January), we find Mr. S. is unknown as a priest of the R.C. communion. His name is also not to be found in *Crockford*. As to the nature of this author's previous literary output and activity,—in his own list of publications, in *Who's Who*, we learn that he is responsible for the founding (in 1919) of 'The Phœnix,' a Society for the Production of Old Plays, of which 18 have been produced. He is also the editor of some of the coarsest Restoration dramatists. Omitted from his own list, but to be found in the B.M. Catalogue, is another 'curious' production of Mr. S.'s, entitled: 'The Marquis de Sade, A Study of Algolagnia,' or, in brutal English, 'Painful Sexual Intercourse,' contributed to the publications of the 'British Society for the Study of Sex-Psychology.' No wonder the reviewer in *The Month* has been forced to recall (as we had been already ourselves) the similar mentality and atmosphere of the literature associated with the names of Léo Taxil and Diana Vaughan, and of Palladism in general in France.

As to the book itself: First of all, the very title is deceptive. It is certainly no general history of so-called witchcraft, much less of demonology. For it is confined to four centuries only of Western European superstitious, indiscriminate and bloodthirsty persecution of tens, nay hundreds of thousands of men and women, and even children, most of whom were entirely innocent of any crime, much less of the utterly damnable bestiality and blasphemy with which they were charged, and many of whom were simply what we to-day call mediums. There is no attempt whatever by Mr. S. to give or treat comparatively the history of the very complex phenomena so unscientifically lumped under the pejorative terms of his title.

Within this circumscribed period and area, the second-hand material, surveyed by the author, is accepted with naïve credulity, and receives no critical consideration. Throughout, the horrors of the Inquisition, and of those practised by like-minded bigots of the 'Reformed' Churches, are defended out and out or apologized for. And also, throughout, the reader is nauseated by a simpering, young-ladyish style of expression, when referring to the chief hallows of the Church, that could be excused only in the speech of a youthful morbidly pious nun in the first blush of her novitiate.

But the most egregious aberration is Mr. S.'s main theses.

He would have it that : (1) In Pre-Reformation times, heresy gave birth to witchcraft, sorcery, demonolatry and anarchy. This continued, and all the more so, in the Post-Reformation period.¹ (2) Its present outcome is to be found in so-called Spiritualism and in the allied Neo-Theosophical, Christian Science and New Thought movements. (3) All these, in spite of their numbering many honest, though unwitting, folk are fundamentally of the Devil.

Now this may be the crude, popular theory of ignorant and fanatical members of the R.C. communion ; but no instructed and responsible writer of that communion would, at this late hour, venture to maintain such a brute, general absurdity. It is too clumsy, too unrefined, for writers of intelligence ; and there are many very intelligent and highly-educated writers in the Latin Church. When we first read the book, before looking up Mr. S.'s record, we were very surprised at the stupid amateurishness of its style of presentation. We thought, at first, that it had been, on this account, refused the *non obstat* and *licet imprimi* of the authorities ; that having thus failed to be recommendable to Messrs Burns, Oates & Washburn, it had been dumped on Messrs. Kegan Paul. The public knows what to expect, that is what must be the general standpoint, if it chooses to read a volume warranted by the *imprimatur* of the R.C. censorship. Unfortunately, the 'jacket' of the latter firm gives no hint of this, the main side of the author's undertaking, and chiefly stresses his treatment of the 'witch' as 'a social pest and parasyte (*sic*).'

Next, we come to the over-belauded Bibliography. A bibliography on such a puzzling subject, which is not a *catalogue raisonné* of works and articles, is, as far as the instruction of the general public is concerned, not worth the paper on which it is written.

¹ Here we cannot refrain from quoting the following paragraph of Mr. S.'s malignant rhetoric : "In connection with the close correlation between Witchcraft and heresy the very remarkable fact, the significance of which has—so far as I am aware—never been noted. [This distinction is the author's alone, we are pleased to confirm.] The full fury of persecution burst over England during the first half of the seventeenth century, that is to say, shortly after the era of a great religious upheaval, when the work of rehabilitation and recovery so nobly initiated by Queen Mary I. had been wrecked owing to the pride, lust, and baseness of her sister. [As fact of history, Mary put to death more 'heretics' in a week than Elizabeth in a year.] In Scotland, envenomed to the core with the poison of Calvin and Knox, fire and cord were seldom at rest. It is clear that heresy had brought Witchcraft swiftly in its train." We could almost wish that Mr. S. would go back to the Middle Age where he belongs. He is clearly a ludicrous anachronism in the twentieth century.

(I should here like to put on record that, when I wrote my article on 'Occultism,' in Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, I refused, in spite of the strong pressure of the Editor, to add a bibliography, on the ground that it would take too much space, if it were to be a critical one. When the article appeared, I found that Dr. Hastings had added a most miserable and misleading bibliographical note, and inserted it *over* my signature. I felt and feel utterly ashamed of it.)

As to Mr. S.'s 'bibliography' of Spiritualism, which he has done his best utterly to damn,—it fills only three-quarters of a page of his 81pp. of titles, and is contemptible in its meagreness and unjust in its selections.

Finally, I have no intention of criticising the thousands of erroneous statements and views of this pseudo-historian. As matter of fact, I have used up too much valuable space on the book already; it would be really not worth powder and shot, were it not that the public of all classes is, in general, so densely ignorant on such matters.

MANDÆAN STUDIES.

By Svend Aage Pallis, M.A., Ph.D. London (Oxford University Press); pp. 216: 10s. 6d. net.

WE are sorry to say that this is, in the main, in spite of its learning and industry, a disappointing and even exasperating book. It is translated from the Danish of the first edition of 1919, before Lidzbarski's version of the *Genzā*, the most important miscellany of the Mandæan literature, had appeared (1925). We learn, however, that a revised Danish edition appeared in 1926. This may have modified some of the author's positions and opinions; but we have not seen it, and must deal with the volume before us, as it stands. The study has all the superficial appearance of great learning, chiefly owing to Dr. Pallis' reprehensible habit of quoting large chunks and innumerable sentences of the Mandæan text in a fearsome form of transliteration of his own, and that, too, without translation, and not only this, but also Babylonian, Greek and other texts in the same fashion. Such a proceeding is simply pedantic 'swank.' When P. does condescend to translate a sentence or phrase from the Mandæan, it is wooden in the extreme; but this may be set down to the Englishing of 'Mrs.' or 'Miss' Elisabeth Hude Pallis, which is otherwise quite good. There is a great wealth of what may be called 'statistical'

references, which can be acquired from an industrious use of indexes (though strangely enough P. himself gives us no index at all). Our author dissents strongly from the view of Brandt, Lidzbarski and Reitzenstein, our three so far greatest authorities, "that Mandæism, the sect of John the Baptist and a further development of Apocalyptic Judaized sects, was related to and rivalized with early Christianity" (p. 96 n. 6). That is of course the *crux* of the whole matter: Do the earliest deposits of the Mandæan literature provide us with material that can be utilized for the Background of Christian Origins study? In the good company of the scholars above mentioned, and of Bultmann, Walter Bauer, Gaster and other knowers of the literature, I am persuaded that they do. We know, moreover, of a work in MS., dealing with the scattered hints in Christian patristic, apocryphal and other literature of a lost 'Life of John the Baptist,' containing points of contact with the Mandæan legends, that will on publication, most probably flutter the dove-cotes of the traditionalists not inconsiderably. But stranger still! P. will have it that none of the central ideas of Mandæan tradition show in a single point affinity with Judaism. This is truly amazing, and has made, to our knowledge, some very distinguished Jewish scholars gasp. And if, according to P., there has been no direct connection between Mandæism and Judaism, we are equally surprised to find that the sublime but simple notion of the Godhead believed in by these Nazoræans is set down by P. as "entirely the result of Christian and even more of Islamic influence" (pp. 115, 116). Indeed, the impression one gets from this writer's contentions is that our Mandæans learned what they knew of the Jews through Moslem eyes! This is indeed the standing of the pyramid of literary history on its apex. Everything, on the contrary, goes to show that the Mandæans were successively in contact with the Jews, Christians and Mohammedans; that they were bitterly persecuted by all three; that they cordially detested their persecutors; that they, therefore, did not copy from any of them, but in general contrasted their beliefs with and developed them over against the doctrines and practices of all three of these religious opponents; that, owing to their bitter hatred of the Jews, they would never have preserved the tradition of being originally followers of John the Baptizer, and of their first community being in or near Jerusalem, and their first sacred stream being the Jordan, had it not been so fundamentally historical that they could not get rid of it. Dr. Pallis has thus overshot the mark so

far with his arrow of prejudice that his book can be of service only for minor points. It was of course apparent from the beginning of the revival of Mandæan studies, owing to Lidzbarski's translations, that efforts would be made by 'liberal' conservatives to weaken the thin thread of history which this valuable tradition has preserved. And this is not so difficult to tangle up, seeing that the interest of these Nazoræans has ever been in the history of ideas and doctrines, and not in the objective history of persons. The strongest attack will proceed from those who put all the stress on the 'form' of Christianity the Mandæans chiefly censure. This form is not primitive, but rather what is found, say, in the Syrian Christianity of the 4th century. (See Erik Peterson's interesting paper, 'Bemerkungen zur mandäische Literatur,' in *Zeitschr. f. d. neutest. Wiss.* (Giessen), 1926, Hft. 3/4, pp. 236-248). Doubtless this particular type of anti-Christian Mandæan controversy was developed after the Nazoræan communities had settled on the Euphrates subsequent to their expulsion from Palestine; but there are also distinct signs of a still earlier form of controversy and a violent repudiation of the earliest Christian Messianic claims. In any case, we have by no means heard the last of the present-day controversy as to the legitimate historical inclusion or exclusion of the earliest deposits of the Mandæan material in or from Christian Origins research. Doubtless popular apologists will quote Pallis' intransigent 'learned' deliverances to prejudice public opinion in this country; but this will make little difference to students who are working directly on this material.

As one of these scholars, Hans Heinrich Schaeder, remarks in his valuable contribution, in collaboration with Reitzenstein, to *Studien zum antiken Syncretismus aus Iran und Griechenland* (Leipzig, 1926): "To go into the vacuous, pettifogging objections raised by Pallis . . . would be waste of time and paper" (p. 308, n. 1).

GNOSTIC SCRIPTURES INTERPRETED.

By G. A. Gaskell, Author of 'Egyptian Scriptures Interpreted,' etc. London (Daniel); pp. 836; 10s. 6d. net.

IN this volume Mr. Gaskell seeks to elucidate the under-meaning of some Gnostic documents,—chiefly the Syriac 'Hymn of the Soul' and excerpts from the 'Pistis Sophia' miscellany, including the Episode which gives the collection its general title. His

other selections are very varied, being drawn from Mandæan and Manichæan writings, the 'Cave of the Treasures' legend, from Babylonian cosmogony and the story of the First Man, and also passages from Paul, Proverbs, Jeremiah and Malachi, and excerpts from the Grail-cycle. Mr. Gaskell has already familiarized us with his method in his *Dictionary of the Sacred Language of all Scriptures and Myths*, in which he endeavoured to explicate a common scheme of notions which in their nomenclature are very similar to those employed in Modern Theosophy. In this gigantic task our author has been throughout upheld by an unshakeable conviction that there is in all such literature the influence of a Divine inspiration, which, however, never teaches history or concerns itself with superficial facts, but is busied solely with the inner truths of the spirit and human soul. Mr. Gaskell will admit no exception to this generalization, not even in the case of the Synoptic Gospels. He would thus confront us with a choice between two lines of thought—namely, history without Divine inspiration or Divine inspiration without history. But surely in such a case as the Synoptics the literary facts so strongly support historical intention that we cannot so choose: there is in them an immixture of the two elements. With Gnostic writings, however, the case is different: these had no concern with historic fact; and in this Mr. Gaskell is right. But can we, therefore, proceed care-free with the task of interpreting? Historic fact means in general parlance objective happenings; but is there not also a subjective world of happenings with its history,—a process of psychic and mental development that confronts us, before we come into direct touch with anything we can regard as spiritual inspiration proper? Mr. Gaskell is little appreciative of the arduous and painstaking work that has been done by those scholars who have laboured so assiduously to trace the development of the main notions which condition the general Gnostic movement. It is true that we explain little of the nature of the spiritual virtue adumbrated by these notions, when we trace sublimated forms of them and the complications of their figures and symbols to crude beginnings; but what we do learn by this discipline is to detect and appreciate the large part that human thought-work and imaginative ingenuity play in such developments. Now the 'Pistis Sophia' is a striking instance of over-elaboration in this notional architecture; the complexity of its schematology is so great,—seeing that it endeavoured to transcend what was already a highly elaborated system,—that it darkens

out the brilliant simplicities of spiritual light with its clouds of symbolic complications. Take the long Sophia Episode, for instance, which breaks into the main narrative of the first document. As to spiritual inspiration here, who can doubt that the Penitential psalms and Solomonic odes,—the work of true poets,—which are used by the Gnostic writer to 'interpret' the sorrows and persecutions of the ascending soul, set forth in the strange symbolism of a semi-magically tintured tradition, vehicle a far higher measure of inspirational influence than the Gnostic narrative itself. Here we have a falling off, not an advance in spiritual value. Mr. Gaskell makes no allowance for such incongruities. He interprets all that he finds before him into the highest notions he can conceive; and in this he frequently is over-generous in his appreciation of the measure of inspiration he ascribes to minds who frequently confused figurative complexity with spiritual quality. Nevertheless his exegesis has much of suggestion for those who are looking back on these old-time records of souls struggling to the light, who were rightly persuaded that man is essentially a spiritual being, and that a knowledge of the things of the spirit is the goal most worth while striving after in this confused state of existence.

THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

Edited with an Introduction and Commentary by C. G. Montefiore, Hon, D.D. (Manchester), Hon. D.Litt. (Oxford). Second Edition Revised and partly Rewritten. 2 vols. London (Macmillan); pp. cxlvi+411 and pp. 678; 30s. n.

THE first edition of Dr. Montefiore's *magnum opus* appeared in 1909 and was speedily exhausted. It was in its original form a unique undertaking, and is now in its revised and augmented form an outstanding achievement. During the eighteen years which have elapsed between the two editions a large number of valuable works on the Synoptic documents has appeared. Of these our commentator has made good use in general, and especially perhaps of the researches of Loisy (France), Bultmann (Germany) and Streeter (England). Throughout, the assembling of the views of the many authorities goes to show that where they are in agreement on the critical facts, they mostly are at loggerheads in the interpretation and evaluation of such facts. Where, for instance, one great authority sees in the literary data the overworking of the later development of doctrinal views,

another equally high authority sees in the same statements indubitably historic presentations. We have here clearly to deal largely with potent subjective factors in the minds of the exegetes. They start in severally with predetermined views as to the nature of the great figure that is the protagonist of the evangelical drama. All this variety of view, moreover, falls within the general Christian confession. Dr. Montefiore as a Jew,—a liberal and modernist Jew, in the best sense of these labels, it is true, but still a Jew in his deepest religious convictions, naturally stands outside the Christian complex. But though standing outside, he is a benevolent observer as far as loyalty to his own faith permits. He recognizes in the historic Jesus, and in parts of the sayings attributed to him, the signs of a great prophet, comparable with an Amos, a Hosea and an Isaiah, who has something fresh to say, or some element of already existing spiritual doctrine specially to stress, which can be of religious service to-day to his fellow liberal Jews, to whom he specially addresses himself. But Jesus for them can never be the Messiah foretold in the Prophets,—an essentially Jewish figure who would restore Israel. Nor can he be the 'suffering servant' of Isaiah, for that was Israel, or the righteous of Israel as a whole, and no single individual. Nor can he be the pre-existing Heavenly Man (Aram. 'Son of Man') of Apocalyptic vision, for that was a figure that would appear only in the Last Days, and these are not yet. Apocalyptic has long ceased to have any influence on the Jews, who cast it aside when they saw what had come forth from it in Christianity. Least of all can any Jew accept the theology and christology which, beginning already to some extent in the Synoptic narratives, reached its completion in the mystical fourth gospel, by identifying Jesus with God. Dr. Montefiore will have it that, if it is a reproach to the Jews that they hold that salvation is to be had only by obeying the Law, it is equally a reproach to the Christians that they in setting aside that Law and boasting themselves to have attained freedom from it, have set up a still narrower criterion and have laid it down that salvation can be won only by faith in Jesus,—namely, that he was all that their theology claims for him. In dealing with the wholesale condemnation of the Scribes and Pharisees in the Gospels, our author points out that they included the truly righteous of Israel. Doubtless there were bad Scribes and bad Pharisees; but prophetic insight should be at least as discriminating as the impartial historian. These are but a few points in these striking volumes, wherein

exists every sign of modesty and honesty, with deep religious conviction and a fine sense of spiritual values. It requires very great courage to stand out in the midst of two straitly opposed parties, and try to mediate between them. As far as the temper of the past is concerned, there has been no possibility of such a one escaping being overwhelmed by both sides indiscriminately. But to-day, and even more so in the future, let us hope those who follow in Montefiore's footsteps, whether they come from the ranks of Jewry or of Christendom, will not be regarded as traitors by their fellows, but rather as pioneers of a better way leading to greater understanding on both sides. In any case, let us hope that the bitter persecution of the Jews for their faith's sake, which has for so many centuries disgraced the pages of the history of Christendom, may never be repeated. And that this is not only a betterment hoped for, but a fact already accomplished, in enlightened circles at any rate, and even when a Jew 'speaks out,' is testified to by Manchester conferring the D.D. and Oxford the D.Litt. degree on our courageous friend, both *honoris causa*, and especially for this same *magnum opus* of his.

MIND AND PERSONALITY.

An Essay in Psychology and Philosophy. By William Brown, M.D., D.Sc., Wilde Reader in Psychology in the University of Oxford, etc. London (University of London Press); pp. 844; 12s. 6d.

WE have in this collection of papers, now in revised and co-ordinated form, a very instructive and helpful exposition of psychology up-to-date, on the one hand as a scientific discipline (the science of mind), and on the other as a propædæutic to a moral and spiritual life favourable to the perfecting of human 'personality.' This last term is used in the idealistic sense now given it in current Christian philosophy of religious speculation, where it stands for the highest value as an out-rounding of the complete man, and leading up to the doctrinal consummation that there is only one absolutely perfect personality,—namely, God. In treating of the history of the term, Dr. Brown reminds us that in Latin *persona* is supposed to be a 'mask'; "so that, according to this derivation, personality is the part we play in the drama of life." He might have added that this is certainly not the theological meaning of 'person'—to our mind a most unfortunate vocable, introduced by the legal-minded Tertullian as an

equivalent of the Greek highly philosophical concept *hypostasis*. In Roman law *persona* was a legal entity, and had nothing to do with a mask, and least of all with *hypostasis* or the reality of the divine substance. However, 'personality' is the fashionable slogan in Christian theological circles, and the dogma that God is a person is the acid test of right belief. Personally we think it a poor metaphysical compliment to pay to deity; but we are also very sure that true spiritual manhood is the prize set up for struggling mortals to win.

For his task Dr. William Brown is uncommonly well equipped. He is no arm-chair philosopher or *Stube-gelehrte*. On the contrary, apart from book-learning and gaining of high distinction in the Classical and Philosophical Schools at Oxford, he has had a thorough scientific and medical training on the one hand, and on the other has had very large experience not only in experimental psychology but also in psycho-therapy, both during the War and in subsequent private practice. With such a catholic training and experience, what he has to say is worthy of respectful consideration. On the one hand he is extremely open-minded, and on the other averse from jumping to hasty conclusions when the evidence is uncertain. Thus, with regard to psycho-analysis or analytic psychology, he praises Freud as a pioneer, while dissociating himself from numerous dogmas of the radical Freudian school. Intimately acquainted with the practice of this method, he is convinced of the great utility of what he calls 'deep' analysis. Here success depends very largely on the personal character of the analyst; and Dr. Brown thinks that it would be well that none should be allowed to practise before they have been submitted to a lengthy course of analysis themselves. He refuses to believe that proper analysis has a deleterious effect on the subject religiously. It may, and frequently does, weed out unessentials, but according to his own experience, it leaves the experient more deeply religious than he was before. In all theorizing on the manifold aspects of psychological research, our author leaves the door open for the full recognition of the higher nature of man. Science has not proved, indeed cannot prove, a single fact that can be held legitimately to negate belief in man's essentially spiritual nature. Passing from abnormal psychology and psycho-therapeutics, Dr. Brown touches upon the phenomena of psychical research. Here he holds that the case for survival is not yet scientifically proven; though he by no means thinks little of the many attempts to further this research.

Of course if by 'scientifically' we mean accepted by official science this is indubitably the case. But if Dr. Brown means that with his intimate acquaintance with scientific matters in other fields he is not sufficiently assured that the case is water-tight, we respect his caution. At the same time we recognize in him the type of mind that is best equipped to be a reliable worker in this very difficult field of research. *Mind and Personality* is a valuable volume, and we can recommend the labours of our distinguished colleague to our readers with sincere cordiality.

THE MYSTERIOUS KUNDALINI.

The Physical Basis of the Kundali (Hatha)-Yoga according to our Present Knowledge of Western Anatomy and Physiology. By Vasant G. Rele, F.C.P.S., L.M. & S. With a Foreword by Sir John Woodroffe (Arthur Avalon). Bombay (Taraporevala); pp. 112 + viii.; Rs. 3.8.

IF we could really interpret the abundant traditional technical terms of the Yoga-practice of the physical order—the Haṭha as contrasted with the Rāja, or mental, variety—in modern terms we should be very content. But as yet this has proved an impossible task. Indeed it seems that on the one hand the ancient system of physiology handed on in the yoga-tradition is very imperfect compared with modern scientific knowledge, and on the other it is inextricably tangled up with an ideal plotting-out of the centres and functions of the 'subtle body,' which, it is held, the Yogins at a certain stage of development can, not only experience, but actually see. During the last few years a gallant attempt has been made, under the supervision of Swāmi Kuvalayānanda (Mr. J. G. Gune, B.A.), to carry out a systematic and practical study of Haṭha-yoga, by applying to it Western methods of observation, with a view to demonstrating its *raison d'être* and its high therapeutic value. The results of these studies by Indian practitioners have been appearing in his very valuable periodical called *Yoga-Mīmāṃsā*. The study before us is also written by an Indian medical man and a student of the principal Sanskrit yoga-treatises. Mr. Rele revels in technical terms, on the one hand of the texts and on the other of modern anatomy and physiology, to the amazement of the layman, while the student can with difficulty suppress the suspicion that he more frequently juggles with words than elucidates facts and ideas. His main contention is that the chief object of Haṭha-yoga is to obtain

mastery over the central, or co-ordinating, *shakti*, or power, that controls the energies and activities of the plexuses of the sympathetic nervous system. This *shakti* is the Vagus nerve, a central double nerve-track, sensory and motor, afferent and efferent, that connects up with a large number of plexuses,—such as, the cavernous, pharyngeal, cardiac, solar, hypogastric and pelvic. This Vagus, according to this theory, “is Kuṇḍalinī.” By this Mr. Rele seems to mean that it is the *nāḍī*, or nerve, that is the chief ‘wire’ so to speak along which the mysterious *shakti* or energy, called by the Yogins Kuṇḍalinī, or the Serpentine (*kuṇḍala* = coiled), plays. This *shakti* sleeps in the normal man, and wakes only in Yogins, as declared, for instance, in the two aphorisms prefixed to his treatise by our author, namely: “The Kuṇḍalī is sleeping above the Kaṇḍa [sacral plexus] to give liberation to the Yogīs and bondage to the fools. He who knows her knows Yoga.” “The Kuṇḍalī, crooked in form, is described as being coiled like a serpent. He who causes that Shakti to move is freed without doubt.” It cannot be said that Mr. Rele’s theory is very satisfactory; for all the books make it apparent that when this peculiar energy is brought into activity, it first plays up the spinal track, and can then be diverted, when control is gained over it, to the anterior plexuses named above. However, every hypothesis deserves to be tried out, and Mr. Rele claims that his can be made to account for some of the extraordinary physiological phenomena exhibited by yogins. It is a pity that the text of Mr. Rele’s exposition has not been properly edited; there are many mistakes in English, in spelling and in transliteration from the Sanskrit.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND MATERIALIZATION.

A Record of Experiments. By Dr. Gustave Geley, (late) Director of the International Metapsychic Institute (Paris). Translated by Stanley de Brath, M.Inst.C.E., late Assistant Secretary to the Government of India, Public Works Department. With 51 Illustrations and 105 Diagrams. London (Benn); pp. 401; 30s. net.

THIS is a stout volume of scientifically-controlled cases, the majority of them observed by Geley himself, whose premature death we all lament, for we can ill spare so competent an experimentalist and theorist. In the major part of the clairvoyance cases, the subject or sensitive was the well-known and cultured Polish engineer Mr. Stephen Ossowiecki. His successes, in spite

of the very difficult tests to which he was submitted, so as to remove any chance of telepathy, are astonishing. If we had no other evidence,—and we have masses of it,—Ossowiecki's establishes the fact of clairvoyance as objectively as any fact can be established. The second part of the volume deals with the 'materialization' or externalization of ectoplasmic forms. The now famous mediums here chiefly experimented with were Eva C. (Mlle. Marthe Béraud) and MM. Franck Kluski and Jean Guzik (both Poles). For the outsider the most convincing proof of the phenomena being paranormal is the series of paraffin moulds of human limbs. We cannot imagine what more exacting proof the sceptic can require. There are of course many other kinds of satisfactory evidence afforded by these carefully observed experiments of the purely objective order, but the moulds are classically fool-proof. Various kinds of telekinetic and apparitional phenomena are testified to by scores of scientific observers of distinction in Paris, Munich and Warsaw. The most marvellous of all these strange happenings are 'materializations' of living creatures,—animals, birds and humans, complete or partial. Nearly the whole of the material in this book is already familiar to students, as the various accounts were published originally in the *Revue Métapsychique* by Geley some years ago. The reproduction of it—now so ably presented to us in English by Mr. Stanley de Brath, the editor of our contemporary quarterly *Psychic Science*—was intended by Geley to be the prior assemblage of scientifically established facts on which he proposed to theorize in a complementary volume. Alas! the crash of the 'plane which was taking him to Warsaw from Paris ended his most useful labours on this side of the Divide. We lose much; for much was expected of the author of *From the Unconscious to the Conscious*. The 'spirit-hypothesis' is rigidly excluded in all consideration of these complex phenomena of psychical research, but more, we fancy, as a sop to the conceit of the Cerberus of negationist fanaticism,—the so-called positive scientists,—than in accordance with Geley's private convictions. It is really quite comic to see nature for ever peeping through the camouflage, necessitated by the ostrich policy pursued by the super 'scientific' wiseacres who have invented a new spell to sing to sleep their sub-consciously protesting deeper selves. The *vija-mantra* of this incantation is the numinous vocable *idéoplastie*. However we are quite content to wait to see the facts speak for themselves ever more clearly in their own good time. Ideoplasty explains no more than telepathy,

both are 'laboratory terms' and content nominalists alone; realists, while fully admitting that all these phenomena show *via* the transliminal, require the existence of minds as the directive agents of such happenings, and are not content with abstractions or even with collective psychoids that must be as unintelligent as the average crowd. If no single one of the crowd knows how to do a thing, why should the sum of ignorance show this knowledge? A strong protest should be made against the flood of neo-verbiage in psychical matters that the 'scientists' (French and German) are letting loose upon the long-suffering pioneers in these studies. M. René Soudre, the theorist of the radical left, leads the way with the strange device of 'prosopopeic metagnomy' emblazoned on his banner. "Ride a cock-horse," *et cetera*.

THE SCIENCE AND ART OF SPEECH AND GESTURE.

A Comprehensive Survey of the Laws of Gesture and Expression, Founded on the Art and Life Work of Delsarte, with his Exercises. Illustrated with Photographs and Diagrams. By Rose Meller O'Neil. London (Daniel); pp. 198; 7s. 6d. net.

WE have before us a very sympathetic and useful survey and presentation of Delsarte's theory and practice. The book is perhaps too enthusiastic, because Mrs. O'Neil would see in Delsarte's labours no less than an art of synthetic human perfection; it is, however, undoubtedly useful because of the great attention that is rightly now being paid to what the Greeks called *mousikê*, and we may term 'musics,' as a fundamental of education,—to what Dalcroze calls 'eurhythmics' and Steiner dubbed by the weaker sounding vocable 'eurhythmy.' We have to regain response to the natural life-rhythms which our sophisticated 'training' has for long so violently repressed. François Del Sarte or Delsarte (1811-1871) may be said to have revolutionized the art of dramatic gesturing in the French Conservatoire; and now-a-days his method has become an indispensable part of the training of all aspirants to the stage. Mrs. O'Neil says nothing of this latter; and she is unfortunate also when she says she has found that "no written word has been left by the master himself." We would refer her to the once well-known volume: *Delsarte System of Oratory. Including the Complete Works of M. L'Abbé Delaumosne . . . and Mme. A. Arneud . . . [his Pupils] . . . with the Literary Remains of F. Delsarte (Trans. by A. L. Alger),*

New York, 3rd ed., 1887. This is a stout volume of 546 pages; Delsarte's 'Literary Remains' fill pp. 388-522. It is very difficult to understand how Mrs. O'Neil has missed this work, seeing that no little of her own book contains very similar and, at times, identical matter. Still Delsarte was on the right track. But as his whole endeavour was practically a renaissance of the Greek ideal of 'music,' in its catholic sense, it is as well to remember the Hellenic canon of proportion, 'nothing too much,' and not over-exalt Delsarte and his so-called 'science,' as Mrs. O'Neil has done in the spate of her enthusiasm.

THE MAN OF GOD.

A Study in Christology and the Mysteries of the Spiritual Life. By Ernest Newland Smith. London (The New Life Movement); pp. 42; 3s. 6d. net.

IN this little volume of some forty pages only, Mr. E. Newland Smith presents a Christian Mysticism. Its form is a series of instructions received by an enquiring Wayfarer, a young Oxonian, from a venerable Sage, whom he meets when in the devout mood induced by Evensong in a village church. It reminds us of the dialogues in which Orientals delight to convey their teachings or, to come near home, of Wordsworth's discourses in the 'Churchyard among the Mountains' of Westmoreland, except in its terse brevities. Its subject is a Christian Mysticism, because it comprehends not only exposition of the spiritual order of a general Mystical type, but of the manifestations of this order in the Historical Christ. It interprets the fundamental character of the Christian doctrines as such manifestations: Creation and New Birth, Fall and Redemption, Salvation or Ascension into the Supernatural life, and Realization into Service of God and man, beginning here, to be developed in the hereafter. The author calls his book a 'study'; but it is not in any way an enquiry proceeding by argumentation and criticism. It is as assertive as the *Theologica Germanica* or the *Revelations* of the Lady Julian. Its attractive setting and its elevation of tone, which never fails, or even falls, commend it alike to the Christian believer who desires to universalize his credo, and to the mystical soul who will be made happier by being helped in finding the concreteness given by the Historical Element of religion which the Christian Church holds in trust.

A. C.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHINESE DOG.

Edited by his Missus (Florence Ayscough). With Writing-brush Sketches by Lucille Douglass. London (Cape); pp. 105; 6s. net.

OUR colleague and contributor Mrs. Ayscough always writes not only charmingly but with first-hand knowledge on Chinese religion, philosophy, folk-lore and customs. Through the eyes of her beloved little dog 'Yo Fei' of aristocratic descent, she looks out on his Chinese surround and on his adventures elsewhere with the vision of insight, and records the canine '*choses vues*' for the delight and instruction of human grown-ups. Miss Lucille Douglass' pen-brush sketches are remarkably good and sympathetically illustrate an exceptionally artistic book, which at the ridiculous price of 6s. is practically a gift.

CHANGING BACKGROUNDS IN RELIGION AND ETHICS.

A Metaphysical Meditation. By Herbert Wildon Carr, D.Litt., LL.D., Prof. of Phil. University of London and Visiting Prof. in the University of Southern California. London (Macmillan); pp. 222: 7s. 6d. n.

THE climate of the Pacific Coast seems to suit our old friend Prof. Wildon Carr. At any rate his last contribution to philosophic thinking is full of vigour. The main theme of his meditation is the radical change brought about in the sphere of philosophy by the introduction into it of the dynamical concept of biological evolution. The way of regarding this evolutionary principle that Dr. Carr favours is optimistic and stimulating. In it he finds the source of all creativeness and progressive freedom. One of the greatest services that our author renders his readers is the clear way in which he summarises the latest discoveries and theories of science and works them into the texture of his thinking. His chief contention is that the adoption by philosophy of this fundamental principle has changed the whole outlook: and that consequently pre-evolutionary concepts and theories in both religion and ethics as well must be replaced by more adequate notions. Prof. Carr's instructive and thoughtful meditation ends with the following questions and answers: "What, then, is the religious ideal which the evolution theory offers us? It is the ideal of a perfected humanity. How are we to envisage it, and how are we to actualise it? We turn for light

to the philosophical conception of our human mental activity. It expresses itself in manifold forms, but in the depths of human nature a profound, twofold division of spiritual activity appears, a creative imagination and a creative reason. In living individuals this activity finds varying expressions, making of our leaders poets and philosophers." The seers and saints, apparently, must be assumed to come under the poets and philosophers respectively, but they are not mentioned.

LIFE AND MAN.

By T. A. Bowhay. London (Jonathan Cape); pp. 19+300; 9s. net.

THE Foreword to this very difficult book states that it is the first of the author's works to appear in print, though they have long and widely circulated in MS. He himself died while the book was printing. It is perhaps best read as an enlargement, couched in very obscure phrasing, of the thesis of Jefferies' *Story of My Heart*. He distinguishes three ascending orders of truth,—of Nature, of the Soul and of God,—and, while conversion is from within, God is not known subjectively but only in his own reality. The doctrine of a personal devil is stoutly maintained, and holiness is sharply distinguished from morality. Bowhay's treatment here reminds one of Otto, though it does not appear that he is aware of *Das Heilige*. But he refuses to accept mysticism, as commonly expounded, as being at all spiritual. It is too natural, too emotional and too individual, and so he thinks that between the mystical and the spiritual there is no essential relation. It is a pity that the author appears to be thinking only of immanent mysticism and to be unaware of the transcendental, healthily anti-emotional mysticism of, say, S. John of the Cross or Fr. Augustin Baker. A *personal* presence in the Blessed Sacrament he strongly repudiates, but accepts a real presence of Body and Blood. "The two men who have most hindered the progress of what is Christian are Plato and Aristotle," yet "thought is free and all thinkers must be free thinkers"! These are but a few of the teasing, yet stimulating and provocative, thoughts in a book which, despite the difficulties of its expression, was well worth publishing,

ALBERT A. COCK.

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G. R. S. MEAD, *The Quest*, October, 1927.

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PREFACE

A preface to a little book with a voluminous introduction of some hundreds of pages seems a superfluous luxury. I believe, however, that such a preface is intended to give to a superficial reader a brief indication of what he may expect to find in the book. The scholar requires none of it. In order, therefore, to satisfy such a reader, I will tell him briefly that I am publishing here for the first time a Samaritan collection of Biblical legends, a parallel to the Jewish Midrash and to the pseudepigraphic literature. I claim for the "Secrets of Moses" that it is the oldest book in existence of this kind of literature, and I put the date of its compilation to be about the middle or end of the third century B. C. E. In the introduction the reader will see how I have reached a conclusion as startling to me as probably it will be to him who will take this book for the first time into his hands. It was very slow and uphill work, and I had to cover a wide field, leaving no document unexamined which might help to throw light on the date and origin of this book. I have searched through the entire pseud-epigraphic literature, in whatever language it may have been preserved, and I have worked my way up to the Hellenistic literature, to the Sibylline Oracles and Eupolemos. Josephus has attracted me quite specially, and I believe I have been able to put a new complexion on the character and sources of his "Antiquities." The Palestinian Targum has come under minute examination, and in connection with it all the Jewish Midrashim. The Sibylline Oracles have been traced down to their latest development in the Tiburtine, and the mediaeval oracles down to Matthew of Paris, and even to Slavonic and Rumanian texts. In my re-examination of the pseudepigraphic literature I have arrived at conclusions which differ widely from those accepted today. I have

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THE QUEST.

THE NATURAL AND THE ARTIFICIAL.

THE EDITOR.

FROM the beginning man has laid his hand upon outer nature and progressively built up or imposed an artificial world of his own devising upon the face of things made without hands.

In their various ways the higher animals and insects are remarkably intelligent. They can also, instinctively, make burrows and nests and hives and webs. But individuals never improve upon their methods and their makings. They go on simply repeating what their several species have done from time immemorial.

But once man comes on the scene, there emerges a totally new and vastly superior order of development. Self-improvement, consciously directed, characterizes every step of his material advancement. Creature of reason, he has by means of his intellect been able to improve indefinitely on all his methods and achievements. And this progress has been made, not only because he possesses a power of mind that transcends the whole order of animal intelligence,—for he not only knows but knows that he knows,—but also because he is equipped with a thumbèd hand marvelously adapted for an infinity of uses and purposes.

Paws are not hands. Man thus disposes of the most able and most cunning of all natural instruments for work.

Thus dowered, endowed and equipped, we humans have courageously struggled on in face of the countless dangers and difficulties that unceasingly beset our undertakings, ever busied in the inescapable task imposed upon us from without of making a better world to live in on this planet.

Heirs of the age-long labours of our forebears, to-day we enjoy a host of advantages unknown to past generations. Beneficiaries then as we are of this unceasing toil, we should egregiously fail in piety were we to refuse our admiration of their industry, and gratitude for the lavish contributions they have made for our material comfort. In this regard the history of human effort on this planet is a record of noble achievement. It shows that the spirit in man has in general refused supinely to submit to external pressure. Nor has man simply adapted himself to his natural environment; he has rather made an environment of his own within a surround that is only too frequently heartlessly indifferent to him and all his works. Though earthquake shatter, fire devour and flood overwhelm the products and the constructs of his busy toil, and hurl soul out of body in the violent death at times of whole populations, he has ever returned again and yet again to his constructive task. He has made an environment and civilization of his own and has imposed it on nature in the raw.

Can it then be doubted that, in such an apparently unequal struggle of human pigmies against the gigantic forces of outer nature, the reason why man, not only survives, but wins battle after battle, is because of the

unconquerable courage of that immortal spirit in him which makes him essentially one with the creative life of the universe? And may we not, therefore, be assured that herein he has been doing his proper business, or a characteristic part of that business, all along and from the start?

The ancient mythic notion, which so long beguiled our credulous ancestors, that the countless millions of mankind have been condemned to hard labour by some offended numinosity, as a punishment for the one solitary sin of a fabled pair of aboriginal parents, outrages the reason, and moreover does grievous violence to our modern notions of divine justice. Such depressive, pessimistic dreams sap the vitality and prevent sane thinking. To-day many have the courage to take a more optimistic view of the process of things. A critical survey of history and of scientific achievement encourages us to believe that man, so far from being the primordial criminal, as it were the scape-goat to carry out of the cosmic camp all the imperfections of the external world, is rather being trained to become a conscious co-worker in the service of that Great Life which embraces both him and nature within and without. The first great lesson of his 'cosmopolitan' education is a progressive learning to know and understand and utilize the material forces of nature which are external to himself,—that is, to his body.

In this regard let us for a moment dwell on the ever-widening work-scope of those wonderful hands of his, and see how he has proved himself to be the manipulator and manufacturer without rival on this planet. As maker, fabricator, artisan, craftsman, architect, artist, musician, he stands unexcelled.

First he made crude weapons and implements, tools and instruments; these he used later for fashioning more elaborate and finer contrivances. Beginning as a handiartisan limited to working with wood and stone and stuff, he advanced to learn the use of fire; he became a worker in metals. Thence he shot forward to the ever-extending conquest of the mechanical,—the lordship of machines.

This working in metals, these products of the forge and furnace, the Greeks styled 'banausic,' in distinction from the rest of the skilled labour of the 'people' known as 'demiurgic.' From both of these the arts and sciences stood apart as more 'aristocratic' pursuits, the province of the more distinctively 'brain'-workers.

All this, the progress won by long ages of toil, was but a preliminary stage to a great emergent moment in man's industrial activity. As motive power he had at first to be content with his own pushing and pulling ability. This he first supplemented by the employment of the strength of animals for carrying and traction. Thereafter he began to harness more potent powers for doing work; he learned to use wind-force and water-force as sources of energy. But so far all the means of motion he employed were external to his contrivances: his ships and mills were set going from without.

Suddenly an entirely new method emerged, and for all practical purposes only quite recently; for it is but a short century since steam-power began to be exploited. At this great moment in the evolution of man's manipulative ability, to all intents and purposes he endowed his engines with a mechanical soul: the day of the machine's material apotheosis dawned on the industrial age. Man's craft and skill in motor-

making thence shot ahead with leaps and bounds. Oil and gas combustion was discovered to be a far more convenient and controllable means of using energy than heated vapour. Concomitantly with this last phase of busy industry, a far more subtle form of energy began to be employed,—one of boundless possibilities. And so to-day we find ourselves living in the age of electricity, when discovery and invention speed on at such a rapid rate that any day the treasure-house of still finer forces of nature may be opened for our use.

Such in roughest outline is the story of man's making and remaking things, of his persistent elaboration of an environment of his own devising which progressively ameliorates the material conditions of his existence on this planet. It is all the work of his own hands. And as such it is artificial through and through. Though it is natural that man as a rational creature should do all this, it is nevertheless the imposition of a man-made, and therefore of an artificial, order on the order of surrounding nature which works without the aid of hands.

But this external world of human artifacts is not the only world that man's ingenuity has constructed. He has concomitantly been making an inner world of his own in parallel, or co-ordinated, with it. If we may legitimately describe the former as artificial, we have to find a term of corresponding character with which to denote the latter. The most expressive epithet to meet the case is 'fictional.' But if 'artificial' is not intended to convey a depreciatory sense,—any notion of a falling-away,—equally must 'fictional' be taken to stand for a phase of progressive development. The former connotes man's hand-making industry, the latter his mind-making activity. It is by no means to

be supposed that fictionism is without its own proper values. In its own order it displays progressive gains corresponding to the advantages won by the artificial in the material realm. Moreover this conceptual and mental work must be regarded equally, or even more eminently, as part of man's legitimate business.

Some of its achievements indeed are of highest excellence. Take, for instance, mathematics, the most marvellous fiction of human intellect. It is a far more beautiful and efficient device for utilizing logical power, a far more wonderful thought-machine, than any artificial contrivance of the material order.

Yet what deep thinker is ignorant that all our intellectual methods of thinking and all the concepts, ideas and notions we make use of, are far from perfect? All are inadequate to deal with life, or even to grasp securely the concrete facts of living. Our fictional mental world, like our artificial material world, is still in the making. All in it is in process, in a state of flux, yet of going forward, of progress towards higher ordering and more efficient co-ordination, of re-formation, trans-formation, into finer forms and formulæ and methods.

Nevertheless this ever-changing world of fictional activity is man-conceived throughout. It is no more the living world of inner nature, than is the world of artifacts the realm of outer nature, in whose economy man has no hand. Nature within and without is creative throughout.

Hitherto mankind in the mass has been always slow to change its traditional means and methods, habits and customs, ideas and theories. The majority has ever fought stubbornly and bitterly against the introduction of every novelty. The innovator has

invariably first been persecuted, though his memory may have subsequently been paid homage to or even exalted to deification.

But to-day even the proletariat is beginning to understand that science has 'made good,' precisely because it has had the courage to re-adapt its theories to its progressive knowledge of facts. It has won the confidence and admiration of the crowd, because it has given proofs of its virtue by 'delivering the goods.' Its fictionalism is confined to the practical mental industry of making working hypotheses.

Meantime, unfortunately, we cannot point to any corresponding equally pragmatic advance in the subtler spheres of theology and philosophy or the more vital domains of æsthetics and morals. The present unhealthy state of affairs with which we are faced, is that, while the steed of our scientific material civilization is dashing ahead at breakneck speed, our traditional culture, if not yet quite shot out of the saddle, has lost control; it is being run away with and rocking about in a most precarious situation. How it can be made again secure in its seat is admittedly, in all thoughtful circles, the most pressing problem of our times.

The heightening of culture and the deepening of religion go hand in hand. To-day no religion that falls short of involving the whole man and all his activities, has any real survival value. Genuine religion is spiritual education. A general creed becomes a fossilized fictional scheme as soon as it ceases to promote growth in righteousness among the people. In that peril do we stand to-day. Our traditional creeds notoriously cry out for drastic re-formation.

The object of a sane religion that is at the same time a genuine soul-culture, must perforce be the sub-

limation and co-ordination of the diverse and conflicting activities and interests of our whole human nature. Spiritual education welcomes whole-heartedly the growth of scientific knowledge. It accepts truth wherever it finds it. Science is as much part of its business as is the subtler and more vitalizing task of devising more efficient means of liberating the higher powers of man's nature in the domains of theology and philosophy, of æsthetics and morals.

It is then 'up to' the best minds among us deliberately to co-operate in this task, and devise finer thought-instruments, fairer fictions, in regard of these latter disciplines, so as to restore the balance. Only so can we bring their higher virtues into play, and allow them in their various orders free scope to bestow their several goods upon our at present distracted humanity.

What is there so sacrosanct about our own devisings in religion, as though these forms and formulas could not be changed? The truly holy transcends all such man-made conceits. Why should we fear to offend some God or other we have made in our own image, one we have hitherto imagined as eager to punish us if we should replace our mental idols, and temples and modes of worship of the past with fairer fictions more consonant with the reality of divine beneficence? Why so little spiritual courage? Why not have faith that more beautiful forms and configurations would be produced in our fictional factories, if we fearlessly laid ourselves open from within to receive the creative influx of the love-light of Great Life?

Here, in this opening of the heart, we touch on the fundamental reality of our nature, the very essence of us, the spiritual ground of our being, that which

enshrines powers and potencies, virtues and values, far transcending the abilities, high as they are, that fashion our intellectual fictions and produce the artifacts of our material craftsmanship.

We come then to speak of man as the transmuter of the instinctive life that manifoldly, in its countless modes and grades, energizes outer nature, and which is synthesized within each individual of the human kingdom.

Over and beyond this heritage from the animal realm, man is a creature endowed, as we have seen, with reason to comprehend principles, and with intellect to make an inner and outer world of his own. But vast as these powers are, they give him no control of life itself. As the ancient myth has it, going back to Sumerian days, from laying hands on the tree of life he is prevented.

He must first prove his worthiness for access to the creative powers of life by making material constructs fit to be naturally ensouled; and so far he has not succeeded in making even the lowliest organism that nature deigns to vitalize.

This he will do, I hold, only when he realizes his responsibility or, to put it otherwise, becomes responsive to the god-like source of goodness in his spiritual nature that instinctively knows the secret of man's greater destiny.

As he uses his intellect to fashion matter and to learn effectively to control physical forces, so must man use his reason to control and guide the driving life-forces which he has inherited from his animal ancestry; he has to learn to transmute these crude lusts and passions into the finer forces of human emotions and sentiments. This inner, ethical work is

far more laborious than are the fictional and artificial tasks of intellectual activity. It is a far more personal, more intimate, more subtle business. For reason has not simply to cope with animal lusts and passions as they are found in nature without, but with their intensifications within man's self, when taken up into the sphere of his intellectual activity. This 'intellectualizing' of the passions is what constitutes the 'devilish' in man. It makes him infinitely more cunning and more selfish than any animal, and a deliberate torturer of his fellows vastly more cruel than the fiercest brute.

The higher work of sublimating the crude driving force of the passions is then achieved at first self-consciously by the exercise of reason, as here distinguished from intellectual activity. It is the taming of the natural animal in man, demanding unceasing watchfulness, strenuous effort and deliberate intention. At first there is nothing that we can recognize as spontaneous, instinctive, spiritually natural in the effort, except in so far as the dawning will for righteousness may be so described. It seems rather to be the deliberate work of the self-conscious reason setting its house in order, that so it may be fitted to enter on the joyous life of freedom, when the true spontaneity of our purified passions is at one with the infinite creative virtue of the whole divine economy.

Divine Wisdom alone knows the all-sufficing reason of all things. But our finite minds cannot be content without some reasonable working hypothesis, some philosophy of life, the highest fiction they can construct with the 'head' as an adumbration of the 'heart's' faith. And for my own part I see nothing unreasonable in believing what I have endeavoured so

inadequately to set forth above,—namely that: It is for the self-conscious enjoyment of the creative spontaneity of Great Life that man in his present stage is being made fit. He is being tested chiefly in his willingness to undergo self-discipline, and secondarily in his building of an inner fictional and outer artificial world, that when perfected may be destined to take its place as a constituent phase of nature. It is the former, the self-discipline, that counts most; for it is more dynamic, more productive of permanent values. It is therefore the best index of the natural growth of spirit in man, the germination of that ideal manhood which in actualization becomes co-worker with Divine Wisdom.

This Wisdom is, in my faith-fiction, the essentially natural, the genuinely spontaneous, the spiritually instinctive: it is the way of the going of Great Life itself. We humans in our present limitations, shut up in the artificial works of our hands and fictional dreams of our minds, imprisoned in our own products, have but the dimmest notion of what obedience to the inner moral law of willing service (not outer subservience to ethical regulations) can effect. Even when we are told that this law is the basic condition of gaining perfect freedom in the spiritual light of the life of Divine Love, it mostly falls on deaf ears. We would all be free; but only too many desire licence to pursue their individual aims and fulfil their selfish purposes unhindered, no matter how foreign these are to the life of the spirit, how far they are from consonance with the Wisdom that wills the good of all creatures ungrudgingly and impartially.

Now we cannot 'return to nature,' as the vulgar phrase goes, by artificially putting ourselves back

externally into primitive conditions. We must perforce go forward. Our spiritual task is to 'naturalize' the present artificiality of our outer lives by the intensification of our disciplined inner living.

We must then 'go back to nature' by going forward on that high path of spiritual development, of inner natural growth, which constitutes the way of quest for those who are beginning to rouse themselves from the general earth-dream. This spiritual 'conversion' has been called 'the great awakening.'

One of the signs of this fundamental change, of longing for home, of the divine nostalgia arising in our hearts, is a feeling of foreignness and strangeness amid the artificial conditions of life in which we have perforce to spend our days.

Thereafter every moment should be considered as wasted which is not consecrated to the deliberate effort of striving to regain the innate liberty of our spiritual nature, to become again natural, spontaneous, free,—true Men and not 'processions of fate.'

G. R. S. MEAD.

THEOLOGIA ESOTERICA : INTIMATIONS OF THE REALM BEHIND OFFICIAL DOCTRINE.

ARTHUR EDWARD WAITE.

THE theology of experience with which I am concerned here is that which is called by Vallgornera *doctrina revelata et secreta*, or the *majestas atque sublimitas theologiæ mysticæ*. But it is unfolded and formulated by the mode of successive disputations in his particular mine of *Theosophia*, as after this Catalonian Dominican of the seventeenth century—who followed St. Thomas—it was methodized according to other manners by Antonio a Spiritu Sancto, Scaramelli and Schram, not to speak of moderns like the Passionist Father Devine and the Jesuit Poulain. My proposal is to look at this subject from an individual point of view, and though it may carry us far away from the authorized schools, it may not prove entirely unprofitable to hear how it strikes a contemporary, or that which it means to one who is an exponent of unity and knows only of the God who is within.

From time immemorial there has been that which is taught in the schools, and there has been that which is understood in the mind on the great issues, when the seed is sown and brings forth plant and fruit, unless the ground is barren. It is the appeal from tradition to experience in the individual soul, and the testing of that by this. As the modes and qualities of

understanding differ, so does the doctrine pass through a certain change; and it may seem perilous to affirm that it abides after precisely the same manner in any two mentalities. There is also no instruction which is identical in the mode of unfolding: as is the teacher, so is the meaning given, though the doctrine itself remains. If we take the wide field of mystical theology, it will be found that the experience of mystics is developed into a formal science in those authorized handbooks, to some of which I have referred; but they differ one from another and each from all the rest in the way of presentation, as the minds of the makers differ, though they are concerned with the many-sided aspects of one only subject. Moreover, the mystical experience out of which the theology issues—and the science, if we please, thereof—has entered into a cloud of records, which are as individual and varied as anything in the world of literature, though the experience is one in its term, and there is a broad consensus on the states and stages leading up to that end which is in God. But in fine the appeal of the first-hand records and of the systems by which the sacred experience is methodized and produced in theological form, is always and obviously to those who read, and it comes about that systems and messages are born again in the mind of each recipient; mystical theology or mystical experience, there is for each his own construction, his own way of understanding, which is the only way for him. It follows that beyond the *theologia esoterica* of mystical path and term there are all the workings, normal or exotic, of individual minds who dwell thereon.

These considerations may seem like a string of

platitudes, a succession of points which are obvious from the moment that they are brought into view; but it is precisely for this reason that they are recited at length and shall be summed up now as follows. Whether the subject at issue be great or small, of God, man or the universe, when it passes into expression through the channel of individual minds it is tintured by those channels; and when, so expressed and so tinged, it pours into the channel or alembic of a new receiving mind, it suffers another tincture. I am in course of offering to your consideration some part of my views and findings on that which is for me the great subject of research, and you are in course of receiving them, owing to a hypothesis that we have a common concern in that subject. As I am not deriving consciously from those who have preceded, the essence of my claim upon your attention is that they are my findings and views, while you are representative for me, like an informal committee, of all who are similarly concerned everywhere, and the question is: after what manner will they appeal to and be understood by you. On the assumption of my sincerity, they are satisfying and final for me, but they may prove the reverse for you; and there may intervene a third party who will differ from us both. But in any and all of these cases the final judgment is for the individual mind, as for each the sole court of jurisdiction. Here is my point of departure for the consideration of the mystical subject, understood as an affirmation on the basis of experience that there is an attainable state of living union between the soul and God.

It has been indicated that there is one ultimate court of appeal in everything and that this is the

understanding of man, reflecting within himself upon all that is offered to the mind, whether from the outward world through the channels of the senses or—as in the mystical subject—from that which dawns within him in the course of his reflections. Shall I say that this is also a commonplace? It is such indeed and certainly; but it is a touchstone also, and it may become a canon of criticism, even a foundation stone. It is to this court that all things are of necessity submitted for judgment, the claims included of those institutions which call on their members to give up private judgment and abide by their rules and findings. Herein is the best evidence of the supreme unreason at the root of such claims, since they call on private judgment to disqualify itself for ever; but if it is in fact disqualified, it is as much incapable of adjudication before as after the event of imposed surrender, so that the act itself is worthless. It follows that the court of appeal cannot be in fact disqualified without producing anarchy: it remains therefore and its jurisdiction is recognized in any and every verdict, including those which justify the ways of God to man and pronounce upon the Mysteries of God. We may not be satisfied with the judgments and may vary them from generation to generation, or between the springtide and autumn moons; but the court is still in session, and there is no other.

Let us realize what this means, that there is in truth no other court than that of the mind of man. There are books which are called inspired and given by revelation of God; but the pleadings whereby it is sought to enforce their recognition as such come ultimately before this court, now at least when the propagation of faiths by fire and sword has given place

for the time being to propagation by argument. I am not, be it observed, proposing that the court is infallible, for it has been said that the findings of to-day may be reversed to-morrow. It is in session everywhere, and the judges no man can number; it is good, bad or indifferent on this or on that bench; it is too often in permanent contradiction; and in our universal scepticism we have challenged it from time immemorial on the count of its chief findings; but these facts notwithstanding, it remains that there is no other. Once on a day or a night in a very far-off time it imposed—let us cite at a venture—the ten commandments, amidst the emblematic thunders of a highly figurative mountain; and our age-long commentary on this yoke and bit and bridle has been their almost unchequered repudiation in all our daily life; yet it was this court and no other which was in session on Sinai. We are Moses, Aholiab and Bezaleel; we are Solomon King of Israel, Hiram King of Tyre and Hiram Abiff; we are Zerubbabel Prince of the People, Haggai the Prophet and Joshua the son of Josedech the High Priest; we are Confucius, Manu and Zarathustra; and we bear other titles, some of which I shall forbear to name; we give the judgments, inflict the penalties and make the various awards; but under whatever denomination we are ourselves the court in question; while if we happen to depute the office, it is we who confer the warrants.

Intimations like these must of course spell disquietude for those who cling to the old ways. They may sound like further examples of tendencies which make for anarchy rather than the mystical end; or it may seem that my intent is a categorical denial of God as the last message of the divinity within delivered

to man and the universe. But a true beginning may be made at times in a kind of conditional unbelief, consecrated by its sense of sincerity, because faith is the substance of things hoped for when it has been placed already in our hands, and the evidence of things unseen when they are just passing into the line of vision. It is not the faculty of affirming and holding by a mental *tour de force* what we know otherwise to be untrue in fact, by all the evidential canons, as, *e.g.*, that there is a Church infallible having one spokesman in the centre of the Vatican complex, or that the recitation of words of institution and an *epiklesis*-clause by a faithless and indifferent priest will produce *ex opere operato* a change in the substance of bread and wine. There is a still small voice speaking at the heart of being, and it has been said of old that God may be heard therein when he is not heard in the clamours. It has been found also for most of us that he is not in the books in the sense that we have been taught in the classes or at our mothers' knees; that in the last resource it is not of consequence to the soul if the Pentateuch was produced only in the days of Esdras; if the Gospels were not written by those whose names they bear; if Jesus of Nazareth lived 100 B.C. or did not live at all in the historicity sense, though we may not for such reason set aside an historical background for the great Christian mythos. These things belong to scholarship and thereunto are of prime importance, but not at the root of things to the soul of man. They have their proper place in the *Divina Commedia* of the rational mind, and from that point of view we may react always intellectually to the talismanic debate on Q, unless and until it shall be shown more definitely than now that Q is also a dream.

For the rest, it is not without joy of heart that we watch in their activities the curate and the barber casting out of the window our Quixote books of knight-errantry, as one after another the records of quest fail, while the generations succeed each other. For we may be assured notwithstanding that the quest will still go on, that there will be always an Amadis of Gaul and a Palmerin, a Felixmarte and Tirante the White to save from the flames of time. And it may happen that far beyond and away from theological findings the soul shall be saved by that mystical blood which is the life of Christ, even though it prove on a day that Sinai and Calvary and Golgotha are historically speaking like Mont Salvatch, Corbenic and the glorious fable of Heredom. We shall yet find the Holy Graal in the Pyrenees of another world; a still more elect Galahad shall heal the wounded King in another and more wondrous castle; and the star of a more spiritual Masonry shall move westward to ascend the Mountain of Initiation. The *epiklesis*-clause mumbled in the mouth of a voided priesthood, and the words of Institution of a Latin Rite in decrepitude may fail from more to more as the old order changes; but for every recipient who is properly prepared to be made a living Temple the sacramental elements shall be transubstantiated in heart and soul into the living food of the Kingdom. The validity of the Great Secret and the efficacious operation of the Great Mystery abide with us. There is a place in the world within us where it is better to contemplate and hearken than to have the freedom of all the Schools and to have earned all their titles.

It has been said: *experientia docet*, and God indeed teaches; but since it is affirmed in this maxim

that he speaks to man, the immediate next question is not as yet after what manner or to what purpose, but through which channel—otherwise, with what voice. And the answer comes quickly: that it is never except through man. On the hypothesis that his is the word, we and no other are the voice. If it be said that there are ten thousand times ten thousand voices in the natural world, the cosmos and all its harmonies, I know as a mystic that all these voices are ours in the sense of meaning and message. An unprofitable servant may yet bear his witness, and I have been speaking on the part of Nature, giving the voice and word, through all my life of books. It is from and through our deeps—and so only—that every message comes, whether with the still small tongue or the strong wind of prophecy. In the sense of channels at least, we are the revelation and we are also the gospel. From time immemorial have the Churches spoken round us, whether to issue their articles or to make them dead letters, whether to affirm or compromise; but their voice is the voice of man, and its authenticity, if any, comes through him. The deep waters run under many bridges, but always he is the bridge.

On the hypothesis of a personal God and the woof of dream about it, his spokesman is always one. The word is uttered by us, and the written word is ours. Ours is the surface sense and ours the inner meaning: there is no other. It is we who speak with tongues in Nature and in Grace. The voice of tears and the voice of joy are our human voices, coming forth from those well-springs where thought is 'too deep for tears,' and where the spirit and the dower of joy are too great for even our expression, though all the dower

is ours and all the fount of feeling. We say with Raymond Lully that *Deus non pars est sed totum*; but the voice of Lully is the voice of man, and from his own seat of authority he bears witness on behalf of all. We affirm that "it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for those who love him"; but St. Paul—who said it—is one of us. It is by sounding our own deeps that we find within the petals of the primrose what could not be found by Peter Bell. If "all that interests a man is man," as one of the poets says, it is because we are the measure of all things, and our seal is over the whole cosmos. That "all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool" is, on the other hand, the voice of the fool; but the voice of Einstein can tell us strange things and pregnant concerning the bending of light; and the link or bond between them is that both are the voice of man.

It is we who unfold the cosmos in the course of mind's research; it is not to be said that we make it, but we bring it forth to view. We stand in the middle point of here and now, with the hereafter and before on one and the other side. We are centred so, as if in contemplation of the ages—a contemplation also, if we please, of the works of God: it is in any case of Divine Works, as it might be, of a First Cause, according to the language of that old Natural Theology, the grip of which is not altogether loosened from the mind of official religion. Here, as in all things else, the key to understanding and the office of interpretation are ours: in this sense, it is we who throne God in his heaven, and affirm thereafter that "all is right with the world." We may affix the monograms and sign-manuals of God to a thousand texts, but the

signatory is always man. This will sound inescapably like Voltaire saying that if God has made man in his likeness, man has returned the compliment. The idols of the gentiles are works of the hands of men, and the true Gods are the work of the human mind, for we conceive, and we discern and prove. But it happens that there is something more, and very much more indeed, behind these affirmations. It is the mind's eye which beholds reality, as the physical eye sees and distinguishes between material things. There is normal sight without and sacred vision within. It is we who have found God in virtue of an inward seeing sense.

It comes about in this manner that we recognize the presence within us of mind in another mode and after another aspect, which is or may become our guide into all truth. Beyond the vision of the rational mind there is this deeper state which has been known to some, according to records of the ages, and it is known at this day to a few thinkers in the sacred heart of their being. This is the *Theologia Esoterica* of my title, an exotic of life and mind, concerning which Vallgornera said: *Abstractus enim homo a seipso absorbetur in Deum*. A riot of texts could be invoked on this subject, from *Qui manet in charitate, in Deo manet et Deus in eo* to *Qui adhæret Deo, unus spiritus cum eo efficitur*. These are the intimations of living experience behind official doctrine, the mind of the soul behind the rational or so-called material mind. I have shewn elsewhere that the findings offer no real contribution for the maintenance of official doctrine outside the bare but sufficiently pregnant and ever recited fact, that God is and that he recompenses those who seek him out. It is in virtue of this

fundamental truth that the witness of East and West proves one and the same witness on the great mystical experiment, if only we slip off the respective vestures of external creed and formal or conventional practice. On this basis and after such manner we testify one to another and gauge the validity of the great body of witness. It comes to us from all the quarters and from the past of all the centuries, the records of higher mind and inmost soul, remembering also the unfailing and daily testimony of that which is without in the cosmos to that which is within. In both respects we are the canon of criticism and the standard of validity: there is no other judge appointed in the whole wide world. We sift and garner in; we set aside and keep, exercising in each and all of those activities a plenary office of arbitration. There is no greater responsibility conceivable or imposed upon us. He who can realize its magnitude, who can abide and live thereby, shall say with St. Elzear of Provence: *Hæc est spes mea, in hac volo mori*. And this is not beyond us, if the ship of our soul be set in the right course.

St. Thomas Aquinas says: *Videmus nunc per specialem*, i.e. by faith, in the glass and darkly of St. Paul; *sed in futuro videbimus per speciem*, which seems to me something more, as the term is used, than *sub specie æternitatis*. But the *in futuro* of St. Thomas can be made the here and now for those who explore the implicits of *sub specie æternitatis*, which is for most of us a point of view only. It can become, however, a mode of contemplation, so only that, for God's sake, we do not understand this word in any conventional sense. There may follow what is called *adventus Christi in mentem*; but that which is

said to enter is already there, while as regards Christ Mystical it must be understood that there are other names, and that each and all are not of personality but of experience. That maxim which I have quoted already—*Qui manet in charitate in Deo manet et Deus in eo*—is understood in official theology as if God and the soul were over against one another, each by each confronted, with a link or bond between them—as it were, of love in condescension and love in worship. The interpretation is intelligible, but the essence of the state and its experience escapes therein,—namely, that life in love is life in God and God in life; for love is a mode of being which is said otherwise to be God, and the state of Divine Love is a state of Godhead, wherein he is inevitably within us, and we are in him. The soul is THIS when considered apart from love, but in love is THAT, *propter nomen Domini affabilis et misericordis*, as it is said in the Roman Ritual for the Consecration of Bishops. But it is love which gives the names and ascribes the titles. It is we therefore, because of it, who give his names to God, being in love ourselves with the Name, makers and institutors of all the Sacraments in Nature and Grace. In virtue, moreover, of that which is within us we postulate that which is needful to our loving purpose without—as, for example, that God is in his heaven. In so far as we have found him in the heaven within, within and beyond its stars, he is truly in the heaven without and all its cosmic ranges. And the world without is right, if right be the world within. Pope Pius VI. said that “religion is eternal”; but such it is in virtue of that which is conceived within and is realized in our own deeps, preceding and justifying all natural theology and implied in all revelations which man has offered to

man on his own or on any and all warrants. Gitas and Upanishads, Qurans and Bibles, they are a host about us, full of covenants and testaments; but there is one bond between them, that they are all of our making, and good, bad or indifferent, we have made unto ourselves all our ways of salvation.

There is no God but God, and the soul of man is his prophet. The Divinity within us has poured itself forth in the sacred books of the world, and in this sense therefore we have every reason to look forth and expect other revelations to come, from the same source and centre. We have created Church authorities and Church offices, and we also pronounce them void. In virtue, moreover, of the fountain-spring within us, we make all things new continually, so we need not doubt that there is a Church Catholic to come, re-moulded 'nearer to the heart's desire,' and perchance it has been conceived already in the womb of things as they are. It is or will be conceived in the heart of unity before it is conceived in the body of space and time. This will be the Church of Unity, militant, suffering and in fine triumphant over the spirit of the world, which is the prince of this world and is that spirit of separation in which Christ has not anything. It has brought about all that is understood by the word evil, and evil prolongs separation because it is of hate and the haters; and hate denies the union. Could it be thought that such a Church might take over traditional histories from archives of old allegory, that of the fall of man would symbolize his passing from the state of union to one of division, and the alleged curse would be the dissociation of subject and object. The sum of all its theology will not be the *Summa* of the beloved Angel of the schools, though I think that there came

a time when he made his own discovery of a *Summa abscondita, vera Summa* and *Summa ineffabilis*, for there is a story that something flowed over him once on a day when he said his daily Mass. The sum of all its theology will be contained within the measure of one brief, pregnant and indeed awful sentence, of old knowledge in the world of hidden experience: We are that which we seek.

It must be so, for the knowledge is born in us, and in us also is realized. It is found in understanding within us and not otherwise. It is thus and there only that He or That which we seek is made manifest and declared openly. It is in virtue only of a certain intellectual treachery that we seem to be looking for something which is not already ours. In the spiritual order, in the order—that is to say—of reality, before the beginning of search, its object is implied within us. Were it otherwise, there would be no seeking, which postulates in spiritual things a subsistent ground of knowledge. The quest of God is not like a quest of facts or outward possessions—as for the origin of species, the lost tales of Miletus, or the Graal poem of Kyot de Provence. God is reality in as far as he is conceived within, discovered and attained: whatever manner of God is without and beyond ourselves is God unrelated and God unknowable, conveying no message and carrying no consequence. When it is said that he is a spirit it is said also that he is found and understood inwardly. When it is said by a poet that he reveals himself in many ways, the doctrine is of all truth, but that to which he reveals is our inward comprehension only, an inborn gift which is called by many names and escapes all their definitions, but in virtue of which we discern and

know and realize the things of the spirit and deep spirit of things. The realization itself is found in deep wells of such understanding, and the condition of understanding is love. The connotation of love is devotion, and to loving devotion are given the eyes that see. It is faith also, and we know that faith is lucid, as we know that prayer is love, and that the contemplation of God unfolds Divinity within us. There are the questions asked, and thence the answers come. It is by that also which responds from within that we receive from without in the universe.

It is by exploring the deeps within us that we advance in the knowledge of God, and this is the kind of seeking out, already cited, which earns the unfailing recompense. It belongs to the old pledge, that those who lead the life shall know of the doctrine. But this counsel, which has been familiar so long among us and seems to have profited us so little amidst all its repetition, is not to be understood in the terms of a mental formula or in the sense of doing and suffering, in the sense of things forbidden and things enjoined. It is not of activities embraced or of acts suspended. It is not, above all, the renunciation of fruits of action and it is, if possible, still less the desire after those fruits. It demands translation into terms of life and being, and such translation proceeds from a plenary recognition of the majesty of God in the human soul, by the way of unfoldment from within. There is imposed in this manner the whole duty and there are shewn forth the inestimable privileges of life in the presence of God. After this manner there is a key placed in our hands which can open a door into everlasting reality. The recognition leads therefore to what must be called an art of life,

an art of life in finding; and this is the finding of God, from more to more revealed and self-revealing, but ever and only within that deeper self beyond our part of personality. The simplicity which was said of old to be the seal of Art and Nature is set upon this art, because it passes into expression as one only irrepealable rule, and this is the ordering of life from the God-standpoint. In the spirit of humility and with a contrite heart I testify that for those who follow this rule a day shall come or a moment, a time or state, when all sense of ordering will cease, because we have become the standpoint, and we ourselves are the order. The explanation is that from those deep wells within us of which I have spoken, there springs up and flows over that which is called *fons unionis in uno* by Dionysius Freher, and if we can realize, from however far away, that which is intimated by the affirmation expressed in these so terse and pregnant words, we shall say also with him: *nil præter unum*, for *unum sufficit omnibus*. In its full understanding this is William Law's 'Hidden Mystery of God in the soul' unfolded, so far as words can serve, and it is also his 'ladder of mystical ascension,' as it is 'the consummation of the soul in God by love' according to the discalced Carmelite, Jean de Saint Samson. But we must remember with Freher that these are *imagines centri, non centrum ipsum*, for the centre gives up no forms, and the mere making of mind-pictures 'about it and about' is not a key to open any gates. We must remember also, and yet again with Freher, that *quæ non ex uno, non ad unum*, for That to which we return is That from which we come forth, the hypothesis of essential union attained in fine connoting a common root of being. The old

memento homo quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris was false from the beginning of things, confusing the *homo* with its vestures. It is approximating nearer to the truth if we substitute *memento anima mea quia Deus es*, and—after all illusions, when at length the clouds dissolve—in *Deum reverteris*; but this is the pantheism of experience only and not of dogma: in particular it does not imply the identification of the universe with God, which is another subject altogether, and lies beyond our present province. There is, moreover, a surface part of us which—if it is not now indeed for a very few among us—has been in life-separation from all that we conceive as God or of and belonging to him, and it comes hardly into union, nor at any time by what is termed conquest, so much as by transmutation from within and by a process of figurative death, which is followed by resurrection, as into another form and mode.

Recurring to the manner of witness which I have sought to bear, the state at which it has glanced can be described otherwise and unfolded further in a score of ways imperfect, but within my knowledge in none that can be held to represent the state. It is understood that the self-exploration in extension of what began—let us say—as a mind-concept, has been pursued throughout, for so it can be pursued only, in unity with our own being. It proceeds in a natural manner, without haste or violence, in that silence of the secret road which was known and praised by Father Luis de Leon, and it is found from more to more that we are of and belonging to God, as to a real self within us, in our essential being. It is a path of life in virtue of a great dedication and may connote a gift as such, though one may not be satisfied with

the assumption, any more than with the old affirmation that the poet is born and not made. It is pursued like a dedication, in all of which there goes so much to the making, whatever the dower may be. If we observe how the poet's art, the painter's or musician's, will assume his life and shape it, we shall understand how the work proceeds in the making of a mystic. I do not know whether there is anything in the normal ways which fills the heart so utterly as the power of music; but the possession of the mystic's dedication is greater, deeper, fuller, because no experiment in the world is comparable to that which is concerned with the growth of understanding in God and the realization of God within us. My desire is, however, to assure you that its yoke is easy and the burden light, for the condition on which the Lord is with us is one of thinking in the heart and that 'think well on it' is a practice which never fails in its result. At the beginning of the experiment there is obviously something to be done with our might on the faith of the science and its witnesses, and this is the act decisive of conformity to the high law and the holy order. The answers are everywhere when the soul demands assistance and cries to know who are the helpers.

“ I, said the Day and the Night,
And the Law of Gravitation;
And I, said the Dark and the Light,
And the Stars in their gyration;
And I, said Justice, moving
To the right hand of the Throne;
And I, said Faith, approving:
I make your cause my own.”

The cosmos turns with those who have turned to God in their hearts, and the work of unity invokes the concurrence of all the hierarchies.

There is one more word only, and this is on the work itself, which is to remember the Presence in all things, that in fine we may become the Presence and prove in our own sanctuary that in very truth we are indeed That which we seek. It has been said that no man has seen God, the reason being that he is within and not without. It has been said also that he is nearer than hands and feet; but this is the language of separation. He is nearer than the breath and the nostril; the relation is deeper indeed than that of thought to the thinker. And as such let the testimony be repeated here that I have borne in other intimations belonging to the path and term: it is easier to attain than to miss him.

A. E. WAITE.

(A Paper read before The Quest Society, February, 1927.)

THE PASSING OF DARWINISM.

H. REINHEIMER, Author of 'Symbiosis,' 'Evolution at the Crossways,' etc.

The whole battle ground of evolution will have to be fought over again; this time not so much between scientists and theologians, as among scientists themselves.

Dr. W. EMERSON RITTER, *Science*, 4.4.'22.

Phylogeny, *e.g.* reconstruction of what happened in the past is no science, but a product of fantastic speculations. Those who know that I have spent a considerable part of my life in efforts to trace the phylogeny of the vegetable kingdom, will know that this is not written down lightly; nobody cares to destroy his own efforts.

Prof. J. P. LOTSY.

These self-appointed censors of modern scientific discussion affect to complain because the present writer (as they say) is not a well-recognized specialist in some narrow field of original research, though, probably, if I were such a specialist, they would bluntly advise me to stick to my little department and not indulge in generalization about the entire field of biological science.

Prof. G. MCCREADY PRICE, *The Predicament of Evolution*.

Addressing the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia on Friday night, Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History, declared that the most welcome gift that anthropology could hand down to humanity would be the 'banishment of the myth and the bogey of apeman ancestry.' The age of man, he said, would soon be reckoned in millions, not thousands of years. The family of man sprang some 16 million years ago from a stock which was neither human nor apelike. He blamed Huxley for throwing Darwin off the track of the missing link, and Virchow and Haeckel were also to blame for ignoring the 'profound cleft between the ape and man.'

. . . The ape-human ancestor theory was, he asserted, greatly weakened by recent evidences. *The Times*, 2.5.'27.

From the latter (the Old World monkeys) at a remote period Man, the wonder and glory of the universe, proceeded.

DARWIN, *Descent of Man*.

DESPITE the panegyrics, indulged in by interested parties, the fact is that the Darwinian theory of evolution is fast losing ground. My own opposition to Darwinism, as is well known, has been chiefly concerned with Darwin's theory of Natural Selection, the discarding of which would, in my opinion, pave the way for a saner biology than the one we have hitherto had. Prof. McCready Price would reject the whole of Darwin's theory. He states:

The recapitulation theory, as an argument for organic evolution, was founded on ignorance and deceptive comparison; it has now outlived its peculiarity among those evolutionists who feel obliged to depend henceforth upon honest arguments to promote their theory. To continue to use the recapitulation theory as it was used by Haeckel and Darwin, can no longer be regarded as an indication of intellectual honesty.

As to Natural Selection, my chief criticism is that it is neither fish, flesh nor fowl,—i.e. it is neither sociological nor physiological. Nor is it a psychological theory. It is for these and for other reasons quite inadequate as an explanation of the 'natural process.' What is required is a socio-physiological theory; for such fundamental concepts as 'organization,' 'co-operation,' 'competition,' 'use and disuse,' have sociological or bio-social implications.

Even a bio-chemical account of evolution, desirable though it be, entails sociality. In a sense the central problem of life may be said to be one of bio-

chemical industry. But this involves a plan from the first. It is now clear that there emerged a symbiotic scheme of evolution, or rather of co-evolution, rendering the plant the fundamental chemist and the fundamental capitalist, whilst the animal became the itinerant partner. A maximum of compliance with that scheme conduced to the most exalted results of evolution. The 'fittest' can be shown to be those who contributed the most to the success of the plan. The 'unfit' are those who persistently flouted symbiosis, the socio-physiological method *par excellence*.

A little reflection or a perusal of Darwin's *Variation* will show that even 'selection' implies use of organism by organism. The better, the fairer, the use, the higher are the results of 'selection.' The idea that death-dealing (elimination) and the devouring of the weak by the strong are the chief factors of progressive evolution, though widely entertained, is absurd. 'Use and disuse' also involve socio-physiological factors,—*e.g.* that of compensation. 'Use' produces advancement by way of compensation,—*i.e.* as a remuneration for the service rendered. Bad 'use,' by way of retribution, produces, on the contrary, atrophy, as in parasitism. Fitness, survival and progressive evolution are, therefore, achieved by obedience to socio-physiological law. Retaliation, disease, degeneration, inferiority and extinction are due to disobedience to socio-physiological law.

The struggle for existence is constituted in the main by clashes due to the eternal difference between good and evil. Hence, too, there is an all-important moral factor of evolution, which also must be taken into consideration. Indeed, I contend that what is wrong with 'Evolution' is chiefly this,—that it has

hitherto, implicitly or explicitly, denied the immanence of the problem of good and evil in the organic world. This has been deplorable; for morality, as can now be shown, is indispensable to the organic world, and any theory that fails to acknowledge this vital and fundamental fact is bound to lead to many errors.

“Nature acts solely by and for the good of each being.” So runs a fundamental and significant tenet of Darwinism, which has not yet received the scrutiny it deserves. On this tenet the ‘disciples’ of Darwin have founded the fact of ‘progress.’ Even Sir E. Ray Lankester stated in *Nature* (12.8.’20):

As natural selection works by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection. Darwin was a convinced optimist.

Darwin needed indeed to be an optimist; for progress is a *non-sequitur* on his theory. The ‘good’ of each being, in Darwin’s tenet, includes any conceivable advantage, even the purely expedient, irrespective of the common good of all beings, so long as the change, or the condition, is at least compatible with the merest survival of the species. We are to understand that Nature is merely after ‘adaptation.’ The word ‘solely’ is to warn us against any moral connotation of her action. Organisms and environment merely (‘solely’) seek to ‘fit’ one another. Nature merely (‘solely’) seeks to aid this mechanical process, sublimely disinterested in moral issues. The real moral good of the being is not asserted in the Darwinian tenet. It is, on the contrary, denied.

By ‘progress,’ again, Darwinists do not necessarily mean augmentation of corporeal and mental endowments; loss of such endowment, as in parasites, for instance, is also to be included in their category of

‘progress.’ Degeneration is so included, ostensibly on the plea that it represents ‘useful’ simplification, which, were it true, would make all high organization appear haphazard and almost perfunctory. Nothing could be more dismal and more lamentable, from the point of view of the public good, than the attitude of orthodox biologists with regard to degeneration. Great and profound lessons of health and morality are here to be learned. But instead of this biologists invert the process, and rebuke us for thinking that evolution has on the whole been progressive, telling us that for every single case of advance they usually discover ten of degeneration.

“These things are,” they argue; “therefore they must be.” If they discover ten cases of degeneration for one case of advance, it must needs be, they allege, that degeneration is the normal event and advance the abnormal. But perhaps they have not paid sufficient attention to the normal method of evolution. I aver that they have not, and that the whole of biology, including the science of medicine, languishes because of this defect.

Darwin states, in speaking of improvement, that he is entering upon a very ‘obscure’ and ‘intricate’ subject; for “naturalists have not defined to each other’s satisfaction what is meant by advance in organization.” This handicap still exists; and it is so serious, in my opinion, as to make the teaching of evolution scarcely worth having. It has given rise to scientific obscurantism in the place of the old theological.

Biology is as utterly nonplussed to-day as it was in the days of Darwin. It is the most inchoate of all the sciences. It has not been able in the slightest

degree to get over the initial difficulties so acutely felt by Darwin.

What advantage (he asks), *as far as we can see*, would it be to an infusorian animalcule—to an intestinal worm—or even to an earthworm to be highly organized? (Italics mine.)

This shows the utter lack of standards of value in Darwinism, although, as the italicized portion indicates, Darwin at least felt scruples with regard to his interpretation of 'usefulness.' Evidently he anticipated that one day we might see further with regard to status and 'usefulness' than he could, as, indeed, I strongly insist, we must. For it is one of the wildest of errors to imagine that in Nature the sociologically inferior way can be equally sanctioned with the superior. This is contrary to the facts; but even if it were true, it would traverse the universality of causation, which is a fundamental assumption of science. That numerous species live simply by expediency, does not invalidate the truth that there is a good and moral pathway of evolution. Parasitism, the supremely self-regarding principle of life, offends against bio-moral principles, and, therefore, is not in the line of progress,—a proposition not too difficult to prove.

Darwin relied chiefly upon the analogy he had made between the human and natural methods of 'selection.' But the natural product is usually so greatly superior to the domesticated productions of man, that he could not but be impressed by the disparity of results. Should not this have suggested to him a great difference of methods? The productions of Nature, he admitted, are far 'truer' in character than those of man, and they bear the stamp of far higher 'workmanship.' The question is whether Nature has a specially felicitous method by comparison with the

inferior method of man? If it should be that man simply makes use, as an exploiter, of the results of the good method of Nature, then we should above all search to discover the secret of Nature's good method, rather than trifle with superficial analogies.

Now, there can be no doubt that the chief factor answerable for the dire effects of 'selection' is this: The one-sided exploitation to which man subjects the creatures,—that is to say, strictly speaking, a moral factor. Man's method is *pro tanto* bad. Darwin was alive to this cause, which he did not shrink from admitting, as may be gleaned from his great work on *Variation under Domestication*. But he did not see his way to apply this truth,—that one-sided exploitation is bad,—as it should have been applied, and actually does apply, universally. He had already, unfortunately, invented, with the aid of a false and now utterly discredited analogy, a *deus ex machina*,—'Natural Selection,'—which, since it did everything that was required in the way of 'fitting' organisms, allowed him to dispense with moral factors, with a science of behaviour, altogether. The true analogy, undoubtedly, would have been to compare good use of organism by organism and its results in Nature; and equally so in the case of bad use.

That 'Natural Selection' hung like a millstone round Darwin's neck, may be gathered from the way he was constrained to exculpate criminal habits in Nature, as though they really benefited the species. Speaking of the parasitic habits of the cuckoo and of similar criminal habits amongst insects, he tells us that he can see no difficulty in Natural Selection making an occasional habit permanent, if of advantage to the species, and if the insect whose nest and stored food are

feloniously appropriated be not thus exterminated. In other words, a little felony (unilateral exploitation) does not matter, so long, at least, as it stops short at glaringly defeating its own object. This was the doctrine of Thrasymachus, the sophist, in Plato's *Republic*,—namely, that wrong performed to perfection ceases to be wrong,—the doctrine which Socrates, the spokesman of morality, refuted.

But in nature, as amongst men, you cannot do wrong without suffering wrong; and it can be fully shown that species suffer in proportion to the wrong they do. In particular, the moment it is seen that disease is precisely due to felony, the same as, or similar to, that condoned by Darwin, and, further, that extinction itself is but the final retribution of a protracted course of felony, the entire fabric of Darwin's Natural Selection theory will crumble. I am in agreement with Samuel Butler and with Bernard Shaw in declaring that it is one of the most disquieting symptoms of the age that such a system as Darwin's continues to be belauded. And this thing will go on merrily and farcically, it would seem, as did Czarism, in its time, until the people begin to bestir themselves, as, apparently, they are beginning to do in America.

The ill-effects of unilateral exploitation in domestication, to which Darwin was alive, should have warned him against ascribing real good effects to criminal exploitation in nature. There is no power in heaven or earth stronger than Nemesis, which keeps watch in the universe and lets no offence go unchastized. There is no power which can traverse the universality of causation. No amount of Natural Selection can alter the retribution to be exacted by Nemesis.

It seems strange that Darwin, otherwise so great

and patient an observer of the accumulation of small effects, could not have seen this truth. But there was in his time no science of pathology worth speaking of to enlighten him; and, since he frankly declared himself puzzled by extinction, we can see that the formidable hiatus in his system in respect of pathology was a serious handicap. He was mistaken in supposing that a creature well on the road of predacity is apt to be guided by wisdom enough to spare its prey with a view to avoiding its entire extermination. This is ascribing far too much circumspection to felony, which is what it is precisely because it is the way of a creature to defeat its own best ends. In predacity, be it human or sub-human, the usual course is for sanction after sanction to be lost. Neither compunction nor prudence is in evidence, although there be some heritage of prudence left from earlier, more honest, days of the race, which can be turned to a variety of anti-social uses, including even some cleverness. The predaceous is invariably the short-cut method of life; and, as Bacon pointed out, the shortest way is commonly the foulest.

Huxley, the 'bishop-eater,' as he humorously described himself ('episcophagous'), in a great number of his utterances, reflected the upset which the emasculation of morality had produced on his generation. His pessimistic pronouncements sufficed to knock the 'moral heart' out of two generations of biologists. To this day they are morbidly afraid of taking a generous view of Nature.

The practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence.

So Huxley; and this gospel was preached *urbi et orbi*, and so as to disparage humanitarian aspirations all over the globe. The appearance was that it is 'solely' the local and transitory good which is served by Nature. "The wicked flourish like a green bay tree." Darwinism lent colour to this saying; and its teaching, that the pageant of life is based upon 'universal rapine,' is common to this day, although this can now be shown to be a fundamentally wrong doctrine. Not content with discovering a new deity (Natural Selection), which Greek mythology had overlooked, Darwinism discovered a new kind of morality—'non-morality.' If an organism preys on another without entirely exterminating it, this is 'non-moral,'—a wonderful discovery indeed! One wonders whether the robber-kings of old were not secretly addicted to the cult of 'non-morality.'

But mere non-moral disinterestedness, even on the part of a goddess, is not positive, not efficacious, enough to achieve the result of progressive evolution. That, as we are now beginning to see, requires more: it needs a definite, integrative, socio-physiological process, involving the combined industries and the constant labour of strenuous organisms. By such austere and co-operative methods alone can the protoplasm be enriched, can truly physiological species be evolved,—a feat that Selection has never been able to accomplish, as we shall see in the sequel.

H. REINHEIMER.

(The subject will be concluded in the next issue.—ED.)

THREE CANDLES: I. FRANCE.

GERALDINE HODGSON, Litt.D.

ONE of Ireland's ancient Triads runs thus: "Three candles that illumine every darkness: truth, nature, knowledge."

I have borrowed the first two words to apply them to those years which unfriendly Critics call *The Mauve Period*, Le Gallienne *The Romantic Nineties* and Yeats *The Tragic Generation*. How far I can connect them with the rest of the Triad will presently be seen.

The necessity for the Comparative Study of Literature is increasingly felt. My compass and capacity permitting no more, if indeed so much, I propose to treat of the Nineties in France, England and Ireland only.

The generations who follow us, not hampered as we are by a real though quite indefinitely appraised change of 'values,' may judge more justly than we have done or can do. Even they may be helped, if a surviving onlooker at that period tries to offer some sort of a clue to the appearance of it all, in near retrospect, as the Twentieth Century draws into its second quarter.

France first, since with her respect for tradition and her logical sense she can fit even the altered temper of this decade into her general plan.

In France, which means in the poetic circles of Paris, the Symboliste Movement was in its vigorous

youth: which is not to say that Parnassianism, born in the Sixties, with its exaltation of Beauty, its care for scrupulous, highly polished workmanship, was swept away; nor that it was impossible to discern, perhaps implied in Symbolisme, the germs, if not of new thought—that being a rarer thing than some fancy—at any rate of changed feeling, of metamorphosed expression. A few Parnassians, though their contribution was made earlier, survived the Nineties: the Founder, Xavier de Ricard, Heredia, of the imperishable Sonnets, Catulle Mendès and Sully Prudhomme.

Behind Parnassians and Symbolistes, still an undefined influence to-day stands the enigma, Baudelaire; whose insistent singularity gives him and his writings an apparently indestructible force. Possibly he furnished a key to the mystery:

*Dans ma cervelle se promène . . .
Un beau chat.*

People's attitude to cats is self-betraying—from the extreme which regards them as super mouse-traps, to the ancient Egyptians who decreed them divine honours. In between, lie many degrees of estimation. Baudelaire, in whose mind a cat prowled, rated highly these baffling, seductive creatures:

*chat mystérieux,
Chat séraphique, chat étrange !*

He pleads with his Pet:

*Laisse-moi plonger dans tes beaux yeux
Mélés de métal et d'agate !*

Did Yeats, sixty years later, remember that as he wrote?—

Minnalousche creeps through the grass
 Alone, important and wise,
 And lifts to the changing moon
 His changing eyes.

Anyhow, before the coming of Parnassian, Symboliste or Modern, Baudelaire bound in one the clear-cut workmanship of the first, the speculative, dreaming, restless desire of the others, though outstripping the latter in his insatiable longing.

Parnassianism has been called a revolt against excessive Romanticism. But, if we accept Dr. de Maar's recent definition :

Romantic literature is that which gives a sense of mystery, wonder and awe as well as individuality in form and thought to ornamental language and technique,—

then can we deny that Symbolisme, though accepting some legacy of 'ornamental language and technique' from the Parnassians, is, at bottom, a returning phase of Humanity's imperishable Romanticism? If so, the Symbolistes of the Nineties, rejecting the static, sculpturesque pose of the Parnassians, restored, in a subtler, extremer form, the Romanticism which their predecessors meant, not to chasten merely, but to cast out.

Mallarmé, as he sought to

add another hue

Unto the rainbow,

brought in the new temper, whose watchwords were dream, vision, escape.

Outward was exchanged for inward. Vision was henceforth of hidden things; hearing by an inner ear. Dream travelled into the unexplored arcane.

The result was inevitable. Few could or can divine the meaning of this man, whose love for a woman—

and in one of his plainest poems too—struck so remote a note as that vibrating through *Apparition*, and who, bereaved, sitting alone in his room at night, heard the beloved voice, like the winter's wind stealing about shrouded woods, complain of the weight of those sepulchral wreaths which Love had heaped too lavishly.

If, on one side, Symbolisme was the unveiling of hidden truth, on the other, it was an effort to escape from a painfully obvious and too exigent present. Those may be right who attribute the latter to the galling limitations, bitterly felt by younger men, as the result of the wretchedness and disaster of the 1870 War. Yet, more intelligibly than Mallarmé, and 29 years earlier, Mme. Ackermann had sounded this dominant note of Symbolisme :

Tout m'y cerne et m'y borne,
Il me faut de l'au-delà.

There, is the plaint of all the world's Seers,—“ I am so fast in prison that I cannot get forth.”

Though she might be more lucid, Mallarmé proved the more impressive. As years went on, the Symboliste blending of outer and inner increased : the meaning of one set of values was transferred to or explained by another, in an effort to understand each thing by means of something else. The method was synthetic rather than analytic.

A mood not dissimilar holds Western Europe now. We cannot accurately estimate the confusion of theories among which we live ; but future Critics may discern in us some underlying desire for that liberty which remains outside the material and the obvious,—a desire which, to their credit, we may owe partly to the Nineties.

Mallarmé had many disciples ; a short paper cannot deal with them all. One, whose singularity overflows traditional limits, might, with longer life, have added strange elaboration to the decade's work : the opulently imaginative, intoxicatedly egoistic Emmanuel Signoret, cramped by illness and poverty, little known and less esteemed, though the French Academy 'crowned' one slim volume. Like Traherne and Whitman, he knew his own isolation of outlook ; like them, he felt the pull of natural phenomena, whether of beauty, force or mystery. Throughout his difficult life, which ended at 28, this '*impratique enfant*,' '*ce maladroit et naïf enfant*,' as André Gide called him, cast himself into the heady splendours of the dream world :

*Je porte aux flancs des sémences d'étoiles,
 Je suis d'un race
 D'astres.*

Among the Frenchmen of the Nineties, he most nearly approached Romanticism. Between 1858 and 1864, five representative poets were born, Henri de Régnier, Jean Moréas, Albert Samain, Stuart Merrill, Francis Vielé-Griffin. By the Eighties, whose poetic dulness some found relieved by Mallarmé's 'Tuesdays' in the rue de Rome, these men had—poetically speaking—come of age. Of them, Samain, surely, most comprehensively epitomizes the phases of their Movement? Conscious that they were pioneers, perhaps they still foresaw imperfectly the complexity of change in the coming age. Probably, in every generation, the more reflective and observant regard their own era as stabler, less subject to the 'perpetual flux,' than past ages, definitely recognized as times of fundamental upheaval. Indisputably, some eras are quieter, more secure than others ; and not always with that security

which, for conventional minds, arises so easily out of mere custom and habit. The ebb and flow of human speculation, if they seem as inevitable as, tho' less calculable than, the tides, lack their monotony; since the 'sameness,' inherent in physical phenomena, takes on diversity by beating on the ever-changing perceptiveness—whether pure sense-perception, reflection or constructive imagination—of different men, and of the same man at different times. If we look back, as open-mindedly as possible, on the Nineties, we must admit that, if they presented no such conspicuous figures as the greatest Victorians in England and their peers in other countries, yet the clash of interests, the surging of diametrically opposed theories of Life and Mind, the racial, social, individual revolts were far more numerous and disintegrating after 1870 than from the Forties to that year. No doubt, in the Forties and even earlier, seeds were sown of a harvest some of whose sheaves are not even yet safely carried to any granary. But the face of the world seemed peaceful; the blades of change had not pierced the soil. By the Eighties, more obviously by the Nineties, that slumbering, superficial peace began here and there to crack.

For a time, while the Parnassian ideal faded, Symbolisme held the pass, if on a changed scene, against Materialism. Instead of *la passion du Beau*,—Beauty, there before them, triumphant in clarity, indestructible as Parian marble,—the 'dream' had come: the search for obscured significance, the voyage into withdrawn mystery. Precision, definiteness melted into shadow and haze, the acuity of sounds died, sharp edges blurred, high lights paled as the crepuscular gloom swept on.

Yet it may be too readily assumed that the Symbolistes worked in one and one only mood. Against so narrow a view Samain's many-sided genius is an enduring protest. In himself, in his fortunes, he is one of the most remarkable poets of the last fifty years. Few men from such difficult circumstances have risen so securely above them: he is a standing proof that a human being can 'drudge' and keep his artistic soul.

When Léon Bocquet describes him as a Symboliste and a Romantic, when Ernest Raynaud, in a casual reference, declares that he was a Parnassian tinged with Symbolisme, we may reasonably hold that though, all through, he remained *himself*, yet he does fully represent his era; thus affording fresh evidence that great literature is rather a texture of many possibilities than a choice between mutual exclusions.

No one can read some of his poems,—*Le Sphinx*, *La Chimère*, *Émeraude*, *Idéal*, *Hérode*,—without seeing clear marks of Baudelaire's influence; which yet are not the real Samain. Nor, charming though their Romanticism is,—

*Tout un monde galant, vif, brave, exquis et fou,
Avec sa fine épée au verrouil, et surtout
Ce mépris de la mort comme un fleur aux lèvres !—*

are the Versailles Sonnets his art's high watermark. That must be sought in the *Elégies*, in parts of *Polyphème*.

His Symbolisme, too individual to be fathered on Verlaine, was surely temperamental. Similarly, his workmanship was the fruit of his own fastidious delicacy, and no mere Parnassian aftermath. The chiselled features of his face, his eyes fixed on remote distance, the whole pose, indicate his tendency, in

Bocquet's happy phrase, to seek "*des états d'âme placés aux confins du sentir.*"

The soul of Samain, attentive to Life, caught strange, exquisite, diverse chances:

J'ai soif de grand ligne et de vaste horizon.

There, in *Les Roses dans la Coupe*, is the Symboliste protest against boundaries. Yet he knew, only too well, the transience of delight, peace, ecstasy:

Oh ! garder à jamais l'heure élue entre toutes !

This idea of elect hours, of perfect moments,—tainted all the same with inevitable impermanence,—is the core of that quenchless desire which consumed the Nineties; which, generations earlier, had wrung from Shakespeare the cry:

The sea hath bounds but deep desire hath none.

Not Régnier can enshrine the Past with more piercing emotion than Samain:

*Ton souvenir est comme un livre bien-aimé,
Qu'on lit sans cesse, et qui jamais n'est fermé.*

Or again:

Ta voix me sonne au coeur comme un chant dans le soir.

Samain's variety must not be forgotten. In such poems as *Elégie* and *Soir de Printemps*, in *Les Roses dans la Coupe*, he conveys the vague home-sickness of his day in pictures as sharply-cut as Heredia's in his most Parnassian moments. Then, his power of combining opposites deserves notice, as when he describes the Idealists as going forth while:

En eux couve le feu qui détruit et qui crée.

He may seem to lack the love of the open country's fresh beauty, so invigorating in Régnier, so large a part of Vielé-Griffin's charm; yet readers of *Polyphème*

will find it. Not for nothing was the strain of Spanish blood in him. It lent some life and colour to his extremest dolour; it invested other poems with pomp and splendour, and touched a very few of his verses with luxurious horror. Possibly, here and there, as in *Incantation*, the Romantic element degenerated into grandiloquence. But, at his best, dreaming over again the things he had known and felt so sharply, he plays on poignant strings which wring his hearer's heart. Then, the dream passes, the colours fade, the words tremble into silence:

*Les rimes se frôlant comme des tourterelles,
La fumée où le songe en spirale se tournoie,
La chambre au crépuscule où Son profile se noie,
Et la caresse de Ses mains surnaturelles.*

GERALDINE HODGSON.

(' II. England ' and ' III. Ireland ' to Follow.)

MEMORY : TOWARDS AN EXPLANATION.

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I.

THE value of the suggestions here brought forward consists more in the *milieu* from which they sprang, than in any definite and obvious originality they may possess. As their author's view has not been previously printed, some of his facts and dates are given below in diary and MS. extracts, from the point of view that originality is better vindicated in advance than apologetically suggested afterwards.

II.

The difficulties attending the establishment of a plausible theory of Memory are only too easily indicated in the work of modern masters of psychology. Lloyd Morgan's statement of the essential facts is magnificent. As he gives it, the existence of each member of the series postulates that of the one below it. He tells us that Memory involves: (1) Reference; (2) Recognition; (3) Revival; (4) Retention; (5) Registration; (6) The Register.

But he does not enlarge on the answer to questions such as: 'What is the register?' and 'How is registration effected?'

Bergson's statement of the case seems both bald and paradoxical, and he attempts no explanation.

Wilhelm Haas's theory, reminiscent though it is of some of Hegel's views, seems somewhat wild and desperate.

Hans Driesch makes a good point when he claims that memories are not simple, or exact, reproductions. He observes in them, not only lacunæ, but faultiness, *e.g.* in outline. He makes no attempt to show how anything of the nature of retention is effected, nor why there should be, in his view of Memory,—as with Lloyd Morgan, an essentially fresh production, not then a reproduction,—any resemblance to a past occurrence, or, therefore, any recognition in it of a past occurrence.

Huxley with his idea of 'composite photographs' had been too 'wooden.' Whatever 'the register' may be, it is not a simple photographic plate, as is pointed out by Ward, when he says that most theories on the subject are too wooden. Ward answers the question—'What is reproduced?'—by telling us it is not isolated impressions, but 'the manifold of consciousness'; though here he fails to inform us either how, or in what, 'the manifold of consciousness' is retained and reproduced.

We may note that Bergson's theory—reproduction of the identical percepts—is not so 'wooden' in his *Time and Free Will* as in *Matter and Memory*, where he is very near the ridiculed 'photographic plate.' Dreams, he tells us, are pure Memory, and the 'photographic plate' theory will not fit dreams, for we find there fusion of memories, not superposition, 'dream-work' (see Freud), and can witness metamorphosis, as a complete process, among our memory-images in dreams.

McDougall tells us that memory began when an

organism, *e.g.* an amoeba, was able to feel: "Hello, thingumbob again!"; an American lady follows on to say the next step is "Hello, thingumjig again!" thus making a distinction; but neither tells us how it is done.

The 'mark of the past' is an extremely difficult matter for treatment. Geley tells us that all memories are preserved in a 'dynamo-psychism.' Very good, so far, but we should be glad to know 'how?'

In spite of David Hartley's laborious physical climb towards it, somewhat elaborated, especially in its humbler and more literally physical aspects, by Hering, by Semon with his engrams, and by Samuel Butler, it may well be held that no metaphysical conception of Memory has yet been attained. Sir Oliver Lodge seems to be nearer the truth than any other popular writer; but he does not appear to have elinched his argument as being definitely metaphysical or even psychological. We hear of 'traces,' 'engrams,' 'structural changes' and 'changes in framework' as, by implication, Dr. Edgell likes to call them,—what's in a name?—but who can tell us what they are, physically, metaphysically, or psychologically?

III.

In conversation a few weeks ago the author suggested to a friend that the solutions of the problems of Memory and of wireless Telegraphy might be found to be, at least, on similar lines; and, since then, further consideration has confirmed him in the view that there is something in that suggestion.

Our demand here is for something to build on, something solid and enduring, in default of which we can have neither Memory nor anything else.

Bergson apparently has no difficulty in stating that a memory endures just as does an object; but such identity in endurance is far from obvious; and his exposition of it, if any, has a skeletal appearance. One suspects lacunæ. But to move now towards solution. In view of Herbert Spencer's 'function of philosophy' 'the Unification of Knowledge,'—some unify all to *will*-manifestation, he, Spencer, to *force*; we suggest instead: *vibration*. Here we are in line with the theory that all existence is just 'vortices in a perfect fluid,' and with several other theories in which vibration,—as heat, light, electricity, magnetism, nerve-force transmission, and even, in transformation, as chemical action,—takes a prominent place.

In this connection a cutting from one of the author's notes, compiled after his discovery, is both helpful and suggestive. It reads like a piece of Samuel Butler; but, at the time, the author had not read Butler's work.

To take a typical instance of part of this theory: Suppose I see a horse. As is well known, the links in the causal chain between myself and the animal are vibrations in the æther (light) coming from him to me. Then the question arises: What do I see? The horse or the vibrations? It is plain that the only thing that directly affects me is the vibrations. It were the same if I felt, heard, smelt, pushed or even tasted him. In fact, so far as I am concerned, has the horse any existence except as vibrations? I neither hear, smell, taste, feel or push a horse, but only—after all—vibrations, into which all life seems now to be resolved.

Before continuing the quotation we must give part of its *milieu*, which was Hume's philosophy, here showing in its theory of causal relation, and, below, in its deepest scepticism. And this again reads, in places, like 'associationism,' but is almost quotation from the earlier work of Hume.

Remembering, however, that all these investigations reveal simply *collateral facts* to those of feeling, existence or life, connected with them, it is true, by the causal relations of *constant contiguity in space and time*, we are nevertheless almost unavoidably compelled, at this juncture, to consider existence as a wonderful oratorio, composed of numberless varieties of notes and chords, differing in timbre, pitch and, in fact, in every way in which notes and chords can differ, as if coming from different instruments in the hands of different musicians.

This theory of life, in the first place, has evidently much truth in it, and in the second place, as it explains and simplifies more than any other the complex facts of existence, it were a pity to lose sight of it, before acquiring another that will do as well. Our 'ever-varying sea of clouds' now takes a more definite meaning, as 'vibrations,' or 'waves,' are its contents. The sea becomes less cloudy and more sea-like, as its waves rise or fall around us.

Above cutting must, for the present, explain itself. Let us plunge into the *milieu*. The author, who has rejected Kant's and Green's work as unwarrantable assumptions, in favour of Hume's scepticism, is teaching a class of three intelligent undergrads, Calcutta University,—taking degree in Honour Philosophy at the end of the year, being immediately concerned with Sully's Psychology,—incidentally also with Schwegler's and Ueberweg's Histories of Philosophy. He must account for Memory *on the basis of Hume's scepticism*.

The note in his diary for June 1, 1894, is :

Philosophy jar. Left the house at 10.30, came back at 4. Result fixed memory phenomena, on the vibration theory, aided by the mathematical 0, and a sea-simile.

To explain above. The diary is almost entirely concerned with sport and athletics. The house was that of the Rector of St. Paul's School, Darjiling, altitude 7,500 feet O.D., and the time was put in, in brilliant sunshine, some 50 feet higher, partly on a rock-

ledge asleep. It was well to wake up now and then, however, for a large vulture or two sailed, at times, unpleasantly near.

Now for the 'inwardness' of the 'result.' As a lad the author had played with the gymnasium rope at school, seizing it by the end and swinging it round. It would swing as one piece, one simple undulation, or as two in the form of an S, or even as three, or as four undulations; and when swinging in any one of these forms (*pace made no difference to form*) the form was retained whatever the pace, in particular *however slowly* the rope was kept swinging. The end was always retained in the hand. And rope-vibrations are similar to ether-vibrations!

The vibrations of a percept (of which it consists) can and do slacken, in default of attention, to such feebleness that they drop below 'the threshold of consciousness,' in intensity approaching the mathematical 0 (which is always *something*, however infinitely small); but in so doing *they retain their form* (as the gym rope did), *and by renewed quickening or attention* can, and do, *exhibit it again to consciousness!*

The 'sea-simile' is touched in the 'cutting' given above.

Another 'cutting,' this time from the author's diary for September 9, 1926, will now be immediately lucid. It is about a piece of Lloyd Morgan's.

Differs from Bergson (*Matter and Memory*) in saying 'not actual images but power of producing them'; and (J. R. D.) he's right *unless* they are vibrations.

J. R. D. are the author's initials, and *at this point he clearly has his finger on the exact crux of the opposing positions of Lloyd Morgan and Bergson!*

IV.

It is almost a shock, at this point, to have to admit that Hartley's view, from which Samuel Butler's is not easily distinguishable, is practically identical with this. For he gets all sensations as 'vibrations' along the big nerves, radiating into 'vibratiuncles' along the smaller ones, and retained in memory as such, partly in ordinary brain-matter, partly in etheric vibrations therewith connected.

In truth the identity is almost complete. How then did the author fail to use it? At this distance of time, it is hard to answer. But the suggestions are here given, for what they are worth: That Hartley's conceptions did not arise from Hume's scepticism; that, had they done so, his physical descriptions would have lost much of their power in the light of Hume's Causation-theory; that, as the author's own view did arise from that sceptical metaphysic, and in the light of that very Causation-theory he failed to see the metaphysical in Hartley,—Hartley himself and his followers appear, at least virtually, to have yielded the point,—and, in fact, was unaware that any such 'physical' theory even trenched on the ground of his own.

Again, had the author at that time read and grasped Samuel Butler as a philosopher, he would certainly have quoted him, though perhaps only to establish the physical part of his teaching. In the light of this paper, it may appear that Butler deserves further consideration.

V.

‘Vibrations’ involve, as Hartley and Butler both saw, the conception of a medium in which they take place. The author’s view, as so far expounded, might indicate ‘vibrations’ in unlimited ether, where, at this point, for reasons given below, Hartley’s view has the advantage. For when Einstein gives all motion as ‘relative,’ though he does, in his own way, deal with absolute motion,—essentially, of course, he is right,—there is, nevertheless, a line of thought towards a plain picture of absolute motion. For instance: Suppose a 2 ton boulder to collide with a 14lb. hammer-head; the *relative* kinetic energy of the system would be the same, whichever of the two happened to be really moving; but the actual kinetic energy of the system would be very much the greater in the case where all the *real* velocity belonged to the boulder. Physics we leave to Einstein; but in epistemology we are here inevitably bound to face the fact of *real motion of matter* (or contorted ether, see Sir Oliver Lodge and others) *through pure ether*. Without some modification of the author’s theory, as above given, in the Hartleyan direction, one would leave one’s memories behind on *moving through the ether* (or similar substance) in which they are ‘vibrations’!

Such modification then is essential, and an even closer coincidence with Hartley’s view is established.

NOTE.—Little is known about ether, except that it is the carrier of many vibrations. Of the many things we do not and cannot know about it, that which appeals most to the writer is that there may or may not be many kinds of ‘vibration carriers’; and that the ‘thought-wave carrier’ may need another name. Call ‘ether’ ‘an all-pervasive substance.’ With that nomenclature there may be more than one ‘all-pervasive substance.’ The facts would almost warrant that assumption.

VI.

The presentation of a percept (*e.g.* one's horse which was out to grass yesterday, and refuses to be ridden to-day) to consciousness is but momentary, in the immediate, but fleeting, present; whereas, in Memory, the percept endures and continues to endure. We are, then, content to speak of a 'Memory-universe,' a relatively permanent thing, mainly existing in one's 'Unconscious,' in a feebly vibrating manner, almost evanescent. Compare above 'sea of cloud.' Any object in this 'universe,' on receiving 'attention,' may become intensified, vibrationally, so as to rise into consciousness; but it mainly exists 'below the threshold'—*i.e.* in the 'Unconscious,' though still vibrating and so 'alive.'

In this there is the suggestion of 'unconscious vitality' for any image, and this *might* mean elaboration. In fact, that is what, at least apparently, it does mean. (See Freud's 'active sub-conscious mentality,' 'active, though suppressed, complexes,' 'dream-work,' etc.; also brought out by other writers.) Yet the image, somehow, even for the conscious mind, retains enough continuity with the past, to be recognizable.

One is tempted to answer an objection in advance, at this point, about 'intensity.' It is argued that, were it a simple matter of 'intensity,' a faint sound might well be taken for a memory.

To begin with, such mistakes are frequently made, especially when we are half asleep. And, to proceed, they are easily corrected; for, Ward being right as to what is really preserved,—not the simple percept, but the 'manifold' in which it inheres,—the 'manifold,' not the 'intensity,' at once gives the time-value.

Among other things, it is conceivable that, owing to its place in the 'manifold,' a somewhat elaborated image might still retain, as it certainly does, its 'continuity with the past.'

VII.

'Engrams,' and even 'traces,'—for in the *etheric* they are present, though undiscoverable, if not in the *material* brain,—are now seen to fit into the theory, especially into its Hartleyan aspect.

Without going far into details, this aspect involves something of the nature of 'contorted ether,' to contain the vibrations, which will *move through* pure ether, as will a radio-transmitting set. According to this picture, just as for the radio-transmitter, the pure ether would carry the 'vibrations,' but would not long retain them.

'Occultists' of sorts talk of our 'aura'; and of some such thing we certainly seem to be possessed. Perhaps the idea of 'electro-magnetic fields' (see Sir Oliver Lodge, *Ether and Reality*) might be of use in grasping the suggestion.

VIII.

Geley's 'dynamo-psychism' seems to fit in here, though he is not clear as to 'vibrations,' and says nothing of electro-magnetism.

A dynamo-psychism, so considered and so constituted, is 'probably indestructible,'—retaining, then, its memories, which are as imperishable as itself. But it is not clear that these are consciously revivable without something of the nature of bodily, or physical, structure. Geley for revival, then, uses 're-incarnation.' (See also Christian belief in resurrection.) According to Geley, memories are transmitted from one life to another. But he is not clear as to whether

this transmission is or is not ancestral. Butler has the same idea, and with him the transmission is ancestral.

IX.

Bergson's statement that "Dreams are pure memory"—as also Freud's that "Dreams are the Royal Road into the Unconscious"—would lead us, if followed out, beyond the bounds of a short paper. Again, in 'divided personality,' events in one of the 'person's' lives, are 'dreams,'—and so 'memories' for the other, or others, making up the outward individual. This too would take us too far; but it is clear that, from both sources, we have much to learn of the nature of Memory. Perhaps what most clearly emerges here, is its 'plasticity.'

X.

In the light of the above investigations, the whole theory of Memory is lifted into line with telepathic theory, as well as with that of the 'new' psychology.

Classifying, as Tansley does, the contents of the mind from below, up, or from within, out (as Primary Unconscious, Freudian Unconscious, Sub-conscious, Fore-conscious and Conscious)—our theory throws light on the sinking of an image from Consciousness to the Freudian Unconscious; and on its sojourn there, and on its recall, as attention plays near it and on it, to activity above the 'threshold.' We can even deal with Geley and his claims, through his dynamo-psychism, on the Primary Unconscious. Further investigation, long continued, far and wide, psychological and biological, are obviously needed here. And we even touch Survival possibilities.

XI.

A short *résumé*, giving the main trend of our argument, will be in place here. This is no wild theory. We turn soberly to Herbert Spencer, who preaches 'unification of knowledge,' and proceed to follow his lead.

And here *the only unit of metaphysical or of psychological value is vibration!* Hence at once we proceed to '*carrying medium.*' That can be no other than *ether*, or *some similar substance*.

Aided by research into the facts of *electromagnetism*, we have the basis of the view which gives each individual his own register, perhaps also his own transmitter, from a common source of supply.

And so we are possessed of a test whereby to sift true from false metaphysics, which might even be of some help in psychology.

J. R. DONALD.

SHELLEY'S CLAIM FOR BACON.

He that questioneth much shall learn much.

FRANCIS BACON.

IN her edition of her husband's *Essays, Letters, Translations and Fragments*, Mrs. Shelley tells us that his *Defence of Poetry* is the only entirely finished prose work Shelley left, and that in it we can discern "his power of close reasoning and the unity of his views of human nature." She describes the spirit of poetry as finely as Shelley himself, where she says that it inspires "the holy brotherhood whose vocation it is to divest life of its material grossness and stooping tendencies, and to animate it with that power of turning all things to the beautiful and good."

Now if we try to discover what Shelley thought of Francis Bacon, we shall find that it is precisely in this 'holy brotherhood' that he includes him, as being inspired firstly and foremostly with the spirit of poetry.

Francis Bacon, born, as he himself tells us, for *philanthropia*, or the 'weal of man,' is akin to Shelley in his natural sensitiveness to human needs and sufferings. Not only so, but Humanity and Poesy are classed together in his mind, as we find in the first book of *The Advancement of Learning*. This leads us to perceive and understand how and why Shelley revered and loved him. For that he did revere and love him, it is the object of this essay to prove.

In view of the subject, which has been and is still so much in evidence, it is interesting to find Shelley,

in his Preface to *The Revolt of Islam*, commenting on the likeness that exists between Shakespeare and Bacon.

There must be a resemblance . . . between all the writers of any particular age. . . . Thus the mighty intellects of our own country that succeeded the Reformation, the translators of the Bible, Shakespeare, Spenser, the Dramatists of the reign of Elizabeth and Lord Bacon.

In his *Defence of Poetry* (p. ii.) Shelley declares: "Lord Bacon was a Poet"; and elsewhere in the same masterpiece (p. 5) he tells us what it is to be a Poet.

Their language is vitally metaphorical; that is, it marks the before unapprehended relations of things and perpetuates their apprehension. These similitudes or relations are finely said by Lord Bacon to be: 'the same footsteps of nature impressed upon the various subjects of the world.'

If we now turn to *The Advancement of Learning*, we shall see how Bacon was the source of what Shelley teaches about Poetry:

Poesy is a part of learning . . . and doth truly refer to the imagination, which, not being tied to the laws of matter, may at pleasure join that which Nature hath severed, and sever that which Nature hath joined, and so make unlawful matches and divorces of things.

On the same page Shelley continues:

Those in whom it (approximation to the beautiful) exists to excess are poets . . . and the pleasure resulting from the manner in which they express the influence of society or nature upon their own minds, communicates itself to others.

In illustration of Shelley's claim for Bacon to be a Poet let us take two sentences of Bacon's, remembering what Shelley says in his *Defence of Poetry*.

The breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air where it comes and goes like the warbling of music.

Is not the delight of the quavering upon a stop in music the same with the playing of light upon the water ?

Bacon tells us :

Poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality and to delectation, and therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness.

"Poetry is indeed something divine," echoes Shelley; and he tells us not only that "Poetry is the expression of the imagination," but assures us that "the great instrument of moral good is the imagination"; crowning this beautiful truth with a fine eulogy on the men of his heart high on Parnassus, among whom he places Bacon.

The great secret of morals is love, or a going out of our own nature. . . . It exceeds all imagination to conceive what would have been the moral condition of the world if neither Dante, Petrarch, Bocaccio, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Calderon, Lord Bacon nor Milton had ever existed.

Shelley's keen critical perceptions, not only unveil truth to an extraordinary degree, but are marvellously akin to those of Bacon. How much his mind was *en rapport* with the Advancer of Learning we see in the following passage where he is still dissecting Poetry :

It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge ; it is that which comprehends all science, and that to which all science must be referred. It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought ; it is that from which all spring and that which adorns all.

"I take all knowledge for my province," said Bacon, thereby admitting, if Shelley's diagnosis of the Divine Art is a true revelation, that Poetry is at the root of his endeavour. How unworldly and unselfseeking the ideals of both these men of genius were, the following passages declare.

Poetry (says Shelley) and the principle of self, of which money is the visible incarnation, are the God and Mammon of the world.

Bacon, who includes Poesy as a high part of knowledge, in his *Advancement of Learning* says :

The greatest error of all the rest is the misplacing of the end of knowledge: for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge most times for lucre and profession, and seldom sincerely . . . to the benefit and use of men, . . . a shop for profit and sale, and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of Man's estate.

Shelley often quotes Bacon without naming him. Thus: "Epitomes have been called the moths of just history"; which is from Bacon's: "As for the corruptions and moths of history which are Epitomes, the use of them deserveth to be banished: as those that have fretted and corroded the sound bodies of many excellent histories." He proceeds to explain what are 'just' histories, using the word seized on by Shelley, who knew his Bacon in every true sense by heart.

In his notes on *Hellas*, in his edition of Shelley's Works, when quoting:

Kings are like stars: they rise and set; they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.

William Michael Rossetti remarks:

An evident paraphrase from Bacon . . . one of the authors who excited Shelley's highest enthusiasm: 'Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration but no rest.' (*Essay of Empire*).

Shelley's confession of having 'a passion for reforming the world' reminds us of Bacon's repeated cry: "I was born for Philanthropia,"—a word he explains, in his *Essay of Goodness*, to mean 'the weal of man.' And what this means the same Essay further shows, when he writes:

If he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm.

In his Preface to *Prometheus Unbound*, Shelley proclaims himself the champion of liberties and virtues in his characteristic bold and frank outburst:

For my part I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon than go to heaven with Paley and Malthus.

W. M. Rossetti, in his Memoir, appended to his edition of the Poet's Works, alludes to Bacon as the 'beloved' of Shelley. Speaking of the latter's passing to the Symposium "which endures through eternity," he says: It is one

at which Socrates is a guest once more, with Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Bacon and how many others beloved by Shelley, none more exalted than he, none crowned with a purer or more perennial garland.

Again and again Shelley couples Bacon's name with Plato's.

In his Letter from Pisa to John Gisborne we read: "What Godwin is, compared to Plato and Lord Bacon, we well know," etc.; while in his *Defence of Poetry* (p. 11) we have the high eulogy that follows directly upon that of Plato:

Plato was essentially a Poet; the truth and splendour of his imagery, and the melody of his language, are the most intense that it is possible to conceive. He rejected the harmony of the epic, dramatic, and lyrical forms, because he sought to kindle a harmony in thoughts divested of shape and action. . . . Cicero sought to imitate the cadence of his periods, but with little success. Lord Bacon was a Poet. (See the *Filum Labyrinthi* and the *Essay on Death* particularly.) His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect;

it is a strain which distends and then bursts the circumference of the reader's mind, and pours itself forth together with it into the universal element with which it has perpetual sympathy.

In the Preface to his translation of Plato's *Banquet* Shelley writes :

Plato is eminently the greatest among the Greek philosophers. . . . Plato exhibits the rare union of close and subtle logic with the Pythian enthusiasm of Poetry, melted by the splendour and harmony of his periods into one irresistible stream of musical impressions, which hurry the persuasions onward, as in a breathless career. His language is that of an immortal spirit, rather than a man. Lord Bacon is, perhaps, the only writer who, in these particulars, can be compared with him : his imitator, Cicero, sinks in the comparison into an ape mocking the gestures of a man.

Again we find Shelley placing Bacon amongst those made immortal "by exalting the beauty of that which is most beautiful," by creating "new materials of knowledge, and power, and pleasure," with Homer, Virgil, Livy, Plato and Horace.

We can now answer surely in the affirmative the question : Did Shelley love and revere Francis Bacon ? and hardly need Mrs. Shelley's happy witness to the fact in her Preface, where she tells of her husband's enthusiastic love for him. But there still remains the pleasant duty of showing how high a reverence that 'singing god,' as Swinburne calls Shelley, had for the character of Bacon. In his *Defence of Poetry* we read (p. 52) :

A Poet, as he is the author to others of the highest wisdom, pleasure, virtue, and glory, so he ought personally to be the happiest, the best, the wisest, and the most illustrious of men. . . . That he is the wisest, the happiest, and the best, inasmuch as he is a Poet, is equally incontrovertible. The greatest Poets have been men of the most spotless virtue, of the most consummate

prudence, and, if we would look into the interior of their lives, the most fortunate of men. . . .

Let us for a moment stoop to the arbitration of popular breath, and usurping and uniting in our own persons the incomparable characters of accuser, witness, judge and executioner, let us decide without trial, testimony or form, that certain motives of those who are "there sitting where we dare not soar," are reprehensible. Let us assume that Homer was a drunkard, that Virgil was a flatterer, that Horace was a coward, that Tasso was a madman, that Lord Bacon was a speculator. . . .

Posterity has done ample justice to the great names now referred to. Their errors have been weighed and found to have been dust in the balance; if their sins "were as scarlet they are now white as snow," they have been washed in the mediator and redeemer time. Observe in what a ludicrous chaos the imputations of real or fictitious crimes have been confused . . . consider how little is, as it appears—or appears, as it is; look to your own motives, and "judge not, lest ye be judged."

But it is from his *Revolt of Islam* (canto 28) that we best obtain knowledge of Shelley's heart's devotion, his veneration and love for the 'good and mighty' and 'prevailing sage,' whom he sings so constantly and enthusiastically in his noble prose:

The good, the mighty of departed ages
 Are in their graves—the innocent and free,
 Heroes and Poets, and prevailing sages
 Who leave the vesture of their majesty
 To adorn and clothe this naked world; and we
 Are like to them. Such perish; but they leave
 All hope or love or truth or liberty
 Whose forms their mighty spirits could conceive,
 To be a rule and law to ages that survive.

In quest of truth this paper was begun; in its ending truth whispers again:

He that questioneth much shall learn much.

ALICIA AMY LEITH.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND MENTAL IMAGERY.

IN the realm of the psychical there is so much outside ordinary experience, that it seems well to examine our normal mental functions to see whether there are any connecting links between them and these other more obscure mental activities. The former belong to the recognized field of psychological research, whilst the phenomena of psychical investigation have, until recently, been relegated to the region of the pathological, and the consideration of their normal aspect has been practically neglected.

The loss alike to classical psychology and psychio research from this omission is recognized by all who believe that both sciences play a necessary part in the exploration of the possibilities of human capacity and the range of human personality.

The psychologists have hitherto not stood alone in their attitude towards psychical science; the subject has been wont to be regarded by the public generally rather as a matter for ridicule than for serious study. A marked change has, however, recently become apparent, affording ground for hope that psychical phenomena will shortly receive the critical and impartial investigation for which the world of science stands.

Psychics (or mediums) will be the first to benefit by this change of attitude, as they have suffered in the past from a certain feeling of isolation on account of

their unusual abilities. They have also sometimes been the objects of a rather unhealthy adulation, which has been welcome or distasteful according to their several types of mind. In cases where flattery and homage are acceptable, the high probability of these acting detrimentally upon the genuineness of the phenomena needs to be seriously taken into account by the investigator.

If, as many are hoping, mediumship should come to be regarded as a normal extension of mental faculties, or as having at least some natural relationship to normal life, the difficulties mentioned would almost automatically disappear, and the functioning of psychic abilities be removed from the realm of magic and superstition.

In considering now the subject of Clairvoyance and Mental Imagery, it would be well to bear in mind the distinction suggested by Mr. Horace Leaf, who speaks from personal experience, between objective and subjective clairvoyance, since it is the latter which appears to have traceable connection with normal mental imagery.

Subjective clairvoyance may perceive events pertaining to the present, to the future or to a long-distant past. Its perception may be vaguely general or minutely detailed; it may deal with sign and symbol or with the commonplace of every-day occurrence.

In my own particular case the exercise of my psychic ability has been directed to obtaining messages from deceased persons; and although the means in such communication is not confined to clairvoyance alone, the pictorial method undoubtedly occupies a distinctly prominent place.

The character of the ideas conveyed is necessarily

determined by the nature of each communicator's past experience and mental make-up. The percipient, in like manner, is conditioned by his ability to enter into an experience and point of view which may, or may not, be akin to his own.

Subjective clairvoyance perceives the mental images that exist in the mind of another or are projected from it. Whether or no this imagery is communicable from discarnate intelligences, is a question that will, no doubt, be still debated by the sceptic for long years to come; but the writer's experience compels taking the possibility for granted.

Normally, we are dependent upon speech to interpret the ideas of one mind to another; but subjective clairvoyance arrives directly at the images in another mind, perceiving them in their pictorial presentation, before they have found expression in speech.

Language is, after all, only one among other means of self-expression; and sometimes the effect produced is quite other than what is intended. "Do you understand me?" wrote Robert Louis Stevenson. "God knows! I should think it highly improbable."

One great advantage of clairvoyant perception is that it can at times convey a far truer impression than any words. Where subjective clairvoyance is most successful is in reproducing the mental determination of another mind as derived from its past experience. We have to remember that thought consists very largely of the product of experience, and that the content of thought is inevitably conditioned by memory.

Clairvoyant pictures have considerable range and variety; but I have now in mind the memory-pictures communicated to the medium with the object of personal identification.

A good many of such pictures are seen in completeness; others are fragmentary. A medium may describe a whole scene, such as a view from a certain window; or may describe an isolated incident, such as a fall from a horse; or, again, an individual object, such as a picture.

As to the incompleteness of some mental pictures,—we may distinguish between the incompleteness due to a lack of some of the component parts and that caused by the object being seen in isolation from its setting. In illustration of the latter, the poet Wordsworth may be quoted. He says of his trying to recall past experiences: “I did not get back the experiences as concrete totals, but only facts which I had discriminated out of these totals. In the original experience, these facts had had a concrete setting or background; but this setting was not recalled: the facts were recalled in isolation.”

When, however, we come to the question of purely intellectual and abstract thought, we touch on another matter. Such thought may, for all we know, be presented almost entirely apart from the use of imagery; and one wonders whether, in the course of evolution, one mind may not come to express itself to another apart from all limitations of speech or imagery.

In speaking of ordinary mental imagery, Professor Pear (Professor of Psychology at Manchester University) points out that the detention of such images costs a kind and a degree of mental exertion which are not required in attending to percepts—*i.e.* to things presented to our senses. The reason for this effort in detention is that memory-processes are involved, and these are necessarily of a fluctuating character.

In the case of subjective clairvoyance we are also

dealing with the content of memory,—not with its whole content, but with that part which manifests pictorially.

With clairvoyant pictures and mental imagery alike the border-lines are apt to be both blurred and shifting, even the clearest being seen to have something lacking. It is with pictures composed of such ever-changing material that the clairvoyant percipient has to deal.

One point frequently overlooked is that a mental image though of great intensity may yet be indistinct. Professor Pear's illustration of this is 'an arc-light seen through a mist.' The experience of sensitives will bear this out with regard to subjective clairvoyance, where the pictures seen are sometimes intense but lack sharpness of outline.

One very common feature of the clairvoyant picture is to be noted. It passes with such rapidity that the medium has scarcely time to realize what he actually perceives. His descriptions are, therefore, often halting and tentative; and when asked to enlarge on them, he can only say it is no longer possible, since the picture has completely faded.

It is well here to remember how small is the retaining-power of the average mind. Many experiments have been carried out with a view to testing this ability; and it has been proved that relatively few people can look with normal sight at even a familiar scene, and recount later in any completeness all the elements it contains. This being so, is it surprising that a medium has difficulty in perceiving clearly what is, even in the mind of the communicator himself, a blurred or half-erased picture?

If anyone should doubt this, let him try for himself the experiment of recalling the exact nature and position

of the objects in a room quite familiar to him in the past. He will find, as others have found, that this is far more difficult than he anticipated. He will discover, moreover, that what he remembers is what had special significance for him in one way or another, possibly through some association or emotion connected with it. What he recalls of that room is not of the nature of a photograph; it is rather like a painted picture, with all its selection of special features. What is selected depends upon the general make-up of his mind determined by the sum-total of his past mental experience.

Now the *raison d'être* of the use of imagery is that meaning should be conveyed. The meaning may be abstract or concrete, general or particular; it may be of wide or narrow range, shifting or relatively stable.

As an illustration of the varied meaning that may be conveyed by one and the same image, Professor Pear exemplifies a red cloth tied to a stick. This may mean on one occasion the ninth hole in golf; on another it signifies 'Road Up'; and on yet another occasion it indicates revolution. He points out that the meaning of anything depends upon who means it, on what occasion, in what connection, and with what purpose it is used. A real meaning is as surely rooted in a certain 'spot' in an individual, as a flower in its bed, and cannot be transplanted to another situation without loss or change of meaning.

Meaning is then, as has been indicated, of an essentially personal character. A right understanding, therefore, of the meaning carried by imagery is of very great value in the disclosing of personality.

By way of elucidating this point, let us imagine a large manufacturing town by a riverside, viewed from

a neighbouring hill-top by three such different people as an artist, a military observer and a builder of small houses. For the artist the ugliness of the town is transformed into a mysterious beauty by the effect of its grey smoke-haze seen against the background of a sunset sky. The military observer, on the contrary, marks out the prominent chimneys as possible danger-points in an attack from the air; whilst the builder scans the fringe of the town purely with a view to possible sites for building. Each has brought to bear upon the scene his individual outlook and mental make-up. Each has the power, on leaving the scene, to reproduce it by the process of recall. And the picture in the mind of each will again be determined by the selective principle; it will also be greatly modified by each man's memory-capacity.

If we transfer these considerations to the clairvoyant picture, we see that the task of the medium consists in describing as nearly as possible the individualized pictures transmitted to him from the mind of the agent or communicator. Now subjective clairvoyance is far more general than objective; and the fact that clairvoyance is so frequently subjective in character, has in all probability given rise to the very common idea that the whole phenomenon of alleged communication with the 'dead' is simply telepathy between the minds of living persons. Moreover the fact that subjective clairvoyance and normal mental imagery have points of similarity, may also have helped to give rise to this conclusion.

The question of names seen clairvoyantly may fairly come under consideration here, as the process is akin to that by which we commonly recall a forgotten name. We frequently remember the first letter, and

may feel sure that it was a name of medium length, or that another name contained elements of the forgotten one, as in the names BARKER and BARTON. The clairvoyant also frequently sees the first letter of a name owing to its prominent position. For the same reason, the last letter may appear or tall letters in the middle of a name may be visible.

A very curious feature in clairvoyant perception of images transmitted from the mind of another—whether living or dead—is that such pictures may be perceived in full detail without the percipient being able to name the object which he has described. This may sound quite incomprehensible to one unacquainted with this form of vision, but it is very commonly experienced by clairvoyants. The following may serve as an illustration, taken from my own experience.

An object was seen clairvoyantly which had the appearance of a stick or stalk, surmounted by a rounded head, the whole very like in shape to a daisy-bud on its stalk. The hair-like fineness of the parts which composed the head was very marked, and the alleged spirit-communicator was seen to pass a finger-tip lightly over the flat surface, apparently in order to ascertain whether each part was separate. It was impossible to name the object, although its component parts were distinctly seen. It was only when the script was verified that the object was clearly recognized as representing a paint-brush.

In such cases could the explanation be that the lack of all sensory experience connected with the particular object thus seen might cause the difficulty on the part of the medium? If the object had been perceived as a stick of wood surmounted by a head of camel's-hair, there would have been no hesitation in

pronouncing it to be a paint-brush; but this could not be inferred from seeing only the shape and the separateness of the hair-like points.

To the ordinary observer, who experiences sight only in the physical sense, the differences pertaining to clairvoyant vision are at present naturally difficult of comprehension. But a co-ordinated study of clairvoyance and normal mental processes may be expected to lead to a more rational understanding of the former. Indeed, every careful student of present-day mental processes must be prepared already to include in his investigation some of those more subtle and obscure powers, which to-day are termed unusual, but which will in all probability form part of the normal mental equipment of the average man of the future.

L. M. BAZETT.

THE LENGTH OF AN ELL: A DIVINE APOLOGUE.

ADAPTED FROM THE MAGGID (HOMILIST) OF KELIM.

Thou shalt not have in thine house divers measures, a great and a small.—*Deut. xxv. 14.*

NEVER in my days could I imagine or understand this thing; it has been beyond me throughout my years.

How could Sarah, the draper and linen-dealer of Stutchin, have been the cause of the misjudgment of Jacob the Pedlar, who lived at Mlava on the German border, and of her own early death too? What dealings did they have with one another? Did they ever meet? Sarah the rich widow and Jacob the struggling pedlar—had they anything in common? Yet Jacob could not be judged because of Sarah whom he never saw!

From my youth up have I wondered at this; and now, when I am old, I, Maggid of Kelim, have merited that the secret should be revealed to me in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men. And this is the story.

You all know the lot of a pedlar in these gloomy lands. On Sunday morning he rises betimes, settles his pack on his back, and goes out to earn a living for himself and family. From village to castaway hamlet, from hamlet to hidden farm, through pathless forests and trackless marshes, he goes his round during the week, ever returning to rest on the Sabbath. Here he

brings cloth and is paid in gulden; there he brings a packet of needles or some cotton, and is given eggs or butter; elsewhere the dogs are turned on him to amuse the local squire. If he comes to a village with a Jewish congregation, he sleeps in the House of Study; if there is an inn he lodges overnight; if necessary, he sleeps in the forest. Here he earns a rouble, there he is paid in kind, elsewhere he is bemired; at the Passover season he walks in fear by reason of the Blood-libel. Through the swamps of Spring, through the pests of Summer, through the decay of Autumn, through the gnawing and biting winds of Winter, the pedlar goes his rounds. If God prospers him, he has a horse and cart and can travel farther; if not, he goes his weary way afoot. It is a sad life, a suffering life, a hard life, my masters, as so many of you know—for do you not eat the same bread? And so one lives.

And so lived Jacob in Mlava, a God-fearing man, who lived according to the Law, carrying out the 613 precepts found in the Law of Moses; and not these alone, but all the laws and customs of Israel which have developed therefrom to this day. Three times a day, even on his journeyings, did he pray; no morsel of food passed his throat without a benediction, and no crumb of bread without a blessing before it and grace after; a particle of forbidden food never passed his lips. With great difficulty and much hard labour did he support his family from his youth even until his old age.

Jacob did well, and got him a horse and cart when he was no longer young, and so he was able to study his favourite books: the Mishnayoth, 'The Duties of the Hearts' by Behaya, Maimonides' 'Eight Chapters,'

the 'Stories of the Wonder-Rabbis.' But God had blessed him with five daughters, and he must find them dowries. For four of them he provided marriage-portions; but in his old age he had to sell his horse and cart, so that the fifth might not lack. Thus when his daughters were all married and settled, Jacob once more returned to his pack and his staff, though only for himself and his wife.

But Jacob was no longer young; no longer could he climb rapidly over hills; no more could he face the East winds; his joints were stiffening and he no more made as long and far journeys as he had done.

And on a cold snowy Friday in mid-winter, Jacob found himself, at the coming-in of Sabbath, outside the town. As quickly as his old bones would allow, he buried his pack under a certain tree, and ran as fast as he could to the Synagogue. The congregation were about to depart for their homes; but Jacob had not committed any inadvertent transgression, for at the entrance of Queen Sabbath he had been within a Sabbath day's journey,—the distance one may walk beyond a habitation on the day of rest.

So Jacob lived and died at a good old age, without any too great upheaval of the congregation, for he had never been one of the leaders; he had been only a poor householder content to go his way in uprightness and peace and to provide for his family unaided.

But in Heaven the rejoicings were great; for was not one of the Righteous about to come into his own? A man against whom, in the long tale of his years, there was not a single sin recorded! Such a man, one of the thirty-six Hidden Saints on whose sole merits Earth continues to exist. One who had sought the Almighty all his years, yet who had not fled from the

tasks and turmoils which were his burden, but had behaved with uprightness towards God, himself and his fellow-man. One who was that rarity,—a righteous man!

And the Seraphim escorted him, singing “Blessed is he that cometh.” And the Ophanim and Hayoth whirled in intricate and wondrous dances, singing ‘Hava Nagila.’

“Come let us rejoice,
Come let us sing and be glad;
Arise, my brethren, with a happy heart,
Before the Righteous who receive their reward.”

And the Ministering Angels, all robed in white, mounted him in Elijah’s chariot, and took him through the Seven Heavens, one by one, up to Metatron, chief of the Heavenly Assembly. And they went singing, “Thus shall be done to the righteous soul, whom the Lord delighteth to honour.” And the Dominions and Powers praised him. And the Heavens jubilated. And the Stars of Morning sang together. And all the Sons of the Mighty sang for joy. And in the Seventh Heaven, all the Angels assembled rose to honour the saint; Metatron, chief of the *Familia Cœlorum* and judge of the dead, bowed before him; Michael and Raphael led him to the seat appointed, with places for the Kategor and Sanegor, the Accuser and Defendant, on his right hand and on his left hand. And his chair was as the throne of Solomon for magnificence and beauty. Seven steps led up thereto, with lions on each step. And the steps were of polished ebony inlaid with gopher-wood; the lions were of beaten gold. And the chair was the seat of his cart, inset with gold and crystal, and all the stones

of the Urim and Thummim in its golden back; it was of a magnificence such that we cannot image it. And Michael, the Sanegor of Israel, stood on his right hand.

"It is scarcely necessary to have any reckoning in your case, honoured Master Jacob," said Metatron. "But it is done so that your reward may be assessed. Sanegor, tell thy tale."

And Michael told the tale of Jacob's life as I have already told it to you. And he took the records and read from them the account of Jacob's unblemished and spotless years.

"O, Metatron, judge appointed by the Most High and mouthpiece of the Living God," he concluded, "more than Eden doth he merit; let him be numbered among those who are given dominion over three hundred and ten worlds."

"You are right."

"But what of my case against him? He merits Hell!" mocked a terrifying voice; and with his fellows, the Kategor, Satan Mekatreg his own infamous self, appeared. . . .

In Heaven there was uproar. Raphael and Uriel rushed to Michael's side and began searching through the records; all the angels created by Jacob's good deeds—a great number—clustered round him as if to defend him from the Satan and his evil hordes of lesser devils. Satan smiled, and Metatron frowned a terrible frown.

"What idiocy is this, Satan?" asked Metatron. "Against this man there can be nothing. What evil angels have his wicked deeds produced? Where are they? Bring your witnesses! Has Lilith anything? She, of all your helpers, has most dealings with these righteous men."

And Lilith arose in her full hideousness, for in Heaven things are seen as they are. She is the evil mistress of Night, the cause of all evil inclinations, thoughts and desires; of her can much be told. But she sorrowfully admitted that with Jacob she had had no dealings.

And the spirit of Envy came, the spirit of Sloth, the spirit of Bloodshed, the spirit of Avarice, the spirit of Gluttony and all the hosts of Gehenna. And they each admitted that never had they had dominion over Jacob.

"Where is thy case, Satan?"

"I demand his punishment for having transgressed the Law of Moses and Israel."

"Which law, O fount of erudition and scholarship?"

"The law which forbids a man to go beyond two thousand ells from a habitation on the Sabbath."

Once again the Heavens resounded, but now to the laughter of the Heavenly Hosts.

"On only one occasion," said Michael, referring to the records, "did Jacob miss the synagogue on the Sabbath. And then he committed no transgression, for he was within the Sabbath bounds of his own town when the Sabbath began."

"He was not," said Satan. "He was outside the bounds."

And for the next half-hour did they wrangle with each other. Then Satan turned to Metatron.

"Metatron," he said, "I appeal to you as a righteous judge. I am doing this, not for my sake, but for Heaven's. We're full enough in Hell as it is, and I'm not very anxious for many more damned to suffer torments. For my part, you could keep your Jacob; but it would be setting a bad precedent to allow him

in Heaven. Before you would realize it, you would have to allow all other evil-doers in. There would be no end to the matter. Those now in Hell would demand equality of rights with later sinners. . . . It would be confusion worse confounded.

“To settle the matter on an equitable basis, let us measure the distance which Jacob ran on that memorable Sabbath Eve. And let us take our measure from a disinterested party.”

And Metatron agreed. So they came to Earth and to Mlava to measure the distance.

And Satan brought the ell-measure which Sarah of Stutchin used in selling cloth.

And Satan—may the very remembrance of him disappear from the universe!—knows what serves him.

For the ell-measure used by Sarah—may her name be blotted out!—is two-finger breadths short of the standard size!

But Raphael turned to Metatron:

“Mouthpiece of the Most High!” he said, “The measure is short, as we can see; but that matter has to do with Sarah of Stutchin, not with Jacob. There is one way out. Sarah’s appearance before this court must be speeded up, in order to put right the case of Jacob that he may enter into his reward. She must appear in judgment sooner than otherwise. Let Samael hasten on his errand.”

And Metatron, President of the Court, agreed with Raphael. So Samael was sent.

Therefore Jacob is kept from Heaven, and Sarah dies before her time.

I. M. LASK.

IMMORTALITY.

WHEN I am dead, and you my friend are weary
With this new emptiness within your soul;
When all your being forms one aching query,
Why to strange life so more than strange a goal;
When these two eyes that mirrored yours so clearly,
Sleep all unstirred by Beauty's passing feet,
And all your thought about me riots queerly,
As love-in-idleness or bitter-sweet;—

Know then that in the blackness of the night,
The stilly night when every star is sleeping,
I'll have my being there, I'll need no light,—
My larger life so safe within the keeping
Of all Reality,—reaching afar
To more immediate wisdom of the True,
One with a bird, a butterfly, a star;
One with the Imageless,—and one with You.

F. H. ARNOLD ENGLEHEART.

THE FINDING OF GOD.

WEARY with striving, faint with wrestling
With the lore of books, and with men
Learned in the mystery of God,
I gave up the struggle.
In Christian monastery and in Buddhist
I had prayed and fasted.
First in reverence, then in bitterness,
I had demanded of God
The secret of His being—or non-being.
But God held fast the secret;
Nor was moved by my vehemence,
Or the scourging of my body,
Or the burnt-offering of my manhood.
Mocking, I fled the presence of the men of God;
I burned the books.
With curses of priests on my head,
With laughter of men at my heels,
I came to the desert-place of the world
Where only outcasts may dwell,—
The wounded in spirit, the broken in pride.
And that was the place of the Finding;
When I had ceased the seeking,
And thought no more of God,
But only of the wounded and broken.
And now, in the market-place, as in the desert,
In the home, as in the temple,
In the hearts of men and of women,
As in my own heart, I find only God.

J. B. MONTGOMERY MCGOVERN.

THE SONG OF THE UNIVERSE.

**THE Universe is a rhythmic song,
Which whirls the enchanted spheres along ;
And God's the Singer !**

**It is glittering tapestry,
All star-inwoven wondrously ;
And God's the Weaver !**

**It is a beauteous, jewel-decked bride,
E'er thrilling at her Lover's side ;
And God's the Lover !**

**It is an endless, mystic dream,
The triumph of life and love its theme ;
And God's the Dreamer !**

**It is a magic shadow-play,
Where we're the actors day by day ;
And God's the Watcher !**

LEON PICARDY.

THE BRIER ROSE.

Oh, who will sing me a new song,
For the world is full of old ones?—
Oh, I will sing you a new song,
But maybe you'll not own it.

A new song comes straight from our Lord,
So how should I not own it?—
Our Lord's ways are manifold strange;
I sing but what I know.

Oh, how came you by your new song,
Where did you find it?—
Oh, that I can easily tell;
I found it on a Friday.

I was walking along a green path
And a brier grew by my side.
I looked into the core of its flower
And there I spied

Heaven peeping through the pricks in its heart,
Golden beams with a blushing halo,
And between the flush and the golden beams
An expanse of white.

What does your new song mean I pray?
I cannot read it.—
Oh, the blush comes from all beauty on earth
And the golden beams are heaven.

And what is the vast expanse of white
That you saw between them lie?—
That is the veil from heaven hung
O'er the fields of eternity.

KATHARINE M. WILSON.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

(Unsigned Reviews or Notices are by the Editor.)

THE ASATIR.

The Samaritan Book of the 'Secrets of Moses.' Together with the Pitron or Samaritan Commentary and the Samaritan Story of the Death of Moses. Published for the First Time with Introduction, Translation and Notes by Moses Gaster, Ph.D. Oriental Translation Fund, New Series, Vol. XXVI. London (Royal Asiatic Society); pp. 852 + 59; 12s. 6d.

THIS is an exceedingly important and intensely interesting publication. Our esteemed colleague Dr. Gaster, learned in so many other departments of Oriental lore, is *facile princeps* as a knower of Samaritan. For many years he has been the friend of the little community at Nablus, the tiny remnant of the long-centuries-old exclusive Torah-devotees, who claim that their Garazim is *the* Holy Mount, *par excellence*. For a score of years he has been devoting himself to the intensive study of this small document, which, after the Pentateuch, is the most highly venerated literary possession of the Samaritans. We have now before us the outcome of his long labours—text and native commentary in Hebrew characters, and close translations of both, with ample notes, and an introduction of 182 pp., in which Dr. Gaster tells most of us many things we have never heard of before, and some things which, owing to his unique knowledge of Samaritan literature, will be new even to the most learned. The *Asatir* (or *Secrets*) is very old. Indeed, after a most searching enquiry, embracing the relevant Hebrew and Greek literature,—targumistic, midrashic, apocryphal, apocalyptic and pseudepigraphic—Dr. Gaster concludes that we are justified "in assuming that the book could not have been compiled later than between 250-200 B.C.E." (p. 160). If this be so,—and it is difficult to see how the conclusion can be refuted, so carefully and in such detail has our veteran scholar prepared his case,—we are confronted with a document that is prior by some 50-100 years to the earliest deposit of the Enochian literature, the earliest extra-biblical

apocalypse, and even to the canonical *Daniel* (B.C.E. 164). In type it is agadic midrashic, but it does not comment. It gives an unbroken narrative or story of its own, covering the period from the creation of Adam to the ascension of Moses,—the 'chief of the creation,' in Samaritan belief. Its peculiarity is that it never quotes from the text of the Pentateuch. The narrative is simple and contains *in germ* a multitude of themes which are found elaborated in later Hebrew literature and folk-tale. Indeed the folk-lore element seems often to be part and parcel of that vast and widely-distributed treasure of Oriental folk-tale and saga in the knowledge of which Dr. Gaster is one of our most distinguished specialists. The volume is a veritable treasury of valuable material gathered from the most varied sources, and many of these by no means easily accessible. But all is well ordered, though not infrequently the details are arranged and valued differently from what has hitherto been the custom. These novel views will doubtless in time give rise to much learned discussion. To give some idea of the interest of some of the points dealt with in the Introduction, we may quote a few of the sub-headings: Sibylline Oracles and Other Hellenistic Writers—Abraham and Nimrod Legends; The Sibyl of Tibur and Other Oracles—The Cave of the Treasures—Methodius of Patmos; The Asatir and Josephus; The Palestinian Targum—Bileam Legends and Anti-christ; The Asatir and the Cycles of Universal Sagas—The Universal King—The Return of the Hero—The Child of Destiny—The Anti-christ Legend; The Pseudepigraphic Literature—Enoch—Jubilees—Pseudo-Philo—Adam Books; Mandæan Affinities. We hope that now enough has been said to enlist the interest of the reader in this unique volume, of which the price (12s. 6d.) is in inverse proportion to the value, relative to that of the ordinary run of learned and as a rule unreadable books of similar research. Dr. Gaster has set forth the outcome of his long labours plainly and straightforwardly, and the text is very readable. We owe him a deep debt of gratitude.

ONE WORLD AT A TIME.

By Bernard Hamilton. London (Hurst & Blackett); pp. 320; 15s. net.

THIS thoughtful and crisply critical survey covers a very wide field. It is partly autobiographical and generally self-revelatory. It busies itself with psychical phenomena,—whether of the S.P.R.,

Spiritualistic or 'Occult' frames of reference,—occupies itself with a consideration of religious experience in some of the great faiths, and deals more specifically with the doctrinal varieties of the Churches of Christendom. The author is at times suggestive, at times provocative, but always readable. Indeed owing to his snappy, *staccato*, not infrequently epigrammatic, style Major Hamilton is often quite entertaining. Some two-score years ago he was one of the small group who brought H. P. Blavatsky home to England, to work out the last phase of her adventurous career. I knew them all very well, and Hamilton's narrative of this phase of his career wakens many a memory. In this environment he had a certain mystical experience that made a profound impression on him. It was a critical moment in his life-history. He had to choose—either to devote himself entirely to such abnormal matters or to continue on normal lines. He decided for 'One World at a Time.' Shortly after, he broke off all connection with the Neo-theosophical movement and took to soldiering. Nevertheless he has always followed with deep interest the modern renaissance of things mystical and psychical, and has endeavoured to win to a sane standpoint from which to evaluate the strangely assorted ingredients in the mixture. The main burden of his book is that the definite evidence of a Future Life is no longer a matter of faith, but one of knowledge. Nevertheless he is perturbed at the indiscriminate public propaganda of these matters, thinks it is dangerous, and in particular would restrain the enthusiasm of such strenuous publicists as our old friend Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. He is, however, well aware that nothing can now stop publicity. From one point of view, therefore, his protest or criticism is a beating of the air; from another it is useful as insisting on the ungainsayable fact that there are two sides to the shield, and that the 'O so happy Summerland' view is generally naïve, and not infrequently mawkish. There are sterner facts to be faced. Quite so; *but they have to be faced*. The public have to face them or be taught to face them. The old way of artificial secrecy and treating of the laity as children can no longer serve. All these matters are slowly—very slowly—coming within the orbit of the science of the future. Science is an open way, not an 'occult' preserve. Danger there is, grave danger; but nothing that is worth while in this world is without danger. Better to know of the dangers, than to be wrapped in the cotton-wool of somnolent acquiescence. In treating of so vast a subject-matter, there are numerous points where a reviewer who has covered the same field, might be inclined

to, break a lance with our genial author, who writes without bitterness, though sharply enough at times; but space does not serve. We would, however, remark that in his short survey of the great religions Major Hamilton has treated Mohammedanism somewhat scurvily; he gives it but half a page and breathes not a word of the profound insight of some of the Súfi schools. As to the phases of Christianity in our own country,—our author can understand and appreciate the position of the Roman Catholic Church on the one hand, and of the Free Churches on the other, but is of opinion that the Anglican State Church, in that it is neither hot nor cold, runs the risk of being before long 'spewed out'—in the familiar English rendering of the text from the John Apocalypse, which is, however, not supported by the very ancient reading of the Meteora MS.

THE JOHANNINE WRITINGS.

A Study of the Apocalypse and the Fourth Gospel. By J. Estlin Carpenter, D.D., D.Litt. London (Constable); pp. 498; 80s. net.

IT is a remarkable achievement to have produced this stout volume at the age of over four-score years. Estlin Carpenter (who after this notice was already written passed hence in high honour) has won our respect by many a painstaking, scholarly and liberal-minded study, not only of Jewish and Early Christian documents, but also in the wider fields of Oriental religious literature and of comparative religion in general. The term 'Johannine' in the title of his last work signifies nothing as to unity. The volume treats of: (1) the Apocalypse, (2) the Fourth Gospel, and (3) the (three) Epistles Group,—all of which are usually assigned, traditionally, to a 'John.' Who in any single case the 'John' was, is still an unsolved problem. Certainly the 'John' of (1) and (2) and of (1) and (3) could not possibly have been the same persons. It is also doubtful whether the 'John' of (2) and (3) is the same individual, though these writers are indubitably of the same school.

The Apocalypse is the most puzzling document in the whole canonical Bible. It is not too much to say that it is largely a chaos and its symbolism frequently of the crudest. It is responsible for more aberration and fanaticism than any other N.T. document, and more pious nonsense has been written about

it than about any other canonical text save perhaps its O.T. companion, the Book of Daniel. Modern research has done its utmost to bring some common sense into the amazing arena of this obsessional 'revelatory' production, which collected, redacted and over-wrote scraps of Jewish apocalyptic imaginings in a Christianizing sense. Estlin Carpenter tells us yet once more of the hosts of difficulties with which every modern scholar is confronted in dealing with this nightmare of the exegete. Some of its problems have been considerably clarified by many years of patient research by a large number of well-equipped scholars; but in spite of their industry very much still remains obscure. Our author has no new theory to suggest, and does the best he can to emphasize the poetical nature of some of the outbursts. But when all has been said in this direction, it remains a matter of deep regret that the early judgment which for so long excluded the document from the canon was finally over-ruled, and so this mill-stone of fossilized dogma was tied round the neck of a faith which was already bearing too heavy documentary burdens on its back.

Our veteran scholar deals only in a general way with the Johannine Epistles; but of the Fourth Gospel he writes a detailed commentary. What we are, however, somewhat surprised to find with so competent a student of comparative religion is, that in neither case does he even once refer to the cognate Acts of John, —a most valuable document for comparative purposes. Our exegete's point of view is that the 'spiritual gospel' emanates in the main from a writer who is neither a trained metaphysician nor a theologian of the schools, but one "who seeks to portray the source of a profound religious experience common to a group of believers knit by the closest ties of affection to Jesus and to each other" (p. 313). As to the famous prologue, our author does not believe that it is, apart from the glosses, a translation from an Aramaic original (p. 332). We are ourselves inclined to think it is (see 'The Fourth Gospel Proem' in *The Gnostic John the Baptizer*, 1924, pp. 120-127,—where a new translation with justificatory notes was attempted). The fresh light thrown on this 'source,' and on many a passage in the Gospel, by recent studies on the Mandæan and allied literature, especially by Bultmann, which are familiar to our readers, is looked on doubtfully by our commentator. He still adheres to what now seems to some of us to be the very questionable view, that the Fourth Gospel is strongly Hellenistic. This view, according to the most recent

research, depends from the single term *Logos* of the proem, which does not appear in the rest of the gospel. Our author rejects Rendel Harris's connection of the idea underlying the term with the Wisdom of the O.T. Sapiential literature, which Jewish scholars are now seeking to dissociate from all Hellenistic influence.

We, however, on the whole agree with Estlin Carpenter, when he writes: "If Jesus did not say and do the things ascribed to him [in this document], the claims raised on his behalf must (so far as they are concerned) be reconsidered. They cannot do more than prove what he was believed to be" (p. 376, n.). Like all that our veteran scholar has written, this last painstaking study of his, which shows so wide an acquaintance with the labours of Continental workers in the same field, deserves careful consideration. We cannot, however, but feel surprised that, with regard to the *Hermetica*, he quotes from the bowdlerised, unsympathetic and wooden translation of the late Walter Scott. He could have given us a better version himself.

Since this notice was written our friend has passed to new fields of service with journey-provision of honour, respect and affection. There, texts at least will no longer worry us.

LA MAGIE DANS L'ÉGYPTE ANTIQUE.

De l'Ancien Empire jusqu'à l'Époque Copte. Par Ph. Dr. François Lexa, Professeur à l'Université Charles de Prague. Paris (Geuthner); 3 vols.: pp. 220 + 235 + Atlas of lxxi Plates containing 162 Figures; frs. 200.

ONE of the main objects of Prof. Lexa is, if possible, to bring the cavorting and baying hounds of modern 'Occultism' to the heel of fact, by publishing translations of the objective literary material relating to magic as found in Egyptian and Coptic texts—a survey of some 4,000 years. It is a great undertaking, and would be immense if all the texts were given; but so many of the formulæ are repeated over and over again, that for many of them it is sufficient to give typical specimens. What we are surprised to find is that Prof. Lexa, though proposing to include the Coptic period, does not even mention the Coptic Gnostic documents, though they abound in magical formulæ. It is certainly a huge task, even when the magic of ancient Egypt alone is surveyed; we cannot, however, but regret that our Egyptologist has not added at least a chapter for students of comparative

research in this vast field. Setting aside the very abundant literature on primitive phases which especially engage the attention of anthropologists, something might have been said of the polymathic labours of Grünwedel, of Sir John Woodroffe on Tantrism and of Hopfner on the magical papyri, not to mention a score of others. However we must not look a gift-horse in the mouth. Prof. Lexa's three volumes, confined though they are strictly to Egypt, are very valuable for serious students, and provide them with a systematic ordering of the material with countless references and abundant documentation. They consist of: (1) an 'Exposé'; (2) a Version of the Texts; (3) an Atlas of Plates and Figures, some of which, however, do not seem to have any direct magical implication. Many attempts have been made to define the essential feature of magic of all sorts. Our author, after enquiry, reaches the conclusion that it may be said to be "the activity intended to produce an effect whose connection with this action is not subjectively explicable by the law of causality" (p. 17). This is by no means clear; but perhaps the following paragraph may show what Prof. Lexa has in mind. "Among religious ceremonies, some are magical, others are not. For instance, rubbing the forehead with ashes on Ash Wednesday, is not magic, because the purpose of this rite,—namely, to recall the fleeting nature of life here below,—is connected with the rite by the law of causality. The rite of two tapers placed so as to form a St. Andrew's cross—is magic, because the connection of this action with the end sought,—that is to say, protection against throat-troubles,—is not to be explained by the law of causality." This seems to mean that magic is always irrational. It may have been so objectively; and yet science has come out of magical experiment. Subjectively it is bound up with imagination, suggestion and auto-suggestion, and also with all those possibilities with which psychical research is making us familiar. We are gradually finding here 'laws of causality' which have never been previously suspected, though, philosophically speaking, 'laws of causality' are to-day regarded as very unsatisfactory sorts of kinds.

There is much of interest, and naturally far more of inexplicable native phantasticism in Prof. Lexa's pages. But no experienced student of the chaos of magic expects any explanation as yet except on the most general lines. Our author is here aware of the generalities of psychical and hypnotic phenomena and dream-work, and makes some use of theories connected with them here and there. As to the purely Egyptological linguistic

side of his labours, he either translates the texts himself, or quotes from the best existing translations. It is a useful work and we are glad to have it.

But what of the whole mass of Egyptian magical material thus laid before us from native texts? It must be confessed that the stuff of it is very disappointing for any who still believe in high magic. It is mediocre at best; for the most part it is starkly goëtic and of the *grimoire* and sorcery variety. If, attracted by the lure of lofty theurgy, as set forth, for instance, by Iamblichus in his famous 'De Mysteriis,' the reader seeks for confirmation in these hieroglyphic, hieratic and demotic texts, he will be woefully disappointed. High initiations and all the rest of it, sublimities of the imagination, and god-like exaltations, are not to be found, at any rate in any form that can commend itself to the spiritual culture that obtains among the best minds and characters of our own day. What we can learn from it, is that we should see to it that the ancient magical tyranny should never again enthrone itself in the minds of mankind. It throve on secrecy and the exploitation of the hopes and fears of the ignorant by the more cunning of their kind.

THE LIFE OF GOTAMA THE BUDDHA.

By E. H. Brewster. With an Introductory Note by Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids. London (Kegan Paul); pp. viii. + 248; 10s. 6d. net.

HOW often is one asked to recommend to an enquiring young student a 'Life of Buddha'! People imagine, not unreasonably, that just as there is (supposed to be) a Life of Jesus and a Life of Muhammad, so there ought to be a simple history of the great sage of the Sākya. But, strange to say, it is difficult to satisfy the young student with an immediate answer. In the bookshops, nine times out of ten, he will be put off with *The Light of Asia*, will form his first ideas from that charming romance, and never get rid of them.

The fact is there is no Life of the Buddha in English,—that is, no simple, short and inexpensive work which supplies an almost universal need. Gotama had to wait five hundred years before Ashvaghosha wrote his *Buddha-carita*, and another five hundred years before the Introduction to the *Jātaka* Commentary told his story up to his thirty-sixth year. Somewhere in between came

the *Lalita Vistara*, Sir Edwin Arnold's Sanskrit original. But the best historical *material*, out of which a sort of history could be made, is found in the Pāli Canon.

Mr. Brewster, therefore, is to be commended for his discernment of his task. He had been preceded by Mr. Warren's *Buddhism in Translation*, and it is possible to divine that he believes himself to be improving on Warren. There is also the small popular *Gospel of the Buddha* by the late Dr. Paul Carus. Warren and Carus both failed to write a reliable and cautious Life of the Buddha, the former by putting in too much romance and the latter too much 'editorial additions.'

With such a great need pressing upon him to produce exactly the thing that is wanted, and such examples of 'how not to do it,' we have to confess to a sense of disappointment with Mr. Brewster's book, for it does not conform to its title. If it were called 'Some Collected Texts upon which a Life of the Buddha might be Written,'—it would go well in German,—we should make no complaint.

This book is neither popular nor scholarly-critical. Imagine a 'young student' wading through it in the hope of learning when and where the Buddha was born, how long he lived, what cities and lands he visited and who were his contemporaries, and getting no clear answers. Or again, imagine the 'old stager' who wants nothing but the truth, being asked to treat the *Nālakasutta* or the 'Sublime Story' from *Dīgha Nikāya* XIV. as history. We fear the Life of Gotama the Buddha has yet to be written.

Though the foregoing remarks may resemble dispraise, we should not wish to suggest that Mr. Brewster's book lacks value. It is a most useful collection of 'life-episodes' in translation, which will be helpful—let us say—to the middle-aged student who knows the ground sufficiently to discriminate with care. Indeed, Dr. Rhys Davids, in her Introductory Note, assigns the task of winnowing the wheat from the chaff to the reader.

Here then we will leave the book in the reader's hands, with a hint that he should use his intuition as much as his higher-critical faculties in its study. He will be repelled by such stories as (p. 19) the sudden shaving of the heads of eighty-four thousand Sākyans and their donning of yellow robes (what a boom for the barbers and the drapers!). He will be attracted by the 'Conquest of Fear' (p. 27) and such-like autobiographical pieces. He will be convinced by the logical power of the 'First Sermon' (p. 61) and the deep psychological analysis of 'The Fire Sermon' (p. 87).

Again he will be amused and instructed—though not historically—at the way in which the Blessed One and the Noble Elephant each deserted their respective admirers and found delight in the loneliness of the forest (p. 132).

And so we may venture to hope that some reader, in gratitude for Mr. Brewster's help and to his predecessors, will one day sit down to write a Life of Gotama the Buddha.

W. L. H.

FRANCIS THOMPSON: A STUDY.

By R. L. Mégroz. London (Faber & Gwyer); pp. xiii + 288; 12s. 6d. net.

MR. MÉGROZ'S book is less a systematic study of Francis Thompson's poetry and his place in English literature than a series of wide-ranging and not too closely connected essays upon aspects of his work. The essentials of the poet's life are first conveniently summarized, and then his merits as a critic and writer of prose are considered. Mr. Mégroz is discriminating, and justly so, on this subject. The Shelley essay, though full of fine purple passages, is nevertheless (he thinks) a failure. But although *Health and Holiness* is included as being of Francis Thompson's best prose, our critic, we feel, has not done justice to that very masculine and thought-provoking essay. A better chapter is that in which Thompson the artist is considered. Mr. Mégroz regards the first volume of *Poems* (1898) as largely imitative, but deals generously with *New Poems*. "No English poet since Wordsworth has a more influential and energy-releasing effect on poetic diction." *The Hound of Heaven* and *Sister Songs* are regarded as forming essentially one soliloquy, and as a soliloquy are adjudged 'to come second to Shakespeare's sonnets.' Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality* is regarded as a possible third soliloquy. The author must be forgiven for much that is annoying in his work on account of his very just recognition that the *Anthem of Earth* is "as masterly a stretch of harmony between rhythm and metre as you shall find in English poetry." But has he observed the close correlation between the stripping of the soul and the stripping of speech in both *The Hound of Heaven* and the *Anthem of Earth*?

But when we come to the discussing of Patmore's influence on Francis Thompson, we reach the more central theme of Mégroz's essays. He regards both poets as students of "an

almost universal religious symbolism which has always had an esoteric sexual implication." It is true that he himself draws back from the more extreme observations of the psycho-analysts, who attempt to sexualize spirit, instead of spiritualizing sex, nevertheless he, too, the present reviewer feels, unnecessarily exaggerates the sexual references and symbolism to be found in Thompson, as indeed in any other poet. Is it really much to the point, or æsthetically illuminating, to talk about Thompson's starved virility? Was not his virility sublimated, rather than starved? As a matter of fact Mégroz hovers restlessly between the psycho-analytical and the spiritual standpoints. When he forgets sex, then he writes and illuminates the spirit of Crashaw's, Shelley's, Thompson's poetry. Similarly, when he forgets science, he writes finely on Thompson's nature-poetry. But how many readers will thank him for recommending *The Orient Ode* in preference to *The Setting Sun*, because in the former "the electronic theory is very clearly included"? Too little weight is given to the poet's emphatic declaration that, since he speaks by sound, whereas Nature speaks by silences,

"Never did any milk of hers
Once bless my thirsting mouth."

The treatment of Thompson's poetry of childhood is conspicuous for its absence of any reference to Blake. The splendours of English verse on childhood cannot be rightly perceived unless Blake, Wordsworth and Thompson are related to one another. The final chapters deal lightly with affinities between the poet's work and Bedouin and Spanish romance. Yet not in this somewhat thin parallel is the true spiritual lineage of Francis Thompson to be found. He was a student of Spanish mysticism. He knew his Ignatius Loyola, and the true complement to *The Hound of Heaven* is St. John of the Cross' *Cántico espiritual*.

ALBERT A. COCK.

THE NATURE OF DEITY.

A Sequel to 'Personality and Reality.' By J. E. Turner, M.A., Ph.D., Reader in Philosophy in the University of Liverpool. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 248; 10s. net.

OUB esteemed contributor completes in this work the foundation-layer of his constructive philosophical thinking, completing the quaternary, of which the other stones are entitled respectively: *Personality and Reality*, *A Theory of Direct Realism* and *The*

Philosophic Basis of Moral Obligation. For the workmanship expended on these carefully hewn and laid stones he has been more praised than criticized. This shows that he has given satisfactory form to what many others are thinking or searching after just now. The chief aim of Dr. Turner has been to bring out the meaning and content of that fundamental concept which the present fashion is to label with the philologically very unsatisfactory term 'personality.' Its inadequacy is most glaringly apparent when we speak of 'a personal God,' as the equivalent of that *mysterium exsuperantissimum* in whose presence not only do all words cease, but all thoughts are silenced. Dr. Turner is very sensible of this, in spite of his 248 pp. on the topic. But he defends the manner of his exploit by writing (p. 128): "If it is objected . . . that this is nothing more than a crudely anthropomorphic description of Deity, it is sufficient to reply that it may be interpreted, with equal justice, as a theomorphic account of man." One is almost inclined to retort: That does not make it any better. Nevertheless our philosopher has no little of interest to say about this highest of all themes; as when he endeavours to reconcile the immanent and transcendental modes, and maintains, for instance (p. 151) that: "Our conception of the transcendence of divine attributes must be obtained by intensifying to the utmost the content and significance of the highest ideas we can actually form—of power, knowledge, love, purpose and goodness; and in this manner Deity becomes not transcendent of all knowledge, etc., but rather transcendent in these attributes—a totally different conclusion." This is well said; and yet it makes nonsense of the term 'transcendent.' Dr. Turner thus joins issue with Otto's 'Idea of the Holy,' which he thinks to be radically mistaken, when the distinguished Marburg Professor contends that 'the Holy' must be freed not only from 'its moral factor or moment' but likewise from its 'rational aspect.' Granting fully that the view he himself advocates, runs the danger with most of tending to reduce the Deity to the status of a 'magnified, non-natural man,' our author adds (p. 162): But "if we are compelled to choose between any such result as this on the one hand, and the utterly illusive, supra-rational and supra-moral holy on the other, there can of course be no hesitation in selecting the other." But why, oh why, should we be content to be skewered on the prongs of this 'either-or' dilemma. *Ignoramus*; but we have faith, that some time, when our 'celestial eye' is opened to the vision, we shall know, that the usual completion of the tag—'*et ignorabimus*'

—will be proved false. Much could be written in review of this thoughtful volume, did space serve; but we must be content to conclude with admiring the ingenuity of Dr. Turner when he dodges or solves—which shall it be?—numerous difficulties by the equation ‘infinite’ = ‘perfect.’

THE EGO AND SPIRITUAL TRUTH.

By I. C. Isbyam. With an Introductory Essay, ‘The Quest of the Spiritual Truth,’ by Louis Zangwill. London (Daniel); pp. 182; 7s. 6d. net.

WE have here a typographically attractive volume, containing thirteen pages of musical notes, which may be interesting to a certain type of metaphysicians. The first half of the book is taken up by the late Louis Zangwill’s speculative introductory essay. From it we learn that there are two types of philosophy,—Introvert and Extravert. Confucius, the extravert, is opposed to the Tao, which system is introvert, as is that of the Hindus; but your Greek is an extravert philosopher, who received stimulus from the introvert Orient. This airy generalization requires considerable qualification before it can satisfy the historian of philosophy. Z. has evidently taken his ‘classification of temperaments’ from Jung, and applied the latter’s ideas, in *Psychological Types*, to metaphysics. This makes the introductory essay sufficiently suggestive reading; all the more as Z. is erudite and gives copious notes in his attempt to synthesize much of modern metaphysics, so as to relate it both to the ancient philosophies and to the latest results of psychology. But when we read that: “Tao was a secret tradition of Scholars,” and that “it was simply a method, and its principle was ‘do nothing,’” we gravely dissent. Z. has entirely misconceived Tao. This chapter requires further elucidation. In his endeavour to analyze the Cartesian hypothesis, Z. seems to read a very subjective meaning into this precise mathematically-minded system. He extends it beyond the limits of its just purpose and out of all proportion to its historical significance. He also confuses the mysticism of Spinoza with the monadic doctrine of Leibniz in a further attempt at synthesis. Finally, on page 91, reference is made, in a note, to Einstein and Non-Euclidean geometry, the possibilities of which were well known to Gauss, many years before, and to subsequent thinkers. Zangwill fails to understand that Non-Euclidean Geometry was only one of the

methods used by European mathematicians to overcome the Greek idea of space, which is so different from our own; even as he fails to appreciate the true value of functional mathematics. He has the faults of most of the modern metaphysicians, who are afraid to leave a useless '*Katheder-Philosophie*,' and are unable to create new concepts. Where Z. is interesting, is in the introduction of psychological 'entities' into the realm of metaphysical speculation. It is from this point of view that he introduces us to the speculations of Mr. I. C. Isbyam. The latter's *Ego and Spiritual Truth* is interesting in parts, and the interest is enhanced by the insertion of the above-mentioned thirteen pages of music,—a novel idea, which will, no doubt, make the book more palatable to some readers. The chapter 'Discussion on Discourse' and the two subsequent chapters are written in the form of a duologue, where 'I' is I. C. I. and 'One' his alter ego. 'I' and 'One' discourse discursively on questions such as: "If lightning takes the path of least resistance, does this involve judgment?"—and concerning the nature of his Cloud-cuckoo-Land 'Wacapita.' The book is, however, in parts, a not unstimulating intellectual fantasy, which should interest our younger philosophizers.

G. H.

THE SELF-SEEKER AND HIS SEARCH.

By I. C. Isbyam. London (Daniel); pp. 128; 5s. net.

ANOTHER volume by Mr. I. C. Isbyam. In it he concludes the metaphysical system he endeavoured to set forth in *The Ego and Spiritual Truth*. Unfortunately, there is this time no introductory essay, failing which we find it difficult to follow the author. Z. would no doubt, had he not transferred his activities elsewhere, have enlightened us as to the meaning of a strange entity, called more strangely 'Apoaforoë,' and would have further been quite willing to admit that there is a subtle difference between it and its cousin, the 'Foroäteä.' The author himself modestly insists (on p. 107) that his ruminations on these numinous conceits read like a Persian poem. We should like to know what a Persian scholar has to say to this, if he should chance on the book. As we read on, we wrestle continually with the Apoaforoë and Foroäteä ejects; and that is perhaps fortunate, as in the bout we do seem to become better acquainted with them. But we grow suspicious when 'One' (Mr. Isbyam's alter ego in the Platonic duologue of his previously-mentioned volume) says that the 'importance

of passion' is much exaggerated. We ask then: Is the *Apoaforoē* a passion?—but alas, receive no answer. 'One' further states as profound truth the truism: "Even a fanatic may be pure." 'I' says that he is very much edified. So are we,—the other way round. But we must really refuse to be father-confessor to this writhing sinner any longer. Two books of his are too much for an out-patient.

GERARD HEYM.

THE ARYAN ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET.

By L. A. Waddell. With Plates and Illustrations. London (Luzac); pp. viii+80; 7s. 6d. net.

A SUMER-ARYAN DICTIONARY.

By L. A. Waddell. Part I. A-F. With Five Plates. London (Luzac); pp. xlvi+80; 12s. net.

THESE two works can be most conveniently treated together, for they hang together. One practically depends upon the other. In both the author, who has forsaken his valuable Tibetan studies, and has turned to comparative ethnology and philology, postulates first and foremost an Aryan origin for the Sumerians. This in itself is already a very questionable view. He then describes the Hittites as the descendants of the Sumerians, who, he asserts, inherited from them their culture, and reduced to diagrammatic forms their old picture-writing, which, by the way, we learn, was introduced into Egypt in the pre-Dynastic period by 'Menes Aha—the Warrior,' who is identical with Manis-tusu, or 'Manis-the-Warrior' (p. 72). Further, our author declares that the Phœnicians have wrongly been called Semites. They are, he affirms, practically identical with the Hittites; and Cadmus, 'the great Phœnician sea-king and sea-emperor,' whose father Agenor fought on the side of the Trojans, is now declared to be the inventor of the simple alphabet, freed from its syllabic character. Cadmus is stated to have lived about 1200 B.C.; on the other hand we are asked to believe that a Brito-Phœnician alphabet was also evolved in England about 1100 B.C., in direct connection with the Sumerian writing. This is the gist of the book on the 'Aryan Origin of the Alphabet.' Its object is to proclaim the Aryan origin of modern civilization. One is very reluctant to be severe on a veteran scholar, and it is of course by no means the first time that outward

similarity of signs has led to erroneous conclusions. The great uncertainty that still reigns over the ethnical origin of the Sumerians, as well as of the Hittites, should put us on our guard against rash speculations. As a matter of fact, all the Phœnician monuments hitherto discovered are, without exception, written in the Semitic language of Palestine, closely akin to the Moabite, Aramaic, Hebrew, etc. A glance at Cook's volume of North-Semitic Inscriptions alone is sufficient to prove the Semitic character of the Phœnician language and also of the script. Doubtless anyone who sets out with a preconceived idea of proving a thesis, will easily find material in the playful fancy of etymological studies. But to-day we have left such mediæval philology long behind. At that time all the European languages were traced back to Hebrew roots. In his second book the author now wishes to trace most of the so-called Aryan and other words back to Sumerian roots. We regret that we are unable to follow him in this extravagant kind of etymological investigation. His Aryan theory unfortunately proves aërian.

M. GASTER.

THE CASE FOR AND AGAINST PSYCHICAL BELIEF.

(A Public Symposium.) Clark University, Worcester, Mass.; pp. 865; \$8.75.

THIS Symposium was held at Clark University, Nov. 29 to Dec. 11, 1926, under the auspices of the Department of Psychology, and with the consent of the President and Trustees of the University. It is the latter fact that chiefly distinguishes it. For it is the first time that any official recognition has been given to psychical research by any centre of learning the world over. Not that Clark University has committed itself further than to afford the opportunity for the combatants pro and con to state their case. Even so, it marks a definite stage in advance, and heralds the dawn of a less intransigent attitude in academical circles. 'Psychical Belief' in the title apparently stands for the admission in varying degrees that psychical phenomena occur. The symposiasts are thus arranged in 4 classes as being: I. Convinced of the Multiplicity of Psychical Phenomena; II. Convinced of the Rarity of Genuine Psychical Phenomena; III. Unconvinced as Yet; IV. Antagonistic to the Claims that Such Phenomena Occur. Under IV. we find only the Radical Negativists, —namely, the Psychologist Prof. Joseph Jastrow (Univ. of

Wisconsin) and the recently deceased 'world-famous magician,' Harry Houdini. Again under III. there are but two Symposiasts, the Psychologists Prof. J. E. Coover and Dr. Gardner Murphy, who held the Hodgson Fellowship at Harvard from 1922-1925, and who tentatively accepts telepathy, but calls for improvement in the quality and quantity of experimental work. Position II. is occupied by the well-known Psychical Researchers Prof. W. McDougall, Prof. Hans Dreisch, Dr. F. C. S. Schiller, and Dr. W. Franklin Prince. While Part I. contains the papers of those fully convinced of the occurrence of psychical phenomena in all its various phases, including those which demonstrate survival and spirit-communication. They are the most numerous, and include Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. F. Bligh Bond and Dr. L. R. G. Crandon, who describes and vouches for the 'Margery' phenomena, and two American ladies known in literary circles. We have thus an abundant setting forth of the subject in all its chief aspects, with arguments pro and con. The public is left to make up its own mind on the case. But to whatever position the individual reader may incline, all of us must applaud the eminently impartial way in which Clark University has acted in the matter.

CHRISTIANITY AS BHAKTI MĀRGA.

A Study in the Mysticism of the Johannine Writings. By A. J. Appasamy, M.A. (Harvard), D.Phil. (Oxon.), Joint Author of 'The Sadhu.' London (Macmillan); pp. 232; 4s. 6d. n.

OF the N. T. documents it would seem that the 'Johannine' writings (meaning here the Gospel and Epistles, and not the Apocalypse) make a special appeal to the devotional Indian mind once it has accepted Christianity. They are pre-eminently the exposition of the Love-element in the worship of Deity, and as such have abundant points of contact in doctrine and feeling with the numerous scriptures of India which exemplify the path of Love, or Bhakti Mārga, most abundantly among the Vaishnavas and to a less extent among the Shaivas. Dr. Appasamy has then done well to expand the thesis which he originally submitted for the D.Phil. degree at Oxford into the present excellently written and carefully thought-out study. Well acquainted with the general critical problems that confront the student of the fourth gospel, he leaves these aside the better to enter unhampered into the spirit of the 'spiritual gospel' as the outpouring of

a religious genius, whom Dr. Appasamy believes to have known Jesus personally, and to have been in deeper communion with the mind of the Christ than the later synoptic evangelists. This personal acquaintance seems to us on documentary and historical grounds to be highly improbable; the inspired writer belonged to a subsequent generation, and doctrinally sublimated what lay before or behind him. Dr. Appasamy, however, shows no signs of being acquainted with the most recent source-work done on the gospel and especially on the famous proem, which throws an entirely new light on the thought-environment of the fourth evangelist. He takes a number of great passages from the text and comments on them devotionally as illustrative of his main thesis; here he shows fine feeling and an insight into the

but a compliment to call the Founder of Christianity an 'adept' or an 'initiate,'—little better than to speak of him as a 'medium,'—even when the adjective 'great' is prefixed to these terms; for all of them have to do with far lesser things and people. Our modern science of physical things has progressed so marvellously, precisely because 'openness' has been practised. Let but the open way and method prevail in things vital, psychical and mental as well, and spiritual truth and natural virtue will be ours; but not otherwise. 'Occultism' is a bad habit remaining over from the past; it is a neurotic complex that requires to be faced fearlessly, rationalised and sublimated. Whatever 'Esoteric Christianity' may be, it is not a 'Restatement' of the 'Faith' of the Founder.

MEMORABILIA.

Reminiscences of a Woman Artist and Writer by R. S. S. S.

MYTH AND CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

By Vacher Burch, D.D., Lecturer in Theology, Liverpool Cathedral.
London (Oxford University Press); pp. 232; 10s. net.

IN gratitude for his conferring on it temporal power, the Church rapidly metamorphosed the brutal and practically pagan-to-the last Constantine into an heroic figure of pious Christian legend, graced with high virtues and possessed of deep theological erudition. Such romantic transformations are familiar enough to students of hagiography; but Constantine's is an exceptionally flagrant example of fulsome fiction. With this ever-increasing cluster of soap-bubbles of the long-lived Constantine myth Dr. Burch has dealt faithfully, and also with a newness of touch, especially when he brings to light the Romano-Sabine element in the legend-complex. Constantine, the founder of New Rome, needs must be brought into connection with Romulus who founded Old Rome, and therewith with Sabine religious motives, wolf-lore on the one hand and Sol-worship and a certain Minervan tincture on the other, and all this glossed with the theological varnishing of the Christian panegyrists and makers of myths. The historic Constantine was never at heart a Christian. As Dr. Burch says in his concluding words: "The Minervan *Sapientia* had kept him from going on to the *Sophia* whose other name was Christ; and the augural staff of Romulus was more actual to him than the crook of the shepherd." Dr. Burch's study is one of wide research and fine scholarship.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MYSTICISM AND MYSTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

With Notes by the Compiler William Kingsland. London (Methuen); pp. 315; 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is a well-arranged collection of quotations from many sources, ancient and modern. It will be useful, not only to illustrate the principles set forth in Mr. Kingsland's recent work *Rational Mysticism*, which is its prime object, but also as a volume to take up in spare moments to refresh the memory of the student of comparative mysticism or add to the store of fair things of lovers of the mystic way.

but a compliment to call the Founder of Christianity an 'adept' or an 'initiate,'—little better than to speak of him as a 'medium,'—even when the adjective 'great' is prefixed to these terms; for

B. J. Worsley Boden. With a Preface by G. A. Studdert Kennedy, M.C. London (Constable); pp. 174; 4s. 6d. net.

HERE we have a collection of 'outspoken essays' indeed, by a post-War parson of the Anglican Church, who has passed through that hell. Mr. Worsley Boden (now Rector of North Wingfield, Derbyshire) faithfully sketches the present parlous position of religion in this country, burks no difficulty and faces the music from the standpoint of a 'modernist' in the best sense. He himself believes that 'these bones' *can* 'live,' and tries to show how they may become something more than an animated skeleton. We are not quite content with some of his attempts at exegesis to meet the difficulties of certain credal formularies; but that is an objection of small dimensions compared with our hearty approval of his general contentions. The book is a courageously frank utterance, written so as to grip the attention of the 'man in the street,' and yet by no means superficial; there is sympathetic experience and understanding in it, much thought and reading behind it. It is moreover never stuffy, but ventilated with no little breeziness.

THE SPLENDOUR OF ASIA.

By L. Adams Beck, Author of 'The Way of the Stars,' etc. London (Collins); pp. 253; 7s. 6d.

IN this we are given a sketch of the coming of the Buddha, with all the signs and wonders that were foretold, his life and death, together with some of his principal teachings. The book is written with sympathetic simplicity, so that the ordinary lay reader will find no difficulty in appreciating the great truths which the Enlightened taught and practised to show men to what heights of spirituality they could attain. It brings out the contrast of his early life when, surrounded with all the splendour and luxury of Oriental life, he marries the beautiful Princess Yashodara, only to find that the path of life which leads to perfection could be won solely by his supreme renunciation of self. The sketch is not written for scholars.

V. F.

MEMORABILIA.

Reminiscences of a Woman Artist and Writer. By Isabelle de Steiger. With a Preface by Arthur Edward Waite, and Eight Illustrations in Half Tone and in Line. London (Rider); pp. 309; 21s. net.

THE authoress of these posthumously published reminiscences, an old friend, passed away at the ripe age of some 90 years. They are of interest chiefly as containing memory-jottings of Mme. de Steiger's intercourse with (among other well-known folk) Mme. Blavatsky and Anna Bonus Kingsford and her long friendship with the recluse Mrs. Atwood, the authoress of the much-discussed *Suggestive Enquiry concerning the Hermetic Mystery*. Mme. de Steiger herself was the translator of von Eckartshausen's *Cloud upon the Sanctuary* and the writer of *On a Gold Basis* and *Super-humanity*. She also painted for Mme. Blavatsky, from the photograph of a chalk black-and-white sketch of a beturbaned Oriental head in profile, a portrait in oils purporting to be that of one of Mme. B.'s teachers, and this before Schmiechen painted the two full-face heads which have been subsequently used as the cult-eikons of the Esoteric Theosophists. Mme. de Steiger ends with a note of sadness, lamenting the little notice taken of her contributions to mystical literature. But she was somewhat too prone to take offence even with old friends.

THE DARK SEA.

By Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny. London (John Lane); pp. 321; 7s. 6d. net.

HERE we are given a rather conventional account of how deep-rooted prejudice against all forms of psychical phenomena was broken down, and how the knowledge that life continued after death brought comfort and happiness to one who had lost all faith and hope. Mrs. de Crespigny has done well in comparing those persons who would adventure in the quest and find new knowledge with Christopher Columbus; for like him they must have visions wherewith the soul may sense the unseen, and a mind willing to probe and investigate all facts without blindly accepting or repudiating what is not understood, and lastly, faith to carry on

in spite of all opposition and deception. In this story, as indeed may often happen in life, a message of seemingly small value is the link which brings a realization of survival after death; it shows also that we never know which of us may be used as an instrument for truth.

V. F.

OPPOSITE THINGS.

An Introduction to the Philosophy of Hegel. By M. Carta Sturge, M.A. Bristol (Burleigh Press); pp. 110: 2s. 6d. net.

"THE object of this little book is to try to express in simple terms Hegel's profound doctrine of the 'Reconciliation of Opposites,' and so to render it as to make it suggestive and helpful in everyday life for such as have no bent or inclination for Philosophy."

The very word 'Hegel' suggests to many of us the approach of some horror, the very murmur of the name raises an idea of some fearful fiend that close behind doth tread. But the authoress of this little book has gone near to performing what many think impossible. For instance, she makes it clear that Hegel's 'Being—Becoming—Non-being' is a simple statement of fact, not a meaningless collocation of three unrelated vocables. So far as the little book goes, it shows that Hegel is not a man of incomprehensible horror, but a pleasant companion who talks commonsense. I would ask those who disdain metaphysics to read Miss Sturge's Introduction, in strong hope that their disdain may disappear into the *Ewigkeit*. There may even grow in them a liking for the unknown X!

F. O. C.

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Prof. Reynold A. NICHOLSON, M.A., Litt.D.,
LL.D., F.B.A.

INTRODUCTORY.

SOME years ago I received from an Indian scholar interested in Súfism copies of two Arabic manuscripts (Lucknow and Hyderabad) containing a short treatise which bears the title *al-Qaṣḍ ila 'lláh*, ‘The Quest for God.’ The Hyderabad MS. also contains a second work entitled *Ma‘áli 'l-Himam*, ‘The Sublimities of Aspiration.’ Both are mentioned by the great bibliographer, Ḥájjí Khalífa, who attributes them to one of the most celebrated Moslem mystics of the 3rd century A.H., Junayd of Baghdád; and the Indian manuscripts, too, have the name of Junayd on their title-pages. This ascription is false. The author, whose name occurs in the introductions of both works, as well as at the beginning of every chapter, always describes himself as Abú 'l-Qásim al-‘Árif, ‘al-‘Árif’ being the Arabic equivalent for ‘gnostic’ or ‘knower of God,’ while Abú 'l-Qásim is one of those *prænomina* which are used

by Muslims as names of honour, especially in polite conversation. Now it so happens that Abú 'l-Qásim is the name of honour belonging to Junayd; and probably that is why these two works have been attributed to him, although the *Quest for God* cannot have been composed before A.H. 395=A.D.1005, nearly a hundred years after Junayd's death, as appears from a remarkable passage which I will quote presently. On the other hand, the author, whoever he may have been, was undoubtedly influenced by Junayd's doctrine, notwithstanding his reverence for an earlier Šúfí, who is often contrasted with Junayd, the uncompromising and indiscreet Abú Yazíd—or, as the Persians call him, Báyzíd—al-Bisṭámí. The ninth chapter of the *Quest for God* depicts Abú Yazíd as the ideal type of seeker, traversing the Seven Heavens to the very Throne of the Merciful, yet still pressing onward, for he would be satisfied with nothing less than God himself, till, in his own words, "God brought me nigh unto Him, and brought me so nigh that I became nigher unto Him than the spirit to the body." This is the oldest complete version of the famous *Mi'ráj* or 'Ascension' of Abú Yazíd. Though given in the form in which Abú Yazíd is said to have related it to his *famulus*, it shows traces of having been edited by the school of Junayd and has lost the characteristic features of the original narrative, fragments of which, together with Junayd's commentary on them, are preserved in the *Luma'* of Abú Naṣr al-Sarráj.

The *Quest for God* is a compact little book, its ten chapters covering only sixty or seventy pages. The author does not concern himself with the problems of mystical theology, nor does he offer any systematic exposition of the subject on the lines which Moham-

medan writers have made somewhat painfully familiar. His work has, of course, a theoretic basis, but this is kept in the background and is generally implied rather than explained. His aim is a practical one: he wishes to instruct and guide those who are seeking God—perhaps his own disciples; to warn them of the obstacles and pitfalls in the Way; to show them how the Divine grace can remove every veil from their hearts, and by what means they must render themselves worthy to receive the ineffable mystery which God reserves for whosoever shall become singly and solely devoted to Him. The method to be practised and the goal to be attained are denoted by terms derived from an Arabic root expressing the notion of singleness and isolation. The method is *tafríd*, to make one's self single, which involves, entirely and absolutely, renunciation of the present world, of the world hereafter, and of all things and thoughts that appertain to one's self; the goal is *infirád bi 'l-Fard*, ‘to be alone with the Alone.’ While the first eight chapters describe the method of the Quest and the effects which it produces in those who practise it, the last two chapters take us into the company of saints who have seen God face to face and are summoned to declare what they have witnessed and experienced. The merits of the book must be considered in relation to the author's purpose, which was, no doubt, to inspire his readers with devotional enthusiasm. From this point of view, its brevity and unity—attractive as these qualities are to us—are not so important as its peculiar style. The greater part of it consists of *spoken* words (prayers, utterances of praise and thanksgiving, personal testimonies, monologues and, above all, dialogues); and the repetition of certain phrases and sentences which run through its chapters

like solemn refrains, together with the frequent use of rhymed prose, suggests that the author desired to excite religious emotion by appealing directly to the ear. Many passages when read aloud must have called forth in the hearers the same kind of inward response as is induced by the stately rhythms of a long-sustained and elaborate litany. But while the form conveys something almost incommunicable except to those who read the book in Arabic, what, I think, will be recognized even in an English translation is the vitality which dwells in language dictated by intense feeling and deep faith. Sometimes, particularly when an attempt is made to describe states of rapture and ecstasy, this language becomes extravagant, grotesque, shocking to the literary purist. But here again the picture is true to life. It would be difficult to name another book that gives us in so few pages so much of the spirit and atmosphere of mystical devotion in Islam.

THE TREATISE.

Chapter I., 'Concerning the Quest of God and the Precipices which are encountered on the Way,' begins as follows:

Said Abú 'l-Qásim the gnostic: "O ye companies of people in quest of God, know that when the worshipper betakes himself to God and seeks union with Him with a fluttering heart and a sincere purpose to abide with Him unto everlasting, he is confronted by a thousand precipices of fire, every precipice being harder to pass and a thousand thousand times longer than the distance from the highest heaven to the earth; and he ceases not to encounter precipice after precipice, ever crossing them one after another, till he reaches Him whom he

seeks and loves. Now, the first of those precipices that confronts him is the precipice of the World, with all that is therein of her gauds and good-living and enjoyment of her various delights and pleasures. 'Where art thou going,' says she, 'O servant of God? I am thy dwelling-place and thy shelter. Thou wert created from me and thou wert born in me and thou hast lived by means of me. Thou canst not do without me.' But when the worshipper regards her hidden banes and her consummate witchery and the variety of her deceit and guile and the abundance of her evil and affliction and the fleetness with which she passes away and how inconstant she is to her people, and since he sees his fleshly soul inclining towards her pleasures and lusts and towards friendliness with her inhabitants, he will rely upon God for help and will renounce her and not busy himself with her or attend to her, and paying reverence to the holiness of his Lord he will say to her: 'O shelter of every affliction and bane, verily that which I cannot do without is the great and glorious God, and He is able to relieve me from want of thee.' "

This paragraph is followed by four of like form and structure, describing the other precipices, namely, Mankind, the Carnal Soul, Paradise, and Miracles. Of Paradise, which was created by the will of God, exists for His sake and only serves to distract His creatures from the real Object of worship, the author says:

" And therewithal the worshipper attaineth not to Paradise but after a long time; for he attaineth not unto it till he leave behind him death and the grave and the Resurrection; but unto God he may attain at every moment and twinkling of an eye, nay, less than that. God hath said, 'And bow in prayer and draw nigh.' "

“As for miracles and spiritual graces and endowments, however exalted they may be, the true worshipper will close his eyes to them, turning from the gift to the Giver.” This principle is developed in Chapter II., which explains ‘How those in quest of God ought to refrain from Tarrying in any Stage or Station of the Mystic Way.’ The stages enumerated are Conversion (*inābat*), Repentance (*taubat*), Devotion (*ibādat*), Fear and Dread (*khauf wa-khashyat*), Love and Longing (*mahabbat wa-shauq*), Nighness (*qurb*), Contemplation (*mushāhadat*). Here is a typical passage :

“When the worshipper seeks after God with a true will—the flame of longing having been kindled in him—and God knoweth the true will in his heart, He will seat him upon the steed of Conversion unto Him; then He will cause him to see the perfection of His clemency and compassion in bestowing His gracious lovingkindness and beneficence and His goodly bounty and munificence; and thereupon the worshipper will perceive how long he hath been forgetful and hath failed to perform his obligations towards God and how often he hath turned aside from Him; and because of his exceeding great shame he will be amazed and dumb-founded and will set out to journey away entirely from all vanities and errors towards God the Almighty and Glorious, and his fleshly soul will be overcome by his consciousness of God’s beholding him; and then this worshipper will stand up with the feet of shame and fear upon the carpet of Repentance. And when he is fortified in the station of Repentance, and his heart is wellnigh tarrying therein unto death and is content therewith and resting in it and pleased with God’s gift, then the voice of God comes into his inmost heart and saith: ‘O My servant, My servant, what ails thee that thou tarriest and art content without Me and inclining towards other than Me, when I am He in

whom abide the hopes of every one that hath hope? O My servant, come unto Me, come unto Me! Do not strive against Me for the like of that!' Then there will be kindled from his inmost heart the fire of longing after union with Him, and the heart will fly towards His voice on the wings of aspiration, seeking Him with a true will. And when God knoweth the true will in his heart, He will seat him upon the steed of Devotion."

The third and fourth chapters explain how God is ever calling to the hearts of those who seek Him, and how they hearken to Him and answer His call. That is to say, the prayer and praise of mystics is the response, the echo, which accompanies and attests the voice of God calling them to Himself and chiding them when their hearts turn away from Him; in reality their aspiration is His inspiration. The author himself does not formulate any doctrine of this kind, but according to his custom merely says that such and such things occur, and then proceeds to illustrate them; it is noteworthy that all his traditional examples of the Divine Call are drawn from Jewish or Christian sources. I may quote part of a Revelation addressed to Yaḥyá ibn Zakariyyá (John the Baptist):

"O Yaḥyá, verily I have laid upon Myself the ordinance that none of My servants should love Me, and I know the love in his heart, but I shall be his hearing and his sight and his tongue, and shall make hateful to him everything except Me, and take off from him the burden of the lusts and pleasures of this world, and regard him every day seventy thousand times, and at every moment increase unto him the delights of My love and the sweetness of My society, and make strong upon him the longing after Me, and fill his heart with light from Me, so that he shall behold incessantly the subtleties of My working and the perfection of My loving; and I will stroke his head and lay My hand upon his pain, to the end that he may not complain

of Me to other than Me, whilst I hear the throbbing of his heart from the longing which he hath to meet Me face to face." Then said Yahyá son of Zakariyyá, "'Tis behoving me that my heart rest not till I attain unto Thee."

The fourth chapter includes, in addition to the general response of the seekers, a number of short responses said to have been made by the Prophet and certain Šúfis, one of whom is a woman, the saintly Rábi'a of Bašra.

The subject of the fifth and sixth chapters is the inward purification and discipline necessary for the seekers of God. Any one who goes on the quest without having first corrected his faults, is like the man who fell into a cesspool and was befouled from head to foot and came to a druggist and said :

"I want perfume to perfume myself withal." "Here is the perfume," said the druggist, "but where is the place for it? Every part of you is covered with filth." "What must I do then?" he asked. "Go," said the druggist, "and buy potash and fuller's earth and soap, and enter the bath and wash yourself and your clothes; then come to me that I may perfume you with my sweet scents."

As regards the author's psychology, it is based on a threefold division, namely: the carnal soul (*nafs*), the spirit (*ruh*)—which he identifies with the reason as opposed to the flesh—and the heart (*qalb*). "The carnal soul is appetitive, vile, and ignoble, and moves in the realm of mortality (*fand*); the spirit is spiritual, holy, and enlightened, and moves in the realm of permanence (*baqá*); the heart is lordly, transcendent, and eternal, and moves in the realm of presence and vision (*liqá*)."
Therefore the carnal soul desires this world, and the spirit desires the world to come, and the heart desires the Lord. When the carnal soul prevails, the spirit is compelled to follow and the seeker becomes worldly; when the spirit prevails, the carnal soul is compelled to follow and the seeker becomes a devout servant of God; when the heart

prevails, the carnal soul and the spirit are compelled to follow and the seeker becomes one of God's elect.

The seventh chapter has a special interest, not only because it gives the date after which the *Quest for God* was composed, but also because here the author relates his own experience as a seeker. This is such a curious document that I must translate it more or less as it stands :

Said Abú 'l-Qásim the gnostic : “ O ye companies of people in quest of God, know that when I purposed to go in quest of God and formed the intention of approaching Him and making friends with Him unto everlasting, I reflected concerning these matters and I saw that of all matters they are the most noble and sublime. Then I pondered what preparation it behoved me to make in order that I might become fit for the attainment of the proposed end, and I saw that it consisted in becoming truly alone with Him and in abandoning every self-interest, first as regards this world, then as regards the next world, then as regards the Lord, so that I should come alone to the Alone. Then I considered that the Prophet—God bless and save him!—notwithstanding his perfect intelligence and profound knowledge and complete renunciation, had need to take counsel in all affairs temporal and spiritual, and that in this affair of mine it would be more seemly for me to consult with those who would aid me therein ; and I knew that the greater the object the fewer the helpers for it and the fewer they that are fit to help. So then I caused the Carnal Soul and Desire together with all their assistants to sit on my left hand ; and I caused the Spirit and the Reason to sit on my right hand together with all their assistants ; and I caused the Heart together with all its assistants to sit in front of me ;

and I said to them: 'What say ye of the great and glorious God?' They answered, all of them: 'He is our Lord and the Lord of everything. Happy are they that know Him and seek Him and attain unto Him and are content with Him instead of all besides.' Then I asked them: 'What say ye if I go in quest of Him?' They answered, all of them: 'And is aught but this behoving thee? Hath He created thee except for this? Hath He commanded thee to do aught but this? Well done, well done, if God shall prosper thee!' I said: 'If ye be asked about this a thousand years, have ye any answer different from this?' They said: 'No.'

"Then I faced towards the Carnal Soul and Desire and all their assistants and said: 'Now, if I go in quest of my Lord, will ye aid me to the end that I may take Him as a companion, friend, and beloved?' They answered: 'No.' 'Why is that,' I asked, 'since He is our Master and our Lord, whom we cannot do without either here or hereafter?' 'Because,' said they, 'God hath created us of the darkness of this world and we have need of its lusts and pleasures and delights, and through it we are preserved, and through losing it we are lost.' I said: 'Woe to you! Do not ye see how the world is fleeting and passing away? Do not ye reflect concerning that which God hath promised and threatened and commanded and forbidden, and how He hath called you unto Himself and warned you against occupying yourselves with the world?' They answered: 'O worshipper in quest of thy Lord and Beloved, do not engage in long disputation, else thou wilt remain deprived of the Object of thy quest and search and love; and thou wilt find no friend and beloved other than Him. The matter is too urgent for thee to busy thyself with disputation.'

“Then I faced towards the Spirit and the Reason with all their assistants and said: ‘Look ye, if I go in quest of my Lord on the terms that I shall serve Him for the sake of His love, not for the sake of His Paradise, and that I shall commemorate Him as a means of drawing nigh unto Him, not for the sake of His recompense—will ye twain aid me therein and consent with me thereto?’ They said: ‘No.’ ‘Wherefore,’ I asked, ‘will not ye aid me to obtain that?’ ‘Because,’ said they, ‘God hath created us of the world to come and hath made us to have need of the lawful indulgences of Paradise; through it we are preserved, and through losing it we are lost, and we cannot do without it.’ I said: ‘Woe to you! Do not ye see that preoccupation with felicity debars the worshipper from Him who bestows felicity?’ They answered me, saying: ‘O worshipper in quest of thy Lord and thy Beloved, do not engage in long disputation, else thou wilt remain deprived of the Object of thy quest, and thou wilt not find any friend and beloved excepting Him. The matter is too urgent for thee to busy thyself with disputation.’

“Then I faced towards the Heart and said: ‘O Heart, thou art the monarch of the body, and thou art the abode of intuition and insight and the seat of vision on the part of the King who is our Judge; and God hath magnified thy estate and illumined thy evidence and exalted thy sovereignty. Verily, if thou art sound, all the members are sound; and if thou art corrupt, all the members are corrupt. And know that God hath called me unto Himself and commanded me to turn towards Him; so then, if I go in quest of my Lord with the resolution to abide with Him unto everlasting, wilt thou aid me therein and consent with me thereto?’ It answered: ‘On my head and eyes!

Even thus 'tis behoving me and thee, namely, that we take Him as a comrade and companion and as a protector and friend. Beshrew thee, hath God created us except for this? And hath He commanded us to do aught but this? Welcome to Him whom we seek and love and adore! Welcome!' 'Thou hast spoken well,' said I; 'this is what I expected of thee.' Then I said: 'O Heart, what wilt thou say if I draw up a contract in writing to that purpose and take from thee a covenant in God's name and cause the witnesses to attest it?' 'Do as thou wilt,' it replied. So I wrote:

"IN THE NAME OF GOD THE MERCIFUL,
THE COMPASSIONATE.

"This is what I witness against my Heart. I make God and His angels and His prophets and His messengers and His devout worshippers to be the witnesses thereof in this writ. Bear witness, all of you, that my Heart, which God hath made the treasury of the knowledge of His wisdom, and which is the abode of His consciousness and volition, hath entered into a compact with me to give aid and hath consented with me to go in quest of God, on the terms that it shall dwell with Him unto everlasting and shall devote itself to Him alone, obeying Him freely, not against its will; and I have taken its promise and covenant to that purpose in God's name.

"And bear witness that my Heart hath accepted this compact from me upon these conditions, and that I have accepted this compact on my part, with a vow that I will never turn aside from Him whom I seek and love, neither for the sake of gifts and favours nor because of afflictions and tribulations for ever and ever.

"The compact between us, to go in quest of God

and seek union with Him on the conditions which I have set forth, is hereby ratified; and that was done on the night of the fifteenth day of Sha'bán in the year three hundred and ninety-five."

If we accept this as a genuine record of religious experience, it must go back to the date at which the author took the solemn vow of submission and obedience to God which is made by all novices before they enter on the Path of Šúfism, though in that case it can be little more than an imaginative reconstruction of his feelings at the time. Its rhetorical form, its lack of intimacy, and the absence from it of the so-called 'human touch' are characteristic of Islamic mysticism in general. These defects are mitigated by the writer's earnestness and the quaint simplicity of his scheme—and how different it all is from what many Christian mystics have told us of their entrance into the spiritual life!

The eighth chapter contains a description of the seekers, in which they are compared to Muslim pilgrims setting out on the pilgrimage, with their bodies emaciated and their hearts fluttering and their eyes lifted towards the Ka'ba, 'just like bustards,' while their wives and children gaze tearfully after them.

I have already referred to the importance of the ninth chapter as the only source of the most ancient complete version yet discovered of the dream-vision (so it is described here) of Abú Yazíd al-Bisṭámí, who dreamed that he ascended to the Heavens in quest of God and was tempted with the Kingdom of each Heaven but paid no heed, saying all the while: "O my Beloved, what I desire is other than what Thou offerest me." The text and translation of this chapter have recently appeared in an Oriental journal published in Germany. I hope soon to make them more easily accessible.

In the tenth and last chapter the author has collected many sayings and stories of the prophets and saints. He concludes his book with the following verses:

"The hearts of them that know God have eyes with
which they see what others see not,
And wings that fly without feathers, so that they have

journeyed into the presence of the Lord of created beings ;

And tongues that converse with God and speak of a mystery that is hidden from the Recording Angels.

Now they pasture in the meadows of Holiness, and now they drink of the seas of Divine Knowledge.

They are those worshippers on whom the grace of God bestowed the mystery, so that they drew nigh unto Him and achieved the Quest."

REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON.

PRECOGNITION.

G. C. BARNARD, M.Sc.

I.

NOTHING is more fundamentally opposed to our instinctive habits of thought than a recognition of the reality of precognition; and yet the evidence in favour of this is conclusive. It is, in fact, the one outstanding 'occult' phenomenon which is common to the magicians, soothsayers, prophets and inspired persons of every race and age. Yet common sense can accept tales of ghosts and telekinesis and hyperæsthetic sensibility with far less shock to its equilibrium than it can admit a true prevision of future events; for our whole intellectual life is based upon the sense of time, and depends upon an apperception of the Now as real, and the Past and Future as non-existent.

We cannot function intellectually, we cannot *think*, except under the influence of our apprehension of space and time; or, at least, very few of us can do so, and these but imperfectly. And yet possibly in this very direction lies the path of twentieth-century science and philosophy. The Kantian doctrine that Space and Time are intellectual categories, under which we apprehend Reality, that they are modes of thinking, in fact, is a doctrine to which we shall be forced to return, and Bergson's subtle treatment of the concept of duration places the question of the nature of Time in the forefront of modern philosophical problems.

By another path, that of mathematical physics, Poincaré, Einstein and Minkowski have brought the same problem to the attention of physical scientists, and demonstrated the necessity of a radical change in our instinctive intellectual assumptions. Our ideas of Time must alter; though how that alteration is to take place remains a mystery. Can we conceive, as a higher category of thought, a four-dimensional space-time continuum? We can certainly postulate it, argue about it, and use the idea in the solution of physical problems; but can we really *think* it? Can we, in actual fact, enlarge our consciousness so that it apprehends Time as a mode of space instead of as an entirely different concept having no relationship to space?

This is, as it seems to me, the essential problem for twentieth century psychology and scientific philosophy; and it is a problem which, if it can be solved affirmatively, will be so solved largely by the help of psychical research and mysticism. For, to anyone who has read some of the mystics, it will appear evident that the goal of mysticism is an analogous enlargement of consciousness, in which the limitations of our present illusions of space and time disappear; and we may perhaps usefully regard true clairvoyance and precognition as expressions, within the normal intellectual categories, of what has been experienced by a consciousness thus enlarged.

Let us now consider some of the instances of prevision, leaving aside all the traditional stories (many of which are striking) and confining ourselves at first to cases which have been recorded and verified by men of scientific repute. The earliest of the instances which I mention is an extremely interesting one, because it also shows the limitations of suggestion. It is a classical

case, given by Dr. Liébault, the father of the modern Suggestionist school, and can be most conveniently found in Hyslop (p. 825). Briefly, the case is as follows :

A young man came to Dr. Liébault in a neurasthenic condition of great depression and fear. The cause of this anxiety was that some years back he had out of idle curiosity visited a sensitive named Mme. Lenormand to have his fortune told. Mme. Lenormand had predicted first of all that his father would die next year ; then that he himself would be a soldier for a short time, would marry and have two children ; and finally would die aged 26. The man had regarded all this as humbug ; but his father died suddenly, as foretold ; he did become a soldier for a brief period, he married and had two children. Seeing these predictions exactly fulfilled, when his 27th birthday drew near he became alarmed, and grew convinced that he would die on that day. In his distress he came to Dr. Liébault, whose fame as a hypnotist was then high, in the hope that something could be done for him. Recognizing that the man might easily die from sheer self-suggestion, Dr. Liébault determined to counteract this by making a second prediction. Accordingly, he presented the young man to another patient of his, an old man who had the reputation of a seer, and who, at the young man's question, promptly prophesied a much longer span of life for him. The man went away relieved, firmly believing the new prophecy, and happily survived the birthday he had formerly so dreaded. The definite self-suggestion of death on his birthday (which, be it observed, was more precise than Mme. Lenormand's prediction of death at the age of 26) was thus given the lie and eradicated. Nevertheless, the patient suddenly fell ill of peritonitis and died the same year at the predicted age.

Another case of prevision which deserves attention, is in the Tardieu-Sonrel predictions of the Wars of 1870 and of 1914. It is given by Richet (p. 387) and by Osty (p. 38), and the reader should turn to one or other of these books for it. But it suffers from one serious defect, which deprives it of evidential value.

M. Sonrel made the most remarkable predictions to Dr.

Tardieu shortly before the Franco-Prussian war. As always happens, details of the near future were precise and striking, while the prophecy became very vague and general as it dealt with later years. We have Dr. Tardieu's word that these earlier precise predictions were verified exactly by the course of his life in 1870-71; and that finally, judging partly from internal and partly from external evidence that the time was near when Sonrel's further predictions, of war and France's trial and final victory with occupation of the Rhine, would be fulfilled, he went to Prof. Richet to reveal the whole prophecy to him. Prof. Richet thus learned of the prediction, and made Dr. Tardieu record it in April, 1914; that is to say, a very long time after the precise and detailed predictions had become past history, and a very short time before the vague and general prophecy was to be realized. The portion of this prophecy which relates to the Great War is not very striking: it is the sort of thing which anybody might evolve for themselves if they felt that a conflict was impending. But this is not to be wondered at, seeing that Sonrel's prediction was made forty-five years before the event!

A very beautiful example of exact prevision of the immediate future, partly verified before the event, is the now classical example of the Casimir-Périer¹ election, given by Richet (p. 376) and by Geley (p. 177). Richet writes:

M. Gallet, student of medicine at Lyons, was preparing some examination work in his room about 11 a.m. He was obsessed by a thought that distracted his work, and he wrote down in his note book: "M. Casimir-Périer has been elected President of the Republic by 451 votes." Gallet cared nothing for politics, and the phrase dumb-founded him. He showed it to his comrade Varay, with whom he was working. After lunch Gallet went to his lectures, and meeting two fellow students, Boucher and Deborne, he told them the premonition, at which they only laughed. After lecture the four students went to a *café* and shortly after the Paris newspapers arrived, announcing the election of Casimir-Périer by 451 votes.

¹ In this election there were 6 candidates, of whom Casimir-Périer was only 3rd favourite and 845 votes were cast.

Gallet is now a physician at Annecy, and a senator of Savoy ; Varay is a physician also, at Annecy ; Deborne is a pharmacist at Thonon ; Boucher a physician at Cruseilles. All four certify to the strict truth of the fact, which they remember quite clearly.

The success of Casimir-Périer was very doubtful, and unlikely ; the betting was on Brisson or Dupuy. The probability of his election was very slight ; but even admitting an equal chance for the first three candidates, the probability that one of them would get 451 votes out of 845 is 1 : 845. But the basis of calculation is very defective. Chance may always be invoked ; it is a convenient way of avoiding thought. What was the cause that compelled Gallet to write on the margin of his anatomical notes : "Casimir-Périer has been elected by 451 votes" ? This case is, to my thinking, one of the most decisive proofs of premonition on record.

We have here three very good examples of precognition, two of which have been recorded and investigated by men of scientific repute, while the third, that of M. Sonrel's 1870 predictions, though recorded long after the events, nevertheless seems genuine enough.

Mme. Lenormand's prophecies were apparently liberated by the presence of her visitor ; they concern his immediate personal future, and are quite analogous to the psychometric clairvoyance in which are revealed past incidents in the life of the sitter. It is as if everyone carried with them a record of their past and their future, which the sensitive may apprehend.

M. Sonrel's predictions were much wider in scope, including not only details personal to his friend Dr. Tardieu, but also main outlines of national history. One can hardly say that Dr. Tardieu carried about with him the fact of France's victory and occupation of the Rhine.

But M. Gallet's prediction is the most curious, because it concerns a person and an event which had no connection with or interest for the prophet. M. Gallet, in the midst of his studies, was simply invaded by an

idea which was foreign to his personal interests, and unknown by any living mind; for at 11 a.m., when he stated "M. Casimir-Périer has been elected by 451 votes," the election was in fact not over, and the votes had not been counted. The precision of the information is extraordinary, and is probably due to the fact that the event predicted was only a few hours distant. Always we find that precision and exactitude of detail are the greater the closer the events are at hand. This fact seems of considerable importance, and calls for some attention.

II.

If we attempt to visualize a processus for precognition, we are bound, I should say, to try to picture a universe which in a sense is static; in which every event, every phase of being, exists for all time fixed somewhere, though obviously only a minute portion of it constitutes our present spatial world. On this theory we may imagine that our Ego passes through this real universe, successively experiencing its different features. There is, in actual present existence, outside our known space, a series of Me's corresponding to every moment of my past and future existence, and my central Ego passes from one Me to the next, becoming conscious of each one as it reaches it, and remembering past Me's with less distinctness as it passes away from them. If this kind of conception is admitted, it becomes thinkable that certain individuals should be able to look forward and see the existing phases that lie in front of us.

It would be necessary, in order to see this existing future, for the Ego, or soul, of the prophet to travel along this road—*i.e.* to pass out of our spatial world into the near-lying ones; and we thus have to conceive

a prophet as a person who is able to project his soul along the fourth dimension at a much greater speed than that at which we all normally travel along it and recall his soul back to the point at which he started.

I say along the fourth dimension, because the conception which I have outlined is made possible only by means of the hypothesis of a fourth dimension; for we have postulated, in fact, an infinite number of material worlds, lying somewhere in orderly succession, to travel through which constitutes our life. A two-dimensional being living on a plane would consider his world as infinite, for it has no limits along the two dimensions of which he would be aware. But he could have no direct knowledge of a third dimension, and therefore he could not conceive either of a series of infinite planes parallel to his own, or of a series cutting his own in a line. By analogy we may say that if there is a fourth dimension, then there may be an infinite number of material, three-dimensional worlds, either parallel to ours or all cutting it in some plane or in many planes. If these worlds were fixed or static, and if the Ego passed slowly from one to the next, in a regular manner, it would interpret this experience as life in a single material world which underwent continuous change.

It will be seen easily that by a retrograde motion the prophet may perceive the past, for that still exists, and so may gain information that otherwise would be inaccessible. There is no ground for attributing a great quantity of the supernormal knowledge of the past which is shown by mediums (*e.g.* Mrs. Piper and hundreds of psychometrists) to telepathy from distant or discarnate minds, as is so commonly asserted, when it is clear that retro-cognition involves the same process as pre-cognition, but in the inverse sense, and telepathy is wholly incompetent to explain precognition. If, as Spiritualists do, we invoke telepathy from spirits as an explanation of prevision, we still have to explain how a spirit can know the future. Simply to be discarnate does not give an intelligence the power to see what is

non-existent; and we are thus still compelled to postulate the present existence of future events. And if the universe be four-dimensional, and if a discarnate mind can travel to and fro among the many co-existent material worlds, it is quite thinkable that an incarnate mind may sometimes do so.

It will be seen that this mode of picturing the process underlying pre- and retro-cognition corresponds more or less to the four-dimensional hypothesis which must be invoked to explain the physical phenomena of *apports* and tying knots in sealed cords. It also serves to explain, to some extent at least, the process of clairvoyant perception of the contents of closed boxes, the reading of sealed letters, etc. But it does not upset our notions of time fundamentally, for we still hold to the idea of temporal succession. The difference is that, instead of conceiving an event as the product, in the future, of past conditions, and as in actuality non-existent until it 'happens,' we say that all events are existing now, nothing 'happens,' but we pass from one event to another. That is to say, Time is an attribute of the living Ego. Julius Cæsar is still being murdered in the Capitol, but his spirit has passed through those worlds, which now are lifeless, and is informing other worlds to-day. Such is the rough picture we may formulate; but I would not attach more than a symbolical or poetical meaning to it. If the universe really involves a fourth dimension we can visualize reality only when we have trained ourselves to apprehend four dimensions. We cannot fairly expect our ordinary habits of thought, our language of this world, our three-dimensional logic, to help us much in expressing reality. The mystics who have had glimpses of transcendent things, have never been able to express

their vision clearly and in language which conveys meaning to the rational intellect. They have been forced to use symbolism of all kinds, and to utter transcendental thought in the clumsy language of mundane things.

III.

We may now pass on to consider briefly a few more cases of precognition; for it would not be wise, in dealing with a phenomenon which is so little amenable to experiment and voluntary control, to rest satisfied with three instances only. I first simply refer the reader to Lodge's *Survival of Man*, or to page 365 of Richet's book, for an account of the '*Marmontel*' prediction by Mrs. Verrall, who by automatic writing described, some months before the event, a man reading *Marmontel* in bed by candle-light. I mention only briefly also the thrilling story of Lord Dufferin's premonitory hallucination, given by Flammarion (ii. 200). This involves symbolical elaboration and hallucinatory projection of a visual image, the whole being based on a precognition which evidently entered the subconscious mind of the percipient.

In this case Lord Dufferin, staying in Ireland, saw at night a phantom man, of extreme and repulsive ugliness, carrying a coffin. This was an hallucination, and as such must have had a proximate mental cause, which must have been some idea in Lord Dufferin's subconscious mind. Some time after, Lord Dufferin was in Paris, as Ambassador, and was with a gathering of persons at an hotel. The others were deferentially waiting for him to enter the lift, when, with an exclamation, he muttered an excuse, and withdrew. He had seen in the lift, acting as liftman, the very same repulsive figure of his vision. Others entered the lift to ascend, but on its way up the cord broke, and it dropped down the shaft, killing the occupants. On inquiry it was found that the liftman was

a stranger recently taken on at the hotel, and of unknown origin and history.

All this sounds of course like the most melodramatic ghost-story; the details are true to fiction! But suppose for a moment that Lord Dufferin's subconscious self perceived this accident somewhat indistinctly, getting a clear vision only of the liftman's features and of the fact of a fatal mishap. What then is more likely than that this precognition, on rising into consciousness, to be faced and dealt with there, should be at first scouted and dismissed by the percipient as silly and unreal; and then, insisting on its right to be admitted, should partly clothe itself in a visual symbol and, in this guise of an ugly man carrying a coffin, attain hallucinatory intensity? Given the possibility of precognition as a fact, our knowledge of the workings of the subconscious mind enables us without much difficulty to account for the setting in which Lord Dufferin became conscious of the prevision. In fact we know, from the statements of many mediums, that supernormal knowledge often first clothes itself in symbolic imagery, and presents itself in disguise to the conscious mind of the percipient, who then must, in the light of his intuition and his experience, interpret the symbols.

The next case I quote is one given by Dr. J. Maxwell (p. 201). The importance of it lies mainly in the fact that Maxwell knew of the prediction and talked of it before it came to be fulfilled. He writes:

The vision was related to me eight days before the event took place, and I myself had related it to several persons before its realization. A sensitive perceived in a crystal the following scene:

A large steamer, flying a flag of three horizontal bands, black,

white, and red, and bearing the name *Leutschland*, navigating in mid ocean; the boat surrounded in smoke; a great number of sailors, passengers and men in uniform rushed to the upper deck, and the sensitive saw the vessel founder.

It is to be noted that eight days after Maxwell was told this vision the German boat *Deutschland* burst a boiler, and had to stand to. The vessel, however, did not sink, and there was no fire; but doubtless there was a great deal of steam which the crystal-gazer mistook for smoke. The sensitive misread the first letter of the name.

In the same book of Maxwell's, Richet incidentally contributes an excellent example of precognition. A certain Mme. X., being apparently in sympathetic *rapport* with the family of another lady, Mme. B., both foretold the death of Mme. B. and had a vaguer premonition prior to an accident which killed Mme. B.'s son.

I come now to some even better examples of premonition, which I take from Dr. Osty's excellent book. First, I take the case of Mme. Przybylska.¹ In 1920 this sensitive gave a series of *séances* in June, July and August, during the course of the Russo-Polish war. The messages she received, contained detailed information of the course of events in the war a few weeks ahead; and these messages were recorded almost immediately by a committee of the Warsaw S.P.R., composed of people well known in Poland. These predictions, which gave names and dates, were practically fulfilled exactly in the course of the ensuing weeks; and Osty considers it to be one of the very best cases of prevision on record. "By its precision in

¹ Geley (p. 182) gives a slightly fuller account of these predictions.

names, dates and places," he writes, "and by the accuracy of the information given, it is perfect."

Osty has collected a considerable mass of evidence for prevision by going to a large number of mediums to have the events of his own life foretold and recording in full all they say. Among them he has found a few who are specially gifted in this direction, and by going fairly regularly to these selected sensitives he has been able to obtain many details of his life in advance. Apparently he intends to continue his researches until 1930 (when the experiment will have lasted twenty years), and then to publish a monograph on the results. Meanwhile, the reader is given a few examples which are of great interest. For instance (p. 88):

Mme. Peyroutet, in whom he found a sensitive capable of foreseeing minute and accidental details of his near future, said to him on Nov. 30, 1920: "Your two sons who are at school will go for the holidays into the country near you. One of them will have no luck, he will pass his vacation lying down—it will not be serious."

Osty says that his two sons, both of whom were strong, healthy boys, came to Cher for the holidays. On Dec. 26 the elder boy said that his leg pained him. A boil developed, and was at once attended to, but on the 27th it had become a large carbuncle, and on the 28th was surrounded by lymphangitis. On the 29th an incision had to be made and the boy spent the rest of the holidays lying down.

Again, on Dec. 2 Mme. Peyroutet said: "You will soon have a dog"; and on March 31 repeated this. Dr. Osty, who was about to reside in Paris, had no intention of getting a dog; moreover had not possessed one for 15 years. Nevertheless on April 11, during cold rain, a strange black dog was found shivering in the garden, and was taken into the house by the parlourmaid. As they could not restore it to the owner, the children begged to keep it, and eventually Dr. Osty allowed it to remain. Soon afterwards, however, it disappeared.

Owing to his method of procedure Osty naturally would tend to get predictions of the same event from various angles and at various time-distances. Thus we find (p. 175):

A simple and brief instance of precognition of the same event given at two different periods: Two years before its occurrence the percipient expressed it thus: "Oh! Peril of death after a while—perhaps an accident—but you will be saved—your life continues."

This sort of thing is, of course, open to the objection that everybody is in some sense in peril of death sometimes (often quite without knowing it),—though perhaps this criticism is not entirely fair; and that the vagueness of the peril robs the prediction of any value. This vagueness, however, is in harmony with what we know of 'long shots' in prophecy.

The second prediction was given four months before the event (March 11, 1911):

"Take care. You will soon have a serious accident. I hear a violent shock—a loud noise—You will be very near death—What luck! you will take no hurt! I see a man bleeding on the ground; he is moaning, and all round him things are strewn; I can't say what."

Osty notes that on Aug. 15, 1911, he was driving his car, when a drunken baker, going furiously, pulled the wrong rein, and collided with him. Osty and a friend with him were unhurt; but "turning round we saw the horse galloping off, the cart in the ditch, wheels uppermost, and the baker stretched moaning and bleeding in the middle of the road with a number of loaves scattered round him."

A highly ingenious method of demonstrating clairvoyant precognition has been devised by Osty (*Revue Métapsychique*, Mai-Juin, 1926), and is described briefly in *Psychic Science* for October, 1926. The case given is as follows:

Before a public demonstration Osty, accompanied by others,

went to the empty hall at the Institut in Paris, selected a chair at random from among the 150 seats there, and gummed a label underneath it. Then he got a sensitive, M. Pascal Forthuny, to sit in the chair, and left him there with a stenographer. M. Forthuny then proceeded to dictate what he saw clairvoyantly of the unknown person who, some time later, would occupy this seat. Having done so, he withdrew. A considerable crowd had assembled outside, and, when the doors were opened, a rush for seats ensued. During the demonstration M. Forthuny appeared and read out the description which he had previously dictated; and it was found to fit, with greater or less exactitude, the person who was now occupying the selected chair.

The beauty of the experiment depends, of course, entirely on how far pure chance (as we call it) rules the disposition of seats amongst a crowd. In this case 200 persons scrambled for 150 seats, jostling each other into the hall. Moreover the lady who was found in the labelled chair, seemed to be there by pure chance; indeed she was apparently at the *séance* at all only by luck, since a series of small incidents had almost prevented her from attending it.

From all these various examples,—whether they concern extensive and impersonal predictions like those of the War, or whether they are of minute and personal details like Mme. Peyroutet's prophecy about the dog,—the conclusion is forced upon us that the future can actually be seen, at least in part and 'as through a glass, darkly.' Is this a proof, we may ask, that the future is as fixed and unalterable as the past? I do not know. But if it leads necessarily to the doctrine of determinism, with the corollary that our sense of free will is an illusion, we must accept it with as good heart as we can. Let us not deny, or refuse to face, facts simply because they are terrifying or unpalatable.

If the facts of the universe should be found to

conflict with our religion, our morality, our æsthetics, or our self-esteem, we must still face the facts and modify our philosophy accordingly, rather than live in a fool's paradise. People often object to the study of anatomy or physiology, because it conflicts with their delicacy or sense of beauty; to the study of psychology, because it contradicts their moral or religious codes; to the study of metapsychic facts, because they transcend the realm of reason and make the beginner feel that he is no longer at home in a familiar world. Such people truly live in a fool's paradise. They will not examine the universe to find out what its true nature is, and will not adapt themselves to it. But Science may not perjure itself thus by attempting to force the facts to conform to any system of religious, ethical, æsthetic, or ego-centric belief whatsoever. The facts exist, and our beliefs must follow and conform to them. Precognition is such a fact; and our doctrine of free-will, if we wish to keep it at all, must be so modified as to accept and recognize this fact.

The prime question is, whether a future which can be foreseen is necessarily unalterable. That at any given moment there is a future state for each one of us already in existence, seems a necessary supposition; but it is still open to us to conceive, if we like, of that future as essentially plastic and amenable to modification. So also we can admit the possibility of a continual modification of the past. It is by no means improbable that all the worlds we have supposed to exist in the four-dimensional complex, should be essentially modifiable by the living spirit as it passes through them.

To take a concrete example: We may suppose that on Dec. 2 Mme. Peyroutet saw Osty with the dog

some months ahead. But this does not force us to conclude that, when the black dog arrived on April 11, the servant girl *could not* have denied it admission; that the children *could not* have refrained from interesting themselves in it; or that Osty *was bound* to agree to adopt it. Things happened as they did, because no one really worried about altering them; so that what, on Dec. 2, existed as the future four months ahead became in actuality the present. But had the servant or the children or Osty determined for any reason on another course of action, Mme. Peyroutet would probably have been called a false prophetess.

We are, I say, entitled to take this view if we like; and we are equally entitled to take the fatalistic view that everything is predetermined and unalterable. What we are not entitled to do, in the face of the evidence, is to deny the fact that certain persons can, under suitable conditions, exactly or approximately foresee the future, sometimes in isolated and minute details, and sometimes in broad outlines. And to this fact we must in some way or another make our philosophy of life conform.

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SUMER: THE EARLIEST KNOWN SOURCE-LAND OF THE GENERAL GNOSIS.

THE EDITOR.

UNDER the general title *Quellen* ('Sources') a new series of volumes was inaugurated last year in Germany, published by the Eberhard Arnold-Verlag (Sannerz and Leipzig), under the sub-caption: 'Books of Life of Christian Testimonies throughout the Centuries.' Its first issue is of exceptional interest. It is from the experienced pen of the well-known Orientalist Prof. Dr. Alfred Jeremias,¹ who here writes for the general reader, and with self-denial keeps off the stage all technical display of his high equipment and wide erudition. This preliminary volume is entitled *The Saviour-Expectation outside the Bible* (*Die ausser-biblische Erlösererwartung*). It contains, among much else, Testimonies, extending back for thousands of years, to what Jeremias, following Augustine, claims to be 'pre-Christian Christianity,' and that, too, on the ground that "all true religion is both gnosis, 'intuitive knowledge,' and mysticism." Of its 420 pages some 80 are devoted to 'The Saviour-Expectation in Sumer and Babylon.'² From these I excerpt and summarize (omitting the very numerous quotations from the texts) all that

¹ Two of whose works are already known to us in English translation, namely: *The Babylonian Conception of Heaven and Hell* (1902) and *The O.T. in the Light of the Ancient East* (2 vols., 1911). Among his more important books in German may be mentioned: *Die Babylonisch-Assyrischen Vorstellungen vom Leben nach Tode* (1887); *Das Alte Testament im Lichte des Alten Orients* (1904, 4 eds.); *Babylonisches im Neuen Testament* (1905); *Handbuch der altorientalischen Geisteskultur* (1913); *Allgemeine Religions-Geschichte* (1918).

² The enormous field covered in the rest of the volume may be seen by citing some of the headings under which the general saviour-lore thesis is traced and treated, namely: Egypt; Iran (including Manichæans and Mandæans); Greece, Rome and Hellenism; Mysteries of Adonis, Dionysus, Orpheus, Eleusis, Isis, Hermes, Attis, Mithras; India, China and Japan; Hellenistic Gnosis (Christian); Celtic, Gallic, Germanic.

pertains to, or clearly goes back to, Sumerian religious culture. This survey is of prime interest for students of the general gnosis; it carries back the extensive, valuable and revolutionizing work done during the present century on the history and development of the pre-Christian gnosis to what, so far as we yet know, seems to be its source-land.

GENERAL.

In the second half of the fourth millennium before our era, there arose in one of the two post-neolithic paradises of Western Asia,—in Sinear,—the first of the two earliest high cultures of our humanity that we know of. We call it Sumerian after the oldest known language of the country. There, under the leadership of great priestly personages, groups of primitive folk, who probably came by sea from the far East, found themselves brought together into voluntary association before they formed a common bond of blood and language.

The spiritual leaders of the Sumerians quested after the whence and whither of the world. So far as we can at present survey man's spiritual history, they were the first 'gnostics.' Spectators of the vast light-vault that seemed to over-arch the earth, they longed for intuitive knowledge; they yearned to inspect 'the interior of heaven,' to see into the beyond. The ancient Sumerians must have possessed in the persons of their great leaders still more of this enquiring spirit. How else did they know that the invisible world is filled with numinous spirit-beings? They are the first men known to us who represented in art Genii descending from heaven and becoming visible, as we know from monuments of the Sumerian renaissance in the Gudea period.

Indian gnosis abandoned the reality of the world perceived by sense; it treated it as a 'non-reality' from which man is to arise by turning darkened knowledge into light. The thought of the great Persian spiritual leaders took the reality of the sensible world seriously; nevertheless it desired to draw down the powers of the invisible light-world into this sensibly real world. As for Sumerian thought,—it made this great intuitive discovery touching the sense of reality: that there exists a harmony between the be-starred world, which no physical sight can reach, and the earth-world, which is filled with the same numinous life.

The Sumerian called the world 'the Upper and the Lower,' and his mind meditated on the thought: what is above, is below. In particular, there was a correspondence between all manifestations of life in nature,—as shown by the holy seed-grain, for instance,—and the manifestations on high in their disappearance and reappearance. And because the starry cosmos above seems to revolve through day to night and to day again, and through life to death and to life again, in a continual process of restoration, the Sumerian gets the intuition that Space and Time are one. He sees, moreover, that in every single manifestation, or phenomenon, the whole is mirrored and repeated. In particular he recognizes himself as a world in little standing over against heaven as the great world,—nay, as the Heavenly Man. The Hellenistic concepts 'mikrokosmos,' 'makrokosmos,' 'makroanthropos,' are Sumerian.

The feeling of anxiety, of dread, and the feeling of home here wrestle with one another. By virtue of an inference from analogy, sensibly impressed upon him, man sees himself drawn into the fate of the 'Heavenly Man' who passes through death to life; and he hopes now for that life, for himself

also, which is to be won only through death. World-order (cosmos) and world-revolution (cyclic motion) reveal to him the being and will of deity. In particular, the starry heaven must be the book of revelation, though quite at first the ancient Sumerian book of heaven is 'picture-book' simply and not account-book. In any case, and alongside of the survival of the ancient practice of liver-divining based on the same analogy, their intuitive inspection included what the Sumerians called 'the secret of heaven and earth.' He who possesses 'a further sense' and 'the opened ear,' sees the mystery that issues from the gnosis. And he who possesses this mystery, hands it on again as 'father' to 'son' or 'shepherd' to 'shepherd's lad.' Both terms are used spiritually in a consecratory or initiatory sense, as is expressly stated in the later mysteries.

This sacred lore was by no means used only in the temples; it became a driving power in all forms of life of high cultural development. Perhaps it was while this phenomenon of a surprisingly uniform view of the world was developing, that the priests produced writing, which freed the creative and ordering word of man from its bondage to space and time. In the spirit of this ideal world-view political entities were formed—city states, then kingdoms, governed by priest-kings by the grace of God. In the same spirit the organization of the state was perfected on the basis of adjustment of social opposites. As early as about 3000 B.C. the first Sumerian 'saviour-king,' Urukagina, brought about a reformation of abuses that had arisen. The same notion was applied by the priests to economics and law. The authorities desired to wear their swords 'for vengeance on the bad and commendation of the good.' Art imposes on skill a desire for art in the service of the idea, and science is theoretically regarded as protectress of a primordial wisdom in its effort to remove errors that have crept in.

THE HIGH GODS.

What now for the Sumerians was the meaning of the great gods as we know them from the myths and from the cult-religion based upon them?

We know that the initiated of the Scandinavian, Greek and other peoples of the so-called polytheistic religions were quite clear, that the gods of their Walhalla and Olympus were dwarfs in comparison with the divine primordial ground of things, which is all-pervasive and, as 'Fate' (or as Brahman in Indian terminology), holds absolute sway. We cannot, unfortunately, see clearly into the vast Gothic-like structure of the Sumerian world in which the birth of this master-notion was achieved,—an idea which is shown us by their great myths, and which held the rank of a relatively historically-thought-of 'primal revelation.' From about 3,000 B.C., a period which even then may be called 'scholastic,' we possess great lists of gods in which the polytheistic world of the Sumerian Olympus is already hierarchically classified, and where every god-form is surrounded by its celestial court. The mythic forth-setting of the cosmos of creation and of its circular motion apportions the leadership between two divine triads, which are brought into genealogical connection in correspondence with the gnosis that cosmos and cyclic movement are one. Moreover, it is quite clear the Sumerians were aware that these entities, which stood for divine powers, had their adversaries, contraries or complements. There are within the one great life-wave antipolar forces. Accordingly, inherent in the world of the gods there is as it were a Fall, which then, like everything else,

is mirrored below : a battle of giants fills the cosmos and plays upon the world of men.

Witness the oldest seals we have, which over and over again picture, it may be, the primordial bull, the bison, fighting with the lion, while below them the man holds the bull-calf in his protecting arms, and the eagle hovers above over the fight. What can be the purport of the myth that stands behind these pictures ?

How was this Sumerian Olympic god-world arrived at ?

We have from a later literary period, not much earlier than 2000 B.C., traces of Sumerian cosmogonies in the introduction to the Creation-Hymn of the priests of Babylon. Nordic Scandinavian and, directly or indirectly, Greek cosmogony learnt from this source. But the latter did not venture to penetrate to the primordial ground of things. The beginnings they believe they see, are states of chaos. They pre-suppose, therefore, already the completion of a life-wave ending in chaos. This is the case also with the Tohu and Bohu (chaos) of Genesis.

In the Sumerian,—as also in the Scandinavian,—gnostic cosmogony, when once it reached literary expression, out of chaos there first emanate two æons, which are forth-bodied through god-pairs (syzygies, also? twin beings), and then only comes the æon in which the visible world with its human theatre or stage is fashioned, and over which then a triad of divine spirit-beings rules. In Sumerian theology they are Anu, Enlil and Ea, who, on the expiration of preceding world-periods or æons, as manlike puissant spirit-beings, prevail throughout heaven, earth and sea in a demiurgic and ruling capacity, and also have to battle with the scattered remains of titanic forces left over from the earlier æon.

THE WORD AND THE VIRGIN BIRTH.

But with the Sumerians the core of all gnosis is already present in their first intuitive beginnings. The primal ground of things, from which the great life-wave surged forth, transcends all sexual division. The primordial generation-process in the super-sensible world (within the emanation of the *logoi*, to use an expression of the later gnosis) takes place in it verily through the *Word*. It is spirit that creates body through the Word. Indeed the Sumerian is never weary of singing the praise of the Word that creates all things. But because the Saviour Logos, who issues from the primordial ground of all things, receives form through the Madonna, that primordial ground is represented mythologically by the primal mother, from whom the form of the world-fashioning and world-saving mysterious Child proceeds. This primordial mother is then thought of as bisexual, virginal,—if we have to put it into words. In this sense, when rightly understood, we can say that the notion of the *Virgin Birth* belongs to the basic thought of the great creation-myth culture which confronts our astonished eyes in Sumer.

SEX-SYMBOLISM.

In the god-lists, accordingly, we get the impression that the great primal mother is in some sort forlornly introduced into the first triad, and that, too, characteristically without a court, which all other gods have. The division into primal father and primal mother comes on to the mythological stage, only when the drama treats of the mysterious child, who is born from the primal mother, and dies and lives again. In the

mythological symbolism the primal father then takes on the form of the triad, thought of now as the single highest god, either in the cosmic sense (Anu, Enlil, Ea) or in the parallel sense of cyclic movement (Sin, Shamash, Ishtar or Adad). Accordingly, for instance, the 'father' of the great Lady (Madonna) Ishtar is either Anu or Sin. But if Sin can also be Ishtar's 'brother,' this is explained by the law of mythologizing, which we find everywhere worked out: in the great death-life-mystery father, brother, beloved are one. As soon as this sex-cleavage comes on the scene and, in the language of myth, in place of generation through the Word generation in sex-uniting love appears, the Erös-notion is announced,—the theme that expresses the yearning and pain of all gnosis of the world,—yearning for the godlike and pain from the sensuous. It is the thought of the 'Eternal Feminine,' who draws us up and drags us down. In her latter aspect, already with the Sumerians woman, who mirrors in every form of womanhood the primal mother, is called 'mother of sins' or, as in the mystery of celibacy even to-day, 'gate of hell.'

DIVINE KINGS.

The Sumerian man is filled with defiant pride. The priest is naked, for nakedness is holy. It was only later on with the Accadian Semites that that was changed. Yet the Sumerian knew his defect. Gilgamesh, 'the fairest of men,' is two-thirds god, but one-third man. The men-fashioning divine spirit-beings gifted him 'with wisdom and world-lordship,' but they refused him life,—lasting life. Therefore was the Sumerian wrath. Men seem put into this world because the gods want servants or slaves to build

them temples. And yet man has the feeling of being 'child of his god.' He knows that his destiny is to be 'image of the deity,' that the divine dwells in him. Kings can succeed in feeling themselves to be divine incarnations; they are the 'great men' and dare even claim divine worship.

The tragical world-feeling which characterizes the whole East, had its roots in Sumer. But this feeling became deepened and widened greatly by the systematic entry of the Accadian Semites into the Sumerian spiritual culture. The emphasis laid on the distraction of all life, the mourning and wailing, is not Sumerian.

THE ALL-MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

The most ancient Sumerian temples yet discovered are those of the Mother-goddess. She has many names, just as the Madonna has to-day. Thus she is called the 'Mount-enthroned' (Ninchursag) or the 'Great Lady' (Ninmach). With the Babylonians her favourite name is 'My Lady' (Belti),—therefore, literally, 'Ma Donna.' In early Sumerian we find also names of endearment, got from the prattle of lisping children,—such as Ma-ma, Ma-mi. All female deities are variants of one 'Dear Wife.' As Mother-goddess she is 'Birth-giver to all men.' The sacredness of motherhood is plainly indicated by the Sumerian in the fact that his script-sign for woman as child-bearing spouse is identical with that for the great goddess. Every mother with her child is Ma-donna.

The terrestrial representative of the All-mother on earth is the Cow. For the Sumerian, animals, and especially domestic animals, were the carriers of a divine mystery. When the All-father was differentiated from the All-mother, he was represented symbolically by the Bull. In a temple of the

Sumerian period near Ur the whole of the symbolical scheme on its walls is taken from cow-keeping. This dairy-business was sacral or sacramental before it became purely economic, just as with agriculture. The corresponding celestial symbolism was taken from the Moon, whose appearance at new-moon resembled the horns of the bull. This moon-association probably connects up with the intuitive and surprising observation of the mystery of birth-giving in woman. In it, for the Sumerians, the father has no importance; it is the mother who carries the mystery, and her blood-life courses with the moon-changes. Have we here perchance also the root of mother-right?

The cosmic thought that the great Madonna is the All-mother who hovers over the whole god-world, arises once more when the theology has become completely sidereal. It is of moment in this astral symbolism, perhaps from the very beginning, that for both 'heaven' and 'deity' they used the script-sign which meant 'star' (or alternatively three stars). They were here thinking probably of that star which, by its shining first in the evening and last in the morning, seems to represent the whole heaven. This morning-and-evening star they held to be the revelatory constellation of the primordial mother. In their astral theology the Mother-goddess bore the most beloved of all her names, Ishtar,—Ishtar of the Stars. Compare in this connection the puzzling title of the Christian Madonna, *Stella Maris*,—Star of the Sea.

THE MOURNING FOR THE DEAD CHILD OF THE MOTHER AND ENDEAVOUR FOR HIS RESURRECTION.

We pass to the Sumerian lamentations for the Dead Child (Lillu) of the Mother-goddess and the efforts for his revival. He is called *par excellence* the Man. The earliest texts, however, do not give any indication that the passion of the cosmic drama was as yet applied to humans. That came later.

In texts, written in the Sumerian language, of the third millennium, and therefore belonging to the Sumerian Accadian (Semitic) religious literature, the mysterious Child of the divine Mother, who dies and has to rise from the dead, is called Tammuz, or by the endearing name of Damu or Dumuzi. He is the 'right,' 'the only child.' Sometimes the Mother, according to mythic law, divides herself into mother and sister of the Child; otherwise she is herself at the same time sister and mistress and wife. In the Tammuz cult-hymns the Mother is she who strives for the salvation of the Child, who will then himself become the saved Saviour. In the hades-journey texts the Mother is either the one who saves, or the one who herself requires salvation through her male partner. All this is not arbitrary, but is explained through the cycling-concept which underlies the general notion of salvation, where one manifestation is always the repetition of the other in the new great or little age (æon).

The original meaning of the myth, which an unhistorical memory keeps alive only with difficulty, and which glimmers through the Tammuz-songs, is doubtless the same that we find repeated in surprising variety in other forms. The fleeting, the transitory, is here a likeness, a similitude, and not, as for moderns, simply a sort of peg on which to hang allegories or an expression for sentimental nature-feeling. The tragedy of the death-fate and the yearning for resurrection underlie all the god-forms akin to Tammuz.

It is the Mother-goddess herself who "produces Tammuz every year." What later on in the mysteries we so often find brought to expression, is already declared in the Gilgamesh-epic, where this yearly mourning is referred to. The tragical mystery lies in Erös, in that love which, when dragged down from

the refinement of the spiritual into the material, is productive of ruin.

Now, in the period of the deepening of the mysteries, we find the All-mother transferring the cosmic events and processes to the inner nature of man, in which the 'infernal man' dwells longing for salvation; he must be saved through purification from the bondage of the lower soul-powers and raised up, in order to get him a new life. If this be so, then an important question arises: Was not the capacity to understand this already awake far earlier than the mystery-songs? The Mother-goddess and Queen of Heaven and Celestial Virgin of the Eastern myth bears in herself the hidden thought-germs that could at all times, once the consciousness of the ego was clarified, lead every gnostic to interpreting that Mother-goddess as the divine Sophia and 'Psychē' who needs salvation. Already in the older forms of the great myth the Mother-goddess is just as much she who needs salvation and gives salvation, and is then the saved, as is her mythic partner,—the mystically born, suffering, fighting, dying and rising one as carrier of the death-life-mystery,—he who brings salvation and is also the saved.

As the saved saviour Tammuz is gardener or fisher, shepherd or king, as indeed are all the salvation-forms of this type down to gospel-times.

ISHTAR'S DESCENT TO THE UNDERWORLD.

Passing to the Semitically-coloured Babylonian hades-journeyings, we find that the texts in their present state belong to the magical side of the myth. They are copied out as parts of text-books which were used in funeral rites, to give expression to the hope of life after death (the death-life-mystery), and perhaps also as incantations or exorcisms of the dead.

The thought of the return hither of the departed is for the Babylonian a terrifying idea, whereas for the Egyptian it is a joyful expectation. In one of the Egyptian prophetic texts, which speaks of a future time of blessedness, no fairer expectation can be thought of than that then the dead will return and share in it. But for the Babylonians the world of the dead is ever a world of terrifying spirits, whom they try to lure back to their place by incantations. This is the magical reference.

But the texts have still another background, belonging to the imaginative side of the myth, which sees in the life and death of fertile and fecund vegetative life the similitude for a higher order of experience.

To the text from Asurbanipal's Library fragments of an earlier form in Sumerian are found appended, which were copied about the end of the third millennium B.C. In them Ishtar, in wrath at 'her sister,'—her infernal or subterranean anti-type or counterpart, lady of the realm of the dead,—descends through the seven gates of the under-world. With her disappearance from the earth, and the successive strippings off her of her ornaments one by one by the janitors at the gates, and finally of her very loin-cloth at the last of them, so that Ishtar now stands naked in hell, all life dies on earth.

The purpose of this hades-journey and of the sufferings and torments which the goddess takes on herself, is not clearly indicated in the fragments we possess. But for those who took part in the festival and heard the text read as fête-legend, the allusions were sufficient. As vanquisher of death, Ishtar apparently represented Tammuz himself in the epic form of the great myth. That it had to do with the Tammuz death-life-mystery is shown by the last part of the text with its ritual *data*. That, moreover, 'orgies' of Ishtar are pre-supposed, which again could

have had for content nothing else but the mystic celebration of the death-life-mystery, is disclosed in the earlier part by the words of one of the gate-keepers.

The goddess' rescue or salvation is effected by the sending of a light-messenger from the world above, who sets free the imprisoned and tormented Madonna from the dark clutches of her sister-partner and compels the release of the water-of-life, and therewith the revivification of the whole of nature. The messenger is called Asushu-namir, which means 'his ascent to the light shines forth.'

In the Descent of Ishtar all the materials are present which we find later on in philosophically developed and deepened forms, *e.g.* their application to Sophia-Psychē (corresponding to Sophia, Wisdom Above, the divine Primal Mother) sighing for freedom in captivity in the lower world. But we should like to know the meaning of the strange statement that the orgies or mysteries of Ishtar, of which the janitor speaks, "plough up (or furrow) the sea-waves before Ea." In any case the myth is a magnificent first step in 'philosophy,'—in which perchance there is more than yearning 'love-of-wisdom' (that is, 'philo-sophia'),—rather real 'sophia,' intuitive wisdom of uninventable content.

EA THE GOOD AS GOD MAN AND HIS SON MARDUK AS HELPER-IN-NEED.

In the magical cult of Ea of Eridu, at the mouth of the rivers, whence from all sides they got healing or holy water, we find an extraordinary saviour-notion. Ea, god of Ocean and carrier of the wisdom that comes from the primal Water, is thought of as exempt from the punitive caprices of Anu (Heaven) and Enlil (Earth). Without Anu's fore-knowledge, Ea provides for help-giving everywhere and that, too, through his son Marduk. This Marduk, Ea's son, is represented as entirely human.

In a conjuration-text the fire-god, we learn, has discovered the secret or mystery of the demons. He hastens to Marduk, whom he finds in his sleeping chamber, and begs him seize the opportunity to bring men salvation. Marduk speeds to Ea. Ea, however, already knows all: it is he himself who has had the news brought to Marduk. But, as it seems, it is held to be a sacramental necessity, that Marduk should first make the petition, and then only give help on the instructions of his father Ea.

The typical discourse between father and son is repeated in the magical texts over and over again. It is Sumerian, for it is a tradition already from the Isin dynasty. Thus in some need or other Marduk comes to Ea:

“My father, I know not by what means this man can find cure.”

“My son, what I know, that knowest thou also. But go hence and”

There follows the magical instruction. The help always presupposes the son's entrance on the scene; while under certain circumstances Ea himself 'for the son's sake' can also help directly. In a Sumerian liturgical text we read:

“God Man for his son's sake stoops down to thee for service;

“The Lord hath sent me (for healing),

The great Lord Ea hath sent me.”

This saviour-form, moreover, is held to be child of a god-pair. The mother in this case is Damkina or Damgalnunna. We have, in illustration, a blessing with which the high priest of Eridu was wont to receive the clients at the gate of the 'house of purification' (in its diction it reminds us of the Aaronic blessing):

“May Ea bless thee,

Damkina, Queen of the Water-deep, lift up the light of her countenance upon thee,

May Marduk, the great Overseer (Bishop) of the Igigi (celestial, good spirits), lift up thy head!”

ADAPA, THE PRIMAL MAN, BROTHER OF MARDUK OF ERIDU.

The temple-legends of Eridu know of the creation of Adapa, the primal man, the 'seed of the human race.' He is held to be brother of Marduk or is equated with him, just as Marduk himself also, as the great wisdom-carrier (Apkallu), was the divine 'Primal Man.' The Mother-goddess fashioned Adapa out of clay. The Father-god gave him wisdom, and made him 'prudent, highly intelligent.' It was however only All-father Anu who could give him eternal life. But this was denied him.

"Prudence he possessed (?) and wisdom was his ;

His command was as Anu's command.

Capacious understanding had Ea given him to reveal the shapings of the land.

Wisdom had they given him, but eternal life had they not given him."

And when Ea would have Adapa furnished with immortality, he was disappointed by Anu. So we are told by the Babylonian Adapa-legend found in the Egyptian Amarna-archives of the Amenophis period.

In place of eternal life Anu bestowed on the first man world-lordship. The lot that Anu decreed, was that Adapa's lordship should "shine forth (?) unto the future of days."

Moreover this saga of the first man knows that in some way or other evil powers have taken possession of him, and for this it makes man's fashioners responsible. . . . Indeed in all gnostic religions the operation of a fall among the gods descends to the man-stage. The fatal result of it all is death for man.

"When the gods fashioned men,

They decreed death for men ;

Life they retained in their hand."

So we read in the Gilgamesh-epic. This daring, reproachful thought is old Sumerian.

**MARDUK, THE GOD OF THE BABYLONIAN EMPIRE,
AS WORLD-MAKER AND SAVIOUR.**

When about 2000 B.C. Babylon became the metropolis of the United Kingdom, the priests, helped by a correspondence in doctrine, saw to it that the state-god became the world-god. Theological proof accordingly was forthcoming that the world-lordship belonged to Babylon's world-god in the divine order of things.

Here there was no question of religious strife; for on the cosmic cyclic theory every state-cult was free to make its cult-god the representative of the All-highest and to worship the Primal Mother in the form of its own special Madonna. Indeed, according to the doctrine of the mirroring of the whole in the part or individual, every district is a world; every cult-locality or centre could, therefore, have its own creation-myth and also deluge-legend for itself.

We are unable to get to the bottom of the earliest character of what now became Babylon's state-god, though we know he was for long, like Enlil of Nippur, a manifestation of the god-head as revealed in the sun and in the spring. The powerful priests of Babylon finally wrote on the body of their god all the divine offices and dignities of the ancient, great Sumerian high-gods.

In particular, they assimilated their Marduk to the most ancient Sumerian god of the realm, Enlil of Nippur, whose surname 'Bel,' that is 'Lord,' Marduk also assumed. What once upon a time was storied in Sumer of the great cosmic dragon-fighter Enlil, was transferred to Bel-Marduk: he had vanquished the dragon of primeval chaos, and out of the dragon-elements had made this visible world. In like fashion was transferred to him what was related of Marduk of Eridu, son of 'God Man' Ea

sent by his father he heals magically the sick,—he “the merciful one, who loves to waken the dead.”

For in a passage of the great creation-hymn of the priests of Babylon we read: “He made men to save them.” The meaning is not quite clear; but the phrase may very well have been taken from the Sumerian prototype.

THE COSMIC SITUATION.

The cosmic situation which is presupposed in the great Sumerian myth, is the same as we find, perhaps even more clearly, in the Nordic cosmogony. The present world came forth from a state of chaos; from the present world proceed æons, sustained by divine syzygies (god-goddess pairs) with corresponding spirit-worlds, which eventuate finally again into a chaotic state—world-downfall. The formation of the present world proceeds from a decision of the gods, which presupposes conflict with a preceding god-world that the present gods moreover have to fear for the future, and which provokes a cosmic dragon-fight. For this there comes on the scene the saviour-god,—proceeding from the great All-mother,—who fights and suffers and sacrifices himself, and thereby wins the world-lordship. We see here present in germ all the elements for the later development of the general gnostic æon-lore.

In the priestly doctrine of Babylon, based on the Sumerian gnosis, the figure of Marduk thus becomes that of a saviour of gods and men. Therefore this saviour-form bears also in his person all the motives which belong to the saviour, as we already find them in the case of Tammuz:

- (1) He is the mysterious Child of the Primal Mother.
- (2) In his childhood his Fight and Victory is adumbrated or mirrored.
- (3) He vanquishes Tiamat and fashions the World.

- (4) He suffers the Passion of the Saviour.
- (5) The Saviour conquers and triumphs.
- (6) He celebrates the Heavenly Marriage.

Sufficient has now been given to call the attention of our readers to this valuable contribution to the comparative study of religion and, if they are knowers of German as well, also to send them, we hope, to the text itself of Prof. Alfred Jeremias' *Ausserbiblische Erlösererwartung*.

THE COCOON OF DREAMS.

As the caterpillar, tired of crawling over the rough earth,
 Wraps itself in a silken cocoon, and lies down to rest,
 To wait until the day of soaring ;
 So do I, tired of earth,
 Wrap myself in my cocoon of dreams.
 Whether it be for a night, or for eternity,
 Or whether for me there be a day of soaring,
 I do not know. I only know
 That as the cocoon is nearer to the tired caterpillar
 Than is the earth he left,
 So are my dreams nearer to me
 Than those things which men call reality.
 And if because of my dreams I die,
 As does the chrysalis, because of its cocoon,
 At the hands of the silk-spinner,
 I shall have had my dreams,
 And the silken thread of these dreams
 May be woven into a garment
 For those fitter to live.

J. B. MONTGOMERY MCGOVERN.

DARWINISM IN THE MELTING POT.¹

H. REINHEIMER, Author of 'Symbiosis,' 'Evolution at the Crossways,' etc.

BUT what is 'moral'? In Emerson's words, it is 'the respecting in action catholic or universal ends.' Such ends are served, as I have often shown, when the organism perseveres on the symbiotic path of evolution,—when it is usually demonstrable that its activities are of universal avail towards life.

Symbiosis, as set forth in my books on the subject, is the sublime substitute for unilateral exploitation. Here we have organisms, belonging to different species, attached or non-attached, and as individuals adapted to fulfil quite independent purposes, actually living in partnership, so as to promote one another's good, and showing that Nature's motto of widest application is 'The work of each for the weal of all.' Just as in political life the recognition is gaining ground that it is a fallacy to declare that one nation can prosper only at the expense of another, so in biology it is being seen that symbiosis is of fundamental importance,—that, indeed, species, as well as individual organisms, and even organs, co-operate, just as classes and nations co-operate in international trade and always with immense mutual advantage.

By symbiosis I mean not parasitism, not commensalism, but definite, almost deliberate, mutual

¹ See 'The Passing of Darwinism,' in the last number, for the first part of the article.—ED.

adaptation for the purpose of mutual service on the part of living beings, nearly always of different orders of creation,—broadly, that is, between the plant and the animal.

Symbiosis, with its socio-physiological momenta, conduces to a moral urge of evolution, which I have termed 'symbiogenesis.' Without symbiosis, progressive evolution could not have been achieved. The moral of symbiosis is that Nature acts not 'solely,' but 'socially,' for the good of all beings. She hates monopolies. She abhors predacity. She is very tolerant and long-suffering,—“the mills of God grind slowly”; but her chief sanction is with the socially good pathway of life,—the way of fairness. Benefit is the end of Nature; but for every benefit received a tax is levied. Bird or rodent or ruminant or insect or man must help fruit no less than fruit helps them. Unless they do so, they will destroy the means of an honest livelihood, which in the long run proves fatal. Moral progress is Nature's chief concern, Darwinism notwithstanding.

All things are moral. So alone the universe is alive. . . .
Wisdom is infused in every form. (Emerson.)

That world in small, the body of man, lives under a Social Contract of great beauty and efficiency. It embraces millions of individuals, each with a function and life of his own, but each surrendering something of his liberty, and working for the rest of the community to earn his wages. Every cell both gives and receives, protects and is protected. This is 'internal symbiosis,' involving the 'law of the members.' The body of man is a universe of cells, living in dependence upon each other, and capable, in their sum, of extremely varied actions, precisely because the division of labour

is well organized and the separate tasks are so loyally performed. So wonderful is the co-operation of the 'members' that now-a-days physiologists feel constrained to postulate a mind and even an ethic of the cell. The physiologist, the doctor, of the future will have to be a 'physical moralist.'

What again is function? The duty, office, work or 'part' that is performed by an organ or tissue. Does this not involve morality? How can there be such a thing as 'pure biology,' i.e. one alleged to exclude morality,—if the most important concept, the alpha and omega of biology, rests upon 'duty'?

Division of labour is the condition *sine qua non* of organic evolution, and we cannot have division of labour without commensurate degrees of morality. Organization itself is a monument to co-operation, and, hence, also to morality; for in it are involved mutual aid, mutual restraint, mutual forbearance. Where mind exists, there questions of morality soon begin to arise. The stomach's function is to digest; however it must not digest the other parts, but, on the contrary, spare and assist them. Disease and death must ensue if the stomach does not act in the common interest, as they must when any other symbiotic partner turns traitor. Why is it that protoplasm has developed into the organic life of the world along two main lines and only two,—the plant and the animal? Because division of labour and the implied morality, or bio-morality, are indispensable to organic advance, quite as much as to human. Bio-morality may be defined as the gradually established sanction of sound bio-social and bio-economic relations. The two 'kingdoms' represent two mutually helpful, mutually complementary, parties in a relation of economic and physiological

partnership to one another,—Symbiosis on the grand scale of Nature.¹

Nothing, I believe, could redound more to the glory of science than thus clearly to trace the evolution of morality. Moreover, now that moral injunctions are losing the authority given by their supposed sacred origin, the secularization of morals is becoming imperative. Evolution, according to Herbert Spencer, should assist by bringing into view those general truths by which our empirical judgments should be guided. It should, indeed, affect human affairs at every touch or turn.

According to Prof. Bateson, both Darwin and Huxley, in a sense, mistook the character of their own work.

They were assembling materials and laying a foundation, well and truly, be it said, although, like so many of their contemporaries, they imagined they were finishing a permanent edifice. (*Nature*, 9.5.'25.)

We have assuredly so far simply touched the fringe of evolution; and, as regards 'Natural Selection,' which some vested interests still are bent on upholding, it is (as I have shown for years), in the words of Dr. Lancelot T. Hogben (*Discovery*, June, '24), "based on premises which cannot to-day be considered as having any foundation in fact."

This is evidently the view also of Bateson, who tells us of a letter which Huxley sent to Kingsley in 1863, containing the following significant passage:

From the first time I wrote about Darwin's book in the *Times*
 . . . until now, it has been obvious to me that this is the weak

¹ Samuel Butler was undeniably right in stating that "wherever there is life there is a moral government of rewards and punishments understood by the amoeba neither better nor worse than by man. . . . The history of organic development is the history of a moral struggle."

point in Darwin's doctrine. He has shown that selective breeding is a *vera causa* for morphological species; but he has not yet shown it a *vera causa* for physiological species. But I entertain little doubt that a carefully devised system of experimentation would produce physiological species by selection, only the feat has not been performed yet.

Bateson's comment, however, demolishes all such hopes.

Nothing (he says) that has happened since at all mitigates the seriousness of this criticism. The words quoted above may, indeed, be used to-day with an even stronger emphasis, although I doubt whether many of those best acquainted with modern genetics are so sanguine as Huxley, that by the most carefully devised system of experimentation are we in the least likely to produce physiological species by selection. Rather have we come to suspect that no amount of selection or accumulation of such variations as we commonly see contemporaneously occurring can ever culminate in the production of that 'complete physiological divergence' to which the term species is critically applicable.

(And he adds significantly:) With entire candour Huxley reiterated that if this were the necessary and inevitable result of all experiments, the Darwinian hypothesis would be 'shattered.' Nothing was to be gained 'by glozing that difficulty.'

This then is the position, according to Bateson:

The reasons of the evolutionary faith are otherwise so solid that no alternative can ever be considered again; but, chiefly for the reason so prominently named by Huxley, which modern genetical research has so greatly reinforced, the representation of that process which found so facile acceptance in its time no longer satisfies us.

Incomplete though the criticism be, it suffices to knock the bottom out of the 'Selection' argument. It shows that 'Selection' has failed to make good, and that the attempt to elucidate the origin of species along Darwinian lines has utterly broken down.

A 'morphological' species,—a species in form

merely and not in spirit,—is more often than not a pathological species, *i.e.* it is simply artificial, obtained by the break-up, the exploitation of, a duly evolved natural species which constitutes a 'physiological' species. It is a species deprived of vital factors, of vital strength. It is easier on the whole to obtain new productions by abstractions than by additive synthesis; just as it is easier in many ways for the organism to adapt itself to retrogression by the adoption of short-cut methods of life than to persevere in the strenuous honest life. "Broad is the road that leadeth to destruction." Progressive evolution is by the summation of powers in co-operation, such as in symbiotic integration, which, as I have shown, involves moral factors. The new organism must, in order to become a 'physiological' species, as it were be 'spiritually' integrated,—integrated, that is, also in a bio-social, bio-moral and bio-economic sense. Those that do the thing, *i.e.* co-operate in due degree, shall have the power; that is the law of Nature in the evolving of species.

Physiological species do not emanate from laboratories. It is a pity that biologists are so thoroughly wedded to laboratory methods as to have no eye for the methods of Nature; though Stahl, a botanist, has shown how these methods can be reproduced in the laboratory. He indeed came very near making a new species of lichen by the artificial union of an alga with a fungus which had had some previous natural training in partnership.

It is somewhat unfortunate for the whole course of biology that the pioneers of evolution have been so busy with the establishment of 'descent with modification,' with change *per se*, that they have become almost colour-

blind so far as other important issues are concerned. Nowhere else could they discover change, variability, conspicuousness, better than in disintegrating species. So to these they turned, unwittingly (and somewhat excusably in their day), worshipping at the shrine of abnormality, as did the priests of Baal in the days of old. With an abiding love biologists have ever since stuck to abnormality, taking it for the norm of Nature, and basing all their reasoning on it. Darwin cherished domestication as the most fertile field for the study of evolution. It offers indeed a good illustration of how evolution could *not* have been produced. To this day the frequency and 'morphological' attractiveness of evil hallow it in the eyes of biologists and render it something sacrosanct and normal. They do not even know how to distinguish between normal and abnormal developments. I have shown, particularly in an article on 'The Divorce from Symbiosis' (*Psyche*, Jan. '25), that the failure to discriminate between the normal and abnormal pathways of evolution is the chief stumbling block in biological science. Prof. Bateson and his friends will have to remain unsatisfied with evolution until this handicap is removed. Science will continue to suffer so long as morality suffers at its hands.

Just as the Professor frankly admits his agnosticism as to the actual mode and processes of evolution, so he concedes the fact that modern specialism is overdone to the extent of bordering almost on insanity.

The separation between the laboratory men and the systematists (he says) already imperils the work, I might almost say the sanity, of both; (and specialists, he adds,) may find their eyes dazzled and blinded when they look up from their work-tables to contemplate the brilliant vision of the natural world in its boundless complexity.

There is far too much assumption now-a-days that research is a monopoly of the laboratory, and that knowledge is a monopoly of the universities. Alas, only too often the universities are the homes of lost causes. According to the late William James, the professor is the natural enemy of his subject.

The spectacle of a professor (he says) who has triumphantly destroyed his subject, and is flourishing on the proceeds of his crime, is familiar to every academic institution.

I submit that after Bateson's criticism we are inevitably driven back to Samuel Butler's declaration, that evolution must stand or fall according as it is made to rest, or not,

on principles which shall give a definite purpose and direction to the variations whose accumulation results in specific, and ultimately in generic, differences. (*Evolution Old and New.*)

Such a principle I declare Symbiogenesis to be, whilst, assuredly, Natural Selection is not. So little, however, would normality (as everywhere represented by the symbiotic relation) seem to fit into the framework of orthodox biology, that the possibility of evolution by symbiosis is denied, and the very principle of symbiosis, despite its now complete demonstration, is still ridiculed in some quarters. They will stick to Natural Selection, just as demented militarists stick to their gospel of war as the universal remedy for the ills of the human race, though it bid fair, as it does, to exterminate that race, root and branch. *Credo quia impossibile* finds as much favour in scientific as in religious circles.

An influential paper, traditionally connected with the Darwinian school of thought, has told us recently that it was a high merit of Huxley's to have secured a great privilege for us,—to wit, that scientific theories

are to be judged on their own merits and not by collateral issues or imagined consequences,—which is all to the good. Yet one constantly meets with attempts at propping up Darwinism in view of imagined consequences. I have been told that by opposing Darwin's theory I am encouraging drift, inasmuch as people might lose sight of the 'sifting' of Nature. But I do not deny competition. I merely give it its due place by the side of co-operation, which is more fundamental and more important. So much so, that it now emerges in many ways that Nature is not a chaos, an unceasing conflict and carnage, as Darwinism asserted it to be, but a universal scheme of unconscious co-operation.

If this discovery approximate 'evolution' to the teaching of morality, as contained in most of the great religious systems, assuredly we need not shrink from accepting the inference. Why should we? We are not out to defeat or to eat bishops to-day; moreover the public have a great interest in all that appertains to morality, including the story of its evolution from primitive beginnings. The public have an interest too in seeing that moral ideals should not be assailed; and if it can be shown that past assailants have been wrong, that the spirit of inquiry has overshot its mark,—this is a matter of considerable moment to the public, who are entitled to ask whether their professionals are up to the mark.

That there are so many consequences, imaginary and real, of 'evolution' does seem to show that considerable care should be applied in the handling of the subject in the schools in view of repercussions,—more particularly so, as we have absolutely no finality on the subject. The danger is that we may entertain funda-

mentally wrong ideas about evolution; and we can better afford to drop evolution from the schools than to spread radically wrong ideas about it.

Surely the avoidance of drift is not dependent upon Darwinism. The evolutionary process, as I conceive of it, is essentially a synthetic, building process. Nature may be said to build,—by chemical, physical and socio-physiological means,—and in thus building to sift. The sifting is incidental on the building; and it can be thoroughly understood only if the building is understood, which is far from being the case, even according to the testimony of Prof. Bateson, who has often challenged Selectionists to tell us “how much fitness is necessary for survival.”

He who would declaim against drift can find much better grounds than Darwinism to go upon. But the eternal need of efficiency, of stability, of watchfulness and effort follows far better from a socio-physiological theory, involving the positive factors of evolution, than from Darwinism with its vague and metaphorical ‘struggle for existence,’—neither sociological, nor physiological, nor psychical,—which has indeed fostered a sense of irresponsibility.

The symbiotic theory of evolution recognizes that the two great contradictory principles, love of effort and love of ease, have underlain evolution from the first; and that, hence, a moral tug-of-war was unavoidable. There is considerable cogency in the view that obedience to the co-operative, the moral, law involves many obligations, many exacting duties, the opposites of drift, of ease, of parasitism; so much so that the organism can afford to drift only on pain of disease and degeneration. If Darwinism could have given us such an understanding of the sifting of Nature, instead

of drawing attention away from it, it would not now meet with so much opposition. We should appraise it because of its fruits. As it is, it has proved sterile, and—no wonder—like the bad tree that beareth no fruit, it is to be cast into the fire.

Instead of proclaiming the true biological law and indicting the law-breakers, Darwinism has whitewashed the culprits and rendered us complacent of crime. Instead of emphasizing the evil arising from the electing by an organism of sluggish and criminal habits, Darwin imputed quasi-selective power to the course of Nature, inverting the true process. In Samuel Butler's words, he credited Selection with the discharge of functions which can only be ascribed legitimately to living and reasoning beings.

H. REINHEIMER.

TOMB-LORE IN CHINA AND EGYPT.

COMMENTS OF A CHINESE WIND-WATER WIZARD UPON AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY-CHAMBER.

A FEW years ago, while sojourning at midsummer on the Lu-shan Range in the Chinese province of Kiangsi between the Yangtze River and the Po-yang Lake, I made the acquaintance of an elderly priest of the Taoist sect, who was the solitary incumbent of a ruinous shrine which crowned a remote cliff. At that period the pernicious propaganda of Communist agents from Moscow had not begun to impair the good feeling which had long existed between the natives and other strangers from the West, so that my friendly advances were met at least half-way by this representative of the oldest surviving religion in the Far East. In addition to his perfunctory duties as custodian of a temple imperially founded, but in its decay wholly dependent upon support from the neighbouring peasantry, the old priest was a professor and practitioner of the art known as *Fêng-shui* ('Wind-water'), which chiefly concerns the auspicious arrangement of dwellings for the living and resting-places for the dead. Its principles are apt to seem exasperatingly silly to the average Occidental mind, and I had previously come in contact with them only as providing excuses for popular opposition to the erection of European buildings on hills overlooking Chinese cemeteries. The priest was at first rather

chary of discussing the details of 'Wind-water,' but when persuaded that I had no connection with Christian missionary enterprises in China, his barriers of reticence gradually crumbled away. Much that he told me I had not previously found in the published works of sinologues. Of special interest were the notes which I took of our final conference. They embody his comments upon the equipment of an ancient Egyptian mummy-chamber, as described and illustrated by the 151st and 161st chapters of the 'Book of the Dead,' according to the translations by Renouf and Naville. The English text was rendered by myself into Chinese for his benefit, since he knew no English and Egypt was to him merely a rumour of distant geography and antiquity.

"I should have recognized the drawing as that of an *Êrh-chai* ['Second House,' *i.e.* 'tomb'] even without your explanation," he remarked. "The artist has correctly placed the *Hu-hsien* ['Fox-fairy,' *i.e.* Anubis] beside the corpse on its bier; and it is permissible to figure the *K'uei* [earth-bound ghost] as a man-headed crow beneath it [*i.e.* the Egyptian *Ba*, spirit], for I have myself encountered ghosts in such guise. They are shadows of the Golden or Vermilion Sun-bird of the South, which is itself a form of the *Fêng-hsiang* [Phoenix] and an important ingredient in the process of refining the Pill [*i.e.* the Alchemic experiment]. It is also in accordance with propriety that *Hsi-wang-mu* [the 'Western Royal Mother,' *i.e.* the goddess Isis] and her *P'ien-fang* ['House-keeper,' *i.e.* the goddess Nephthys, whose Egyptian name has a similar meaning] should jointly mourn, as the *Ch'i* [Consort] and the *Ch'ieh* [Concubine], for *Tung-wang-kung* [the 'Eastern Royal Sire,' *i.e.* the god Osiris in

his solar aspect] who has *kuei-chia* [literally 'gone home,' *i.e.* died]."

Then the Chinese wizard faced the South with his arms fully extended on each side, remarking:

"If I represent the *Hsüan-kuei* or *Hsüan-wu* ['Dark Tortoise' or 'Dark Warrior' of the North] I must confront the *Chu-ch'iao* ['Vermilion Bird' of the South], so that the *Yin* [Passive] and *Yang* [Active] principles may be duly adjusted, without predominance of the *Yin*. That is of course the meaning of the formula which you have quoted to me from the Egyptian 'Wind-water' text concerning the 'Living Sun and the Dead Tortoise.' "

(On being shown the Egyptian hieroglyphic for *Rā* or *Hru*, the Sun or the Day, the Chinese wizard had promptly recognized it as identical in form with the archaic Chinese character *Jih*,—*i.e.* a point within a circle, which, however, he pronounced as a very guttural *r*—approximately '*rrh*'—in the dialect of Kiangsi; and I could not help wondering whether he would have been considered *Maa-kheru*, or 'True of Voice' in ancient Heliopolis !)

"But," continued the Taoist, "the Egyptian artist has drawn a *Hsiang-lu* [Censer] in the South, instead of a Bird. The meaning is indeed the same, because both the 'Vermilion Bird' and the Censer are emblematic of Fire and Heat; but why did he not portray the Phoenix? Is it possible that the Magic Bird was unknown in Egypt?"

"According to tradition it came occasionally from the East, burned itself on the altar of a Sun-temple, and rose again from the ashes," I replied.

"Egypt being in the West," observed the Taoist, "it is clear enough why Sunset would be emphasized

there as Sunrise is emphasized here. That is a Land of Death, as this is the Region of Life. Egyptian 'Wind-water' thus exaggerates the *Yin* at the expense of the *Yang*. Moreover there is obvious confusion in the equipment of the Egyptian *Êrh-chai* [tomb] as regards the symbolism of East and West. When I face the South, as the 'Dark Tortoise' or 'Dark Warrior,' I must have on my left, in the East, the *Ch'ing-lung* ['Bluish-green Dragon'] and on my right, in the West, the *Pai-hu* ['White Tigress']; but the Egyptian artist has drawn a *Chu-kan* ['bamboo stalk,' i.e. the *Tet* of Osiris, representing either a backbone or a tree-trunk] instead of a Dragon, and has placed it in the West instead of the East. The symbol might serve to represent the 'Eastern Royal Sire' as *Mu-kung* ['Lord of Wood'] in the proper place. According to the text the 'Fox-fairy' should have been in the West, but the artist has placed him in the East, which is impossible. Indeed both the text and the picture are inconsistent with the correct principles of 'Wind-water.' The 'Fox-fairy' is wholly a *Yin* element and can never replace the 'Dragon,' which is entirely a *Yang* element; nor ought the 'Fox-fairy' to be substituted in the West for the 'White Tigress,' because the latter contains a mixture of the *Yin* and *Yang* essential for the protection of the Tomb and the preservation of the Family."

"I infer the 'White Tigress' to be a form of the 'Western Royal Mother,'" I remarked.

"She is a developed phase of the Mother," replied the Taoist. "The original phase, the inmost truth or reality, would be symbolized by the *Lin* ['Female Unicorn'] meaning Purity and Virginity, whose horn is soft and cannot serve as a weapon of offence, or

defence, like the teeth and claws of the Tigress, which represents Widowhood and Parturiency. The Egyptians ought to have known this distinction."

"There were apparently no Tigers in Egypt," I answered. "When the Egyptians needed a great feline emblem they employed the Lion or the Leopard. But what you tell me resembles an old English folk-ditty concerning a Lion and Unicorn fighting for a Crown, in which contest the Lion prevailed. On the other hand a famous English poet has compared a symbolical 'Hind and Panther' to the advantage of the former, which he described as 'a milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged.'"

"Both poems obviously refer to the Unicorn," remarked the Taoist. "She is the invisible and inactive *Tao* ['Way' or 'Process'], while the Tigress, the Lioness, the Leopardess, or even the domestic Tabby-cat, are figures of the *Tao* in operation. Their litter is the myriad of phenomena. The Unicorn ultimately prevails, not by external violence, but by inherent truth."

It was curious that the Chinese 'Wind-water' wizard should thus have embraced in the range of his mystical analysis the ancient Egyptian concept of *Maat*, or Natural Law, and John Dryden's allegorical figure of the Roman Church! His final question and the conclusion which he drew from my answer, were still more curious.

"Do you know," he asked, "whether the Egyptian family for which the funereal chamber was described and pictured in this book, is still represented by living posterity?"

"If there be any descendants," I replied, "they are ignorant of such remote ancestry. They must now

be either Christians or Mohammedans, and would pay no respect to the tomb. They might even plunder it and sell the relics to foreigners."

The wizard nodded. "That is what I expected from the imperfect application of 'Wind-water' which this tomb arrangement shows. The race must either be extinct or, if not extinct, it is utterly degraded and unrecognizable, in consequence of the loss of filial piety. I fear lest the same fate may overtake our own black-haired people, since the Jade Emperor in Heaven has no longer an earthly vice-regent to execute his decrees. I do what I can to preserve the true doctrine among these holy hills; but the *Yin* influences from the West seem to grow stronger every year, and the *Yang* elements of the East are weakening. Who knows whether the Phoenix will survive the Tortoise?"

"But you said that the Unicorn would ultimately prevail by inherent truth," I objected.

"She will prevail," he rejoined sorrowfully, "though our nation may again become barbarous and forget her for ages."

EDWARD GILCHRIST.

(Commissioner of Chinese Maritime Customs, retired.)

THREE CANDLES: II. ENGLAND.¹

GERALDINE HODGSON, Litt.D.

AT first sight, a vast space seems to divide Samain from the English Nineties. A second glance modifies that impression. If the French Symbolistes had reacted against the miseries of a lost War and a dictated Peace, our men of the Nineties had their difficulties too. First, many of them were the disillusioned heirs of a generation which, with great travail of soul, had lost its religious Faith in this England, where religion and morality are peculiarly interwoven. Secondly, they were revolting against the self-complacent side of Victorian successfulness. Naturally, they saw things neither quite straight nor whole.

The Future surely must admit Tennyson's and Browning's supremacy? But it may discriminate more nicely than their contemporaries. The recent eclipse, which overtook both, occurred, at least in Tennyson's case, because the men of his time extolled him so often for the wrong things. His literary merit did not consist in his emphasis on ordinary morality, political stability, or British world-dominance. It is in lyrical poetry of shining beauty that he has few equals; by that his immortality is secured. His depreciators, if poets, lack perspicacity if they do not recognize a fellow dreamer and seer in the man who wrote:

¹ See 'Three Candles: I. France' in the Jan. no.; 'III. Ireland' will appear in the July issue.—ED.

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!
 So they row'd and there we landed—'O venusta Sirmio!'—
 There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
 There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
 Came that 'Ave atque Vale' of the Poet's hopeless woe,
 Tenderest of Roman poets, nineteen-hundred years ago,
 'Frater Ave atque Vale' as we wander'd to and fro—
 Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below
 Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio!

Those who regard the Nineties as an isolated chunk in our literary development, underrate its heritage from the Past, its legacy to the Future. The period was two-sided; on one, it was the passing of the Victorian Age, on the other, the beginning of a changed direction. The War temporarily obscured the latter: presently, its reality may be manifest. Probably, nothing will more surprise future critics than the almost universal contemporaneous ascription of homogeneity to the Nineties; a similarity too of unwholesomeness. Neither was true: the most alike shewed striking unlikenesses; the least alike were quite surprisingly so. One characteristic,—the tendency to dream, vision, escape,—they shared though not equally, nor so indelibly as their French contemporaries. This differentiates them from the representative Victorians: it can be found in the 'classical' Watson, and the 'decadent' Dowson; it links Mrs. Meynell's restraint with the strain and emphasis of Francis Thompson; the sound and fury of Davidson with de Tabley's nursed and embroidered grief. Even in England, Life's basal security was shaken; if less obviously than in France and Ireland, still discernibly. During the decade, the poets most read were probably Davidson, Dowson, Stephen Phillips and Le Gallienne. After a quarter of a century, they linger in the memories of a few

students, lovers of poetry. Davidson's influence lasted at Oxford into the early years of the new century, as two of Flecker's Essays, posthumously published, show. At bottom, he was less typical of the Nineties, more individual, than others; and so, in a time whose dominant notes were dream and desire, he sometimes lost his way. He who had written—

I am a man set to overhear
The inner harmony, the very tune
Of Nature's heart; to be a thoroughfare
For all the pageantry of time—

left that desirable *rôle* to preach and thunder about the clatter and squalor of Houndsditch and Hell. He who once cared for loveliness and music—

Dew on his wings and in his note,
The lark goes singing out of sight—

turned to idolize 'strength,' which sometimes drew very near to brutality, and lacked the compensation of redeeming force. His life and death alike added one more tragedy to the story of our literature. Yet, how he dreamed at whiles!—

Keep us, O Thetis, on our Western flight,
Watch from thy pearly throne
Our vessel plunging into night
To reach a land unknown.

That, on both sides of the Channel, was the burden of the Nineties' dream—

To reach a land unknown.

Phillips, overpraised in his life-time for his minor gifts, deserved more praise than he ever received for his contribution to Blank Verse, that characteristic English metre, which, from Marlowe till to-day, has been re-wrought and moulded anew with astonishing

variety, flexibility and music. Like Marlowe, Phillips touched Blank Verse with lyrical passion. Those who know Samain's gift for kindling heroic couplets with lyric fire, will see no extravagance in a comparison of Polyphème's parting words to Galatée with Apollo's appeal to Marpessa :

Child, wilt thou taste of grief ? On thee the hours
Shall feed, and bring thy soul into the dusk :
Even now thy face is hasting to the dark !
For slowly shalt thou cool to all things great.

The two poems are contemporary.

De Tabley's early Poems were for years unpublished ; therefore though they actually appeared in the Nineties, they do not belong to them, if sometimes they seem to foreshadow them. In 1915, a *Times*' critic wrote : "The literature of the Nineties . . . seems to be written by men living only an æsthetic life, and interested in things only æsthetically." That might apply to the delicate green cover, showered over with pale gold rose-petals, in which Lord de Tabley's poems appeared in 1893 ; not to its contents, nor to those of its successor. It has no meaning for those published posthumously, tinged as some were with the restless dreaming desire of the period.

Speaking generally, these poets might be classed as those of Sense, Nature, Love and Catholicism, though these or any other rigidly dividing lines would be unsatisfactory. Under the first would fall much written by Wilde, Arthur Symons, Dowson and Lord Alfred Douglas. The common attitude is that of these, rather earlier, lines of Wilde :

To drift with every passion till my soul
Is a stringed lute on which all winds can play ;

or Symons'

I drain a million ages of delight.
I hold the future in my memory.
Also, I have this garret which I rent

.
This worn-out body like a tattered tent,
This pipe of opium.
This soul at pawn and this delirious heart ;

or Lord Alfred's

My soul is sick with dreaming, let it rest.
False Sleep, thou hast conspired with wakefulness.
I will not praise thee, I too long beguiled
With idle tales. Where is thy soothing breast ?
Thy peace, thy poppies, thy forgetfulness ?
Where is thy lap for me so tired a child ?

Some of which meant far less than it said. They had a distant affinity with some, not the finest, of French Symboliste poetry. Morbid no doubt, lacking in the deepest sincerity, they still sprang naturally enough from those years, so sated with the solid success of the XIXth Century, so incurably dissatisfied with their own present.

Equally naturally, the prevailing visionary mood takes a different turn with Francis Thompson, whose Catholicism is of the texture of his work. That same 'turn' shewed itself in the decadents who were Catholics ; as in Dowson's finest poems.

The furious folly of uninformed prejudice maintained that Thompson's Poetry appealed merely to a small clique, supporting a co-religionist. Sane critics observed that the writer of the *Ode to the Setting Sun*, e.g., was not to be extinguished so summarily. It is, however, not in its gorgeous symbolism, not in the Latinized speech of *A Judgment in Heaven*, not in the

wistful *Mistress of Vision* mainly, not in the widely acclaimed *Hound of Heaven*, nor in the 'Children' Poems, not in the processional pomp and liturgical vesture of the *Orient Ode*, that the touch of the Nineties is evident; but rather in *The Dread of Height*, *The Sere of the Leaf*, *Grief's Harmonics*, and in *All Flesh*, where Thompson calls himself

A wind, a flame, a thought,
Inestimably naught.

In these, and in a few others, in spite of his unrelaxed hold upon the Catholic Faith, he slips into the undefined, inextinguishable desire of those restless years :

How shall my mouth content it with mortality ?
Lo, secret music, sweetest music,
From distances of distance drifting its lone flight,
Down the arcane where Night would perish in night,
Like a god's loosened locks slips undulously :
Music that is too grievous of the height
For safe and low delight,
Too infinite
For bounded hearts which yet would girth the sea !

Or again :

The heart, a censured fire whence fuming chants aspire,
Is fed with oozèd gums of precious pain ;
And unrest swings denser, denser, the fragrance from that censer,
With the heart-strings for its quivering chain.
Yet 'tis vain to scale the turret of the cloud-uplifted spirit,
And bar the immortal in, the mortal out ;

.

The breath of poetry in the mind's autumnal tree
Shakes down the saddened thoughts in singing showers,
But fallen from their stem, what part have we in them ?

The era's hunger and thirst are unmistakable there.
Finally, somewhat apart, as Lionel Johnson also

was, from the others, A. E. Housman is vaguely related in spirit, but not in intercourse in the Rhymers' Club, which bound most of them into some approach to a school.

The Shropshire Lad appeared in the heyday of the decadent Nineties, in 1896. Unique then in its passionate love of the immediate home-land; written, as its author recently revealed, during a mood of 'continuous excitement,' and so wearing, for ever, that individuality which marks every work produced—as the bronze-caster would say—'at one flow,' *The Shropshire Lad* breathes also the nostalgia, the atmosphere of trance and longing which are stamped upon its period. M. Vielé-Griffin is not more the Poet of Touraine than Housman is of Shropshire: both, too, at times escape from their *patria* to wander in the kingdom of dreams.

In farm and field through all the shire
The eye beholds the heart's desire,

Houseman cries, as if it were all there, at hand, in
Shropshire. The next instant, he lets his secret go:

There pass the careless people
That call their souls their own:
Here by the road I loiter
How idle and alone.

Ah, past the plunge of plummet,
In seas I cannot sound,
My heart and soul and senses
World without end, are drowned.

.
Here by the labouring highway
With empty hands I stroll:
Sea-deep, till doomsday morning,
Lie lost my heart and soul.

If that is not far enough from Ludlow and Wenlock, Clee and the Wrekin, what of this?—

And midst the fluttering legion
Of all that ever died
I follow, and before us
Goes the delightful guide,

With lips that brim with laughter
But never once respond,
And feet that fly on feathers,
And serpent-circled wand.

On his very last page lies this dreamer's final admission :

I hoed and trenched and weeded,
And took the flowers to fair :
I brought them home unheeded ;
The hue was not the wear.

So up and down I sow them

.

Some seeds the birds devour
And some the seasons mars,
And here and there will flower
The solitary stars.

The English mood perhaps was more superficial than the French: there was about it something not quite in the national lineage; still, to the alert of mind, dreaming *malaise* was plainly obvious, and impatience with all which lay close at hand, shewing itself sometimes in violence, excess of ornament, morbid excitement, at others in withdrawal and detachment.

GERALDINE HODGSON.

‘ OCCULT SCIENCE ’: FADS, FACTS AND FANCIES.

DAVID GOW, Editor of ‘ Light.’

DOUBTLESS there is a true ‘ occultism,’ represented by a study of the interior values of life-experience, and certain dimly-perceived elements in Nature of which at present we gain only hints and very partial illuminations. One may instance the nature of human personality, the scope and meaning of the psychic side of life, or the power of numbers and of planetary influences. The term ‘ science ’ in such a connection, however, almost requires apology, for science is knowledge and on these matters we know but little. Certain facts emerge, truly, but the facts are fragmentary. They point to something which may in time be systematized and made complete ; but, so far, they remain unsatisfying, however suggestive.

For a good many years I have paid attention to two in particular of these ‘ occult sciences ’—Astrology and ‘ Numerology.’¹ I found, in common with many other students who have made a close and dispassionate investigation of them, that they yielded some surprising results. The coincidences between Numbers and Planetary influences, as compared with the character and events of certain lives, were too striking to be assigned to chance or accident. But there was never

¹ The term, which is now wide-spread in certain circles, is an objectionable neologism, a piece of base coinage of modern speech. I use it simply for convenience, but apologetically with quotation marks.

any sure foothold or consecutive line of advance ; so many data were wanting, so many unforeseen events came in to upset the attempt to forecast the future with any accuracy. I observed that the 'occult' experts were always very confident and correct when it was a question of pronouncing on the *past*, whether of an individual or a nation. The figures then worked out marvellously, although I could not fail to observe that unconscious selection came in to a marked degree at times. Some particular aspect of the case would be selected and some appropriate figure or planet would be fitted to it as the explanation of all that followed. Where I got any valid results was almost invariably by a first-hand observation of the symbols, planetary or numerical, coupled with a study of the life of some person to whom they appeared to apply. In this way I gained a certain amount of what appeared to be knowledge-results which were patient of criticism, and which withstood the most acute analysis I could bring to bear on them. But the criteria were always in the nature of facts accomplished. As a method of reading the future and finding some determinate line in a region so fluid, variable and incalculable, I found my knowledge generally untrustworthy. Yet I had met in my time many people of proved intellectual competence who held very firmly by their systems as methods of prognostication. Frequent and lamentable failures, when it came to a question of demonstrating their theories by a forecast of the future, did not seem to disconcert them, as perhaps it should have done. I remember the case of one astrologer—a barrister of high qualities of mind and character—who, rashly confident of the resources of his 'science,' undertook to prove it, in the pages of a certain journal, by forecasting

the political and social events of this country during a certain period. He was wrong in every instance. It was a humiliating but, one hopes, a salutary experience. The past is the one thing of which we can be reasonably sure. The future tells always its own story, which may be very like what it is expected to be—or very unlike.

During the last thirty years there have emerged from the Press many books and pamphlets dealing with Astrology and ‘ Numerology ’—most of them rubbishy productions calculated to appeal only to the uncritical minds of the crowd. They are full of ‘ cases,’ worn threadbare by constant use—the planetary aspects or ‘ occult numbers ’ of Napoleon and other notorious characters, ‘ men of destiny.’ In these and other instances it was obvious that the opportunities for ‘ faking ’ and ‘ fixing ’ were plentiful, and I found many instances of the fatal facility with which the results were achieved. The experts were great on past events in the way of fatalities and tragedies, and could always show the part played in them by some ‘ evil number. A single instance will illustrate the matter sufficiently. It would be shewn, for example, that the *Titanic* set sail on April 14th, 1912; that the numbers 4 (no. of month) + 14 + 1912 = 22, and that 22 is a tragic number; hence the disaster!

Of course anyone with a brain at all superior to that of a rabbit would at once ask whether the *Titanic* was the only ship that set sail on April 14th, 1912. If not, why was the *Titanic* alone selected for destruction? When I put the question to a number-specialist, it was suggested that the word *Titanic* contained seven letters—seven is the number of sacrifice! Presumably then only one ship sailing on that day had a name containing seven letters!

That is an instance, one out of hundreds, of the cheap and flimsy stuff which passes current as 'numerology' amongst the empty-headed. It is not by any means the worst instance. One foolish little brochure on 'numerology,' which took up this same fascinating study of the *Titanic* and its doom, gave some of the measurements of the vessel, taking (of course) only those measurements which yielded an 'evil number,' and ignoring the rest. It seemed that absurdity could go no further, but there are evidently no limits to folly in these matters. I noted frequently that the handbooks on 'numerology' differed widely in their astrological data. One would for instance assign the number 3 to Jupiter, another would make it 4 and still another 5, but the results apparently came out correct when applied to various stock characters in the world's history, ancient and modern. But then everything was so delightfully vague, one could prove anything by the various systems employed. If you could not fit the symbol to the character, you could always fit the character to the symbol. It seemed then that from the standpoint of 'occult science' the bulk of this literature ranked very little above the popular prophetic almanacks, which never get anything right either in the way of weather or events except by accident. Yet it seems that a large section of the public pins its faith to these almanacks and that the 'numerology' books have a great sale, fads and fancies having a stronger hold on the popular mind than carefully-tested facts.

I have spent many years in the study of psychic phenomena; but I have found no psychic phenomenon more marvellous or more incredible than the power of the human mind to persuade itself of the truth of anything in which it particularly wants to believe.

Indeed the ability of some people to see only what they want to see is astonishing. In short, I found that most of the ‘cases’ quoted in the lower grade literature of ‘numerology,’ astrology and the like were so fragile that they fell to pieces under even the smallest and weakest of critical probes.

Nevertheless, every now and again I have lighted upon something that looks like reality. In one instance it was a little twopenny book on ‘Moles and Birthmarks’ gathered from ancient magical lore. It seemed to be the sheerest trash; but as I am accustomed to search rubbish-heaps, having occasionally found treasure, I looked into the matter, knowing enough of astrology, to be able to make my checks on living subjects. The results were certainly curious. A person born in the sign Pisces should have a mole on the foot. I sought out a ‘Pisces person’ and enquired. Yes, he *had* a mole on the foot; and I inspected it. No other moles? No, none. A ‘Sagittarius person’ should have a mole on the haunch. I found in the case I examined that it was so, and there were no other moles. If I remember aright, there was a third example, where the mole should be on the breast. There was no mole in this case but a birthmark, and it *was* on the breast. This was certainly curious, although, to make a good case, it would have been necessary to multiply the examples to a high degree. But life is too short to explore these byways with any completeness.

It was such instances as this, combined with many examples of planetary influences strangely illustrated in the case of friends and acquaintances, that led me to believe that there are some authentic gleams of fire under an intolerable deal of that smoke and smother which clouds and chokes the avenues to knowledge

concerning occult arts and sciences. The fallacies are as thick as pebbles on the beach ; the facts as rare as diamonds and as hard to come at.

Clearly the only way should be by the road of remorseless scrutiny, testing and probing and taking account only of that which endures the last analysis. And the search must be an *impartial* one. There must be no mental reservation about it; no secret desire that some particular theory shall be proved true or some other theory be shewn to be false. That tendency is, I think, at the root of the difficulty in all matters of psychic or occult interest. The investigator usually has an emotional prejudice one way or the other. We hear much of the 'will to believe'—but far less of the will to disbelieve, which is the special preserve of the inveterate sceptic, and about which he is of course discreetly silent. And as I am alluding to some of the fallacies of 'occult science,' it may be appropriate to say that probably the greatest fallacy is the idea that it is in any sense at present a *science*: it is rather a speculative scheme, a partially-developed hypothesis, supported by a number of arresting and significant facts, but nearly crushed under the weight of fads, figments and fancies, illusions and impostures of every kind, the outcome of the 'will to believe.' When the thing is really a *science* there will be no question of belief or disbelief. The astrologer or the 'numerologist' will be able to prove his case in every instance presented to him, and not, as at present, be forced to select his proofs from the few cases which he has tested and found correct. Moreover, he will be able to join his discoveries on to the organon of knowledge, as things not isolated and sporadic but part of the science of Nature and of Man. But this will

hardly be until we have outgrown the stage when a childish love of bogies and mysteries and 'esoteric secrets' prevails. I have seen and heard in my adventures into 'occult' realms many things which appear to be supernatural and to belong to some Outer Darkness—especially in the department of witchcraft and demonology. They affront the reason and mock at our ideas of the intelligible and probable. That is where the necessity for faith comes in—faith in the Newtonian doctrine that Nature is always consistent and never contradicts herself. Any departure from that line of thinking is a mistake. If anything in the 'occult' realms fails in the end to link up with the order of Nature and our knowledge of her ways, then it must go into the discard of exploded superstitions. If it is a fact, it will submit to Reason and the disciplines of Reason. It will take its place in the ranks, as something obedient to the Principles of Nature. If it remains 'occult' and shuns scrutiny, then its true character will be sufficiently evident. We need waste no time on it.

DAVID GOW.

THE FOOLS OF GOD.

His fools in vesture strange
God sent to range
The world, and said : " Declare
Untimely wisdom ; bear
Harsh witness, and prepare
The paths for change.

" Bid do, nor brook delay,
What yesterday
Was wisely left undone ;
Be deaf ; defer to none,
And ever perversely shun
The prudent way."

Thus they by rage possessed
For painful quest,
And proffering toil and thirst
To men in softness nursed,
To-day by all are cursed,
To-morrow blessed.

Through the dark gates they go
Of every woe ;
Unarmed they brave the spears
Of hate ; they know all fears,
All hopes, all griefs,—but tears
They do not know.

They gather the gold that gleams
On elfin streams ;

Roaming the skies on foot
They pluck the stars for fruit,
And litter their paths with loot
Of captured dreams.

They raise at altars bare
Unfruitful prayer ;
There is no secret shrine
To which men's hearts incline,
But knows the sound and sign
Of their despair.

They walk, nor hide their scorn,
Night, noon and morn,
The comfortable ways
Of men's consent and praise,
Speaking the speech of days
As yet unborn.

For powers and dignities
And wealth and ease
They are the prickles between
Close shirt and tender skin ;
They prove indifference sin,
Content disease.

Seeking, condemned as drolls,
Fantastic goals,
They move in magic mail
Secure from all assail,
Nor ever will gold avail
To buy their souls.

The hideous gods they break
That mortals make
Of Self ; they ban afresh

THE QUEST

(Men helpless in its mesh)
All trucklings with the flesh :
Life's give and take.

Yet, faith-befooled, no less
Do they profess
To see the light that rings
Men's brows, and makes them kings
With power to do the things
Of righteousness ;

And seemingly unaware
What cowards of care
Men be, they cry : " Afar
Beckons the new day's star :
No power the path could bar
Did ye but dare ! "

Until in angry doubt
Men drag them out,
And vainly strive to make
Salve for their own soul's ache
With cross and rope and stake
And bloody knout.

But ever, though thus is Might
Once more proved Right,
When cry to God in vain
His fools in their great pain,
Somewhere is rent in twain
Some veil of Night.

And many who watched them die,
Unwitting why,
Drink soon at new-found wells,
Destroy old heavens and hells,

**And gladden when Love foretells
New freedoms nigh.**

**These, then, are they for whom
No age finds room :
Scorned preachers at the gate
To failure dedicate,
Interpreters of fate,
Prophets of doom ;**

**Who wielding a righteous rod
Lest men should nod,
And raising furious cry
Untimely giving the lie
To Custom, live and die
The Fools of God.**

W. G. HOLB.

THOU HAST NO SAVIOUR BUT THYSELF.

BELIEVE you not the blind priests who corrupt
The truth and veil my teachings, when they say
That I, the Nazarene, was crucified
To purge your sin and win your Paradise.
The changeless Law forbids that I should die
For you, as it forbids that I should eat
Or drink or live for you. . . . I did but show
The tragic way of God : That life upflowers
From the soil of death ; that Heaven's shining gate
Leads through the gate of Hell. . . . I did but
play
The Titan's tragic rôle, Prometheus-like
In the æonian play of God, in which St. George
Destroys the dragon in himself, and Perseus
The horror-haired Medusa in himself,
To free the inner Spirit bound.

If I

Could die for you and utterly destroy
Your sin and change your world to Paradise,
'Twould be a pale, phantasmal Paradise,
With songless birds and flowers fragrantless,
And vacant dull-eyed souls,—not Eden where
Eternally the Soul vibrates with bliss.
I could not die that Shakespeare might sing
Or Phidias break Medusa's spell and turn
The stone to life again. I could not die
For Joan the Maid or Arthur, peerless knight,

Forsook by friend and foe : they had to know
As I the agony of the cross, e'er they
Could conquer death and do God's mighty works.

If I could die for you, there would no more
Be battlefields bestrewn with mangled dead,
No gallow-calvaries nor martyr's shame.
It is the law that every soul who aches
To waken from the dream of life and know
Itself divine, must drink deep from the cup
Of bitterness. Can Perseus live unless
Medusa die ? St. George's triumph brings
Unto the dragon agony ; so I, the man
Of Nazareth, was crucified, that God
Should triumph nigh the walls of Jerusálem !

Vain my gospel that you love your foes
And turn the other cheek : a hundred times
You'll slay your foes, a hundred times you will
Return and reel beneath th' avenger's stroke,
Until through weariness and pain and tears
You learn your enemies are but yourselves ;
And that in slaying them, you slay yourselves.
Only when you've lusted deep for wealth,
And fiercely warred for fame and power and scrambled
Childlike for the world's bright toys, finding
Them ashes in your grasp at last, baubles
That you must yield up to the Highwayman, Death ;
When you have found men's wisdom, foolishness,
Their virtues, lies and worldly honours trash ;—
Then shall you seek the truth and know my words
That the meek and lowly shall inherit earth.
'Tis vain to tell you, you are kings and gods.
Daily in your streets and market-places
You'll mock and scourge each other ; daily in

Your factories, prisons, hospitals,
You will be crucified, before you know
The truth that opens Eden's gate, the truth
That you are gods and the least of you a Son
Of the Most High.

But if for Truth's sake, you
Renounce not all, parents, wife and riches,
Ay, and life itself, you have it not.
Again I say to you that you must bear
The cross if you would truly live. For they
Shall lose their life that cling to it; and they
Shall live abundantly who yield their life
To God. I showed you how to live and die;
But each must bear his cross in loneliness.
Hearken, O soul, at war with death and hell,
None else may win thee immortality
But thou. Thou hast no saviour but thyself!

LEON PICARDY.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

(Unsigned Reviews or Notices are by the Editor.)

NEW STUDIES IN MYSTICAL RELIGION.

By Rufus M. Jones, D.D. London (Macmillan); pp. 205; 7s. 6d. net.

MAN AND THE SUPERNATURAL.

By Evelyn Underhill. London (Methuen); pp. x. + 275; 7s. 6d. net.

BOTH these books are ascribed to the memory of, and are largely influenced by, the teaching of Friedrich von Hügel, but in neither book is that teaching itself critically considered. Dr. Jones appears to be unaffected by von Hügel's searching critique of the fundamental ideas of Quakerism, and Miss Underhill appears to give largely a running paraphrase or epitome of the *Mystical Element of Religion* with unfortunate consequences to her style, which has assimilated too much of the Baron's involved and awkward constructions. One word is peculiar to Miss Underhill. She has a marked predilection for the adjective *little*. After a time, the littleness of man is itself belittled by her too frequent use of the term.

There is much that is attractive in Dr. Jones' all too rapid sketch of certain features of mystical experience, more particularly in relation to the abnormal, and his chapter on Mysticism and religious education contains much pertinent criticism of the patent defects of Sunday Schools and much wise suggestion as to remedies. But in his sketch of the growth of the organized Christian Church he is altogether unappreciative of that very intellectual and credal element which von Hügel counted as one of his three essentials to religion. To say, as Prof. Jones does, that the great theological systems "did not grow out of Christian experience, nor were they founded on experience. They were the elaborate constructions of abstract logic," is a serious travesty and an amazingly superficial appreciation of the Fathers and

Doctors of the Church. As well might one say that the speculations of an Einstein, a Clerk Maxwell or a Whitehead do not grow out of experience. What would von Hügel have said to such an opinion as our author holds? The Society of Friends surely does not claim to have a monopoly of 'experience,' of 'Christian experience,' of 'mystical experience'? "All the mystics of the Middle Ages," says Dr. Jones, "saw Christ in distorted perspective." Must we all see Christ through Quaker spectacles? Could anything be more perverse than to ask the reader to think of St. Francis, or Julian of Norwich or Charles Borromeo as seeing Christ in distorted perspective? In order to maintain the claim to recognition of 'uncharted mystics,' and 'uncanonized saints' is it necessary to regard canonized saints as seeing Christ in distorted perspective?

Man and the Supernatural is a much more attractive, a much less vexing treatment, of the same august subject. If the discussion of the supernatural in relation to personality be somewhat unsatisfying, this is as much due to the elusive character of the idea of personality as to the author herself. We could wish, however, that Miss Underhill had attempted some reconciliation of the Western stress on personality with the Eastern distrust and even rejection thereof. But she is very fine in her analysis of the supernatural self-given in things; and her distinction between the emotional satisfactoriness of æsthetic symbols (a symphony, a soldanella in a wilderness of icy shale, are her examples) and the emotional unsatisfactoriness, but equal efficacy in evoking subsequently absolute feeling, of the religious symbol is valuable and far-reaching. "The religious symbol need not be beautiful in order to be effective: . . . the Holy though manifested in the Beautiful can be found apart from it."

The best part of the book, however, is the section on prayer. The analysis of levels of prayer, hinted at but not developed on p. 212, is reminiscent of a contribution to the Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society in 1928-4; but it is not certain whether Miss Underhill is aware of this. Miss Underhill would have found a singularly apt illustration of her argument on p. 237 in the work of Sir Ronald Ross in his researches into malaria and his prayer-record in his two poems *Indian Fevers* and *The Reply*. We could wish too that so sympathetic a student of mysticism would consider Richard Jefferies' *Story of my Heart*. That work appears to be unknown both to Miss Underhill and Dr. Rufus Jones; yet it is of our own day, outside orthodox Christian

expression and experience, but mystical in a transcendental as well as immanental sense. Miss Underhill's book has an excellent index: Prof. Jones' work has neither index nor an analysis of contents.

ALBERT A. COCK.

THE SCRIPTS OF CLEOPHAS.

Written by the Hand of Geraldine Cummins. With a Critical Introduction. London (Rider); pp. 291; 12s. 6d. net.

LET me say at the outset that I have the pleasure of knowing well both Miss Cummins herself and her automatic psychic work. I have every confidence in her integrity and assurance of her complete unconsciousness as to what her hand writes. Moreover Miss Cummins herself takes a very sensible and critical view of her scripts and is by no means predisposed to take their contents and self-claims at their face-value. The hectic 'jacket' puff of the publishers is—the publishers'; and the anonymous 'critical introduction' will, in my opinion, not escape criticism and shows few signs of understanding the psychical side of the problem. This block of the Cleophas Scripts purports to set forth, on the one hand, embroiderings on, or amplifications of, incidents in the lives and activities of the early apostles and others, as recorded mainly in the canonical Acts and to some extent in the Pauline Letters, and on the other to relate a mass of new stories and wonder-doings. The interest of the instructed and experienced reader is here twofold. On the one hand, for the scholar there arises the question: Are the contents probable; have we here at all to deal with anything that can be deemed genuine history? On the other, there is the psychical element that permeates the whole narrative on every page from start to finish; it fairly reeks of *mira* and *miracula*. In this regard, it requires no few years of experience, experiment and study before one can reach a mature and balanced judgment on the contents of the best and most probable scripts of this order, while extra-special care has to be exercised when they pretend to give accounts of Early Christian happenings, which are hedged round with long-centuries-old ramparts of *mana* and *taboo*. As to the first aspect,—the critical scholarly problem. Long before Christianity arose, there existed an astonishingly busy industry among the Jews in embroidering on and filling up gaps in the Biblical narratives. It is technically known as *midrash* and *hagada*. The latter story-telling type was and is beloved in the East, and for a matter of that the world

over. We have even to-day extensive remains of such industry among the Jews,—apocalypses, apocrypha, pseudepigrapha, epics, sagas, etc. Christianity continued and increased this popular form of instruction and story-telling. We have still extant masses of such extra-canonical and apocryphal literature, including a number of Apostolic Doings or Acts, some of them containing vivid incidents and fine outbursts, and including over-worked material from non-Christian sources that are occasionally of high interest. But what scholar of this type of literature ventures to claim in any of its narratives anything that is indubitably historical? At best, a probability here and there of the echo of some early traditional element may be pointed to. And so it continued through the centuries—Acts, Lives, Doings, Legends of Saints galore, mostly replete with wonders. Even Roman Catholic scholars are allowed the fullest permission to treat all this vast mass of hagiographical material with unhampered critical freedom. The main concern or most important task of the modern free historical scholar, however, lies naturally, not so much with this extra-biblical mass of literature of every description, sort and degree, as with the contents of the canonical texts themselves—how far in even these have we to do with genuine unadulterated history?—a difficult, and delicate enough task in all conscience.

Judged by the standard of experience gained by a study of apocryphal literature on the one hand, and by an understanding of the nature of the psychic and psychical literature of to-day and an experimental knowledge of the modes of its production on the other, the Cleophas Scripts have every appearance of being a transmission from pious, but naïve and credulous minds, who take all they have to say as gospel. I set on one side, as insufficient in the circumstances, the hypothesis that it is *all* the sub-conscious or trans-liminal activity of Miss Cummins' own mind. The fact that she is herself normally a novelist and dramatist does not militate against this opinion; for just because of this we might have expected something better. It all comes *via* her sub-conscious, of course, and must be tintured to some extent by somewhat of her make-up; but for the most part I am quite willing to think it comes in essentials from a psychic source or complex independent of her. It may be, indeed I for my part can well believe, that 'they' thoroughly believe all they hand on. Millions and millions of such minds have blindly believed just such narratives. Take, in this regard,

the allied Glastonbury Scripts. They are quite credibly based on monkish memories. The monks actually knew their beloved abbey in its prime; they can reliably talk of its buildings, and can refer to a chapel or so, of which we have no present record, but the foundations of which have been discovered by following their indications. But because this has proved to be veridical, and 'they' are found to have been telling facts that were in their personal knowledge, this is no reason for believing the cycle of legends that had grown up concerning Joseph of Aramathæa and the rest, and which *they* had come to believe in as genuine history. They are not deliberately lying in this respect; they are only displaying their naïve credulity, a common characteristic of pious mediæval mentality. So, too, with the Cleophas Scripts. The transmitters may honestly believe this romance of legend and embroidery with its welter of wonders. But we have a sterner task to perform and a new science to inaugurate. For us such material belongs to the age-long type of psychic story, and not to history; and its fascination for uncritical minds flows from the strong suggestive power of favourite tales told and retold. This very reiteration gives more and more 'body' to the stories in the telling, especially for those minds no longer disciplined by the healthy restraints of physical conditioning, but in states where stories can vividly take on the imaginal guise of presentational immediacy, though they are, relative to reality, but the pallid ghosts at best of anything that can be remotely judged as history. We have had enough and to spare in the past of such pious tales for edificatory purposes. To-day,—when they are 'coming through' again in script fashion and otherwise, and when an acquaintance with modern psychical happenings and the utilization of this by 'them,' hintingly or transparently, in setting forth the narrative, clothed in verbal echoes or adaptations of the familiar style of the English of the Authorised Version,—all this should be able to impress only those who judge superficially. As for serious students, they may regard it all as a natural and necessary welling-up from the sub-conscious of the past of the general Western soul, in order that these psychic group-complexes may be at last understood, rationalized and sublimated. We hope then, incidentally, that Cleophas & Co. have gained some ease and relief by getting this imaginal material off their chests, out of their private minds, confessionally, into the area of sober criticism 'down' here. For in this respect we can help them more than they can help us.

NEO-HEGELIANISM

By Hiralal Halder, M.A., Ph.D. London (Heath Cranton);
pp. 498; 25s. net.

THIS book purports to be a study rather than a history of British Neo-Hegelianism, and an account of what Dr. Halder regards, with some justification, as the greatest movement of thought in modern times, in the English-speaking world at least. Professor of Philosophy in Calcutta University and, as he tells us in his preface, a teacher of philosophy for some 36 years, his chief occupation being the study and interpretation of Hegel and the philosophical movement which has arisen from his influence, Dr. Halder has many qualifications for his task, and the result as embodied in his book should help in some measure, as he hopes, to popularize doctrines which ought to be more widely known.

The essence of Hegelianism may be said to be found in the development of the arrested Idealism of Kant. The philosophy of the 17th and 18th centuries had developed conceptions involving the separation of mind from matter, the ideal from the real, the individual from society and the finite from the infinite; and a rational philosophy was needed to re-unite and reconstruct what had been divided and destroyed. It was Kant's genius that initiated the movement and pointed the way, for he showed that the mind enters into reality and regulates the data of knowledge; but his distinction between phenomena and things-in-themselves (or essences), the latter being beyond our knowledge, left the absolute or ultimate reality unknown and unknowable. Hegel's development was to find the Absolute in the thought or reason which is the essence of the thing; that principle of thought or essence, of which all things from those of sense upwards are but the types, symbols and metaphors.

The method Prof. Halder follows is to deal successively and critically with the work and views of some of the principal writers and teachers on the subject, beginning with Dr. Hutchison Stirling, to whom with his *Secret of Hegel* is rightly given the credit of making Hegel first really known in England some 60 years ago, and continuing with chapters on the work of such well-known thinkers and teachers as T. H. Green, Edward and John Caird, William Wallace, F. H. Bradley and Bernard Bosanquet, to whom some 200 pages of the book are devoted, followed by an equally full treatment of the views, as expressed in their published works,

of Prof. John Watson, Sir Henry Jones, Prof. J. H. Muirhead, Prof. J. S. Mackenzie, Lord Haldane and Dr. J. E. McTaggart; to the book is added by way of an appendix an essay of Dr. Haldar's own, written in 1910 and published by the Calcutta University, on 'Hegelianism and Human Personality,' the thesis of which is that the Absolute is a self-conscious unity of many selves, and not a solitary self.

This method of treatment is, of course, somewhat unusual and has certain drawbacks, inasmuch as it is not entirely historical nor entirely according to the various subject-matters, philosophical, metaphysical, ethical and political, that come under discussion. But Hegel was not a systematic writer nor is Neo-Hegelianism a system, as Prof. Haldar rightly points out, but rather a development and application of a movement of thought. The book accordingly may not, and probably will not, satisfy those "philosophers" who, in the words of Stirling, have "mastered the whole subject," if any such there be, or those that seek for a system; but it has advantages in the limitations which its method of treatment imposes, which should be appreciated and found useful and profitable by those who, while making no profession of philosophy and not aspiring to be 'masters,' yet seek for a rational and unified explanation of the meanings of life, the world and experience.

F. R. NOTT.

THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD.

Or the After-Death Experiences on the Bardo Plane. According to Lama Kazi Dawa Samdup's English Rendering. By W. Y. Evans-Wentz. With Foreword by Sir John Woodroffe. Fifteen Illustrations. London (Oxford University Press); pp. xlv. + 248; 16s. net.

WE must all be extremely grateful to Mr. Evans-Wentz for making this important document as to experiences in the After-Death World accessible to Western students. Among works dealing with the Science of Death, this book is indeed unique. It is much more complete than those few works, few in number, which were written in Europe a few centuries ago, and which are mentioned in the interesting foreword by Sir John Woodroffe ('Arthur Avalon'). It is also of much greater value to us than the texts that have come down from the Egyptians. Whereas

the latter have been translated by scholars after a lapse of over two thousand years, which fact would necessarily increase the difficulty of a correct interpretation, this book has been rendered into English by a Lama, well known for his sound scholarship to all students of Tibetan, who, moreover, himself practised the religion he has endeavoured to explain to the West.

The main text is preceded by an Introduction by Mr. Evans-Wentz, which is really an exegetical commentary on the more abstruse and figurative parts of the translation, and this is based on the explanatory notes dictated by the Lama. Of especial interest is the chapter on the 'Bardo,' or the After-Death State. 'Bardo' literally means 'Between two States,'—that is, between death and rebirth,—and, therefore, 'Intermediate' or 'Transitional State.' There are three Bardos: The first is the 'Transitional State at the Moment of Death,'—wherein dawns the Clear Light, which the percipient is unable to recognize, as he perceives it kârmically obscured, which is its secondary aspect. The Knower now awakens to the fact that Death has occurred and begins to experience the second Bardo. This is the 'Transitional State of Experiencing (or Glimpsing of) Reality'; and this merges into the third Bardo, the 'Transitional State of (or while Seeking) Rebirth.' This is, we read, the natural process for the average person; but very exceptional minds, possessed of great Yogic knowledge and enlightenment, may escape all the Bardos, and may pass into a paradise realm, or may reincarnate into this world, their consciousness all the while not having been interrupted.

There are further chapters on the visions encountered in the Bardo, on the Judgment, and on the doctrine of Rebirth. There is also interesting information about the manuscript and its history. The manuscript opens with an account of the transference of the consciousness-principle, with special emphasis on the importance of conveying to the dying person the meaning of this text. Then follow instructions concerning the three stages of the Bardo, and as to the dawning of the Peaceful Deities during the first seven days after death, and the appearance of the Wrathful Deities the next seven days. A conclusion explains the fundamental importance of these teachings, which may be said to be of a Tânttric Mahāyāna-Buddhistic nature, the Tantrism here signifying the Tibetan element, which distinguishes this form of Buddhism from that of the other Mahāyāna schools of North India.

The second part of the manuscript deals with the After-Death World in particular, the Judgment, and the all-determining influence of Thought. The chapter on the Judgment might have explained this phase more fully, and students would do well to turn to another more detailed account.¹ There follows an exposition of the Process of Rebirth, and of the five methods of closing the Womb-Door so as to be reborn in Paradise, and of the torments of the evil spirits.

There is also an Appendix to the manuscript, which contains interesting material with reference to invocations, and this is followed by Addenda by Mr. Evans-Wentz with notes on Yoga, Tāntricism and the different forms of Buddhism. These Addenda, along with his Introduction, are of great assistance to us in the understanding of the Lama's translation.

The original Tibetan text may soon be published, let us hope, for it will be invaluable from the standpoint of a more correct interpretation of Buddhistic and Tāntric mystical and religious literature. For the present we can only again express our appreciation to Mr. Evans-Wentz for having undertaken the task of editing this most unusual and illuminating manuscript.

GERARD HEYM.

THE ETYMON.

The Origin of Man, Language, Religion and Place-Names. The River of Life: The Secret of the Waters. By C. R. Enock. Illustrated with Diagrams and Maps. Pubd. by the Author, Foxfield, Hants.; pp. 266; £1 1s.

THE author of this 'new etymology,' or rather exhibition of philological juggling, is the well-known traveller who has written books on Mexico, Peru, the Andes, the Amazon and the Pacific. His claim is, in his own words (p. 5): "I shew that speech and intellect are indissolubly bound up together and could not have existed apart, and consequently language did not evolve from brute cries or ejaculations." The first proposition is impeccable; the second reveals Mr. Enock as an anti-'bow-bow'-ist. But further we read: "(I shew) that words axiomatically reveal, stamped upon them, a primary innate cosmic or spiritual origin and concept; that there was an original mother-tongue (as stated in Genesis) whose birth-place was in Sumer (pre-Babylonia) on the Euphrates;

¹ *Zeitschr. Deut. Morgenl. Gesellsch.* (1911), pp. 471-486.

that it was carried over the globe by our prehistoric ancestors in remotest time, the Stone Age and earlier, and that this and so all language came from a primary Etymon, that is, one original word or name, one universal stem." Here we are promised not only a revelation of the language of Paradise but what our Indian friends would call the one and only *bij-mantram*, the fundamental seed-vocable, or what Basilides would have termed the 'all-seed-potency' of universal speech,—*alias*, the 'word.' The way this linguistic juggling is effected is by accepting the postulates: that (1) all vowels should count as identical or indifferent; that (2) all consonants of the same class should be interchangeable; that (3) a number of consonants of strongly contrasted orders should be replaceable one by the other; and that (4) the elements of syllables may be read forwards or backwards. By following these 'rules,' we may enjoy a bacchanalian dance of free-associationism, and 'prove' anything we like in this wild enthusiastic state of verbal intoxication. Personally we prefer to keep linguistically sober, and refuse to accept Mr. Enock's hectic '*invitation à la valse*.' After jazzing us through a maze of god-names and proper-names of individuals, when we get such delightful equations as Williams = Smith (not to speak of the identity of Brown, Jones and Robinson), our author passes to another department of his universal etymological dance-emporium with the following string of 'etymon' permutations and combinations in modern speech (p. 179): "As we cannot here embrace the whole dictionary, obviously, we must leave this hermaneutic henotic onomancy, this cabalistic abracadabra and incunabula and, opening the gazeteer, 'take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,' among the place-names." 'Hermaneutic henotic onomancy' is great, and might well be taken as the sub-title of this astonishing production.

It illustrates admirably the extravagances and aberrations of language which such wild etymological speculation can bring about. 'Hermaneutic' should be 'hermeneutic'; 'henotic' is unknown to Greek lexicons; 'onomancy' should be 'onomatomanancy'—at least so I conjecture, for 'onomancy' can mean only 'divination by means of an ass' (*pace* 'the talking horses of Elberfeld'). Again what is 'this cabalistic . . . incunabula' any way? We were taught at school that 'incunabula' was a plural, and meant originally 'swaddling clothes,' and was subsequently metaphorically used in the sense of 'origin'—hence the earliest printed books. Why Mr. Enock should drag in a quotation

from Ps. 189 in this connection we cannot imagine, unless his sub-conscious has a greater sense of humour than his manifest seems to possess. Finally, we have endeavoured our best to get at this mysterious prime 'etymon' of his, and the nearest we can come to it is the theophoric 'onomantic' Dammad as first cousin of his Dimmur-Dummud.

FRAY BERNADINO DE SAHAGUM.

Einige Kapitel aus seinem Geschichtswerk wortgetreu aus dem Aztekischen übertragen von Eduard Seler. Mit Abbildungen im Text und auf Tafeln. Stuttgart (Strecker und Schröder); 2 Parts, pp. xvi+574; Sub. price £4 4s.

IN 1529, eight years after the capture of the city of Mexico by Cortéz, the Franciscan Bernadino de Sahagun came out as a missionary. He had the enlightened idea of making himself first fully acquainted with the history and traditions, the customs and the rites of the Aztecs. To this end he learned the language and spent long years in questioning the chiefs and wise men of the conquered people. The results of his enquiries were written out by his native scholars in a very faulty Latin transliteration of the Aztec. His ecclesiastical superiors, who thought that the whole of the Aztec culture should be incontinently wiped out, as a product of the devil, and forcibly replaced by their Christianity, grew more and more suspicious of Fray Bernadino's humanistic labours, and impounded his MSS. These were restored to him only after thirty years of appeal to the higher authorities at home, when the first pioneer Americanist was now 80 years old. He was commanded to translate the Aztec into Spanish and forward all to Spain. At his advanced age, however, he could make only a paraphrastic summary of the voluminous contents of his MSS. This so-called translation has since formed the most important document for the 'History of New Spain.' The original Aztec MSS. mysteriously disappeared, and were not discovered for some two centuries.

Between 1889 and 1908 the late distinguished Americanist Edward Seler copied out the major portion of these precious documents, now preserved in the Biblioteca del Palacio at Madrid. They were for him the most valuable means of information for his work. From time to time he published studies and extracts in French or German translation. The great desire of his life was to bring out a complete version; but there were many

difficulties in the way, and he passed away without his dearest wish being realized.

The present work is, as it were, a posthumous monument raised to his memory by the piety of his wife, Frau Cäcilie Seler-Sachs, who shared in his labours, with the help of two of his old pupils, Prof. Walter Lehmann and Dr. Walter Krickeberg. It consists of a reprint of all the pieces that Seler had published in his life-time and of additional chapters left among his literary remains. We are glad to have it; but it must be confessed that the work is disappointing,—at any rate for all who are not either Aztec scholars (of whom there are very few) or close students of ancient Mexican traditions. There is no introduction to the subject-matter, and scarcely any notes. When the work was announced, we were led to expect that the mass of notes and explanations left by Seler was to be sifted, arranged and appended. We regret this has not been done. Nevertheless it is good to have the material; and our hope is that some competent scholar of ancient Aztec will now be encouraged to go forward and complete the task and, above all, make the contents more understandable to the layman. A reliable summary of the chief features of an ancient culture, based on such carefully compiled documents, would be of first-rate value, not only to Americanists, but also to students of comparative culture the world over.

THE BOOK OF THE CAVE OF TREASURES.

A History of the Patriarchs and the Kings their Successors from the Creation to the Crucifixion of Christ. Translated from the Syriac Text of the British Museum MS. Add. 25875. By Sir E. A. Wallis Budge. With 16 Plates and 8 Illustrations. London (Religious Tract Society); pp. xvi+819; 10s. 6d. net.

WE are very glad to have this, the first English, translation of the famous Eastern apocryphon generally known as 'The Cave of (the) Treasures,' but which, according to Dr. Gaster, should be more correctly rendered 'Cave of the Secrets.' It was never circulated in the West. The German version of Bezold (*Die Schatzhöhle*, 1883-86) has hitherto been the only translation available. (B. did not know the B.M. MS., which our veteran scholar judges to be the best extant.) In this country the subject has been hitherto neglected and our general books of reference are silent. Indeed the only study that has appeared is my own, entitled 'The Saga of the Body of Adam' (THE QUEST, Oct. 1925, Jan. 1926). The

Me'arath Gazzé is a tendential pious romance, based on prior Jewish midrashic epical and similar material, over-worked and supplemented in Christian interests. Sir Wallis Budge contents himself with a brief Introduction, and dispenses entirely with any critical treatment of the host of problems raised by the contents. The work is throughout pure fiction, except where it utilizes Biblical literary data; and even these can be treated as historical, in many cases, only by the fundamentalist. What, then, is our surprise to find our author writing (p. xiv.): "Of the general historical character of 'The Cave of Treasures' there is no doubt"; and again (p. 274): "The paragraphs which the author of the 'Cave Treasures' (*sic*) devotes to the history of Terah and Abraham throw new light upon the lives of these patriarchs." It makes one rub one's eyes. It is this latter part of the romance, however, which has chiefly fascinated Sir Wallis Budge, and has led him to give a summary of the recent remarkable excavations at Ur of the Chaldees, as throwing light on the sort of city in which Abraham and his father lived about 2000 B.C.E. The illustrations scattered throughout the volume are mainly of these excavated ruins. To the uninstructed reader this will surely give a most lopsided view of the contents of 'The Cave.' The bibliography, again, is most unsatisfactory; it is a list of apocrypha simply, and the critical work done on the documents (save that of Bezold) is entirely omitted. Even from the former we miss the late Mrs. M. D. Gibson's (Arabic) *Book of the Rolls*. Nothing is said of the late Erwin Preuschen's study of the Armenian apocryphal Gnostic Adam-books. But more surprising is that the admirable study of Albrecht Götze's on the tradition and sources (1922) is not even referred to, nor is also V. Aptowitzer's richly-documented paper on 'The Jewish Elements in the Legend of Golgotha' (*Rev. des Études juives*, 1914). We thank Sir Wallis very heartily for his translation, which will prove most useful in drawing attention to this very curious Christian apocryphon; but a proper critical treatment of it in English has yet to be written.

MORALS IN REVIEW.

By A. K. Rogers. London (Macmillan); pp. 456; 15s. net.

THIS volume offers itself as a traveller's chart to the field of theories of Moral ideas. It can be used for guidance to particular areas, and again for a retrospective 'review,' as its author calls it.

Such a guide has been at our disposal since 1886, when Sidgwick of Cambridge reprinted his *Encyclopædia* article, and now Professor Rogers, of the University of Yale, U.S.A., issues one covering much the same ground on about double the scale. Like Sidgwick, Dr. Rogers has already published his own view in his *Theory of Ethics* (Macmillan, 6s. 6d.), and now he sets out the history of the principal theories of 'schools' and individuals in European tradition, by both exposition and criticism.

Be it noted at the outset that this book belongs to philosophy as distinct from science. It does not collect codes of conduct and modes of character as expressed concretely in actual operation. Hence the absence of the names of influential propounders of this, that or the other moral ideal, such as of Rousseau, Carlyle, Ruskin, Tolstoi. Of such men, science asks only, *what* is your ideal? But philosophy asks the ultimate question, *why* is your particular ideal commended to us? We want to know its justification; the grounds of its validity and authority.

To the well-trodden territory of the schools of Greek Ethics Prof. Rogers assigns a fourth of his space. For Christian Ethics he confines himself to a single scheme, taking St. Thomas Aquinas to bear the whole burden. For its Modern period he traces several lines of march, as follows: *Naturalism*, issuing from the two very different fountains, Hobbes and Spinoza; followed by another double stream defined as *Reason*, in Cudworth and Clarke, of Cambridge; and that by *Sentiment*, Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, Hume, and Adam Smith; then the line of *Conscience or Duty*, from Butler to Martineau, in England; *Utilitarianism*, from Locke and Paley to Bentham, the Mills, and Bain, up to Sidgwick. For the final line we are conducted, of course, to Germany, where the *Idealism* of Kant, Fichte and Hegel is faced by Schopenhauer; and from these back again to England, with Bradley and Green at Oxford, to whom should have been added one or more of the Scotsmen, *e.g.* Caird or Seth. There is appended an account of some recent declinations from Philosophy to an appeal to Science, at the hands of Spencer, Clifford, Huxley, and Leslie Stephen, with the rear brought up by Comte and Guyau, the solitary representatives of France who find place in the review.

Of course we shall all of us miss some of the Moralists to whom we personally are most indebted; and we shall find some names of men of importance in their day, but who have fallen into more or less profound obscurity apart from histories which aim at completeness of detail. Professor Rogers' selection is probably

as judicious as anyone else would be able to produce within the same limits of space. We have applied some closeness of scrutiny to a few leading theories as criteria of the author's treatment, taking Aquinas, Butler, the Utilitarians and Kant; and can report that we have found the expositions very clear and the criticisms sagacious and illuminative. For its purpose as a compendious guide to the prolific literature of this branch of Philosophy the volume is entitled to cordial commendation.

A. C.

THE BOWL OF HEAVEN.

By Evangeline Adams. New York (Dodd, Mead, Ltd.); pp. 275; \$8.

THIS is a book to delight Astrologers. It is the story of Evangeline Adams' uncommonly successful astrological career of now more than thirty years' experience and practice, as set forth and estimated by herself. Until 1914 Astrology in the U.S.A. (as it is still to-day in this country) was ranked with fortune-telling, and its exponents were liable to arrest and prosecution. In that year Evangeline Adams obtained a decision of the High Court of New York State that the practice of Astrology violates no law, and that her demonstration of horoscope-reading in Court had, in the Judge's opinion, raised Astrology 'to the dignity of an exact science.' That is a very remarkable legal decision. Since then Miss Adams has been inundated with floods of consultants. She has in her time apparently read many thousands of horoscopes, and her clients number a host of 'hard-headed' men of affairs of all kinds, and especially of those engaged in what the vernacular of the States calls Big Business. Though, by the by, in our own experience we have found the 'hard-headed' business man not unfrequently a baby in judgment, once he topples over in the psychic direction. Our reader of the stars claims that her success is due to exact mathematical calculation and the traditional and progressive methods of interpretation. She disclaims the possession of any psychic gifts. But it is difficult to believe that she is not possessed of a certain intellectual 'clairvoyance' and a native intuition in the practice of this ancient art. Otherwise there would be many like her. But there are very few; the majority belonging to the hit-and-miss folk, and mostly to the miss-variety. She herself is utterly convinced that she is dealing with an exact science. "Astrology is knowledge," she writes (p. 158).

"Astrology is. The stars make no mistakes" (p. 251). "Astrology must be right" (p. 271). Nevertheless, she adds, "the horoscope does not pronounce sentence. . . . Man *can* be the master of his Fate." And then she continues sagely: "But man should not strive too hard to be the master. The unwise man never should be; the wise man seldom wishes to be. So long as we are sufficiently ignorant to desire to exercise our free will, we do not understand the laws of the Universe sufficiently to do so. When we have evolved to that degree of wisdom when we *can* exercise our free will, we seldom desire to do so." In the Western world Astrology has to-day emerged into the manifest consciousness of millions out of the collective subconscious. It demands to be re-surveyed and re-investigated; and the science of the future, when at last it begins to sit up and take notice in this respect, will have a very puzzling job on its hands. At present, this ancient art (I can personally never bring myself to call it a science) is at times amazingly right, and at others as astonishingly wrong. But its hits (outers, inners and bulls) are too frequent to be set down simply to chance. Miss Adams' narrative is crammed with hits; but she is a *rara avis* in this astral lore. Our authoress does not explain her striking title; but it conveys rather a topsy-turvy picture. Dime we have heard of. Or is Bowl the old Platonic Kratēr-figure—the Mixing Bowl of the elements of souls.

JOAN OF ARC AND ENGLAND.

By John Lamond. With Twenty-nine Illustrations. London (Rider); pp. 255; 10s. 6d. net.

THIS is a highly appreciative, indeed enthusiastic, re-telling of the Story of the Maid. Dr. Lamond, who is both a theologian and also a serious student of mysticism and psychical phenomena, accepts Jehanne's Voices, and that too at the valuation of them given by La Pucelle herself. He thoroughly approves the judgment of Léon Denis, among her later biographers, as to their genuineness, and rejects the rationalistic theories of Anatole France and Bernard Shaw. Proof of the veridical nature of the Voices is to be found, he contends, not only in the amazing faith of Joan herself, but also in the fact that she was indeed the instrument whereby the English were, not only thrown back, but eventually driven out of France. The eighteen months' mission, or ministry, of this peasant girl, so cruelly done to death at the tender age of 19 summers, was decisive in the fortunes of two great nations:

France (the France we know to-day) was then born, and England was driven back upon herself to become the greatest maritime power of the world. Such are the brute facts. As to the Voices: those who believe in the direct interposition of Deity in human affairs, may accept Jehanne's 'Messire' in that cause absolutely; those who hold to traditionally accepted intermediaries, can attribute the initiative to St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret; those who do not doubt that potent spiritual influences can sway the fates of nations, when favourable conditions arise and delicately sensitive instruments can be found, but who reserve judgment as to the precise nature of the inner agencies employed, and the form of presentation they take in the minds of mystically gifted agents on earth, must perforce wait till the dawning science of psychical phenomena and of what we may term spiritual psychology throws more light on the mysteries of man-soul. If Divine Justice is no respecter of persons, equally it favours no particular nation with direct interpositions of Providence. These deep matters, which go to the root of spiritual religion, are, however, at present beyond our understanding. Dr. Lamond does not raise the question; he is content to state the facts,—psychical and physical. As to his style of presentation,—it is straightforward and simple; but he is prone to too many repetitions, and it is a pity that more care has not been bestowed upon the correct accentuation of French names and words.

THE GREAT PROBLEM AND THE EVIDENCE OF ITS SOLUTION.

By George Lindsay Johnson, M.A., B.C., M.D. (Cantab.), F.R.C.S. (Eng.), F.R.P.S., F.R.S. (Italy). With 8 Illustrations and 2 Diagrams. London (Hutchinson); pp. 880; 18s. net.

THE 'Great Problem' is that of survival and inter-communication. The 'evidential' part of this volume is crammed full of cases, either taken from the literature of the subject (most of these very familiar to students) or drawn from the writer's own personal experience. Dr. Lindsay Johnson is an enthusiast and very much in earnest; he is by no means 'sitting on the fence.' As a whole, this stout volume repeats and emphasizes the present general position of the average class of informed Spiritualistic literature,—no better and no worse. The scientific distinctions of the author, which are by no means exhausted by the letters following his name, will doubtless give weight to his endorsement of the occurrence of the phenomenal facts for many readers who are new

to the subject; and the Spiritualistic movement in general will doubtless regard the book as a valuable piece of propaganda. Throughout, however, we have been keeping an eye open for anything new in type of happening or novel in theory, but we have not found anything of this nature on which to comment. Apart from the 'evidential' part, our author devotes considerable space to Biblical 'miracles' in the endeavour to re-view their probability by the light of present-day psychical phenomena. But here, again, there is no improvement on the usual slipshod way in which this important subject is treated in the general run of Spiritualistic exegesis. When it suits his purpose in other respects, Dr. Lindsay Johnson can take a critical view of the Biblical documents; but when he is dealing with the 'miraculous' element, he is practically a Fundamentalist and takes the texts and accounts as they stand without applying to them any critical considerations. This is not the way in which the innumerable problems which confront us in this respect, are to be solved. A knowledge of present-day psychical facts will certainly give us a standpoint of valuation very different from that of the old-fashioned rationalistic school; but it can never dispense us from the labour of first considering the critical problems raised from close study of the books by a host of scholars who are by no means pure rationalists. There is a number of inaccuracies in printing names; and strangely enough, in a book dealing with such subject-matter, whenever the neologism 'metapsychical' is intended, it is printed 'metaphysical.' Sir Arthur Conan Doyle prefaces the volume with 'An Appreciation' of high eulogy.

MAGNETISM AND MAGIC.

By Baron du Potet de Sennevoy. Edited and translated by A. H. E. Lee. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 154; 6s. net.

BETWEEN Mesmer himself and the beginning of the hypnotic period inaugurated by Braidism, there was much busy experimentation in what was called Animal Magnetism, when the phenomena of lucidity and other supernormal abilities were first studied. In France, among other names, may be especially mentioned those of Puységur, Cahagnet and du Potet. None of their works has been given an English dress, and consequently they are little known in this country. Our friend the Rev. Mr. Lee has, therefore, been well advised, and usefully, in giving us this abridged version of du Potet's chief work, *La Magie Dévoilée*

(Paris, 1852). Du Potet posed as somewhat of a 'prophet' and his diction is rather hectic; still he has much of interest to report and numerous surprising phenomena to describe. Mr. Lee prefaces his translation with an interesting 'Introductory Essay' of 33pp., and supplies a number of notes to the text. In these he makes it plain that he values very highly the views of the late Mrs. Atwood, the author of the much-discussed *Suggestive Enquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*, published originally, when she was Miss South, in 1846, and republished in 1918. How much Miss South knew practically of 'magnetism' has never been disclosed; she, however, thought it was the main key to the mysteries of antiquity, the basis of theurgy and much else, including psychical alchemy. The book certainly was 'suggestive' and showed signs of wide reading. It can, however, hardly be called critical, and our own copy is pencil-marked on well nigh every page. We are still in the period of 'enquiry' on such matters, and it is not good to attribute a profound knowledge of psychical phenomena, as they are studied to-day, to the ancients without a severe cross-questioning and critical examination of the texts. We may infer that they may probably have known this or that, but it is very difficult to find precise statements in proof of it.

THE WISDOM OF EGYPT AND THE OLD TESTAMENT

In the Light of the Newly-discovered 'Teaching of Amen-em-ope.'

• By W. O. E. Oesterley. London (The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge); pp. viii+109; 6s. net.

COMPARATIVE paræmiology is still an unwritten chapter in the book of folk-lore. In spite of the huge material of saws and maxims, proverbs and parables, which has been gathered for centuries, no one has yet even thought of undertaking a comparative investigation between them, to trace their possible origin and the mutual relation in which they stand to one another. The problem of the similarity of proverbs is precisely the same which we meet in other branches of folk-lore, notably in tales and legends. Many a theory has been advanced to explain this surprising similarity, among them the theory of one central origin and of literary and oral dissemination. The same now must hold good also for proverbs, and any study which limits itself to two or three collections cannot claim to have reached even the fringe of the wider question. This is precisely the case with the present

book. On the one side we have the Proverbs of Solomon, on the other a collection of wise maxims of an Egyptian author, and finally references to another collection, that of Ahikar, alleged to be of Babylonian origin, but recovered in its oldest form from Aramaic papyri found in Egypt. The date of Amen-em-ope is variously ascribed to the year 1,000 or 500 B.C.E., the latter date being accepted as the more probable. There is now a great number of proverbs, or rather maxims, which, as far as 'thought' is concerned, resemble those found in the Book of Proverbs; and the attempt to derive the latter from the former, made also by other scholars, must be declared to have been a signal failure, for the reasons advanced above. If now, in addition to the absence of any real comprehensive comparative study of proverbs, both old and new, in the widest sense, the author of the present book whole-heartedly accepts the latest vagaries of Higher Criticism, the confusion must of necessity grow greater. There is absolutely no reason to assume, as Dr. Oesterley does, that there was no literary life among the Jews in Palestine at the time of Solomon; and how can the Book of Deuteronomy be the work of a scribe-prophet, and *not a priest*, when it is assumed by the Higher Critics that this was the book 'found' by the High Priest Hilkiah himself? A few stray phrases remind one of the Egyptian writer, and so also a few verses in the Psalms, but only as far as the 'thought' is concerned; whereas, on the other hand, the whole religious atmosphere of Amen-em-ope is absolutely different from the general Egyptian, and approximates more closely to the Biblical. If direct borrowing there has been, then unquestionably the Egyptian has been the borrower from the Jew. Inconclusive, therefore, as the results must be, a debt of gratitude is still due to Dr. Oesterley for marshalling the facts in such a lucid manner, and for drawing attention to a problem the importance of which cannot be over-estimated.

M. GASTER.

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN STAIRS.

A Mystery of Kinghood in Faërie. By Arthur Edward Waite.
London (Theosophical Publishing House); pp. 176; 10s. net.

MANY are the ways to the Gate, and one of the shortest ways is the way of Beauty. In his lovely story Mr. Waite offers us a talisman which should keep close to our heart the remembrance

of the way and of the Gate. To read it is to hear the echoes of the immemorial harps; and those who are still young enough to desire immortal youth, will catch from it a vibration of the harmony in that land where there is no time to be tired. As Mr. Waite quotes from his *Book of Consolation*, "A thousand years are as one day in the magic of music: the music within the music is beyond the days and the years."

Each will interpret the strain after his own fashion. "The haunting voice had stirred deep wells of memory: for one it seemed the tones of his mother calling him in childhood from glens and woodlands to his home; another remembered the deep murmur of the sea, as he had heard it in youth and had longed for the free life of a rover; in the ears of a third rang faintly and far away a convent bell, and he remembered how once he had served at a high altar. Thus each was carried to a sacred moment of life, or the memory of a great intention."

Yet, as the story tells, even the way of Beauty has its trials. In every true faëry tale the seeker finds by loss. Says the Keeper of the Precincts to the Prince who is in quest of the Golden Stairs: "The woe of the world is a stinging nettle, and the secret is to clutch it."

Many plants that spring up on the way of Beauty help to heal the wounds of the nettle; and this story of endeavour and achievement, of endurance and its crowning, is a very fragrant herb of balm. May its seeds be fruitful.

A. L.

THE RING OF RETURN.

An Anthology of References to Reincarnation and Spiritual Evolution: from Prose and Poetry of All Ages. Compiled by Eva Martin, with an Introduction. London (Philip Allan); pp. 805; 7s. 6d. net.

WE live in a day of anthologies; and here we have a posy of cultivated and wild flowers of opinion culled from the time-fields of many centuries by the industry of Miss Eva Martin, with the intent of illustrating in particular the belief in reincarnation here on earth as a special type of the general doctrine of pre-existence and transcorporation into bodies other than physical. Miss Martin herself is a fervent believer in repeated palingeneses in earthly flesh, and that is her main interest. The general theory is indubitably one of the great doctrines in respect of man-soul,

and the special theory is becoming widespread once more to-day in the West. It is a doctrine that has ever been accompanied with strange conceits, but there is in high probability some master-notion of deep spiritual significance at the bottom of it all. What that is, we do not know; and the so frequent belief of little people of to-day that they have been great ones in the past does not help in the solution of this difficult problem. The title 'Ring of Return' for the subject-matter is taken from the refrain of one of the outbursts in Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra*. It is striking, but as a title it is not in keeping with the meaning of that eccentric genius. The refrain runs: "Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings—the ring of return?" And at the end Nietzsche adds: "Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love thee, O Eternity!" This high notion is very different from the concept of the weary round of the changes of becoming which the Buddhist calls Samsāra. It is in fact its antipodes.

LATER GREEK RELIGION.

By Edwyn Bevan, D.Litt. London (Dent); pp. xl.+284: 5s. net.

THIS is a volume in 'The Library of Greek Thought' edited by Dr. Ernest Barker, Principal of King's College, London, and is a sequel to Cornford's *Greek Religious Thought* (from Homer to the Age of Alexander) in the same series. Prof. Bevan's survey covers roughly some 650 years from Alexander to the 'cæsarizing' of the Christian Church under Constantine—say about 330 B.C. to 330 A.D. After a competent Introduction of 80pp., such as we expect from so thorough a scholar and historian as Dr. Bevan has proved himself to be, we get a series of translations of selections from the most famous of the philosophers and religio-philosophers or schools. These versions are sometimes made by Dr. Bevan himself, but for the most part are reproductions of translations by other hands, and these presumably the best available in our author's judgment. In selecting from so vast a material, it is evident that, with a few exceptions of famous outstanding passages, the choice could be varied considerably; but on the whole we have a very useful 'anthology,' which will give the general reader a bird's-eye survey of Greek thought in the sphere of religion. Here he will find many a problem which is still with

us, fearlessly discussed, and much of high thought and deep feeling. Christians, brought up on the old narrow lines, will be astonished to find many a doctrine they have been taught to believe peculiar to themselves either anticipated or contemporaneously developed. It is a book to recommend, and its very moderate price should make it accessible to a wide public.

STUDIES OF THE SPANISH MYSTICS.

By E. Allison Peers, Vol. I. London (The Sheldon Press); pp. xvii + 471; 18s. net.

PROFESSOR PEERS continues to put all students of Spanish mysticism under a heavy obligation. In this, his latest work, he begins a series of richly-documented studies in the masters of the interior life who flourished in the 16th century in Spain. If he is disappointingly brief with S. Ignatius Loyola, he is gratifyingly full and stimulating on S. Teresa and S. John of the Cross; while to most of his readers Luis de León and Juan de los Angeles will be new. There is a magnificent bibliography of nearly 900 names. Surely Matthew Arnold would not have wished his epigram on Oxford to be applied, as Francis Thompson applied it, to Spain, 'the Oxford among nations,' in the light of the rich treasures of intellectual spirituality brought before our notice by Professor Allison Peers? As it is the latest, so it is the best of his works, and though we shall always be grateful for his editions of Ramon Lull, we must be still more grateful for this most admirable treatise.

ALBERT A. COCK.

GEMS AND LIFE.

By Moysheh Oyved. London (Benn); pp. 117; 5s. net.

THIS is a charming collection of short sketches by our valued contributor 'Moysheh Oyved' following on his *Visions and Jewels* and his remarkable poem *Out of Chaos*. Edward Good of Cameo Corner (for he makes no secret of his identity) is now well known to a wide circle of readers. His Yiddish is highly esteemed, and his English has a peculiar charm and quaintness of its own. Moysheh Oyved is a mystic in the inner leisure of the heart, and in outer business a lover and collector of rare and beautiful things and barterer of gems. These sketches are of men and women of very different types social grades and occupations, chosen out

of the continuous host who visit his tiny shop. Acutely sensitive, not only to the souls of his visitors, but also to the influences emanating from his gems, at times childlike in his self-revelation, at others shrewd in his observations, and yet again displaying a deep insight, Moysheh Oyved is always lovable and forgivably humorous even when he curses. Readers of *THE QUEST* at any rate need not be told that they will enjoy *Gems and Life*.

THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT.

By Stanley de Brath, M.Inst.C.E. London (Rider); pp. 118; 5s. net.

THE author of this small volume has written some books on education and several on psychic subjects. We owe to him also excellent translations of important works by Geley (2), Richet and Osty, and he is further editor of our contemporary *Psychic Science*. Mr. de Brath has for long studied experimentally psychic phenomena and his views on the subject are well-considered and sober. He has gradually won his way, since 1889, from the position of a sceptical and religious agnostic, to that of a believer, and at last an enthusiastic adherent of the 'religion of the spirit,' as found especially in the best of Christian tradition, the faith in what he terms the 'Cosmic Christ.' His book is suggestive and worth reading; and, though we cannot see eye to eye with him on all points, as is only natural in so vast and difficult a subject-matter, we are entirely with him in insisting on the prime importance of the 'religion of the spirit.'

LEAVES FROM A PSYCHIC NOTEBOOK.

By H. A. Dallas. With a Prefatory Note by Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. London (Rider); pp. 154; 5s. net.

MISS DALLAS is an old and experienced student of psychical research literature and the phenomena of spiritualism, and was at one time Secretary for the English edition of *Les Annales Psychiques*, edited by de Vesme. She writes with sobriety and sympathetic understanding, and is especially interested in the bearing of the modern knowledge of the phenomena of psychism on the appreciation of the once-called 'miraculous' element in the biblical records, especially those of the New Testament. The major part of the book consists of papers and articles which have already appeared in periodicals, including our own pages.

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THE QUEST OF WHOLENESS.

BEING THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS
TO THE QUEST SOCIETY, MAY 17, 1928, BY
SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

BEFORE I give my views as to what should be the object of our quest, I must say something about us who make the search. For the nature of the object sought greatly depends upon the nature of the searcher.

Now I, who make the search—I, my single self—am both an immensely complex society of societies of individual entities, and also a member of a society which is a member of a still larger society, and so on and on till I reach the whole universe. I am always both an individual and a member of a society. And whether my individuality or my sociality is my most prominent feature, it is hard to say. Perhaps in some moments and in some aspects it is the one, and in other moments and in other aspects it is the other.

Let us consider the point. I am made up of numerous systems of myriads of cells : my brain alone is composed of many millions of cells ; and each cell is made up of many atoms ; and each atom is made up of a nucleus and one or more electrons whirling round it

with terrific velocity. I am, therefore, a marvellously intricate and complex society of lesser entities, each one of which is, however, an *active* entity and a *self-active* entity. And the 'I' of me holds the whole together in masterly control, and preserves an identity through continual change. I am an organism composed of millions of living cells, each one an organism in itself, but I have a grasp of the whole and steady it on a definite course.

Yet I am not completely and perfectly self-contained; I am not sufficient unto myself. I am also a member of social circles, and could not exist for a moment entirely separate from my social setting. I am a member of my family. I owe my very existence to my parents. I am a member of the little social circle they began to form round me, and which I have continued to form round myself throughout my life. I am a member of the local community formed by the place in which I reside. I am a member of various professional, scientific, art and religious societies. And all these are members of my country. And my country is a member of the whole community of peoples. And mankind is a member of the universe as a whole.

Thus, while I who make the quest am myself a society of societies of cells composed of atoms,—a society of the utmost intricacy and delicacy of inter-relationship,—I am also a member of societies enclosed within other societies of no less intricacy and delicacy of inter-relationship and of ever widening circumference. I find myself to be neither a complete and perfect, self-contained and self-sufficient society, nor a complete and perfect, self-contained and self-sufficient individual. And I discover that the only true and perfect individual and the only true and perfect society, and the two

combined in one self-contained and self-sufficient whole, is the whole universe.

And if I am to that extent master of myself that I can keep together in a coherent whole the myriads of parts of which I am composed, and preserve a unity through much difference and an identity through much change, it is no less true that the mighty 'I' of the universe is Master of me and of every social group in widening and interwoven circles to which I belong, and integrates all these myriads of entities into one coherent whole dominated by Its will.

And the whole universe, we may remind ourselves, is composed of something a great deal more than this earth and the star-system and the few thousand stars we can see with our naked eyes. These are only a fragment of the whole. The number of stars is so great that, according to Dr. Jeans, if each were represented by a grain of sand, England would have to be covered with a layer of sand some hundreds of yards in depth before we should be able to get on to it the whole number of the stars. And the stars are not packed closely together like a heap of sand. They are at immense distances apart. The nearest star to our sun is so distant that light travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second takes four and a half years to reach us from it. And millions are so distant that light from them takes a hundred of millions of years to reach this earth.

But, vast though this universe is, it is all interconnected. It forms an *organic* whole. Light reaches us from these tremendously distant stars, and not only rays of light, but cosmic rays so penetrative that they pierce through sixteen feet of lead, and are destroying millions of atoms in our bodies every second. The

activity of each minutest particle—and every single particle is active—affects every other part and the whole universe; and the whole universe affects the activity of every minutest particle of which it is composed.

And I, at any rate, would presume that some millions of these stars must be attended by planets on which living beings exist; and that on some thousands must dwell beings higher than ourselves,—higher in the sense of being more imbued with the whole to which they belong—the whole universe. I would presume further that it was in response to living spiritual stimulus, emanating from them and conveyed on vibrations of the ether, as the light is conveyed, and as music from a broadcasting station is conveyed, that life and mind and great spiritual impulses arose on this planet.

Apart from the appalling presumption it would be on our part to suppose that we are the highest beings in all this immeasurable universe, it seems to me that to account for the fact that life and love have arisen on this earth, we must suppose that life and love existed already in the universe at large.

The sun, astronomers tell us, was with two or three million other suns born out of one of several million other nebulae. They tell us also that the earth was born out of the sun. And biologists tell us that we were born out of the earth. We are therefore the offspring of the universe as a whole. And if we exhibit life and love, we must be exhibiting something which is contained in the universe and characteristic of it. Life and love could not have sprung from incandescent gas alone. There must have been something in the universe as a whole which must have acted on the sun

and on this planet or life and love could not have arisen here. The physical fire of the sun could not *alone* have produced the spiritual fire of love. That spiritual fire must have existed already elsewhere in the universe. And, as it seems to me, the most likely place for it to have existed is in living beings on other planets of other stars than our sun.

But whether I am right in holding that the main fact of our existence on this planet pre-supposes the existence of life elsewhere in the universe,—presumably in inhabitants of other planets of other star-systems,—what is certain is that each member of each whole bears upon him the impress of that whole, and is also himself making his mark upon the whole; and that, therefore, we men, as members of the universe as a whole, must bear upon us the impress of the universe, and must ourselves be making our mark upon it.

I bear upon me the stamp of my country and of humanity: no one would mistake me for either a Chinaman or a tiger. I likewise stamp my impress on the cells of which I am composed. A germ-cell of mine could not develop into a negro or a monkey. Each has my own impress upon it. I also make my mark upon my country. It may be small and insignificant or great and noteworthy. But it is some mark. My country is not the same as though I had never existed. And it is likewise with me and the whole universe.

Then the whole,—whether that whole is the universe or a microscopic cell,—is to the individual members of which it is composed as Poland is to a Pole, or Denmark is to a Dane. And the individual is to the whole as a Pole is to Poland, or a Dane is to Denmark.

But just here we have to mark a very important

point. All individuals do not bear to the same degree the impress of the whole, and all do not make the same mark upon it. Some individuals bear much more unmistakably on them the stamp of the whole than others, and themselves make a deeper mark upon it. Some Danes are much more fully and completely representative of Denmark than others, and some make a deeper mark upon her.

The same applies to individuals in their relationship to the universe. Some are far more clearly and deeply stamped than others with the impress of the whole, and make a deeper mark upon it. It is likewise the same with all societies of individuals within the all-inclusive whole.

This being so, some spirit of emulation in us drives us to get ourselves stamped as impressively as we can with the impress of the universal whole. Thus only can we make the mark we would like to make upon the world. Our great quest must be the wholeness of the whole universe. True, we are born out of the universe and must, in any case, bear the impress of it on us. But we want to have that impress in its wholeness and perfection.

Saturated with the wholeness of the whole universe,—as a highly patriotic Dane might be with the whole spirit of Denmark,—we would perfect ourselves in body, mind and spirit, and from sheer inner necessity strive to perfect the several partial wholes to which we belong,—our home, our country, humanity; for only as they are perfect can we be perfect ourselves.

In other words, having perfected ourselves to the utmost of which we are capable, we should aim at imbuing ourselves to the full with the wholeness of the universe and, thus imbued, at imparting it to the

other (partial) wholes to which we belong. The wholeness we get from the whole universe, we should absorb into ourselves and impart to every social group to which we belong.

This should be our quest. And, as a fact, we *have* to pursue it. We cannot help ourselves. We may put our whole selves into the pursuit, or we may go about it in a faint, half-hearted way. But upon the search we are being continually *urged*. The force of the universe as a whole is never-ceasingly constraining us to make ourselves whole and to keep ourselves whole. From within ourselves, and from without, we are being constrained by this power, every moment of our lives, to keep ourselves in bodily health (*i.e.*, wholeness), in mental health and in spiritual health. We are goaded in the pursuit by the pain of ill-health. If we do not keep our bodies fit, our minds bright and our souls pure, we have to suffer the consequences in bodily, mental or spiritual pain. We are spurred on to the pursuit of wholeness, whether we wish it or no. And we are constrained to the pursuit, not only by the spur of pain, but also by the lure of sheer joy of pursuing. When we do our best to be whole men—all-round men,—healthy men, sane in body, sane in mind and sane in spirit, we have the glow of health upon us as our reward.

We are both goaded from behind and attracted from in front.

And we soon enough find that we cannot be healthy ourselves unless we live in healthy surroundings. We must make our surroundings healthy, if we ourselves would be healthy. Insanitary conditions,—bodily, mental or spiritual,—ruinously affect us.

In a pestilential area we catch the pestilence. In the society of dullards our wits are dull. In a foul

atmosphere our souls become impure. If we would be whole ourselves, we must see to it that our surroundings are healthy,—such as will invigorate our bodies, brace our minds and purify our souls. Then only can we be whole and healthy ourselves.

Similarly is it with the social groups to which we belong. Unless they see to it that *we* are healthy, they cannot be healthy themselves. A diseased member will contaminate the whole body. An infected member may spread infection through the whole. A mentally deficient member may bring discord into the entire whole. A soul-less brute may jar the most spiritual society.

There must be wholeness, health, sanity, in the individual as in the wholes to which he belongs, and in the wholes as in the individuals. The one and the other are interdependent. The welfare of the whole is the concern of each component unit; and the welfare of each component unit is the concern of the whole.

And every individual and every society of individuals being, as we have seen, born out of the matrix of the universe as a whole, he and they must work in conformity with that universal whole; and the more nearly they act in conformity with it obviously the better is it for them.

From all of which considerations we may conclude—may we not?—that the essential thing in life is to catch the spirit of the whole till we are imbued with it to the utmost of our capacity, and then—also to the utmost of our capacity—strive to communicate it to those various wholes with which we are most intimately connected.

And if we are to catch the spirit of the universe, we would be wise to bear one consideration in mind.

There may be in it as a whole a quality which is in none of its component members separately. We have many instances about us of a whole displaying a quality which is in none of its ingredients. A chemist would tell us all the ingredients of a glass of wine, and we might mix them together; but we might not be able to produce that peculiar quality which gives special savour to wine. And it is that savour which is the real thing about the wine. It is the same with the taste or the bloom of a peach. The bloom and the taste are the qualities we value in the peach, but they are in none of its component parts.

Or again, take a cathedral. A heap of stones stirs no emotion in us. Arrange them and build them up into a cathedral, and in their togetherness they have a quality of sublimity which arouses the loftiest sentiments in everyone who sees them.

Or, take a procession. The individuals walking about the streets pass unnoticed. Arrange the same individuals in a procession, with the noblest leading and the others following ready to support him, and the procession has a quality of nobility which stirs all our emulation.

It may be the same with the universe. In its wholeness it may possess a special quality which we may not be able to detect in its component members. Have we any grounds for believing that it has? I think we have.

And I think that, just as a man when marching in a procession, firmly united with all his fellow-processionists, may catch the spirit of the procession,—may catch that quality in the whole which was not in the members when they were isolated from one another,—so may we, when some circumstance has

firmly united us together, catch the quality distinctive of the universe as a whole.

There are very excellent men, thoroughly conscientious men, who lead a perfectly correct and upright life, abiding strictly by the moral code and never erring from it. There are other excellent men who spend their whole lives in the search for truth,—extremely sincere men who will not be deflected by a hair's breadth from the true line. And again, there are men devoted to beauty, who with pen or brush create beauty all their lives. But not one of these, nor even a man who had all these qualities in combination,—a man who was thoroughly good and an ardent lover both of truth and beauty,—may have caught the quality distinctive of the universe as a whole. It may have just eluded them all.

Yet another may, from the finer sensitivity of his nature, and from circumstances having brought him on some occasion in closest unity with the whole world-process, have firmly caught the delicate quality characteristic of the whole.

And this is what in fact must have happened in the case of our Lord. There were very good men in his time. There is little in his teaching which was not in the teaching of Hillel. And the Pharisees were ardently desirous of leading a thoroughly good and righteous life, and were meticulously careful in their behaviour. Similarly, the Greeks had a passion for truth and for beauty, and created a philosophy and an art which are still admired as among the supreme products of mankind. Yet Jesus was so much more closely than any of them in touch with the inner process of things, that he had caught a quality which had eluded these others.

It was something higher than all the goodness of the Jews or the love of truth and beauty of the Greeks or than the three combined. All their righteousness and all their art and all their philosophy, and all three together, were as nothing in comparison with that surpassing *way* of his which has had such a mighty influence on human development. He manifested a quality which summed up but transcended all that had been previously known. It was like that savour which makes wine so different from any of its ingredients. It was a taste of the quality which distinguishes the universe as a whole. And the best name for it is Holiness.

And this transcendent quality Jesus must have acquired in that moment when he was baptized with the Holy Ghost, when the heavens opened and 'a figure like a dove' descended on him. In other words, when he felt himself at one with the whole great universe and caught its spirit,—when he felt that he and his Father were one. When a patriotic poet, who has ardently loved his country, at last in a climax of fervency catches the essential spirit of his country, feels her loving him as he had so devotedly loved her, he feels that he and his country are one,—that he *is* his country and his country is he. Not that, even then, he will have lost his individuality. He will be more fully himself than ever before. But he will feel all his country summed up in him, and feel himself including his whole country. It must have been the same with Jesus. He came of a peculiarly religious race. He had steeped himself in the spirit and aspirations of his people. He had fervently sought God. And then one day he feels himself peculiarly united with the whole world. He catches the very spirit of the whole.

He knows what wholeness is. He knows what it is to be absorbed in the whole, while yet remaining completely himself. He knows what that something is which is beyond goodness, beyond truth, and beyond beauty, and beyond all of them together. He knows, in short, what *holiness* is.

And he knows that the inmost core of holiness is *love*. We stand in awe of this Power which holds the whole together and constrains its process, and which essentially is the whole. But we are drawn irresistibly to it too. The whole loves us and we love it. And love is *creative*. And, consequently, holiness is creative. It is incessantly striving to create holy beings.

Jesus no sooner felt the Holy Ghost descending on him,—no sooner experienced holiness,—than he strove to communicate it to others. He would bring about the Kingdom of God. He would inaugurate the reign of God. He would make holiness everywhere prevail.

And he set about teaching. But holiness, like patriotism, cannot be taught. It has to be caught. We catch our patriotism from living personalities, and from patriotic lives and deeds. And men caught holiness from the personality of Jesus and from his life and deeds. It was this and not so much his teaching which made men whole. From that touch which he gave to men they rose above the life of the partial wholes into the life of the universal whole. They were lifted high out of themselves,—or rather they were raised to be their real selves, to be their higher selves, which are in communion with the universal whole.

And so holiness has gone on spreading ever since, as life originally spread over the earth. More and more,—and not only among Christians but among non-Christians as well,—have come to know what it is.

And as we become patriotic by immersing ourselves in the life and deeds of great patriots, so we catch holiness by immersing ourselves in the life and deeds of the holiest men who have lived on earth.

This is the wholeness which is the object of our quest. Its distinctive feature is *oneness* with the whole universe. It is what makes whole, complete, perfect. It is what harmonizes without destroying all differences. Differences there are and always will be, but wholeness harmonizes the most discordant elements. Those who have experienced it, say that it is of a power so tremendous that they almost dread its onrush. Yet it entices them too; cleanses them whiter than new-fallen snow; opens their eyes to beauty in the crudest object; ravishes them with love; and fills them with compassion for every single living thing.

The quest is inevitably completed. The seeker always finds. But what he finds surpasses all previous conception. He can only bow himself low before it. Yet having bowed he can now stand erect again, proud of the Kingdom of God that is in him.

And having the Kingdom of God within him he can go about his daily tasks and his own specialities, infusing it into everything he does.

So will wholeness be used for the benefit of the part.

FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND.

POLISH MESSIANISM.

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POLISH Messianism is a very peculiar intellectual, spiritual, literary and religious movement, created in Poland by several great men between 1830-1850. It is not the school of a single master, but the spontaneous expression of a national spirit.

It includes: (1) a Conception of Life and Being different from all preceding philosophies; (2) a Religious Attitude, leading to the conciliation of Protestants and Catholics and to the reunion of all Christians in one truly Universal Church, in order to convert all Pagans and to establish the religious unity of mankind; (3) a Transformation of Social and Economic Relations in the sense of peaceful collaboration of labour, capital and genius, in order to ensure general well-being and a highly accelerated production of wealth, so that all the needs of all men could be satisfied; (4) a Transformation of Political Relations, leading to lasting peace between national states organized as members of a regenerated mankind.

The chief Polish Messianists may be divided into several groups, which are independent from each other. They are as follows:

1. The first writer who used the term Messianism to denote his philosophy, was J. M. Wroński (1778-1853). He spent more than fifty years in France, from 1800, and wrote many works in French, publishing them chiefly in Paris. He devoted all his life

to a philosophy, based on two fundamental experiences, which he called '*autocréation*' and '*découverte de l'absolu*,' and which may be characterized as the experimental individual discovery of Self and of God, giving absolute certainty concerning the freedom and immortality of the soul and the Providential direction of human life. Wroński wrote many mathematical and philosophical works, among which the most important is *Messianisme, ou Réforme absolue du Savoir humain* (8 vols., Paris, 1847). Many French works of W. are to be found in the British Museum library.

2. After him the greatest philosopher of Messianism was August Cieszkowski (1817-1894), whose chief work, *Our Father*, is a philosophical interpretation of the Lord's Prayer. This work, after the publication of the first volume in 1847, remained in manuscript until after the author's death, when vols. ii.-iv. were published by his son (1899-1906). Cieszkowski's philosophy has been introduced to Western readers in an excellent dissertation for the degree of doctor by Adam Żółtowski (München, 1904), under the title: *Graf Cieszkowski's Philosophie der Tat*. An abridged translation of C.'s *Our Father* was published by W. J. Rose (London, 1919) under the title: *The Desire of all Nations* (The Student Christian Movement).

3. Under his influence the great thinker and poet Zygmunt Krasiński (1812-1859) wrote his many poems. He also, like W. and C., announces a new era in the history of mankind, and the practical realization of the Kingdom of God on earth.

4. In a totally different way the same message was given by Andrzej Towiański (1799-1878), a great mystic, who from 1841 had a great influence on many of his countrymen in Paris and later on, until his death, in Switzerland. He influenced his disciples through private conversations, and transformed the life of many Poles and also of some Italians. His very interesting biography was published by Tancredi Canonico (Roma, 1895), and later by W. Szerlecka in French, under the title *Un Saint des Temps modernes* (3 vols., Paris, 1912-1917).

5. Towiański influenced the great poets Adam Mickiewicz (1798-1855), Juliusz Słowacki (1809-1849) and Seweryn Goszczyński (1801-1876). Their works contain many glimpses of a regenerated mankind, many prophecies partially fulfilled.

6. Another group of Messianists is formed by the eminent

philosophers Karol Libelt (1807-1875), Józef Kremer (1806-1875), Bronisław Trentowski (1808-1869) and Józef Gołuchowski (1797-1858). They have written several works in German besides their many works in Polish; therefore their chief thoughts are accessible to Western readers.

7. In more recent times Messianism is also represented by poets, such as Cyprian Norwid (1821-1883) and Stanisław Wyspiański (1869-1907), and by thinkers such as Stan. Szczepanowski (1846-1900) and Wojciech Dżieduszycki (1848-1909). The only English book which introduces Messianism to Western readers is *The World of Souls* of W. Lutosławski (London, Allen & Unwin, 1924). Another book of the same author, on *Pre-existence and Reincarnation*, will be published by the same firm this year.

The writers quoted above agree on the chief points, but none among them has given a complete outline of the doctrine of Messianism. This doctrine can, however, easily be formulated, as it is a consistent conception of existence, with practical applications to economic, political, religious and educational problems. An attempt at such a synthetic exposition has been made in German, in vol. v. (pp. 299-335) of the 12th ed. of Ueberweg's *History of Philosophy* (Berlin, 1928, E. S. Mittler). The following article is the first endeavour to give a short account of the essential doctrine of Messianism to the English reading public.

There is a logical development in the succession of different conceptions of existence. The earliest philosophers were materialists. To them the object of sensations, matter, was the only truly existing reality. Materialism remains even now the view of life of perhaps the majority of mankind. But when materialism reached the form of atomism, sensations were transformed into general ideas, such as space, time, force, energy, matter.

Thus out of materialism a higher conception of

existence arose, which claims that the object of thought, ideas, are the only reality. Those who consider ideas as more real than matter and the explanation of matter, are called idealists.

Between materialism and idealism there has been a conflict lasting for more than two thousand years in Europe, and perhaps for a much longer period in India. Materialists and idealists are two opposed types of thinkers, existing to-day in the 20th century as they did twenty-four centuries ago. Their polemics and discussions fill the history of philosophy.

There is a third view, which endeavours to effect a conciliation of extremes; this is upheld by men in whom feeling and emotion prevail over thought and sensation. This third great conception of existence is called pantheism.

All these three views of existence were born in Greece, and were expressed by such representative philosophers as Democritus, Plato and Parmenides. They agree in one affirmation: that there is something which truly exists and is indestructible. This for the materialist is matter, for the idealist ideas, and for the pantheist the unity of the universe. They also agree in their negation of the three dogmas of every religion: freedom, immortality and God.

A fourth conception was formed by those who found in their consciousness the power of will predominating over sensations, ideas and emotions. They distinguished spirit from matter and thought, and looked upon the world as consisting of souls or spirits. This view has been called spiritualism by the French, whose philosophers, from Descartes in the 17th century to Renouvier at the beginning of the 20th century, have been chiefly spiritualists.

Spiritualism means a philosophy of the spirit or of spirits, and must be distinguished from spiritism, which is not a philosophy, but a practice of necromancy or invocation of spirits. Both spiritualism and spiritism came to England from France; but the terms have been confounded, so that in the press, in lectures and books we often find the term spiritualism used to denote spiritism. This confusion should be avoided, as most spiritists are materialists and have not the slightest idea of spiritualism as a philosophy. A true spiritualist knows the reality of the spirit by his own consciousness of Self, and does not imagine that any apparition of material ghosts could increase or deepen that knowledge. Manifestations of ghosts are sought by materialists, who are in search of sensations and believe only in what they can see or touch.

Spiritualism, as the philosophy of the spirit or immaterial and invisible reality, has arisen in France and is characteristic of French national thought. It is the natural philosophy of all those who by training of the will have discovered themselves to be real beings, different from everything else. The spiritualist discovers that he is a free immortal being; he notices the inequality of beings and infers the rational existence of a highest being or God.

But it takes a long development to reach the immediate experimental knowledge of God. Consciousness of will reveals to the individual his own Self, and as he becomes aware of his own real existence, he discovers also in his consciousness the vestiges of some higher reality, above himself; this is generally called inspiration, as coming from a higher Spirit. The highest stage of inspiration is called ecstasy and leads to the experimental discovery of God, which transforms spiritualism into mysticism.

Mysticism is the fifth great conception of Life and Being. The mystic finds in his consciousness inspiration and ecstasy to be the chief reality, and considers

sensations, ideas, emotions, even will-power, as subordinate to this highest experience.

The whole history of philosophy is contained within these five chief conceptions of existence. All philosophers known from the most remote antiquity up to our own times are either materialists, idealists, pantheists, spiritualists or mystics.

In this progress of human thought from materialism to mysticism we notice two great attempts at a conciliation or synthesis of opposites.

In pantheism the age-long evolution of materialism and idealism is brought to a higher unity, and the apparently irreducible contrast is merged into that unity. Thus pantheism is the final outcome of the long struggle between idealism and materialism, the first great synthesis of the whole intellectual life of the Greeks.

Pantheism, together with its original elements idealism and materialism, may be called monism, and this Pagan monism is the expression of a longing for unity of the all, natural to the human spirit as long as the individual true existence of the Self is not yet discovered.

Spiritualism is a reaction against every monism; it is a pluralism, which is as essentially Christian as monism is Pagan; and on a higher level we notice the same conflict and contrast which existed between idealism and materialism.

The spiritualist, as the man of will, is opposed to the pantheist as the man of emotion. A higher synthesis is thus required in order to conciliate these extremes, and it is found in mysticism. Mysticism acknowledges the unity of the universe felt by pantheists. But in the experience of ecstasy the difference

between Creator and creature clearly persists, and man, the creature, remains aware of that individual separateness, despite the intimacy of the union with his Creator. This separateness or independence of the Self has been the chief dogma of spiritualism.

Mysticism is thus the second synthesis of the whole preceding development of human thought in the quest of reality. It conciliates pantheism, which was the first synthesis of materialism and idealism, with spiritualism, which appeared as a reaction against pantheism.

Idealism was a reaction against materialism; spiritualism was in a similar sense a reaction against pantheism. In both cases the opposites were reconciled.

But there remains a third opposition and contrast between human will and divine grace, between the man of strong personal ambition and the servant of God, between spiritualism and mysticism. The mystic lives in *another* world. The spiritualist acts in *this* world. A final reconciliation and synthesis is needed. This is given by Polish Messianism, through an experience which contains the spiritualist's discovery of the soul and the mystic's discovery of God as indispensable elements.

This third great spiritual experience is the discovery of the *true nation* through a peculiar inspiration called the national consciousness.

The mystic uses mystical intuition for the immediate knowledge of the highest Being. But if a mystic applies this same intuition to his fellow men, he discovers the essential kinds of human spirits, the various choirs formed by the harmony of individuals of the same kind, and having a common inspiration as to the task to be fulfilled, or as to a national mission entrusted to them by God.

A true nation is a group of spirits having a mission to fulfil in the life of mankind. Such a messianic conception of the nation is totally different from the use of the word 'nation' in common speech, where it denotes a people or a race or the citizens of a state.

The biological unity between people of the same origin is material, just as is the political unity between citizens of the same state. These links are created by a common cause, which has produced a race or a state. The link between individuals forming a *true nation* is spiritual; it is the national consciousness of a mission or a common aim, in conformity with the highest inspiration.

The unity of a true nation is intermediate between the unity of Self and the unity of God. In the consciousness of a mission God is revealed, since a true mission can only be made manifest through divine inspiration. But at the same time the fulfilment of a mission requires the concordant activity of free spirits, aware of their freedom and of their voluntary sacrifice of every selfish desire that would prevent the harmony and unity of the group. Thus in national consciousness the full awareness of the individual as a real being is combined with the wider awareness of God who is the source of inspiration.

Such a conception of a nation, as a group of spirits with a common aim or mission, limits the number of nations to those who are true organs of God in the life of mankind. As the body of a single human being cannot have an indefinite number of limbs, so also mankind can only be served by a limited number of nations. Each true nation is formed by the assimilation of many different ethnographic elements. Thus the English nation has been formed of Celts, Romans,

Angles, Saxons, Normans, and the French nation of Celts, Romans, Franks, Burgundians, Goths.

A large number of different peoples or races has to be transformed through national consciousness into a small number of true nations, each entrusted by Providence with a mission. These missions, as given by God, must agree among themselves, and the crystallization of nations out of the mass of races and peoples leads to a lasting peace on earth. Each nation will have a national territory prepared by Providence for the fulfilment of its national task, and will therefore not desire to conquer other countries. But it takes a very long time to ascertain what the divinely appointed frontiers are, within which a national life may grow.

Christianity has been so far introduced into the life of individuals by the example given in the individual life of Christ. Political and social relations remain Pagan ; and in order to convert nations a whole nation is needed to be a Messiah of nations.

Such a Nation-Christ would introduce Christianity into its own social relations and then into the political relations with other nations. Polish Messianists have believed that Poland would become the Messiah of nations. But the truth of Messianism, as the final outcome of human thought seeking to understand reality, does not depend on its acceptance by the nation which has received this revelation. Christianity was revealed to the Jews in Palestine ; but they did not accept it, and Christianity became a Roman religion. Thus it might happen that Polish Messianism, revealed to the Poles and rejected by them, would be accepted by another nation. A competition between nations is open for the introduction of the

Christian spirit into social and political life. Whatever nation achieves it, will become the Messiah and Saviour of Humanity, under the inspiration coming from the same Christ whom the Christians worship as their Lord and God.

This explanation of the place of Messianism in the logical development of the successive conceptions of existence leads to practical consequences in economic and political life. It also shows that Messianism is not an arbitrary invention of a small remote nation, but the contribution of that nation to the intellectual life of mankind, at a moment when this contribution is the logical outcome of the preceding development.

The general acceptation of Messianism cannot be the result of any kind of propaganda. If the claim of the great Polish Messianists, that they bring into the life of mankind a new and valuable revelation, is just, this revelation will act in an immediate way in many individual souls all over the earth, until every human being will regard his individual life as a contribution to the mission of his nation. Then only will the realization of Messianist ideals become possible.

We may ask, whether such a transformation of the traditional material links which exist between individuals, and are caused by their common origin, into that new kind of spiritual links, which unite individuals of different origin into nations, each entrusted with a Providential mission, would lead us towards that perfection of human life which we call the Kingdom of God on earth. Is it necessary to divide mankind into nations, instead of abolishing what is now called national differences and insisting on the universal fraternity of men as children of one God?

Such a nationalism seems to lead, as does imperialism, to strife, hate and war. But this is true of false nationalism only, which is chiefly exemplified by two great historical failures: Pangermanism and Panslavism.

These doctrines, invented by the despotic governments which partitioned and oppressed Poland, are in every respect totally different from Messianism. According to Messianism the mission of every true nation is to serve other nations, and not to rule over them. A true nation unites many races in voluntary assimilation, as happened for centuries in Poland, in evident contrast with the Germanization and Russification recommended by Pangermanists and Panslavists. A true nation is the home of liberty, as Poland was when the Unitarians settled at Raków and printed there their publications to avoid the persecution which threatened them everywhere else. Also the Jews, persecuted everywhere, found in Poland not only liberty but special privileges.

The unity of mankind cannot be achieved otherwise than by certain instruments, or organs, which are the true nations. The awakening of national consciousness in individuals produces under divine guidance such nations in a regenerated mankind. Perfect unity cannot arise in a homogeneous mass, until this rough mass becomes an organized whole consisting of definite members, like every other organism.

The first appearance of a spiritual unity formed out of individuals widely differing from each other was the creation of the universal Church. But the link between individuals in the Church consists in their relation to God, expressed in creed and ritual. This is not the whole life of the individual.

It is only in union with many individuals of the same kind that the fullness of life can be manifested; and this is the true national life, not as it is known now, but as it will become possible when the fire of

national consciousness abolishes selfishness in all individuals and nations, so that everyone will devote all his energies to serve his nation, and through that nation the whole of humanity.

This fire of national consciousness will also abolish class distinctions and class warfare. All classes will become aware of a common aim; no competition between capital and labour will spoil social peace, since everyone will understand that neither capital nor labour is the real source of wealth. Capital is sterile without labour; but labour is equally unproductive without the genius of the inventor and the organiser. It is the inspiration of genius that is the true source of wealth; and if everyone understands this, the production of wealth can be immensely accelerated, until the needs of all will be easily satisfied.

The life of an individual in constant mystical union with others, who by their innate qualities are fit to be his most intimate friends, increases creative power, as we see whenever a group of friends lives closely together and with the same ideal. Friendship, sympathy, understanding exalt the creative power, and produce a spiritual atmosphere in which the spirit thrives. A true nation permanently produces such an atmosphere for all its members, and enables them to make heroic efforts in the pursuit of universal happiness. Such a national life requires the realization of the highest ideal in our earthly life,—the progressive transformation of the earth into a part of heaven. The difference between this and the other life will be gradually overcome and this life shaped after the pattern of the other life.

The chief metaphysical dogma of Messianism is palingenesis, consisting in the certainty of pre-existence

and in the fixed determination to reincarnate. The Polish doctrine of palingenesis is independent from any tradition either of Greece or India, or from similar tendencies in French spiritism. It is the result chiefly of the discovery of the true nation as a metaphysical reality and of the new experience of national consciousness, illuminating every detail of earthly life with the glamour of eternity.

National consciousness refers to the objective existence in this life of the eternal reality of a great mission or ideal. The full realization of this ideal is impossible in a single life. If I love Poland with all my soul and if I wish to devote all my energies to Poland, not to the actual Poland as it is now, but to the Poland of my fairest dreams, a nation living an infinitely happy life of constant creative effort, helping all other nations towards the same happiness,—then I shall have enough to do for æons on this earth.

The Poland I love is a finite country between the rivers Oder and Dniepr, inhabited by my friends, whose company I need for all eternity. We shall therefore, when our bodies are worn out, build new bodies of a similar shape, in which we shall recognize each other in successive incarnations. These new bodies, improved in each incarnation, will become increasingly useful and efficient instruments for carrying out every plan once formed.

Every failure in life will become a motive for renewed efforts in another life. This refers to love as well as to friendship. The woman loved in one life and grown old in a decrepit body will be born again young and more beautiful than she has ever been, virtuous and innocent. There are infinite degrees of intimate union and mutual penetration of souls between

lovers. It is impossible to experience them all in a single incarnation. Many lives are needed to become thoroughly familiar with the nearest soul. There are many common experiences which are delightful and fascinating. Of all this infinite wealth of love-experience each couple of lovers knows only a small part. Whatever bliss they have felt together may be increased. But for that experience we need our bodies, since we love both the soul and the body of the beloved. Therefore we must return to this life many times, until we have penetrated all the mysteries of love.

There is a higher happiness in moral perfection or sanctity; here again the narrow limits of one single life are quite insufficient. The stages leading from the condition of those who cannot abstain from sin, to the happy perfection of one who cannot sin at all, require more than one life to be experienced. And when the summit is reached, when the 'working of miracles' begins, there is so much to do, that a saint who loves his nation will give up his own eternal bliss in heaven in order to work steadily at inducting heaven for all on earth.

In order to do this we also need genius. Genius is rarely united with sanctity; but the ideal of Messianism is a generation of saints who would be at the same time men of genius. To reach this perfection even more lives are necessary than to achieve simple sanctity. And as individual perfection rises, the difficulty increases of raising all others to the level attained by the privileged individual. Thus human life, which appears to us now chiefly as a succession of individual failures, would become more and more an opportunity for the most splendid victories of the spirit over the flesh.

Mystics have usually represented the other life as totally different from this life, and they have grown less and less interested in all that belongs to this life. Messianists love this life and they wish to improve it by introducing into every material detail the beauty of spiritual perfection. Messianism is a mysticism which utilizes the very widest experience of the other life in this our earthly human life, in order to make it happy and perfect.

This Messianic happiness and perfection cannot easily be expressed in words before it is translated into acts. This explains why Messianism was created chiefly by poets and endorsed by thinkers interpreting inspiration. The reality of the new experience of national consciousness cannot be made manifest by words or arguments to those who have not experienced it. Words can only proclaim that such a sublime reality exists, that it works already in many souls and that it will transform human life according to the promise contained in the Lord's Prayer.

Millions of Christians are praying for the Kingdom of God, for the fulfilment of God's will on earth as in heaven; and from Poland comes the happy news that these prayers, continued for nineteen centuries, begin at last to have an effect, producing a new kind of everlasting happiness in some souls.

Among all objects of passionate love the true nation is the greatest, since it includes everything else. The love of a life-partner and of the children born of a perfectly happy marriage is one aspect of the love of our nation, since we cannot imagine a better use for their energies than in perfecting national life. The love of truth and beauty is also included in complete and perfect national life, since this implies

the discovery of every truth and the creation of every beauty.

That each human spirit belongs by nature to a particular choir and can best fulfil its destiny in that choir; that the number of such choirs is limited; and that all races and peoples are only rough material for the final constitution of mankind into such true nations;—this is the most important message given to mankind by Polish Messianism. But it can be understood and accepted only by those who have a personal experience of such an intimate union with a choir of essentially friendly spirits. This message will be welcome to them as it is an objective justification of their deepest and strongest feelings, which are condemned and ridiculed as selfish by all those who do not share them.

Now there has been from the earliest times a conflict between the monism of ancient philosophers and the pluralism of ancient religions. This conflict continues in the modern world as the opposition of a shallow and superficial internationalism, engineered by mere intelligence without any genuine inspiration, and the warm creative life of true nations which by the fulfilment of their missions lead to a higher unity of mankind.

This true nationalism differs from soulless imperialism, as spiritualism from spiritism, as freedom from universal slavery. In the struggle between Christianity and materialistic soulless and godless Socialism, Polish Messianism appears as the latest succour of Christianity, not only against modern premature internationalism, but also against the two great religions of Buddhism and Islam, which are the most serious rivals of Christianity.

Messianism has been called a philosophy of action; and indeed it has more immediate applications to practical life than have the great philosophies which have preceded Polish national thought: materialism, idealism, pantheism, spiritualism and mysticism. The Messianist is a mystic who takes a most active part in the material organization of life. He is more often a leader of industry or a working man, an artist or an educator, than a mere theorist, a thinker or a writer.

Messianism penetrates the practice of life, and it will take a very long time before the philosophy of Messianism is worked out in detail like the Greek philosophies of materialism, idealism and pantheism, or the French philosophy of spiritualism have been. English readers may, however, find the Messianist doctrine of the soul and of sexual life expressed in English by a Polish Messianist, in *The World of Souls*.¹

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Jan 5, 1928.

¹ This book was welcomed by George Sampson in the *Weekly Westminster* (March 8, 1924), in an article called 'The Soul comes Back,' which proves, as do many other reviews of the same volume in other English papers, that Polish Messianism may be made accessible in English, and that the peculiar experience of the great Polish Messianists of a century ago is not at all limited to Poles, but is becoming familiar to numbers of English readers. This last supposition has been verified by many letters written by the readers of *The World of Souls* to the author. In his recent visit to England the author had the opportunity of meeting his new friends and of answering their questions. He is also ready to answer inquiries from the readers of the above, as this is the most efficient method of increasing the number of those who desire to prepare what has been called by Messianists 'the great transformation.'

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

S. ELIZABETH HALL, M.A.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI has been the subject of more careful and detailed biographical study than most poets or artists. Yet the more one reads the records, the further removed one seems from any satisfactory interpretation of his baffling personality; and this, not only because of the veil which he himself drew over his life, but chiefly because of an innate quality in both his character and his work which eludes analysis. He was one of those of whom it is never safe to predicate anything exclusively, because an instance of the opposite quality will forthwith spring up to belie the statement. This difficulty may be in part accounted for by the mixed inheritance which excluded him from the primary human classification according to race.

He was by birth three quarters Italian and one quarter English. Yet he never visited Italy, loved England, and valued the English qualities, observing in foreigners, as his brother says, 'a certain shallow and frothy demonstrativeness.' Meredith described him as 'not insular, yet not un-English.' On the other hand however, his mental atmosphere was that of mediæval Italy. He was said to be 'by religious bias a monk of the Middle Ages,' and has been compared to a man living in 1300 A.D. He was a constant student of early Italian poetry, his translations from which were recognized by an Italian critic as 'reflecting the very

spirit of our language.' Yet it was of English ballad literature that he said to himself on first meeting with it: "There lies your line."

But there are other ways also in which Rossetti defies classification. The moving spirit of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which sought the genuine, serious and direct in art, was one who cannot be said to have adopted any definite ethical or philosophical principles or, in spite of the influence exercised by the movement on the whole trend of modern thought, to have himself aimed at anything besides the production of good works of art. Rossetti was no philosopher; abstract thought was unnatural to him, and it may perhaps be the nearest approach to a definition of his point of view to say that it was concrete. He himself observes in a letter to Mrs. Gilchrist: "Facts and descriptions of facts are in my line, but to talk *about* a thing merely is what I could never well manage." Yet this too must be qualified by a recognition of the abstract character of his work. Hall Caine describes him as "the greatest inventor of abstract beauty that this age, perhaps that the world, has seen." Though it was the immediate object that inspired him, and though he had no instinct for generalization, yet it was beauty itself that he made known in the representation of an object of beauty. Art for him was the symbolic representation of the invisible. Thus it was that he created a new type of human beauty; for he that draws inspiration from the deepest sources, led but by his own creative instinct, must find his own vehicle of expression. The two main principles of the Pre-Raphaelites, —truth of feeling and accuracy of detail,—influenced his attitude of mind in other directions besides that of art; and the poet of the ballads, with their clearly detailed

beauty, could also penetrate the depths of human nature with the unerring vision of the maker of the sonnets. But both truth of detail and profundity of conception were bathed in a mysticism which lifted them to a plane above that of schools and labels; they were philosophical without philosophy and without literalness were exact. Observe, for instance, how the detailed description in the following stanza of 'The Bride's Prelude,' which in some hands might have been a tedious interruption, actually increases the glamour of the scene:

The room lay still in dusty glare,
Having no sound through it
Except the chirp of a caged bird
That came and ceased; and if she stirred
Amelotte's raiment could be heard.

And what profound philosophy is conveyed in the sonnet entitled 'Heart's Hope'!—which is written as the expression of a personal feeling:

By what word's power, the key of paths untrod,
Shall I the difficult deeps of Love explore,
Till parted waves of Song yield up the shore
Even as that sea which Israel crossed dryshod?
For lo! in some poor rhythmic period,
Lady, I fain would tell how evermore
Thy soul I know not from thy body, nor
Thee from myself, neither our love from God.
Yea, in God's name, and Love's, and thine, would I
Draw from one loving heart such evidence
As to all hearts all things shall signify;
Tender as dawn's first hill-fire, and intense
As instantaneous, penetrating sense,
In Spring's birth-hour, of other Springs gone by.

The history of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, both in the curious, significant and picturesque detail

of the Brothers' outward life, and in the inner meaning of the movement, might almost be taken as an epitome of Rossetti's life as an artist.

Started by the three young artists, Millais, Rossetti and Holman Hunt, at the respective ages of 19, 20, and 21, at a time when the British School of painting, in the words of William Rossetti, was wishy-washy to the last degree, the movement was inspired by the determination of these enthusiasts to make a new start on a firm basis. The basis, according to William Rossetti, was to be "serious and elevated invention of subject, along with earnest scrutiny of visible facts, and an earnest endeavour to present them veraciously and exactly." The name Pre-Raphaelite was not of their own coining. It appears to have been first used by their enemies chiefly in contemptuous reference to their talk, and then adopted by themselves. 'Brotherhood,' however, was Rossetti's term for the association of six or seven young men into which the original trio grew, and it perfectly describes the nature of the group thus formed, in which each of the founders appeared to be as necessary to the scheme as either of the others, and which became a centre of equal, congenial and mutually helpful companionship such as can rarely have come into existence before or since. The inner life of the group is best described in the words of one who shared it. William Rossetti writes:

I do not exaggerate in saying that every member of the fraternity was just as much intent upon furthering the advance and promoting the interests of his 'Brothers' as his own. There were monthly meetings at the houses or studios of the various members in succession: occasionally a moonlight walk or a night on the Thames Very few days can have passed in a year when two or more P.R.B.s did not foregather for one

purpose or another We had our thoughts, our unrestrained converse, our studies, aspirations, efforts and actual doings; and for any P.R.B. to drink a cup of tea or coffee, or a glass of beer in the company of other P.R.B.s . . . was a heart-relished luxury, the equal of which the flow of long years has not often presented, I take it, to any one of us.

These were the sunny days of youth, and were destined soon to end. The meetings, in spite of stringent rules as to attendance, grew by degrees more irregular; the members were scattered and were hard at work; and from the beginning of 1851, after an active existence of about three years, the Brotherhood gradually sank into little more than a mere knot of friends. In 1853, when Millais was elected an A.R.A., Rossetti, writing to his sister Christina in reference to this event, quotes the words:

“So now the whole Round Table is dissolved.”

At the end of his life it is true that Rossetti expressed himself as weary of Pre-Raphaelitism, asking: “Why should we go on talking about the visionary vanities of half-a-dozen boys?” Yet it remains a historic fact that the Pre-Raphaelite movement was one of the earliest indications of that deeper and more earnest search for truth and reality which showed itself in the nineteenth century, not only in art, but in religion, in science and in the general outlook upon life.

Nevertheless a reformer is the last thing that Rossetti would have called himself or desired to be called. Though for political ideals he had some sympathy, he detested practical politics; and indeed admitted in one of his letters that “he felt that he did not attain to the more active and practical side of the mental functions of mankind.” Yet even this can only be stated with a reservation, for in the disposal

of his pictures he often showed good business capacity, and at times extraordinary shrewdness. The key to his mentality is certainly difficult to find. His vision was immediate. To him the particular, not the universal, was the channel of truth. Yet realism was as far from his spirit as was abstract thought. His outlook was not ethical, though it was symbolical; it was mystical, yet with an intellectual element that was searching, hard, even pitiless. His personal character is equally difficult to get into focus. When Hall Caine was about to be introduced to Rossetti by Burne-Jones, the latter observed as they entered the house: "The man is greater than his art." And the following words are those of one of his closest friends: "To us who loved him, the name Rossetti was a word of music, that never suggested the works but always the man." Watts-Dunton's account of the impression he made on those around him, is best given as it stands:

I know not who shall render in words a character so fascinating, so original, and yet so self-contradictory. At one moment exhibiting, as Rossetti would, the sagacity of the most astute man of affairs, at the next the perversities and the whimsical vagaries of a school-boy, startling us at one moment . . . with the brilliance of the most accomplished wit, at the next with a spontaneous tenderness like that of a woman, or else with some trait of simplicity or naïveté like that of a child—it is no wonder that misconceptions about a character so Protean should prevail.

The same writer, speaking of the affection which Rossetti's character inspired in his friends, describes the

happiness of retiring to the quiet studio of this rare genius, whose real life was, as the *Spectator* has said, more that of Florence in the fourteenth than of London in the nineteenth century, where indeed London's noisy contentions became dreams, and where night after night as the 'small hours' fled and

were followed by large ones, not *his* face only, but the face of Michelangelo, seemed moving, and not his voice only, but the voice of Dante seemed murmuring in the shadows of the room. (*Nineteenth Century*, Mar. 1888.)

Perhaps the most vivid account of the impression conveyed by him on a first meeting, is given by Hall Caine in his *Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, when he relates how as a young man he went for the first time to call on the famous poet and artist, living then in close seclusion in the house in Cheyne Walk that his memory has made historic. To the visitor waiting in the hall Rossetti came out through the doorway of his studio, which faced the front door.

Holding forth both hands and crying 'Hulloa,' he gave me that cheery, hearty greeting, which I came to recognize as his alone, perhaps, in warmth and unfailing geniality among all the men of our circle. It was Italian in its spontaneity, and yet it was English in its manly reserve, and I remember with much tenderness of feeling, that never to the last (not even when sickness saddened him, or after an absence of a few days or even hours . . .) did it fail him when meeting with those friends to whom he was really attached.

We must place beside these descriptions the statement of Rossetti's brother, that "the very core of his character was self-will," and that of any group to which he belonged, as for instance, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, he became inevitably the leader and dominator. We are told, however, that though self-willed he was not selfish in the sense of being indifferent to the welfare of others, but that he held a theory that an originating gift necessarily made the possessor self-centred,—a theory which of course can be supported by many examples. Rossetti's sympathetic understanding of the ideas and work of other artists and his bound-

less generosity in helping on younger men are incompatible with real selfishness. It is interesting to note that, according to William Morris, he cared only for individual and personal matters. He would take abundant trouble to help any person who was in distress, but could not bring his thoughts to bear upon the evils of any mass of people; and this is in exact correspondence with the mental attitude which abhorred abstract thought, and was concerned entirely with the immediate object of perception. Yet,—for there is always a 'yet' in any statement about Rossetti,—when we read a sonnet like 'The Monochord,' we stand in awe before the sublimity of the spiritual vision, revealed in an effortless grasp of universal truth. The immediacy of his mental outlook is probably not unconnected with the extraordinary vividness of his imagination. Watts-Dunton says of this marvellous gift:

He was the slave of his own imagination—an imagination of a power and dominance such as I have never seen equalled. Of its vividness no artistic expression of his can give any notion. He had not the smallest command over it Like fire, imagination is a good servant but a bad master. This, I say, was Rossetti's curse, that like Professor Tyndall's 'sensitive flame' which rises and falls to the tiny sounds of a tuning fork or the rustle of a dress the tremulous flame of his soul was disturbed by every breath.

Even in his religious views the influence of this uncontrollable power was evident. Brought up in a home in which religious observances were maintained, and in spite of free-thought tendencies the ancestral faith was never actually abjured, Rossetti, a professed agnostic, yet preserved a reverence for the Christian ideal; but, as Swinburne says, the influence which drew him 'as by a charm of sound or vision'

towards the Christian forms and images, was in the main from the mythologic side of the creed. "Alone among the higher artists of his age, Mr. Rossetti has felt and given the mere physical charm of Christianity with no admixture of doctrine or of doubt." It is thus not on the whole to be wondered at that, when in his last illness he asked for a priest to be sent for to give him absolution, his friends thought that his mind was wandering, and took no notice of the request. On its being earnestly repeated, however, someone reminded him of the fact of his not being a Papist, and of his extreme agnostic views. "I don't care about that," he replied. "I can make nothing of Christianity, but I only want a confessor to give me absolution for my sins." The listeners hardly knew how to take this seriously, but Rossetti gravely continued: "I believe in a future life. Have I not had evidence of that? Have I not seen and heard those that died long years ago? What I want now is absolution for my sins, that is all." Not one of the deeply interested hearers could answer a word.

The mention of evidence obtained of a future life refers no doubt to the experiments he at one time made in spiritism, when, according to Bell Scott, "he used to call up the spirit of his wife by table-turning." Very little is known about his speculations in these matters, but it seems clear that he had some belief in the possibility of holding communication with the dead. The incident thus narrated, in its crudeness and *naïveté*, is on the face of it inadequate to represent the whole truth concerning Rossetti's religious opinions, if definitely formed opinions he can be said to have had. At least in one mental phase he regarded the universe as inscrutable,—a view which finds

expression in the following stanza from his poem 'Soothsay':

Let lore of all Theology
Be to thy soul what it *can* be;
But know—the power that fashions man
Measured not out thy little span
For thee to take the meting-rod
In turn, and so approve on God
Thy science of Theometry.

He detested theological discussions, was not given to introspection and had not the habit of presenting to others detailed accounts of his own feelings. In his brother's words: "The curtains were drawn round his innermost self."

It is only with reverence, holding undue curiosity in check, that we can enter on the most tragic, the most beautiful, yet in some ways the most inexplicable chapter in Rossetti's life. According to Watts-Dunton, Rossetti throughout his life had taken an interest in only four subjects: poetry, painting, mediæval mysticism and woman. It has been observed that no poet or painter had before him been so exclusively occupied with this last subject. With few exceptions it is the theme of both his poems and his pictures. This fact had, as Watts-Dunton says, a deep psychological meaning; nor is it possible to understand in any degree the life of Rossetti without taking account of it. In the words of his most intimate friend: "It expressed frankly and fully the man." It is bearing this in mind that we must consider the tragic beauty of that marriage story: the deep and passionate attachment, the brief, clouded happiness, the sudden end, the life-long grief and, it must be added, the remorse. The details are well known. The young painter

Deverell, going on some errand with his mother to a bonnet shop near Leicester Square, chanced to observe a young woman among the shop assistants, who is described by William Rossetti as

a most beautiful creature, with an air between dignity and sweetness, mixed with something that exceeded modest self-respect and partook of disdainful reserve; tall, finely formed, with lofty neck, and regular, yet somewhat uncommon features, greenish-blue, unsparkling eyes, large perfect eyelids, brilliant complexion, and a lavish heavy wealth of coppery-golden hair.

She was at this time not quite seventeen. The request for sittings, which Deverell got his mother to make, was granted, and the head of Viola, in a picture from *Twelfth Night* of 'The Duke and Viola listening to the Court Minstrels' was painted from her. In the same picture Rossetti sat for the head of the Jester. Not long after the sittings had begun Rossetti saw Miss Siddal, admired her extremely, and soon fell deeply in love with her. A year or more later—the exact date is not known—a definite engagement was formed between them.

Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal was the daughter of a retired Sheffield tradesman. She had received an ordinary education, spoke English correctly and is described as a graceful, ladylike person. Her character seems to baffle description as much as Rossetti's own. William Rossetti remarks that he never heard her say a single thing indicative of her own character or of her serious underlying thought. He is even in doubt whether or not she had a religion. The tone of her speech was light and sarcastic, like that of a person who wished to turn off the conversation and leave the matter as it stood before. She seemed to say: "My mind and my feelings are my own, and no outsider is

expected to pry into them." She had unusual gifts of mind, and her drawings and paintings, as well as her verses, showed real power. Rossetti indeed speaks of her fecundity of invention and facility as being quite wonderful, adding 'much greater than mine.' Swinburne's eloquent repudiation of an interpretation which had been put on some phrases in Bell Scott's 'Autobiographical Notes,' is well known.

It is impossible (he says) that even the reptile rancour, the omnivorous malignity, of Iago himself could have dreamed of trying to cast a slur on the memory of that incomparable lady whose maiden name was Siddal and whose married name was Rossetti.

He speaks of her marvellous charms of mind and person; of her grace and loveliness, her wit, humour and heroism.

For ten years the engagement between Rossetti and Miss Siddal continued with hope of marriage constantly deferred, partly from financial considerations, partly because of the precarious state of Miss Siddal's health. At last however in May 1860, pecuniary circumstances being somewhat easier, in spite of the bride's extremely delicate health at the time, they were married and went for a short visit to Paris. It was characteristic of Rossetti—characteristic because inexplicable—that, superstitious as he was, he should have completed during this tour his drawing 'How They Met Themselves,' in which two lovers wandering in a dark forest met spectres of themselves, which is taken as presage of death; the lady being drawn from Miss Siddal. The presage was only too accurately fulfilled. After barely two years of married life, years sadly shadowed by the wife's hopeless and continually increasing ill-health, shadowed also, it is beyond doubt,

by the entanglements in which Rossetti became involved, Mrs. Rossetti died, on February 11, 1862, from an overdose of laudanum. Like so much about the baffling and reserved character of this remarkable woman, it is left to conjecture, but conjecture which is useless, whether the dose was taken with intention or by mistake. The picture of Rossetti's dignified and manly bearing in the days of anguish that followed, forms a strong contrast to the impulse that caused him to bury in his wife's coffin the only existing manuscript of the poems which it had been his intention to bring out that year. He left his assembled friends, and going to the room in which lay the still unclosed coffin, he placed the manuscript between her cheek and her hair. Then returning to the others, he informed Madox Brown of what he had done, saying: "I have often been writing at those poems when Lizzie was ill and suffering, and I might have been attending to her, and now they shall go." The act made impossible the publication of these poems, and thereby destroyed all hope of early or definite poetic fame. To such a tremendous sacrifice did love and remorse combined compel this passionate nature.

To complete the story, we must turn to the scene described by Hall Caine, when one October night, seven and a half years afterwards, at the urgent advice of various friends, this strange deed was undone. A fire was lit beside the grave, the coffin was raised and opened, and while the poet and mourner sat in a friend's house alone, anxious and filled with thoughts, which curiosity must shrink from profaning, the manuscript was recovered from the keeping of the dead. It is difficult to comment on this ghastly incident, which presents perhaps in a more lurid light than any other,

the strength of passion, the independence of mind, the vacillation and the violent impulses of Rossetti's complex character.

After his wife's death Rossetti was not, as has sometimes been supposed, constantly melancholy and dejected. His sister Christina, in an article which appeared in some magazine a little while after Rossetti's death, says :

Family or friendly parties used to assemble at Tudor House, there to meet with an unfailing, affectionate welcome. Gloom and eccentricity, such as have been alleged, were at any rate not the sole characteristics of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. When he chose he became the sunshine of his circle, and he very frequently chose so to be. His ready wit and fun amused us; his good-nature and kindness of heart endeared him to us.

The years that followed his loss were in fact, from a public point of view, the most successful of his life. He produced a good deal and sold easily what he produced. But he never invested or saved, and with an income of some £3,000 a year still sometimes resorted to the pawnbroker; at least as late as 1867 he had no banking account. These were the Cheyne Walk days, when fame both as a poet and a painter had come to him; while at the same time the seclusion in which he lived, seeing only his most intimate friends, never allowing his pictures to be exhibited, shutting himself up all day at work, and taking drives through the streets of London at night, had invested his personality with the fascinations of mystery and eccentricity. But in these days also the shadows that were to darken his path to the end had begun to gather around him. Insomnia, which he told Hall Caine was his curse, had led to the taking excessive quantities of chloral. Though never dimming the brilliance of his

intellect, the drug affected his character and emotional nature to an extent which made him appear to those who knew him best, a changed man. His eyesight moreover had begun to fail and, though assured by the doctors that there was nothing radically wrong with the eyes, and that the trouble was due to nervous overstrain, the painter, whose father had become nearly blind, could not fail to be depressed and anxious about a threatened infirmity that would mean ruin to his work.

The three chief landmarks in Rossetti's history may be said to be: the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, marriage, and the occurrences of the year 1872, a date to which William Rossetti refers as the dividing line in his brother's life. In October 1871, there had appeared in *The Contemporary Review*, over the signature 'Thomas Maitland,' a narrow-minded, but possibly not ill-meaning, criticism of the poems shortly before published by Rossetti. The signature was a pseudonym, the writer of the article being in fact the poet, Robert Buchanan. The criticism was certainly severe: Rossetti was attacked not only on literary grounds, but also as a moralist. But though he answered the attack in an article in *The Athenæum*, and was doubtless angered and indignant, Rossetti, according to his brother, was not profoundly disturbed, having often expected that some such attack would be made on him. The assault however was repeated in the following spring, when the article was re-issued in pamphlet form, in an enlarged version, more virulent, purposive and systematic than the former. It described the poems as exhibiting morbidness, nastiness and sensuality. The writing was attacked as being slovenly and limp, the treatment as frivolous.

and absurd. Though ignoring the real significance and misrepresenting the spirit of Rossetti's poetry, the criticism was sufficiently in harmony with the puritanical element in English character to be readily accepted by a large number of people, who were scarcely if at all acquainted with the poems themselves. Some eight or nine years after, Buchanan retracted his statements and admitted Rossetti's claims to 'the purest kind of literary renown.' But the consequence of the attack thus made, as its author confessed, against poems too hastily read and reviewed *currente calamo*, is that from that time, and even up to the present, the imputation hangs like a cloud over Rossetti's work in the minds of a wide public. As has been pointed out, the ground of the accusation was the fact that Rossetti was unable to dis sever his most purely intellectual ideas from colour and form; and it is the intrusion of these physical facts into his poetry in places where they are unexpected and unnecessary, that gives to hasty readers a wrong impression. To these observations may be added the illuminating words of Watts-Dunton, in the article quoted above, who, having observed that Rossetti, in a materialistic age, was the one poet who was steeped in a sense of mystery as genuine as though he lived in the Middle Ages, proceeds to show how he, like Blake, had made the discovery that, though the spirit is greater than the flesh, the spirit can never be reached by killing the flesh: that there is not a necessary connection between asceticism and mysticism.

But the groundlessness of the accusation could not annul its effect on Rossetti's extreme sensitivity, now rendered morbid by the continual use of a dangerous drug. The spring of 1872, marked by the

appearance of this pamphlet, was considered by his brother to be 'the parting of the waters' in Rossetti's life. He became increasingly the victim of morbid depression, of insomnia only to be warded off by increased quantities of chloral, and of strange fancies. He conceived the idea that a wide-spread conspiracy had been formed against him, for the purpose of driving him out of decent society, and that some of his intimate friends were involved in it.

On June 2nd in this year his brother visiting him was astounded to perceive that he was not entirely sane; and mental disturbance, at times acute, continued for some time afterwards.

On the sad latter chapters of his life none who wish to understand the real man and his work, will willingly dwell. Some interesting glimpses of his private life have, however, been given by Hall Caine with a rare sympathy, and an intimate knowledge shared at that time by few. He speaks, as others have done, of the extraordinary beauty of Rossetti's voice, and describes his reading aloud of 'The White Ship' as profoundly moving. He refers also to the incisiveness of his speech, of which Watts-Dunton had said that it often had the pleasurable surprise of wit. He describes the heavy and unwholesome atmosphere of the house with its gloomy mediæval furniture, carved heads, gargoyles and crucifixes.

As for the man himself (he adds) who was the central spirit amidst these anachronistic environments, he had, if possible, attached me yet closer to himself by contact. Before, I had been attracted to him in admiration of his gifts, but now I was drawn to him in something very like pity for his isolation and suffering . . . Rossetti was one of the most magnetic of men, but it was not more his genius than his unhappiness that held certain of his friends by a spell.

Over Rossetti's inner life during those last years the curtain is closely drawn. In what manner he faced the constantly darkening shadows, the inevitably approaching end, is not revealed to us. Little as we know of his personal life, we know still less what death meant to him. One thing stands clear however, as clear when the night closed on him at Birchington, that Easter Day of 1882, amid a remarkable gathering of attached and lifelong friends, as it had been in the high-hearted joyousness of youth : that this great man, endowed with brilliant genius, yet beset by weaknesses, fatally open to the temptations of the world and the flesh, yet gifted with the vision of the ideal, was one who was deeply loved by his friends.

S. ELIZABETH HALL.

JOHN BUNYAN.

1628.

O GREAT John Bunyan, strong of faith and limb,
 Who strove to find God in those twilight days
 Of ignorance and doubt and man's wild ways,
 And oft—it seemed—in vain ! Thy tempter grim
 Was to thee fiend incarnate, and the dim,
 Veiled vision of God's Face but met thy gaze
 To pass from it, and leave thee in the maze
 Of gloom, yet ever clinging close to him !
 Thy conscience was as tender as thy heart,
 Which wrapt thy sweet, blind Mary in its care
 From every bitter wind, and yet could part
 E'en with her, when God's Voice bade thee tear
 Thyself from love and home to learn the smart
 Of prison-nails,—the cross Christ bade thee bear.

KATE MELLERSH.

GOD MADE IN MAN'S IMAGE.

THE EDITOR.

THE IMAGE DOCTRINE IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

TO-DAY we live in a perturbed and topsy-turvy theological world. Christendom,—and it is with Christianity that this paper has chiefly to deal,—for the most part still worships God as devised after the Christian conceit of perfect personality, or divine man, and as apprehended through the Christ-figure ideal. Let us first enquire into the way of development that has brought this about.

We begin, as we must with a faith wedded to books or, as it claims, to *the* Book,—with the God-‘image’ doctrine concerning man, as set forth in the ancient Hebrew Genesis-account. In what is vulgarly, as apart from the pale of critical study, believed to be the earliest document of the common Bible of both Jews and Christians, we find—and quite naturally, as any modern student of comparative religion might expect,—the supreme act of Deity manwards portrayed in what, when judged by the religious experience and reflection of later, more highly cultured times and minds, can only be deemed to be anthropopathic, or even quite naïvely anthropomorphic, fashion.

And God said, Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness. . . . And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him ; male and female created he them. (Gen. i. 26, 27.)

So runs our English Revised Version. But let us consider the matter more closely.

'God' here in the Hebrew is *Elohim* and 'image' is *selem*. Originally *Elohim* was a simple plural,—meaning 'gods' or 'spirits.' But in the text *Elohim* is already treated as what is called the 'plural of majesty,' and so is made a collective unity with its predicative verbs in the singular. But why then 'our'? This was a difficulty for the later strictly monotheistic Rabbis. Their exegetes 'solved' it by saying that God was speaking to the angels. Still later the Christian commentators went one better, and declared that God the Father was addressing the other two persons of the Trinity. Pagans might probably have had suggested to their minds a Goddess sharing with a God in the operation.

But for the exegetical Rabbis the main puzzle must have been *selem*. What could this word possibly have meant in such a connection? (It is in any case a rare word.) The Neo-Hebrew and Aramaic Targumin or Versions (which were, when necessary, paraphrastic) were here plainly at a loss; they kept the word as it stood in the ancient Hebrew and so avoided and handed on the difficulty. The Greek Targum (the so-called Septuagint) boldly translated it 'according to his image' (κατ' εἰκόνα), and our Revisers have followed suit.¹

The difficulty for the thoughtful among the Rabbis was: How could there possibly be an 'image' of God?—of God whose form, they were elsewhere told, could never be seen by the eyes or apprehended by the mind. (We may parenthetically note that the Hebrew term for 'image,' used in the prohibition of the making of any 'graven image,' in the first commandment of the Decalogue, is totally different.) The correct solution of this philological puzzle and doctrinal enigma is still *sub judice*. That this is so, may be seen from the following rendering, which has, we learn, not been combated. It is taken from the *Book of Prayer and*

¹ It should also be noted that the Greek version glosses and generalizes the original god-names *Elohim* and *Yahweh Elohim* with 'God' and 'Lord God.'

Service according to the Sephardim Rite (edited and revised by the Rev. the Haham Moses Gaster, Oxford, 1906, iv. 184), and reads :

And God said, Let us make man in our shadow, after our likeness. . . . So God created man according to his own shadow, in the shadow of God created he him.

The continuing "male and female created he him" echoes a chorus of ancient mythic and mystic voices of doctrine, in East and West, concerning male-female numinous beings, and also of separate twin male and female births of primal humans. A persistent legend in Jewry from at least early post-exilic times, throughout the centuries, touching this account of the creation of the primal man, was that 'he-they' was a bi-sexed creature of light, a grandiose radiant being.¹

Yet the 'image'-notion is very old. Already, 3,500 years B.C., the Sumerian believed that his destiny was to be 'image of the deity.'²

THE IMAGE DOCTRINE IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Let us now pass on to the New Covenant documents, and consider briefly the inverse or converse process, from man Godwards, playing round the term 'image.' In these documents the Septuagintal gloss 'image' (for *selem*) stands as plenary revelation. For

¹ We may neglect the other account of the fashioning of man in the same document. It is too puerile for the subject of this paper; it differs entirely from the above, and evidently depends from a far cruder and more ancient tradition. Gen. ii. 7 reads (R.V.): 'And the Lord God (Yahweh Elohim) formed man of the dust of the earth.' Shades of Babylon and Sumer! It reminds us, however, of the dawning of the 'higher criticism' in certain 'lower fundamentalist' circles in the U.S.A., according to the humourist. In far-off echo of ancient 'targumistic' practice and with equally ancient 'agadistic,' or embroidering, liberty, the Negro preacher, *more suo*, began: "De Lord made de fust man out ob mud, and stuck him up against de fence to dry." Voice from end of chapel: "Who made dat fence?" Preacher: "You niggers are gettin' too d—— smart. Dere'll be no more preachin' in dis chu'ch to-day."

² See my article 'Sumer: The Earliest-known Source-land of the General Gnosis,' in the last number (p. 263).

the writers who treat of it, it was *the* doctrine of the primal teaching. Our enquiry, however, contrary to what might be expected, seeing how dominatingly the idea has entered into Christian theology, is narrowed down to two writers only: Paul and the unknown author of Hebrews. Not only so, but we are dependent here almost entirely on Paul and his busy dogmatizing, preparing the way for the subsequent absolute deification of Jesus in the Fourth Gospel, though neither in that gospel nor in the Synoptics does the term 'image,' or even its idea, in this connection appear.

Paul is somewhat involved in his diction, but he has a firm grasp of the master-concept 'glory,' and is reminiscent of the above-quoted Genesis-verse and of the first commandment of the Mosaic Ten Words, —though forgetful, if he ever knew it, of the Gospel-prohibition against calling people fools, — when he bursts forth (Rom. i. 22, 23):

Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God for the likeness of an image of corruptible man, and of birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.

The incorruptible 'glory' of God is the archetype; but what 'the likeness of an image of corruptible man' may mean precisely, is by no means clear. The Septuagint wording has evidently telescoped itself in Paul's phrase-making mind.

Later on in the same Epistle, or Open Letter, and still more obscurely, stressing his peculiar fatalistic dogma of predestination, Paul writes, or dictates (viii. 29):

For whom (pl.) he (God) foreknew, he also fore-ordained (to be) conformed to the image of his Son, that he (the Son) might be the first-born among many brethren.

Here the term 'image' was, in Paul's mind, again in highest probability synonymous with 'glory.' Moreover, Jesus in glory is regarded as the first-born of many brethren, according to plan. These 'many' are to be of the same 'form' (*μορφή*) as Christ, of the same glory. We have not yet arrived at the exclusive Logos-doctrine by any means, as the 'many' shows.

That Paul was haunted by, or possessed with, this high conception of 'glory,' may be seen further by his queer pronouncement in another Letter, when he is speaking of public worship (I. Cor. xi. 7) :

For a man indeed ought not to have his head veiled, for as much as he is the image and glory of God : but the woman is the glory of the man.

Here Paul has departed utterly from the law of worship of his fathers. For a Jew, no act of irreverence could be greater than to pray with uncovered head, or even to be in the presence of a teacher uncovered. It is also as certain as anything can be, that Jesus himself and his disciples prayed covered. Had they not done so, they would have raised a religious riot ; and the gospel-accounts could not have failed to have recorded what would have been a subject of violent controversy with the 'Scribes and Pharisees.' I can make no logical connection out of the 'for as much,' unless Paul means that, when a man prays, he is brought nearer to his spiritual nature,—is then put in touch with what is essentially in him 'the image, yea glory' of the Divine. And this glory must have been conceived as a somewhat quite 'substantial' by Paul, so that the phrase cannot be evaporated into a vague notion of God's glorying in the making of man. The rest of Paul's utterance, regarding woman, may well be left to the criticism of the modern representatives of Eve.

Again, in the same Letter to the troublesome community at Corinth, Paul writes (I. Cor. xv. 49) :

And as we have borne the image of the earthy (choïc), we shall bear the image of the heavenly (man).

The contrast is apparently between the earth-born and the heaven-born 'man' in every man. 'Image' here presumably stands for 'body': there is an earthy body and there is a celestial body,—for Paul, a *corpus vile* ('body of this death') and a spiritual body or glory.

In the second Epistle to the same church we find the term 'image' again, and in a more puzzling passage. Thus (II. Cor. iii. 18) :

But we all, with unveiled face reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit.

So runs our Revised Version. But the Revisers are evidently bewildered, and in the margin give as alternatives for 'reflecting' 'beholding' and for 'the Lord the Spirit' 'the Spirit (which is) the Lord.' As to the latter alternative phrasing, verse 17 reads (adopting the reading in W. H. App.):

Now the Lord is the Spirit: but where the Spirit lords (it, there is) liberty.

Paul is labouring in confused language to show that 'Moses' put a veil over his face and so veiled the spiritual meaning of the scripture, and that this veil has now been done away with in 'Christ.' Paul thus seems to have meant, as I venture to translate the verse :

But all we (Christians), with faces unveiled, catching a reflection of the Lord's glory, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory (—glories issuing) from Lord Spirit.¹

¹ In the Greek there is no word for the 'even' of the R.V., and the definite articles in the English before 'Lord' and 'Spirit' are equally absent in the original.

But what does Paul really mean, if the above is as near a rendering of his words as we can find? Christians have a veil off their faces as compared with Jews. They, therefore, can catch a reflection of the spiritual glory of God. But this glory is not immediately reflected. There are reflections of reflections of the Divine Glory, into likeness with which the soul in its spiritual growth and ascent is successively transformed. 'Image' is here again, as elsewhere, glory. And this ultimate 'image' is the most sublime and authentic of all glories; and, for Paul, this most glorious sublimity is the Christ. He it is, we are dogmatically informed, who is the 'image of God' (II. Cor. iv. 4; also Col. i. 15).

That this process of transformation and metamorphosis of the faithful purified soul is moreover conceived of, in the thought of Paul, as growth in truth and gnosis, may be seen from the following exhortation addressed to the Colossian group, or *thiasos* (Col. iii. 9, 10):

Lie not one to another; seeing that ye have put off the old man with his doings, and have put on the new man, which is being renewed unto knowledge after the image of him that created him.

Thus the version of the Revisers. But the 'seeing that' reads strangely. If the 'saints' at Colossæ have already put on the 'new man,' they might be expected no longer to lie without further exhortation; the sequence of this sentence is 'preposterous.' It is all the more strange, as Paul has immediately before (verse 8) exhorted his readers as though they were still anything but saintly:

But now put ye also away all these: anger, wrath, malice, railing, shameful speaking out of your mouths.

It seems to me rather, therefore, that Paul in his confused and confusing Greek intended to say :

Lie not to one another. But strip off the man of old with his deeds, and put on the new, (the one) who is renewed unto full knowledge¹ as to the image of him who created him.

The 'image' is, thus, God's image; and this again, for Paul, is Christ in highest glory.

This brings us to the end of our questioning of Paul's literary remains.

There is only one other document in the New Covenant collection which will help us at all in our quest, and it is the anonymous and interesting Letter to the Hebrews. In its opening words (i. 3) it characterizes the Son of God as being (in the phrasing of our Revised Version)—

The effulgence of his (God's) glory, and the very image of his substance.

Here the Son, who was for the writer the Christ or Messiah, is not equated with the glory of God, but is the effulgence or radiance of that glory. The rest of the clause in the R.V. is misleading, repeating the doctrinally influenced Authorized Version; for the Greek has no word that can be legitimately translated by 'image,' and none for 'very.' R.V., however, saves its face by giving the marginal gloss 'impress of his substance.' The Greek is '*character* of his *hypostasis*,'—a highly metaphorical and metaphysical phrase.

Originally *character* is an object of sense, meaning the impression of a seal; metaphorically, or by transference to the realm of intelligible concepts, it came to mean the 'peculiar

¹ This 'full knowledge' (*epi-gnôsis*), as I have rendered it, may have been used by Paul in an attempt to out-do in language the simple word *gnôsis*,—a technical Hellenistic theological term which surrounded him on every side. But *epi-gnôsis* may as well signify simply 'recognition,' and in that case it would link up with the Platonic doctrine of reminiscence (*anamnêsis*). I do not, however, think this very probable.

nature' of a thing or person. *Hypostasis*, in like fashion, was first a physical object, *e.g.* a 'support,' and in course of time acquired a highly abstract meaning, finally signifying 'fundamental reality.' The rendering of this very technical Greek term by the Latin *persona*, in the doctrine of the Trinity, has bred a swarm of troubles.

The phrase qualifies or intensifies the preceding one,—'effulgence of his glory,'—and may be rendered 'yea, impress of his reality.' As the glory of God radiates into the universe, so does the Divine reality impress itself upon the universe.

But, as matter of fact, this verse does not come into our survey, for the term 'image' is not in the original. The reader may, however, pardon the digression, as showing how the layman, who is dependent on the English alone, may be misled. It is one example of an exceedingly large class of instances.

Finally, in tracking out the meaning of the term 'image' in relation to Deity, through the canonical books,—in the same Epistle (x.1) we light on the phrase:

. . . the law having a shadow of the good (things) to come, not the very image of the things, . . .

The Law is here declared to possess a shadow of the goods to come, a shadow of future goods cast backwards in time, and not an anticipatory exact image of them as the Gospel was claimed to be. The more precise reference is to the sacrificial ceremonies in the Temple, which, the author avers, could never make the worshippers 'perfect,' as could, presumably, the 'sacrifice' in the Gospel-accounts. But how 'sacrifice' can be the 'very image' of the goods of the world to come, is not very clear, unless we are to understand, in a mystical sense, that the life of sacrifice is in truth the only way of living divinely for man. The

'things' are, presumably, the goods, the beneficences of glory.

This clause, however, is perhaps not very much to the point of our enquiry. But I quote it, because 'image' and 'shadow' are straightly contrasted in it; and this brings us full round to that puzzling verse in Genesis with which we started, where we found Dr. Gaster translating *selem* by 'shadow' instead of 'image.' The phrase runs 'in our shadow, after our likeness.'

AN EXTRA-CANONICAL INSTANCE.

But how does God cast a shadow and on what? Here, perchance, comes in the notion of 'reflection,' which we find widespread in ancient cosmogenetic speculations, or the imaginings of man concerning beginnings. If we adopt this notion as helpful, we can play on the mythological sensible figure of 'reflection' as in a mirror and on the metaphysical use of the same 'reflection' as a mental activity.

Among other things also, it calls up association with the Narcissus *motif* or complex, which, in lower reference, so prominently bulks in the nomenclature of psycho-analysts to-day.

Thus in the Coptic version of the now lost Greek Gnostic *Gospel of Mary*,—the Greek of which the heresiological Church Father Irenæus had before him at the end of the 2nd century, and which he so mishandled in summary and quotation,—we read:

He thinketh His Image alone and beholdeth it in the Water of Pure Light which surroundeth Him.¹

I will not continue the quotation and enter on the high subtleties of intuitional speculation in the realm

¹ See my *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten* (London, 2nd ed., 1906), pp. 579-592, or a description of the document.

of Gnostic mytho-theologizing, perhaps here at its symbolical finest, in dealing with the out-thinking of the notion of the Primal Cosmic Man from the very Heart of Deity. What I desire to emphasize in this paper is, that all such mystic speculation is, and perhaps must be naturally, hampered by anthropopathic and anthropomorphic thought-habits and disciplines. Whether or not we can have any truly spiritual insight into what lies at the back of such assertions as that man is made in God's image,—that is, that we are all essentially made in that image,—it is very certain that man in general throughout his long history has for the most part made his God or his Gods in his own image.

GOD MADE IN MAN'S IMAGE.

And this is true also to-day, especially in the Western world, where the doctrine of a personal God holds the field, with little challenge, even in the most liberal theological circles.¹ In the East, in general, it is not so; apart from popular religion, even where personalism and logos-notions are admitted into theological schemes, they are mainly regarded as non-ultimates and concessions to minds unable to find contentment in undefined or unqualified reality.

Doubtless it is quite natural that man should take the highest and best that, from time to time, he finds in the universe and in himself, expand it imaginatively unto infinity and thus conceive of God. But though to-day he knows vastly more about that universe, as to both its macroscopical and microscopical sides, than his forebears have ever dreamed, he is still profoundly

¹ There is also a parallel speculative tendency in scientific and philosophical circles. The notion of 'organism' is being pushed back into the hitherto-called inorganic, as by Whitehead, and there is, in the U.S.A., a new philosophy of 'personalism,' which starts with the lowliest organism.

ignorant of the noumena that lie behind these phenomena, of the mysteries of the energies of things and of the life of lives. Minds endowed with the true scientific spirit dare not dogmatize about God as manifested in external nature; they must perforce continue reverently to seek to add to the sum of knowledge of sensible facts as the most practical act of worship of men of science. They may infer from all this vast marvel of externals a still more marvellous depth of inner energies; but who can dare to assert what is the nature and the life and mind of Deity in the universe, when we know so little of what nature, life and mind are in ourselves? Yet most of us project this so little knowledge, this imaging of ourselves, on to the vast screen of the universe, and declare that God is like it!¹

VISIONS OF GLORY.

But to return for a moment to Paul and his glory-notion and glory-doctrine. There was nothing new in his glory-seeing, but much novelty in the doctrine he extracted from it. Paul had had a vision of glory which he identified with Jesus the Nazarene. This started him on his enthusiastic and turbulent career, which was the prime stimulus in launching a peculiar form of Jewish Messianism into the non-Jewish world which became known as Christianity. Paul's glory-notion was not a purely metaphysical conceit or concept; it originated

¹ It reminds us of the story of the little girl who was busily engaged with pencil and paper. To her fond mother's enquiry: "What are you doing, darling?"—she proudly piped in reply: "I'se drawing." Mummy: "Drawing what, Peggy?" Peggy (without relaxing her artistic efforts and with conviction): "Dod!" "But you can't draw God!" exclaimed her scandalized parent. Peggy (quite unperturbed): "Oo wait till it's finished, and oo'll see!" There have been and are many millions of grown-up Peggies, including some very great artists with pencil, brush and chisel—and, above all, with words.

in a vision. Such seeings or manifestations are facts of psychical experience, known in the most distant past, known in all intermediate periods, and known abundantly to-day. Dream and vision, world-wide mystical and psychical experience of the seeing-order in general, reveal figures, human and so-called angelic, surrounded with light, or radiating light, of every sort and degree. These 'en-gloried' objects of vision may be either physically in body 'here' or psychically embodied 'there.' The so-called 'aura' is one of the commonest of psychical phenomena. But the old thought-habit-mould of believing that such radiant atmospheres, or light-surrounds, can pertain only to celestial beings, gods, devas (shining ones), daimones, heroes, or to angels or saints, prophets or kings, is to-day being gradually broken up.

We know indeed now that well-nigh every physical thing has an 'odic' emanation or surround, as the famous pioneer researches of Reichenbach, and since him those of many other experimenters, have demonstrated. Glories, haloes, nimbs, aureoles, distinctly pictured or symbolically represented, are common to ancient and modern art, in East and West. In Babylon and Egypt, in Iran and India, the glory of king or prophet or saint or sage was a commonplace belief. *Shekinah*, *hvareno*, *tejas*, *augoeidēs*, robes of glory, vestures of light, radiant bodies, sun-, moon-, star-bodies,¹—all, all depended mystically from the simple fact that the 'invisible,' relative to our normally visible spectrum-scale, has a light of its own, and that its objects, when psychically seen, not only reflect that light, but are self-luminous in every sort of degree.

All this is psychic sensible fact,—that is, fact of an order beyond the range of our normal physical seeing. Well then, what then?

¹ The purely physical line of descent of this glory-notion is, of course, the radiance of sun, moon and stars. Paul speaks of this also.

INFERENCES AND A CRITICISM.

Many who have experienced this sort of seeing, and the vastly greater numbers who have believed their report, are persuaded that there is an increasing scale of brilliance in parallel with the advance or 'ascent' of the soul in its spiritual growth, until it reaches to the supernal glory of what is called by some Western mystics the 'Uncreated Light.' It may be so; and it may be that light, of all sensible things, is the fairest analogy we can use to express the path of illumination of man's aspiring soul and the radiance of the spirit on his intellects. But there is that which is deeper, more real, more intimate than any idea of light, and it is life. The outpouring of life upon man's affections is more immediate; it needs no analogy. It gradually sublimates the higher sentiments into loveliness and finally into truly unselfish love. All this is good, very good. And, in so far as we strive towards God in the modes and moods of light and life and love, we are freeing ourselves from the limitations of images and forms, and winning towards the 'uncreated' realities and eternal values.

Nevertheless all the high goods that many have experienced, and many do to-day experience, are, and must be, anthropopathic. The sublimest ecstasies of the mystic, when, afterwards, he would have it that he has been taken right out of himself, are still human experiences. Let it be that he is blinded with glory, vibrant with newness of life, drowned in bliss,—shall he even then, and still more when he has returned from that state, say that he is the image of God or even like unto God? Surely then, more than ever, he must bow in silence before the Divine majesty and mystery.

He knows then, we can well believe, because he feels himself so far beyond the self he has been before, and so spirit-like compared with anything he has previously experienced, that God verily *is*, and that, too, 'nearer than the neck-vein,' as the Qurán has it,—the source of all that he is and all that he can be,—Mind of his mind, Life of his life, Soul of his soul. But even so, he cannot surely be content with such expressions. God as the actuality of supreme reality must be beyond all that; he dare not be satisfied with contemplating the Divine in the image of himself still conceived of as a person.

Let us here recall an echo of some mystic rumours. It is said that such ecstatic states are but the beginnings of being born into the Race of those greater than men. The illumine, as they become truly self-conscious spiritually, are no longer as they were before individuals in separation, but are each the Race itself, in a superpersonal state of being, where each is all and all is each. If this be a true report, and I for my part believe it is, then it witnesses to a still sublimer path in spiritual consciousness,—what the Súfis call progress *in* God, as distinguished from progress *towards* God,—that beggars all our imaginings as to personality, and should for ever silence any desire to conceive God in our own present, poor, paltry image or likeness.

Bearing all this in mind, it is difficult to avoid the impression that, in theological mood, we in the West are, for the most part, 'infernally' conceited people. 'As below, so above' seems here to be our erroneously guiding principle. The best in us 'below' may perchance be a dim mirroring of the 'above'; but there is ever more, infinitely more, not only in degree, but also in kind.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THREE CANDLES: III. IRELAND.

GERALDINE HODGSON, Litt.D.

IN Ireland there may have been less disparity, on the whole, between the poets; who, moreover, were in the actual Nineties much scarcer in Ireland than in France or in England.¹ The full flowering of Anglo-Irish poetry came later, if the sowing were in that decade and before.

Mr. Ernest Boyd, in *Ireland's Literary Renaissance*, out of one hundred and thirty pages allotted to the Anglo-Celts, gives fifty-seven to Yeats. That may be more than his due share in that Movement of many strands, among which two were, eventually, conspicuous: the effort to restore the ancient Irish standpoint; and the current, restless, unsatisfied, even indefinitely-felt desire.

The important point is that with Yeats the 'effort' did not succeed, while the unsatisfied desire was visible and persistent. Some of his earliest Poems, contributed in 1888 to *Young Ireland*, shew this: namely, *The Madness of King Goll*, *The Stolen Child* and those published under the title of the first Poem, the most important too for our present purpose, *The Wanderings of Oisín*. Let any one compare this with any of Ireland's ancient legendary literature, and he will perceive the deep difference of spirit and outlook. In *The Book of Lismore* is preserved *The Colloquy of the Ancients*,—conversations of Oisín and Caiolte the Poet

¹ See the Jan. and April nos. for 'I. France' and 'II. England.'—Ed.

(almost the last surviving Fenians of the Heroic Age) with S. Patrick. The two were in their extreme old age, though tradition has it that Oisín lived on in Tír na n'og (the Irish Elysium) for 300 years after the rest.

Here is one of Caiolte's songs, in Dr. Hyde's prose rendering:

Cold the winter is, the wind is risen, the high-couraged unquelled stag is on foot, bitter cold to-night the whole mountain is, yet for all that the ungovernable stag is belling. . . .

I, Caiolte, with Brown Diarmuid, and with keen, light-footed Oscar; we too in the nipping night's waning end, would listen to the music of the (wolf) pack. . . .

To-day I am an aged ancient, and but a few soant men I know; once on a time, though on a cold and icebound morning, I used to vibrate a sharp javelin hardily.

To Heaven's King I offer thanks, to Mary Virgin's Son as well: often and often I imposed silence on a whole host, whose plight to-night is very cold.

This last phrase is a euphuism for death, the Irish always speaking of the 'cold stone of hell.' The verse translation in Miss Hull's *The Poem Book of the Gael* leaves no ambiguity in these last lines:

I thank Heaven's King, I thank sweet Mary's Son,
My hand it was that silenced countless men;
They lie stretched out beneath us in the glen,
Colder than we, death-cold, lies many and many an one.

If, out of deference to Holy Patrick, Caiolte slipped in a Christian reference, it only makes the blood run chiller at the natural ruthlessness.

Tradition tells that S. Patrick met Oisín carrying stones in Elphin. Dr. Hyde thus renders Oisín's Lament for the good old days:

And long, for me, is each hour new born,
 Lost and forlorn with grinding grief
 For the hunting lands, and the Fenian bands
 And the long-haired generous Fenian Chief.

I make no music, I find no feast,
 I slay no beast from a bounding steed,
 I give no gold, I am poor and old,
 I am sick and cold without wine or mead.

I court no more, and I hunt no more,
 These were before my strong delight,
 I have ceased to slay, and I take no prey,
 —Weary the day and long the night.

No heroes come in their war-array,
 No game I play, I have nought to win ;
 I swim no stream with my men of might,
 —Long is to-night in cold Elphin.

Compare this with Yeats' Oisín, lamenting for the
 Past :

Sad to remember, sick with years,
 The swift innumerable spears,
 The horsemen with their floating hair,
 And bowls of barley, honey and wine,
 And feet of maidens dancing in tune,
 And the white body that lay by mine ;

.

Caolte, and Conan, and Finn were there,
 When we followed a deer with our baying hounds,

.

And passing the Firbolgs' burial mounds,
 Came to the cairn-heaped grassy hill
 Where passionate Maive is stony still ;
 And found on the dove-gray edge of the sea
 A pearl-pale, high-born lady, who rode
 On a horse with bridle of findrinny ;
 And like a sunset were her lips,
 A stormy sunset on doomed ships ;

A citron colour gloomed in her hair,
 But down to her feet white vesture flowed,
 And with the glimmering crimson glowed
 Of many a figured embroidery.

Beautiful lines, but with the sought-out, 'precious' beauty of the Nineties. Both thought and colour are of the day of Rossetti and Morris: they have no touch of Ancient Ireland's love of gorgeously-hued robes, armour and jewellery, which may be found again and again in her greatest Saga, *The Cattle Raid of Cooley*. Here, for instance, is the description therein of the mysterious maid consulted by Medb before she raided Ulster to capture the Brown Bull:

Weaving lace was she, and in her right hand was a bordering rod of silvered bronze with its seven strips of red gold at the sides. A many-spotted green mantle around her; a bulging, strong-headed pin of gold in the mantle over her bosom, a hooded tunic, with red interweaving, about her. A ruddy, fair-faced countenance she had, . . . a blue-grey and laughing eye. . . . Dark and black were her eye-brows; . . . Red and thin were her lips. Shiny and pearly were her teeth; . . . Like to fresh Parthian crimson were her lips. . . . Fair-yellow, long, golden hair she wore.

Nineteen hundred years divide Medb's era from the Nineties; at least as wide is the gulf between their attitudes to Life.

Again, *The Countess Cathleen* closes with a fine image, wrought with all the then-current skill of despair and desolation:

The years like great black oxen tread the world,
 And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
 And I am broken by their passing feet.

Yet, by the primitive grief and fury of the close of *The Cattle Raid*, Yeats' lines are but a far-off echo of

dread inevitable disaster. The Brown Bull of Cooley had met Finnbennach,—Medb's 'White-horned' Bull,—defeated him in single combat, and then, for a day and a night, had travelled through Ireland, scattering his enemy's remains as he passed; leaving the 'ribs' at Dublin, *Ath Cliath* (The Ford of the Ribs), the old name lately restored:

He turned his face northwards then, and went on thence to the summit of Sliab Breg, and he saw the peaks and knew the land of Cualgne, and a great agitation came over him at the sight of his own land and country, and he went his way towards it. In that place were women and youths and children lamenting the Brown Bull of Cualgne. They saw the Brown of Cualgne's forehead approaching them. . . .

Then turned the Brown of Cualgne on the women and youths and children of the land of Cualgne, and with the greatness of his fury and rage he effected a great slaughter amongst them. He turned his back to the hill then and his heart broke in his breast, even as a nut breaks, and he belched out his heart like a black stone of dark blood. He went then and died between Ulster and Ui Echach at Druim Tairb.

I think these extracts,—and many like them could be added,—show that whatever Mr. Yeats did, in founding the Anglo-Celtic School, he did not revive the most vital spirit of Ancient Ireland. *Findrinny* availed him as little as *vermeil* the English Nineties.

What he did was to mingle borrowings from Theosophy,—throwing in a little 'magic,'—with something of the wistfulness into which Ireland's ancient fierceness changed under alien rule; adding a large dose of the embroidered workmanship, reverie, and insatiable longing which he shared with his generation. Writing, in *Reveries*, of his childhood, he said:

Because I found it hard to attend to anything less interesting than my own thoughts, I was difficult to teach.

That perhaps unintentionally self-revealing admission may suggest why least of all the Anglo-Celtic School Yeats brought back primitive, indigenous Irishry. In infancy, and after, he 'learned' only those things which chimed in with his 'thoughts.' The section, in his *Trembling of the Veil*, called *The Tragic Generation*, throws light not only on him, but some on the whole of his time. Aware that failure had touched his period, he compared it to Spenser's description of the two Enchantresses' Islands, saying:

In those islands certain qualities of beauty, certain forms of sensuous loveliness were separated from all the general purposes of life, . . . I think that the movement of our thought has more and more so separated certain images and regions of the mind, and that these images grow in beauty as they grow in sterility.

This tendency for growth (beyond measure) in beauty to issue in sterility, he attributes also to Coleridge and Rossetti; both, he says,

made what Arnold has called that 'morbid effort,' that search for 'perfection of thought and feeling, and to unite this to perfection of form,' sought this new, pure beauty, and suffered in their lives because of it.

In their exaltation of an isolated beauty the Parnassians too had contributed to this change of feeling; though their scrupulous artistry, their determination to 'work always in hard substances,' concealed this trend, until the Symbolistes came, to clothe beauty in dream and haze.

Yeats, if he could not restore the primitive, more terrible forces, did to some extent succeed in keeping the atmosphere of the 'Little People'; and this,—which marks off the Irish from contemporary French

and English feeling,—was carried still further by his successors, most notably by James Stephens.

In *The Celtic Twilight*, which is typical of his earlier work, Yeats records the saying of a woman in one of the Western Isles; she said:

last Christmas, that she did not believe either in hell or in ghosts. Hell she thought was merely an invention got up by the priest to keep people good; and ghosts would not be permitted, she held, to go "trapsin' about the earth" at their own free will: "but there are faeries," she added, "and little leprechauns, and water horses, and fallen angels."

The company may seem a little mixed; but the tendency, we should notice, is from definiteness to haze, from fierce power to harmless, possibly beneficent influence. There, yawns the gap between Ireland's older literature and the Anglo-Celtic Revival in general and Mr. Yeats in particular.

How far French Symboliste Poetry influenced him, probably only he knows. His 'agate-lamp,' which others too have used, surely derives from Gautier's *Le Triomphe de Pétrarque*:

Sur l'autel idéal entretenez la flamme,

Comme un vase d'albâtre où l'on cache un flambeau.

Contemporary with Yeats, there was an Irish poet who 'voyaged' and 'thirsted,'—may one say more sincerely than some others?—'A. E.' Anyone comparing the most characteristic of Yeats' *Poems*, as they appeared, revised, in 1895, and his beautiful *Wind among the Reeds* (1899) with 'A. E.'s' *Homeward Songs by the Way* (1894) and *Earth Breath* (1897) must feel the wide difference between the two men. Yeats, as before, showed his divergence from ancient Irish methods. A comparison of *Father Gilligan*, so

charming in itself but irreparably Yeatsian, with John Banim's *Soggarth Aroon* from the heart of Catholic Ireland, shows equal differences in another sphere. Probably, *The Wind among the Reeds*, containing the most musical, emotional, irised lines Yeats ever wrote, will remain when much else is forgotten. But even so, *Breasal the Fisherman*, *A Cradle Song*, *The Song of Wandering Aengus*, *The Travail of Passion*, *Aedh Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven* are not of the most ancient tradition; nor, as some aver, mystical. All these poems at bottom harp on the Nineties' familiar strings, setting out thought with a wealth of decorative symbolism, in verse of haunting rhythm. They differ from the English Nineties only in that quality of intense feeling, which directs Ireland's stormy days, and throbs mysteriously in her cloudy, star-pierced nights.

'A. E.,' on the other hand, though in his early poems he does not deal with Irish legend, does manifest the true Celtic awareness of the extra-sensible. He has not, like Yeats, written lengthy *Autobiographies*; though, like him, he busied himself at one time with Theosophic Buddhism, possibly even with 'magic.' But, apart from all that, the real man is discernible in these poems,—the man who wrote for his first poems this significant Preface:

I moved among men and places, and in living I learned the truth at last. I know I am a spirit, and that I went forth in old time from the Self-ancestral to labours yet unaccomplished; but filled ever and again with home-sickness I made these songs by the way.

The term 'Self-ancestral' he doubtless borrowed from the East; but his consciousness of the one-ness of existence, of the infrangible tie binding the transient

to the Eternal, his insistence on the dominance of Spirit, these are bone of his bone, inextricably himself. He never trifles: his purpose is not literary perfection, but the expression of the profoundest truth he can apprehend. Living through the Nineties, when disillusionment and desire were the air which all but the most stolid and impervious necessarily breathed, he could not be immune from them. Among his English contemporaries none resembles him even remotely. Of the Frenchmen he is nearest to Régnier, the Régnier of *Les Lendemain*, *Apaisement*, *Les Jeux rustiques et divins*. How little separates the man who wrote of the whispering reed, the talking willows, the singing stream—

*Ceux qui passent en leurs pensées
En écoutant, au fond d'eux-mêmes
L'entendront encore et l'entendent
Toujours qui chante,—*

from A. E.:

One thing in all things have I seen :
One thought has haunted earth and air :
Clangour and silence both have been
Its palace chambers. Everywhere
I saw the mystic vision flow
And live in men and woods and steams,
Until I could no longer know
The dream of life from my own dreams.

When, in *The Divine Vision*, he occasionally touched on things specifically Irish, as in *The Nuts of Knowledge*, *A Call of the Sidhe*, he wrote still from his own 'seeing' standpoint, with little regard for any legacy from legend.

Careless of gain, he has written because he had something to say; therefore the lines prefixed to the

first edition of *The Divine Vision* and so unaccountably omitted in later ones, are true :

. the songs I have uttered
Come from this heart that was touched by the flame.

For more than twenty years the flame has burned.
In the *Irish Statesman* of 1924, he declared that

Out of a timeless world
Shadows fell upon Time,
From a beauty older than earth
A ladder the soul may climb.
I climb by the phantom stair
To a whiteness older than Time.

Among all the men of the Nineties, of whatever race, 'A. E.' will surely endure while men and women care for the Enduring; for, after all, through Time and Space, the Self of Man is constant. As a later poet of the Anglo-Irish School reminds us :

The mind of man is a door :
A song will open or close it.
A song will open or close it.
.
We live for ever.
For ever through time,
And through the life that is not time,
But an endless folding and unfolding.

Some may feel that in criticizing I have unduly underrated Yeats; this, I hope is not so. Lest it should be, I will draw attention to the other side of his work, his Prose, and specially to his deeply-moving book, *The Trembling of the Veil*, where he revealed amazingly the secrets of his own heart and soul and those of the men who made with him The Rhymers' Club. From this book, specially from the section called *The Tragic Generation*, any discriminating

reader will discover that the seeming lack, in some verse of the Nineties, of the deepest sincerity, is, in one sense, entirely misleading. These men were, at times, mistaken ; but they were never merely trifling.

I took Samain as representative of the French Symbolistes. No one can find in his arduous life or in his lovely verse anything but sincerity. Of Baudelaire, from whom, in some sense, all modern Symbolisme derives, Théodore de Banville wrote :

He loved nothing, aimed at nothing, desired nothing save Beauty ; and unless he created a sincere and novel expression of Beauty, he did nothing.¹

Similarly, in *The Tragic Generation*, Yeats wrote of his and his fellows' sense of responsibility to the Past of all Literature :

We claimed the whole past of literature for our authority, instead of finding it like the young men in the age of comedy that followed us, in some new, and so still unrefuted authority.

He had previously described that

sense of comedy, which was soon to mould the very fashion plates, and, in the eyes of the men of my generation, to destroy at last the sense of beauty itself.

If Yeats saw this coming kind of triviality aright, future critics may chance to find the men of the 'Tragic Generation' more fundamentally sincere than many of their successors.

No one careful of the meaning of words would call the Poetic Movement of the Nineties religious. Yet, to deny its real, if nebulous craving for something beyond, something more vitally satisfying than the

¹ " Il n'avait rien aimé, rien voulu et rien désiré que le beau, et aussi il n'avait rien fait, si ce n'est de créer une sincère et nouvelle expression du beau." (*Les Fleurs du Mal: Etude par Théodore de Banville*, p. xx., Edition, Bibliothèque-Charpentier, 1919.)

material, more-or-less-comprehensible phenomena of life, is surely to misunderstand the decade, and to misunderstand it on its most essential and significant side. It has been said by a recent thinker that :

A collapse of theory leaves things and facts standing unimpaired.

That is true. Faulty or partial methods of handling, explaining, arranging experience do not wipe out and destroy anything really and genuinely experienced. That remains ; though theory break down again and again. The same thinker also said :

We cannot possibly *express* what nevertheless we feel and touch and resist and yield to, except in 'the likeness of something in Heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth'—

which fact is Symbolism's justification.

In other words, we cannot, try as we may, render the depths of thought or the heights of feeling in speech, adequate enough though it be for the perceptions of our mere five senses. Not even in the lyric passion of human song can we imprison the stuff of our dreams. In fine, the super-sensible declines to be packed into the language of this material world.

Yet, as we try, and as one 'theory' after another 'collapses' beneath the weight of an infinite task, we still, when we begin again, are faced, not with emptiness, but with the former 'things and facts standing unimpaired.'

No doubt, in the opinion of many men of the Nineties,—however far otherwise it might appear to some of their not wholly unintelligent contemporaries,—it was the orthodox Christian 'theory' which had 'collapsed.' Yet, for both alike, for orthodox and

unorthodox, for priest and poet, for dreamer and average man, still the former 'things and facts'—

the weight of all this unintelligible world—

stood 'unimpaired'; some so pleasant, so comely, so pre-eminently desirable; others so doubtful, so puzzling, at last so appalling. And the poets and the dreamers, those eager, hungering men of the Nineties, what remedy had they or could they have, save that common to man as he passes on his secular way?—the remedy (since "where there is no vision the people perish") of presenting the things beyond sense in words flamingly kindled by dream and feeling. This, however wildly, they attempted; until, however meaning faded into vagueness, however blurred edges grew, however despairingly homesick and faint, hope flickered over the surface of it all, still the super-sensual did seem at last, and here and there, to take some shape transcending our visible, fettering limits; to convey some meaning not merely deceptive and fantastic.

That the Movement was free from unwholesomeness, folly, even gross evil, no one, in his senses, would claim. But to deny *in toto* the period's relation to prophets, sages, seers down the ages seems a stupidity at least as great as any denial of its lapses into often lamentable error.

"Three Candles that illumine every darkness: truth, nature, knowledge!"

In France, England and Ireland, there were, as I have said, those whose watchwords were: dream, vision, escape. Can we dissociate them at their best, that best of which perhaps they still dreamed when their actual achievement failed most utterly, from this Irish Triad—truth, nature, knowledge? What can

vision avail if Truth be not before it? Dream, after all, is 'natural' enough. And what is knowledge but escape?

Underneath the recklessness, affectation, folly of the worst phases of the Nineties, there was a deep and wounded sense of need: the unsatisfied emptiness of the finite stretching after Infinity; the isolation of the Fragment, broken off, it knows not clearly how or why, from the Completeness of which it is essentially a part. When all that is possible has been said in detraction of this debated era, perhaps those, who would try to see, so little way as mortals can, *sub specie æternitatis*, will not go quite wrong, if they maintain that the deepest longing of the Nineties, however it was obscured to themselves, and still more to onlookers, by their vagaries, makeshifts and blunders, was still a far-off but real echo of the great cry which burst from the depths of Augustine's broken heart:

"THOU madest us for Thyself, and our heart is restless till it rests in Thee."¹

GERALDINE HODGSON.

¹ 'Three Candles' was read to the Bath Poetry Society, on March 9, 1927.

HEAVEN AND PICCADILLY.

‘BEHOLD I have Graven thee upon the Palm of my Hand’: a little crouching figure pressing its palms against rays of unearthly light, through which an immense face smiles at it. The smile is tender, inscrutable, omniscient, and the tiny figure is like quicksilver, slender and full of vitality.

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But how many of us can dwell in the eternal? Before those mystical paintings a sense of despair rises and saddens one. Can the human brain ever grasp the vast, intricate scheme of evolution? Can our personalities which are but the mechanism of the five senses ever perceive the justice and the tenderness of life? We are but part of the pattern, and the warp and woof of our immediate surroundings is all-important. The disproportion of daily life is the greatest of the illusions that blind and beset us. Is it possible for us to see the vision without the martyrdom and the shadow?

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No. 4.

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Reviews and Notices.

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[P.T.O.]

The Quest.

A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

Maintains its characteristic qualities on the customary high level.—As varied and catholic in its range as readers have learned to anticipate.—*Aberdeen Press*.

Contains, as usual, a number of scholarly articles.—*The Enquirer*.

There is certainly something restful about the cool heights of philosophic thought to which *The Quest* invites us.—*The Times*.

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As usual, a very good number.—In the pages of *The Quest* there is about the same surety of good things, though of an even yet rarer order, as in *The Hibbert Journal*.—*The Academy*.

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[P.T.O.]

Charles Sims saw it and tried to reveal it. 'The Rebel Powers that thee Array' is the title of a canvas on which a grey, haggard figure with outspread arms and twisted legs hangs like a crucified soul against a background of shifting colour. Writhing demon figures cluster about him, torturing and tormenting. There is nothing but pain, agony and mortality in the death-like face, but above it there is again the divine overshadowing; vague finger-tips hover near him and a half-face broods over him. Less definite, less realized than before, since in this drama of the soul the spirit has been drawn down and prostituted to the endless and meaningless temptations of human experience. The pressure of life, physical and emotional, veils the truth, and no longer does he look into the face of God with hands pressed to the light. But hands symbolize activity in the world of matter, and the beauty of the spirit was graven upon them or ever they grasped life. The racked figure with its defeated head is sustained in its calvary. Its very sorrow is recognition of immortality and the incomprehensible justice of pain.

There are other stations in this mystical journey of the cross. There is that pathetic, desperate state of mind expressed in: ' . . . Man's last Pretence of Consummation in Indifference.' The little quicksilver figure that represents man in five of the six pictures, is shown in the quiet embrace of a strange enigmatic presence. This time divine protection is symbolized as a woman with still folded hands and deva-like face. The gleaming human shape, tense and straight as an arrow, thrusts her infinite knowledge behind him and stares ahead with frightened, questioning defiance.

How many people in this, the concrete-mind age are doing that? How many people realize that denial

and question are affirmation and answer? "All roads lead to me," said Shri Krishna, and the soul whose passion for justice drives him to revolt, because the wisdom of cosmic law is not apparent, lies very certainly against the heart of truth.

'I am the Abyss and I am Light' says the cosmic consciousness. Sims gives us again the immanence and mystery of the spirit. A sweep of burning colour rushes across an indigo night; deep fires glow in its heart; flames and wings of light dart into the depth, and within this kaleidoscope the human figure crouches, one arm raised to shield his soul from the brilliance, afraid of the light.

Fear is the blindness that limits the soul, and sorrow is the narrow arch through which so many reach the peace that passes understanding. Sorrow is the distillation of suffering, and suffering is torment repeated unceasingly and unvaryingly until the soul wearies and comprehends. How many of the great human supplications have been born of the same agony? 'Out of the depths, O Lord, out of the depths!'

The step forward is always in the dark. There comes a moment when the pressure of existence forces us out into a void, and in that moment of pain and despair the exiled soul turns towards realities.

'My Pain beneath your sheltering Hand' shows us the minute vital form straining upward to grasp the protecting hand of a grey mystical figure bending above it. There is an infinite patience and love in its quiet colourlessness, and a deep wisdom in the still attentive attitude. One feels how much it must have cost the artist to impose a form on what he knew to be formless. Charles Sims understood that the cosmic consciousness is radiant, pulsing and glorious, full of exquisite colour,

flaming and paling beneath the winds of thought and human experience. He knew the ever-changing, transcendental loveliness of the invisible worlds, and of their plastic, non-static imagery. Yet he was forced to use grey paint and conventional form to express it. Only in his backgrounds does he attempt to convey the intangible beauty of his vision. Colour merges with colour, blues, purples, yellows and vermilions rush together, and we have the language of the soul.

The little figure clings in an agony, muscles taut with suffering. The eternal spirit holds him quietly, tenderly. The strain breaks, as strain must, the subtle experience of sorrow rends the body with its limited habits and the soul breaks forth.

‘Here am I.’ We see him, beautiful, joyous, released, a vivid, human figure singing upwards through a tumult of colour. The face has a childlike beauty; the halo of pale hair streams like a delicate flame; blues and yellows flicker about him, and the whole form breathes adoration. Underneath, a pair of dead white hands give him up. They no longer mean anything; colour and life have gone from them; they were the great illusion in which the soul was held captive.

Few people standing before these luminous paintings can doubt that a shattering mystical experience came to Charles Sims, bringing with it a downpouring of force that swept the physical body away; and some of us may feel that such a revelation and such a passing are the privilege of genius. Throughout time mystics and artists have attempted to express cosmic truths, but there is no greater truth than that man cannot accept them until he is ready; and in the materialistic age from which we are emerging intuitive experiences

have been psychologically impossible for large numbers of people.

To a few people this work is as inspired as the Sermon on the Mount; but it is probable that Charles Sims will be criticized and condemned for many years before his deep inspiration is generally recognized. The 'children of light' have always been derided by those who are merely wise in their generation. But we have come to the great evening of the concrete mind; and to those who mutely question the reason of things, he gives an answer in terms of a vast, intelligent direction of an almost limitless universe, and of a deep peace that comes after the cessation from struggle. He gives a new orientation, a wider consciousness, and a greater capacity for self-sacrifice.

When the life and the death of Charles Sims comes to be written, he will go down to the distant generations as artist, mystic and martyr.

ILA HEARN.

(*De gustibus non est disputandum.* We publish the above to illustrate how very differently different minds judge or appreciate extra-normal works of art. Our opinion of Sims' six phantastic canvases in this year's Academy differs *toto cælo* from the enthusiastic estimate of our contributor, who is herself an artist and fellow exhibitioner. This unfavourable verdict of ours might be set down to the prejudice of a layman, an outsider and a Philistine, were it not supported by that of half-a-dozen friends who not only are themselves artists, but have a wide experience of things psychical and mystical, and also of 'automatic' art-work. We all think the 'inspiration' of Sims in these last paintings of his is of an inferior order,—disorderly phantasms a-swirl in an unclear field of vision and lacking all beauty. Where he has intended to portray the 'awe-full,' in the original meaning of the term, he has simply produced upon us the impression of the 'awful' in common speech. There is no 'heaven' in the mixture.—ED.)

CONCERNING 'DARWINISM IN THE MELTING POT.'

(THE QUEST, Vol. XIX., pp. 275ff.)

MR. REINHEIMER'S theory of symbiogenesis appears to me not only reasonable but one to be accepted *so far as it goes*. I object to it only as *not* putting Darwinism in the melting pot. On the contrary, I hold that it is based on the acceptance of Darwin's principle of progressive evolution.

What is the basic fact of Darwinism? What iconoclastic change did Darwinism make? It threw down the idol based on belief in distinct isolated creations of the differing species of living organisms for acceptance of the theory of progressive evolution.¹ Mr. Reinheimer never throws this basic fact of Darwinism into the melting pot. Herbert Spencer held that in the theory of progressive evolution there was involved natural selection and the survival of the fittest. Darwin accepted the terms suggested by Herbert Spencer.² But he accepted them *tentatively*; he never accepted them as offering an *ultimate reason* for the existence of progressive evolution. Darwin's fact of progressive evolution stands firm, whatever facts may be offered as involved in it or given for its explanation.

The distinction between the fact of progressive evolution and the explanations for its existence is so vital, is so great a stumbling block in the way of understanding Darwinism, that something must be said to emphasize the distinction.

Darwin stood firm on the fact of progressive evolution; but he wrote as a physicist, not as a metaphysician. He stated in

¹ Darwin in his Autobiography says: "It has sometimes been said that the success of the *Origin* proved 'that the subject was in the air.' I do not think that this is strictly true, for I occasionally sounded not a few naturalists, and never happened to come across a single one who seemed to doubt about the permanence of species." Huxley wrote in the same sense, but made exception of Herbert Spencer (cp. *The Life of Darwin*, pp. 42, 169).

² *Enc. Britt.* (11th ed.), xxv., p. 635.

definite language that, as an agnostic, he did not know the *ultimate* reason for or the *ultimate* cause of progressive evolution (cp. *The Descent of Man*, 2nd ed., p. 618; *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, i. 816). But he said, too: "The birth both of the species and of the individual are equally part of that grand sequence of events which our minds refuse to accept as the result of blind chance." He said that the understanding revolted at the idea of the grand sequence of events being the result of blind chance. Why then did he not reject 'blind chance' as the ultimate cause of progressive evolution? This was because he wrote only from the point of view of the physicist; he had nothing to do with the metaphysical. This proves the point I want to make,—which is, that Darwin acknowledged, as an agnostic, that while, scientifically, he proved the fact of progressive evolution, he left the *ultimate* cause of it severely alone, though he inclined to the belief that the ultimate cause was to be found in design.

Now what I am trying to prove is that Mr. Reinheimer, Bateson and Samuel Butler accept as proved the fact of progressive evolution. All they do is to attack the reasons alleged for the existence of the facts. Even these reasons they do not throw overboard: they merely qualify them. It is not the great principle of Darwinism that Mr. Reinheimer puts in the melting pot, but only the reasons alleged for the existence of the principle.

Let me first try to prove that Mr. Reinheimer, Bateson and Samuel Butler all accept and rely on the basic fact of progressive evolution.

Mr. Reinheimer states: "Without symbiogenesis, progressive evolution could not have been achieved" (p. 275).

What does this mean? It means that he starts with the fact of progressive evolution, and then offers us his reason for its existence.

Again he states: "Progressive evolution is by the summation of powers in co-operation, such as in symbiotic integration, which, as I have shown, involves moral factors" (p. 278).

What does this mean? It means that he accepts progressive evolution as a *fact*, and but gives his own explanation of the fact.

What does Bateson state? He states: "The reasons of evolutionary faith are otherwise so solid that no alternative can ever be considered again" (p. 278).

What does this mean? It means that he accepts the fact of progressive evolution as firmly established. But then he goes on to state that its *representation*, at one time accepted, does not now satisfy us. He holds that the fact of progressive evolution still stands firm, but that the *reasons* once accepted as explaining the fact no longer satisfy us. Huxley did not say that the Darwinian hypothesis of progressive evolution would, in the case stated, be shattered. All he meant was that the explanation then accepted as *explaining the reason* for progressive evolution would be shattered.

What does Samuel Butler say? He says: " Evolution must stand or fall according as it is made to rest or not on principles which shall give a definite purpose and direction to the variations whose accumulation results in specific and ultimately in generic differences " (p. 281). What *does* this mean? Does it mean that it is open to doubt whether or not variations exist whose accumulation results in specific and ultimately in generic differences? I doubt this. I think Samuel Butler meant that the variations and their accumulation *do* exist, and can only be explained as he explains them. He accepts progressive evolution, and holds simply that it *must be* explained as he explains it.

It appears to me that Mr. Reinheimer does not assume to prove that Darwin's principle of progressive evolution is in the melting pot. All he assumes to prove is that the *reasons* assumed to explain the fact of progressive evolution are not exhaustive, in that they do not offer the *ultimate reason* for the fact of progressive evolution, especially as concerns man as a form of living organism. But Darwin, by the admission of his agnosticism, had nothing to do with the ultimate reason, though, as we have seen, he inclined to belief in Design: he was concerned only with man in the form of a living organism. He had nothing to do with the question whether or not the real proper self of man is or is not a soul or spirit.

As to what is stated above concerning the reasons for the fact of progressive evolution, let us see what Mr. Reinheimer himself says:

"I have been told that by opposing Darwin's theory I am encouraging drift, in as much as people might lose sight of the sifting of Nature. But I do not deny competition. I merely give

it its due place by the side of co-operation, which is more fundamental and more important. So much so, that it now emerges in many ways that Nature is not a chaos, an unceasing conflict and carnage, as Darwinism asserted it to be, but a universal scheme of unconscious co-operation" (p. 282).

Again he says :

"The evolutionary process, as I conceive of it, is essentially a synthetic, building process. Nature may be said to build—by chemical, physical and socio-physiological means, and in such building to sift. The sifting is incidental on the building: and it can be thoroughly understood only if the building is understood."

We find that he does not cast into the melting-pot the reasons alleged for the fact of progressive evolution. He simply qualifies them. For he admits that competition exists, and that Nature, in the course of its evolutionary process, *does sift*. He admits that Nature uses competition, and uses it by sifting out what it (Nature) wants from that which it does not want. To say that Nature *sifts* appears to me to be the same as saying that Nature selects. Surely this is the same as natural selection? And where Nature selects, does it not follow that the fittest survive? If it be symbiogenesis that determines, by its sifting, *what* is the fittest for survival, we still have it that, under competition, it is the fittest that survive. So Mr. Reinheimer does not throw overboard the reasons Darwin offers for progressive evolution; he suggests simply that they are not exhaustive and are the results of symbiogenesis.

Now if there be competition, this means that there is unceasing conflict; and if Darwin had offered natural selection, coupled with the survival of the fittest, as the *ultimate reason for and cause of* progressive evolution, then Mr. Reinheimer's charge against him would be established. Incidentally, I would note that the fact of competition does lead to the carnage Mr. Reinheimer refers to. The unfit are destroyed, and they *do* suffer during their existence.

But Darwin did *not* offer natural selection and the survival of the fittest as *ultimate* reason for or cause of progressive evolution. As we have found above, he, as a physicist, was agnostic as to what the ultimate reason or cause is, though his belief tended to accept *Design* as the ultimate. He considered man from the

point of view of a living organism of body, brain and thought; he, as an agnostic, kept severely aloof from the metaphysical. *But*, I think I am justified in holding that Darwin held there must probably be some ultimate cause for the existence in evolution of that complex living organism man. He held that the mind revolts at the idea of the grand sequence of progressive evolution being the result of blind chance.

And this brings me directly to Mr. Reinheimer's theory of symbiogenesis and unconscious co-operation. The theory is metaphysical. If sound, I cannot think that it is in opposition to Darwin's principle of progressive evolution. I might perhaps suggest that it is *founded* on the principle.

So far as the theory goes, I would accept it. I think the author has done good service in pointing out the limitations of Darwin's principle of progressive evolution. But Darwin himself fully recognized the fact of these limits.

Assuming that we accept the theory of symbiogenesis, I still think it does not go far enough. It is metaphysical and its genesis is left in the air.

What is its genesis as a theory? Its genesis is to be found in Mr. Reinheimer as a *subject who can think*. The author offers to us the result of what he has thought about. He can do no more.

What does the theory leave in the air? It leaves in the air the question of what the 'real proper self' of the author must be in order that he should be a thinking subject.

Symbiogenesis? Unconscious co-operation? Neither exists for Mr. Reinheimer or any one of us, except in so far as it can be a *subject of thought*. If symbiogenesis be accepted as sound in theory, what does it prove? It proves, as Kant long ago told us, the subjection of the objective universe to the intelligible universe. It offers us an intelligible, though partial, reason for the evolutionary progress of our objective universe.

But the problem is still left unsolved as to *how* Mr. Reinheimer can be a *thinking subject* in order to have thought out the theory. The question is of vital importance, but has nothing to do with Darwin's basic principle.

F. C. CONSTABLE (M.A.).

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

(Unsigned Reviews or Notices are by the Editor.)

RELIGIOUS CONVERSION.

A Bio-psychological Study. By Sante de Sanctis, Professor of Psychology in the University of Rome. Translated by Helen Angur. (The International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method). London (Kegan Paul); pp. 824; 12s. 6d. net.

FOR the British reader a salient feature of this book will be the addition to his store of well-attested instances of Religious Conversion. We have desired such examples to place with those collected by William James and Starbuck and other Americans and whatever additions we may have noted for ourselves. Conversion is a more widespread phenomenon in Protestant areas, no doubt; but there are examples as striking as any of ours in Roman Catholic areas. With such an extension of our field of observation it will be unpardonable to continue in the ordinary British attitude to Conversion as a peculium of Methodism and various forms of 'Evangelicalism' of an extreme type, such as Bishop Hensley Henson has recently spoken of as an 'underworld' of Christian circles. The material placed at our disposal by this volume consists: (i) of brief indications of what Conversion has meant in the cases of men of note in various walks of life: in France, Bourget, Brunetière, Coppée, in Italy, Manzoni, d'Annunzio, Papini, to name a few; and (ii) some cases where it is their Conversion that is the most conspicuous feature of their religion: *e.g.* Borsi and Camelli (Italian), Valois (French), Bavier (Swiss), Rothe (German), Lutosławski (Pole).

For his own exposition of the subject the writer is well equipped. He is a lay Professor of Psychology in the University of Rome, who has a clear-cut estimate of the scope of his science, to which he confines himself in this volume. And he makes a careful and judicious use of the reference to the Unconscious and the Subconscious which characterizes modern Psychology.

First defining what he understands by 'Conversion,' it

signifies: (i) change of religious belief and life of a profound intensity and scope, comparable with those changes in the biological sphere for which the term *mutation* has come into use; and (ii.) changes which have persisted and attained stability.

For such changes de Sanctis' treatment takes the following lines of study: their *Causation*,—i.e. their causation within the area of observable mental and physical factors; the two *Types*, gradual or sudden—'fulminant' is the translator's term, 'explosive' seems a more appropriate one for us English folk—; the *Process*, exhibiting the clashing of conflicting 'systems' of ideas, affections and habits within the individual, issuing in a final victory for religion by the 'sublimation' of inferior systems; and the *Working out* of the harmony thus attained into the subsequent life of the mind in all its phases.

Among the varied features of this exposition we note as especially clear the section on the transfer of Affection from one idea, or set of ideas, to another, of which religious Conversions are the most conspicuous examples; de Sanctis ranges widely over history and literature for illustration of this feature of mental mutations. But still more noticeable, because it has to be established in face of much opposition, is his insistence upon the action of conscious will in conversions of the highest type,—in these "the Will is the most essential factor" (p. 257); the new complex must be *accepted* by the convert (p. 107); "the converts will not be really converts unless by exercise of the will, they consolidate theory by faith, and faith by action" (p. 112). This is shown in his description of the process now usually designated 'sublimation,'—a term which is no mere Freudian innovation, but which goes back to Latin and Italian usage as in Dante:

" *Si leva*

Per la propria virtù che la sublima."

De Sanctis divides it into four periods: initiation, formation, completion, habituation. Of these: the first is certainly unconscious; in the second, conscious choice joins in; in the third, it becomes dominant; and the fourth, though conscious, is of the semi-automatic nature of habit.

The succeeding task is to mark the effect of Conversion in the character and life of the convert. This is traced with abundance of illustration in Activity, Cognition and Affection; but supremely in the harmony and integration of the whole soul.

In the last chapter de Sanctis embarks upon a troubled sea,

when he faces the contention widely prevalent,—and conspicuously so in Italian circles,—that religious conversions, like other great changes, should be regarded as aberrations from normal mentality. The chapter is not easy reading; but this is plainly due to the unsettled condition of psychology generally and to the great confusion as to mental pathology. No quite general treatment is feasible: the Professor has to deal with many diverse claims for pathology separately. And we can only enter an opinion that, while it would be venturesome to decide that the chapter is a succession of dislodgments of all the protagonists, its general effect is to confirm us in refusing to associate with phases of insanity so many of the most conspicuous and most beneficent conversions of all kinds, and of religion in particular, which the history of humanity sets before us.

A word on Mysticism. De Sanctis is careful to distinguish between sanity and morbidity here. In some mystics there is no inhibition of the ordinary factors of mental life: rational outlook, personal and social affections, and at least a large measure of activity, are displayed in the outstanding examples of Mysticism, whether they also have passed through convulsive 'conversions' or not.

We may be permitted to make a concrete recommendation to accompany the reading of this general exposition, with its liberal supply of examples drawn from Roman Catholic sources. There is gain to be obtained from close study of well-documented examples; and for this purpose we venture to recommend in this year of Commemoration of the illustrious author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* the study of his *Grace Abounding*,—a voice from the heart of Protestant Christianity of the xviiith century; and with this the very remarkable autobiographical record of Professor Lutosławski presented to the Geneva Congress of Psychology (1909), and, revised, in the *Hibbert Journal* of July, 1923,—a voice from the Roman Catholic area, differing from Bunyan in speaking from a high level of intellectual equipment and outlook.

To conclude. Professor de Sanctis in this book takes up the standpoint of pure science; he stands upon psychology with biology underlying. But he has it on his conscience that this is not all that is required, and in his preface he writes the following significant sentence: "Whoever has not had such experiences can never feel the spirit of religion, or enjoy the poetry of goodness and the passion for life and humanity." We must take this as referring not to conversions only, of course, but also to the

gentler flow of the religious and ethical life which is concurrently exhibited in the majority, we suppose, of men and women of all time.

Collected in an Appendix are some fifty pages of Notes and Bibliography. The notes are replete with interest, and the bibliographical references over a wide field will be welcomed, not least by those who have already some acquaintance with the literature of the subject, which has flowed freely in recent years in Britain and America.

A word of appreciation for a clear and very readable style is due to the Translator.

A. CALDECOTT.

SYMBOLISM.

Its Meaning and Effect. By Alfred North Whitehead, F.R.S., Sc.D., etc. Prof. of Philosophy in Harvard University. Cambridge (The University Press); pp. 104; 4s. 6d. net.

THESE three chapters (Barbour-Page Lectures, University of Virginia, 1927), by one of our most distinguished modern thinkers, are not,—it must be confessed,—easy reading, and will give little comfort to that large number of free-associational minds who are fascinated with what they generally call ‘symbolology.’ Prof. Whitehead tries to get down to the root of the matter of symbol and meaning and is occupied at length in analyzing modes of perception. The artificial types of symbolism, as found in language and mathematics, are of course less fundamental than the natural symbolism of perception; for instance, ‘coloured shape there,’ and the conclusion or ‘symbolic reference’ therefrom,—‘chair.’ “Symbolism from sense-presentation to physical bodies is the most natural and wide-spread of all symbolic modes” (p. 5). Whitehead’s general definition of symbolism is thus stated (p. 9): “The human mind is functioning symbolically when some components of its experience elicit consciousness, beliefs, emotions, and usages, respecting other components of its experience. The former set of components are the ‘symbols,’ and the latter set constitute the ‘meaning.’” The definition is not, however, fool-proof; for as our lecturer wisely remarks: “The word ‘experience’ is one of the most deceitful in philosophy” (p. 19). Of perceptual experience there are two modes, which Whitehead calls: ‘presentational immediacy’ and ‘causal efficacy.’ By the former he means what is usually called ‘sense perception,’ and by the

latter perception of the 'conformation of the present to the immediate past' (p. 54),—an experience which is, for Whitehead, primitively obvious, immediately concrete. The thesis of these lectures is that "human symbolism has its origin in the symbolic interplay between (these) two distinct modes of direct perception of the external world" (p. 85). And here it is to be noted that, for our lecturer, 'presentational immediacy' "is that peculiar way in which contemporary things are 'objectively' in our experience, and that among the abstract entities which constitute factors in the mode of introduction, are those abstractions usually called sense-data:—for example, colours, sounds, tastes, touches, and bodily feelings" (p. 80). Our philosopher throughout maintains the doctrine of 'a direct experience of the external world' (p. 88), and thus bases himself on the foundation of a thorough-going realism (p. 11). As to the second mode of perceptual experience, which he calls 'causal efficacy,'—Whitehead admits (p. 86) that his conviction of the immediate perception of 'conformation' of present to past contraverts the most cherished tradition of modern philosophy, whether of the empiricists (Hume) or the transcendental idealists (Kant). His doctrine that "the pure succession of time is merely an abstract from the fundamental relationship of conformation," he asserts, and rightly, "sweeps away the whole basis for the intervention of constitutive thought, or constitutive intuition, in the formation of the directly apprehended world" (p. 45). In brief, "causal efficacy is the hand of the settled past on the formation of the present" (p. 59). And thus, "the sense-data, required for immediate perception, enter into experience in virtue of the efficacy of the environment" (p. 62). And in general, "the *how* of our present experience must conform to the *what* of the past in us" (p. 69). What he calls 'projected sense-data,' Whitehead says, are in general used as symbols; they are more handy, definite and manageable. But there is also a sense of 'controlling presences,' vague it may be, but sources of power, 'things with an inner life, with their own richness of content'; and it is "these beings, with the destiny of the world hidden in their natures, (that) we want to know about" (p. 67). He illustrates this as follows: "As we cross a road busy with traffic, we see the colour of the cars, their shapes, the gay colours of their occupants; but at the moment we are absorbed in using this immediate show as a symbol for the forces determining the immediate future." Symbolism "plays a dominant part in the way in which all higher organisms conduct their lives"

(p. 70). Yet: "The ironic critics of the follies of humanity have performed notable service in clearing away the lumber of useless ceremony symbolizing the degrading fancies of a savage past. The repulsion from symbolism stands out as a well-marked element in the cultural history of civilized people" (p. 71). Nevertheless: "Symbolism is no mere idle fancy or corrupt degeneration: it is inherent in the very texture of human life. Language itself is symbolism"; indeed 'experience' of all kinds is symbolism (p. 78). Finally, if we can follow Whitehead throughout the pages of his thought-provoking lectures, we may be persuaded that: "Symbolically conditioned action is action which is . . . conditioned by the analysis of the perceptive mode of causal efficacy effected by the symbolic transference from the perceptive mode of presentational immediacy" (p. 95).

THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

By Rendel Harris. Cambridge (Heffer); pp. 181; 7s. 6d. net.

THE author of this surprisingly audacious critical investigation has for many years accustomed us to expect from him patient, scholarly and remarkably ingenious questings after a host of out-of-the-way and obscure subjects, and we have learned much from his many greater and lesser researches. It is well known to scholars that there are numerous puzzles associated with the majority of the names in the canonical gospel-lists of the typical Dodecad of the Jesus-apostolate, and still more numerous enigmas in the legends purporting to give their subsequent stories. Prof. Rendel Harris has gathered the relevant literary material together, sifted it and analyzed it, and tried out a host of conjectures to account for the kaleidoscopic literary phenomena he has found confronting him from the first century onwards. From the very beginning he finds a gap between our first recorded accounts and the actual history, whatever it was, of the primitive group of the apostles; and as the years roll on he finds many an attempt at legendary conjectures plainly made to apologize for or to remove, what were subsequently regarded as awkward elements or distasteful features in the most primitive traditions. No one is better aware than Prof. Rendel Harris himself of the difficulties that are met with on every side, and no one more conscious of the prejudices to be overcome before any of the tentative propositions arrived at can be accepted as truly 'working hypotheses' for critical research. They are indeed in many ways surprising,

not only for the general reader (who has no knowledge of such or similar subjects of research), but also for many who are well-acquainted with critical studies. That this is so, may be seen from the author's review of his whole argument, which is supported with a full array of sifted references, many of them of a recondite character, and which he claims to have shown reason for believing:

- "(a) that Jesus had twelve disciples;
- (b) that one of them is missing in the canonical lists;
- (c) that another of them is the twin brother of Jesus;
- (d) that Jesus, with the supposed twin, occupied the third place among the boys in a family of seven, of whom two were girls;
- (e) that Jesus was under the average height;
- (f) that Judas the Traitor once stood much further up in the apostolic lists than at present;
- (g) that there are some traces of Buddhist influence in Matthew (in the Western text) and in Luke;
- (h) that Dioscuric features have sometimes been superadded to history."

To find out what all this means, and how these tentative propositions are arrived at, the reader must turn to the fascinating pages of our venerable scholar and specialist in textual criticism and comparative folk-loristic study, one who has made peculiarly his own the world-wide-flung thesis of the Heavenly Twins. What in a very rough-and-ready manner has been set down as plainly (for the modern mind) pure legend in extra-canonical writings, may contain here and there an echo of primitive historical tradition; and equally what is considered by many historical, *because it is canonical*, may have to be regarded, in the light of sober criticism, as legendary over-working. We shall probably never get at the real facts, now that the whole matter is wrapped round in the century-long layers of pistic mummy-swathings,—not to speak of the psychic habits of ages of similar beliefs.

STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MYSTICS.

By Joseph Maréchal, S.J. Translated, with an Introduction by Algar Thorold. London (Burns, Oates and Washbourne); pp. vii + 844; 10s. 6d. net.

FATHER MARÉCHAL'S essays on the psychology of mysticism form one of the most important volumes on this subject that have appeared this century. They are learned, thorough, detached, critical; they possess the same metaphysical acumen as Récéjac's

Bases of the Mystic Knowledge, but they go further in spiritual insight, and extend the range of the study to comparative mysticism, particularly in Islam.

The first section deals with empirical science and religious psychology, and would, we think, have been welcomed by William James, to whose *Varieties of Religious Experience*, indeed, it forms a most valuable introduction. The second section is the most important; it is a very closely argued analysis of the Feeling of Presence in mystics and non-mystics, and was first published as long ago as 1909. Fr. Maréchal arrives at the position that intellectual 'intuition,' such as is claimed by mystics, is metaphysically possible and is psychologically acceptable. The intuition (compare Wordsworth in *The Prelude*) is an intuition of Being, wholly inaccessible to the efforts of intelligence alone, yet prolonging the initial movement of the latter. It is his thoroughgoing analysis of this experience of Presence which enables the author later on to deal so sympathetically with Moslem mysticism. The third essay is a useful conspectus of the distinctive features of Christian mysticism and is chiefly valuable for its treatment of ecstasy. Fr. Maréchal disengages this from any mere suffusion of pantheistic feeling.

For sheer critical enjoyment, however, the best essay is the criticism of Prof. Leuba as a psychologist of mysticism. This is a quite new and recent essay. Our author deals faithfully with Prof. Leuba, of whom, he says, "the audacity of several of his affirmations disconcerts our logic." The last two essays are also new, and deal with comparative mysticism, especially in Islam. Here our author gives us a very sympathetic study of the school of Hosayn-ibn-Manst̄r al-Hallāj, the 'Carder of Consciences,' who was executed after cruel tortures in 922 A.D. It would have added appreciably to the interest of this essay if the translations of Hallāj's sonnets, which were done by the late Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, during the last days of his embassy at Washington in the critical year 1917, could have been included, and we would suggest to Mr. Thorold, the editor of the present volume, that he should include these as an appendix in the next edition. This particular essay is well worth expanding in a separate reissue.

We can only recommend this impressive work whole-heartedly to all serious students of mysticism. It will elucidate and clarify many problems and exercise a wholesome and bracing effect on the intellect.

ALBERT A. COCK.

FROM SPHINX TO CHRIST.

Being the English Translation of 'L'Évolution Divine' by Edouard Schuré. Translated by Eva Martin. London (Rider); pp. 285 : 10s. 6d. net.

IT is the day of the novelists; they swarm. The public to-day batters on 'Lives' of Jesus and of Paul, imagined with novelistic ingenuity and gorgeously penned. M. Schuré is a specialist in this *genre*, taking for his field what he calls *les grands initiés*, and excelling as a *romancier* of the 'esoteric' order. He has a very large *clientèle* for his works of fantasy, and has popularized a host of errors that any scholar could have easily corrected for him, as far as the controllable part of his stories are concerned. M. Schuré writes well; his French is frequently excellent. The 'view-point' of the 'divine evolution,' we are told (p. 146), is that of the cosmic forces and spiritual influences acting upon humanity. This is the standpoint which in all cases M. Schuré proposes to take, after, as he claims, the 'historical data' have been once established,—including, for instance, such minor points as that Zoroaster lived 5,000 years B.C., and that Daniel did really flourish in the days of Nebuchadnezzar! To be brief, our *romancier* knows all about the history and mysteries of the solar system and the secret initiatory rites of antiquity; world-process and world-redemption he has at his finger-tips. If we enquire how he knows all this, we find that he is dishing up *more suo* the speculations of Neo-theosophism and of the Anthroposophism of the late Rudolph Steiner, whom M. Schuré regards as the most transcendently illuminated of all moderns. All is set forth with superbly dogmatic assertion; it is *the* secret teaching preserved from the night of time in the *adyta* of the temples and in the *arcana* of the mysteries. Now, all of this would be very interesting, if we did not find that the *illuminati* of such pretensions, not only contradict one another on innumerable points of detail, but are daggers drawn on matters of fundamental moment. But this re-hash of speculations, that we know already from other sources, is not all. M. Schuré has somewhat of his own. Not only does he repeatedly say: 'Let us now reconstruct the scene,' and then proceed to paint a verbal picture of a highly imaginative kind; but he 'knows' the innermost thoughts and feelings of a Buddha and a Christ in the chief moments of their spiritual experiences; he knows all about the modes of their 'initiations,'

and the world-purpose and world-plan at back of it all; he has private information that the Buddha's enlightenment was really *une initiation manquée*; whereas the Christ's manifestation was the consummation and realization of the whole solar-process, and the giving place of a Zoroaster-reincarnation in Jesus to the immediate presence of the supreme solar Archangel, and so on and so forth. In fact, M. Schuré sticks at nothing. We are only surprised that he has not gone beyond the solar logos, and told us all about the soliloquies of the Universal Father and of Wisdom. Perhaps he has reserved this for a future novel. It is not impossible; for, as Voltaire is popularly reported to have remarked concerning one of vastly greater literary renown than our 'esotericist': "*Ce coquin Habacuc est capable de tout !*"

RELIGION WITHOUT REVELATION.

By J. S. Huxley. London (Benn); pp. 392; 8s. 6d. net.

THIS is vol. iii of a series entitled *What I Believe*,—being "personal statements of religious belief made with absolute candour by twentieth-century men and women." Professor Julian Huxley,—a grandson of the famous Huxley, humorously styled 'Episcophagus,'—is one of our younger men of science, who at the same time is profoundly interested in religion. He has taken biology for his special science, but is well read in many other disciplines bearing on religion, such as anthropology, psychology and comparative religion. With Otto, he finds the root-characteristic of religion in the idea of the sacred, the holy; and, as might perhaps be expected from his special line of research, he pleads for the 'religion of life.' The book is well planned and written, and is throughout utterly frank and fearless. He exemplifies a type of mind and an attitude to religion that are, we are glad to say, by no means uncommon among our younger thinkers and, indeed, among many older men. These all are profoundly dissatisfied with traditional views and doctrinal formulæ; not that they are without deep religious feeling, but primarily because the depth of their feeling demands a wider and clearer stocktaking of the facts of life and the history of human development. That there are numerous points on which we cannot see quite eye to eye with a writer who covers so enormous a field in his survey, goes without saying; but we recognize gladly that Prof. Huxley has the genuine spirit of the thing in him. The title suggests a too negative meaning, unless it is using 'revelation' in the old-

fashioned fundamentalist sense. To-day we can give a more catholic significance to the term, and not confine it to what is found within the pages of any bible. In this wider and more practical sense Prof. Huxley makes room for 'revelation' sufficiently. Moreover, in his main concept of religion he is not so far from the mytho-theologically expressed promise of 'life overflowing' in the Fourth Gospel, when he writes, in the first clause of his *confessio fidei* (p. 859): "I believe first and foremost that life is not merely worth living, but intensely precious: and that the supreme object of life is to live; or, if you like to turn it round, that the great object of living is to attain more life—more in quality as well as quantity."

THE HIGHER SPIRITUALISM.

The Philosophy and Teachings of Spiritualism from the Point of View of Accepted Philosophy and Science. By John C. Leonard. New York (The Grafton Press); pp. 472; \$4.50.

THOUGH it would not be difficult to point out various errors and deficiencies in statements of fact, and to question a number of subordinate judgments, in this sympathetic and serious survey of a movement possessed of such a voluminous literature, and one of so disparate quality, as Modern Spiritualism, this digest and appreciation by a graduate of Harvard is on the whole commendable. Mr. Leonard lays very great stress on the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, 'the Poughkeepsie Seer,' from which he quotes at great length, regarding them practically as the 'Urevangelium' of the movement, and that, too, in its higher aspects, before the '48 Rochester Knockings. Davis claimed to get his ideas, not from the dictation of any communicators from the hither hereafter, but owing to his ability to put himself into a state of impersonal illumination. Personally, we think our author's estimate of the Davis output is set too high, whether judged by the standard of comparative spiritual philosophy and mysticism or by the canon of self-consistency. Nevertheless A. J. D. was a remarkable seer, and has the distinction of being the pioneer of Modern Spiritualistic thought, that is if we have to except Swedenborg, as we are bidden to do by his present-day dogmatic and exclusive followers.

In general, however, we are with Mr. Leonard when he writes (p. 449): "Many spiritualists, through constant acquaintance with the facts of spiritual intercourse, have come to believe that all

knowledge worth while must come from spirits and through mediums, and they thus discount entirely the natural activities of the mind *and its ability to arrive at truth by itself and without the aid of spirits*. But this is, as the great seer A. J. Davis was wont to protest, to 'reject the corner-stone of the building,' which is reason and the spirit of man itself, which has ample faculties within itself to arrive at both without the assistance of any foreign agency. Reason and our own mental powers must be relied on as primary, said Davis, and spirits and the facts of spiritual intercourse may then be admitted as secondary and to be used by man." We might word this more cautiously, but the gist of the contention would be the same. The guide must be the inner monitor of our own purified nature. We must digest, assimilate and make our own, if we would bring the higher life of the spirit to effective expression. To repeat mechanically doctrines and teachings is to be a lifeless phonograph or a chattering parrot—the *psittacus immitatrix ales* of the Latin poet.

BIBLIOGRAPHIA KABBALISTICA.

By Dr. G. Scholem, of the University, Jerusalem. Leipzig (Drugulin); pp. xviii. + 280; M. 19.

THIS bibliography contains indications of the printed books and tracts relating to Jewish mysticism which the author has been able to examine or, at any rate, about which he has obtained reliable information. There are 1,802 items, not including an Appendix of 273 items of printed texts of the Zohar. Its importance cannot be valued too highly by those interested in the subject, as it is the first scientific work of its kind, compiled by a thorough scholar, and in a class entirely apart from the shallow productions of the usual 'Occult' *dilettante*.

The books mentioned include works on Gnosticism, Kabbala, Sabbatianism, Frankism and Hassidism, from the time of Reuchlin onwards. We have really a survey of theoretical and practical Jewish mysticism, both pre- and post-Talmudic, with its influences on the different schools of the 'Occult,' and a culmination of this mysticism in the Hassidic movement. Dr. Scholem estimates the number of Kabbalistic and Hassidic works at 5,000; and as there is no library containing even a fraction thereof, it will hardly be possible for scholars ever to produce a complete list of all these texts.

G. H.

DES BAAL-SCHEM-TOW UNTERWEISUNG IM UMGANG MIT GOTT.
 Von Martin Buber. Helleran (Jakob Hegner); pp. 117; M. 4.50.

DIE CHASSIDISCHEN BÜCHER.

Von Martin Buber. Helleran (Jakob Hegner); pp. 717; M. 15.

READERS of our pages have had numerous opportunities for acquainting themselves with the history, thought and literature of the Hassids of the 18th and 19th centuries, both from reviews and also by articles from the specialist pen of our esteemed contributor the Rev. Paul P. Levertoff. Indeed, outside the Jewish press, no periodical has bestowed more attention on these pious Messianists than **THE QUEST**. In noticing these two new volumes, therefore, by Professor Martin Buber, who has done so much to present the mystical treasures of Hassidism to German readers in graceful diction, it is not necessary to do more than to say that we welcome them with sincere heartiness, and to give a brief indication of their contents. Rabbi Israel ben Eliesar, called Baal Shem Tob (shortened to Besht), meaning 'Master of the Good Name,' was the founder of the movement, a most interesting form of mystic Jewish Messianism, inheriting from the kabalistic tradition of Luria. Besht wrote nothing himself; but numbers of his sayings were handed on orally and recorded by his disciples. From these fragments Prof. Buber has selected those bearing on the deep topic of 'Instruction in the Intercourse with God,' rendering them into vivid and virile German. The larger volume is a collected edition of all that Prof. Buber has written and translated during a score of years on the Hassid movement, including: 'The Stories of Rabbi Nachman'; 'The Book of the Great Maggid'; 'The Hidden Light'; and 'The Way to Hassidism.' For those who can read German, and who are lovers of the Mystic Way, and especially those who are engaged in the comparative study of mysticism, these volumes contain a rich mine of material.

WILLIAM BLAKE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

By John Henry Clarke, M.D. London (The Hermes Press)
 pp. 174; 5s. net.

IN the last year of his life the artist-mystic William Blake, of whom we have lately been hearing so much,—perhaps some may think over much,—wrote some reflections on the Lord's Prayer,—

what he termed his 'own intense version.' They were not intended for publication; but are found in the form of pencil scribbings on the fly-leaves and margins of a small pamphlet, by a certain Dr. R. J. Thornton, entitled 'New Translation of the Lord's Prayer' (London, 1826). Thornton's 'version' is paraphrastic, but has the merit at least of recognizing the difficulty of the "Lead us not into temptation" clause, by turning it into: "O God! abandon us not, when surrounded by trials." Blake was very angry at Thornton's performance; he considered it a 'Tory Translation.' He makes some biting remarks thereanent, and then soars on the wings of his own imagination to loftier heights. Round all this as a theme Dr. Clarke writes, in fervent admiration of Blake, a series of chapters mainly about the poet, his outlook, his doctrines and their spiritual values; all this is of interest. But two chapters are devoted to the Jews, who are Dr. Clarke's *bête noire*; these are in general harsh. In particular, we are surprised to find the author, even tentatively, approving such absurdities as a suggested connection between Oude (originally Ayodhya) and 'Ioudaioi,' and between Abraham and Brahma.

THE TRIAL OF THE TEMPLARS.

By Edward J. Martin. London (Allen & Unwin); pp. 94; 5s. net.

THE subject of the causes leading to the suppression of the Order of the Temple is one of the puzzles of history: What were the actual inner facts behind the reckless, indiscriminate and scandalous accusations brought against the knights, who were not so long before so famous, respected and powerful? Dr. Martin gives us an excellent summary of the history and development of the Order, and concentrates on the contradictory evidence adduced at the Trial. It is well done and critically documented, and has the distinction of being the first work published on the subject in this country after 70 years' silence. Dr. Martin is of opinion that, on the whole, it was for the good of Church and State that the Order was suppressed. We are not altogether so sure. A powerful religious military order, with an inner secret discipline, was a danger indubitably; but there are indications that the secret of the Templars was not unconnected with a mystic faith, the chief tenet of which was that Jesus the Nazarene was a prophet—man not God; and this belief, in our opinion, is by no means reprehensible.

WITHIN THE WALLS OF NANKING.

By Alice Tisdale Hobart. Proem by Florence Ayscough, D.Litt.
Illustrated. London (Cape); pp. 248; 6s. net.

THIS is a graphic account, by the wife of an American Chinese merchant for long years resident in China, of the present state of terror in general in that unhappy land, and of the Nanking outrages (Mar. 24, 1927) in particular to which the foreigners beleaguered in that city were subjected. There are things here that do not get into the papers. The volume will be all the more interesting to our readers by the charming, prefixed and contrasting account, from the pen of our colleague Dr. Florence Ayscough, of the basis and system of old-time Chinese culture, which was so insanely and suddenly scrapped in 1907, only to plunge a land of 450,000,000 souls into its present chaos.

EXCLUDED BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

With an Introduction by J. Armitage Robinson, D.D. London (Nash & Grayson); pp. 408; 7s. 6d. net.

WE have here a nicely-printed volume bound in limp cover. It contains translations of: Book of James; Gospel of Nicodemus; Gospel of Peter; Revelation of Peter; Epistles of Clement; Epistle of Barnabas; and Shepherd of Hermes. The versions are all reprints of translations by well-known scholars, such as Lightfoot, Swete and M. R. James. The title is not very happily chosen, and it is rightly criticized in the Introduction by the Editor, Dean Armitage Robinson. It is a pity that the Publishers have not accepted his judgment.

THE RIDDLE OF THE ETHER.

By C. G. SANDER, F.R.P.S., D.Sc. London (Rider); pp. 113; 4s. 6d. net.

WE should all of us like to know what clear meaning can be assigned to the chameleon-like vocable 'ether' in modern terms. Dr. Sander starts with the equation spirit = ether; and after that you can juggle as you please with many a problem. It is curious to remember that Stoic thought 1,200 years ago did very much the same thing. For it, æther, spirit, reason were practically identical. But to-day this will not serve for clear thinking. The Stoic concepts are not our concepts, and the identification of disparates is an evasion of the problems involved and no solution of them. Dr. Sander has something at times of interest to say;

but he takes himself too seriously in thinking he has a 'message' to deliver, and not seldom becomes dogmatic where he ought to be explicative and persuasive.

THE AMENDING OF LIFE.

By Richard Rolle of Hampole. pp. xx + 55; 2s. 6d. net.

REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE.

By Juliana of Norwich. The Orchard Books. London (Burns, Oates & Washbourne); pp. xlviii + 256; 5s. net.

DOM. HUDLESTON continues to render excellent service to students of English mystical literature and to all devout pursuers of the interior life, in the Orchard Books. Particularly welcome are these two new volumes. The short treatise by Richard Rolle is well worth reprinting. It has a special note of joy of Franciscan flavour; it is written more methodically and less discursively than is usual in first-hand mystical works.

Mother Juliana of Norwich is, of course, a household name in our days. In the Orchard series, she is presented in a most attractive form, and we like the Introduction, by one who writes from inside knowledge, better than some more external introductions by other authors.

ALBERT A. COCK.

HARTMANN'S WHO'S WHO.

Who's Who in Occultism, New Thought, Psychism and Spiritualism.
(A Biography, Directory and Bibliography combined.)
Compiled and edited by William C. Hartmann. Jamaica, N.Y. (The Occult Press); pp. 850; \$5.

QUITE an interesting production, now in its second edition. It is interesting, not so much because of the more reputable and sober elements that are brought together under the sub-title, some of which would repudiate any of its designations as appropriate to themselves, but owing to the strange sects and societies, the queer cranks and obvious charlatans, which and whom it impartially lists. An informed writer with an idea of humour could write a most arresting article out of the rich material of the latter kind which the volume contains. Mr. Hartmann is to be congratulated on his amazing industry in getting together such abundant indications in a pioneer field of cataloguing. There are, of course, mistakes and omissions; but on the whole it is a very useful reference-book.

TWO SOULS IN ONE BODY?

A Case of Dual Personality. A Study of a Remarkable Case : Its Significance for Education and for the Mental Hygiene of Childhood. By Henry Herbert Goddard, M.D., Professor of Abnormal and Clinical Pathology in Ohio State University. London (Rider); pp. 242; 6s. net.

THE title is a misnomer. There were three 'personalities.' The first splitting into 'Polly' and 'Norma' occurred when the latter (the normal) was 19, and the third personality, 'Louise,' intruded some months after Norma was received into Dr. Goddard's Institution. The case, like all similar cases, is of great psychological and psychiatric interest. A 'cure' was effected, but very slowly; and indeed even after five years Norma remained still sickly. There are some striking similarities between this 'Norma' case and the famous 'Doris' case (quintuple), so carefully recorded by Dr. Franklin Prince, in 2 vols., with a third volume, by the late Dr. Hyslop, devoted to careful experiments through one of his mediums, 'Mrs. Chenoweth,' to discover how far 'obsession' played any part in the manifestations. Yet Dr. Goddard seems to be totally ignorant of this, the most minutely recorded, and carefully studied, instance of multiple personality. As to the question of whether 'obsession,' or 'possession,' may play a part in the abnormal drama,—Dr. Goddard dismisses it scornfully and dogmatically. He and others kept messing about with experimental hypnotism. We have ourselves little doubt that had a competent sensitive been used for diagnosing the conditions, Norma could have been cured in a tenth of the time or less. But such a proceeding would count for Dr. Goddard as 'superstition.' Indeed, his only idea of the widespread phenomena of 'obsession' is that it has to do with something 'demonic,' which he legitimately scouts. But this is not the view of experienced students of this class of psychic phenomena. The case was hectically exploited, *more Americano*, in the Press, and brought the doctor a large correspondence, selections from which he quotes. It must be confessed that these effusions, replete with bad grammar and woeful spelling, exhibit a surprising amount of crankiness. Nevertheless, several did urge him to try a medium; but he may perhaps, under the circumstances, be excused from refusing to think that any good could come out of such an illiterate Nazareth.

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